The Liberty Tribune.

VOLUME XXI. LIBERTY, CLAY COUNTY, MO., NOVEMBER 16, 1866. NUMBER 26.

THE LIBERTY TRIBUNE.

PUBLISHED BY

ROBERT H. MILLER.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—For one copy, one year, or fifty-two numbers, $2, payable in advance; $2,50, if not made in advance. The above terms will be rigidly enforced.

Yearly advertisers will be confined to their regular business, and all advertisements outside will be charged for at the regular rates.

Advertisements, of a personal nature, will be charged at the rate of two dollars per square, and payment required invariably in advance.

J. J. ARMSTRONG,

LIBERTY FOUNDERY.

HAVING established a FOUNDERY and MACHINE SHOP in Liberty, Clay county, Mo., is now prepared to make IRON or BRASS Factories, Saw and Grist Mills, Horse Powers, CASTINGS, and do all kinds of repairing for Agricultural Implements, Iron Pipes, Stoves, &c., and will keep on hand Fire Irons, Wagon Boxes, Sugar Kettles, Pumps, Iron Railing, Veranda Work, Window Weights, Window Caps and Sills, Columns and House Castings generally; also, CORN SHELLERS and FARM BOILERS.

☞Orders solicited and promptly executed.
April 20th, 1860-49tf.

W. H. WOODSON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

LIBERTY, CLAY CO., MO.

☞Office under Arthur House. [apl6tf]

JOHN G. WOODS,

Attorney at Law,

NOTARY PUBLIC & CLAIM AGENT,

LIBERTY, MO.

WILL give especial attention to the collection of Claims (*for Three Hundred Dollars*) allowed to *loyal* owners of slaves who were enlisted in the U. S. service. Also, to the collection of claims for Additional Bounty, and Bounty for Colored Soldiers,

☞Office—In northeast corner of Court House, (Up-Stairs.) [aug. 31, 1866-15m6.]

JAMES E. LINCOLN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

AND

Notary Public.

LIBERTY, MISSOURI.

☞Office, over Allen's Drug Store.
June 22, 1866-5tf.

DAILY HACK LINE

TO

KANSAS CITY.

ON and after Sunday next, we will run a Daily Line of Hacks between Liberty and Kansas City, connecting with the Hannibal Railroad Packet Line. Our Hacks will leave Liberty every morning at 6½ o'clock. WYMORE & GARTH.
May 5th, 1865.

N. D. TARR,

Dealer in Watches, Clocks and Jewelry

SILVER AND PLATED WARE,

Musical Instruments Strings, Fancy Goods. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired to order

MATERIAL FOR THE TRADE.

LIBERTY, MO.,
January 31, 1862, 37-tf.

DR. GRIMES,

Surgeon Dentist,

LIBERTY, MO.

☞Office opposite the Methodist Church.
May 13, 1864-51tf

DR. JOHN W. RINGO,

OFFERS HIS PROFESSIONAL SERVICES to the citizens of Liberty and vicinity.

☞OFFICE—On the North side of the Public Square. October 31-tf.

SULLIVAN & SUTTON,

AUCTIONEERS,

LIBERTY, MO.,

Will attend to all calls in Clay or adjoining counties, at low rates, and hope to merit a share of patronage. [oct27tf.]

J. P. McCAULEY,

AUCTIONEER,

LIBERTY, CLAY COUNTY, MO.
January 27, 1865.-36w5

E. M. SAMUEL,

GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANT,

NO. 106 NORTH SECOND STREET,

St. Louis, Mo.

☞Especial attention paid to the sale of Hemp, Tobacco, Wool, Dry Hides, and Country Produce generally; and also to the purchase, on orders, of Flour, Salt, Groceries, &c.
October 20th, 1865-tf.

JAMES C. MURRAY,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

LIBERTY, MO.

☞Office in the Court House, over County Clerk's office.
Liberty, Aug. 18, 1865-13tf

COFFINS.

THE undersigned keeps constantly on hand a supply of strong, well made walnut Coffins and Boxes, which he proposes to furnish on the shortest notice. He makes all his coffins out of the very best seasoned walnut lumber, and trims them to suit the purchaser—cheaply or costly.

☞Shop, on West side of the square over and in rear of the storeroom of J. C. Goodwin.
Aug. 5, 1864.-tf JAS. SMITHEY.

A. F. BIDWELL. H. W. COOPER.

BIDWELL & COOPER,

(SUCCESSORS TO COOPER & GREGG,)

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Hardware,

Wagon Wood-Work, Carriage Materials,

HOWE'S STANDARD SCALES,

Ball's Ohio Reaper and Mower,

NO. 8, EAST LEVEE,

[may4-50y1.] KANSAS CITY, MO.

Dr. S. Ritchey,

DEALER IN

DRUGS,

MEDICINES, PAINTS, OILS,

Dye-Stuffs and Fine Liquors,

Will sell goods of the best quality at prices that will not fail to please customers.

☞Levee No. 10, opposite Ferry Landing, Kansas City, Mo. (Jan. 26-tf.)

DAVID S. MILLER,

NOTARY PUBLIC AND CLAIM AGENT,

LIBERTY, CLAY CO., MO.

WILL pay particular attention to the collection of claims against the State for services in the Enrolled Missouri Militia, for forage and other supplies furnished the State and U. S., horses lost in the State or U. S. service; back pay and pensions, &c., &c. All business intrusted to his care will be attended to with dispatch. Paw Paw Service Claims adjusted and collected.
October 13th, 1865-21tf

STOVES AND TIN WARE

AT COST.

WE are offering our stock of Cooking and Heating Stoves, and Tin-Ware at COST and Carriage. We will have a large lot in a few days. No mistake—we are selling at Cost.

HICKS & EVERETT.
August 24th, 1866.

☞J. S. WILLIAMS, Esq., is our authorized agent in St. Louis for the collection of advertising and money therefor.

LIVERY & FEED STABLE.

THE undersigned takes pleasure in informing the citizens of Liberty and surrounding country, that he has just opened a new LIVERY and FEED STABLE in this city, in the building known as the Thompson House Stable; and persons wanting anything in that line can be accommodated by calling on MACK SMITH.
June 1st, 1866-2tf.

SAMUEL HARDWICK,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

LIBERTY, MO.

☞Office on the north side of public square.
[Sept. 16, 1864]

LIBERTY SAVINGS

Association,

LIBERTY, CLAY COUNTY, MO.

MADISON MILLER, *President.*
DARIUS GITTINGS, *Cashier.*

DIRECTORS.

O. P. MOSS, | MADISON MILLER,
JAS. FERGUSON, | DAVID ROBERTS,
TRIGG T. ALLEN.

This Association organized under and by virtue of an act of the Legislature of the State of Missouri, entitled "An Act to organize Savings Associations and to facilitate Exchanges," approved Feb. 15th, 1864, is now open and will do business with customers upon fair and liberal terms.

Exchange upon St. Louis and Eastern Cities Bought and Sold.

The highest prices paid for Gold, Silver Coin, Bullion, Uncurrent Money, Bonds of the United States, of the State of Missouri, and of the county of Clay, and City of Liberty.

Discounts upon time made upon satisfactory personal security, or mortgage upon real estate.

Revenue Stamps and fractional currency kept on hand and for sale.

Deposits, general and special, received and paid out without charge.

The citizens of Clay county and business public generally, are invited to open accounts with the Association.

This Association will make collections on all points and will do a general Banking business, except it issues no notes.

☞Banking House—South East corner of the Public Square, one door West of Arthur & Miller's.

Business hours from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.
Liberty, August 28th, 1865-16tf

1866!

DAVID S. MILLER,

DRUGGIST

AND

APOTHECARY,

LIBERTY, MO.

There will be found at all times a full and complete stock of

PURE DRUGS AND CHEMICALS,

PATENT MEDICINES,

Paints, Oils,
Dye-Stuffs,
Fine Groceries,
Pure Liquors, of all kinds:
Cigars, Tobacco,
Pipes, Coal Oil,
Lamps,
Lamp Shades,
Chimney Cleaners, Toilet Soaps, Fine Cutlery, and Fancy Goods generally.

All goods sold by him will be WARRANTED as represented, and sold at prices to correspond with the general decline.

☞Prescriptions carefully and scientifically prepared at all hours.
April 6, 1866.

GROCERY

AND

PROVISION STORE!

THE undersigned having associated themselves together for the purpose of carrying on a wholesale and retail Grocery Store, would respectfully inform the citizens of Clay county and the surrounding counties, that they are now in receipt of at the store house formerly occupied by J. C. Goodwin, in the City of Liberty, a large assortment of

STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES,

Such as

Coffee, Sugar, Tea,
Rice, Tobacco, Molasses,
Oysters, Can Fruit, Candies,
Coal Oil, Soda, Tar, Salt,
Pepper, Spice, Rope,
Vinegar, Pickles,
Powder,
Shot,

Nails, Wooden Ware, Dye-Stuffs of all kinds, and in fact everything usually found in a store of this kind, all of which we offer LOW for cash. We will give Groceries in exchange for all country produce that we can sell. We would say to our fellow citizens that if successful in business we expect to follow it for years. We are not so sanguine as to hope to amass a fortune, all we ask is a comfortable living; and by strict attention to business, and

HONEST DEALING,

we hope to merit a liberal share of that patronage heretofore extended to each of us when formerly in business.

O. P. MOSS,
E. P. ARMSTRONG.

June 30th, 1865-6

DALE'S WOOLEN FACTORY.

LIBERTY, CLAY COUNTY, MO.

THE undersigned would respectfully inform the citizens of Clay and adjoining counties, that having employed experienced workmen, they will as heretofore, continue the manufacture of

WOOLEN GOODS,

Such as fulled Cloths, Cassimeres, Tweeds, Janes, Linseys, Flannels, Blankets, Yarn, &c., which we offer for sale at wholesale or retail for cash, or in exchange for wool, for which we will give the highest market price, and sell our goods as low as any Factory in the West. Persons from a distance need make but one trip to get Cloth or their Wool Carded, as we have two Machines for custom carding.

Those preferring their own Wool manufactured, if 100 lbs. or more in a batch, can have it done on reasonable terms.

For Carding and Spinning, 30 cents per pound.

For carding plain or white wool, 12½ cents per pound.

For Carding fine or mixed wool, 15 cents per pound.

One pint of grease to 7 lbs of wool must be furnished.

☞Coloring, Fulling and Finishing done on reasonable terms.

☞We wish to buy a large quantity of Wool for which we will give the highest market price in cash and goods.

T. R. DALE & CO.

May 11th, 1866-37-tf.

For the Liberty Tribune.

A SERENADE.

'Tis mid night hour: the world in sleep
Is gently borne through empty space,
Whilst I a restless vigil keep,
Still haunted by thy face.
But, dear one, rest, and dream that we
Are arm-in-arm in yonder grove,
Whilst I am whispering low to thee
My simple tale of love!

'Tis mid-night hour: the breezes sigh:
The rippling stream glides smooth along,
And seems to murmur sweet reply,
To cheer my lonely song.
Then, dear one, rest, and dream that we
Are arm-in-arm in yonder grove,
Whilst I am whispering low to thee
My simple tale of love!

RICHMOND, VA., Oct., 1866.

John Van Buren.

The Louisville *Journal* gives the following sprightly sketch of John Van Buren, the great Democrat. The funeral rites of John Van Buren were evidently befitting the memory of the favorite son of New York. His friends, in their admiration, called him in life Prince John; and if we may credit the telegraph, they have attended him in death with princely obsequies. He undoubtedly was a most admired and popular man; and deservedly:

John Van Buren was a man of most admirable qualities. As a gentleman, he was a very paragon. Like Harry Percy,

He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
That fashioned others.

As an orator, he was unrivalled and inimitable. He was *sui generis*. We do not believe the age produced another like him. Not that he was excentric or outre. Far from it. On the contrary, his peculiarity consisted rather in the quiet greatness and grace of his parts. He was an orator of superb good breeding. He was the gentleman of orators, and the orator of gentlemen, but not of gentlemen alone.

John Van Buren had no genius. He had no pathos. He indeed had no passion of any kind. He had not even the faculty of rhythmical declaration. He had none of these. But he of all the popular speakers of our day, had an intellect perhaps the keenest for its massiveness and the most massive for its keenness; he had matchless sense; he had unfailing wit of the finest temper; he had impertuable self possession; he had invincible good nature, he had a magnetic force of spirit and of bearing; he had a captivating ease, simplicity, and grace of manner; and, finally, he had the most perfect command of his faculties, both singly and in combination. He was in a consummate degree the master of himself, and so readily became the master of his audience. And never was mastery more pleasing to the mastered.

His faculties were solid and bright, quick and strong, comprehensive and flexible. And they were poised like the rocking stones of the Druids, which zephyr may set in motion, but which the tornado cannot overthrow. No man of intellect ever stood more firmly or more lightly on his faculties than John Van Buren. His power and nimbleness were alike extraordinary. His mind resembled the trunk of an elephant. He could with equal ease pick up the pin of a repartee or uproot the tree of a Constitutional argument.

In respect to style, his oratory was the conversation of a high cultivated, high-spirited, fascinating gentleman, modified in the least degree proper by the inexorable conditions of the platform. It was at once free, forcible, and finished. It had the mellowness and keeping as well as the spirit of a painting by one of the old masters. It was ripe and delicious. And yet it was rabble-charming. It was all charming. A more potent weapon has seldom or never been wielded from the platform in a political canvass. John Van Buren was not an haranguer; but he could master a crowd quicker and more effectually than any man of his time. He ruled the multitude by right divine.

In short, he was a prince, whether on the platform or in the drawing room, or at the festive board. He was a prince among men. The sobriquet bestowed on him by his loving admirers or by his admiring foes, was aptly applied and gracefully borne. Peace to his ashes!

FOREIGN IMMIGRATION.—The tide of emigration from Europe to this country is still steadily on the increase. The total number of persons landed in New York last year was 255,765, being an increase of nearly 14,000 over the immigration of 1864, and exceeding that of 1863 by more than 40,000. The German emigration to the United States has been steadily increasing during the last two years, and it is supposed will become still larger on account of the recent war in Europe, with the consequent desolation of towns and scarcity of provisions, as well as the want of occupation.

Wise men have for many years looked with apprehension to a meeting of Congress. A visitation of the cholera is not more alarming. It is a matter of dread now to contemplate what devilment the next session of Congress will concoct.—The country will get along in comparative order and quiet till the demagogues meet at Washington, when we may expect some invention of rascality to provoke agitation and mischief. The motion to adjourn is generally the only safe one for the country, and men of sense feel a relief when it is made.

It has been decided that the right of inheritance in extra pay of deceased officers does not survive, as the law makes no provision for the descent of this extra pay to heirs of an officer in case of his death.

When you meet a man or a woman who is afraid to be caught in any respectable employment, it is a sign there is a very tender spot somewhere about the brain.

Artemus Ward in London.

MR. PUNCH, MY DEAR SIR:

It is seldom that the Commercial relations between Great Britain and the United States is mar'd by Games.

It is Commerce, after all, which will keep the two countries friendly to'ards each other rather than statesmen.

I look at your Parliament, and I can't see that a single speech was encored during the entire session.

Look at Congress—but no, I'd rather not look at Congress.

Entertanin this great regard for Commerce, "whose sales whiten every sea," as everybody happily observes every chance he gets, I learn with disgust and surprise that a British subjeck bo't a Barril of Apple Sass in America recently, and when he arrove home he found under a few deloosiv layers of sass nothin but saw-dust. I should have instantly gone into the city and called a meetin of the leadin commercial men to condemn and repudiate as a American, this gross frawd, if I hadn't learned at the same time that the draft given by the British subjek in payment for this frawdylent sass was drawd onto a Bankin House in London, which doesn't have a existence, but far otherwise, and never did.

There is those who larf at these things, but to me they merit rebooks and frowns.

With the exception of my Uncle Wilyim—who, as I've before stated, is a uncle by marrige only, who is a low cuss and filled his coat pockets with pies and biled eggs at his weddin brekfast, given to him by my father, and made the clergyman as united him a present of my father's new overcoat, and when my father on discov erin it got in a rage and denounced him, Uncle Wilyim said the old man (meanin my parent,) hadn't any idee of first-class Humer—with the exception of this wretched Uncle, the escutchin of my family has never been stained by Games. The little harmless deceptions I resort to in my perfession I do not call Games. They are sacrifices to Art.

I come of a very clever family.

The Wards is a very clever family, indeed.

I believe we are descendid from the Puritins, who nobly fled from the land of despotism to a land of freedim, where they could not only enjoy their own religion, but prevent everybody else from enjoyin *his*.

As I said before, we are a very clever fam'ly.

I was strollin up Regent Street the other day, thinkin what a clever family I come of, and lookin at the gay shop-winders. I've got some new close since you last saw me. I saw them others wouldn't do. They carrid the observer too far back into the dim vister of the past, and I gave 'em to a Orfun Asylum. The close I wear now I bo't of Mr. Moses, in the Commercial Road. They were expressly made, Mr. Moses informed me, for a no bleman, but as they fitted him too muchly, partic'ly the trows'rs (which is blue, with large red and white checks) he had said, "My dear feller, make me some more, only mind—be sure you sell these to some genteel feller.

I like to saunter thro' Regent Street.—The shops are pretty, and it does the old man's heart good to see the troops of fine healthy girls which one may always see there at certain hours in the afternoon, who don't spile their beauty by devourin cakes and sugar things, as too many of the American and French lasses do. It's a mistake about everybody being out of town, I guess. Regent Street is full. I'm here; and, as I said before, I come of a very clever fam'ly.

As I was walkin along, amoosin myself by stickin my penknife into the calves of the footmen who stood waitin by the swell-coaches (not one of whom howled with angwish,) I was accosted by a man of about thirty-five summers, who said, "I have seen that face somewheres afore!"

He was a little shabby in his wearin apparil. His coat was one of those black, shiny garments, which you can always tell have been burnished by adversity; but he was very gentlemanly.

"Was it in the Crimea, comrade?" Yes, it was. It was in the stormin of Sebastopol, where I had a narrow escape from death, that we met!"

I said, "No, I wasn't at Sebastopol.—I escaped a fatal wound by not being there. It was a healthy old fortess," I added.

"It was. But it fell. It came down with a crash."

"And plucky boys they was who bro't her down," I added; "and hurrah for em!"

The man graspt me warmly by the hand, and said he had been in America, Upper Canada, Africa, Asia Minor, and other towns, and he'd never met a man he liked as much as he did me. "Let us," he added, "let us to the shrine of Bachus!"—And he dragged me into a public-house.—I was determined to pay, so I said; "Mr. Bachus give this gent'lman what he calls for."

We conversed there in a very pleasant manner till my dinner time arrove, when the agreeable gentleman insisted that I should dine with him. "We'll have a banquet, Sir, fit for the gods!"

I told him good plain vittels would soot me. If the gods wanted to have the display they was welcome to it.

We had soop and fish, and a hot jint, and growsis, and wines of rare and costly vintage. We had ices, and we had fruits from Greenlands icy mountains and Injy's coral strands; and when the sumpoos repast was over, the agree'ble man said he'd unfortnitly left his pocket-book at home on the marble center table. "But by Jove!" he said, "It was a feast fit for the gods!"

I said, "Oh, never mind," and drew out my puss; tho' I in'ardly wished the gods, as the dinner was fit for 'em, was there to pay for it.

I come of a very clever fam'ly.

The agree'ble gentleman then said, "Now, I will show you our Club. It dates back to the time of William the Conqueror."

"Did Bill belong to it?" I inquired.

"He did."

"Well," I said, "if Billy was one of 'em, I need no other endorsement as to its respectableness, and I'll go with you, my gay trooper boy!" And we went off arm-in-arm.

On the way the agree'ble man told me that the Club was called the Sloshers.—He said I would notice that that none of them appeared in evenin dress. He said it was agin the rools of the Club. In fack, if any member appeared there in evenin dress he'd be instantly expeld.—"And yit," he added, there's genyus there, and lofty emotions, and intelleck.—You'll be surprised at the quantities of intelleck you'll see there."

We reached the Sloshers in due time, and I must say they was a shaky-lookin lot, and the public house where they convened was certingly none of the best.

The Sloshers crowded round me, and said I was welcome. "What a beautiful breastpin you've got," said one of 'em.—"Permit me," and he took it out of my neckercher. "Isn't it luvly," he said, parsin it to another, who parsed it to another. It was given me by my Aunt, on my promisin her I'd never swear profanely; and I never have, except on very special occasions. I see that beautiful boosum pin a parsin from one Slosher to another, and I'm reminded of them sad words of the poit, "parsin away! parsin away!" Then in comes a athletic female, who no sooner sees me than she utters a wild yell, and cries:

"At larst! at larst! My Wilyim from the seas!"

I said. "Not at all, Marm. Not on no account. I have heard the boatswain pipe to quarters—but a voice in my heart didn't whisper Sue zan! I've belayed the marlinspike on the upper jibpoop, but Sue zan's eyes wasn't on me, much. Young woman, I am not you're Saler boy. Far different."

"Oh yes, you are!" she howled, seizin me round the neck. "Oh, how I've lookt forwards to this meetin!"

"And you'll presently," I said, "have an opportunity of lookin backwards to it, because I'm on the pint of leavin this institution."

I will here observe that I come of a very clever family. A very clever family, indeed.

"Where," I cried, as I struggled in vain to release myself from the eccentric female's claws, "where is the Capting—the man who was into the Crimea, amidst the cannon's thunder? I want him."

He came forward, and cried, "What do I see? Me Sister! me sweet Adulaide!—and in tears! Willin!" he screamed, "and you're the serpent as I took to my bosom, and borrowed money of, and went round with, and was cheerful with, are you?—You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

Somehow my coat was jerked off, the brest pocket of which contained mp pocket book, and it parsed away like the brestpin. Then they sorter quietly hustled me into the street.

It was about 12 at night when I reached the Greenlion.

"Ha! ha! you sly old rascal, you have been up to larks!" said the landlord, larfin loudly, and diggin his fist into my ribs.

I said, "Bigsby, if you do that agin, I shall hit you! Much as I respect you and your excellent family, I shall disfigger your beneverlent countenance for life!"

"What has ruffled your spirits, friend?" said the landlord.

"My spirits has been ruffled," I answered in a bittur voice, "by a viper who was in the Crimea. What good was it," I cried, "for Sebastopol to fall down without enwelopin in its rooins that viper?"

I then went to bed. I come of a very clever family. ARTEMUS WARD.

The New Orleans Picayune, commenting on an article in the National Intelligencer, in which the insecurity of capital in the southern States is referred to, says:

We, who live in the extreme South and know the country, its resources, its actual condition and the character of and sentiments of the people, think the very opposite to be true. We believe that if there be any part of the country in which capital is safe "in the present state of our political affairs," it is the Southern and especially the Southwestern States. We have passed through our sea of troubles and are on dry land again. We came near losing everything—did actually approach the brink of ruin—but what ruthless war spared is safe from any further danger. There will never be civil war again, or political revolution, or even a respectable attempt at commotion, either in the present generation or the next, or the next, in the Southern States. We have ever present with us now, not only the light of our own experience, but by that light we can better read and appreciate the experience of other people who have suffered themselves to become involved in civil war. If there be one sentiment predominant among the Southern people at the present time, if there be any one lesson impressively taught to the rising generation, it is that political agitation, necessarily leading to civil war, is the greatest of all evils—a curse. And with it is taught its compliment, the equally important lesson, that order, security to life and property, agriculture and commerce and manufactures, with attention solely to them and the cultivation of social virtues, are the greatest of all blessings.

The Cincinnati Price Current states that, notwithstanding the contradictory reports about frost and floods, the corn crop will undoubtedly be a large one, although a small portion of it will be unsound. The general estimate of the aggregate corn crop of the United States for 1865 is over 1,050,000,000 bushels.

Quit asking the news when the elections go radical. Our mouth don't go off well on occasions of that kind.

Richmond Papers on the Situation.

Special Dispatch to the Republican.

Washington, Nov. 8.

The Richmond papers of to-day all contain comments on the election. The following extracts show the general tone.—The Daily Dispatch says:

"The election (State) renders certain the defeat of the Constitutional amendment, even were it doubtful before. That is something to be gratified for. We trust that whenever the Southern States go into the Union, they will enter it without the humiliation of conditions precedent that degrade them in the dust. They were defeated in war but preserved their honor. Participation in the Washington Government is not so dear to them that they should sacrifice the last thing that is left them to enjoy.

The Daily Times says: These results have surprised none among us but that class of sanguine gentlemen who were constantly predicting miracles for the salvation of the Southern Confederacy during the darkest hours of its brief history. In what way the Radicals will abuse the vast powers which they now possess, it is yet impossible to conjecture, they may either insist upon the adoption of the Constitutional amendment as the measure of our humiliation, or they may discard it and demand something yet more degrading at our hands. But one course is now open to us, which is consistent with both honor and dignity. We can refuse to be made parties to the schemes which have been devised for our degradation. We can thus preserve that honor which death could not take from us and trust to the healing influence of time and better counsels. But come what may the Southern people should enter into no covenant of terms which will brand them with dishonor.—They are now faithfully obeying the laws and the Constitution of the United States. They will do nothing more.

Decision on Disfranchising Law.

Cincinnati, Nov. 8.

In the case of John Ryan, arrested for alleged voting at the October election, on the ground that he had been disfranchised by act of Congress, March 3d, 1865, which declared decitizenation should follow desertion, Judge Warren decided that an act of Congress could not be made to retract, and a deserter in 1862 could not be punished under a law passed in 1865, and that a conviction by a Court-martial would be necessary to disfranchise; judges of elections are not jurors to try criminals, and can only rule out the vote of a party guilty of crime, which carries disfranchisement with it upon the fact being established that a conviction before a competent tribunal has to taken place.

JACKSON COUNTY OFFICIAL.—About the time of going to press last night a friend enabled us to place the following gratifying official intelligence before our readers:

William's 261; Birch, 170; Payne, for Senate. 274; Alexander, for Representative, 235; Gage, Representative 6; Dougherty, Sheriff, 228; Comingo, Recorder of Deeds, 276; Wallace, Circuit Clerk, 289; Hickman, County Clerk, 227; Pendleton, County Treasurer, 246; Gates, County Justice 263; Cary, County Justice, 263; Petty, County Justice 248; Capt. Bevis, "last though not least" important, 267.

Great joy, ye late disfranchised subjects of Rhodewald!—*Kansas City Adv.*

NINTH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.—The returns from this district are sufficiently full to show the election by about one thousand majority of Colonel William F. Switzler (Conservative) over George W. Anderson (Radical,) who is the present mis-Representative. This gain will be very gratifying to the people of the State.

St. Joseph, Nov. 8.

Full returns of Buchanan county give the following majorites: Parker 135; Loan, 151; Harbine, Rad., for State Senate 205; Wilkinson, Con., for House, 27; Bennett, Rad., 75. The remainder of the county and city ticket is Radical, except the Circuit Clerk and Recorder of Deeds.

Andrew county official returns, give the entire Radical ticket an average of 500 majority.

GOVERNOR FLETCER REBUKED.—Governor Fletcher's own county (Jefferson,) has gone Conservative. His own friends and neighbors have pronounced against the Radical faction of which he is the chief representative. His fellow-citizens have most significantly expressed their condemnation of him and his partisan officials by pitching overboard one of his appointees and substituting an honest man and a Conservative as Clerk of the Circuit Court. The people of the State for more than a year have been ruled by men whom they did not choose, foisted upon them by a corrupt Chief Executive. And now when the first opportunity offers to demonstrate to Governor Fletcher what they think of it, the people kick his officials out of doors.—*Mo. Republican.*

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?—The South is at this moment in the most profound quiet and repose. There is not a rebel in arms; there is not a Union soldier necessary to preserve order in any part of the Southern States; there is absolutely not a ripple left to show where the great ship of the Confederacy sunk, and sunk forever. Yet, at Radical meetings, the proposition to march slaughtering, burning and confiscating columns into this peaceful and unresisting South, is received with uproarious applause. In the name of humanity, justice and civilization, what does all this mean?—*Baltimore Transcript.*

The New York Times' Washington special says those who expect Mr. Johnson to change his course in view of the result in recent elections, will be disappointed; he will leave the question to the Southern people, and if they adopt the amendment he will bow to the will of the people thus lawfully expressed.

THE LIBERTY TRIBUNE

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

One square, ten lines, one insertion,	$1 25
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All advertisements, not marked with the number of insertions, will be published till forbid and charged for accordingly.

Speech of Gov. Swann--Election Returns.

Baltimore, Nov. 8.

Gov. Swann was called upon at his residence last night by a large body of Conservatives, and made a speech, congratulating them on the victory obtained. He said the question of the removal of the commissioners would now be settled by the courts, and also that Judge Bond will be held to strict accountability for his action.

Returns from Allegheny county indicate that the Conservatives have carried the Legislative ticket. The Constitutional amendment against the creation of a sinking fund for the support of the public schools has been adopted.

A gentleman who can be easily gratified makes the following liberal offer:

"I will vote the entire Radical ticket this fall, if Fred. Douglass, Anna Dickinson, Thad. Stevens, Roscoe Conkling, the Utica Herald, or 'any other man,' will answer satisfactorily the following question: What is the use of making any amendments to the Constitution of the United States so long as we are unwilling to obey its present cardinal and acknowledged requirements?"

This is easily answered. Your rebel friends violated the Constitution, and you abetted their violations. Now, the use of the new amendments is to *make* you obey. Please vote from Fenton down to the candidates for the smallest office in your township.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Well, let's have it fair all round. Greeley, Phillips & Co. have been in the habit of violating the Constitution by nullifying the Constitution and laws, getting up civil war, &c.; let's have an amendment that will make them obey the Constitution.—We don't want one side bound and the other free. The country would be like the Irishman's village, where they let loose all the dogs, and tie down all the stones.

THE DICTIONARY OF CONGRESS.—Among the documents soon to be issued from the government press in Washington will be a revised and greatly enlarged edition of "Laumar's Dictionary of Congress." It will contain between four and five thousand brief biographies, and the official information, composing its ample appendix, will be brought down to the close of the last session of Congress. We regret to learn, however, that it will not be for sale, as there will be none printed outside of the government edition.—*New York Herald.*

Patent Love Letters.

DEAR MISS: After long consideration, and much meditation upon the great reputation you possess in the nation, I have a strange inclination to become your relation. If this oblation is worthy of observation, and can obtain commiseration, it will be an aggrandization beyond all calculation of the joy and exultation of

PETER H. PORTATION.

P. S.—I solicit the acceptation of the love and approbation, and propose the annexation of the lives and destination of Peter H. Portation and Mabie Moderation.

THE ANSWER.

DEAR PETER: I have pursued your oration with great deliberation and a little consideration at the great infatuation of your weak imagination to show such veneration on so slight a foundation. After mature deliberation and serious contemplation, I fear your proclamation is filled with adulation, or sayings from ostentation to display your education by an odd enumeration, or rather multiplication, of words of like termination, though different in signification. But as I admire association, and am in favor of annexation, I acknowledge my approbation, and indeed my inclination, to accept with gratification the love and adoration set forth in your declaration, and will, with preparation, love and animation, remain with resignation, and rejoice in the appelation of

MRS. PETER H. PORTATION.

PORK PACKING.—As yet nothing has been done by the packers in this city except to be fully prepared for operations as soon as the season commences, which will be about the 15th of November. The margin between packers and feeders is daily narrowing, and it is expected that prices will be fully established at an early day. Packers in this city expect to pay as liberal prices as are allowed in other Western markets, and, as they will be prepared for a large business, feeders will find it to their interest to send their hogs here.—The Cincinnati Gazette, of Monday, says, the receipts of hogs in that city are light and the market rules dull. Some prime heavy averages sold at $8 50; and 250 head light averages sold at $8 00 gross; 350 head over 220 lbs. average at $10 35, net, for first good weather.—*Louisville Dem't.*

The editor of the Smithland, Ky., Times has evidently been on a big tight, and is repentant. In his last issue he says:

If ever we drink another drop of whiskey, smoke a cigar—we don't chew—or swear another oath, may the giver of all good afflict us with disease, abject poverty, eternal wretchedness and pain—compel us to associate with mean Radicals, and subscribers who never pay for their papers—intemperate printers and played out actors—penniless editors and bar-room loafers, and Anna Dickinson. We are done, and in future, intend to be a moral, decent, loveable and loving man.

That oath will no doubt hold good until he recovers from his headache, and he gets within smelling distance of some good old Bourbon.

They have just received a magnificent hearse at Leavenworth, costing $2,500.—The Bulletin is proud of such improvements.

"My native city has treated me very badly," said a drunken vagabond, "but I love her still." "Probably," replied a gentleman, "her *skill* is all you do love."