

R. L. JOHNSON, Editor.

THIS IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE.

H. A. M'PIKE, Publisher.

VOLUME 2.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 13, 1868.

NUMBER 28.

The Cambria Freeman

WILL BE PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, At Ebensburg, Cambria Co., Pa.

At the following rates, payable within three months from date of subscribing: One copy, one year, \$2 00; One copy, six months, \$1 00; One copy, three months, \$0 50.

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Twelve numbers constitute a quarter; twenty-five, six months; and fifty numbers, one year.

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We have made arrangements by which we can do or have done all kinds of printing and fancy job printing, such as Books, Pamphlets, Show Cards, Bill and Letter Heads, Handbills, Circulars, &c., in the best style of the art and at the most moderate prices. Also, all kinds of Religious, Black Books, Book Bindings, executed to order as good as the best and as cheap as the cheapest.

EBENSBURG

WIVES AND BOYS SOLD

HAVING recently enlarged our stock of Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Fancy Soaps, Lotion, Hair and Aftershave, Restoratives, Pills, Ointments, Plasters, Liniments, Juice of Raisins, Citrate of Magnesia, Sarsaparilla, Compound, Pure Florida Extracts, Essence of Lemon Syrup, Sarsaparilla Syrup, Sarsaparilla, Pure Sarsaparilla, &c., &c., we have added to our stock a lot of FINE JEWELRY, to which we would invite the attention of the Ladies.

CIGARS AND TOBACCOS.
Black Books, Deets, Notes and Bonds; Cap. Pens, Commercial and all kinds of Note Paper; Envelopes, Pens, Pencils, Arithm., Blotting Paper, Book and Red Ink, Pocket and Pen Books, Magazines, Newspapers, Novels, Histories, Bibles, Religious Tracts and Toy Books, Tracts, &c., &c.

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS at lower prices than ever offered in this place. Also, all kinds of Fancy and Choice Silver, Wholesale or Retail. **HERMAN & MINNERY,** July 30, 1868. Main Street, Ebensburg.

THE ALTOONA WAREHOUSE CO.

Dealers and Commission Merchants
Corner Virginia St. and Bank Hall,
Will keep constantly on hand a large and well selected assortment of FLOUR, FEED, SALT, FISH, GRAIN, COAL, LIME, SAND, &c., at Wholesale, in Altoona City, and the adjoining counties can be supplied with the leading articles generally used by them at city and wholesale prices.

All kinds of country produce received and paid for in cash, or sold on commission. Prompt returns will be made.
Stores furnished for all articles, such as Flour, Lumber, Shingles, &c., &c.
Articles will be delivered to purchasers or sent to freight warehouse.

Having the only horse-drawn goods by the car load can be removed at the door, for carrying drapery, our customers will receive the benefit of it.

Price currents will be sent weekly to persons desiring them.

THE ALTOONA WAREHOUSE CO.

Altoona, April 30, 1868-69.

ENCOURAGE HOME INDUSTRY

WAGON, BUGGY AND CARRIAGE MANUFACTORY.—Having taken the wagon-making shop recently occupied by Mr. Wm. Lichteny, (who still remains in their employ,) the subscribers are prepared to manufacture light and heavy WAGONS, BUGGIES, CARRIAGES, and other vehicles, and will guarantee all work done by them to be perfectly substantial, neat and satisfactory, while their prices will be as moderate as those of any manufacturing in the country. Remaining of all kind done promptly and done well. Give us a call if you need any work in our line.
THOMAS T. WILLIAMS & BRO.,
Ebensburg, June 25, 1868.

NEW TAILOR SHOP.

Having opened a TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT in the shop formerly occupied by R. D. Thomas, a few doors east of A. A. Barker's store, the subscriber respectfully informs his old customers and the rest of mankind that he is now prepared to manufacture all kinds of Gent's and Youth's wearing apparel in the latest style of the art, with neatness and dispatch, and upon the most reasonable terms. Persons needing work in my line are respectfully invited to give me a call.
DAVID J. EVANS,
Ebensburg, April 9, 1868-69.

RICHARD ROWAN,

ALTOONA, PA.,

HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTER,

Is prepared to make contracts for the painting of Churches, Dwellings and other Buildings in Cambria and surrounding counties, and for the execution of all other work in his line. Painting done at prices more moderate and in a style far superior to most of the work executed in this section. Satisfaction guaranteed.
Feb. 20-4f.

MY CHILDHOOD HOME.

WRITTEN FOR THE FREEMAN. BY MOLLIE A. GILMORE.

Back through the halls of fond memory I gaze, Missing in silence or scenes of the days Which vanished, alas! with childhood's bright dream, Borne rapidly onward by Time's fleeting stream.

The home of my childhood, tho' now far away, Is dear to my memory as 'twas on the day When I, but a child, dwelt happily there, Knowing nought of the burden of sorrow and care.

But, alas! what sad changes since then have been wrought? What heart-rending battles of life have been fought?

The friends fondly cherished have since passed away, And far from our churchyard are mould'ring to clay.

The two we loved most of our unbroken band Were first to be stricken by Death's icy hand: But God in His wisdom thought proper and best To bear them away to the home of the best.

Thrice happy are they who suffer no more— Who've exchanged this vain world for Heaven's bright shore!

May we, the bereft ones, when Gabriel shall call, Be prepared in the arms of our Savior to fall: And meet with the dear ones who've crossed the cold tide.

On the River of Death, to vander bright side, I look to the future—all, all seemeth good, And comes to each eye, unbidden, a tear.

A sigh leaves my bosom—I wish, but in vain, To enjoy the bright days of my childhood again; To bask in the sunshine of childhood and home, No longer afar! 'tis a dream to roam.

But though for awhile we are severed below, And far from our home have been banished to go, May we, when we've traveled this weary world 'er, Form an unbroken band where we'll part no more.

Ebensburg, Pa., August, 1868.

HEROISM OF A GIRL.

The winter of 1781, which was so remarkably severe in 1781 on account of the large quantity of snow which fell in the more elevated portions of that country, was even yet more severe in France and Germany, where the most rapid rivers were frozen solid, and many persons perished from the intensity of the weather.

One night, which was probably more terribly cold than any which had preceded it, when the fierce north wind caused every living thing to shrink before it, a soldier of the garrison of Metz, in Lorraine, received orders to mount guard at a post the most exposed of any near the city. The unhappy man, whose health had been in a very feeble condition for some time previous, incurred the risk of his life from exposure to the rigors of the bitterly cold air in which he was placed.

He was engaged to marry a young girl whose affection for him was of the most tender nature, and when she learned the danger to which he was subjected she became extremely uneasy. She feared that he was not in a condition to support the fatigue of a night watch under such circumstances. Her reflections led her to such an extent that she could not close her eyes, nor even repose quietly upon her couch. Her fears suggested the more she thought of it, and when the hour arrived when he must proceed to his bleak post she fancied she could see him perishing with cold. Not being able to resist the terrible inquietude which oppressed her, she left her home in the darkness of midnight, and, in despite of the ice, the snow, and the cutting wind, she went on, alone, sustained only by the courage of her noble heart, toward the post, which, indeed, was not at a great distance, and there she found the young soldier performing his task as sentinel. He trembled in all his limbs, and so much was he weakened by the frigid atmosphere around him that he could hardly stand upright. She began to beg him, to compare him, to go with her to the fire which she had lighted and warm himself; but he, knowing how severely he would be punished for such a fault, thanked her, but firmly refused her friendly offer.

"At least for a moment," said she, "if but to alleviate the severity of the cold from which you are suffering." The trembling soldier replied to her that nothing could save him from death if he should commit such an act of impudence, and that he should be condemned as soon as the act should become known.

"But if you remain here," said she, with much emotion, "you will assuredly perish. You should therefore endeavor to avoid the fate to which you are inevitably exposed, even if you risk death in another form. It is not certain that your absence will be known; indeed it is not probable that it will be noticed. Surely heaven will not permit you to suffer for the attempt to save yourself from so dreadful a death." "And would you," replied the soldier, "have me skulkingly abandon the post which I am placed here to guard? Shall I give up honor and duty also?" "Go," said she, with vivacity, "and I will watch the post until you return. I shall have much more strength to resist the inclement winds than you have; and while you are recovering from the chill which has seized you, I will do the sentinel's duty. Go

now, for my sake, if not for your own."

She urged him with such a depth of feeling and anxiety that he could no longer resist her entreaties. He yielded to her tears and her persuasions. He was already so benumbed with cold that it was with difficulty he could move; but encouraged with the hope that he would soon return, and that his absence would not be known, he gave his arms to the courageous girl, placed his mantle upon her shoulders, and having given her the countersign, he departed.

So great was the gratification which the notwithstanding girl felt in having relieved the distress of her lover, that she scarcely felt the severity of the weather, although it was almost insupportable.

She had been but a short time performing the role of sentinel when she was startled by an approaching footsteps. It was the officer of the guard making his rounds. Surprised by his sudden appearance and challenged, she forgot the world; and the poor creature, trembling with cold and disconcerted, who, supposing the sentinel was asleep or absent, approached, was exceedingly surprised to find, instead of a soldier, a young girl, whose terror and confusion had taken from her all power to explain for whom and why she was there.

They conducted her to the guard house, and when she had somewhat recovered herself she burst into tears, and related with most poignant grief how the affair had happened. She told them of the feeble condition of her lover, and of the distress in which she found him at his post, and that she had induced him to go to the fire to save him from the fearful death to which he was exposed. They found him, as she had told them, in so faint and torpid a state that it was some time before they could get him sufficiently aroused to give intelligent answers. When he did become fully sensible, it was but to find that he must meet a death more cruel and more dreadful than the one which he had escaped. Indeed, on the following day, a council of war was held, when, as he expected, he was condemned in accordance with the rigid military code which had no mercy for a sentinel who deserted his post.

It is not possible to depict the despair of the unhappy girl when she found what had transpired. Not only must she lose the one most dear to her in all the world, but she could not refrain from reproaching herself for being the cause of his fearful punishment.

The bitter reflections which filled her soul were so far from discouraging her that they animated her with new zeal and determination. She ran from place to place, with her hair streaming in the wind, and her eyes bathed with tears, to find some one who could aid her in her deep distress.

The event, so novel and so strange, had already excited in all hearts feelings of compassion for the two unfortunate lovers. No one could fail to admire the courage and devotion of the young girl who had given such proofs of her tender affection. The citizens of all classes made haste to show the interest which they felt in the two young persons, and especially the officers of rank were quick to use their good offices to obtain some mitigation of the rigors of the military law. The ladies above all, for they regarded the young heroine as an ornament and an honor to their sex, hastened to show their generous appreciation of her noble conduct. They used all their address, their prayers, and their entreaties to procure a pardon for the offender.

Of course they succeeded. The magnanimous girl had the satisfaction not merely of saving her unhappy lover, but in a short time she received a handsome dowry, to which every one seemed anxious to contribute. She was united in marriage with the youth who was now more than ever dear to her because of the sad scenes through which they had passed.

Thrilling Adventure with a Rat-Snake.

Last Monday morning, Mr. Richard Bennett, a student, who is enjoying a summer vacation at his father's well appointed mansion, a short distance southwest of Duquesne, took a volume of Tennyson's poems in his hand and wandered out to repose beneath some rocks which extended a grateful shade, and also feast his soul upon the poetical truths and beauties beathed forth by the poet laureate. He flung himself down upon the grass and was soon lost in contemplation of kings and princes, shady groves, summer bowers and enchanted land, until overcome by the themes presented and the warm weather, he fell asleep.

How long he lay thus he knew not; it might have been for hours, but he was suddenly awakened by a peculiar rustling noise close beside him. Instinctively he turned his head to the point from whence the sound proceeded, when he beheld a sight which filled him with horror, and which he, if an ordinary man, will not be apt to forget until his dying day. There, not four feet from him, coiled up as if ready for a spring, with head erect, eyes darting fire, and tongue playing like the forked lightning from the bosom of the clouds, was an enormous rattlesnake, over eight feet in length. It would be hard to describe the feelings of Bennett at that moment. Fresh and vigorous, in the spring time of life, the world with its dazzling

future before him, hardly a stone's throw from his father's house, death, in its most terrible form, had apparently come upon him. His presence of mind did not desert him, however, and he lay perfectly motionless, fixing his eyes upon those of his snakehood, and waiting for new developments. This appeared to suit the latter. Gradually he relaxed his menacing attitude, and lowering his head, commenced to crawl slowly toward Bennett, at the same time emitting a low, murmuring, singing sound, which the impromptu hearer describes as having been really delightful. Nearer and nearer came the snake, Bennett remaining perfectly motionless, not daring to move for fear of the terrible fangs, until finally the monster actually crawled over his legs and nestled down by his side like a pet kitten, as much as to say that he was well pleased with his new companion, and would forego hostilities.

Here was a dilemma, and how to get out of it the difficulty. While Bennett was speculating as to how this could be done, and revolving over a thousand plans, a neighbor chanced to pass along, who comprehended the whole situation at a glance, and at a mute gesture from Bennett rushed to the house for assistance. He procured a rifle, and coming back, put the muzzle within two feet of the head of the serpent, and with a steady aim pulled the trigger. There was a deafening report, and the next instant the snake was writhing in his death agony while Bennett bounded from the ground, and with the exclamation, "Saved! saved!" fell fainting in the arms of his preserver.

We are aware that there are a few features connected with this snake story somewhat remarkable, but we received the same from reliable authority, and are not disposed to question its veracity. The snake doubtless had his den in the rocks near Bennett, and seeing an intruder, resolved to cultivate a closer acquaintance. The skin was taken from the monster, and is now hanging up as a trophy where it can be witnessed by all the curious. But it is safe to say that Bennett will read Tennyson beneath the shadow of those rocks no more.—*Duquesne Times*, 81st.

How Democrats got the Name of "Locofoco."

It was either during the Presidential term of Martin Van Buren, or soon after, that the New York Democracy had a split, we think upon the tariff question, so formidable as to threaten permanent disruption. Both factions tried to get possession of Tammany Hall, and the conservatives so far prevailed as to control the building. They announced a great rally of the Democracy at the old headquarters.

The conservatives represented the banking, commercial, mercantile, in short the exclusive interest, while their opponents were the working men, untrifled leaders, 54-40 men—sustaining the radical measure of the party. On the night of meeting, the immense hall was packed long before the hour. The conservatives, amid uproarious hisses, groans and denunciations, mingled with jokes and laughter—that good humor which never failed the old Democratic party amid the hottest of its dissensions being conspicuously preserved—proceeded to organize, calling the meeting to order. But order could not reign. A hundred Babels ran to lunacy were nothing to its lack of order—it being some short time before the "untrifled," both in respect to numbers and determination, were ahead. Still the process of organizing went on—the officers of the meeting were called, but they did not mount the platform and were not installed. The storm raged too fiercely. Then in an instant, lo! the vast assemblage was in darkness—the gas has been turned off. The Locofoco match, called the *Locofoco*, was then as new a thing in chemistry as compressed air in propelling street cars now—only not quite so new. There were not many watches perhaps in that vast hall on that night, but the foremost of them had not once ticked, before—prested the place was illuminated with thousands of burning matches. In an instant every man of the victors, amid triumphant shouts and cries of derision, had lighted his candle. Then went from the crowd in one noiseless stream, the crowd and conquered host of the defeated. Presently the gas was restored—there was another call to order. New lists of names were pulled from exulting pockets, and the platform was speedily crowded with the "untrifled," *rem-vice*. The Conservatives nicknamed their *not-dout* friends "Locofocos." But as all still rallied at the same call, and fought under one banner, their political opponents refused to discover any difference in them, and the next State Democratic victory was that of the "Locofocos"—which became, and till 1860 continued to be, the fighting name of the National Democratic party.—*N. O. Times*.

The Philadelphia *Daily News* has a capital retort, which has also the advantage of suggesting an easy mode by which the Democrats may win:

"Reliable information has just been received to the effect that A. J. has concluded to veto the Democratic platform, candidates and all."
"If he should do so the Rads will certainly pass them 'over his head,' as they have done everything else which he has vetoed."—*Philadelphia News*.

Carpet-Baggers in the South.

Some of the stories that are told by carpet-baggers and saddle-baggers, at each other's expense, are more amusing than any from any other source. A tour on horseback was recently made by two of them through the State, and the following is the story told by one on his partner:

"The first time I noticed anything wrong about him, we went into a country store where a crowd was sitting around and looking at us hard. I called for liquor, and while the barkeeper's back was turned I—reached over in a cigar box and commenced to help myself. I caught him by the hand and gave him a look. When we got away, I said to him: 'You infernal fool, what did you go to that fellow's cigars for? I intended to give you half, but—' I couldn't see those fellows sitting around, and who would have cut your throat if they had so much as seen you but your eyes at them!' It was some time before I fully got over that."

"We traveled on another day, and at every house we came to my partner would carry his arm stiff, and tell the people he had been wounded in the Confederate army."

"We stopped at night at Bill—', who has killed a half a dozen people in duels, but who treated us well. About all he had left was a pair of dueling pistols, and one of these I discovered, when we got on the road the next day, that my partner had brought off. I felt like taking it and blowing the top of his head off. He promised, however, after I had nearly cured myself hoarse, to do better. But that very night we stopped at another house where an ex-planter treated us like fighting cocks, and I thought that my partner would have the decency to keep quiet, as there was some ladies at the table, and I did not care to make a bad impression upon him."

"But the next morning we were galloped off, I noticed that my saddle-bags had wonderfully bulged out, and kept a flapping about my legs in a queer sort of way."

"Why, what in the deuce is the matter with the d—n things? I said to a nigger boy that was with me. 'It seems as if I was riding on a big of corn.'"

"'H— has put something there,' said the nigger in a whisper, 'but his is faller than yours.'"

"And it was true. He had stolen several boxes of perique tobacco, and placed some of them in my saddle-bags. He put in his own saddle-bags, among other things, a pair of the old man's pants which he used as drawers, cutting off some of the legs. When he rode up I said to him: 'You damn infernal thief, what do you mean?'"

"'Why,' said he, 'you don't call it stealing to take anything from these rebels?'"
A good many subsequent adventures followed in the same style, but we have not space to quote further.—*N. O. Times*.

HOME OF THE NEXT PRESIDENT.

A correspondent of the *New York Sun*, who has lately visited Gov. Seymour, thus describes his domicile:

"The Governor," as the Democratic nominee, is familiarly known by all his friends and neighbors—and that includes pretty much everybody in this region—"the Governor" resides in a plain, unpretentious farm cottage, about two miles north of, and overlooking the city of Utica. Something in the outward appearance of the house, though not exactly in the architecture, something in the pastoral air that surrounds it, something in the approach to it, and in the view from the veranda that stretches along its front—something there is in all these features of the Governor's home that, while not affording particular points of resemblance, inevitably call to one's mind Mount Vernon. A snug little farm of about three hundred and fifty acres surrounding the rural retreat has been the property of Mr. Seymour and his ancestors for half a century. The house in which the proprietor now resides was built for a tenant of the farm, and when, a few years ago, Mr. Seymour grew weary of law and sought privacy and retirement, a few alterations and repairs rendered the place snugly imposing and sufficiently accommodating for his own wants and those of his family. A fine grove of ancient trees surrounds the house, affording an inviting shade, while walks and drives are abundant without materially encroaching upon the usefulness of the soil. The house is furnished in keeping with its own outward appearance, its surroundings, and the well known tastes and character of its occupants. An air of refined comfort pervades the whole. From the veranda a view is obtained well worth a long journey to enjoy. Down the green slope and across the rich meadows of the Mohawk valley, all covered at this time with tilling farmers hastening to secure the overabundant crop of hay, taking in the entire city of Utica, and all its surroundings, stretching far away up or down the Mohawk, the view is finally lost in the blue distance far up the picturesque Chenango valley, the opening to which is directly opposite."

BOYER has written a sonnet on Grant, in which he represents him as Moses. The principal point of resemblance is not mentioned, which is that Grant and Moses had to get somebody else to make their speeches, and Moses didn't reach the Promised Land.

COL. AND GRANT-FAX SONG.

BY GRANT-FAX.

Air—"Father, Come Home"
O, Hiram Ulysses, come back to your dad,
For the clock on the steeple strikes two;
Impairment's "gone up" and Ben Wade is stark mad,
And he swears it's all over with you.

The Chicago Convention will help you no more,
The Methodist Conference won't pray;
There's the ugliest news from the Oregon shore,
And in short there's the d—kens to pay.

Come home! Come home! Come home!
Sweet Hiram Ulysses, come home!

Old Brownlow is going to Red Sulphur Springs,
And Station can't "stuck" any more;
Old Thad, in despair to his d—ck in the clings,
While Sumner, the emuch, feels sore;

Ben Butler is stealing a look on his spouse,
The bondholders gnash for their gold;
The bands have swept playing "those lool' old tunes."
And I fear, sweet Hiram, you're sold.

Come home, &c.
I've a horse in the circus for you and Colfax—
'Tis the horse that you rode in the South;
The monkey stands ready to leap on your back,
And there's the whisky to pour in your mouth.

So Hiram, sweet Hiram, don't feel very bad,
When you learn that my things are true;
You've better at home with cigars and your dad,
For I'll be right here waiting for you.

Come home! Come home! Come home!
Sweet Hiram Ulysses, come home.

SPEECH OF RICHARD O'GORMAN.

The Effects of Radical Policy,
The Triumph of Democracy the Salvation of the Country.

On the 28th ult. there was a grand mass meeting of the Metropolitan Club, at which the Hon. Richard O'Gorman was present, and spoke as follows:

When brave men go out to battle it is the practice to present them with a banner, which shall be the symbol of the nation they represent, of the cause they defend. And could that banner, through all the stormy combats of war, through all the hopes and woman's love; because by that banner fight true hearts, by that banner is shed the blood of those who have left their dear ones at home. Citizens, the banner that is unrolled before that is unrolled before you to-night is not the banner of war, nor the banner of devastation or destruction. On that banner there is no alienation of man from man. It is the banner symbolizing conciliation, peace, law, order, and union throughout the land. (Great applause.) Citizens, we have had enough of war, enough of devastation, enough of ruin, almost enough of what is called "pliancy," a little too much of the negro in the United States, and a little too much of the philanthropist, and I know that I love the negro, and would wish to benefit his condition. But there are some white men left in the United States, and they have rights which the Congress of the United States ought to be bound to recognize. What has philanthropy done for the negro? He is claimed that the negro should be emancipated—he is emancipated. It claimed that the negro should vote—he is to vote. When is this philanthropy to stop? Or is it to advance until that period prophesied by Wendell Phillips and Sumner arrives, when the negro is to be admitted to the Senate and the House of the United States? (Oh, no, no, never!) The party which is now dominant in the United States, and has been dominant for the past seven years, is a party of interest, a party of progress, as it is called, a party of retribution; and wherever it goes it plants its standard, and wherever it goes it plants its standard, and wherever it goes it plants its standard, and wherever it goes it plants its standard. Beware of it! What he says is the cry and aim of that party; and it remains with you, citizens, it remains with all the citizens of the United States, to say whether they will support that party which advances step by step to the capital of the United States, and to say whether they will support that party which advances step by step to the capital of the United States, and to say whether they will support that party which advances step by step to the capital of the United States, and to say whether they will support that party which advances step by step to the capital of the United States.

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Reliable information has just been received to the effect that A. J. has concluded to veto the Democratic platform, candidates and all."
"If he should do so the Rads will certainly pass them 'over his head,' as they have done everything else which he has vetoed."—*Philadelphia News*.

When brave men go out to battle it is the practice to present them with a banner, which shall be the symbol of the nation they represent, of the cause they defend. And could that banner, through all the stormy combats of war, through all the hopes and woman's love; because by that banner fight true hearts, by that banner is shed the blood of those who have left their dear ones at home. Citizens, the banner that is unrolled before that is unrolled before you to-night is not the banner of war, nor the banner of devastation or destruction. On that banner there is no alienation of man from man. It is the banner symbolizing conciliation, peace, law, order, and union throughout the land. (Great applause.) Citizens, we have had enough of war, enough of devastation, enough of ruin, almost enough of what is called "pliancy," a little too much of the negro in the United States, and a little too much of the philanthropist, and I know that I love the negro, and would wish to benefit his condition. But there are some white men left in the United States, and they have rights which the Congress of the United States ought to be bound to recognize. What has philanthropy done for the negro? He is claimed that the negro should be emancipated—he is emancipated. It claimed that the negro should vote—he is to vote. When is this philanthropy to stop? Or is it to advance until that period prophesied by Wendell Phillips and Sumner arrives, when the negro is to be admitted to the Senate and the House of the United States? (Oh, no, no, never!) The party which is now dominant in the United States, and has been dominant for the past seven years, is a party of interest, a party of progress, as it is called, a party of retribution; and wherever it goes it plants its standard, and wherever it goes it plants its standard, and wherever it goes it plants its standard, and wherever it goes it plants its standard. Beware of it! What he says is the cry and aim of that party; and it remains with you, citizens, it remains with all the citizens of the United States, to say whether they will support that party which advances step by step to the capital of the United States, and to say whether they will support that party which advances step by step to the capital of the United States, and to say whether they will support that party which advances step by step to the capital of the United States.

Why, said he, 'you don't call it stealing to take anything from these rebels?'"
A good many subsequent adventures followed in the same style, but we have not space to quote further.—*N. O. Times*.

Home of the Next President.—A correspondent of the *New York Sun*, who has lately visited Gov. Seymour, thus describes his domicile:

The Governor, as the Democratic nominee, is familiarly known by all his friends and neighbors—and that includes pretty much everybody in this region—"the Governor" resides in a plain, unpretentious farm cottage, about two miles north of, and overlooking the city of Utica. Something in the outward appearance of the house, though not exactly in the architecture, something in the pastoral air that surrounds it, something in the approach to it, and in the view from the veranda that stretches along its front—something there is in all these features of the Governor's home that, while not affording particular points of resemblance, inevitably call to one's mind Mount Vernon. A snug little farm of about three hundred and fifty acres surrounding the rural retreat has been the property of Mr. Seymour and his ancestors for half a century. The house in which the proprietor now resides was built for a tenant of the farm, and when, a few years ago, Mr. Seymour grew weary of law and sought privacy and retirement, a few alterations and repairs rendered the place snugly imposing and sufficiently accommodating for his own wants and those of his family. A fine grove of ancient trees surrounds the house, affording an inviting shade, while walks and drives are abundant without materially encroaching upon the usefulness of the soil. The house is furnished in keeping with its own outward appearance, its surroundings, and the well known tastes and character of its occupants. An air of refined comfort pervades the whole. From the veranda a view is obtained well worth a long journey to enjoy. Down the green slope and across the rich meadows of the Mohawk valley, all covered at this time with tilling farmers hastening to