

Cambria Freeman.

THURSDAY, JULY 15, 1869.

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY NOMINATIONS.

Assembly: Hon. JOHN PORTER, Washington Twp. Register and Recorder: GEO. W. OATMAN, Ebensburg Borough. Treasurer: WILLIAM HANTON, Johnstown Borough. Commissioner: JAMES E. NEASON, Clearfield Township. Poor House Director: JOHN BLOCH, Johnstown Borough. Auditor: JOHN H. KENNEDY, Washington Twp.

The Democratic State Convention assembled in Harrisburg today, (Wednesday), and next week we shall give the proceedings in full, as well as announce the names of the candidates and speak of their claims editorially. Our county ticket shall receive attention at the same time.

The Democratic State Convention of Ohio, which met last week at Columbus, nominated Gen. William S. Rosecrans as its candidate for Governor. This is unquestionably a strong nomination, and one eminently fit to be made. It signifies that there will be "political thunder all around," in that State on the second Tuesday of October, and if, on the day following, there are not several thousand dead and wounded radicals, including their commander, Gen. Hayes, found on the field, then "Old Roy," as he is familiarly called, is not the man we take him to be.

SIMON CAMERON and JOHN COVODE were in Washington last week, imploring Grant to do something to save Geary from the political wrath that is to overwhelm him in October. Precisely what those two wretched fellows wanted the "second Washington" to do for their distressed friend Geary, is not "whitely" stated. But they wanted it done quickly, as the emergency was great. Their situation reminds us of the story told of two boys who went fishing. A violent thunder storm came up. The boys took shelter under a very low tree, throwing their good sense. The lightning was terrific, and presently a tall dead pine, close by, was shivered to splinters by the fearful element. In a few seconds another tree with a like fate. One of the boys, whose name was John, pale with fright, turned to the other and said, "Simon can you pray?" "No, I can't," answered Simon. "Neither can I," replied John, "but if we are ever to get out of this scrape, Simon, something must be done, and that mighty quick."

The State Convention.

The Democratic State Convention assembled at Harrisburg yesterday for the purpose of nominating a candidate for Governor and for the Supreme Court. The result of its deliberations is looked for with great interest throughout the State. The conduct of the democratic press prior to the meeting of the Convention had been marked with so much prudence and with such discreet action as to furnish the conclusions of that body itself. We trust that this feeling of conciliation and good will has been carried into the Convention, and that they will characterize all its proceedings. The Convention embraces some of the ablest and most experienced members of the party in the State. We have the utmost faith in their integrity of purpose and in their determination to nominate a candidate who will win in October. We want a man of integrity and sound judgment, in whom the tax-payers of the State have confidence, and who can command the respect of the people, and who can be a mere tool in the hands of the unscrupulous leaders of his party, as well as the apologist of all the corrupt "rings" that have been plundering the treasury. With a representative man as our candidate John W. Geary will surely be consigned to merited political obscurity.

The Lying Court.

During the session of the Legislature of 1866 an act was passed erecting Lyscoming county into a separate judicial district. At the last October election James Gamble, Esq., was elected President Judge. No charge was ever made against his capacity or his integrity. During the last session, and while the member of the Senate from Lyscoming county was absent, a bill repealing the act establishing the Court, was passed through both Houses in less than ten hours. Geary sat in the Executive chamber until midnight, expecting the bill to be brought to him to receive his approval. For some reason it did not reach him until the next morning, when he immediately signed it. It was a glaring and outrageous fraud from its very commencement, through all the stages of legislation, until it received its finishing touch by John W. Geary's signature.

The question of the constitutionality of the law came before the Supreme Court on the first day of this month, and on the seventh the Court unanimously declared the act to be void and of no effect. When all the surroundings of this transaction are considered, and especially Geary's hot and indecent haste in signing the infamous act, the decision of the Supreme Court is as pointed and well merited a rebuke to him as could possibly have been administered. But what better could be expected from a man so notoriously incompetent to fill the Executive chair as John W. Geary? An honest Governor would at least have consulted the members of the bar of the district before he swept a Court out of existence by simply attaching his signature to the bill.

The Philadelphia Press uses the following language in reference to the subject: "That act was a discreditable piece of partisan work sponsored by the late Legislature, which the Press was prompt to denounce at the time of its passage, and which the citizens of the Republican party have not hesitated to declare unlawful."

John Covode.

If ever the political fitness of things was admirably preserved, it was when John Covode was appointed Chairman of the Radical State Central Committee. It is a plain, open confession of defeat in advance of the active work of the campaign. Why Covode was assigned to the position is a matter of profound mystery to the radicals themselves. Geary himself had one vote out of three in selecting the Chairman. His own friends say that he pledged his support to Lewis W. Hall, who coveted the honor, and who it was supposed would be appointed. But honest John desired the position and demanded Geary's vote, and Geary, true to his instincts, as has time and again been publicly charged by his own political friends, violated his pledge to Hall and cast his vote for Covode. What peculiar claim Covode had and still has on Geary no man not equally honest with themselves can imagine. If brains are required to constitute a respectable Chairman of a State Central Committee, then Covode is as much out of his proper place as a bull would be in a china store or as Geary is in the gubernatorial chair. An address to the radicals of Pennsylvania, written by John Covode and printed just as it was written and spelled, would be a specimen of political literature rarely equaled and never surpassed. It would far eclipse the address of Chaplain William T. Davis to the radical leaders which appeared in our paper two weeks ago. But if the coming political campaign in this State is to be conducted by fraudulent misrepresentations and by appeals to the very worst passions of the people, then there was peculiar merit in Covode's selection. In all the essential attributes of a political charlatan, he stands without a rival in this State. He was the Sir Boyle Roach of Congress, and is the bull of Pennsylvania radical politicians.

"Midst, exposed to all their jeers. Had lost his art, and kept his ears." It is a fitting tribute to the administration of John W. Geary that John Covode should be its official advocate and defender, and that he should lead the radical hosts to its rescue. They worshiped the source of light—the present generation seem to excrete it. They do so gratefully, whether or not they do it theoretically. The author writes a valuable scientific book, but he cannot sell the manuscript.—The teacher engages a school at forty dollars per month, teaches two months and then the school is closed for two months' vacation. The printer publishes a paper, pays for paper, ink, type and labor in advance, sends it out to subscribers and advertises for years—then tries to collect, but fails, and finally breaks up. I tried to collect a few printers' bills the other day, and I know what a terrible duty it is. I would as leave face the cannon's mouth and the devil both. Yet no man would be willing to dispense with the city, county or State news. They must think that because editors often write golden opinions they are made of gold. But, Mr. Editor, I am weary with my subject, and if I write much more I will involuntarily become an author, and thus doubly effect myself. I should die of starvation, my dying advice is for all men to pay the author, teacher, and the printer well, for really they do more good in the world than any men besides. If you owe the printer one cent, send it right away, for he may have two or three thousand dollars scattered over two or three thousand square miles, all in cents, and unless every cent is paid up he will be a "broken merchant."

The Virginia Election.

The Virginia election, which took place on Tuesday, the 6th instant, resulted in the total and overwhelming defeat of the carpet-baggers. The majority for Walker, the conservative candidate for Governor, is nearly thirty thousand. Four conservatives, two radicals and one negro are elected to Congress. There will be a conservative majority in the Legislature on joint ballot of at least fifty, thus securing the election of two United States Senators. The State Constitution was adopted by an immense majority, omitting the two objectionable features, the test oath and the disfranchising clause. The result of this election is the first and most auspicious sign of future peace and prosperity to the South. It is especially gratifying when we consider that such men as Furney, Van Wyck, of New York, and other northern radicals, traversed the State in order to procure a solid negro vote against the conservative ticket. In this they signally failed, as they deserved to do. The negroes of Virginia, after four years of experience, have discovered who are their true friends and thousands of them voted for Walker and the Legislature. This election indicates unerringly the political future of the South. It means peace and harmony between the white and black population, which it has been the settled purpose of the radical leaders in the North at all hazards to prevent. As long as the antagonism of race could be kept up by demagogues and Northern political adventurers, there never could be any permanent, lasting peace in that section—there could be no feeling of concord, no feeling of mutual good faith and dependence on one another, between the two races. The negroes themselves will settle this question if they are left alone. When that is done the hitherto prosperous career of the Northern carpet-baggers will have been brought to a sudden termination, and the South will then be left to govern herself.

The Registry Law.

Our readers will recollect that but a short time since Judge Sharswood, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court, holding a Court of Nisi Prius, delivered an opinion in which he pronounced the Registry Law unconstitutional. An appeal was taken to the full bench of the Court, and after argument, three of the five judges, Read, Agnew and Williams, reversed the opinion of Judge Sharswood and held the law to be constitutional, while Thompson and Sharswood, the two remaining judges, dissented. The opinion was delivered on Wednesday the 7th inst. The Registry Law will therefore be carried out in all its provisions. The opinion of the Court was delivered by Judge Agnew, and is perhaps as able an argument in defense of the law as could be presented. We admit this much, while we deny that Judge Agnew has succeeded in overthrowing the strong and impregnable positions maintained in the opinion of Judge Sharswood. As it is now the law of the State, it is a mere waste of time to discuss it. If experience shall prove it to be a source of vast expense, and that its operation will work inequality and injustice, as we believe it will, the remedy is in the hands of the voters themselves, which is simply to elect a majority of members to the Legislature who will wipe the obnoxious law from the statute book.

Don's Fall Worth a Cent.

"Don's Fall Worth a Cent" is a weekly publication of choice music both vocal and instrumental, besides musical stories, sketches, news, gossip, hints, etc. The Musical World is the best and cheapest musical monthly published. The music given in each number is worth a year's subscription. It has an immense circulation throughout the country, and is furnished at only \$1.00 per annum. Fianos, Organs, Sewing Machines, Books, etc., are given for clubs. Send ten cents for specimen copies, with full list of premiums. Address: Brainerd & Sons, Publishers, Cleveland, O. Don's Fall Worth a Cent.—"Brick" POMEROY has placed the business management of his papers in the hands of G. P. SYKES an experienced publisher, and now devotes his entire time to the duties of the sanctum, where, relieved of business cares, he is making his giant weekly, POMEROY'S DEMOCRAT, the most readable paper ever printed. It is sharper than the LA CROIXES razor, and yet warms the heart, and falls to the bottom of the glass, and those peculiar editorials now others can or dare write. Send for sample copies, or subscribe by sending for it to the editor or publisher, P. O. box 5, 217, New York City. He pays five hundred dollars cash for the largest club sent in before the 15th of September! The reports of POMEROY'S failure are simply started by those who do not like his giant paper or his red-hot style of writing a paper opposed to bondholders and official corruption.

COMMUNICATION.

THE THREE SOURCES OF LIGHT.—The heathen, ancient and modern, adored the sun, because it is the fountain of light. Temples were built to the sun, and the first act of the heathen devotee, each morning, was to fall upon his knees, with his face toward the east, and offer up an oration to the great source of light.

Are we as good as the heathen? Do we adore the fountains of light? Let us see. The three chief sources of light, in modern days, are the school, the book and the newspaper. Now there are not any employments as meanly and niggardly paid as that of teaching, writing and printing. We say this without fear of successful contradiction. Men seem to grade every cent that goes to pay the teacher, the writer, or the printer. Teachers are kept on half-pay, authors are kept at the printer's door, and printers dare not ask what is honestly due to them without being almost insulted, while the gambling table, the lottery, the gift enterprise, and the drinking saloon prosper and grow fat.

It is not difficult to show that the world would know nothing without the author, the printer, and the teacher. Without these people would retrograde and recede into their primitive savage condition. What could the people know without these engines of knowledge? Simply nothing but what tradition might impart. The history of the world, the geography of the world, the philosophy of the world, and the news of the world, come to the minds of mortals through these media, and without these men we would know nothing worth knowing. Look what a mass of intelligence is spread before the people daily and weekly by the press, or its managers. They purchase the blank paper, pay for it in advance, impress upon its surface millions of thoughts, and then offer it for sale at little more than the cost of the paper, to wit: for one, two, and three cents, and so on, until the men would know nothing worth knowing. Look what a mass of intelligence is spread before the people daily and weekly by the press, or its managers. They purchase the blank paper, pay for it in advance, impress upon its surface millions of thoughts, and then offer it for sale at little more than the cost of the paper, to wit: for one, two, and three cents, and so on, until the men would know nothing worth knowing. Look what a mass of intelligence is spread before the people daily and weekly by the press, or its managers. They purchase the blank paper, pay for it in advance, impress upon its surface millions of thoughts, and then offer it for sale at little more than the cost of the paper, to wit: for one, two, and three cents, and so on, until the men would know nothing worth knowing.

Mr. Editor, I have had some experience in all these employments. I have been an author, a teacher and a printer, and I am rapidly coming to their end—that is, starvation. "The teacher," in his employments, and yet if I wanted to get rich the facts and the data would impel me to leave off these honorable employments and take to keeping a card table. Why is this? Are the people more wicked than the heathen? They worshiped the source of light—the present generation seem to excrete it. They do so gratefully, whether or not they do it theoretically. The author writes a valuable scientific book, but he cannot sell the manuscript.—The teacher engages a school at forty dollars per month, teaches two months and then the school is closed for two months' vacation. The printer publishes a paper, pays for paper, ink, type and labor in advance, sends it out to subscribers and advertises for years—then tries to collect, but fails, and finally breaks up. I tried to collect a few printers' bills the other day, and I know what a terrible duty it is. I would as leave face the cannon's mouth and the devil both. Yet no man would be willing to dispense with the city, county or State news. They must think that because editors often write golden opinions they are made of gold. But, Mr. Editor, I am weary with my subject, and if I write much more I will involuntarily become an author, and thus doubly effect myself. I should die of starvation, my dying advice is for all men to pay the author, teacher, and the printer well, for really they do more good in the world than any men besides. If you owe the printer one cent, send it right away, for he may have two or three thousand dollars scattered over two or three thousand square miles, all in cents, and unless every cent is paid up he will be a "broken merchant."

Literary Notices.

THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER.—We call the attention of our readers to the prospectus of that sterling Democratic Journal, THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER, which appears on the 1st of the month. It is a family and political journal in this State, and is offered at very low rates. DEMOCRAT'S MAGAZINE FOR AUGUST.—This is really the gem of the ladies' monthlies. Its patterns and fashions are always fresh, full, and original, and its reading matter varied, and full of practical interest.—Its new department, "The Ladies' Club," has struck a vein, and has become immensely popular, while its illustrations are more numerous and better than ever. For the year, with a premium. Publication Office, 288 Broadway, New York. DEMOCRAT'S YOUNG AMERICA.—Brightest and best of all the juvenile magazines.—Dosticks said he liked the Episcopal Church, because the minister let the people "talk back." Mr. Demorest understands this; he lets his little readers do their own talking, or say any "talk back," and they seem to like it. It is a very superior paper for Young America! Certainly this little magazine combines more instruction of the very best kind, with amusement, than any magazine we ever saw. \$1.50 per year, with a premium. Publication Office, 288 Broadway, New York. BRAINARD'S MUSICAL WORLD FOR JULY is at hand, and is as entertaining and valuable as ever. The present number contains a grand amount of choice music both vocal and instrumental, besides musical stories, sketches, news, gossip, hints, etc. The Musical World is the best and cheapest musical monthly published. The music given in each number is worth a year's subscription. It has an immense circulation throughout the country, and is furnished at only \$1.00 per annum. Fianos, Organs, Sewing Machines, Books, etc., are given for clubs. Send ten cents for specimen copies, with full list of premiums. Address: Brainerd & Sons, Publishers, Cleveland, O. DON'S FALL WORTH A CENT.—"Brick" POMEROY has placed the business management of his papers in the hands of G. P. SYKES an experienced publisher, and now devotes his entire time to the duties of the sanctum, where, relieved of business cares, he is making his giant weekly, POMEROY'S DEMOCRAT, the most readable paper ever printed. It is sharper than the LA CROIXES razor, and yet warms the heart, and falls to the bottom of the glass, and those peculiar editorials now others can or dare write. Send for sample copies, or subscribe by sending for it to the editor or publisher, P. O. box 5, 217, New York City. He pays five hundred dollars cash for the largest club sent in before the 15th of September! The reports of POMEROY'S failure are simply started by those who do not like his giant paper or his red-hot style of writing a paper opposed to bondholders and official corruption.

Political and News Items.

A boy named Jacob Horns got into the heling of a saw mill at Milton, and when discovered had neck, arms and leg broken.—Levi Ellmaker, a brakeman on the Cincinnati Express, fell between the cars near Marysville, on the 1st instant, and was so much injured that he died.—An explosion, caused by fire damp, occurred in the Empire colliery, near Wilkesbarre, Pa., on Monday Night men were injured, but it is thought none fatally.—Truth is said to be at the bottom of all wells.—W. H. Sanford, Cashier of the Central National Bank of New York, is reported to be a defaulter. The amount is stated at \$100,000, consisting of bonds given him for safe keeping by private parties.—A bug about an inch in length, black, with red stripes, and something like a grasshopper in its general make-up, although wingless, is said to be eating the cotton in the vicinity of Baton Rouge, La.—A former named Watts, residing near Xenia, Ohio, found in a bin of wheat, a few days ago, an apple of the crop of 1867. It was found to be in perfect a state of preservation as when taken from the tree.—The radicals don't want any more such victories as that in Virginia until after October. Grant Cubin, who failed to wreste the Mississippi and Texas elections, do they suppose the people will fail to see through such a dodge?—The ball upon the cupola of the Wapello (Iowa) Court House contains a quart of the best old rye whiskey. It was put there years ago by two frolicsome tinkers, who put the whiskey into the ball, and it has remained there ever since.—During the celebration of Independence day at Prairie City, Iowa, on Saturday, an avul which they were using in lieu of a cannon exploded, killing two persons, fatally injuring two others, and slightly wounding many more. A span of horses standing near by were also killed.—A little girl attempted to slide down the banisters of a circular staircase in New York, but fell from the fifth story, striking on her head and breaking through the thick glass floor at the bottom. She was pulled out by the heels, and the next day was running about as lively as ever.—In Western New York two Radical organs engaged in the casual occupation of accusing each other of lying. In our State a judge upon the bench not only applied, substantiated, the same title to the Radical candidate for Governor, but showed that he was entitled to it.—On Sunday week, about five p. m., at Homestead, as two children, one a son, Mr. Michael Haly, between two and three years of age, and daughter of Mr. John O'Leary, aged three years, were playing together on a canal boat lying in the basin, they fell overboard and were drowned.—Thomas Muthall, twice convicted of aiding and abetting the murder of David P. Skinner, was on Friday sentenced, in Cleveland, to be hanged on the 26th of August. John Kilfer, convicted of being accessory to the murder of Mr. Skinner, was sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment.—The Cincinnati Enquirer says the immortal "J. N." has returned to industrial pursuits. He says that, like Cicero, and he may be found at the plow, and Cincinnati expresses the hope that, notwithstanding his nomadic inclinations, he will conclude to thus devote the remainder of his profitable life.

A volcano, in the State of Colima, Mexico, in a high state of eruption, throwing up huge masses of fire and ashes, and lava is flowing abundantly from it. The inhabitants of the villages and towns within its range have fled from their houses to fields beyond, and are in a deplorably destitute condition.—A grant was driving to the ferry in New York on Thursday morning, he was recognized by the driver of an Eighth avenue car, who shouted at the top of his voice: "Do you mind the drop of water I gave you, for the stunted poles at Spohlyvaun Court House?" Grant had no blank commissions in his pocket, and didn't respond.—A negro murderer, named Cyrus Coleman, was hanged on the 9th inst. at Florence, S. C. He was executed in the presence of the scaffold by four negroes wearing his effigy, upon which laid the sword and cocked hat of his Union League Company. This touching tribute to departed worth deserves recognition by all the Union League clubs in the country.—A tradesman through the wilds of Michigan came the other day upon the decomposed body of a man hanging in the air, half eaten by wild cats. The unknown had stepped in a bear-trap, which had caught his right ankle, and springing back jerked him several feet off the ground, where he had hung head downward until a lingering death ended his sufferings.—While two daughters of Henry McFadden, living near Georgetown, Brown county, Ohio, were arranging some furniture on the morning of the 4th, one of them took up a gun which had been left in the room, and by some inadvertence discharged it. The ball took effect in the lower part of the breast of the girl's sister, and caused her death in a few minutes.—A sad and fatal circumstance occurred at Coopersburg, Pa., on the 9th inst., by which a German girl named Berg was almost instantly killed. It appears that as the four o'clock train on the North Pennsylvania railroad was nearing the station the girl was struck by the engine and thrown under the train, a portion of which passed over her, mauling her in a dreadful manner.—A negro attempted to outrage a widow lady, near Goodman, Mississippi, one night last week, but was frightened away by the cries of a little white girl in the house. The wretch was shortly afterward captured and confessed his guilt, and his captors started with him to jail, but some disguised men took charge of him, and he has not been heard of since. It is thought he committed suicide.—A distressing accident occurred on Wednesday afternoon at Freedom Iron and Steel Works, two and a half miles east of Lewistown. The bottom of a puddling furnace gave way, and five tons of boiling iron run out, dreadfully burning James A. Jenkins and George Bearley, neither of whom can recover. A great number of employees were in the immediate vicinity, but fortunately escaped.—A negro attempted to outrage a widow lady, near Goodman, Mississippi, one night last week, but was frightened away by the cries of a little white girl in the house. The wretch was shortly afterward captured and confessed his guilt, and his captors started with him to jail, but some disguised men took charge of him, and he has not been heard of since. It is thought he committed suicide.—A distressing accident occurred on Wednesday afternoon at Freedom Iron and Steel Works, two and a half miles east of Lewistown. The bottom of a puddling furnace gave way, and five tons of boiling iron run out, dreadfully burning James A. Jenkins and George Bearley, neither of whom can recover. 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