

TRUMPH OF THE ÆTNA.

THE ORIGINAL AND RELIABLE DOUBLE ACTION MOWER & REAPER MACHINES.

ÆTNA MANUFACTURING CO. SALEM, OHIO.

PAMPHLET CONTAINING FULL DESCRIPTION.

MOWING MATCH.

From the Review (Ohio Democrat), July, 1867. A very spirited and interesting Mowing Match was held on the farm of C. H. Bestwick, Esq., near Campbelltown, in this county, on the 13th inst. There was a large attendance of spectators, and more than ordinary interest manifested in the friendly competition. An agreement had been entered into, between the parties representing the different machines, that only Common Mowers such as are ordinarily used for sale, and not made for special occasions should be allowed to enter the contest. Each machine should mow an equal amount of grass, and one team and driver should be used for all, under the trial might be a fair one, and the merits of the machines alone lay claim to the honor. The "Ætna" Mower, made by the Ætna Manufacturing Co. of Salem, Ohio, for which Peter H. Bean appeared as agent, proved to have the lightest draught, and this with its simplicity of construction and beauty of design, combined with its powerful cutting qualities, made it the favorite of the day.

ÆTNA MOWER & REAPER.

With 30 Reasons Why it is Superior.

CALL ON, OR ADDRESS, GEORGE HUNTLEY, AGENT FOR CAMBRIA COUNTY, EBENSBURG, PA.

STATEMENT OF THE Auditors' Settlement

in account with the Supervisors of Clearfield Township, Cambria County, Pa.

MICHAEL J. WILLS, DR.

Cash on hand at Road Duplicate	22.47	4707.83
By Work done by Taxpayers	4502.49	
Exonerations	18.22	
Prize money received, 25th days at	48.25	
1.50 per day, 32 days at	48.25	
Out of office and time	3.25	
One day and a half with team	3.25	
Warrant and Duplicate Books	2.50	
One day attending settlement	1.50	
For in calculation of Road Duplicate	67.93	
Balance on T. Emley's Road Duplicate	14.94	700.17
Tax		87.00
Balance due Township		624.10

FRANCIS DELOZER, SCHEFFERSON.

in account with Clearfield Twp., June 15, 1872.

Amount of Duplicate	8088.82		
Amount of Duplicate	548	4708.30	
Amount of Exonerations	18.22		
Work done by Taxpayers	6232.36		
Prize money received, 25th days at	79.50		
1.50 per day, 32 days at	48.25		
Out of office and time	3.25		
One day and a half with team	3.25		
Warrant and Duplicate Books	2.50		
One day attending settlement	1.50		
For in calculation of Road Duplicate	1.50	4731.57	
By credit on Cash Duplicate		27.78	
CASH TAX		848.89	
Amount of Duplicate		4608.55	
Amount of Exonerations		18.22	
Amount of Orders lifted		25.00	
Cash paid M. J. White for plank		30.00	
W. M. Dunning's Judgment		16.30	
Cash paid H. Little for Sosp.		2.50	
Amount of percentage on cash		21.93	
Balance due on settlement of Road Duplicate		37.78	4141.55
Balance due Township on settlement		3257.14	

DENTISTRY!

AT REDUCED RATES!

D. L. D. HOFFMAN, graduate of Dental Surgery, respectfully informs the public that he has permanently located in EBENSBURG, Pa., at his office on High street, opposite the Court House, where may be examined and treated in every case relating to the profession. All operations performed with the most skill, care and scientific performance. Special attention given to filling decayed teeth, also teeth extracted without pain. For all information concerning prices, etc., apply at his office on High street, opposite the Court House, where may be examined and treated in every case relating to the profession. [July 25, -17.]

THE GRANT DYNASTY.

BY S. B. McCOORMICK.

Come, morn, and sing,
In solemn hymns,
Of unexalted times—
Let Zephyr's bring,
As they roll along,
From thy sequestered bowers,
Of dark, umbrageous canopy,
Some touching song,
Or thrilling rhapsody,
Garbed in the sable gloom
Of our foreboding doom,
And threatened destiny.

Pendent on Story's wing,
Survey with glance divine
The ruin and decline
Of Greece, whose bars yet sing,
Round the Plerion spring.
Her rise, and reign, and fall—
Or Rome, whose spirits call
Along her crimsoned plains,
Pleading in sport through
That Jove avenge their wrongs—
Their centuries of pains,
And ills and misery.

Then swiftly wing thy way,
And o'er Columbia's soil,
Where working millions toil,
Observe how vamps prey
Upon our liberty,
Let nymph and nered join
Of patriotic strain,
And sing our rise and fall—
Let Nature's lyre again
Sound Carthage, Troy, Greece, Rome,
And ring Columbia's doom.
In one commingled strain.

For, mark how anarchy,
Above the silent head
Of patriotic zeal,
Doth stalk triumphantly—
Even as at Babel's tower
Confounded all appeared,
Though leagued in union strong,
So those who wield the power,
Bewildered, rush along—
And run into the sea!
While bleeding Freedom loaths
The homage of the throng.

And shall our liberties—
Shall Freedom thus expire?—
Shall patriotic fire
Be quenched eternally?
And shall the requiem rise—
The requiem of our fall,
Be sounded far and wide,
And rung into the skies?
"No, Heaven forbid!" she cries;
"A patriot pride remains,
And woe to him who stains
The banner of our pride."

The Fairy Queen—A Legend.

BY S. B. McCOORMICK.

On a mossy mound by the Fairy Queen,
The sprightliest of that ever was seen;
Her crown is a wreath of woodland flowers
Bedecked with gems from coral bowers;
In her dimpled hand she holds a wand,
And she reigns supreme in Fairyland.

A host of vassals has the Fairy Queen,
Beckon'd only by the magic of her sign;
She sits and sings a million I woe,
For the fairy spirits love their Queen most dearly;
Her gentle sway they ne'er forget,
Nor ever at her mandates regret.

The Fairy Queen rides a palfrey fleet,
With flowing mane and prancing feet;
His mistress' voice he knows full well,
And when she mounts he starts and well,
Away he bounds with her wondrous form—
Outstrips the wind, outrides the storm.

This nimble Queen in the dance doth trip,
And her merry subjects around her skip,
While their lovely Queen in the festive hall
Vies with her elves—outshines them all;
Yet they envy not their mistress' dower,
But love her more as her charms appear.

She often sings, and her voice is sweet,
Like distant melodies when they meet,
Thence by gentle zephyrs borne along—
The Fairy Queen is the Queen of Song.

She sits and sings the evening away,
While the shadowy twilight fades away,
Till the fairies once more angels pure,
Th' abodes above they did not secure;
Their probation, alas! they passed in vain,
Their heritage lost they can ne'er regain;
They may weep and mourn till tears doth fall,
But sighs to them are of no avail.

But their crime, though it did them expel
From heaven, it did not merit hell,
But on earth condemned fore'er to roam,
Now they frisk and sing in thoughtless glee;
In their fairy forts, the mounds of earth.

When first the fairies were cast outside
The pale of heaven, they chose a guide;
The most gentle of the fairy host,
And of all she was beloved the most;
They strewed her path with the evergreen,
Thenceforth proclaimed her the Fairy Queen.
WILMORE, July 15, 1872.

AN ORPHAN'S LAMENT.

Wearied with this life's trials, mother,
I long for thy presence to-night,
And thy sweet words of counsel, mother,
To cheer and to guide me aright.

I long to rest on thy bosom, mother,
And bury my grief in thy heart;
To receive thy fond, gentle caress, mother,
And the comfort thy love would impart.

I long, yes, so ardently long, mother,
When fever rages the battle of life,
For the love that thou only couldst give me;
Methinks it would nerve me anew for the strife.

Life's pathway's so rugged and steep, mother,
At each step seems to spring up a thorn,
And with treading it day after day, mother,
My feet have grown weary and worn.

Then the world's so cruel and cold, mother,
It needs not the heart's sorrow and pain—
Cares not that its frowning has crush'd a mother,
Joyous hopes that may ne'er rise again.

Oh! I am weary and ill at ease, mother,
And I long so much to be at rest—
To flee to my God and to thee, mother,
And be number'd fore'er with the blest.

MINNIE MYSTLE,
DEDLEY, Pa., July 5, 1872.

A MARVELLOUS ESCAPE.

AN INCIDENT OF AN ILL-FATED EXPEDITION.

The escape of some of the early Western pioneers from the Red Indians were so remarkable as to be almost, if not quite, miraculous.

The disastrous expedition of Colonel Crawford, in the spring of 1782, is a matter of history. The Colonel himself was taken by the Indians, and compelled to undergo the most excruciating tortures which their savage ingenuity could devise. A large number of the men under his command were killed on their retreat, and a few taken prisoners. On these unfortunate captives the Indians vented their most terrible rage. They seem to have felt no mercy for any one connected with that unfortunate campaign. It was enough for them to know that a captive had been concerned in that wicked expedition, to consign him to the most cruel death. In this there was a species of barbarous, poetic justice. The objects of that campaign was the murder and plunder of Moravian Indians—an inoffensive, non-resistant, Christianized set—and the whites were defeated by brave, determined warriors, who nobly espoused the cause of their innocent brethren. If fearful and vindictive retaliation could ever in any case be justified, their own, under the circumstances, might be regarded as a fit retribution. There were, no doubt, many misguided men, not willfully guilty of wrong, who suffered for the sins and crimes of others; but such is always the fate of war.

After a pitched battle with the Indians, in which the whites were sadly defeated, we have said that many were killed on their retreat, and a few taken prisoners. Among the latter was a man by the name of Slover, whose wonderful, not to say miraculous, escape from the final tortures to which he was condemned, we purpose to relate.

After the capture, Slover was taken to an Indian village called Grenadier Squaw Town, to have his fate decided. This place stood in the centre of the celebrated Pickaway Plains, Ohio. The Grenadier Squaw, from whom this village took its name, was a large, muscular, masculine woman, of good intellectual abilities, but of an unimpressive appearance. She was a sister of the great chief Coostak, whose village was on the opposite side of the creek, almost within hail. A few rods below the Grenadier Squaw Town was the council house of the nation; and near it a small elevation, which commanded a view of the level plains for miles around. On this little hillock was set the stake of torture, and the flames around the victim could be seen by the savage inhabitants of the different settlements and isolated dwellings within a circuit of many leagues.

Slover was considered a great prize by his captors—a prize which would afford them both amusement and revenge. They therefore guarded him with great care, but could not forbear to have a little savage sport with him in the interval between his capture and trial. It was their almost invariable custom, whenever a prisoner entered a village, either to remain or merely pass through on his way to another, to compel him to run the gauntlet, previous to deciding upon his fate; and this Slover had been forced to do several times before reaching Grenadier Squaw Town.

This running the gauntlet was in itself no trifling affair, and many a stout captive has received his death-blow between the lines. Slover had been much beaten and bruised before arriving at his destination; but the more fierce of the savages had been warned not to kill him, as that would be giving him an easy death, and depriving the nation of a glorious holiday of amusement and revenge. At Grenadier Squaw Town, Slover was received with the most savage delight, and the last gauntlet was immediately prepared for him. Two long lines of men, women and children were formed, extending from the village to the council-house, which was a building much larger than the dwellings, and stood, as we have said, some distance below the others, on the open plain—These living lines were armed with sticks and clubs; and, as the unfortunate prisoner ran between them, they rained upon his unprotected head and body a succession of heavy blows, accompanied with infernal yells and screeches. Like their predecessors in this species of torture, they had all been duly warned against depriving him of life, and therefore he reached the council house in a partially exhausted, bruised, and bleeding state, but without any very serious wounds.

Once inside the council house, according to savage law or custom, the prisoner was safe till after his trial; and as Slover was guilty of the exceedingly grave offence of belonging to the unholy expedition of Colonel Crawford, who had already been tortured to death on the ground of his battle and defeat, the trial in his case was made one of the gravest importance and most impressive solemnity. All the great chiefs and warriors of the different villages, for miles around, assembled to make it a grave affair of state, and the trial was conducted with that dignified decorum usual with the barbarous natives on such occasions. It was not of long duration; and the verdict of the savage judges was unanimous for death at the stake by the most cruel tortures. The announcement of the result was received

by the vindictive populace with screams and yells of fiendish delight.

The horrid execution of the poor captive was fixed for the day following his trial; and as he was being escorted from the council-house to an unoccupied log hut, which was to serve him as a prison, he was surrounded by a fierce mob of men, women and children, who vied with each other in heaping upon him the most coarse and vulgar abuse, and in striking, kicking and pinching him at every opportunity—all of which the poor fellow bore with a stoicism that would have done credit to an Indian brave. A number of the savages, in their intercourse with American and British traders, and agents, and renegades, had picked up a smattering of English words, and these they now used with all the venom of their nature.

"You poor squaw baby!" cried an old hag, as she crowded up and struck him across the face with a stick.

"You much speak in fire, like small papoose!" yelled another, giving him a blow with her fist.

"How him like eat fire!" screamed a third, as she pinched him with all her might.

"White nigger eat fire!" shouted several children in chorus, doing all they could to hurt, annoy and irritate him.

Slover made no reply to any, but bore all with a meekness and firmness worthy of a martyr. On entering the hut where he was to pass the last night he ever expected to see in this world, the Indian guards of the condemned prisoner proceeded to bind his hands tightly together behind his back. Then making him sit down against a wall of the shanty, they passed a stout buffalo thong around his neck, and secured it to a log in such a manner that he had no power to change his position. In this painful condition, without anything to eat or drink, he passed the long night of horror, his guards keeping wide awake and near him, occasionally making an examination to see that he was perfectly secure, and often taunting him about his unfortunate condition, and describing in the best English at their command the cruelties that would be practiced on him on the morrow.

The two night were clear and serene, and to the excited savages gave promise of a glorious day of sport. At an early hour they began to pour in from the different villages for miles around; and by noon an immense throng had collected, consisting of noted chiefs and warriors, aged veterans, and women and children, for it was intended to make the affair in the highest degree imposing. A good, hearty breakfast had been served to the prisoner, not from any feeling of compassion, but merely to increase his strength and power of endurance, so that the torture might be prolonged.

As the time drew near for the intended victim to be led forth to the stake, he was stripped naked, and painted black from head to foot; and then, as his guards conducted him to the elevated spot where so many, both white and red, had already suffered, the waken was rent with the delighted screams and yells of the hundreds of both sexes and all ages assembled around the base of the burning ground. At the very apex of the little hill was set a stout stake, to which was attached a rope several feet in length, which was now made fast to the prisoner's hands behind his back. This gave him a circuit of some ten or twelve feet in diameter to move about in, and outside of which was the circle of faggots, intended for the purpose, not of burning him to death, but of roasting him from head to foot in a slow and torturing manner.

Everything being now in readiness for the horrid work, the torch was applied to the dry faggots, and another universal yell of satisfaction rent the air; but just as the flame shot upwards, there came a heavy boom of thunder, as if heaven were displeas'd at the cruel act; and the superstitious Indians, suddenly hushed to silence, looked up in surprise commingled with awe. For the first time it was noticed that a black and angry cloud was rolling up in the west, from which issued fierce tongues of flames, each of which was quickly followed by heavy reports, that every moment grew louder and more threatening. The attention of the savages was now divided between the approaching storm and the prisoner at the stake; and as they noted the heaving and whirling clouds pushing rapidly and angrily forward, with the lightning flashing almost incessantly, and each successive report rolling over their heads with a heavier boom, their superstitious hearts began to fear that the Great Spirit was angry with them for the deed they were about to do.

The progress of the storm was uncommonly rapid. Scarcely had the flame completed its circuit, before the anxious prisoner, standing at the stake in the centre, had begun to feel more than a slight glow of heat, when a fierce gust of wind sent the faggots flying in every direction, and the swiftly descending rain put out the fire. And the roar of a tempest most fearfully sublime, the spectators hastened to seek shelter in the village; and the deprived captive, almost venturing to hope that kind Providence had interposed in his behalf, was returned to his prison.

The storm raged all the rest of the day and till late in the night; and Slover remained unmolested, but closely guarded, being reserved for a more propitious occasion. Late in the night his two guards

fell asleep; and becoming aware of this from their snoring, he made a desperate effort to get away. He was secured in the same manner as on the night previous, his hands tied behind his back, and his neck fastened to a log by a stout thong. After a hard struggle he got his hands free, and then eagerly began to work at the thong about his neck. At first he seemed to make no impression on it, and after laboring for an hour, he began to despair. One of the Indians now got up and lit his pipe, and Slover trembled for fear he would examine his fastenings, discover his attempt at escape, and deprive him of the little hope still remaining. But the savage did not approach him, and in a short time he lay down and went to sleep again.

Slover now once more tried the cord about his neck, and, to his utter surprise, found it loose enough to slip over his head—a sort of miracle which he never attempted to explain. At last he was free; and stealing softly out of the hut, over the very bodies of the sleeping Indians, he turned into a cornfield and ran for his life. Taking a zig zag course, he scarcely knew whither, expecting every moment to hear the yells of his foes in pursuit, he reached a high plain, where a drove of horses were quietly feeding. With the thought that had bound his wrists, and which he had brought away with him, he now hurriedly made a sort of halter, caught one of the animals, put it over his nose, mounted his back, and dashed away just as day was breaking. He kept the horse at the top of his speed till the poor beast gave way; and then he left him and pushed on, afoot and alone, through the great wilderness, unarmed and naked.

Foot sore, exhausted, and terribly lacerated by thorns and brambles, poor Slover at last reached a civilized habitation, and lived many years afterwards to tell the tale of his wonderful deliverance.

COUNTRY NEWSPAPERS.

Few people appreciate the value of the village papers which gather up the news of a county and advocate the interests of a locality. And few understand the amount of ability required to edit such a paper, where one man must be editor, publisher, printer, book-keeper, and all. Imagine how much the intelligence of the country would suffer by the blotting out of the country papers, which treat of the immediate interests of the people and thus come into immediate contact with their minds!

The true country editor understands that the paper thrives by being intensely local; that it is not by learned editorials on tariff, and income tax, but by articles in favor of the new railroad, by descriptions of the new factory, by advocacy of the new bridge, that he must succeed—People look in his columns not only for the latest general news, but for a mention of every interesting fact, of every curious matter of gossip in his own country. And thus the paper becomes the reflector of the current events and the public sentiment of his section. Nothing is too small to be itemized if only it is of interest. A country editor advertised the other day that he would insert a list of the names of all who had joined the churches in the county in a recent revival. Which showed that he understood his business. He proposed to chronicle every event of interest occurring in his jurisdiction.

Every intelligent family should give a cordial support to the local newspaper. It is one of the great educational influences.—*Health and Home.*

A PERPETUAL WEATHER TABLE.

J. Cool Mexico, Miami county, Indiana, sends the following table which, he says, was constructed by the celebrated Dr. Herschell, upon a philosophic consideration of the attraction of the sun and moon. It is confirmed by the experience of many years observation, and will suggest to the observer what kind of weather will probably follow the moon's entrance into any of her quarters. As a general rule it will be found to be wonderfully correct:

If the moon changes at 12 o'clock noon, the weather immediately afterwards will be very rainy, if in summer, and there will be snow and rain in winter.

Between 4 and 6 o'clock, fair both in winter and summer.

Between 6 and 10 o'clock p. m., in summer fair, if the wind is northwest; rainy, if south or southwest. In winter fair and frosty, if the wind is north or northwest; rainy, if south or southwest.

Between 10 and 12 o'clock p. m., rainy in summer and fair and frosty in winter.

Between 12 at night and 2 o'clock a. m., fair in summer and frosty in winter—unless the wind is from the south and southwest.

Between 4 and 6 o'clock a. m., rainy both in winter and summer.

Between 6 and 8 o'clock a. m., wind and rain in summer, and stormy in winter.

Between 8 and 10 o'clock a. m., showery in summer, and cold and blustery in winter.

THE "ounce of prevention worth a pound of cure" was strikingly illustrated by the old lady who, not a long time ago, in her perambulations, coming upon a railroad track at a station, asked how soon the next train would pass. On being answered, "In half an hour," she decided at once to delay crossing the track till the cars had passed, remarking sagely that "a body couldn't be too careful!"

SOUND TALK.

Eloquent Speech of Hon. D. W. Voorhees.

TERRE HAUTE, IND., July 18.—In accepting the nomination for Congress at the convention in Spencer today, Mr. Voorhees, made a long and elaborately prepared speech, the most interesting portions of which are given *verbatim* in the following extracts:

GENTLEMEN OF THE CONVENTION: You have done me a great honor to-day, the greatest I have ever received, and greater, I think, when all the circumstances are considered, than usually falls to the lot of public men in this country. You have one and all refused to listen to what has been said to my disadvantage, and you have demanded that I should remain in your service. You know me better than all the world besides. We have labored together in the past, and you have bestowed upon me already ten years of official life. It, therefore, after so much experience of each other you find me in any degree worthy of such confidence as you have here manifested, I may indeed feel that I have not lived altogether in vain. I call you to witness, also, that I have not sought this nomination, but urged that it might be given to some one else. It is a prize, it is true, coming from a source it does, which is equal to the highest ambition; but circumstances of a purely personal and domestic nature led me to declare two years ago publicly in every part of the district that I was then making my last race for Congress.

Again, one year ago, I repeated my wish to quit public life, and bestow what ability I possess upon my private interests. It cannot, therefore, be said that all the reluctance which I have manifested in regard to the present contest is of recent date. I am not here, however, to shun the events of the last two months, and the new and peculiar responsibilities which they impose. This is an occasion for perfect frankness between you and me. I will talk to you, therefore, as if I was seated at your hearthstone, and if the outside world is listening I trust it will hear nothing of which we will be ashamed. A close observation of the lawless and outrageous conduct of the present administration, and the great and increasing disgust in the public mind, long ago convinced me that an easy opportunity would be presented this year for the Democratic party, by presenting one of its ablest and purest men for the Presidency, to regain the control of government, and re-establish civil liberty and equality in the burdens as well as the blessings of the Republic. I give honest Republicans the same credit which they now give us in believing that they would sufficiently rise above party to vote against a corrupt administration without regard to the company in which they performed so noble an act. I still believe it would have done so, and that any one of the four or five Democratic statesmen who might be named, eminent for ability and purity of character, could have been elected to the Presidency over the present very unpopular incumbent. Entertaining this opinion with the force of an absolute conviction, I made an earnest effort to have it prevail in the minds of others in view of the approaching National Democratic Convention. I exercised my right as member of the Democratic party in pointing out what I thought its action ought to be. This is a right for which I am beholden to no one. I have no apologies to make for having exercised it as I did. I would do so again under similar circumstances. I do not claim to be a shrewd and managing politician, if shrewdness and management consist in suppressing my honest convictions on public questions and waiting until they are popular or not. I hold that all men have a duty to perform in assisting to create a perfect public opinion by expressing their own on all proper occasions. In opposing Mr. Greeley, I acted on this principle, and no one will expect me now or hereafter to retract a word I have spoken or written on that subject. The influence of my words, if they had any, was directed to the Baltimore Convention, and not beyond that point of action. They may stand as my sincere utterance on behalf of an object over which that body had legitimate authority and ultimate control; but I will doubtless be reminded that my views were not adopted at Baltimore, and that my opinions were disregarded. All this is true, and I do not pretend to disguise my deep regret.

I have given the subject as careful and as conscientious an examination in order to ascertain the true path of duty as it has been in my power to make. If I could at this point abandon public station consistently with my obligation to my party, my friends and the duties I owe as a citizen to my country, the path before me would be easy and smooth. Your action alone, however, here to-day, under all the circumstances of the past and present, impels me to accept your nomination and make one more campaign with you, and for that purpose we must look the present and future coolly and resolutely in the face in the light of the recent result at Baltimore. Whenever and wherever in all the ages and nations of the world men have associated themselves together for common objects, whether in affairs of church or state, the power of a final decision over matters in controversy among themselves has been specifically lodged somewhere. Without this authority no bond would be strong enough to produce united action on behalf of any purpose however great and beneficent, so widely do men honestly differ in regard to the means and the details by which the most desirable ends are to be attained. Of course no sect or party, religious or political, has the right or the power to crush out the independent convictions of its members; and it is not only the privilege, but the duty of the members of an organization to abandon it whenever they perceive that they can more surely secure the great objects they have in view by doing so.

If we turn, however, for a brief survey of the broad field of national politics many strange and significant aspects are presented to our view. We constitute a part of the unwieldy position of the Democratic party, the action of its attitude we admit to be unusual, but I think if we examine we will find other occurrences in the political world quite as novel and striking as anything in

the conduct of the Democracy. I, the condition of the Republican organization so natural and healthy that it can afford to succor the supposed sickness and death of its powerful neighbor? At the close of the war it succeeded to illimitable power and possessions. Its means by which to reduce the vernal, overawe the timid and coerce all others into its support were absolutely boundless in eleven States and nearly so everywhere else. If this powerful party had been pure and unselfish in its devotion to the welfare of the country, if it had been managed with an eye single to the prosperity of the laboring people, if it had fostered the industrial class instead of the monopolies, if it had conciliated the conquered instead of bruising them every day a fresh with additional stripes, if it had sought to invigorate and enrich an impoverished section of the greatest natural wealth instead of scourging it into still more horrible bareness and misery, if it had built on love and patriotism instead of hate and greed, it would have had before it a larger lease of power at the hands of the American people than was ever granted to a political party in the history of the world. But bloated with much power and countless wealth, its career has been full of wickedness, gradually but surely forfeiting the confidence of the people, and driving the best elements out of its organization. This fact is strikingly illustrated by the history of political contests in Indiana. In 1864, when the waves of radicalism reached their highest point in this State, a majority of 21,000 was recorded against the Democratic party. Two years later, in 1866, we again met the same enemy and reduced his majority to 14,000. In 1868 we fought again under the same colors, and wiped out the entire majority against us, the Radicals only saving the State officers by fraudulent returns of a few hundred majority. Thus stood the contest in Indiana when the Fifteenth amendment, never legally ratified, and a fraud, in my individual judgment, on the American people, gave an increase of 10,000 negro voters to the Radicals. Yet in 1870 we defeated this coalition of blacks and whites, and placed about 3,000 of our party on the side of the gallant and unflinching Democracy of the State. Certainly this is not a record to beget discouragement. It shows the steady decay of the Republican party in Indiana. It shows a loss on its part in eight years of at least 34,000 votes. It shows, further, that if the Democracy does as usual on its own account this year, we will carry the State by 15,000 majority, and if the Liberal Republican party can even moderately fulfill its expectation the vote of Mr. Greeley will be cast against the administration party both in October and November by larger majorities than have ever heretofore been known in her history.

I have, therefore, listened with perfect patience to the voice of the South in its crisis, knowing as I do her extreme and immediate necessities. Her urgent appeal for the nomination of Mr. Greeley has been regarded by her friends in the North as the last despairing cry of a brave and noble people reduced to a hopeless extremity, holding, as they think, one more chance to save themselves from a ruin infinitely worse than death. I fervently pray God that their hopes may be realized, and many a Northern man will suspend his differences with Mr. Greeley on account of the people of the South who are depending on his own. They believe the election of Mr. Greeley will afford them relief, and in that belief they demanded his nomination. It has been accorded more in reference to their condition and their wishes than to any other one cause. If Mr. Greeley, under these circumstances, should be elected he will stand pledged by the strongest obligations that ever rested upon an honorable man to bestow upon the South the blessing of a just, kind and paternal government. If he did not do so after the confidence reposed in him by that section, he would be accused among men. Let us hope, however, with our brethren in the South, that the experiment may be a complete success; that his election may banish misrule and plunder from their midst, bring peace in reality as well as in name, bring back a cheerful and contented devotion to the laws of the country and a respect in the flag which affords equal protection to all citizens. Let us hope that the deadly paralysis so long effecting the South and destroying her vast productive resources may speedily be succeeded by perfect health and vigor. If our Government is to be restored to its natural proportions and strength, our States must be as free in one section as the other. We must have no lines on an American soil where freedom is halted by the bayonet and when all are treated alike by the Government they will all bear to it the same allegiance. Whatever may have been the bloody struggles of the past, when this kind of a union of hearts in support of the government shall take place, having for its basis the principles of justice, liberty and equality, then will this nation rise like a strong man after sleep and go forth to new glories, renewing the purity of its youth in connection with the gigantic proportions of its age.

[Mr. Voorhees then, in like eloquent and forcible terms, arraigned the administration for selling arms and ammunition to France to be used against Germany in the late war, referred to the fact that it is not necessary for those opposed to the corrupt Grant dynasty to think alike in regard to everything else, spoke of the charge of inconsistency brought against the Democratic party for supporting Greeley, and showed wherein Gov. Morton, who made the charge, had proved himself inconsistent on all important questions of public policy, and especially in refusing to assist in the passage of a law equipping soldiers' bounties, the shameful fact being that those who served but little over one year received \$400, while veteran soldiers received only \$300, for which Henry Wilson, Republican candidate for Vice President, who was Chairman of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs, and concluded thus:]

I know no party. If a Republican applied to me for assistance in his business he will receive it as readily as a Democrat, without the slightest reference as to how he has voted. I hold myself as the public servant of all the citizens of my district as long as it continues in Congress. Let this fact always be borne in mind, and let no one hesitate to act upon it.

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