

## Mr. Voorhees in 1864.

Mr. Voorhees claims to be a great friend of the soldiers, and declares that his record and votes in Congress will show that he supported the Government in its efforts to put down the rebellion. He says now that the rebellion was wrong. His mind on this subject has suffered a great change since January 18, 1864. On that day Mr. Green Clay Smith offered in the House of Representatives the following preamble and resolution:

"WHEREAS, A most desperate, wicked and bloody rebellion exists within the jurisdiction of the United States, and the safety and security of personal and national liberty depend upon its utter and absolute extinction; therefore,

"Resolved, That it is the political, civil, moral and sacred duty of the people to meet it, fight it, crush it, and forever destroy it."

All the Republicans and twenty-six Democrats voted for the resolution, while Mr. Voorhees and fifteen Democrats voted against it. — *Indianapolis Journal*.

Of course he voted against it, and against everything else which looked to the suppression of the rebellion, and the preservation of this government. No rebel, fighting in the rebel ranks. No confederate spy dodging through our lines and carrying back information to the enemies camp. No armed, determined, belligerent, who with gun and sword fought in the rebel ranks, was more earnestly, and more warmly a traitor to this government during all the time of the four years war, than was Daniel W. Voorhees. The proof against him is overwhelming. There is not a confederate officer or soldier now living, but knows this to be true. When the armies of the North were in deadly conflict with those of the South, Voorhees was always regarded as the enemy to the boys in blue, and the friend to those in gray. No Federal soldier, during the entire war, ever, for one moment thought that he was his friend. Every Confederate knew that he was their friend and would, and had assisted them, and their cause all that he possible could. Is not the unblushing audacity of such a fellow, unparalleled in the annals of personal impudence, when he claims to have been the loyal soldiers friend?

He was the soldier's friend, but not the soldier who was fighting for that country whose free institutions had over-shadowed and protected him all along during his whole life. He was the soldier's friend, but it was that soldier who had taken up arms, and was in the ranks fighting to overthrow the only free government in the world. He was the soldier's friend, but it was the soldier who wore the "Confederate Gray," and not the "Federal Blue."

## Gratz Brown.

In a few days the Republicans will meet in convention in the State of Missouri, to nominate State officers. From indications, Gratz Brown will receive the nomination for Governor. It seems to us that this would be a nomination proper to be made. Mr. Brown is an able and earnest Republican; was a Republican when it required courage and sacrifice to be one in the State of Missouri. Unlike some of the prominent men of the party now in that State, he was not pro-slavery when the slave power was in the ascendant, and anti-slavery when the tide of popular opinion ran in that direction. Long ago he flung his banner to the breeze and announced his inflexible hostility to the slave power, and to the advance of slavery into free territory. Touching the question of human rights, he has ever been a decided, firm Radical. Touching questions of partisan policy, he is, and has been, conservative.

The important question upon which the campaign is being made in Missouri, is the enfranchisement, of those men who have been disfranchised for participation in the rebellion. Mr. Brown is for universal enfranchisement. To place all men in that State, white or black, in a political point of view, on an equality. How any one can oppose this now, five years after the war has ended, and hope to have any standing for common sense and common honesty among men of common sense and common honesty, we are at a loss to understand.

If general amnesty is not adopted in the State of Missouri and the general Government by the Republican party, it will be done by a party acting in opposition to the Republican party. If the leaders of our party are to continue this shameful outrage upon a large portion of American citizens, they will be asked to take a back seat in the political synagogues, and meet of mingling and sympathies will step to the front. Interested demagogues and political carpet-baggers can not control this matter much longer. The people are beginning to look into the question themselves, and from their farms and their work shops, soon will go forth the imperial command, and short-sighted and corrupt politicians will, "right about face."

There seems to be some misunderstanding between the owners, proprietors, conductors, managers, editors, "scissors," &c., of the *Indianapolis Journal*. The *Sentinel* a few days ago charged that Col. Holloway was not satisfied with, and did not endorse the course of that paper, under its recent proprietors, "The Journal Company" thereupon gets excited, rushes into print, and over their own sign manual, declare that they are in full accord, the one with the other, and are as harmonious in relation to the editorial management of the paper as a nest of cooing doves. The *Sentinel* now charges that this declaration is not true, and that Col. Holloway's genuine signature is not to it, and threatens a "personal exposure," if he endorses the course now being pursued by the paper of which he is part owner.

We are inclined to the belief that there has been too much outside talking on part of some member of the *Journal* Company, to be strictly consistent with partnership relations, and if those relations are not really harmonious, a little remodeling should take place until they are made so.

The *Journal* is now full of spirit, snap, vim, brains, and its editorial assistance should not be dispensed with, or its editorial course diverted.

## EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

[It will be seen that this charming letter should have reached us before the one we published last week, but it did not, and it is too interesting to be laid aside for that reason.]

QUEEN'S HOTEL, QUEENSTOWN, IRELAND, JULY 9, 1870.

Dear Husband:

An hour since, my first letter and journal at sea was dropped in the post, and I commence again to pour out upon paper the glowing enthusiasm which possesses me. Am I in a charmed circle? Am I dreaming—is it I? The mirror at my side reflects the Tuttle face, notwithstanding the unbelieving and wonder-wrapped senses.

Well, we had a quiet dreamy night and awakened refreshed and happy. Springing out of the feathers and dainty, I flew to the window, drew aside the curtain, and looked directly upon the bay, a harbor that lies at my very feet; shipping and fortifications stood out in bold relief. Close to the water, dragging baskets of vegetables up the hill, were the female Paddies, and such an Irish chatter as they kept up!

The town nestles down in a side hill and presents the most Oriental appearance. A short time after we appeared at breakfast. Such a queer meal as it was. At a square table of immense proportions we were treated to a most delicious fish, peculiar to Ireland and England called *Sole*. Butter, without salt, was in the bottom of large white bowls full of water. Great immense white strawberries in a cool Irish cabbage leaf, the sweetest thing that ever melted in mortal mouth. These things were served and given us in the quaintest fashion. Next we made our way to the street and sat down on the low stone wall and quick as thought, came the crowds of Irish beggars—buy this and buy that—give me a penny for my poor children, your darling beauty, (to Nellie) to all of which we turned a deaf ear, of course.

Oh! the jaunty car! Was there ever such a vehicle dreamed of in anybody's philosophy? Ladies of Erin's Isle, seated in the car, with their hands in their baskets at their feet, and a comical Irish coachman driving the little donkey, no larger than one of our Newfoundland dogs.

I had forgotten to tell you at the beginning, how sweetly I was awakened this morning by a soft strain of music from a band on the water. "Kathleen Mavourneen" floated out on the morning air so gracefully, and then came "God Save the Queen," and Nellie and I, without a word, crept into each other's arms, but we both understood each other's thoughts. *We were in Ireland, and thousands of miles away from scenes familiar and loved before.*

We have in our party now a Mr. Barnes, from Cincinnati—a regular Mark Twain—and our breakfast wit and laughter was worthy of being recorded. I can't do any of these things justice. No words can give an adequate idea of our intense enjoyment, or of the strangeness of our life now.

This afternoon we leave for Cork and thence to Dublin. We shall see the ruined castles, lakes, cathedrals, and "Sweet bells of Shandon, That sound so grand on the pleasant waters of the river Lee."

Nellie and the others are out this morning, riding on donkeys. Gen. Love and Mr. Talbot never weary of amusing the juvenile portion of our party. And now I will rest my pen, and try it again to-morrow.

VICTORIA HOTEL, CITY OF CORKE, JULY 10TH.—We made our way through the swarms of beggars to the beautiful steamer at just 2 o'clock yesterday, and nothing could be more charming than the sail from Queenstown to this city. Our little vessel ploughing the waters of the river Lee with the swiftness of an arrow. Would that I could find language or expression enough to do you of the beautiful scenery along that lovely river. The Rhine of Ireland it is called, and the verdure, the elegant country homes, the castles, the great monument inscribed to Father Matthew, the Temperance Apostle, the summer resort with its heavenly grounds. Never, never has the human eye rested on such a lovely paradise as this Irish scenery. We had a band of music, and our party attracted so much attention that they gave us "Yankee Doodle" and "Hail Columbia." The air on the sea was like the breezes in fairy land. No wonder the Irish look so rosy. The climate is most salubrious and healthy. After sailing in a hot or more we reached Cork, which is fourteen miles from Queenstown, and were driven to the hotel, where we have found much comfort. As we stood a moment in the doorway under the "English Arms," "mine host" met us with the suavest words and manner—welcome, welcome. Our party, consisting now of thirteen, take our meals in the little private parlor assigned us. We are seated around a table about eight feet square, and general satisfaction and contentment prevails, while the "feast of reason and flow of soul" adds a charm to the scene. Our waiter, Oh, waiter, there was such a character. If Port was only here, I think of him every hour of the day, a gentle Irishman; a man strung on wires, with the funniest Irish brogue and most comical under the "Tuttle" and "Tuttle" Oh for a Tuttle! On for a Tuttle!

I look on the signs as we walk the great Patrick street, but no Tuttle can be seen. Wright is very common. I have seen it on at least half a dozen signs. The city is quite American in its appearance, very busy—like our own—its age is eight hundred years. A ride in the suburbs, yesterday and this afternoon, enabled us to see more of the enchanting landscape and the places of interest and history. Just outside of Cork are immense distilleries for Irish whisky. The roads are very dusty and have the appearance of being made of ground white marble, there are so very white and smooth, walled on either side. But the Villas, and Castles, and Cathedrals! Oh, how grand and gorgeous it all is! And as for flowers, the houses are covered with vines of Fuschias. Geraniums grow almost like trees and bloom in a blaze of glory almost to the tops of the houses. The arrangement of flowers is the most beautiful and wonderful. It twines around every tree in every wood or grove, and climbs on the walls.

I wish you could see the farms. You can have no idea of how highly cultivated they are. But amid all this beauty there is the poison of poverty and misery. Oh, such wretches! They swarm about us in their rags and filth, the little children follow our jaunty cars in droves, begging us for a ha'penny, and if one penny is thrown out they run, like the chickens do when they are fed, and fight over it. No doubt the most of it is imposition, for they are even more improvident than our own poor. But I saw a sight yesterday that made my heart sick: A woman so famished and haggard with want and suffering that the child at her breast, a little living skeleton, groaned every time it drew milk. It clung to her with an intense hunger at its wretched mother's bosom. But at night while we were walking in a vast crowd of vagrants and the very atmosphere was polluted by them, and we were unable to get home.

To-day we attended Christ Church of England, and heard a discourse, by no doubt a very good young minister, on the text, "The life, the truth and the way." He tried to teach us, in a very happy way, a lesson of humanity and love, and I felt rebuked for the thought Satan had suggested, that this livery of Heaven's robes were not so becoming to the church as another kind of livery would be. He was a true son of the soil. I am sorry to say we broke the Sabbath, by visiting the famous Blarney Castle, and the great water cure establishment. Perhaps you have not heard the tradition about "Blarney Castle, and kissing Blarney stone." Cromwell besieged this old castle and it is said shattered one stone off its walls, and since then the legend runs, if you kiss that stone three times then, every wish in life will be gratified, hence the significance of the word "Blarney." The Castle is a most interesting old ruin, and I must tell you of one queer coincidence. While we were passing the island, the walls where the stone is, a party of five gentlemen ahead of us stopped and kissed the stone laughing, then came our party, and were about to do so when one of the gentlemen turned, and faced us, and quick as lightning General held out both hands to his old friend and class-mate, General Wright, and to all the others, officer, graduates and old friends, there at the top of "Blarney Castle" and close to the "Blarney stone."

The water cure is the most magnificent and inviting spot on earth. It is almost unreal—you would believe you were dreaming, such grounds, such flowers, and such fountains—human eyes never rested upon. Invalids from all parts of the world are there. The arrangements for Turkish baths is the most oriental and costly piece of architecture I ever beheld—that department alone cost eight thousand pounds. We shall leave here to-morrow, and I go to Killarney—they say the scenery there far surpasses even this. Horses are used here for jaunty cars and donkeys for working ponies. Horses are all cut off. There are beautiful ladies here who drive in strange but very luxurious vehicles. There must be great wealth here notwithstanding the poverty. Oh, my memory is so full of things that I haven't paper to put down half my experience. I wish you could see the strawberries, they are abundant, as large as large walnuts and either pink or snow white, sold in large cabbage leaves—one full for six-pence—we have them on our table every meal with cream, and they are food fit for the Gods. I am too tired to write any more to-night. It is now 9 o'clock and still raining. Day dawned here now a little after one at night. Good night once more. DEEDEE.

## INDIANA NEWS.

The campaign in Vanderburg county is waxing warm. Two shooting scrapes in Evansville the other night. No one hurt.

Rev. R. Andrews will probably be transferred to one of the Indianapolis charges of the M. E. Church.

James Peck, who was convicted of shooting at a man in Vanderburg county with intent to kill, has been pardoned by Governor Baker.

A lady in New Albany attempted to commit suicide on Friday morning by taking poison. She was discovered by the neighbors, who used a stomach pump with success.

Great excitement exists in a settlement not far from Bedford, on account of the discovery of a supposed silver mine. Land not for sale in that neighborhood at any price.

Mrs. John Thomas, of Washington, a highly respected and much loved Quaker lady, committed suicide last week. Morphine was the agency used. No cause known.

Fort Wayne has a sewing school in which misses from seven to twelve years of age are initiated into the mysteries of the needle.

Thomas Minor undertook to kill Abraham Shovalter, near Middletown, last week. Having failed he now pleads insanity.

Honory Frank of Jeffersonville, has purchased a Chinese goat and kid, for which he paid \$250. They attract a good deal of attention.

The 73d Indiana Regiment re-unites on the 8th prox., at Plymouth.

Joe Rodman, of Benton county, fell dead one day last week while swearing.

Rev. W. W. Stalz, the popular Methodist minister at Crown Point, has been stricken with paralysis.

La Porte is to have an Opera House. The apple crop of Orange county is encouraging.

Valparaiso claims the prettiest woman in the State.

The residence of Wm. Jones, near Marion, was burned Sunday morning. Loss total.

A man named Morgan narrowly escaped death in Lafayette, on Friday morning last. He was putting a belt on a pulley, when his clothes caught on the shaft. When done turning, his costume was not even equal to that of the Georgia ranger—a shirt collar and pair of spurs.

The Mayor of Lafayette the other day acquitted a man on the charge of associating with lewd women, on the ground that members of the Council were guilty of the same crime. How is that for high?

Juvenile thieves are operating in Lafayette.

An effort is being made to organize a joint stock company with \$25,000 in Princeton, for the purpose of running a woolen mill located there, which is languishing for want of management and money.

A young man named Bott, residing near Smedley, accidentally discharged a shotgun on Saturday last, the charge taking effect in his mother's shoulder. She is dangerously if not fatally wounded.

Miss Mary Newland, formerly a teacher in DePauw College, New Albany, has accepted a position in one of the most popular high schools in the city of Boston.

The census gives Franklin a little less than 6,000 inhabitants.

Christ, Conrad, of Elkhart Prairie, harvested 7,500 bushels of wheat off of 375 acres.

The Northwestern Silver Mining Company completed their Board of Directors last night by the election of John W. Grubbs, Thomas Woodruff, Richard Jackson, and W. S. Starr.

John D. Hadley, Stephen R. Wiggins and Robert L. Martin, previously elected, will compose the management for the year ending July, 1871.

Messrs. John C. Hadley and Robert L. Martin leave this morning for the mines.—*Richmond Telegram*, 27th.

The sulphur springs near Michigan City are to be fitted up in first class style by a company who proposes to make a fashionable summer resort of them.

A negro was drowned in the Ohio river, near Jeffersonville, on Friday morning. Suspicious circumstances necessitated an inquest, but nothing was elicited.

The Kentucky University is at Ashland, the old home of Henry Clay. It consists of a College of Science, Literature and Arts; a College of Agriculture and Mechanical College; a College of the Bible; a Normal College; a College of Law, and a College of Medicine. Last year over 800 students were in attendance. "Three young men, properly prepared, and to be selected by a majority of the Justices of the Peace from each Representative district of Kentucky, are entitled to tuition free of charge." The tuition fee amounts to \$40.

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Of every Variety, Manufacturers' Supplies, Carding Machines, Etc.

HAND and Stripping Cards of every description furnished to order. EDWIN S. LAWRENCE, Superintendent.

## BELTING.

## JOSIAH GATES &amp; SONS,

Manufacturers of

## Oak Tanned Leather Belting Hose.

Lace Leather of Superior Quality, and dealers in

## MANUFACTURERS'

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NOS. 4 & 6 DUTTON STREET,

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## CARPETS.

## Glen Echo Carpet Mills,

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WE INVITE the attention of the trade to our new and choice designs in this celebrated make of goods.

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## Furnace Grate Bar,

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## STEAMBOATS,

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RECEIVED the Highest Premiums ever awarded in the U. S. (Silver Medal) and "honorable mention at the Paris Exposition." Guaranteed more durable, and to make more steam with less fuel than any other Bar in use. The superiority of these Bars over others is owing to the distribution of the metal in such a manner that all strain in consequence of expansion from heat is relieved, so that they will neither warp nor break. They give also more surface for draft, and are at least one-third lighter than any other Bars of the same size and weight. They are now in use in more than 8,000 places, comprising some of the largest steamships, and are used by all the leading manufacturing companies in the United States. No alteration of Furnace required. BARBARA & CO., Louisville, Kentucky.

Sole Manufacturers, for the South & West. Also, builders of Steam Engines, Mill Machinery, Saw Mills, etc.

AND WROUGHT IRON BRIDGES.

## LATHES, ETC.

## WOOD, LIGHT &amp; CO.,

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## ENGINE LATHES,

From 16 to 100 inch Swing, and from 6 to 30 feet long.

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To Plane from 4 to 30 feet long, from 24 to 60 inches wide.

## NASMYTH'S STEAM HAMMERS,

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## IMPROVED COPAL VARNISHES,

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## WHY IS IT?

That through this dull season of the year, when other Dry Goods' Stores are empty, and their Clerks down stairs asleep,

## WHY IS IT?

WE ASK, THAT

## FOSTER BROTHERS'

## GREAT NEW YORK CITY STORE

IS AS CROWDED AS EVER?

## WHY IS IT?

That in spite of all the misrepresentations of High-priced Merchants, and their combined attempts to prejudice the public against us, why is it that people still come through all the dust and heat, for more than fifty miles around, to trade at our store? It is

## BECAUSE

WE HAVE WRITTEN UPON OUR BANNERS,

## DOWN WITH HIGH PRICES!

## CHEAP GOODS AND NO DULL TRADE!

IT IS BECAUSE WE ARE FULFILLING OUR PROMISE TO SELL

## Goods as Low in Terre Haute as in N. Y. City

It is because the people have found out for themselves that our prices on many Goods are only about half those charged in other stores.

It is because our advertisements are not overdrawn, and so may be cut out and brought to our store, and the *exact* article obtained at the *price mentioned*. People coming from a distance do so without any fear of not getting the goods advertised.

It is because one and all of the 75,000 customers who have already traded with us bear willing testimony to the reliability of our house and the quality of our Goods. We aim to make our store the most reliable place of business in the West. We want our customers to feel that a child can buy Goods of us just as safely as an experienced buyer.

## THESE PRICES TELL THE STORY.

Good Quality Red Flannel, 20c.

Extra Heavy Factory Jeans, 50c—others charge 65c.

A very good Unbleached Muslin, 6 and 7c a yard.

Good yard wide Muslin, 9c a yard.

The very heaviest and best Unbleached Muslin, 12 1-2c a yard—others charge 16 and 18c. Look at it. It hangs at the door.

Coats' best Six Cord and Spool Cotton, 5c a spool.

Extra fine and heavy Waterproof Cloth, 90c per yard.

Heavy "A" Grain Bags, FULL SIZE, only 29c.

Big lot of Sprague and other Prints at 8 cts a yard.

OUR Prints have the tickets on them so that you can see whether they are the Best Goods or not.

Beautiful Dress Goods at 12 1-2c, 15c, 18c, 20c, 25c, 30c, 40c, 50c.

Lot of Best Delaines 11c, Double-width Alpaca 22c.

Elegant Percales 14c, sold until recently for 25c.

## NO ADVANCE IN OUR PRICES

## BECAUSE OF THE RISE IN GOLD!

CARPETS of all kinds away down. Thirty cts. up.

Elegant Lines of Black and Colored Silks. Poplins, Grenadines, Dagmar Cloths, Shawls, Lace Points, Hosiery and Underwear, Cloths, Jeans and Cassimeres, White Muslins, Hickory, Denims and Checks, Table Linens and Napkins, Parasols and Sun Umbrellas, &c., &c., all new and bought with CASH since the great decline.

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To YOUNG MEN.

This country is being crossed with numerous