

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

EBENSBURG, PA.:
THURSDAY, JULY 11, 1867.

R. L. JOHNSTON, EDITOR.
H. A. McPIKE, PUBLISHER.

DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET.

FOR JUDGE OF SUPREME COURT:
HON. GEORGE SHARSWOOD,
OF Philadelphia.

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY TICKET.

FOR ASSEMBLY:
HON. JOHN P. LINTON, Johnstown.

FOR SHERIFF:

JOHN A. BLAIR, Ebensburg.

FOR TREASURER:

JOHN COX, Conemaugh.

FOR COMMISSIONER:

JOHN A. KENNEDY, Carrolltown.

FOR JURY COMMISSIONER:

JOHN BUCK, Carrolltown.

FOR POOR-HOUSE DIRECTOR:

JOHN D. THOMAS, Ebensburg.

FOR AUDITORS:

EDW. D. EVANS, Croyle, 3 years.

JOHN F. ALLEN, Yoder, 1 year.

FOR CORONER:

J. A. HARROLD, Johnstown.

THE DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

The Democratic Convention, which sat on the 1st instant closed its labors in less than four hours from the time it met, being the shortest session had in making nominations within the recollection of the "oldest inhabitant." It represented in an eminent degree the intelligence of the democratic masses, and the result of its labors cannot fail to give general satisfaction.

True, it is entirely impossible, where so many sterling and competent candidates were in the field, some of whom were urged with much zeal by their respective friends, that feelings of disappointment should not prevail, in regard to some of the nominations, among the friends of the unsuccessful candidates. But all parted with the fixed determination to stand by the organization as the only hope, under Providence, of restoring our country to her former greatness and purity.

For ourselves, we shall give the ticket a firm but temperate support, until the second Tuesday of October makes its "election sure." Had the choice fallen upon other candidates we should have supported them with equal ardor. It is no business of ours to dictate, but to carry out the behests of the Democracy, when declared through their organ—the Convention. We shall proceed, briefly, to notice the respective candidates.

For Assembly Col. John P. Linton was renominated by acclamation. We shall not refer to his past history, as a citizen or a soldier in the army of the Republic, nor to the honorable scars which he must bear through life upon his person, but we shall refer, now and hereafter, to the ability, purity and integrity which distinguished his legislative career, as a firm vindicator of the rights of the people, and a fearless opponent of all the wrongs, corruptions and self-aggrandizement of the late legislature. Born in Cambria county, he has always maintained the position of one of her truest, bravest and most talented sons.

John A. Blair, our candidate for Sheriff, is also a native of Cambria county, having been born and reared to manhood in Allegheny township. He removed to Ebensburg shortly before the Mexican war, and distinguished himself both as a soldier and an officer in that brief but fierce struggle. Mr. Blair is entirely a self-made man. Orphaned in his earliest childhood, he has had none of the advantages of early parental training, or a liberal education. Yet, despite these disadvantages, by his sound common sense and his untiring will, he stands acknowledged as one of our worthiest citizens. The compliment paid him in the nomination is the greater, as his antagonists in the convention were, like him, life-long democrats and inferior to him in none of the qualifications for a safe and competent public servant.

John Cox, Esq., the nominee for Treasurer, is an intelligent mechanic of Conemaugh Borough—a district that always tells her majority in large figures. In addition to his well known merits, he had the sympathy of the citizens generally, as he was rendered a helpless cripple for life by the horrible disaster at Johnstown on the 14th September last.

John A. Kennedy the candidate for County Commissioner, was born in Car-

roll township, where he still resides. While pursuing his toil as a "Farmer's Boy," he met with an accident by which he lost one of his limbs, which unfitted him for farm life, and he turned his common school education to account by fitting himself as a teacher, which occupation he has mainly pursued up to the present time. He is frugal and economical in his habits, and will make a safe steward of the interests of the people.

For the very unprofitable, but very important, office of Jury Commissioner John Buck, Esq., (Sheriff Buck,) was nominated. We shall not further allude to him, as everybody knows him, and he knows everybody—and of course knows who should go into the jury wheel.

John D. Thomas, formerly of Chest township, now of Ebensburg, the nominee for Poor House Director, is an industrious mechanic, honest and intelligent. His friends from the "Glosser" region appreciated their former neighbor by claiming his nomination.

Our Auditor for three years, Edward D. Evans, resides in Croyle township—is a man of integrity and excellent business qualifications, and a good accountant. And John F. Allen, of Yoder, the Auditor for one year, is an old schoolmaster, familiar with figures, and too honest to let ought pass that his conscience did not approve.

J. A. Harrold, of Johnstown, was nominated by acclamation for Coroner, and will make a safe and efficient officer. He served in the Union army during the rebellion, and bears honorable wounds upon his person.

Such is the ticket. Taken as a whole it is one for which any democrat can safely deposit his suffrage; and we predict its election by an unusually large majority.

"EFFRONTERY."

The Alleghenian, after court, undertook to re-try a case that had been tried in court and ended there. It filled a whole column, in which, while it did not dare to pronounce the defendant guilty of the crime, it found fault with the charge of Judge Taylor, complained of the jury for their verdict, and slandered the counsel for the defendant. Knowing that the editor, if he had heard the trial, would never have written the article, we, who were present, corrected him without saying an unkind word. This the Alleghenian calls "effrontery." If it is, we should like to know what the Alleghenian article is!

The Alleghenian, in the article referred to, spoke of the defendant as a "preacher," and seemed to think that this was something against him—thus bringing his religion into the question. We admitted the fact that he was a preacher, and a radical preacher at that; and there is a howl about connecting religion with politics. And then it expects, if this is not a "fat, plump falsehood," we will "be so good as to tell us in what a falsehood consists?" Certainly! It consists in saying that the counsel for Mr. Hayes did not deny that he was guilty of adultery, and you have not had the manliness to retract this falsehood.

As to Mr. Hayes barely escaping, we scarcely comprehend its meaning. Mr. H. was found "not guilty," and no man can escape more or less than that.

It is not true that we ever sought to prejudice our readers against any parties convicted by the court. Unlike the Alleghenian, we sustain our courts and juries. We merely offered statistics to show that more than an average proportion of crime was committed by negroes, and this seems to be true whether predicated of blacks—or black republicans.

SANTA ANNA SHOT.—It is rumored that Santa Anna was shot at Sisal on the morning of June 25th, by order of Juarez, but the rumor is not credited in Washington circles. The bloody programme which Juarez is carrying out against foreigners and all rival candidates for the Presidency will undoubtedly result in his downfall. He cannot be the proper man to entrust with the keeping of popular liberty, but may make a passable tyrant, after the Radical fashion. His inhuman murder of Maximilian and the French officials has excited great indignation in France and England, and will do him much harm.

Gen. Thomas Francis Meagher, Governor of Montana Territory, was drowned at Fort Benton, on the evening of the 1st instant. Gen. Meagher was in the Irish rebellion in 1848, and served with distinction during the late war in this country.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

"MY GIFT."—We find upon our table, challenging our criticism, a little volume of poems from the pen of Cyrus Elder, Esq., of Johnstown. The volume contains some hundred pages, and is presented in the most creditable style—a perfect gem, indeed, to adorn the centre table. It is dedicated to Hon. Daniel J. Morrell, of Johnstown, who, we doubt not, will appreciate its merits and yield the influence of his name in introducing the author's maiden production to the notice of the literary of the country. Some of the finest poems that adorn the English language would never have seen the light but for the appreciative kindness of a patron, and we hope our poet may realize the couplet of Pope, in his unassuming dedication:

"Should, then, this verse to future fame pretend,
Thou wert my guide, philosopher and friend."

But the poems themselves. To say that they are far, very far, superior to the general serial productions of the day, is doing them less than justice. To rank them with effusions of the standard English poets, or even with first class American poetry, is more than the author would expect. The diction, however, as a general thing, is chaste and pure, the rhythm flowing and easy, and the imagery and poetical figures natural. Mr. Elder certainly has all the dreaminess, if not all the fire, of a genuine poet. But if they lack fire the defect may be more attributable to the theme than the poet.

The leading poem, "My Gift," which gives its name to the book, though not the longest, nor by any means the most pretentious, is, we think, the most perfect production in the volume; and it alone shows the author to be gifted with more than an ordinary degree of the "spirit of poetry." Such verses as the following would find themselves at home among the best productions of the best poets:

The one reveals a glorious world,
Luminous and sky-robed as a star,
Where men walk like the gods of old,
And women as the angels are.

The other shows a sadder sphere
That ever swings from gloom to gloom,
Where men crawl, cursed with little cares,
To find at last a nameless tomb.

And I am poorest of them all,
And poorer than my pride is great,
And that I lose their little joys
In longings for a happier state.

If we are not at fault, the poems in this collection most characterized for their simplicity, are those which will most add to the poetic fame of the author. Among these are "Maple," the domestic "Songs," "The Token," "The Moss Worker," and "Evening." "The Village Tale" and "To-Morrow." We append the following, in which sweetness of poetry and purity of sentiment are blended in beautiful harmony:

THE MAIDEN'S PRAYER.
O'er the storm ascending:
Over the raging sea,
Winds and waters blending,
Carry my prayer to thee,
Queen, from heaven bending,
Pity, O pity me!
Mary maiden,
Mother mild,
Hear thy trembling child.

Passing tempests lower,
Threat'ning my lonely bark:
Hurricane of trouble dark,
In this dreadful hour

Be thou a saving ark.
Maiden mother,
Hear my prayer,
Make me still thy care.

The above lines we think not inferior to the "Ave Maria" of Mrs. Hemans.

There is an air of mystery thrown around some of the effusions which might, with advantage, have been avoided. And still more is this the case in many of the titles. It is true that many, like St. Paul's audience at Athens, prefer to worship the "Unknown," but poetry, like prose, should be written to be understood. Now, to one of limited reading, like myself, it is difficult to see what relation "Warner Justice" has to the poem of which it is the caption. Who is or was Warner Justice? Or is Warner an adjective to the noun Justice? In law parlance, non constat that the poem informs us on this head. If it had been Justice Warner, we could at once have recognized it to be an old Richard Warner, to whom the poem itself would refer as well as to any other Warner of which history informs us. We could point out one or two other blemishes, or what we esteem such, but the volume has so many real merits as to more than atone for all defects.

There might still be some room for verbal criticism. It is the extreme of poetic license to make an irregular verb of "glide," but here we have the imperfect tense in "glide," which the necessity of the rhyme did not call for.

The book before us is entirely free from plagiarism. The verse, the style, the thoughts, are the poet's own, and sufficiently distinct to give character to his future writings. Highly poetic and beautiful phrases abound in all the poems, and perhaps no prettier thought is to be found than in the "Village Tale":

He smiled—his teeth were white and long;
He sang—his voice was sweet;
He danced—it was another song,
A singing of the feet!

But enough for the present. We expect hereafter to reproduce some of these poems for the readers of the Freeman. In the meantime we congratulate Mr. Elder on his efforts. We are glad that he has written and published, and would advise him not to let the "weightier matters of the law" prevent him from still wooing the immortal nine.

"THE PAINLESS SPIRIT" is the title of a very interesting and handsomely printed monthly magazine, containing some hundred pages, which has found its way to our sanctum. We have examined it thoroughly, and have no hesitation in pronouncing it what it claims to be, a magazine of choice literature. Every alternate page throughout the greater portion of the book is devoted to advertisements, and as we have failed to discover any announcement of the subscription price, we are led to infer that the work is designed for gratuitous circulation, its support being derived from advertising patronage alone. De Grand Benedict, Troy, N. Y., publisher.

MacShane in Washington.

LETTER NUMBER SEVEN.

Hon. John Covode.

This very distinguished individual demands more than a passing notice, and I shall dedicate this letter entirely to his service. Tradition has not handed down much about his parentage, or even his early life. The first we hear of him we find him engaged in the wool business—a vocation for which he still has a strong attachment, so much so, that it is said he has himself been a little woolly several times. He did not assume very much status, politically, until that highly intellectual organization, the Know Nothing, made him one of its sturdiest champions, and he has literally "held his own" ever since.

When elected to Congress he entered the cars at Lockport, and traveled via Harrisburg and Baltimore to Washington city. It is intimated that he was mistaken in the character of the first boarding house he adopted. Be this as it may, he soon became a character.

Nearly every Congressman had some peculiarity of person or mind—some distinguishing mental or physical feature. Long John (Wentworth) was the tall member of Congress, Ed. M'Pherson was the slightest, Ottenden was the oldest. The peculiarity of the great Daniel Webster was the size of his head, and it was matter of notoriety that he could purchase no hat in Washington large enough, and was compelled to have his head made to order.

The great personal characteristic of Covode was that, in the language of "bluff" players, he "carried a monstrous hand." After he found that gloves were worn as an article of dress in the Federal city he sought to purchase a pair, but after a full search among all the glove makers he could not find a pair of kids that would be "drawn on." So he boasted that if Webster had the largest head he had the largest hand in Congress. When it was suggested by some disloyal scamp that Covode had not left Congress "with clean hands," Old Abe humorously retorted that no one man could keep a pair of hands the size of Covode's clean all the time.

Mr. Covode, though a ready debater, has only delivered one speech, but he has made that one a great many times. His style is very free—never trammelled by the Queen's English—and he occasionally says a good thing by playing upon language. In replying to some charges of the opposite party he boldly proclaimed, "I deny the allegation; I care not who the allegator is." And again, when discussing the liberal views of his party, he warms with his theme, and "his eyes in a fine frenzy rolling," he enunciates a fact that cannot be gainsayed in regard to a great many radicals, when he asserts, "I am as good a friend of liberty as any man living—so are all republicans—we are all liberals."

Though having no great claims to authorship, Mr. Covode modestly admits that "he has writ one of the largest books in the English language." This is the Report of the celebrated Kansas Investigating Committee. It has been pronounced very entertaining, but I have never met a man that has read it through.

His style, on ordinary topics, is free and intelligible. Take the following: Governor Curtin is addressing a meeting in Covode's district, and refers to the fact that the democrats are importing votes. With admirable strategy Mr. C. twitches the skirt of Andy's coat, and hands him the following pencil sketch: "Gavner, I guess its best not to say much on that subject. It's corn toppin' time, and I think I can beat 'em at colonization," according to my fingers, about three hundred votes."

His attack on B. F. Butler, when he alleged that articles which he had sent to our prisoners through the care of Butler never reached them, was very pointed. It was doubted, however, by many whether Covode had ever sent them, for while all agreed that Butler was a thief, it was equally certain that Covode was a liar, and where only one of the two could be guilty of his favorite failing, public sentiment was much divided as to which it was.

Covode, though wealthy, is sparing of capital, and appeals God with a small g. His exclamation, in the commencement of one of his letters, "Glory to god!" like that of "honest," has been often ironically prefixed to his name. When the pious Wilson was asked the cause of his aversion to Covode, the Yankee replied that "he never could admire a man who spelt God with a little g, and blowed his nose in his fingers."

MACSHANE.

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EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Letters Testamentary having been granted by the Register of Cambria county to the undersigned, on the estate of Jerome A. Buck, late of Carroll township, dec'd, all persons having claims against said estate will please present them properly authenticated for settlement, and those indebted to the same will make payment without delay.

JOHN FLICK, Executor.

Carrolltown, July 4, 1867.-6t.

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