The Huntingdon Journal.

VOL. 46. HUNTINGDON, PA., AUGUST 9, 1871. NO. 31.

e Huntingdon Journal.

DURBORROW, - - J. A. NASH,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

e on the Corner of Bath and Washington streets.

E HUNTINGDON JOURNAL is published every iesday, by J. R. DURBORROW and J. A. NASH, r the firm name of J. R. DURBORROW & Co., at per annum, IN ADVANCE, or $2,50 if not paid i six months from date of subscription, and not paid within the year.

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OB PRINTING of every kind, in Plain and ey Colors, done with neatness and dispatch.— d-bills, Blanks, Cards, Pamphlets, &c., of every ety and style, printed at the shortest notice, every thing in the Printing line will be execuin the most artistic manner and at the lowest s.

Professional Cards.

DENGATE, Surveyor, Warriors- mark, Pa. [ap12,'71.

CALDWELL, Attorney-at-Law, No. 111, 3d street. Office formerly occupied Messrs. Woods & Williamson. [ap12,'71.

R. R. WIESTLING, respectfully offers his professional services he citizens of Huntingdon and vicinity. ffice removed to No. 618½ Hill street, (SMITH'S LDING.) [apr.5,'71-1y.

R. J. C. FLEMMING respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens Huntingdon and vicinity. Office second floor of nningham's building, on corner of 4th and Hill eet. may24.

R. D. P. MILLER, Office on Hill street, in the room formerly occupied by John M'Culloch, Huntingdon, Pa., would restfully offer his professional services to the citis of Huntingdon and vicinity. [jan.4,'71.

R. A B. BRUMBAUGH, offers his professional services to the community. ffice on Washington street, one door east of the holic Parsonage. [jan.4,'71.

R. G. D. ARNOLD, Graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, offers his prosional services to the people of Huntingdon and inity.

EFERENCE:—Dr. B. F. Hook, of Loysville, Pa., h whom he formerly practiced; Drs. Stille and new of Philadelphia.

Office on Washington street, West Huntingdon, [ap.19,'71.

J. GREENE, Dentist. Office removed to Leister's new building, Hill street untingdon. [jan.4,'71.

L. ROBB, Dentist, office in S. T. Brown's new building, No. 520, Hill St., untingdon, Pa. [ap12,'71.

GLAZIER, Notary Public, corner of Washington and Smith streets, Hungdon, Pa. [jan.12'71.

C. MADDEN, Attorney-at-Law. Office, No. —, Hill street, Huntingdon, a. [ap.19,'71.

SYLVANUS BLAIR, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Office, Hill street, ree doors west of Smith. [jan.4'71.

R. PATTON, Druggist and Apothecary, opposite the Exchange Hotel, Hungdon, Pa. Prescriptions accurately compounded. ure Liquors for Medicinal purposes. [nov.23,'70.

HALL MUSSER, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Office, second floor of eister's new building, Hill street. [jan.4,'71.

R. DURBORROW, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa., will practice in the veral Courts of Huntingdon county. Particular tention given to the settlement of estates of decedents.

Office in he JOURNAL Building. [feb.1,'71.

A. POLLOCK, Surveyor and Real Estate Agent, Huntingdon, Pa., will attend Surveying in all its branches. Will also buy, ll, or rent Farms, Houses, and Real Estate of evry kind, in any part of the United States. Send r a circular. [jan.4'71.

W. MATTERN, Attorney-at-Law and General Claim Agent, Huntingdon, Pa., oldiers' claims against the Government for back ay, bounty, widows' and invalid pensions attendd to with great care and promptness.

Office on Hill street. [jan.4,'71.

K. ALLEN LOVELL, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Special attention iven to COLLECTIONS of all kinds; to the settlement of Estates, &c.; and all other Legal Business rosecuted with fidelity and dispatch.

☞ Office in room lately occupied by R. Milton Speer, Esq. [jan.4,'71.

MILES ZENTMYER, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa., will attend promptly o all legal business. Office in Cunningham's new uilding. [jan.4,'71.

P. M. & M. S. LYTLE, Attorneys-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa., will attend to ll kinds of legal business entrusted to their care. Office on the south side of Hill street, fourth door west of Smith. [jan.4,'71.

R. A. ORBISON, Attorney-at-Law, Office, 321 Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa. [may31,'71.

JOHN SCOTT. S. T. BROWN. J. M. BAILEY

SCOTT, BROWN & BAILEY, Attorneys-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Pensions, and all claims of soldiers and soldiers' heirs against the Government will be promptly prosecuted. Office on Hill street. [jan.4,'71.

T. W. MYTON, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Office with J. Sewell Stewart, Esq. [jan.4,'71.

WILLIAM A. FLEMING, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Special attention given to collections, and all other legal business attended to with care and promptness. Office, No. 229, Hill street. [ap19,'71.

Miscellaneous.

EXCHANGE HOTEL, Huntingdon, Pa. JOHN S. MILLER, Proprietor. January 4, 1871.

R. ALLISON MILLER. H. BUCHANAN.

MILLER & BUCHANAN,

DENTISTS,

No. 228 Hill Street,

HUNTINGDON, PA.

April 5, '71-1y.

NEAR THE RAILROAD DEPOT,

COR. WAYNE and JUNIATA STREETT

UNITED STATES HOTEL,

HOLLIDAYSBURG, PA.

M'CLAIN & CO., PROPRIETORS. Meh15-tf

ROBT. KING, Merchant Taylor, 412 Washington street, Huntingdon, Pa., a liberal share of patronage respectfully solicited. April 12, 1871.

The Muses' Bower.

What I Live For.

I live for those who love me;
For those who know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit, too;
For those human ties which bind me;
For the hopes that beam within,
And the good that I can do.

I live to hail that season,
By gifted mind foretold,
When man shall live by reason,
And not alone for gold;
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The world shall be truth lighted,
As Eden was of old.

I live to hold communion
With all that is divine;
To feel there is a union
'Twixt nature's heart and mine;
To profit by affliction,
Grow wiser from conviction,
And fulfill each great design.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit, too;
For the wrong that needs resistance;
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

The Story-Teller.

THE GAME FOR LIFE;

OR,

A PERILOUS ADVENTURE.

BY J. M. BARTER.

IT was a terribly stormy night; dark as pitch and blowing a hurricane. My overcoat was wet through, and my jack-boots completely filled with water. The lightning kept up one constant succession of vivid flashes, and the deep thunder rolled in every direction. Under the most favorable circumstances such a night would not be considered pleasant, but when you are alone in a country you don't know, have lost your way, and can't see a foot beyond your horse's nose, I don't think any one can imagine any thing more unpleasant. In vain I plunged my spurs into his sides and used my whip, not another step would he move, but stood with trembling flanks and extended nostrils, the picture of agonized fear; so I was forced to dismount and lead him. But you may judge of my surprise when I reached his head to find that he was nearly touching a wall. I stretched out my hand, and, to my great joy, found it was a log hut.

Drawing the bridle over my arm, I led my horse round the building, feeling carefully so as not to miss the doorway. I passed down one side and turned the corner, when, to my delight, I perceived a light shining through some chinks in the logs. Without pausing a moment to consider what guests might be assembled inside, I hastened to the door, and beating loudly upon it, demanded admittance. I had not long to wait. The door opened slowly, and a tall, thin man stood before me.

With his left hand he held the door so as to be ready to close it in an instant, and in his right a Colt's revolver.

"Wall, what's the matter now?" said he.

"Matter!" I said, "matter enough, I should think. I have lost my way, and am wet to the skin."

"There's a barn at the end of the hut for the 'oss," said he, jerking his head in that direction. "You had better go and put the 'oss up, stranger, and then come here."

As I saw there was no help for it, I led my horse to the barn, made him as comfortable as I could, and then, taking my saddle-bags over my shoulder, entered the hut.

"Wall, stranger," said my host, "I do think you might be more perlite, and just hand over the news. I guess it isn't often we get any down here, and, therefore, we don't lose a chance of raising any when we can."

"I am extremely sorry to say that I have no news to give you, and unfortunately I have not the imagination of some of the New York papers, or I would invent some for your amusement."

"Now, look here, stranger, none of your impertinence; I guess you are a Britisher, which accounts for your slowness. What's the good of a paper if there isn't something in it? S'pose there's a murder or a robbery, and it's a real one, wall, you read it and enjoy it. But s'pose it's a false one, 'bout people you know nothing about; wall, you enjoys it, and there isn't half the darned injury done. You laff or cry as much over one as the other, and you don't know the people; therefore, what can it matter to you whether it's true or false? It does just the same."

Not feeling inclined to argue with my friend over the matter—especially as I could see he was a man who would not take contradiction quietly—I readily owned that I was wrong and he was right.

"S'pose you don't want to sleep directly, stranger?"

"Indeed I do, for I am very much tired. I guess it isn't safe to sleep in these parts unless you can manage to keep one eye open."

"Why, surely we are perfectly safe here."

"I don't know about that. I kinder calculate you are a stranger in these here parts."

"I am."

"But I guess you've heard of Silas Cass—he dwells hereabouts."

Silas Cass! I had heard of him as one of the most desperate and depraved characters that haunted the out-settlements of America. He was suspected—nay, it was morally certain that he had committed more murders and robberies than any man in the world; but he contrived to escape the law, for although suspicion was great, there was no positive proof, and the wretch had always escaped the punishment he so richly deserved.

As I looked at the diabolical face before me, I was convinced that my host was no other than the notorious Silas Cass. I felt a cold sweat break out on my forehead, and a terrible dryness seized my throat.—A fiend-like expression of delight spread over the wretch's face as he noticed these symptoms of terror; his thin lips were drawn back in a devilish grin; his eyes were fixed on me with the malicious gaze of a cat when watching a caged bird.

Gathering all the resolution I could master, I replied:

"I have heard of Silas Cass, but really can't believe the stories they tell about him. Some people are born unlucky, and it has been the misfortune of Cass to be placed in suspicious circumstances; but there has never been any proof of his guilt, and, therefore, I prefer giving him the benefit of the doubt; in fact, I think he is more sinned against than sinning."

The monster threw himself back and roared with laughter at what he thought my credulity, and pushing the whisky bottle toward me, he ordered me to take a drink.

I placed the bottle to my lips, and pretended to take a hearty draught, but very little of the fiery liquid entered my mouth.

"Wall, you are a queer cuss," said the ruffian. "Now I shouldn't be surprised if those saddle-bags hold a good amount of dollars?"

"A few," I replied; "and there is a tale belonging to them."

"Just so," said Silas, pushing the whisky towards me; "s'posin' you take another pull."

I took hold of the bottle, and kept it glued to my lips for such a length of time that Silas' eyes seemed ready to start out of their sockets.

"Guess you're a tall drinker, stranger," he said.

"Yes," I replied, in as drunken a voice as I could assume; "that's how I came by those dollars."

"Bully for you," grinned Silas; "I've heard of many a boy drinking himself out of a fortune, but ne'er a one that drank himself rich."

"O!" said he, opening wide his eyes.

"Yes," I replied; "I held a place in the Broadway Bank as one of the chief tellers, but I took to gaming and drinking, and lost all my money."

"Wall, that couldn't make you very rich."

"No, but in a fit of desperation I emptied my till, and the dollars are right there."

"Whew!" whistled Silas; "I guess you did it up pretty spry."

"You havn't any cards about you?" I asked.

"I guess I have though," he replied; "s'posin' we have a game of poker?"

My heart beat with delight as he drew a pack from his pocket, and grasping the cards I commenced dealing them with the assumed eagerness of a regular gamester.

I saw the wretch cheat me every time. I lost and lost, still I continued playing, only repeating my losses in a maudlin drunken way that made my companion roar with laughter. He commenced to thoroughly enjoy himself directly as he saw my misery. He lighted his pipe and began to smoke. He did not puff out the smoke as an ordinary man would have done, but opened his mouth and let the dense clouds roll round his horrible tusks and long thin tongue. Each time he won he seized the bottle and drank heavily of the whisky. When the bottle was finished he produced another from a small cupboard at the back of the hut. This soon disappeared, and was replaced by another; but the more he took the better he seemed. As he swept up my dollars he roared with delight, flinging his huge legs about in the most grotesque manner. He began chanting bits of songs, certainly not fit for respectable society. To make the scene more horrible the storm without had become so violent that the hut shook beneath the heavy claps of thunder, and the blue lightning flashed through the cracks between the logs that composed the walls, perfectly paling the red light of our fire, and nearly blinding me.

"Lost again!" shouted Silas, as he swept up my last few dollars. "Hear how the boys are playing skittles above; I guess that bowling saloon pays; they play pretty constant! What's your next stake?"

"I haven't a cent," I groaned.

"I'll play you five dollars against your saddle-bags."

I knew they would be his any way, and therefore staked them. Need I say I lost?

As Silas rose to procure some more whisky, I took the opportunity of scribbling a few lines upon the back of an envelope, which I slipped into a slit in my coat lining.

He made me stake my horse, my coat and waistcoat; in fact everything that I possessed. I lost all, and then threw myself back in despair, bewailing my bad fortune and rashness in having trusted to cards. Silas seemed highly delighted with my melancholy, consoling me with the assurance that there were plenty more banks in the world, and I might regain my fortune. After bearing his taunts for some time, I pretended to cry myself to sleep, but took care to place my face in such a position that I could see all that Silas did without appearing to watch him.

No sooner had my first snore sounded than Silas rose from the ground, and, drawing his revolver, advanced toward me.

"Of all the fearful darned fools I ever did meet, this one beats them all. He a thief! Bah! he is a disgrace to the profession. I s'pose its no use potting him; he can't bring anything against me. He lost all his money in play. Besides, he won't care about kicking up a noise in case of the bank finding him. And yet he would be safer."

As he spoke he levelled the pistol straight at my head. I shall never forget that terrible moment. I knew that the slightest movement would be the signal for my death, and so remained perfectly motionless; but the strange, horrid, cold calm that stole over me will never pass from my memory.

"Bah!" he said, putting up the pistol, "let him live; I've got the other one to attend to."

He turned away and left the hut, carefully closing the door behind him. I listened to his retreating footsteps, and when they sounded distant, I sprang to my feet. My first idea was flight, but a moment's consideration told me that that would be certain death. I crept to the door and peeped through the chinks in the wall.—The storm still raged, and by the constant flashing of the lightning I was enabled to see for some distance. Silas was coming toward the hut, carrying a heavy burden on his shoulders. He stopped by the side of a pond about ten yards from the building, and threw down his load—it was the body of a man. Silas then took some cords from his pocket, and with them bound a huge stone to the body. When this was done he picked up the ghastly object, and with more than human strength hurled it into the pond. The lightning gleamed out brightly; the pale, ghastly face seemed turning one appealing look to heaven for revenge; the cold, dull waters closed over it, and all was still again.

Struck with horror, I could scarcely move, and with difficulty regained my position by the fire before Silas returned.

Quietly taking off his own coat and waistcoat, which were as bad as they could be, he threw them into one corner of the room, and then, with all the coolness imaginable, dressed himself in my garments. He again left the hut with my saddle-bags, and a few minutes afterward I heard the ring of my horse's feet as he galloped away.

In a moment I had seized his coat and, putting it on, dashed from the hut in pursuit.

I ran until I was almost ready to drop. Still I pressed on; the spirit of revenge had entered my soul and bore me up. At last I saw a horseman crossing the hill. I knew the figure but too well—it was Silas Cass.

Till morning I dodged from bush to bush, keeping as close to him as I dare. Had I had a pistol with me I fear Silas would have stood a very poor chance. At last I perceived a party of horsemen riding towards us, and in a minute I burst from my hiding place, and commenced shouting as loud as I could:

"Stop him! stop him! he is a murderer!"

Silas looked quietly behind him, and seeing me running, drew his revolver, presented and fired. The bullet whistled close to my head, but did no damage.

By this time the horsemen heard my cries and were close upon Silas, who hesitated for a moment whether to attack me or not, but, seeing the party of horsemen were armed, he turned his horse's head as if to gallop across the country; but the leader of the horsemen swung his rifle round, and presenting it at Silas, called upon him to stop.

"I guess this is pretty shindy," said Silas, coolly, "all about a fellow who has lost his money at poker."

"Stop than man," I cried; "he has robbed me of my money, horse and clothes."

"Why, you darned viper," said Silas, "didn't you lose them to me fairly at poker, in the block hut?"

"No," I cried; "he robbed me there, and I call upon you to help me to arrest him for having committed murder. I saw him throw the body into a pond by the log hut last night. Expecting the same fate I wrote on an envelope these words: "I have been robbed and murdered by Silas Cass—J. M. Barter." You will find it in a slit in the lining of my coat which that man wears, for he is Silas Cass."

Scarcely had the words escaped my lips than Silas again presented his pistol, and this time with better effect, for the bullet pierced my arm, but at the same instant one of the horsemen dealt Cass a heavy blow with his rifle that laid him insensible on the ground.

Silas was handed over to the authorities and searched; my envelope was found upon him. The body was found in the pond as I had described. My story was told and proved true, and in a few days I had the satisfaction of knowing that Silas Cass was no more,

The Home Circle.

A Holy Spot.

It is common to speak of the house of public worship as a "holy place;" but it has no *exclusive* sanctity. The holiest spot on earth is that where the soul breathes its purest vows, and forms or executes its noblest purposes; and on this ground, were I to select the holiest spot in our city, *I should not go to your splendid sanctuaries*, but to the closets of private prayer. Perhaps the "Holy of Holies" among you is some dark, narrow room, from which most of us would shrink as unfit for human habitation; but God dwells there. He hears there music more grateful than the swell of all your organs; sees there a beauty such as Nature in her robes of Spring does not unfold; for there He meets, and sees and hears, the humblest, most thankful, most trustful worshipper; sees the sorest trials serenely borne; the deepest injuries forgiven; sees the toils and sacrifices cheerfully sustained, and death approached, through a lonely illness, with a triumphant faith. The consecration which such virtues shed over the obscurest spot is not and cannot be communicated by any of *those outward rites* by which our *splendid structures* are dedicated to God.—*Channing.*

"Kiss Me, Mamma."

"Kiss me, mamma, before I sleep." How simple a boon, yet how soothing to the little suppliant is that soft, gentle kiss! The little head sinks contentedly on the pillow, for all is peace and happiness within. The bright eyes close, and the rosy lip is revelling in the bright and sunny dream of innocence. Yes, kiss it, mamma, for that good night kiss will linger in memory when the giver lies mouldering in the grave. The memory of a gentle mother's kiss has cheered many a lonely wanderer's pilgrimage, and has been the beacon light to illuminate his desolate heart; for remember life has many a stormy billow to cross, many a rugged path to climb, with thorns to pierce, and we know not what is in store for the little one so sweetly slumbering, with no marring care to disturb its peaceful dreams. The parched fevered lip will become dewy again as recollection bears to the sufferer's couch a mother's love—a mother's kiss. Then kiss your little ones ere they sleep.

GIBBON says: "Every person has two educations; one which he receives from others, and one more important which he gives himself." Hard conditions draw out a man, and you and I are better for such an education. A man needs to be hackled and spun just as much as raw cotton does. And the best gin for him is, first oxy-gen (gin) for bodily health, and secondly the gin of grinding circumstances, to make a mental man of him.

He needs to be pulled through narrow places as much as the wire, before he will be fit for bridging the great gorges and chasms of life which swallow up the bloated and capon-lined.

If a man were offered ten times as many gold eagles as he could carry, he had better send them twenty miles from home and swear that he will never use one of them except that he walks back and forth for each one by one, before he spends it. A dollar is never worth a dollar to a man until he has given a dollar's worth of work for it by hand or brain.

CONSULT not with one that suspecteth thee; and hide thy counsel from such as envy thee.

Neither consult with a woman touching her of whom she is jealous; neither with a coward in matters of war; nor with a merchant concerning exchange; nor with a buyer of selling; nor with an envious man of thankfulness; nor with an unmerciful man touching kindness; * * * nor with an idle servant of much business: hearken not these in any matter of counsel.

But be continually with a godly man, whom thou knowest to keep the commandments of the Lord, whose mind is according to thy mind, and will sorrow with thee if thou shalt miscarry.—*Jesus the Son of Sirach.*

EVERY man who does a great work believes, as effective reformers always believed, that one with God is a majority.

Temperance Statistics.

Rev. E. W. Kirby on the Temperance Reform.

VALUABLE AND STARTLING STATISTICS!

This early advocate of Prohibition has a fashion of putting things *very squarely*. Deeply convinced of the ruin and misery the rum traffic is constantly producing, he feels conscientiously compelled to preach and pray against it as he does against other violations of God's law. In a very able sermon recently delivered in Chambersburg, and published at the joint request of his congregation and of McMurray Lodge of Good Templars, he discussed first: *The power of the party who favor the manufacture, sale and use of intoxicating liquors*, and then, *Who are responsible?* Crowed as we are for space, we nevertheless omit other matter to make room for the startling *statistics* he produces. We say *startling*; for who can read them unmoved—unawed? God only knows the sin and sorrow this horrid array of deplorable facts represents!

Read! and if you love your neighbors who have fallen among the worst thieves, *help to rescue them!* Read and ponder well:

The point under the first general proposition to which we invite your attention is: First,

The Numerical Force of this Power.

From an accurate estimate it appears that 600,000 persons per year, mostly young men, are brought down to the condition of common drunkards; 130,000 places are licensed to sell spirituous liquors in the United States and Territories, and 390,000 persons are employed in these grog shops. If we add to them the number employed in distilleries and wholesale liquor shops, we shall have at least 570,000 persons employed in sending their fellow mortals to premature graves.

The manufacture of beer alone employs, men	56,663
Add to the above	570,000
And you have	626,663

This is quite an army indeed, but add to this the unlicensed places, where the stuff is made and sold, and it is asserted that there are three-fourths as many unlicensed as there are licensed; but, to be on the safe side, suppose we take one-half, then we have 65,000 more places where sold, and 313,332 more engaged in it, which gives us the number of places sold at 195,000, and 939,995 persons engaged in the business. Now let us look at our figures and ascertain the result:

Places where it is manufactured and vended, 195,000.	
Persons engaged in it	939,995
Common drunkards	600,000
Fashionable drinkers (say two to one of common drunkards)	1,200,000
Beer and Ale drinkers	1,200,000
What is the aggregate?	3,939,995

And this too without the 195,000 places where it was made and sold. What do you think of it, temperance man, philanthropist, and Christian? Is there not work here for you, to reduce these figures? But then there is yet sad and heart sickening thought comes up from these figures, and it is this—that most of these persons are amongst the very best specimens of manhood, both physically and intellectually.

Having presented their numerical force, let us refer *Secondly*, to

Their Financial Strength.

Under this head we propose to show the money pledged against temperance; the money spent; what it consumes and what it costs; all of which is included in the financial strength of this party.

Good authority asserts that $2,000,000 are pledged in Pittsburgh and Allegheny cities, and $2,000,000 more in Philadelphia, and $2,000,000 more in Harrisburg, Reading and Lancaster, &c., amounting in the aggregate to ($6,000,000), six million dollars and more, in the State of Pennsylvania, against the Temperance reform, and to uphold the power of the rum party.

Let us now notice the capital invested in the nefarious business.

In the National Beer Congress, at their ninth annual session, at Newark, New Jersey, in June, 1869, the president presented statistics showing the total amount of capital employed directly and indirectly in the manufacture of beer to be....$105,000,000

Of which there is in Penn'a., $20,000,000	
Capt'l employed in distilleries	210, 00,000
Of which there is in Penn'a., $40,000,000	
Retailing, fixtures, &c.	50,000,000
Of which there is in Penn'a., $5,000,000	
You have an aggregate of	$365,000,000

What it Consumes and Destroys.

It carries annually more than 1,500,000,000 dollars to *Destruction*. A distinguished observer of the facts says: "All the crimes on earth do not destroy so many of the human race, nor alienate so much property, as drunkenness."

The Money Spent.

The people of the United States, according to the report of Commissioner Wells, swallowed from the counters of retail grog shops, in one year,

Liquors to the value of	$1,573,491,856
Of which there was drank in Penn'a	152,603,405

Now I propose to speak of what it costs the taxpayers of this country to keep up this power, and then make a grand aggregate and see what astounding results we arrive at.

What does it cost?

I propose to arrive at it by taking our own county. Look at these figures, the result of a most careful computation by the Rev. Franklin Dyson, for the year 1862. The whole expense of the county was $12,848.00, and it was discovered by close calculation that three-fourths of this amount, $9,636.00, was the result of that produced by the license system. The vending of intoxicating liquors, viz:

Poor House expenses	$5,297
Prison expenses	1,713
Court expenses	2,626
Total expenses	$9,636
The revenue from license that year was (deduct)	1,810
Balance of	$7,826

was paid by the citizens of Franklin county. What do you think of this, taxpayers?

But let us look at the figures still more startling than those. For the year 1870 (see the report of the Commissioners for the following):

Court expenses	$12,753.26
Arresting & committing vagrants	133.47
Poor House and Penitentiary	17,314.67
County jail prisoners	4,431.43
Whole expense	$34,632.83

In 1862 a close calculation gave us three-fourths of the whole expense. Now for 1871 let us be on the safe side.

Take two-thirds, which gives us	$23,088.56
Deduct for license, (and it is less than this)	2,500.00
And we have	$20,588.56

Which the property holders, and hard workingmen and women paid in the way of taxes, for the privilege of having rum sold in their county, which produced an untold amount of crime, suffering and degredation.

What do you think of this, taxpayers, for the year 1870? If it has increased so much since the year 1862, what will it be in the year 1880, or nine years hence? Should you not take the alarm?

For your own sake, for the sake of the children whom God has given you, citizens of Franklin county, I call upon you in the name of humanity, and our common christianity, to arouse from your lethargy and shake off this fearful incubus.

(For the above aggregated figures see the report of county commissioners in Franklin county *Repository*, Feb. 22, 1871, properly signed and audited).

Now we take Franklin county as the average (and it will fall below it), and make it the basis of our calculations, what does it give for the State of Pennsylvania?

Multiply, (throwing off the fractions	$20,588.00
by number of conties	66
	12352800
	12352800
And you have for Penn'a	$1,358,808.00
What does it give the U. S.? Multiply by (throwing in the Territories)	38
	1087046400
	407642400
	$51,634,704.00

Now we have as the aggregate on money invested in various shapes in this unfortunate business:

First, in the State of Pennsylvania:

1. Capital invested	
Beer	$ 20,000,000
Distillery	40,000,000
Retail, Fixtures, &c.	5,000,000
	$ 65,000,000
2. What this system of rum drinking consumes in the destruction of property, &c.	$ 20,000,000
3. Now swallowed annually by drinkers	152,608,405
4. What it costs for pauperism, crime, &c.	1,358,808
5. Pledged by the rum power against temperance reform, in Pennsylvania	6,000,000

Second, in the United States:

1. Capital invested	$ 365,000,000
2. What it consumes in one year	105,000,000
3. What the liquor drank costs in one year	1,573,491,856
4. Cost of pauperism, crime, &c.	51,634,704

—*Har. Vindicator.*

Miscellaneous.

THE KU-KLUX.

Return of the Sub-Committee from South Carolina.

Deplorable State of Affairs in that State — Testimony of the Victims—over one Hundred Cases of Whipping in one Township—Many Republicans Barbarously Mutilated— What the "Conservatives" say.

WASHINGTON, July 29.—The sub-Ku-Klux Committee, consisting of Senator Scott and Representatives Stevenson and Van Trump, reached Washington to-day, returning from a sojourn of four weeks in various parts of South Carolina, where they have been investigating Ku-Klux outrages on the spots where they occurred.

They first visited the Capital, Columbia. More than 100 refugees, who had fled from violence in various counties, were there, but, after examining witnesses for two days, the Committee determined to go closer to the scenes of alleged violence, and went to Spartanburg. They expected to remain there three or four days, but stayed eleven. When word got out through Spartanburg County that they were there, the whites and negroes, victims of violence, came in by scores every day, from all directions. Murders and cruel whippings by the Ku-Klux bands had so terrified them that in many neighborhoods nearly every negro man and Republican white man had slept in the woods for months every night. They showed scarified backs, gunshot wounds, maimed ears, and other proofs of the violence they had suffered.

In Limestone Springs township, 118 cases of whipping were proved. The Committee awoke every morning to find, in the yard by the hotel, a new crowd of victims of Ku Klux, some including whites, who had suffered outrages which cannot be described with decency. After being whipped, the victims, if well known persons, were often commanded, under pain of death, to publish a card renouncing the Republican Party. In a file of the South Carolina *Spartan*, the Democratic newspaper, forty-two such cards were found recently published.

At Unionville the Committee remained two days. Not an avowed white Republican was found in the place, though privately assured by a few that they would avow themselves if protected. The terror of the negroes here is complete. The last election was carried by a Republican majority, but the Republican county officers received Ku-Klux notices, and all resigned or fled. The policy there has been more toward murder and less toward whipping. The killing of ten negroes, taken from the jail by several hundred Ku-Klux, acting under military organization, was investigated. A prominent lawyer of the place, Mr. Shard, a Democrat, on cross-examination, startled the Committee by stating that he believed almost every respectable unmarried man in the community belonged to the Ku-Klux, and he believed a thousand Ku-Klux were within a day's march of that village. A negro Methodist preacher, named Louis Thompson, who had an appointment June 11th, at Goshen Hill Church, in Union County, received a Ku-Klux notice, in the usual form, not to preach. He preached, notwithstanding, to a very few, most of the congregation fleeing when they saw the notice. In the evening a clan of twenty mounted Ku-Klux came, tied him and whipped him, led him off several miles, dragging him part of the way tied to the horses, whipped him again until death, multilated him in a way that cannot with propriety be described, hanged him, and threw the body into the Tiger River, leaving a notice forbidding any one to bury him.

Before the Committee returned, Senator Scott sent Thompson's brother, now a refugee from Columbia, to Union County, with a letter to insure him a strong guard of United States cavalry, to go and bury the body, which was reported to be still lying, half decomposed, on the water's edge.

Two more days were spent in examining witnesses in Columbia. On returning from Spartanburg, one day was occupied in hearing the statements and general views of Gen. Wade Hampton and Gen. Butler, the Democratic candidate for Governor last Fall.

The Committee then visited York County, where they remained nearly a week. They discovered at Yorkville a bitter spirit among the white citizens. At supper at the hotel on the evening of their arrival, Major James Berry threw a pitcher of milk over the Hon. A. T. Wallace, the Representative of the District, and the Hon. J. E. Stevenson, of the Committee. They were just seating themselves at the table, and not a word had been spoken. Mr. Wallace jerked out a revolver and raised it to shoot Berry—the ladies screaming—but the landlord threw himself before Berry and Mr. Stevenson coolly caught Wallace's hand, and ordered the landlord to take that man out of the room. Half a dozen friends gathered around Berry, and he went out. In the course of an hour several citizens of prominence called to apologize in the amplest manner on behalf of Berry, who was willing to go on his knees if required for what he alleged was an unintentional affront to Mr. Stevenson. It was subsequently ascertained that the business had been discussed by Berry and his friends during the afternoon it was to be carried out, and that Berry had proposed to use hot coffee, but had finally decided on milk.

The colored band serenaded the Committee later in the evening. A crowd of young white men filled the porch of the hotel and were about the band frequently, cursing the negroes and the Yankees in an insulting manner. As the band went away the crowd followed and nearly filled the side-walk. The band and those with it (negroes) were kept by two village policemen from the sidewalk. One negro was thrust off by a policeman, who says the negro resisted and struck him. The negro and two men who were close by say the negro struggled to get away from the grip of the policeman, who seized, cursed and struck him, but that the negro did not strike. As he pulled away the policeman fired at the negro, and continued firing until he had inflicted five wounds. The man was still living when the Committee left. The testimony taken showed that both policeman and Mayor or Intendente were members of the Ku-Klux. No one was arrested.

The community in York county was found to be in almost utter social and political demoralization, the civil authorities being a useless farce and mockery of the victims of the Ku-Klux Klan. Col. Merrill, in command of a small force stationed there, an officer of high character and great energy, laid before the Committee the details of sixty eight cases of outrages which he had investigated, some of them most revolting and horrible. It was found impossible for the Committee to examine more than a small part of the crowds of whipped, maimed, or terror-stricken wretches who flocked in upon hearing of their coming. When the Committee adjourned, the building in which they had sat was filled, stairs, halls, and porches, with those waiting to be heard.

The usual course pursued, on arriving at a place, was to divide the time they expected to remain between the majority and the minority of the Committee. Judge Van Trump usually called two or three of the most prominent lawyers, who each occupied several hours in setting forth the Democratic view of affairs, giving their opinions on the relations of the two races, the inefficiency and corruption of the State Government, and the feeling of the white people toward the General Government. They always said they had heard of Ku-Klux, but never saw one. Generally, the "Conservatives" seemed to regard the Ku-Klux as a kind of Vigilance Committee, or irregular local police; did not consider them under a general organization, but simply to repress outbreaks. The majority then called for those who had seen and felt the Ku-Klux. The oaths, forms of proceeding in the Klan, councils, and modes of operation when riding on raids, were fully developed. Scores of men whom the proof showed to be Ku-Klux were examined, all of whom, except a few whose disclosures were full and important, denied any knowledge whatever of Ku-Klux. One who was shown to have been in several outrages swore that he had never heard of the existence of Ku-Klux in his life. Judge Van Trump subjected all the witnesses called by the majority to the most searching cross-examination.

The Ku-Klux Committee to-day adopted a resolution for the appointment of a sub committee of three members to hear the testimony of a few witnesses now on their way to Washington, when an adjournment will take place until the 20th of September.

Nearly 100 witnesses have been examined by the Congress Ku-Klux Committee in this city. The testimony is printed as the examination proceeds, and will make several large volumes.

LOVE BEST OF ALL BLESSINGS.—A woman may be sourrounded by all the luxuries which money can buy, and have the fawning friendship of people whose smiles only live in prosperity; but if she feels hereself unloved and alone in her heart, the crown jewel in her diadem of happiness is lost, things lose their value, and life becomes insufferably monotonous.

The honest, tender love of two brave hearts who have started out, and are struggling to gain a home for their little ones, and money enough to feed, clothe and educate them, makes life a thousand times more attractive and inspiring.

The President Judges throughout the State will receive a salary of $4,000 for the ensuing year, commencing the 1st day of June. The associate judges will receive in lieu of the salary now allowed by law five dollars for every day they may be employed in the discharge of their official duties. The salary of no associate judge shall be less than one hundred dollars. The judges of the Supreme Court have had their salaries raised to $7,000 a year.

The lady student who carried off the chemical prize at the University of Edinburg was the highest of two hundred and forty candidates. Having been declared ineligible to receive the prize on account of her sex, Sir Titus Salt sent her £100, but she declined to accept it.

Tad Lincoln.

The New York *Tribune* says: Most of those who read the dispatch announcing the death of Thomas Todd Lincoln will never think of the well-grown young gentleman who died on Saturday at Chicago. The name of "Tad"—a pet name given by himself with his first stammering utterances and adopted by his fond parents and the world—recalls the tricksy little sprite who gave to that sad and solemn White House of the great war the only comic relief it knew. The years that have followed spent in study and travel, produced an utterly different person. The Tad Lincoln of our history ceased to exist long ago. The modest and cordial young fellow, who passed through New York a few weeks ago, with his mother will never be known outside of the circle of his mourning friends. But "little Tad" will be remembered as long as any live who bore a personal share in the great movements whose center for four years was at Washington.

He was so full of life and vigor—so bubbling over with health and high spirits, that he kept the house alive with his pranks and his fantastic enterprises. He was always a "chartered lib