

# South Jersey Republican.

VOL. 6.-NO. 16.

HAMMONTON, N. J., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1868.

2.00 PER YEAR

## Special Notice.

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D. B. STOW,  
Editor and Publisher.  
J. SOMERS CORDRAY,  
Associate and Manager.

## Miscellaneous.

(From the Galaxy.)

### By Rail to the Rocky Mountains.

Twenty years ago, Thomas H. Benton, the great Senator of the West, realizing the necessity of more rapid transit, the Pacific coast was to be held, proposed the building of a national railroad to the Pacific, where practicable, "deserving the Rocky Mountains and the Sierras impassable."

On the very day of the passage of the ordinance of secession by South Carolina—the 20th of December 1860—the House of Representatives passed the first bill authorizing the building of a railroad to the Pacific.

Its passage, on this day, was largely owing to the strenuous exertions of the distinguished publicist, Samuel B. Ruggles of New York, who urged the members to sign the day by this evidence of their confidence in the perpetuity of the Republic; and, also, at this first moment of danger, to begin at once the work, which would create new bonds of union between the different parts of the country.

A stately Corinthian column of the temple of constitutional liberty trembled to its fall; but the watchful citizens of the building, nowise dismayed, threw out a mighty buttress, which should strengthen the walls and bind the masonry. In this fact was hid the whole story of the result. A people who, calm amid the confusion of tottering States, could plan such a colossal enterprise must be invincible to any attack of plotting traitors.

Too many of the secessionists, then lingered in the Senate to permit the passage of the bill, and the road—the conception of enlightened patriotism, delayed but not defeated, by the secession—owed its creation to the same patriotic zeal which shrunk from no sacrifice to preserve that common country, of which this work is at once evidence and security.

The imperative need of a connecting road with the Pacific slope induced the offer of such terms as, in fact, makes the country the real builder of the road and entitled to the credit of its construction, without, however, detracting from the credit due to the actual managers and exponents of the enterprise, or the courage, energy, and ability, they have so conspicuously shown; but for these qualities, the aid of the Government, manifest as it was, would have been useless. I have no space to detail the story of their trials and triumphs. Suffice it to say, they have triumphed. A well-built railroad, well supplied with rolling stock, and having substantial depots, and repair shops at needed points, runs now from Omaha to a point between seven and eight hundred miles west. It has already crossed the Rocky Mountains, and, on leaving the Central Road, running east from Stockton, California, will open for through traffic to the Pacific; and much better than is generally anticipated.

The Union Pacific Railroad, having, in accordance with the conditions, first reached the 100th parallel of latitude west, became entitled to the grants which had been offered to the competing roads. First, the right of way and all the lands needed for buildings; second, each alternate section of land, twenty miles on each side the track, as a free gift. This is a great gift, in territory, as a continuous belt twenty miles wide to the Pacific, and amounts to fourteen millions and eighty thousand acres of land. For three hundred miles west of the Missouri, the road runs through a country as fertile as any the sun smiles on. Among the mountains, the mineral treasures are believed to be vast; coal, of good quality, has been found in abundance. In addition the hands of the Government are loaned to the road—in all, amounting to \$29,328,000 for 1,100 miles. These bonds are advanced on the completion and acceptance by Government commissioners of each twenty miles of the road. Government permits the company to issue first mortgage bonds to an equal amount, taking title a second mortgage. It pays for all Government transportation one-half in cash, crediting the other half toward the cost of the bonds.

The amount agreed to Government during 1867 in the difference between the charges for transportation by rail and the contract wagon prices, amounted, according to the quarterly report, to \$1,925,832. National soldiers guard the road against Indian attacks.

To form a just idea of the real magnitude of this undertaking at the beginning, it must be remembered that the country itself supplied neither workmen nor material; it was unexplored and full of hostile Indians. There was no railroad west of Des Moines, Iowa. Everything had to be hauled from there, one hundred and fifty miles to the Missouri, and then, carried across the river. All the workmen, all the machinery, all the material, had to be brought from the far distant East; while, pushing west, the surveying parties were harassed and sometimes killed by the Indians.

Men have wondered how the Egyptians transported the material for their pyramids and obelisks, and it took France, with all her resources, many months to bring one of the smallest of these obelisks from the Nile to the Seine. Yet here, quickly, within the past three years, Americans have done a more wonderful and far grander work. No quietly none knew of it till the difficulties had been overcome, and the incredulity of the country was startled by the statement that, out in the Rocky Mountains, the Union Pacific Company was building a railroad at the wonderful speed of three miles a day.

Here will be the first experiment of organized emigration—if we except the partial, but highly successful efforts of the Mormons. Civilization was wont to make slow progress, creeping along in emigrant wagons on the trail of trappers and hunters, and leaving behind her more valuable possessions, as too cumbersome; and so, by slow degrees, has moved, cautiously and painfully, over half the Continent. Now a new era begins. The locomotive, pushing out into the new country, bears with it all the essentials of civilization; and towns and cities rise up in a day. States spring forth full panoplied. On the south is the young of the territories.

"U. P. R. R." is seen on the signs in the street, on the miles and horses, on cars and depots; and "U. P. R. R." occupies the thoughts and employs the energies of almost every earnest man west of the Missouri. Soon it will write its magic sign along the borders of the Pacific, and bring back the spoils of the Orient; seizing, in its strong grasp, the prize nations have contended for—the trades of Colorado, Montana, Idaho, Oregon, and Washington. It will carve out new States, and control their destinies. It will soon have in its power, to control the election of twenty Senators.

Thirteen years ago, the Indian title to the land on the west bank of the Missouri was extinguished. At the spot opposite Council Bluffs, the Mormons crossed, and struck westward over the Plains. The emigrant trail took the same route—the path the Indians had always taken—along the valley of the Platte, and by degrees a settlement grew up on the river bank to supply the needs of the emigrants.

The situation is so lovely, that it seems as if nature had foreseen the day when civilization should come and demand of her a place for settlement, and she had prepared this site for the future city. On the Iowa side, the bluffs are some miles back from the river's edge, and the stream makes a grand sweep around the meadows. On the west bank, there are two plateaus, one lifted by a steep rise of some fifty feet, both affording ample room for all business purposes. A mile back, the bluffs rise abruptly about a hundred feet above the river, and tending southeast, strike the river boldly some two or three miles below, thus encircling the town like an amphitheatre, and offering the finest sites for private residences, some are already nestled along their wooded slopes.

The view from the top of the bluff, near the old capital building, is very extensive; looking north the eye can trace the river, far-sweeping with majestic curves, and the distant bluffs, with bare ravines looking scoured and time-worn, and having the effect of high mountains seen at a distance, there being nothing to contrast them with, but the prairie meadows from which they abruptly rise.

The winding river, the beautiful meadows, the gradually receding bluffs, the houses crowning them, and the town stretching down at our feet; the near and the distant view, all combine and harmonize into a scene very rare in this flat western country, and one which recalled in many of its features one of the loveliest in the land, the view from Round Hill, Northampton, Mass.

Only in the modern style of the better class of dwellings, and in the smallness of the cottonwood trees which fringe every door-yard, do you get any idea of the newness of the place. It looks very like an eastern town of the same size; has handsome blocks of stores equal to those of any city, and some very substantial and elegant private residences. It counts sixteen thousand inhabitants, though three years ago there were but three thousand—its growth in ten years.

We have come to see the Union Pacific Railroad, and here in its starting point; and this City of Omaha its creation. It is a promising, prosperous little city, full of activity and hope. It can send steamers from its levees two thousand miles north, and two thousand miles south to the Gulf; it will have railroad communication with the Pacific and the Atlantic. It already numbers seven railroads—three finished, and four in process of completion, which, centering on the opposite bank, it proposes to absorb. Indeed, as the initial point of the Union Pacific Railroad, it seems to get more of growth out of these other roads than does its neighbor, Council Bluffs, where they centre. This town as yet numbers only six thousand inhabitants.

Omaha is a live place; has churches, stores, hotels, and everything on an Eastern scale; horses as fine as can be found anywhere, and carriages to match. Its citizens are hospitable and intelligent, and we have away many memories of their courtesy and kindness.

The Company employs a thousand men in its work here, which works are duly inspected. They make all their rolling stock with the exception of the locomotives, of which they have ninety in use and one hundred and even constructed for. They purpose hereafter to construct their own locomotives. The workshops and depot buildings are all large, well built and well appointed. It is only the fact that they, as well as the city about them, have created in so short a time, and under such disadvantageous conditions, that makes them of any special interest to the traveler. We felt far more interest in the five hundred Mormon emigrants we found scattered about under the shade of the cars, and wherever they could find shelter from the scorching rays of the sun. Three thousand emigrants are expected to arrive soon. The men will go to work at once on the railroad, for sixty miles of which, Brigham Young, has a contract.

The emigrants make already a large portion of the business of the road, and also furnish labor for its construction. The Mormons are very anxious to have it finished to Salt Lake, so as to avoid the long journey by teams. They expect large and rapid accessions when it is completed.

An hour's ride from Omaha brings us to the valley of the Platte. It opens before us, first like a little inlet pushing back among the hills, then, broadening out suddenly, we are in the grassy sea. Far as the eye can reach, north and west, the treeless, green expanse—a boundless plain of verdure—stretches away. On the south is the Platte, with its fringe of trees and its picturesque islands, which form a singular and beautiful feature of the river, scattered along like beads on a rosary. Beyond the river, the sea of grass again, and, at some distance, low rolling hills.

We are now upon the old emigrant trail, across the Continent. On the river bank are cultivated farms, and large, brown, comfortable-looking houses, seated among the luxuriant fields, like old grey rocks jutting up out of this dark green sea of growing corn, whose "laughing waves" are edged with the foam of whitening wheat fields.

Surely one sight of these harvest-fields would settle all doubts as to the agricultural possibilities of Nebraska. The valley here is forty miles from north to south, and stretches away before us to the Rocky Mountains.

For more than two hundred miles westward the soil is as fertile and productive as here. There farmers—"ranch men," as they are called, who had a sort of vested interest in the "emigrant trail,"—gave no welcome to the railroad, even though it promised a market at Omaha. Heretofore their market has been a sure one at their own doors, and the emigrants are forced to pay whatever the farmers choose to ask, and to exchange their tired teams for fresh ones at rates highly profitable to the settlers.

Ninety miles from Omaha is Columbus. Two or three board shanties near the station, set down in the flat prairie, recall the present indications of the coming greatness of George Francis Train's proposed and prophesied new capital city of the United States. Its eligibility is not apparent to common eyes. It is claimed, I think, as the geographical centre from ocean to ocean.

But railroads and telegraphs have diminished the importance of merely "geographical centre," and though there is, at the west, some real feeling in regard to moving the Capital, the inevitable discussions as to its new position will, let us trust, permit the white doves to crown the hill where Washington placed it, for generations!

Sixty miles beyond, one hundred and fifty miles west of Omaha, at Grand Island Station, we made our first acquaintance with antelope prairies and rattlesnakes, the peculiar denizens of the prairie, kept as pets by some of the company's men, of whom two or three hundred are here employed. The antelopes looked like large rabbits on stilts, and are far less graceful in form than their Indian namesake, but have the same lustrous eye and wonderful speed, they are easily domesticated. The prairie dogs are curious little animals, something between a grey squirrel and a woodchuck. The rattlesnakes of which we saw two venomous specimens, are said to inhabit their holes and to make a happy family party.

We met here a bright Yankee machinist, who took great pride in showing us the little house he had built himself in his spare hours, without fit tools, for it was his first attempt to work in wood. A cozy, pleasant-looking little house it was. A glimpse of the wife within it showed that he had something more to live for than the thousands of lonely men who, on the far frontiers, form the skinning lines of the advancing hosts of civilization. Our friend who is building another house "to let," is a true type of the best class of western men—a genuine, intelligent, industrious Yankee, set in the prairie with ample room to grow! With such stock in such soil, why should not "the West" do great things—and she is doing them.

In New York, our city life is so absorbing, so concentrated, that we are in danger of unconsciously limiting our views by the boundaries of Manhattan Island, forgetting that New York is but the pier at which these people of the West load the ships they send over all the oceans laden with food for a world.

Leaving Grand Island, we plunge again through the unending plains, the river and its islands lending the only variety to the scene. The Platte is a broad, pretentious looking river, but held in no esteem, and spoken of with contempt as a treacherous deception, full of quicksands, useless for navigation, and a dangerous obstacle to travel. All western streams miss the small element of beauty which makes the small mountain stream in New England a delight and a joy—the element of purity. It is not easy to get pastured over the muddy, discolored waters of the West.

At dusk we cross the Platte on a trestle bridge three thousand feet long—reaching that over the Grandpaw River near Holdrege—and stop for supper at a large hotel at North Platte Station, two hundred and ninety miles from Omaha. We get an excellent meal, and our first intimation that we are not in a settled community—the waiter at our table taking the opportunity while going for a cup of coffee to have a "serenade," and fire a revolver at one of his fellows while in the kitchen; at his place again in a moment, a little excited, but going on with his duties. A sign on a drinking shop indicated to "specialties"—the "Spotted Tail Keg House." Spotted

Tail is the great Indian chief of this vicinity, and a Keg House is a variety of bar room popular in these cities of the Plains. The liquor is kept in small varnished kegs. The customer pays his quarter—the universal price of a drink here—takes his tumbler and draws his own drink. This freedom from supervision is so agreeable that the keg houses are fast driving out the elaborate bars with their cut-glass decanters and showy mirrors.

At Holdrege, a little station some four hundred and ninety-six miles from Omaha, we stop for water, and seeing two graves alone in the prairie, we go to them. The wooden head-boards show that one was that of a child, the other of a man who accidentally shot himself a few weeks since. Murder and accident are the diseases that kill most men here, and there are many deaths.

This station was named in memory of Mr. Hill, one of the Company's best civil engineers, who was killed by the Indians when surveying in company with Mr. Archer. Hill was killed after a running fight of two miles; Archer, though wounded, escaped.

West of the Missouri, the Indian question is a live question. Men's eyes flash, and their tongues grow emphatic, for they live in constant danger. No one of them but has some story of a friend or relative barbarously murdered. Their only consolation for them is "red devils." All admit that they have been systematically defrauded by the Indian agents, but the prosecution they have, in violation of treaties, by no apology for the indiscriminate murders by which they seek to avenge their wrongs and the barbarous mutilations they inflict.

I heard one man—and but one man—raise his voice in eloquent and indignant denunciation of the wrongs and systematic spoliation inflicted on these poor creatures by those who are placed as their special guardians; but even he admitted that matters had reached such a pass now that they must be made to feel and respect the power of the United States before any peace would be practicable.

The opinion that they should be under the care of the War Department is general, and Hurley's success with them is constantly referred to.

The guards of United States soldiers that present arms at every station, the little adobe fortlets beside their tents, show that there is some real danger to be guarded against.

Fortunately, the Indians have a superstitious fear of the train, and have attacked but one, and that a freight train. They threw it off the track at night, but did not venture to approach till daylight. They killed most of the men, broke open the goods, and finding pieces of gay colored calico, twined them about their ponies and themselves, and tying long pieces to their ponies' tails as streamers, went careering over the plains like mad.

If they ever get over this superstitious fear of the road, it will make traveling on it a little unpleasant for timid people. The feeling is very general that there will be trouble with the Indians this fall. On our return to Omaha, we found at the hotel two men suffering from arrow wounds, who had been attacked by Indians and their companions killed.

We have seen as yet no Indians, except a few Omaha Indians, naked, but for the red blankets around their waists. They are not of a character to increase our estimate of the noble red man. We are looking anxiously for buffalo; they are announced as having come up to the south side of the Platte. The road crosses their path, for they have immemorial highways over these trackless plains, and last year the train was forced to wait for hours while the multitudinous herds slowly passed.

It is said the Indians direct their course by burning the grass in those places where they do not wish them to go, and so drive these untamed herds whither they will. Strange, wild herdsmen who hunt, not house their flocks.

Now and then we have seen a train of emigrant wagons slowly making their way westward, and yesterday the conductor pointed out to me the last house.

It was a pleasant farm house, with barn and ricks gathered about it as becomes a thrifty farmer. It stands on a knoll overlooking a little stream in the valley below; it seems as if it might have been lifted up from a New England hillside, and set down here in the prairie.

There was nothing tragic or startling about it, but it had been for years the last house of civilization. The emigrant trains, however, kept it in rapport with the world, and our conductor told me of his surprise on going to the house two years ago to find it "rotten" "labeled" and a little brewery operating in the cellar.

[To be Continued.]

## The California Earthquake.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE—ATMOSPHERIC PHENOMENA—REVELATIONS.

A private letter received by a gentleman in this city from his nephew in Oakland, near San Francisco, gives the following interesting account of some personal experiences during the recent earthquake in California:—"SAN FRANCISCO, October 23, 1868. I had just left home, and had reached the street in front of my house, when I heard a noise like a strong rushing wind through the trees, and on looking up to the oak found their branches in a fearful commotion. As the morning was very sunny and there was no indication of wind, I thought it strange that a gust should bring

up so suddenly. Presently I felt the earth rock, and then knew that it was an earthquake. I stood still for a few moments to watch the thing, and it rapidly increased in violence, and soon I saw chimneys toppling and falling. I beat a hasty retreat home, and found the family coming out of the house very much frightened. By this time the work was done, and old mother earth resumed her wonted serenity, the shaking having continued about one minute.

I think I have felt more alarming motions of the earth at previous shocks, but this continued much longer, and it is to this fact that the increased damage done must be referred. We had three chimneys broken off, but not thrown down. One was so badly cracked that I had it taken down. The other two were cut off smooth, twisted around about fifteen inches and left standing. I also had several vines broken, but aside from this sustained no loss. William's and Dick's houses were unharmed. About one half of the chimneys were cut off, and of this number say one-third thrown down. Some buildings lost their firewalls and awnings, and much glass was broken in Oakland, but the damages were not severe.

The papers give so full account of the damage done in this city that I refer you to the enclosed account for the details. In taking a ramble through the city I am surprised at the little damage done. In many parts of the town no apparent harm is done. The buildings whose walls have been seriously cracked are being braced up to-day. No well-built edifice has been harmed to any extent worth mentioning. There have been a great many rumors of loss of life, but as far as I know the fatalities number four in this city and one at San Leandro.

By the way, our trade yesterday, the day after the quake, was unusually large. PHENOMENA PRECEDING THE EARTHQUAKE—THE VAPOR.

The San Francisco Bulletin has the following:

"For several weeks preceding the earthquake the climate phenomena have been more remarkable along this coast than at any given period for many previous years. The atmosphere has been dull and oppressive, and so charged with vapor as to attract general attention. It is not an uncommon occurrence to have a few days of smoky atmosphere in the autumn, a few weeks before the rains set in. This usually results from fires in the woods, which are often extensive in the coast range. And although there were serious fires in this region and more extensive ones in Oregon, they do not furnish any satisfactory solution to the atmospheric phenomena under notice. This vapor extended seaward from one hundred to three hundred miles westerly, and landward in an easterly direction beyond the slope of the Sierra, making a breadth of not less than five hundred miles."

We find the same phenomena as far north as Washington Territory, in the Puget Sound region, and as far south as San Diego county, the southern limit of California, or extending along the coast for a distance of fifteen hundred miles. The territory where the same phenomena has been witnessed is probably much larger than that described. We have only named such extreme points as we have heard from at this date. The atmosphere was dense, and so charged with smoke or other vapor, that after nightfall vessels navigating the Bay and Sacramento river were obliged to wait for daylight. Vessels attempting to enter Coos Bay, in the southern part of Oregon, were detained outside of the bar, some instances, for five or six weeks. At other coast ports, great difficulties were experienced in making the entrance even at mid-day. The atmosphere had what old settlers termed a "burnt smell," but was more oppressive at times than that known to result from the burning of forests.

It is now reasonably certain that this condition of the atmosphere was not caused by fires either in Oregon or this State. There have been no fires sufficiently extensive to account for these peculiarities. There have been fires, extending along the coast range for forty miles, and yet the smoke was noticeable in this city hardly more than a week. The phenomena must be referred to some other cause having a close connection with the earthquake of yesterday. It is said that the same atmospheric peculiarities are recognized in South America as immediately preceding an earthquake. And there were many in this vicinity who talked confidently about "earthquake weather." The atmospheric phenomena have wholly disappeared, no trace of it having been noticed since the occurrence of the earthquake.

The climate peculiarities have been most remarkable during a greater part of the present year. Both at home and abroad there have been sudden changes of temperature, and such vagaries as not only to attract attention but to give rise to unpleasant forebodings. In England, during the summer, it was intensely hot and dry. Hurricanes have been very destructive in equatorial regions; atmospheric disturbances have been wide spread and extraordinary. The Gulf stream in the Atlantic is said to have shifted over nearer the European continent. The whole volcanic system of South America, including also the volcanoes at the Hawaiian Islands, have been very active of late. The results of the earthquakes in South America, and the volcanic eruptions at the Islands, have just been recorded. Meteoric phenomena for the last two years have also been most remarkable. The disturbing forces above and beneath have been unusually active over a considerable portion of the globe. It would appear from the foregoing that of the most probable of the cause of

events which have occurred during the last few months, that the present is one of the most remarkable eras of physical and climatic changes which have ever been known for centuries. Whether these changes are for the better or worse is a problem we do not undertake to solve.

"The earthquake was not accompanied by any tidal phenomena. The waters of the Bay were quiet and there was no perceptible fluctuation. The undulating motion was from an opposite direction of the earthquake which occurred in October, 1855. The force was from the southeast in the one yesterday, while that of 1855 was from the northwest. The focus of the earthquake of yesterday, or the point where the greatest apparent force was exerted, was at no great distance from the town of Hayward, on the opposite side of the Bay. A large one-story brick warehouse, and apparently a very strong one, was completely demolished, and all the brick buildings of that town and of Centerville were either thrown down or ruined. Frame buildings in or near the latter town were also thrown down, and cattle were thrown off their feet. The focus of the earthquake of 1855 was not far from the town of Santa Cruz. It is certain that the greatest apparent force yesterday was exerted within a circle of sixteen miles, of which Hayward was very nearly the centre. San Francisco was just beyond the line of the greatest disturbance, but nearer to it than that of any other notable earthquake of which we have any record."

## EXTENT OF THE DAMAGE—COMPARISONS WITH THE EARTHQUAKE OF 1855.

The San Francisco Bulletin of October 23, says:

"The losses by the earthquake in most cases are overestimated by the public; a careful examination of the various buildings showing that they can be repaired and made more secure than before by iron bracing, and portions of walls renewed in cement mortar and light wooden firewalls, in place of the dangerous brick and stone heretofore used."

"In this connection we may state, as the experience of Mr. Michael Reese, that in his recently erected buildings, where he has put in iron fronts and the Mansard or French roof and iron grinders, he has found no damage to the walls or roof, and very slight injury to the plastering, while buildings constructed of brick, in the ordinary manner of first class buildings, have been shaken and badly cracked, and sunk out of the ground."

"From notes already made, we think the loss in the city by the recent earthquake to buildings and stock will not exceed \$500,000, and may fall within that amount."

"The damage to such a building as the City Hall and similar structures cannot, by any fair judgment, be set down at the cost of a new building, for the tumble-down condition of our city buildings has long been an eyesore and disgrace to us, and only waited an earthquake or conflagration to settle the question as to pulling them down."

The same paper says:—"A comparison of the two principal earthquakes which have occurred in San Francisco during the past few years will have some interest. On October 8, 1855, what has until this week been called the great earthquake occurred, forty-six minutes after noon. There was a preliminary shock of five or six seconds duration, then a moment's intermission, then another and more serious vibration which lasted ten or more seconds. This year there was no warning and no cessation of vibration, until the whole force of the shock was exhausted, and the long continued vibration increasing the oscillation of the buildings at each one, caused the greater damage. By Mr. Tenney, who timed the duration of the shock by counting until he could reach his stop watch, we are informed that the great shock of this week lasted forty-six seconds. Probably there being no attempt to time the shocks of 1855, their duration was under rather than over stated. There was probably little difference in length in the intervals between the beginning of the first and the close of the second shock of 1855, and the commencement and close of the more destructive single shock of 1868. The length of time the vibration lasted in the source of the danger. If at the tenth oscillation the upper part of a building swings a foot over the perpendicular, at the twentieth vibration, though no stronger force may be exerted, it would probably swing two feet over the line of perpendicular, and so on."

"The shocks of 1855 took place at forty-six minutes past 12 in the day. At 7 and 10 o'clock the same night, slighter shocks were felt. At twenty-five minutes before 11 o'clock in the forenoon of the following day, twenty-two hours after the principal shock, a sharp vibration, lasting several seconds was felt. This was the most great well-defined vibration felt in the city at that time."

"This year we have also had a number of smaller shocks spread over nearly twenty-four hours, after the first and main shock. From early yesterday morning until fourteen minutes past two o'clock this morning there was no well defined shock; at the latter hour, however, the sharpest and most prolonged vibration we have had since the main one, occurred. Judging by the past, it is reasonable inference that as the first shock was greater this year than three years ago, so the length of time required for the subsidence of the earth to its natural position might be expected to be greater."

"In neither year was there any disturbance of the barometer. Yesterday we were informed by the barometer for the day

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8 inch. 3.50 4.00 4.50 5.00 5.50 6.50  
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October 1st, 1867.

before the late earthquake, the day of the first shock, and the day after. From Mr. Tenney's books we learn that the harmonic stood at 31.04 at noon; three-quarters of an hour before the shock it stood at 30.04 and did not vary more than one-hundredth of an inch the whole day. The thermometer on that occasion stood at 65° Fahrenheit at 9 A. M., 65° at noon, 67° at 3 P. M., and 62° at 6 P. M. On Wednesday last it stood at 53° at 9 A. M., 70° at noon, 72° at 3 P. M., and 63° at 6 P. M. It will be remembered that Wednesday morning was cold and foggy, and it was not until some time after the shock was over that the sun broke through the vapor which overhung the city."

## A Brighter Day.

BY WILLIAM COLLEN BRYANT.

Harness the impatient years,  
And yoke them to thy imperial car,  
For, through a mist of tears,  
The brighter day appears,  
Whose early blushes tinge the hills afar.

A brighter day for thee,  
Whose glorious fields are spread before thee,  
The happy fields of peace,  
And thou in misery  
Of western waters which once hailed thee queen!

The fiery couriers fling  
Their hoofs and a deafening roar,  
Till the fleet moments bring  
The expected time to spring  
Along their path, and leave these glooms behind.

Take them, and yield the reins  
To Spain, and lead her to the lofty seat;  
The happy fields of peace,  
Whose cruel strength constrains  
Her limbs to limp in fetters at her feet.

A tyrant brood have wound  
About thy temples like the deadly snail,  
And toward a goal profound  
They drag her, gagged and bound,  
Down among dead men's bones, and frost and snail.

O Spain! thou wert of yore  
The wonder of the realms; in prouder years  
The happy fields of peace,  
What it still wear no more,  
The diadem of both the hemispheres.

To thee the ancient Deep  
Revealed his pleasant, undiscovered lands;  
From mines where jewels sleep,  
Till the plain and vine-clad steep,  
Earth's richest spoil was offered to thy hands.

Yet then, when land and sea  
Sent thee their tribute with each rolling wave,  
And kingdoms craved to thee,  
What didst thou do to them,  
And therefore art thou now a shackled slave.

Will thou not yet regain  
The happy fields of peace, as in these lines,  
And reap the golden grain,  
And force that not train  
To free before the anger in these eyes!

Then shall the blessed years  
Sweep onward with thee to that glorious height  
Which even now appears  
Bright through the mist of tears,  
The dwelling place of Liberty and Light.

## George W. Childs.

Mr. George W. Childs, the enterprising publisher of the Philadelphia Ledger, sailed for Europe on Wednesday, with his wife, in search of health.

Mr. Childs is a Baltimorean by birth; he began life in Philadelphia as a shop boy, and has grown to wealth and important public position by the use of the very means which Benjamin Franklin advised: "unceasing industry, courage and intelligent enterprise, and fair and liberal dealing with the world, and with all who were brought into business relations with him. He has been for many years engaged in business as a successful general publisher in Philadelphia, first as chief of the firm of Childs & Peterson, then as a partner of Mr. J. B. Lippincott, finally by himself. In 1864, Mr. Childs bought the Ledger from Mr. William Swain, who had controlled that paper for nearly thirty years. He has infused into that paper a large part of his own energy; increasing its usefulness and importance as a newspaper, as well as its prosperity. He has erected for the use of the Ledger the most complete newspaper office in this, or perhaps in any other country.

Mr. Childs, however, has not only distinguished himself by his literary enterprise and executive ability. He has even a greater claim upon our esteem through his benevolence and liberality.

He recently presented a number of the printers in his office with policies of life insurance, of which he pays the premium until they become self-paying; and now, on the eve of his departure for Europe, he has added to his many liberalities, the gift to the Philadelphia Typographical Society of a large lot in Woodlands Country handsomely enclosed by a marble and bronze railing, and has provided a fund for the payment of members of the association free of all expense to their estates or their survivors. This liberal and thoughtful gift was formerly presented to the society by Mr. Childs last Saturday afternoon, in the presence of a number of prominent citizens. Mr. Childs is still a young man, only thirty-eight years of age; his numerous friends will hope for his speedy return home, in good health, and for a long continued career of usefulness.

The only great out and out "democratic" city in America is New York. There the rule of the party is complete, and the principles of the party have free course, the democratic majority being over 60,000.—What is the result—honesty—economy? Not much; but enormous taxation and universal thieving. The expense of running a democratic city government last year amounted to the nice little sum of \$21,856,665 38—twice what it cost to run the United States government during the administration of John Quincy Adams.—Wouldn't this be a nice party to reduce the expenses of the national government?

It is said that Bonaparte feeds his horses from a box sitting on the floor, as he believes it is natural for them to do; they feed from a level with their feet.







