The Huntingdon Journal.

FRIDAY, - - - - JULY 14, 1876.

READING MATTER ON EVERY PAGE.

W. L. FOULK,
Agent of the Pennsylvania, Ohio and West Virginia Press Association,
Is the only person in Pittsburgh authorized to receive advertisements for the JOURNAL. He has our best rates.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Brief Mention--Home-made and Stolen.

Sweltering hot.

Camp meetings next.

Keep cool—if you can.

Candidates are looming up.

Berry parties are numerous.

Squirrels are reported scarce.

Several fine bass have been caught.

It is lawful to shoot timberdoodles.

Cherries have been a drug in the market.

The Silver Cornet boys make good music.

Picnics are few and far between this season.

You can shoot squirrels now—if you can find them.

The whortleberry crop promises to be immense.

Visitors are now wending their way to Bedford.

New potatoes seventy five cents a bushel and declining.

The school children are enjoying their summer vacation.

"Tis sweet to be remembered"—by those who owe the printer.

Rev. A. W. Decker, of Duncansville, spent the 4th in Huntingdon.

Al. Tyhurst, of the Tyrone *Herald*, looked in upon us one day last week.

Mifflin street at the Muddy Run crossing, has been very much improved.

The grain has been housed in good condition, and the crop was very prolific.

New subscribers are coming in, but we have room for all. Roll in, gentlemen.

Sunday night last wilted and melted people in a very unsatisfactory manner.

The saw-bones of the Juniata Valley pie-niced at Bell's Gap on last Friday.

Gen. D. S. Elliott declines being a candidate for Senator in the Bedford district.

The shower-bath, under the aqueduct, is well patronized by both old and young.

The banks of crooked creek are lined with gamblers—black and white—every Sunday.

Mrs. John P. Stewart, of Oneida township, died suddenly, on Monday last, of apoplexy.

One hundred and twenty empty beer kegs were shipped from this place one day last week.

It is said to be red hot in Philadelphia, by those who have returned within the last few days.

The shower, on the evening of the 4th, drove the dancers into the river bridge on a double quick.

A couple of dead rats graced Fifth street on Monday afternoon. Where's the health officer?

The old toll-bridge would be a good field for a missionary every Sunday afternoon and evening.

The mercury was up to 103° in the shade, at half-past one o'clock on Monday afternoon. Whew!

Mr. Clark, the venerable Express Agent on Broad Top, has been nursing a carbuncle on one of his hands.

Frank Higgins, esq., city editor of the Pittsburgh *Post*, spent last week in this place. He is a welcome visitor.

We need money very badly. We hope every man who owes us from a dime up will call and pay immediately.

Dr. Henry Orlady is home again from his annual Western tour, looking all the better for the travel and recreation.

The health committee should examine some of the filthy and epidemic-breeding gutters in some sections of the town.

There was a large quantity of beer drank on the 4th and everything passed off quietly.—Beer seldom makes men belligerent.

H. G. Fisher, esq, will be unanimously presented by this county, for the Republican senatorial nomination in all probability.

Huntingdon should have a bath-house, and if some enterprising individual will erect one he will find that it will pay handsomely.

Philadelphia drummers are coming to the country, in goodly numbers, to snuff the fresh air and to live cheap during the dull season.

Jake Zilius, of the Eagle Hotel, has started a Match Factory. A week or two ago, while preparing some chemical matter it ignited and severely burned him.

Councilman James Port is entitled to great credit for the manner in which our streets have been repaired. We thank him heartily for his attentions to Eighth street.

Poor old Jimmy Walls is perambulating our streets bare-footed and hungry, the butt of blackguard boys, and an evidence of the soulless and cold-blooded Shylocks that infest this locality.

No man ever gets all there is in a newspaper unless he reads the advertising columns attentively. They inform him who are the living men of the town, and he always finds where he can get the best bargains.

The western fever is getting strong again. Laborers and mechanics, thrown out of employment, are seeking the broad acres of the mighty west where they can sustain themselves without depending upon capitalists.

A Rochester boy was stung on the end of the tongue by a bee a few days ago. The member swelled to three times its natural size, and until the boy couldn't keep it in his mouth. Wouldn't that be a splendid dose for a scolding woman?

On Friday last a tramp, named Pomeroy, in attempting to board a morning freight train, in the vicinity of the coal wharf, immediately above this place, was thrown upon the track and severely, though not dangerously, wounded about the head.

There should be a general inspection of water closets about the town, if we are to keep off an epidemic this warm weather. The stench that arises from some of these places, after dark, is simply fearful. Let the proper committee give this matter its attention.

A Greene county hen last week laid an egg, upon the shell of which was clearly and plainly raised the figure of a snake, about three inches long with head poised for a blow. That county is so intensely Democratic that even the hens lay copperhead eggs.

Historical orations were not delivered at any of the celebrations in Huntingdon county on the Fourth of July. That field was left, by common consent, to Milton S. Lytle, esq., whose full and comprehensive work upon the history of the county, is now in the hands of the printer.

It is stated that the burning of brush after night is in violation of a statute of this State, and a penalty of $50 is attached in case the law is disobeyed. This item of information may be of interest to some of our rural readers. We presume the idea is that there is danger of the flames spreading to fences or buildings, and also of burning the woods in the vicinity.

Dr. Bull's Vegetable Pills for the cure for Liver Complaint, Bilious Affections, Headache, and especially Sick Headache, Pain in the Side, Stomach, Back or Intestines, Sick Stomach, Giddiness, Dimness of Sight, Weak Nerves, Loss of Appetite, Costiveness, Dyspepsia, Derangement of the Kidneys, and all delicate Female Complaints. For sale by all druggists at 25 cts. a box.

In a recent issue of the JOURNAL we noticed a challenge by some billiard player, in Tyrone, offering to play any man in Blair or Cambria counties, and asked to have Huntingdon included. The *Herald*, of the 29th ult., says we can go in. We name our friend, T. C. Fisher, esq., of this place, and will pit him against Tyrone's champion. Now for the time and place

Our across-the street neighbor, Bob. Westbrook, has leased the grove immediately in the rear of the fair grounds, on the banks of Crooked Creek, and intends fixing it up in good style for picnics and other gatherings. A large and substantial platform, for dancing purposes, will be erected immediately, where the followers of Terpsichore can "trip the light fantastic toe" two or three evenings of each week during the season. "Fun ahead."

The following post offices have been established in this county: East Broad Top, with Oliver E. Cook, postmaster; Paradise Furnace, Alonzo Trexler, postmaster, and Trough Creek, Clarence H. E. Plummer, postmaster. These are excellent appointments, and the establishment of these offices will prove a great convenience to the people in their respective neighborhoods. We hope that each postmaster will proceed to raise a large list for the JOURNAL at once.

A woman, named Morningstar, who resides at "the old Mill," on the opposite side of the river, in the "narrows," about one and a half miles west of this place, was bitten by a copperhead on Monday of last week. The snake had found its way into the house, and while she was attending to her household duties stepped upon it, when it bit her on the foot. She suffered considerably, but under medical treatment soon recovered from the effects of the virus.

Milton S. Lytle, esq, accomplished the task of preparing a history of Huntingdon county, and having it ready for the printer before the Fourth of July. The work is complete in its present form, probably more complete than the histories of other counties that are being written during the wresent year, but Mr. Lytle intends adding much matter of especial interest to the people of the county, and to be included in the volume now in course of publication, for circulation in the county. In a few weeks sample books will be ready for canvassers, when every house in the county will be visited, and it is to be hoped that he will obtain thousands of subscribers.

ALL HONOR TO THE COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.—We desire to return the hearty thanks of this community to the gentlemen who composed the Committee of Arrangements in getting up the demonstration on the 4th instant. They labored unceasingly from the inception of the project until their labors were crowned with success. In ordinary towns it is a matter of very little moment to get up a very respectable demonstration without scarcely an effort, but Huntingdon is an exception. It is extremely doubtful whether there is another town, of equal population, in the United States, where the matter has heretofore been so difficult. Five years ago we doubt whether it would have been possible. Then a cold, selfish disposition pervaded the entire community, (with here and there an honorable exception,) that chilled and froze every goodly impulse; men seemed to be wrapped up in themselves and cared no more for their neighbors and their enjoyment than if they were so many Chippewa Indians. There was no homogeneousness; no open-handedness · no hearty welcome to the stranger, in fact the stranger was too frequently scanned as if he were a rogue or a scoundrel. The rule appeared to be: Every man is supposed to be dishonest until his honesty is fairly established. And when the latter was fairly established he received no credit for it. Six years ago, or thereabouts, when we entered the town and realized the feeling which pervaded it we felt as if we had been transplanted from the warm and genial regions of the sunny south to the frigidity which surrounds the poles. Having been reared in a Tunker community, where every man's word, with scarcely an exception, was as good as his bond, and where open-handedness and generous hospitality were the rule, and selfishness almost unknown, it can be imagined how we struggled to accustom ourselves to the state of feeling around us, but, thank God, within the last five years, much of it has been wiped out. Still there is a thousand times too much of it even yet, but it is on the downward grade. The next generation will, in a measure, exterminate it. Our children must be taught liberality, unselfishness and integrity, at home and in the schools. They must learn that to be public spirited is patriotic; to be hospitable is christian, and that to be truthful is to be angelic. Yes, they must be taught that their word is as good as their bond. But to return to our subject. All the remnants of the feeling we have endeavored to portray this committee had to overcome. And we are proud to say they made it a glorious opening of the new century. They deserve, we repeat, the hearty thanks of the entire community for their unflagging, untiring and zealous efforts. God bless them and may they all live long into the new century which they have so zealously and successfully helped to inaugurate.

RESTORATION OF CONFIDENCE.—The best evidence of the restoration of confidence, in the community, is the fact that comparatively few liens are now being entered. A few months ago the records were crowded with liens, and executions were almost as abundant as domestic flies at this season of the year. Every individual who held a little or big judgment note felt insecure until he had it placed upon the record, and the credit of his debtor injured to the extent of the lien.—This, thank Providence, is no longer the feeling in the community and the officers find their duties in part, at least, very much diminished. Now, then, let the judgment note be driven from the community or confined to payments for real estate. It is the promoter of panics and thereby the ruination of communities. It robs the poor and depreciates the property of the rich. It is a curse to the legal profession, and a stumbling block to legitimate banking. Why not drive it out then and avoid its ruinous effects? We hold that no judgment note should be given, save for purchase money, (and then a mortgage is a thousand times better,) unless executed in the presence of two witnesses, one of whom should be a Justice of the Peace. The latter should be authorized to keep a record of the day, year and amount of the note given. This would cut up by the roots, the pernicious system of privately confessing judgments to friends, in dire extremities, and thereby permit them to carry off the assets which rightfully belong to honest creditors. There is, in our estimation, no door so widely thrown open for the permission of fraud, in addition to its other injurious tendencies, as the judgment note. Let the banks, the legal profession, the business men, and the public generally set their faces against it and it will soon be banished from the community and local panics will cease to occur.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.—THE OPINION OF THE PRESS.—Read it.—*Sprains, Dislocations, &c.*—We take great pleasure in recommending this deservedly popular medicine to our friends and patrons in particular, and to the public at large. We speak advisedly, being in a position to pronounce a reliable opinion from having used it at home, besides the economy of the article, as we have saved within the year more than one doctor's bill by having the Ointment on hand.—We have tried opodeldoc liniments, embrocations and pain extractors without end, but for the immediate cure of sprains, dislocations, wounds, bruises, cuts, burns, scalds, blotches, pimples, and cutaneous eruptions, we have found none so speedy or effectual as Holloway's Ointment.—*Herald*. 193

MIND, MATTER, MONEY, BEAUTY — Webster's Quarto Dictionary, as now published, has cost more intellectual labor, more money in its "getting up," and contains more matter, and a larger number of beautiful engravings, (3000 or more, with four pages of colored plates,) than any single volume ever before published for popular use in this or any other country. It is largely the standard in England as well as in this country.—Bell & Daldy, the publishers of Bohn's libraries, are the London publishers of this magnificent volume.

John Read & Sons' Concentrated Essence of Jamaica Ginger is the best preparation now in use for all Summer Complaints, cramps, cholera morbus, colic, etc. Give it a trial and be convinced. Also, Dr. Ellis' Worm Confections are guaranteed to expel worms, or money refunded. They are pleasant and agreeable to take.

Reported by R. McDIVITT, ESQ.

The Birthday of Freedom

Its Observance in Huntingdon.

The Town a Blaze of Patriotism.

The Old Century Rung Out---The New Rung In.

Enthusiastic Demonstration.

Immense Display of Bunting, Festoons and Wreaths.

Fire Crackers and Music—Civic and Industrial Procession—Firemen in Line —Young America—Arts, Trades, &c.—Oration—Balloon Ascension (?)—Illumination, &c., &c., &c.

To say that the great natal day of Liberty, and that which ushered in the second century of our national independence, was not celebrated and observed in a becoming manner by the citizens of our staid old town, would be an unwarrantable reflection upon the patriotism and public spirit of our community. It is enough, however, to know that the programme of exercises, as previously announced, was carried out promptly and fully, in all its details, by the excellent committee of arrangements, to whom too much credit cannot be awarded for the faithful and efficient discharge of the arduous and laborious duties assigned them, assisted as they were by those whole-souled and public-spirited citizens, who yielded no half-hearted aid in rendering the occasion a success, and one which would reflect due credit upon the name and memory of our people and town.

Preparations, on an ample scale, were commenced some days beforehand, and perhaps never before in the history of our country, were the flowers of the garden, and the evergreens of the forest, the hemlock, the pine and the laurel called upon for so heavy a tribute to the cause of patriotism, civilization and humanity. These were rapidly and almost magically transformed into wreaths, festoons and beautiful devices, by the fair hands of the ladies, who, with that energy and patriotic devotion, characteristic of our towns-women, worked with the patience of ants and the energy of beavers, in the sweltering sun of day and during the sultry hours of night, in making a suitable preparation for the coming occasion.

The work of decorating buildings began early on the morning of the third, and long before evening few buildings, either public or private, were left unadorned, or unfurnished with the most elaborate and tasteful displays of evergreens, flowers, emblems and patriotic mottoes, while from roof top and window, were to be seen the modest and graceful folds of the red, white and blue, as it fluttered in the breeze. Triumphal arches, with pendant festoons, and a most liberal and attractive display of bunting, spanned the entrance to the principal streets and were flung from housetop to housetop along the crowded thoroughfares, contributing largely to the gorgeousness of the scene and forming an interesting and attractive feature of the occasion.

The celebration exercises were inaugurated early on Monday evening by the already effervescing patriotism of Young America, which manifested itself in the wildest enthusiasm, the most hilarious merriment, and the utmost noise which the firing of crackers, shouts, confusion, and general devilry could produce.

The ringing of the church bells at 12 o'clock was the signal for the ushering in of the new century, and from that time on till daylight the good natured citizens submitted to the deprivation of that sleep which was out of the question, comforting themselves with the reflection that the next centennial occasion might perhaps be ushered in a little more quietly, the novelty of the affair having by that time in some measure subsided.

Early religious services were held in some of the churches. The Baptist church, which had inaugurated the exercises on the Sabbath previously by a beautiful and tasteful decoration of the building, and an appropriate sermon, and Sabbath School concert, occupied the hour intervening between 5 and 6 o'clock in devotional exercises appropriate to the opening of the new century in our nation's existence.

Immense crowds of people from the surrounding country were in attendance at a very early hour in the morning; business was generally suspended and all united in the general festivities. The procession formed at 10. a m. on Third street, which from Penn to Mifflin, was a mass of struggling humanity as each division assumed its appropriate place in the line of march.

The procession consisted of,
Chief Marshal Bathurst, with his Assistants and Aids, all mounted.
The Huntingdon Silver Cornet Band,
Members of Council and Orators, in carriages,
The Independent Hook and Ladder Company,
Phoenix Fire Company,
Huntingdon Fire Company,
Juniata Fire Company.
Fire Companies from Tyrone,
Young America, with the Centennial Gun,
The Representatives of the Different Trades,
Base Ball Clubs,
Alexandria Band,
Independent Order of Odd Fellows,
Citizens, &c.,

and presented an imposing and highly attractive appearance as it moved on its line of march, through the principal streets, and returned to the yard in the rear of the Court House, where a stand was erected and seats prepared for the guests, and where the exercises were opened with prayer by Rev. F. B. Riddle.

Whittier's Centennial Hymn was then rendered by the Huntingdon Centennial Glee Club.

The Declaration of Independence was read by J. M. Bailey esq., and a Centennial Overture, composed for the occasion by Prof. J. A. Neff, was rendered by the Huntingdon Silver Cornet Band.

Dr. J. H. Wintrode was then introduced by Frank W. Stewart, esq., of the committee of arrangements, and delivered the oration of the day, as follows:

We are assembled to-day in obedience to that natural impulse which prompts a people do hon or to its past. We are here to celebrate the severe and appropriate services the Centennial anniversary of our National Independence; to commemorate the day that beheld three millions of people liberated from the bonds and chains of a foreign vassalage, and taking their proper position among the nations of the earth. And, my fellow-citizens, we should celebrate this day in a spirit and manner worthy of the events that we commemorate. We should meet together this day as the children of the same great family, having a common heritage, a common interest, and a common destiny. If all private, and local, and political disputes, and all sectarian strifes and jealousies cannot this day be forgotten, we are unworthy of our high birthright. John Adams very clearly predicted the proper observance of the day when he wrote: "I am apt to believe that the day will be celebrated as the day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to Almighty God, and by pomp, games, shouts, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations from one end of the country to the other, and from this time forward forevermore." What heart does not dilate with feelings peculiar to this occasion, and what a host of interesting recollections spring up in the mind when we reflect upon "the times that tried men's souls."—The narrative of the Pilgrim Fathers, in the spirit of holy zeal forsaking the land of their birth, braving the winds of heaven, and the angry wrath of the mighty ocean, landing on the wild and rugged rock of Plymouth, and planting the seeds of a holy religion, as well as laying the foundation of a mighty Republic, destined to be unexampled in the extent of its territory, the rapid increase of its population, its material resources, and the equality and justice of its political institutions, and of those fields of fame on which the hoary locks of the sire "lay clotted in the purple gore of the son," where the traces of the revolutionary fort and ditch remain, in which our fathers knelt in prayer, and battled for the cause of freedom; all these things beautifully and vividly revive in the mind on this centennial of our nation's existence.

One hundred years have now rolled round since the glorious declaration of the rights of men, which has just been so admirably read in your hearing, was proclaimed to the civilized world; and in vain do we search the page of history for the record of an event that adorns it with greater lustre, or that more eminently distinguishes the persons amongst whom it took place, for their patriotism, their virtue and their valor. "Wiser, far wiser than those who have attempted a similar work in other lands and beneath other skies, they sought not to destroy any vested rights; they set up no false notions of equality, nor the oppression of the many for the tyranny of the few; neither did they undertake to sever the chain which bound them to an honorable past. They sought rather to make virtue and intelligence the test of manhood; they sought to strike down perogative and privilege, and open the gates of happiness to all alike. And, my fellow-citizens, if there be anything great, if there be anything noble, if there be anything precious and invaluable in the American Revolution, it is just this, it has secured for all men an equal chance in life." Then, too, it has demonstrated man's capacity for self government. It has shown him his just, natural and inalienable rights and it has taught him, too, that his greatest privilege is to be free.

Let us for a moment endeavor to go back in imagination to the 4th of July, 1776. Let us enter that shrine of American liberty, old Independence Hall. See those patriotic men pondering upon the magnitude of the step about to be taken! There are Jefferson, and Adams, and Lee, and Hancock, and Hopkins, and Livingston; there, too, are our own Morris, and Rush, and Franklin, and Morton, and Clymer, and Smith, and Taylor, and Wilson, and Ross. Silence, deep, solemn, profound silence reigns throughout the Hall! There are those there that seem to waver. See that aged man arise.—He casts a look of inexpressible interest and unconquerable determination upon his fellow-patriots. Hear him as in slow, solemn, tremulous accents he speaks: "Mr. President, there is a tide in the affairs of men, a nick of time, we perceive it now before us. That noble instrument upon your table which secures immortality to its author, should be subscribed to this very day by every member of this house!—He who will not respond to its call—he who falters now is unworthy the name of freeman!—Sir, these gray hairs must soon descend into the tomb, but I would rather they should descend thither by the hand of the executioner, than desert at this crisis the sacred cause of my country." He is silent, but the fire of patriotism he has kindled is burning in every bosom in that assembly, and the glorious deed is done.

What was it, fellow-citizens, that induced these noble men to take this bold and praise-deserving step? Assuredly, they were not unconscious of the dangers of such a course. "The disparity between the power of Great Britain and that of the colonies, was more apparent to them than it can ever be to us. They saw the first power of the age fresh from the memorable battles in which she had destroyed the naval and colonial power of France. The air still rang with the cheers with which they themselves had greeted her successive triumphs, the honor of which they had come to look upon as their own. Her armies had been triumphant in every land; her fleets victorious on the most distant seas."—They knew therefore the significance of their act; they knew that should the experiment fail, proud England would rise in all her might, and vindicate the honor of her insulted majesty.—And as was there grimly said at the time, they knew they must all "hang together, or all hang separately." It was therefore from purely patriotic motives that they acted.

History records many instances of true patriotism, and of self-sacrificing devotion to country. It records the acts of Lycurgus, the great Spartan law-giver, who furnished Sparta with a code of wholesome laws, exacted from his countrymen a promise of implicit obedience to those laws till his return, and then leaving Sparta to return no more forever; thus seeking to secure the permanence of his constitutions by a voluntary banishment from his country. And, although such a course would at this day be discountenanced, making due allowance for the age in which, and the people amongst whom, it took place, it can be regarded in no other light than that of self-sacrificing devotion to country. The defence of Thermopylæ, by Leonidas, and the sacrifice of himself and his three hundred heroic Lacedemonians, is another eminent example of self-sacrificing devotion to country, and well might they erect a monument to tell to posterity the tale, with the beautiful inscription thereon: "Tell it in Lacedemon, that we died here in obedience to the laws of our country." But neither of these incidents, or any other recorded in history, excels or equals in any of the attributes or characteristics of a true, healthy and enlightened patriotism, that decisive act in which it was declared that "these united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states."

But while our thoughts are thus directed to the worth of those who first unfurled to the breeze the star spangled banner of freedom, we must not forget the men of equal worth and patriotic valor who marched through blood and carnage beneath its flying folds, until it waved in security and peace over this "land of the free and home of the brave." Led on by their patriot chieftain, the immortal Washington, whose confidence rested in the arm of Omnipotence alone; guided by his wisdom and directed by his sagacity, the American people entered on the unequal contest, fearless of the issue. Their battle cry was "Victory or Death," and they fought like men determined to be free; and after eight long years of triumphs and defeats, of varied successes and reverses, victory perched upon their banner. The symbol of peace again hung in the retiring clouds, and the United States of America, from the very misery of oppression, stood before the world, the fairest, freest and the best nation ever gazed on by mortal man.

"The true American patriot feels that he has a name which demands his highest, and noblest offering of patriotism, and he yields the first fruits of his genius and of his heart to his country. He loves her with the gushing fullness and unselfish devotion of the heart's first and purest love. And how could it be otherwise? Her soil claims a parent's right to that love; and were it as cheerless as winter, could he love it less than the Switzer loves his barren cliffs? Were it as torrid as Arabia, could he cherish it less than the Bedouin his own land? But the grandeur and beauty of this boon land of his birth, where lavish Nature seems to have gathered her wonders as for a race of free giants,—the clustered isles of her sublime and solemn forests, the cataract voices that thunder amongst her hills, the rivers that sweep with queenly magnificence among vallies, the loveliest that zephyr ever visited,—how could these be his own and be unbeloved? And then her annals, rich in the unrivalled triumphs of a calm and christian heroism, of valor and of virtue, and more, and far greater than all her liberty, calm and crimeless, lofty and self sustained, that lifts her far above all ancient and modern comparison, the morning star of the nations, leading in the onward march of Christian civilization, of progress, and humanity!—Why, he would be duller than the dullest clod of the valley did his heart not swell with exulting gratitude to the God who made such a land and made him a child of such a bosom. It is wise, therefore, that he loves his native land, and loves it thus; not with a cold sense of filial duty merely, the trickling of an icy patriotism, but with a full and free passion that regards a single life as too poor an offering for such a country, and would give it, not grudgingly or with reluctance, but freely, as the sun does its light or the heaven its dew, would pour out his young, warm blood in the battle and bless each sacrificial drop as it bubbles forth. Oh, more than mountains or rivers, or even wealth, and splendor or greatness, is this spirit the true glory of our land. And this spirit, let me say, is no idle dream, no phantasm of the imagination; it is a presence and a reality. It lives, and moves, and has its being in every pulsation of the mighty heart of our country. And when the shadows darken and the peril comes, it will stand forth, mightier than any mere inanimate, physical power, to save and to achieve."

It is held by some that we have greatly degenerated; that we have retrograded into a more shallow and more vulgar race than our forefathers; that there are no such intellectual giants and no such lofty emotions in these latter days. Where, in our Congress, it is asked, are the white headed Reyton, Randolphs, the Washingtons, the Lees, and the Jays? It is the sentimental habit of every age to decry, disparage, and underrate itself. When the patriots of 1774 met in Carpenters' Hall, they bewailed the spirit of Cromwell's day, until the firing of the first bomb into Boston revealed and brought to light the some stern courage and unyielding integrity in themselves. So, too, the firing of the first gun at Sumpter, in 1861, arrayed us, in a single month, under one banner or another, men who, whatever their mistakes of judgment were, surely were not influenced by any considerations of gain, but who offered their lives freely for an idea which seemed to them the wisest and the best. In times of piping peace, when money spending seems to be our only business, and money getting assumes with all of us the greatest importance, the Lincolns and Sumners, and may I say it, the Lees and Stonewall Jacksons, go into the background, and the Tweeds the Credit Mobilier men and carpet baggers come to the front, and the hero of Fort Fisher and Dutch Gap, and the Winnebago chieftains become leaders; but notwithstanding all this, we do believe that this day, we firmly and honestly believe, as brawny a race of men, mentally and morally, as our forefathers; quite as genuine and quite as God-fearing, although they may show it in a different fashion.

"The true American patriot recognizes the sublime fact that the equality of the human race, equal rights on earth and an equal destiny in Heaven, was first taught by Christianity; that the hopes of a Republic are dreams, idle, shadowy and futile, unless sustained by the faith of the Christian; that the ambition is mean that pauses this side of Heaven; that the patriotism is false which leans only on the earth; that he cannot love his country who will not love his God, and that

'He is a freeman whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves beside.'"

My good friends, "This anniversary is about gone by forever, and my task is done. While I have spoken the hour has gone from us; the hand has moved upon the dial, and the old century is dead. The United States of America have endured one hundred years. And here, on the threshold of the future, at the opening of the new century, surely the voice of humanity shall not plead with us in vain. There shall be darkness in the days to come, danger for our country, temptation for our virtue, doubt for our faith, and suffering for our fortitude. A thousand shall fall before us, and tens of thousands on our right hand, the years shall pass beneath our feet, and century follow century in quick succession. The generations of men shall come and go, the greatness of yesterday shall soon be forgotten, the glories of this day shall vanish before to-morrow's sun, but America shall not perish, but shall endure while the spirit of the fathers animates their sons."

The exercises were concluded with music, "Star Spangled Banner," by the Huntingdon Centennial Glee Club.

The balloon ascension was next on the tapis, and was expected to be the crowning feature of the occasion; accordingly all eyes were turned towards the "Diamond," where the monster "Republic" was being inflated as rapidly as possible, and which was soon filled with an eager surging expectant crowd of spectators, holding the position with the impatient tenacity of such assemblies, and, amid the scorching rays of a pitiless sun, with the thermometer ranging far up in the "nineties," waiting for the skyward journey of the aerial voyager to commence.

At a few minutes past three o'clock, Miss Ihling, the female aeronaut, arrayed in her gorgeous costume of the Goddess of Liberty, the rich spangles of which were only visible beneath the folds of the linen duster which enveloped her person, and her flowing auburn ringlets partially confined by the folds of a blue turban, made her appearance on the scene and seated herself for a few moments, the cynosure of all eyes, awaiting the final preparation, not however without casting certain ominous glances towards the western heavens, where a terrific storm cloud had for some time been gathering, and which now threatened momentarily to burst in all its fury.

The process of inflation, under the direction of Prof. Wise, who superintended all the arrangements, was almost completed; but the storm was coming with frightful rapidity. The squadrons of the air were forming in line of battle; the huge air-ship, like some mighty ethereal monster impatient to be gone, fretted and strained upon her cables threatening to drag the sand-bag anchorage that held her to *terra firma*, and it was manifestly apparent that unless she could be released speedily, all hopes of a successful ascension were at an end. But the denoument came. The final preparations were completed; the aeronaut, flag in hand, was preparing to take her place in the basket which was being secured to its moorings;—the Band awaited the signal for striking up the national air which was to greet her departure;—ten minutes more and she would have been "above the storm's career," and beyond the reach of human vision, on her journey to the regions of cloudland;—when—the storm burst, and with it, almost simultaneously, the balloon. The huge monster of the air gave one or two convulsive starts toward its native element; then with an undulating motion, swayed to and fro, like a drunken man; once it almost flattened itself on the earth, to the imminent danger of the attendants, then righted itself, swayed, and righted again, when the storm struck her. One dull heavy thud,—one or two tremulous convulsive heavings, like the death throes of a mighty giant, and the mammouth air-ship, which a few moments before had assumed such tremendous proportions and such a swaggering air of defiance to the elements, now lay prone upon the earth, a mangled, shapeless mass of shreds and network: her gaseous contents had mingled with thin air, and the ascension for that day was over. But no time was left for moralizing, for philosophizing or grumbling: the elemental contest was now raging in all its fury, and the action had become general along the entire line; the crowd, so long waiting on the *qui vive* of expectancy, with the instinct of self preservation dispersed as rapidly as possible to seek shelter from the torrent of rain which followed the bursting of the storm-cloud, and which placed an effectual quietus on the festivities of the day.

The concluding exercises of the evening consisted in a general and extensive illumination of private dwellings, in which most of our prominent and wealthy citizens availed themselves of the opportunity of attesting their patriotism, notwithstanding the inclement and threatening aspect of the weather, and which presented a brilliant, and highly interesting sight, creditable alike to the energy and public spirit of our people, and in the absence of any pyrotechnic display, forming a most appropriate and beautiful feature of the concluding exercises of a day long to be remembered.

Everything passed off harmoniously and without confusion or accident, and although some unfortunates were evidently under the influence of an over-dose of "bug juice," yet it is alike noteworthy and creditable that no arrests were made, and very few drunken men were seen on the streets.

AT ORBISONIA.

We give a condensed account of the proceedings of the celebration held here yesterday, in honor of the one hundredth birthday of our nation. Want of room compels us to omit the speeches.

The day dawned one of the most beautiful of the season, and was ushered in the usual noisy manner. Before seven o'clock delegations began to arrive from the different townships of this and other counties, and long before the hour set for the forming of the procession the streets were crowded.

At half past seven a large and beautiful flag, 20 feet in length, was raised to position on the large pole, in the diamond. This is the highest flag pole in the county. The Orbisonia drum corps played "Rally Round the Flag" after which three rousing cheers were given for the old flag.

The procession was formed in the following order: Orbisonia drum corps, in new uniforms, fantasties, wagon containing little girls carrying flags with the names of the States printed on them, a young lady dressed as the Goddess of Liberty, seated on an elevated platform, followed by a body guard of little boys handsomely dressed, Orbisonia Lodge, and citizens. Capt. H. G. Tarr, was chief marshal, with the usual number of aids. The procession formed in the diamond and marched to the depot to meet those coming by train.

The trains arriving at 9.03 from Mt. Union and Robertsdale were crowded. The train from Robertsdale contained two brass bands, one from Cassville and one from Broad Top City, and several lodges Odd Fellows and societies. Over 300 persons got on the first train at Robertsdale, and the train was unable to carry all the passengers from the intermediate stations, and another section had to be run to accommodate all.

On the arrival of these trains the procession re-formed in the following order: Orbisonia drum corps, fantastics, wagon containing children, little boys, carriages containing ministers, speakers and committee of arrangements, Cassville band, Orbisonia Odd Fellows, visiting Odd Fellows, Broad Top City Band, Broad Top Societies, other visiting societies, and citizens. The procession moved from the depot at 9.30 o'clock over the principal streets of the town and thence to the grove.

At 10 o'clock, a flag raising in front of the Markle House, immediately after which, the assemblage was called to order by A. W. Sims, the Cassville Band played "Hail Columbia" after which prayer was offered by the Rev. Wm. Prideaux, returning thanks to Almighty God for his watchfulness over us in the past and invoking a continuance of it in the future. The Glee Club sang the Centennial Hymn, after which Mr. Tarr read the Declaration of Independence in an impressive manner. The audience then sang the "Star Spangled Banner." Mr. Sims then introduced the Hon. John M. Reynolds, of Bedford, the orator of the day. Mr. Reynolds held the immense audience almost spell-bound for over an hour. He spoke of the hardships endured by those who in the trying times of the revolution gave their all, as it were, to secure the blessings we now enjoy: he spoke of the trials of civil war we have passed thro' for the preservation of the union intact; of our now being at peace with the whole world. He also pointed out the dangers that beset us on every side; the danger of mal-administration of officers, corruption in high places, and bribery, and stated the remedy to be with the people themselves. Mr. Reynolds is a fluent speaker, and had we room we would have liked to publish the speech in full. He was followed by the Rev. B. B. Hamlin D. D., of Chambersburg, in a few well timed remarks, on the rise and progress of the nation and of America since its discovery by Columbus.

Speaking being over, dinner was served to all those who could get near the table; the multitude was so great that it was impossible to accommodate, but the committee spared no pains to furnish provisions for all.—and there was plenty for all—the multitude could have had patience to wait their turn.

After dinner the enjoyment of the day began, as the crowd separated and dispersed through the grove to enjoy themselves in some of the different amusements provided. A large platform was erected for dancing, swings were put up in different parts of the grove, a greased pole was up for those desiring to climb it; arrangements for playing base ball were provided, and other amusements. Soon every one was apparently enjoying themselves to their utmost.

At 2 o'clock the tournament came off. Six knights were entered for the riding. The successful knight was Dr. W. T. Browning, the second best was B. F. Ripple.

Dancing in the evening was spoiled by the rain.

The crowd was estimated at 4,000 and we believe every one went away satisfied that it "was good for them to be here" to unite with their fellow citizens in this centennial jubilee of American freedom in pledging their continued watchfulness over the welfare of our nation in the future so that their children and children's children may celebrate with pride the two hundredth anniversary of this day.

The very best of order was mantained on the ground.—*Orbisonia Leader.*

AT BIRMINGHAM.

The first hour of the twenty-four of the glorious Centennial Fourth was passed in firing guns, beating drums and ringing church, school and dinner bells. When morning dawned flags were unfurled and all the inhabitants busy.

At 10 o'clock the citizens of the town and vicinity assembled at Laurel Springs, and John Owens, (aged 87,) was called to the chair, James Thompson, John Copley, David Cree, S. E. Russell, Samuel Gensemer, Jacob Cryder, Abraham Smith and Jesse Beight chosen as Vice Presidents.—(average age of Vice Presidents 77 years.)

The Glee Club sung "Glory to God in the Highest," followed by a very appropriate prayer by Rev. Dr. Wilson of the Presbyterian church. The "Flag of our Country," was sung. The Declaration of Independence was read by Rev. H. K. Wharton, of the M. E. church, in a clear voice, and with distinct connections. "America" was then sung by all who had a mouth to sing. Col. G. W. Owens was then called to deliver an oration in which he acquitted himself grandly. Subject: "Our Country in contrast with the Old World." He gave a very clear history from the landing of the Pilgrims to the present, and in the future were possibilities that we now can scarcely dream of. Then the Glee Club sung that soul inspiring song, "Our Beautiful Flag," in such a happy and joyous way, which was as much as to say, "Colonel, if future clubs can surpass that, then we will sing no more at Centennial celebrations." Rev. Dr. Wilson then addressed the children. Subject: "Our Flag." He advised them to keep it clean, but if the white must be made red to protect it, *then make it so.* The Doctor was followed by Rev. J. Shearer, of the U. B. church, subject: "Husbandry," which was well delivered. After which Rev. R. H. Wharton delivered an address, subject: "The Bible—The Flag." Then was sung "The Star Spangled Banner." When Rev. Shearer pronounced the benediction. The ladies who are always at work, had the largest table that was ever seen in the grand old Laurel Spring Grove filled from end to end and more unopened baskets to follow. The multitude had gathered around to satisfy the cravings of the physical. At 7 o'clock religious services were held in two of the churches. At night a good display of fire works were had in honor of the occasion. *

AT DUDLEY.

The Dudley Union Sabbath School celebrated the Fourth by having a Basket Picnic. Addresses were made by Rev. John Palmer and A. S. Brooks. Reading Declaration of Independence by A. S. Brooks. The ladies and gentlemen furnished the music for the occasion. Miss Mary S. Miller presided at the organ with her usual grace and fine effect. Swings were also erected for the use of all who were present. Innocent games and pastimes were instituted for the pleasure of both young and old. On the whole, the day passed off with much profit and pleasure, end the patriotic fire seemed to burn on the hearts of all who participated in this our Centennial Anniversary. May we never forget what our patriotic fathers did for us on July 4. 1776. X.

CENTENNIAL EXERCISES.—The members of the Baptist Church, attested their patriotism, on last Sabbath a week, by a series of exercises appropriate to the occasion of the opening of the new century, in our Nation's history, consisting of a sermon, in the morning, by the pastor, Rev. D. W. Hunter, and in the evening, by an interesting Sabbath School concert, under the direction of K. A. Lovell, esq., Superintendent, assisted by the officers and teachers. The exercises were interesting, attractive and very appropriate, and the Superintendent is certainly entitled to great credit for the amount of labor and care bestowed on the matter, in order to render it a success. The building inside was beautifully and tastefully decorated, by the ladies, if we mistake not, for the occasion, with evergreen wreaths, boquets, flags, and other patriotic designs, and presented a very elegant and ornate appearance.

The discourse, by the pastor, in the morning, was from