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The Globe

WILLIAM LEWIS, Editor and Proprietor.
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THE GLOBE JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

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(From the Nashville Union.)

The rebellion has failed to produce one useful and humane invention.—There has not been a redeeming trait of character exhibited in all the rebel ranks. They have fought like wild cats against all the graces of civilization. They have exhausted their powers of invention in the channels of brutality. The civilized world is not prepared—it is impossible for it to believe the half of the fondish outrages that have been perpetrated by this race of incarnate devils. They have changed the whole moral code. Theft, and murder and falsehood, that were banished from earth among heathen races, have become objects of worship. Of all the outrages to which any people have been subjected, the last institute of torture devised for East Tennessee, is the most vile, the most brutal, and the most congenial to the morals and spiritual culture of the rebels.

The women of East Tennessee have been forced to go into the fields, and labor to raise bread for themselves and children. They have toiled so earnestly and faithfully, and succeeded in raising such abundant crops, that the brutal leaders of this rebellion have appointed a commission to accompany the conscript agents to ascertain whether they really are women, or men in disguise. This most inhuman commission is now subjecting those patriotic mothers to an examination the most cruel and barbarous that has ever disgraced humanity. We know the education and instincts of these animals, and can credit the statements of men of veracity who have recently fled from that persecuted land. Those persons who are ignorant of their characters cannot believe such a cruel mode of torture.

When the annals of this barbarous rebellion are written, a tale of cruelty will be unfolded worthy of the knights of the lash, revolver, and knife. This is but the male side of the story; the female portion is still more painful and degrading. It is painful to contemplate the outrages now being enacted in that most loyal, most patriotic portion of this Union. When shall it end?

A Specimen Rebel Clergyman.

The southern pulpit is largely responsible for the rebellion which for two years has filled the land with mourning. It has from first to last done everything it could to "fire the southern heart." The character of the men who are thus employed, as events gradually disclose the truth, is found to be precisely what we should suppose in men of their action. There are southern clergymen, doubtless, who are honest and sincere in their course, but the greater number are probably men of the stamp of Bishop Polk, and of that chaplain who lately attended John Morgan as a guide in his dash through Ohio, pointing out and helping to rob and kill Union men. Another fit representative of this class is one Rev. Dr. Marshall, who formerly presided over a Presbyterian church in Vicksburg, and during the war has been a sort of general utility man for Jeff. Davis. In Vicksburg this divine lived in style, borrowing money of Union men to maintain his establishment, and preaching secession on all possible occasions. At one time he elegantly said in his pulpit: "I know we shall succeed, unless God Almighty shall pay a premium for masculinity."

On another occasion he declared that "if any man has any sneaking feeling of Unionism about him, he ought to be crushed to the earth."

A year or so ago this reverend advocate of rebellion constituted himself an agent for the distribution of contribution supplies to the rebel troops, and it is proved against him that he took great quantities of socks, shirts, drawers and other articles manufactured by wives, mothers, and sisters at home, and peddled them at retail in Richmond, putting the proceeds thereof into his own purse. Very naturally, these proceedings made the reverend Dr. Marshall decidedly odious to the rebel troops, but he was allowed to go unpunished, his services to the politicians being altogether too valuable to permit his removal from active life to the jail for which his crimes had fitted him. It is a satisfaction, however, to know that the reverend rebel was ousted from his fine residence at Vicksburg by General Logan, who put it in possession of an old and tried Union soldier whose home had been destroyed during the siege of the rebel stronghold.

It is thus, through the pulpit and by pensioned clergymen who are but mere puppets in their hands, that the rebel chiefs have incited the people even through their religious emotions and sympathies, to the commission of crimes at which coming generations will stand appalled.

OUR CORRESPONDENCE.

Ma. Error: For more than three hundred years, an odious traffic in human flesh, has been carried on from the Western coast of Africa to the continent of America, which in its consequences has produced more unmingled woe, than any other calamity which has befallen the human family. It is not my purpose to enter into a minute detail of this abominable, heaven-defested commerce. Suffice it to say, that for hundreds of years past, about eighty thousand human beings have been torn from their homes, and their friends, and all their earthly attachments, in each and every year of that long and dreary period.

When the Spaniards discovered the Island of St. Domingo, it was supposed to contain upwards of a million of inhabitants. And in the short space of fifteen years, that vast multitude had been reduced to about sixty thousand, and they were diminishing daily. About this time it was discovered that the Western coast of Africa was peopled with a hardy race, who were capable of enduring toil, and whose constitutions were adapted to the heat of a tropical climate. Thither the Spaniards turned their eyes, as to a place where slaves could be procured to labor in their mines; and from that accursed hour until the present time, the inhabitants of Africa have been torn from home and all the sweets and comforts of home and have been dragged into bondage under circumstances of cruelty and barbarity, which has stamped everlasting infamy on all the actors in, and aiders and abettors of, this horrible traffic.

When the slave traders first visited the western coast of Africa, it is said to have been a most delightful country. It was thickly studded with villages, and swarmed with a population who were simple in their manners, amiable in their dispositions, and in the quiet enjoyment of the bounties which nature had bestowed upon them in great profusion. It is true they were not civilized according to our ideas of civilization; and it is also true that nature had stamped on them a complexion different from ours; but still they were comparatively an innocent, happy, unoffending race. But the scene has been sadly changed in that ill-fated country; a country red with black men's blood, and black with white men's crimes.

The slave traders introduced among these simple people every thing that could please the fancy, excite the cupidity, or rouse the passions of uncivilized persons. They fomented quarrels among them, and furnished them with the means of destroying each other, until at length every man's hand was turned against his brother. The consequence was that the native tribes on the coast of Africa made war on each other, in which the great object was to make prisoners; and every person who was taken prisoner was sold to the slave-dealer, and was hurried on board the slave ships, which were constantly hovering off the shores of that devoted land.

But indeed it is impossible to portray the sorrows and the sufferings of the wretched sons and daughters of Africa. Think if you can conceive it, measure, if you can ascertain its dimensions, the length, and breadth, and height, and depth of that tremendous load of grief, which presses on the heart of the captive, when he casts the last lingering look on all he is leaving behind him—when he is about to be torn from home and all its pleasures, from his kindred and all his holds dear on earth! Form an idea if you can, of that unutterable desolation which encompasses the father and mother whose children have been torn from them in a moment, and of whom they are never again to hear any intelligence on this side of the grave! Conceive if you can, the bitterness of that cup of woe which the captive drinks to the dregs, as he is carried across the ocean in a floating dungeon, the draught continually embittered by the remembrance of that home, and those friends he never more shall see! Bring these things home to your own doors—and measure them by your own feelings, and tell the result if you can! Think not these people, either in the land from which they came, or in that to which they are going, do not feel like other human beings, in like circumstances. It is a sad mistake to think so.

"Floesy looks, and black complexion Cannot forfeit nature's claim; Skins may differ, but affection Dwells in white and black the same." Happy indeed would it be, for these wretched captives, if they lost their feelings at the same time they lose their freedom. But they do continue to feel, and that most keenly; and

WILLERFORCE.

Birmingham, Ala. co., August 26, 1863. "It would be easy to prove," says Humboldt, "that the whole Archipelago of the West Indies which now comprise scarcely 2,500,000 negroes and mulattoes, (free and slave) received from 1670 to 1825, nearly five millions of Africans! In these revolting calculations on the consumption of the human species, we have not included the number of unfortunate slaves who have perished in the passage, or been thrown into the sea as damaged merchandise."

MONROVIA, ILLINOIS.

Editor Globe: Dear Sir—With your permission, I want to give you a short account of the way some of our Democrats have acted out here since the breaking out of the present rebellion, and what they remind me of. For the purpose of finding out whether the matter is local, or whether the same peculiarities have been observed in other places, in the first place some of my old friends lamented a great deal about our "Southern brethren" and their "rights," the poor fellows seemed to have no relations in the North at all, or if they had, seemed to care nothing at all about either them or their "rights," and they were in great trouble about the "Constitution," were very much afraid "Old Abe" as they called him, would ruin it forever, by calling out men for three years, when the law only provided for three months. They seemed to have no fears for Jeff Davis, and the secessionists doing any harm, if old Abe the Abolitionist could only be kept in bounds. They had a great deal to say about how this war might have been avoided—and they laid the entire blame of its not having been avoided, on the North, and refused to do anything to get out of the scrape, because as they said, it was not their fault that the country got into it—there seemed to be different stripes among them. Some of them justified the secessionists, and hoped they would succeed—said they had just as good cause for revolution as the colonies had when they revolted. They reminded me of the traitors in the South, only they were twice as mean. Others said the secessionists were wrong, but they would neither do or say anything in favor of the war for fear of strengthening the Republican party, and weakening ours. They put me in mind of the freemen of Effigie No. 1, at a fire, because No. 2 got to it first, they refused to do anything, but coolly stood by and let their own property burn for fear No. 1 would get credit for putting out the fire.

Others were willing to support the Government—to put down the rebellion, only they were afraid, the war would go too far and would be carried on so as to interfere with slavery; and so they held back and not only did nothing to aid the Government, but threw all their influence against it. They remind me now of a barn-raising—a large heavy bent was going up, and all hands were at their best life, the "boss" sung out "yo heave" and all hands pushed and strained till they stuck, when on looking round they stood a big fellow with a rope attached taking a big hitch on a stump in the rear, for fear it might go too far and fall over and hurt somebody.

Another and large class put me in mind of an old goose we had when I was a boy; she was set to hatching in a fence corner, below the barn and by some means her eggs all got damaged and were finally destroyed; and to get her away, her nest was filled with

brickbats, but in spite of all this, she stuck to the spot and hatched away for a summer season, bissing away at every attempt to induce her to leave, and the feathers from her belly. So it is with these fellows, they stick to the old political nest, and hiss at the Administration and every move it makes, and with as much prospect of bringing forth any good thing as the old goose from the brick-bats.

But there is another class of recent growth who professed to be in favor of a more vigorous prosecution of the war, talked about our army, and tried to get positions with good pay and safe places, and some of them made the same professions to get votes to elect them to the Legislature, and to Congress; the first when they failed to get positions, and the last after they were elected, fell into the "fire in the rear" pace party, and used their influence and position to encourage the rebels and discourage our army. They remind me of Judas Iscariot and Benedict Arnold. They are called "copycats" now, for I think it a disgrace to the snakes to make the comparison. Indeed, I know of but one serpent that would not suffer in a comparison with such, and that is the old serpent the Devil, and I don't know that he would consider it any compliment to be compared to them. There are other small shades of difference among them not worthy of note. Douglas said in this contest there could be but two classes patriots and traitors, either for the Government or against it. I don't like to say hard things about old friends, but they certainly don't seem to be for the Government.

Yours, &c. P.

The President. The practical sagacity of the President is daily justified. His impulses are wiser than the wry plans of more cunning men. It is true that, in writing the letter to the Albany Committee, he was faintly accused in some quarters of want of dignity. But both the resolution to write and the time of writing were most happy illustrations of his shrewdness, while the letter itself is unanswerable, and will henceforth be a constituent part of the body of Constitutional interpretation. His replies to Governor Seymour are not less excellent in their way.

In fact, from the moment of his inauguration it will appear that he has fulfilled every duty of his great office with an ability not less remarkable than his honesty. The desperate effort to make him seem to be a partizan has utterly failed. He has aimed only at the maintenance of the government; and to secure that end he has no more hesitated to adopt a policy which his own party approved than he has to take measures which the party opposed to him applauded. He has filled the chief posts of command with men of all political views. Yet he has been most sharply denounced from the beginning of the war no less by his old party friends than enemies. The consequence is, that at this moment, he stands a little outside of all parties, even among loyal men. The rebels, and their tools, the Copperheads, of course, hate him. The War Democrats doubt some points of his policy. The Conservative Republicans think him too much in the hands of the radicals; while the radical Republicans think him too slow, yielding, and half-hearted. And yet, without doubt, the more thoughtful and patriotic men of all parties can not but see how time confirms his wisdom, and were a President to be named to-morrow they would declare for Mr. Lincoln.

So calm is his temperament, and so patriotic his policy, that the emancipation act from his hands could not seem, and never has seemed, to be a partizan movement. From that beginning he did not doubt the right of emancipation as a military measure. But he carefully declared the object of the war to be the maintenance of the Government. When Fremont and Hunter issued their orders he quietly revoked them, not, as he said, because such measures were wrong, but because in his view the time for them had not come, and when it came, he must exercise the power. When it did come, he warned the rebels last September that he had never doubted the possible military necessity might arise; that a military measure so grave and so long agitated should not be summarily adopted; that he admonished them, if they feared the consequences of such a measure, to escape them by submission to the laws; and that if they did not submit within three months the measure would become a part of the policy of the Government.

The rebels succeed, and their allies, the Copperheads, organized. The disastrous failure of McClellan's and Pope's campaigns, with the retirement of Lee in good order after Antietam, the long inaction of the autumn, and the removal of McClellan, dispirited every one to form in the opinion that cowardice could not have made the man desert but some other motive or motives best known to himself and his God.

When the Adjutant General had concluded, he sat down on his coffin, when the chaplain who was in attendance on him, addressed the multitude, and the unhappy man also spoke for a few minutes. Nearly all of the address of the latter was inaudible; enough however could be heard to understand that he asserted he had not deserted on account of cowardice, but from other motives which were not unappreciated to the multitude. A fervent prayer was offered up in behalf of the prisoner, which I feel quite sure was participated in by nearly all the troops, though I believe all were of the opinion that the sentence was a just one and ought to be strictly carried out in his case. I might remark here, that quite a revolution in sentiment has taken place in the army in regard to the punishment of deserters of late. Thousands of instances have occurred of men deserting from the army, and little notice taken of it—there is generally some flaw found in the proceedings which exonerates the guilty one and he has been returned to duty.

The very case we have just been giving an account of is a case in point—and more severe measures were resorted to in the early period of the unhappy rebellion, the discipline of the army would have been better maintained, and where insult and contempt is thrown at it now, respect and obedience would occupy their place.

Why, it is notorious that many men desert for the purpose of joining some other body to get the bounty money. I am told there are some cases of this kind now to be tried in our brigade—desertions from our brigade since the war began are not counted by scores but hundreds. It is obvious then that something should be done to arrest an evil of such magnitude and one which has been so baneful and demoralizing in its effects on the army. Doubtless there are many cases more aggravating than the one which is the subject of this article, who have not suffered the penalty which they so richly merit or that he has paid. But that is no reason that justice should be overlooked or abandoned in his case. Retor begin late than not at all. Some good may flow from the execution of the sentence in his case being carried out which will prevent hundreds, perhaps thousands, from following his unpatriotic example, and conclude to elevate the sentiment of loyalty to the good old flag, unfortunately in too many instances permitted to fall to a very low standard in the army.

The prayer being finished, the prisoner was approached by the Captain of the Provost Guard, who directed him to take off his coat, while he tied a white handkerchief on his eyes.—He then shook hands with the Captain of the Guard, the Chaplain and one or two others, and then sat down on his coffin. The signal for the time of being ready was then given by the unfortunate man himself. It was to raise his right hand out right. As soon as this was done the captain of the guard gave the commands to the firing party—"Ready," "Aim," "Fire," which was done as soon as the commands were given, and the lifeless form of poor Mabury lay by the side of his coffin.—Thus ended the mortal career of a man who, judging from his appearance, was a man of some intelligence, by no means unimpressive, and with a conformation of body above the common standard. I have no disposition to speak lightly of his character. He was enlisted as a soldier under his country's flag; he deserted that flag in its day of tribulation, and for that offense he has suffered the punishment due to the commission of a heinous crime. It is probable that had company and civil example had led him to do the deed, and he who could have given on his life in his country's service, the memory of which would have been handed down to posterity with the blessings of his countrymen, has been considered too unworthy to live among them for ever more. May his example prove beneficial to others who may have cherished similar propensities, and save them from a like fate. He was a man over thirty years of age, I should think, and I am told leaves a wife and two children in Philadelphia. Yours, SIXTY-NINTH.

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS—new and improved styles—just received and for sale at Lewis' Book Store.

Execution of a Deserter.

(Correspondence of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.) CAMP NEAR MORRISVILLE, Va., Aug. 20.—One of those melancholy events which seldom take place in the army—too seldom, many persons think, for its efficiency and well being—took place this afternoon, at three o'clock, in the rear of the Second Division, Second Corps, General A. Webb, commanding.

The name of the unfortunate man is Mabury. He belonged to the Seventy-first Regiment, P. V., better known as Baker's and Winter's California. The antecedents of the poor man I am unacquainted with. Suffice it to say that his crime was desertion, of which he had been proved to be guilty twice, and for which he was executed this afternoon in the presence of thousands of the Army of the Potomac.

The scene was a most impressive one, and doubtless has made an indelible impression on the assembled multitudes. The troops were drawn up in three lines—one in front, one on the right, and the other on the left of the prisoner. Our Brigade, of which he was a member, occupied the front line. The prisoner was conducted to the place of execution, preceded by the Captain of the Provost Guard and the Brigade Band, who played an air appropriate to the melancholy occasion.

The guard, who were selected as the firing party and numbered thirteen men, followed in the rear, preceded by the coffin, which was carried by four men. He was accompanied by the Chaplain of the Seventy-second Regt. The prisoner walked with a measured tread to the place of execution, and though he seemed to realize the solemnity of the scene before him, and the occasion which had called together so many troops with sad and melancholy countenances, betrayed no fear or trembling emotion and shed not a tear in passing. He was conducted to the spot which had previously been chosen as the place of execution. The grave, which was soon to swallow his bleeding remains was already dug and yawning before him. He was directed to be seated on his coffin which was placed in front of his grave, this, however, was of but short continuance.—The Adjutant General of the Division (Capt. Wood) then directed the prisoner to stand up while he read the proceedings and findings of the Court to the unhappy man. He listened with respectful deference to its recital, still evincing no weakness or faint heartedness whatever, outwardly; however, much of it he may have felt wringing his poor heart within. He had evi-

dently nerved himself for the great struggle which was to close his eyes forever in this world from the beautiful landscape which for miles spread out before him. Externally he performed this part well which induced every one to form in the opinion that cowardice could not have made the man desert but some other motive or motives best known to himself and his God.

When the Adjutant General had concluded, he sat down on his coffin, when the chaplain who was in attendance on him, addressed the multitude, and the unhappy man also spoke for a few minutes. Nearly all of the address of the latter was inaudible; enough however could be heard to understand that he asserted he had not deserted on account of cowardice, but from other motives which were not unappreciated to the multitude. A fervent prayer was offered up in behalf of the prisoner, which I feel quite sure was participated in by nearly all the troops, though I believe all were of the opinion that the sentence was a just one and ought to be strictly carried out in his case. I might remark here, that quite a revolution in sentiment has taken place in the army in regard to the punishment of deserters of late. Thousands of instances have occurred of men deserting from the army, and little notice taken of it—there is generally some flaw found in the proceedings which exonerates the guilty one and he has been returned to duty.

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COLD BLOODED MURDER OF A CHRISTIAN MINISTER.—The Rev. P. Glen, a pious and devoted minister of the Lutheran church, a Pennsylvanian by birth, but for a number of years past a citizen of Indiana, was cruelly murdered, and his house burned to the ground on the 9th of July, by the followers of John Morgan, during their recent raid into the States of Indiana and Ohio.

The rebels first attacked and wounded Mr. Glen's son very severely, and then plundered his house of all they wanted. Fearing they would take his life, he fled to the woods for concealment, but on seeing his house on fire, and fearing that his wounded son and perhaps his wife might be consumed, he felt it his duty to return, if possible, to rescue them. Just at that time three of the scoundrels that had passed the house returned with a flag of truce. Having no idea of the perversity of these men he returned, and was met by them with extended hands and friendly greetings. On their complaining of being thirsty, Mr. Glen gave them water, and as soon as they had drank, he was shot by one of them in his house, doubtless supposing that he would burn up with the house. But after he was wounded, he walked two or three rods from his house, remarking to his son, who was lying under a tree, "I am also wounded," and expired in about fifteen minutes.

While the house was burning they would not permit Mrs. Glenn to take out anything but a small portion of clothing, and when robbing her mother's house they would not allow her to take a single hair or bar of soap, saying she was not worthy of them. Could the wild savage or the Sepoy of India do worse?

Meeting of War Democrats in Indiana.

INDIANAPOLIS, August 20. A very large and enthusiastic meeting of War Democrats was held here to-night. All parts of the State were fully represented. Gen. Nathan Kimball presided, and Major Gen. John McClelland, Gen. Dumont and Hon. Henry Seibert were among the speakers. Letters were received from Hon. Lewis Cass and Gen. Logan and Dan. S. Dickinson, all of whom expressed their sympathy with the objects of the Convention. Resolutions were adopted favoring a vigorous prosecution of the war, sustaining the Administration in all its efforts to put down the rebellion, denouncing the State agent Auditor and Treasurer of the State for their willingness to repudiate the public debt and sacrifice the honor and credit of the State for partizan purposes.

—The Lebanon Advertiser says—"The only thing which the opposition have thus far been able to say against Judge Woodward is, that, being the Democratic candidate for Governor, he has not resigned his position on the Supreme Bench." Perhaps the Advertiser forgets that Judge Woodward was the author of the decision that soldiers have no right to vote; and the author of the resolution excluding foreigners from the elective franchise until they had been twenty-one years in the United States; and the author of the infamous doctrine, which all loyal Democrats have repudiated, that secession is right, and that the South is right in rebelling against this Government. The Advertiser seems to be oblivious of these admirable little traits in the political character of Mr. Justice Woodward.

—The Bedford Argus utters the following trenchant truth: "Let the people of Pennsylvania elect George W. Woodward to be Governor of this great Commonwealth and we would soon see the same disgraceful scenes enacted that have disgraced the city of New York. His principles, and those of the miserable crew who nominated him, are the same as those of Wood and Seymour."

All of one kind.—As a train load of Morgan's men were passing through Newark, Ohio, one of them, as the crowd assembled to see the horse thieves and murderers, asked if there were any Vallandigham men about? "Yes, sir," said a raw-boned chap, "I am a Vallandigham man." "All right," said the horse thief, get right in here with us; we are all Vallandigham men."

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