



R. L. JOHNSTON, Editor.

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

H. A. McPIKE, Publisher.

VOLUME 2.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1868.

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The Cambria Freeman

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,
At Ebenburg, Cambria Co., Pa.
At the following rates, payable within three months from date of subscribing:

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We have made arrangements by which we can do or have done all kinds of plain 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 Ruling, Blank Books, Book Binding, &c., executed to order as good as the best and as cheap as the cheapest.

M. L. OATMAN,
DEALER IN
CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES
CONSISTING OF
Double Extra Family Flour,
GRAIN, FEED,
BACON, SALT, FISH,
FRESH VEGETABLES,
ALL KINDS OF FRUITS,
SUGARS, TEAS, COFFEES,
SYRUPS, MOLASSES, CHEESE, &c.

Also, a large stock of the
Best Brands of Cigars and Tobacco.

STORE ON HIGH STREET,
Four Doors East of Crawford's Hotel,
EBENSBURG, PA.

DRUG AND BOOK STORE.
H. A. McPIKE, Proprietor.
Having recently enlarged our stock we are now prepared to sell at a great reduction from former prices. Our stock consists of Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Fancy Soaps, Lotion, Hair and Skin Remedies, Pills, Ointments, Plasters, Liniments, Pain Killers, Citrate Magnesia, Ess. Jamaica Ginger, Pure Flavoring Extracts, Essences, Lemon Syrup, Soothing Syrup, Spiced Syrup, Ketchup, Pure Spices, &c.

CIGARS AND TOBACCO.
Blank Books, Deeds, Notes and Bonds; Cap. Post. Commercial and all kinds of Note Paper; Envelopes, Pens, Pencils, Arnold's Writing Fluid, Black and Red Ink, Pocket and Pass Books, Magazines, Newspapers, Novels, Histories, Bibles, Religious, Prayer and Toy Books, Penknives, Pipes, &c.

We have added to our stock a lot of FINE JEWELRY, to which we would invite the attention of the Ladies.

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS at lower prices than ever offered in this place.

And Tickets to and from any Port in England, Ireland, Scotland, Germany, France, California, New South Wales or Australia.

KEIL & CO.

FOREIGN SHIPPING AND EXCHANGE OFFICE.
We are now selling Exchange (at New York Rates) on
England, Ireland, Scotland,
Wales, Germany, Prussia,
Austria, Bavaria, Wurtemberg,
Baden, Heasen, Saxony,
Hanover, Belgium, Switzerland,
Holland, Norway and France.

And Tickets to and from any Port in England, Ireland, Scotland, Germany, France, California, New South Wales or Australia.

KEIL & CO.

TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT REMOVED.
The subscriber would respectfully announce to his customers and the citizens of Ebenburg and vicinity generally, that he has removed to the new building on Centre street, opposite the Mountain House and adjoining the law office of Geo. M. Reade, Esq., and is now not only prepared to manufacture all goods which may be brought to him, but is supplied with a fine line of CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, VESTINGS, &c., which will make to order in the best style and at the lowest prices. Feeling confident of giving entire satisfaction, I hope for an increased patronage in my new location.

D. J. EVANS,
Ebenburg, Sept. 10, 1868.-H.

DENTISTRY.—The undersigned, a graduate of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of Ebenburg and vicinity, which place he will visit on the FOURTH MONDAY of each month, to remain one week.

Aug. 13. **SAM'L BELFORD, D. D. S.**

DENTISTRY.—Dr. D. W. Zeigler has taken the rooms on High street recently occupied by Lloyd & Co. as a Banking House, and offers his professional services to the citizens of Ebenburg and vicinity. Teeth extracted without pain by use of Nitrous Oxide or Laughing Gas.

DR. H. B. MILLER,
ALTOONA, PA.,
Operative and Mechanical DENTIST.
Office on Caroline street, between Virginia and Emma streets. ALL WORK WARRANTED.
Altoona, June 18, 1868.-Gm.

GREAT BARGAINS!!!
Will be sold at a great sacrifice, if sold soon, a number of
THRASHING MACHINES, PLOUGHS, POINTS and other FARMING IMPLEMENTS, and CASTINGS.
COME AND SEE FARMERS, and you cannot fail to purchase.
Ebenburg, July 30, 1868. **E. GLASS.**

M. L. OATMAN,
EBENSBURG, PA.,
Is the sole owner of the Right to Manufacture and sell

THE UNEQUALLED METROPOLITAN OIL!!!
JAMES J. OATMAN, M. D., tenders his professional services as Physician and Surgeon to the citizens of Carrolltown and vicinity. Office in rear of building occupied by J. Buck & Co. as a store. Night calls can be made at his residence, one door south of A. Haug's tin and hardware store. [May 9, 1867.]

R. DEVEREAUX, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Summit, Pa.—Office east end of Mansion House, on Railroad street. Night calls may be made at the office. [my23:4f.]

R. J. LLOYD, successor to R. S. BUNN, Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, &c. Store on Main street, opposite the "Mansion House," Ebenburg, Pa. October 17, 1867.-Gm.

D. MCLAUGHLIN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, *Johnstown, Pa.*—Office in the Exchange building, on the Corner of Clinton and Locust streets—opposite Harris. Will attend to all business connected with his profession.
Jan. 31, 1867.-tf.

R. L. JOHNSTON, J. B. SCANLAN,
Attorneys at Law,
Ebenburg, Cambria Co., Pa.
Office opposite the Court House.
Ebenburg, Jan. 31, 1867.-f.

JOHN P. LINTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, *Johnstown, Pa.*—Office in building on corner of Main and Franklin street, opposite Mansion House, second floor. Entrance on Franklin street.
Johnstown, Jan. 31, 1867.-f.

F. A. SHOEMAKER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, *Ebenburg, Pa.*—Office on High street, one door East of the Banking House of Lloyd & Co.
January 31, 1867.-f.

F. P. TIERNEY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, *Ebenburg, Pa.*—Office in Colanode Row.
Jan. 5, 1867.-f.

JOSEPH McDONALD,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, *Ebenburg, Pa.*—Office on Centre street, opposite Linton's Hotel.
[Jan. 31, 1867.-f.]

JOHN PENLON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, *Ebenburg, Pa.*—Office on High street, adjoining his residence.
Jan. 31, 1867.-f.

GEORGE W. OATMAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, *Ebenburg, Pa.*—Office in Colanode Row, Centre street.
January 31, 1867.-f.

WILLIAM KITTELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, *Ebenburg, Pa.*—Office in Colanode Row, Centre street.
Jan. 31, 1867.-f.

G. L. PERSHING, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Johnstown, Pa.—Office on Franklin street, up-stairs, over John Benton's Hardware Store. Jan. 31, 1867.

WM. H. SECHLER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebenburg, Pa.—Office in rooms recently occupied by Geo. M. Reade, Esq., in Colanode Row, Centre street. [aug. 27.]

GEO. M. READE, Attorney-at-Law, Ebenburg, Pa.—Office in new building recently erected on Centre street, two doors from High street. [aug. 27.]

JAMES C. EASLY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Carrolltown, Cambria Co., Pa.—Collections and all legal business promptly attended to. Jan. 31, 1867.

H. KINKEAD, Justice of the Peace and Claim Agent.—Office removed to the office formerly occupied by M. Hasen, Esq., dec'd, on High St., Ebenburg. [13.]

THE JUDGE'S CHARGE.

It was late at night, between eleven and twelve, when the circuit judge stepped from the hackney coach which had conveyed him from the City Hall, and mounted the steps of his dwelling. Though muffled in fur and encased in a thickly quilted wrapper, he shuddered with the cold while striving to fit his key in the night-latch; for the sidewalks were white with snow and hail, which the sharp winds whirled into the air again, and left in piles and ridges around the door-steps and arrearings.

With a sigh of relief the judge threw his wrappers into a corner, pulled off his damp boots, and drawing forth a well-worn dressing-gown and a pair of slippers from a closet behind the door, prepared to make himself warm and comfortable after a day of unusual anxiety and fatigue.

"Well," he muttered, rubbing his hands softly together, as he sat into the easy crimson chair, whose cushions closed around him with a soft and moss-like clasp, "thank Heaven, I am home at last! Poor fellow! poor fellow! I am afraid it will go hard with him!"

Here the judge paused and sank into a train of thought, which seemed both deep and painful.

At length he started upright in his chair, thrust his foot into the well-trodden slipper, which, in his solitary, had fallen to the hearth rug, and heaving another deep sigh, seemed to cast off the painful thoughts that had oppressed him.

He had just succeeded in crushing his tormentor when the door-bell rang with a violence that made him start half up from his chair.

"Nonsense! it was an accident. Something has touched the bell. No one can be coming here at this time of night!" he muttered, sinking back in his cushions; but another peal from the bell, hasty and sharp, as if some agitated hand had pulled it with unconscious violence, deprived him of all doubt on the subject. He pushed back his chair, folded his dressing gown around him, and taking a light from the mantel-piece, went out; but though he walked fast, another loud peal from the bell hastened his footsteps. A gust of wind blew out his light as he opened the door, but there was enough light to reveal the form of a female, who stood on the door-step, muffled in a cloak, and with a crimson lined hood drawn over her face.

In the misty darkness beyond he could just discern the outline of a carriage.

"One of the lamps was out, but there was a faint light in the other; and the judge afterward remembered that it was of cut glass—too rich for a hackney-coach, and without the number which should mark those vehicles.

Without speaking a word, the woman entered the hall, and walked forward; for the study-door was open, and she had nearly reached it before the judge could close the street door against the storm, which was beating full in his face.

"Are you alone—quite alone?" said the strange visitor, as he overlooked her. The voice sounded unnaturally calm, "but it was clear and sweet.

The judge was overwhelmed with astonishment, but he answered that he was quite alone, and entered the study, followed by his singular guest. If his surprise was great when she was half concealed in darkness, it was tenfold when she stood within the glowing light which filled the room. She was young, perhaps three or four and twenty, and but for the marble-like paleness of her features and the glitter of her large blue eyes, would have been transcendently beautiful. She lifted her large eyes toward the judge, who had not yet shook off his astonishment, and gazed fixedly in his face till his eyes sunk under her wild and intense look.

"You seem calm," said she at last—"Can you sit on the bench all day, watching the law hounds hunt a human being to the gallows, and at night sink into that easy chair, quite comfortable and at ease, as if nothing had happened?"

A tinge of red shot over the judge's temples; but he saw that the young creature before was no object of resentment, and answering her mildly, said:

"I am not without feeling," he said. "It would be better for me if I were."

The judge who condemns is sometimes almost as much to be pitied as the victim. After a day like this he should be reproached for seeking a moment's relief from the pain of his duty!

"You did feel for him then!" exclaimed the girl, with a gleam of light shot to her eye. "Cold and calm as you seemed, there was yet a throb of human pity under it all."

"Heaven only knows how deeply I have felt for that unhappy man. His crime is terrible, but he does not seem born for evil!"

"Born for evil!" exclaimed the girl, eagerly, "he—oh, no, he is noble, good, generous!"

She broke off suddenly, dropping her clasped hands, and drawing close to the judge, said to him in a changed, low voice:

"They will not find him guilty. You do not think they will?"

The judge shook his head. "The evidence is strong—terribly strong."

"I know—I know," said the strange girl, with a sort of breathless eagerness.

"But there is nothing positive—you can save him—you will save him. Did you not say just now that he was not born for evil? Stop, stop, do not speak yet; I

have something to say—my heart has something to say. It has been so full that I must speak, or it will break."

"Poor girl! what is the wretched man to you?" said the judge, deeply moved.

"What is he to me? True, true, everybody will ask that question. You are the first, and I am here only to answer it. Listen, sir, listen. Since I was old enough to know what love was I loved that man—you understand—the man whom you are trying for the murder of his wife. He loved me too, and though poverty kept down his secret, and wealth pampered my pride, love such as ours could not be hushed or smothered by such base nurses. Those who love passionately act passionately. I was ardent, impulsive, sometimes arrogant. He would not endure these things in me, because I was said to have intellect, and was rich. Had I been poor, like himself, and selfishly weak, he would have yielded up his pride to my great love. We quarreled. It matters not why or wherefore, and he went away. For months I never wrote. He shall make the first advances, I said, week after week, until my pride was quenched in keen anxiety. I wrote then, and his answer was that he was married. He thought I did not love him—that my exactions and haughty will arose from lack of affection.

He should never love any woman as he loved me, his letter said, but I had cast him from my heart, and while his soul was thirsting for sympathy and tenderness, she, the woman he had married, was thrown in his way. He was in the whirl of society, and fancying that excitement was the second birth of love, that his first passion had perished, when it was only in resentful sleep, he pledged himself irrevocably to another.

"Oh, how I had loved that man! how truly I had suffered! but no human creature dreamt of it; why should they? I had nothing but pride left, and that shielded me from pity, though it did not from the anguish which sympathy would have made more bitter. This was two years ago. He did not return to the city for months, and when he did come with his bride, it was long before we met. I saw her often, though, for she was frequently in public; but it was always with a burning at the heart, and something of haughty scorn, that one who could love me could love her, for she was an inferior woman in intellect and person. My pride as well as my affection, was outraged in his choice.

"We met at length—oh, how changed he was! The whole truth had not yet reached his heart, but his energies were broken, his self-respect was diminished; he was the most pitiable of all objects, a man of strong energies suddenly rendered hopeless. Jealous affection made me keen sighted, and I knew all this before we had spoken a word together. It was a bitter joy to me when I was first convinced that he did not love the woman he had married. My pride was assuaged by this knowledge, but as that gave way the passionate love so long held in check grew into strength again. It was unmediated—we never should have sought each other—but after two years separation we were thrown together accidentally, and alone. It was a terrible meeting for us both—terrible in itself, most terrible in its consequences. For the first time in our lives we poured out our whole hearts each to the other. All thoughts of pride or prudence were swept away by the strong feelings of the moment. I cannot tell you all that was said in that last interview—the expressions of sorrow and bitter regret on both sides. You have seen him in the court, and know that even in this terrible trial he seems calm and unimpassioned. It is only the curb of a strong will on a burning nature. That day he seemed equally immovable, and this made my grief more eloquent. I did not dream of the struggle that was going on under that cold exterior, and thinking that he did not suffer equally with myself, abandoned myself to reproaches and expressions of regret that goaded his already frenzied feelings on to madness.

"Oh, if she were but dead!" I remember saying this more than once. It was wild, sinful, but only an expression of agony. Heaven is my judge I had no deeper meaning. The last time I uttered this sinful wish my hands were both clasped within his, and as he bent over me I saw that his features were convulsed and dreadfully pale. He wrung my knitted hands, and laughed,—I say. You are a judge used to the tortured passions of men—the throes of a broken heart, the wild cries of an unproven intellect, are your study. Tell me if this man would have laughed if my words had not maddened him, if he had not been insane. "Oh, that she were dead!" I uttered in the anguish of my heart. I had my evil wish—the next morning she was dead."

The stranger sank on a chair as she ceased speaking, covering her face and shuddering; but when the small hands were removed from over her eyes they were dry and painfully brilliant as before.

"What can I do for you? How can I help you?" said the judge, deeply moved by her tearless agony.

"Tell me," she said, "has he not insured?" Her lips partly opened, and her breath was held back with intense agony for his answer.

"It is but charity to believe that all great crimes are committed in a species of insanity," said the kind judge, anxious to soothe her.

"Then you do think he was insane?" she cried, while a gleam of hope shot to her eyes. "God bless you for saying that. God be praised that it was my story that I go into the court to-morrow and repeat what I have just said, word for word, will by my wicked frenzy?"

The judge hesitated—he could not bear to crush the last hope to which the wretched girl was clinging.

"Speak!" she said; "tell me, I beseech you."

"I am afraid it would but prove a new motive for the murder—for the crime charged upon him," he said at length, but in a voice that bespoke pity and reluctance before.

She fell back in her chair for an instant, as if struck helpless by his words, but instantly rallying again, she said:

"Then you think I had not better appear?"

"It could do no good, but might supply the only link wanting in a chain of evidence against the unhappy man. That is, a motive for the crime."

"Still you believe him to have been insane. You have heard all, and in your charge to-morrow every word that I have said will be remembered."

The judge was deeply embarrassed and it was with difficulty that he found words to undecide her.

"I cannot as an honest man, I dare not as a sworn judge, make a charge on any evidence not brought forward in the trial," he said firmly, but with deep commiseration.

"Oh Heaven! great Heaven! You cannot deny me this—and so much depends on it. If you could but say that there was anything in the evidence to prove him insane, it would save him. A human life! think how sweet it must be to save a man like that from death—and from such a death! The jury will be guided by your charge. I have studied their faces one by one, ever since the trial commenced. I know that they are men to be guided into the path of mercy—only show them the way—only take a little of the responsibility. You will—you will—for did you not admit only a few minutes since, that he must have been insane? Only say that to-morrow—I ask nothing more."

The earnestness with which the poor girl pleaded was agonizing. Her eyes grew moist, her hands were convulsively clasped, and in the agony of her appeal she sank unconsciously to her knees, and, clinging to his dressing-gown with both hands, wildly urged her suit.

The judge raised her, and even in her distress she felt his hands tremble in performing this office.

"Be comforted, my dear young lady—be more composed. This is very distressing to me, I assure you," he said, while tears actually stood in his eyes.

"Heaven bless you for those tears! I knew they were wrong who said you had no feeling. How do you think that lawyer advised me to act? See, I was to have brought this money to offer you, and these, and these!" She drew from the folds of her dress a large double purse, crowded full of bank notes, and with it a heavy diamond bracelet and other female ornaments of great value. "I have given the lawyer almost as much to plead his cause. Gold can purchase his eloquence, but I dare not offer it to you. My heart rose against his advice the moment I entered the room."

"It is well," replied the judge, crimsoning to the temples with indignation that any man could have advised a bribe to him; "it is well that you judged more honorably of me than your adviser. If anything could win me the forgiveness of a stern duty, it would be your evident distress—not your gold."

"I know it—I know it; and the blessings of a broken heart will follow you to the grave for every merciful word uttered in the struggle to save a human being from the gallows. Oh, the clock is striking. Is it twelve? I will go home now. They think I am at a party, and I was two hours ago—see how brilliant they made me!" and with a mingled laugh and shudder, the strange girl threw open her cloak and revealed a dress of rose-colored satin and rich blonde, in the folds of which a few white roses were crushed. "Would you believe," she said with touching earnestness, and folding the cloak over her person again, "would you think it possible no creature in my father's house dreams of this, not even my own mother? They think that late hours and fashionable folly are rendering me so pale. To-night they will be all asleep when I get home, and I—oh Heaven! I shall I sleep again!"

The wretched girl covered her face with both hands, and, for the first time during the interview burst into tears. After weeping with unrestrained violence for a few moments, she uncovered her face, and with a sad smile suddenly seized the judge's hand between both of hers, kissed it, and left the room sobbing bitterly. Before the judge could overtake her, or offer her any of those civilities which her beauty and evident station seemed to demand, she had opened the hall door and hurried out into the dark night. He caught one glimpse of her garment as she entered the carriage, and then, but for the muffled roll of wheels passing through the storm, all that had passed within the last half hour might have been a dream.

The next day, when the judge took his

place on the bench, the spectators remarked that his eyes were more heavy than usual, and that his face was almost as pale as that of the prisoner. He cast a searching look, ever and anon, toward the group of female witnesses that sat near, but among the quiet and common place features exhibited there he found nothing to remind him of his midnight visitor. The business of the trial went on, and, as the interest had always been in the fate of the prisoner he now listened with keener close when the evidence grew more and more decided against the prisoner, the judge became painfully restless, the color came and went on his cheek, and there was an expression in his fine eyes which no man remembered to have observed there before.

The prisoner, too, seemed less collected and indifferent than he had hitherto been during the trial. Instead of keeping his dark eyes fixed with a sort of morose earnestness on the jury, as he had done the day before, he cast wistful glances toward the group of females. His eyes grew troubled and brilliant, while now, and then, as his hand was raised to wipe the drops from his forehead, those who looked closely saw that it trembled. This was altogether different from his former cold and unimpassioned demeanor, and people whispered to each other that now, as his case grew more and more hopeless, his courage was giving way.

Once or twice he turned and cast a searching look over the multitude of human faces with which the room was crowded. The last time some one in the crowd seemed to rivet his attention. Fire flashed to his eyes, and his cheeks were blood-red. He half started to lift his feet, dropped again as if a bullet had cleft his heart, and after one brief shudder, sat motionless as before, gazing not either upon the judge or the jury, but pale and marble-like on his own clasped hands.

Among that sea of human faces no one could tell what it was that had so moved the prisoner, and a boy muffled in a cloak, pressed so eagerly onward just after, that it served to draw attention from the unhappy man. Though the crowd was so dense that it seemed impossible for any one to advance a single step the lad forced his way till he reached those who stood nearest the prisoner, and gathering his cloak about him, stood within a few paces of the heart-stricken man, pale and motionless also.

At length the judge began to deliver his charge. He was paler than usual in such cases, while an expression of stern sorrow lay upon his features, and gave depth and solemn pathos to his voice. Still though he seemed more agitated than any one had ever seen him before, his intellect was clear. The evidence was against the prisoner; there was no clue, not a single thread, upon which an honest man might fix a doubt.

The prisoner never lifted his face, but the boy behind him stood immovable with his large eyes riveted on the judge, and hardly seeming to breathe. As the summing up grew more and more against the prisoner, the boy began to waver. He reached forth one hand, and grasped the arm of a stranger that stood next, thus prevented himself from falling to the floor.

In the midst of an opinion, bearing decidedly against the prisoner, the judge caught the glance fixed on him by this singular boy. The blood rushed to his cheeks—he stammered—put his hand to his forehead, and went on, but his voice was more subdued, and more than once tears were seen to flood his eyes.

Night came on, the jury had been out three hours, and all that time the crowd remained immovable, and in front, with his eyes bent on the prisoner, was that pale and trembling boy. They came in at last, with the unspoken destiny of a human being impinged on their faces. The boy looked upon them as they moved themselves in the jury-box; from one to the other his shrinking eyes were turned, and then, with one wild struggle he forced a passage into the crowd.

Passage! That fearful word had sealed the death-sentence of two human beings. Three weeks after the trial the prisoners were found dead in his cell. A paper of powdered opium which was found in his bosom was all the explanation of his death that ever reached the public. A week after the judge received a funeral card, which surprised him not a little, for the bereaved family though wealthy and in high standing, were total strangers to him. But a private note which followed the card informed him that after she was taken with the brain fever that terminated her life, the young creature who had so suddenly left her home desolate, had earnestly requested that he might be present at the funeral.

He went, and there, whiter than the satin which lined her coffin, lay his midnight visitor, the seeming boy, whose mournful face had troubled him in the room, and whose cold, pale, bony, haunted him many an hour in his after life.

Brother Workmen!

Toilers of our country!
The Republican party warred upon a honest aristocracy at the South, that paid its share of taxation, and spent millions of dollars each year among merchants, mechanics and manufacturers of the North.

It promised retrenchment and reform, but has brought untold corruption and extravagance.

It said the conquering of an armed rebellion would result in the immediate restoration of the belligerent States to all their rights; it now says they can only be returned by legislation.

It promised greater freedom of speech and press than under Democratic rule; it tied to the people, mobbed and sanctioned the mobbing of thousands of men, and called mobs with bloody hands but "loyal enthusiasm."

It was prodigate of life and money during the war; it squanders more than it produces now.

It created an aristocracy, and by dishonest, illegal legislation, declared it exempt from taxation.

It made the wealth of this New England aristocracy the notes of workmen, who for a hundred years must labor to pay them, and support in idleness this protected aristocracy, to the impoverishment of all children of laborers, and the fastening on America a monied power and aristocracy greater than ever known before in the world.

It has given the notes of the patriots and producers to hissed and non-producers to hold—has said by legislative violence, you shall pay gold to the rich and receive paper money of fluctuating value for the poor.

The Republican party agitated the country into war—ran it into bankruptcy—legislated it into slavery—and has not brought one blessing except to the rich who live on taxes paid by the poor.

It makes laws to protect the rich and rob the poor—to give carriages and elegant parlors to the non-producers, and hours of toil, outrageous taxation and bare wall to the farmers, the workmen, the miners, the producers.

It has not dealt honestly or fairly by the people, nor with its supporters. It wars upon disarmed people. It is a sword of taxation in the path of young men to top off their arms of toil, and their results of labor, and for these and other reasons we war upon it.

The plowholders—the miners—the mechanics—the young men of America—the workers and not the idlers are our friends, and for them we labor. If they are satisfied with the result of this political experiment, we are. If the people are willing to be slaves to an aristocracy, we can stand it. If the poor men—the young men—those who must labor, are willing to make laws to protect the rich at the expense of the poor, then the poor of this nation had better go to other lands, and those of other nations who are poor in purse, but rich in muscle and the spirit of enterprise, had better remain at home, for under Republican misrule America is no place for them.

WORKING MAN—Republican or Democrat—will you to-night, as you rest from toil, or as you wait for sleep, think of these things? We ask not for your vote—we care not for the curses of the aristocrats—if but we can lessen your taxes—shorten your hours of toil—relieve your children from slavery to the children of the rich, who inherit their bonds—if we can see you reaping the reward of your own labor—your home better furnished, and your family, as they have a right to, enjoy more of your earnings, we are content. We ask not to know your religion or your nationality, for before Him we recognize all white men as brothers. We ask you to do no wrong. We do ask you to protect your own interests, to see if those in power have kept faith with you. If you prefer slavery then we share it with you, all the while protesting. And if you wish release from this Bond-age, God knows we shall earnestly strive with you for it, by ballot first, with the bayonet next, if to this it comes, and by that weapon a minority would seek to deprive us young men, working men, producers, citizens, white men, taxpayers, of our rights.—*New York Democrat.*

A TRUE INCIDENT.—A little incident occurred at the Democratic National Convention which has not been mentioned before, and may possess some interest. The grand hall where that convention met was full of patriotic men. Upon its walls were poised the shields of the whole thirty-seven States, and around every shield was the American flag. Upon the platform stood the bronze statues of noble soldiers, one leaning upon a bronze sword. The convention had been in session several days. Ballot after ballot had taken place. First one was up and then another, and presently a gallant general whose name has never anywhere been mentioned but with respect—Hancock—was taking the lead. No man knew whether on the next ballot he was or was not to be chosen. Everything was uncertain, when, suddenly, the great bronze sword in the statue's hand snapped asunder at the hilt. It was not touched by mortal hand. No human agency broke it. Some mysterious, invisible and irresistible power snapped it at the hilt, and the word went forth that the country was to have hereafter a statesman and not a soldier for its leader.—*Et cetera.*

CURE FOR EARACHE.—There is scarcely an ache to which children are subject so hard to bear and so difficult to cure as earache. But here is a remedy never known to fail: Take a bit of cotton batting; put into it a pinch of black pepper; gather it up and tie it; dip it in sweet oil and insert it in the ear. Put a flannel bandage over the head to keep it warm. It will give almost immediate relief.