The Huntingdon Journal.

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The Huntingdon Journal.

J. R. DURBORROW, - - J. A. NASH,

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

Office in new JOURNAL *Building, Fifth Street.*

THE HUNTINGDON JOURNAL is published every Friday by J. R. DURBORROW and J. A. NASH, under the firm name of J. R. DURBORROW & Co., at $2,00 per annum IN ADVANCE, or $2.50 if not paid for in six months from date of subscription, and $3 if not paid within the year.

No paper discontinued, unless at the option of the publishers, until all arrearages are paid.

No paper, however, will be sent out of the State unless absolutely paid for in advance.

Transient advertisements will be inserted at TWELVE AND A-HALF CENTS per line for the first insertion, SEVEN AND A-HALF CENTS for the second and FIVE CENTS per line for all subsequent insertions.

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	3m	6m	9m	1 yr		3m	6m	9m	1yr
1 In	$3 50	4 50	5 50	8 00	¼col	9 00	18 00	$27	$ 36
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JOB PRINTING of every kind, Plain and Fancy Colors, done with neatness and dispatch. Hand-bills, Blanks, Cards, Pamphlets, &c., of every variety and style, printed at the shortest notice, and everything in the Printing line will be executed in the most artistic manner and at the lowest rates.

Professional Cards.

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

DR. A. B. BRUMBAUGH, offers his professional services to the community. Office, No. 523 Washington street, one door east of the Catholic Parsonage. [jan4,'71

E. C. STOCKTON, Surgeon Dentist. Office in Leister's building, in the room formerly occupied by Dr. E. J. Greene, Huntingdon, Pa. [apl28, '76.

GEO. B. ORLADY, Attorney-at-Law, 405 Penn Street, Huntingdon, Pa. [nov17,'75

G. L. ROBB, Dentist, office in S. T. Brown's new building, No. 520, Penn Street, Huntingdon, Pa. [apl12,'71

H. W. BUCHANAN, Surgeon Dentist, No. 228, Penn Street, Huntingdon, Pa. [mch17,'75

H. C. MADDEN, Attorney-at-Law. Office, No. —, Penn Street, Huntingdon, Pa. [ap19,'71

J. FRANKLIN SCHOCK, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Prompt attention given to all legal business. Office, 229 Penn Street, corner of Court House Square. [dec4,'72

J. SYLVANUS BLAIR, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Office, Penn Street, three doors west of 3rd Street. [jan4,'71

J. W. MATTERN, Attorney-at-Law and General Claim Agent, Huntingdon, Pa. Soldiers' claims against the Government for back-pay, bounty, widows' and invalid pensions attended to with great care and promptness. Office on Penn Street. [jan4,'71

J. R. DURBORROW, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa., will practice in the several Courts of Huntingdon county. Particular attention given to the settlement of estates of decedents. Office in the JOURNAL building.

L. S. GEISSINGER, Attorney-at-Law and Notary Public, Huntingdon, Pa. Office, No. 230 Penn Street, opposite Court House. [feb5,'71

R. A. ORBISON, Attorney-at-Law. Patents Obtained. Office, 321 Penn Street, Huntingdon, Pa. [my31,'71

S. E. FLEMING, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa., office in *Monitor* building, Penn Street. Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business. [aug5,'74-6mos

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, Penn Street. [apl9,'71

Miscellaneous.

HEALTH AND ITS PLEASURES,

— OR —

DISEASE AND ITS AGONIES:

CHOOSE BETWEEN THEM.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

NERVOUS DISORDERS.

What is more fearful than a breaking down of the nervous system? To be excitable or nervous in a small degree is most destressing, for where can a remedy be found? There is one:—drink but little wine, beer, or spirits, or far better, none; take no coffee,—weak tea being preferable; get all the fresh air you can; take three or four Pills every night: eat plenty of solids, avoiding the use of slops; and if these golden rules are followed, you will be happy in mind and strong in body, and forget you have any nerves.

MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS.

If there is one thing more than another for which these Pills are so famous, it is their purifying properties, especially their power of clensing the blood from all impurities, and removing dangerous and suspended secretions. Universally adopted as the one grand remedy for female complaints, they never fail, never weaken the system, and always brings about what is required.

SICK HEADACHES AND WANT OF APPETITE.

These feelings which so sadden us, most frequently arise from annoyances or trouble, from obstructed prespiration, or from eating and drinking what is unfit for us, thus disordering the liver and stomach. These organs must be regulated if you wish to be well. The Pills, if taken according to the printed instructions, will quickly restore a healthy action to both liver and stomach, whence follow, as a natural consequence, a good appetite and a clear head. In the East and West Indies scarcely any other medicine is ever used for these disorders.

HOW TO BE STRONG.

Never let the bowels be confined or unduly acted upon. It may appear singular that Holloway's Pills should be recommended for a run upon the bowels, many persons supposing that they would increase relaxation. This is a great mistake, however; for these Pills will immediately correct the liver and stop every kind of bowel complaint. In warm climates thousands of lives have been saved by the use of this medicine, which in all cases gives tone and vigor to the whole organic system, however deranged,—health and strength following as a matter of course. The appetite, too, is wonderfully increased by the use of these Pills, combined in the use of solid in preference to fluid diet. Animal food is better than broths and stews. By removing acrid, fermented, or other impure humors from the liver, stomach, or blood, the cause of dysentery, diarrhoea, and other bowel complaints is expelled. The result is, that the disturbance is arrested, and the action of the bowels becomes regular. Nothing will stop the relaxation of the bowels so quickly as this fine correcting medicine.

DISORDERS OF THE KIDNEYS.

In all diseases affecting these organs, whether they secrete too much or too little water; or whether they be afflicted with stone or gravel, or with aches and pains settled in the loins over the regions of the kidneys, these Pills should be taken according to the printed directions, and the Ointment, should be well rubbed into the small of the back at bedtime. This treatment will give almost immediate relief when all other means have failed.

FOR STOMACHS OUT OF ORDER.

No medicine will so effectually improve the tone of the stomach as these pills; they remove all acidity, occasioned either by intemperance or improper diet. They reach the liver and reduce it to a healthy action; they are wonderfully efficacious in cases of spasm—in fact they never fail in curing all disorders of the liver and stomach.

Ague,	Fevers of all kinds,	Sore Throats,
Asthma,	Fits,	Stone and Gravel,
Bilious Complaints	Gout,	Secondary Symptoms,
Blotches on the Skin,	Headache,	Tic-Douloureux,
Bowel Complaints,	Indigestion,	Tumors,
Colics,	Inflammation,	Ulcers,
Constipation of the Bowels,	Jaundice,	Veneral Affections
Consumption,	Liver Complaints,	Worms of all kinds
Debility,	Lumbago,	Weakness from any cause, &c.
Dropsy,	Piles,	
Dysentery,	Rheumatism,	
Erysipelas,	Retention of Urine,	
Female Irregularities,	Scrofula, or King's Evil,	

CAUTION!—None are genuine unless the signature of J. Haydock, as agent for the United States, surrounds each box of Pills and Ointment. A handsome reward will be given to any one rendering such information as may lead to the detection of any party or parties counterfeiting the medicines or vending the same, knowing them to be spurious.

*** Sold at the Manufactory of Professor HOLLOWAY & Co., New York, and by all respectable Druggists and Dealers in Medicine throughout the civilized world, in boxes at 25 cents, 62 cents, and $1 each.

☞ There is considerable saving by taking the larger sizes.

N. B.—Directions for the guidance of patients in every disorder are affixed to each box.

apr. 28, 1876-eow-1y.

WEDDING CARDS!

WEDDING CARDS!!

We have just received the largest assortment of the latest styles of

WEDDING ENVELOPES, and

WEDDING PAPERS,

ever brought to Huntingdon. We have also bought new fontes of type, for printing cards, and we defy competition in this line. Parties wanting Cards put up will save money by giving us a call. At least fifty per cent cheaper than Philadelphia or New York.

ap7-tf.] J. R. DURBORROW & CO.

Printing.

J. R. DURBORROW, - - - J. A. NASH.

The Huntingdon Journal,

PUBLISHED

EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,

—IN—

THE NEW JOURNAL BUILDING,

No. 212, FIFTH STREET,

HUNTINGDON, PENNSYLVANIA.

—:o:—

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$2.00 per annum, in advance; $2.50 within six months, and $3.00 if not paid within the year.

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— Circulation 1800. —

A FIRST-CLASS ADVERTISING MEDIUM.

5000 READERS WEEKLY.

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—:o:—

JOB DEPARTMENT:

With Fast Presses, all the latest styles of New Type, Borders, Cuts, and a full supply of all kinds of material necessary for the equipment of a FIRST-CLASS OFFICE, we are prepared to do all kinds of Jobbing, such as Posters of any size, Circulars, Business Cards, Wedding and Visiting Cards, Ball Tickets, Programmes, Concert Tickets, Order Books, Segar Labels, Receipts, Legal Blanks, Photographer's Cards, Bill Heads, Letter Heads, Pamphlets, Paper Books, etc., etc., etc., etc. Our prices are as low as those of Philadelphia, and our work will compare favorably with any done in the State. We make it a point to employ none but the best of workmen, and will not permit an *apple butter daub* to be done in our Job Rooms. Satisfaction guaranteed in every instance. Send along your work, and see what we can do.

— COLOR PRINTING A SPECIALTY. —

—:o:—

☞ All business letters should be addressed to

J. R. DURBORROW & CO.,
Huntingdon, Pa.

Original Poetry.

Rustic Patriotism.

BY J. W. WELCH.

Beside a rippling fountain
At eve I sat me down;
Its soft unceasing murmurs
Dispel'd misfortune's frown.

The Summer wind was playing
Amid the trailing vines;
Which overhung its waters
Amongst my native pines.

The sinking sun was kissing
The mountain top good night;
Diffusing o'er its summit
A stream of mellow light.

Whilst on the grandeur gazing,
Which crowned those rugged hills;
Where Freedom's spicy zephyrs
As sweetest incense swell.

My every-busy Fancy
Before my eye portrayed,
The tears, the blood, the anguish
Which for the gem were paid.

I sought the worth to fathom
Of Freedom's priceless boon;
Sent by indulgent Heaven
Through clouds of deepest gloom.

When lo! a beauteous phantom
From Fancy's realms did rise;
Clad in a robe whose splendor
Vied with the sunset skies.

And as upon my forehead
She placed her snowy hand;
I stood in trembling silence
Awaiting her command.

Then in my ear resounded
Those words in accents clear,
"Go tell the thrilling story
In every freeman's ear.

Sing of the deeds of valor
Accomplished by my power;
When hope grew pale and faltered
In battle's darkest hour.

How o'er the gloom which shrouded
My infancy, was rear'd
The sacred starry banner,
The flag the foeman feared.

How bravely it was carried
Through all those weary years;
Now trailing, spurned, dishonored,
Now wet with Patriot's tears."

"Until it proudly floated
The banner of the free
The ensign of a nation
Secure from tyranny."

Then fading from my vision
She from the scene withdrew
Till lost in ether's ocean
She sought her native blue.

Commissioned a recorder
I grasped my rustic pen
To trace the march of Freedom
And note her final reign

My Fancy backward peering,
Through Time's beclouded maze,
Now grasped the infant gleamings
Of Freedom's welcome rays.

I heard the dismal thunder
Of bloody "Bunker's Hill;"
But on its crimson summit
Her light benignly fell.

And whilst her brave defenders
Unconquered yet did yield,
They taught the haughty Briton
The price of Honor's field.

But ah! the youthful Warren,
Lay slain upon its steep;
A sacrifice most potent,
While Pity stays to weep.

Well may Columbia's daughters
Their fondest tribute bring;
And o'er the early martyr
Their saddest requiem sing.

But while mad grief was wringing
Each patriotic breast,
They swore eternal vengeance
As they laid his form to rest.

And 'neath their infant banner,
A nation few but brave,
They vowed the chains to sever
Of England's weeping slaves.

Ah! feebly fell the glimmer
Of hopes inspiring light,
Upon those hearts enshrouded
In despotism's night.

Had ever cause such power
Its votary's to charm?
Incurring royal hatred,
And daring war's alarms.

"What though intense privations
Hang o'er the gloomy way;
What though the cannon's thunder
The fainting soul dismay.

Though Hope in sullen silence
Refuse to cheer our way;
When duty calls to action
We willingly obey.

Let slaves submit to tyrants,
And wince beneath the lash;
Columbia's freemen welcome
The musket's deadly flash.

Nor hesitate to enter
The gory field of strife:
'Twere better Death and Freedom,
Than Slavery and Life.

Our comrades fall around us,
Their life-blood stains the soil,
'Tis but a swifter rescue,
From dread Oppression's coil.

And those who live will battle,
Until our banner blue,
Shall wave o'er free Columbia,
A nation tried and true.

So Life or Death 'tis Freedom;
The foeman we defy;
We'll breath the air of Liberty
Or in the struggle die."

And thus they cheered each other
With pledges fond and true;
As Freedom's shining harbinger
With ardor they pursue.

No longer then did wonder
Pervade my sluggish mind,
That Heaven, to our nation,
Had in the end been kind.

Since Death brings victory's chaplet,
Why should we wish to live?
Unless 'were 'neath the banner
A second life to give.

For had the arm of Britain
Each fearless patriot slain,
The principle in either,
Untainted would remain.

'Twould cling in mystic glory
To our Heaven-favored shores,
Until the great Archangel
Proclaims, "*Time is no more.*"

And then while tyrants perish
Within the quenchless flame:
'Twould mount the vaulted canopy,
To Heaven whence it came.

But tyranny was thwarted,
Though deep the dark device;
And Freedom's sweetest incense,
From many hearts doth rise.

Though many were the victims,
That on her alter fell;
And loud the cries of anguish,
That on the air did swell.

Impelled by unseen power,
None could her arms withstand;
'Twere ill for man to battle
Against Jehovah's hand.

'Twas thus our fair Columbia
From chaos slowly grew;
Until the world admires
Her principles so true.

The gem by Patriots planted
Has rooted deep and wide,
And birds of varied plumage
Upon its boughs abide.

Select Miscellany.

Not the Right Man.

Motly was shaving when Mrs. Motly came in from the barn with her empty milk bucket and said:

"Benjamin, I'm tired of my life, so I am. Some varmint has killed the old yaller hen and eat up all her chickens; the white turkey has gone off with fifteen little ones, and I don't expect ever to see 'em again; Dazy's down with the buckeyes, and the colt's broke the gobbler's leg. I told you how it would be if we went to farming; but you will never take my advice."

"Never mind Nancy," said Motly "maybe it won't always be so. If a certain man's nominated, and if I do my biggest for him I'm pretty sure to get in the Post-office. I've been as good as told by them that ought to know."

"O lor!" exclaimed Mrs. Motly, "won't that be awful nice; then we can live in town, and I can have a hired gal to do my work, and Angeline Sophia can have a pianer, and Johnny can learn to be a doctor or a lawyer, or something."

"Yes," said Motly; "now, Nancy, be sure to put a clean shirt and some collars into my valise to-night, for I must be off to St. Louis to-morrow morning. I want to be on the ground to watch them New York bummers, for, as Voorhees said, vigilance is the price of liberty."

So Motly went on his way rejoicing and Mrs. M., who never reads the newspapers, and was too much delighted with the new prospect to dream of failure, went on making her preparations to live in town.

In due course of time Motly came home, looking jabed, dispirited, but his wife was too busy to notice his looks, and not a word was said that night about the action of the Convention. Next morning when they went to the barn to milk the cow, Motly asked, looking about the stalls for something:

"Why where's Sultan?"

"I sold him," replied Mrs. M., very coldly.

"I'm in no humor for joking, Nancy, where is the horse?"

"I sold him, I told you wonst," repeated Mrs. M. "I know'd we wouldn't need him in town, and thought maybe we wouldn't get another chance to sell him, and then I wanted the money to buy things."

"Oh," groaned Motly, trying to suppress the indignation that made his face ghastly "who did you sell him to? Maybe I can buy him back."

"No you don't, 'cause the man 'as got him was agoin' West," said Mrs. M., "and he's there afore now, I guess."

"How much did he give you for the horse?" asked Motly, sitting down on the half bushel and resting his head on his hand.

"He said the times was hard and he'd give me $150 for him and not another cent, and if I didn't take that I could keep the horse, and I jest took it; it's a pile of money these times."

"What? a hundred and fifty dollars? Why, he was the best horse in the country. I have refused $500 for him."

"Yes, I know it, and I told the man so, but he said that was in good times, and he wouldn't give a cent more. And now, Benjamin, don't ask me for the money, 'cause I havn't got it."

"Havn't got it! Is the woman crazy?"

"No; I laid it out for a nice dress to wear in town. You didn't except me to do without one fine dress, did you? And me the wife of a postmaster, and a living among the town big bugs?"

"Nancy, do you mean to say that you paid $150 for a dress?" inquired Motly.

"I do, Benjamin, and it was dirt cheap at that; and I'll be obliged to have a velvet cloak and a bonnet with a feather in it. But I guess what we'll get for the cows and sheep 'll pay for them, and I won't git 'em till we go to town for fear the fashion 'll change."

"Nancy," said Motly, and it seemed to do him good to say it, "we are not going to live in town."

"Not goin' to live in town? Benjamin, what do you mean? Didn't you tell me with your own lips 'as we was agoin' to move to town and have the postoffice—didn't you now?"

"No," said Motly, "I told you that if a certain man was nominated at St. Louis he would be purty sure to be elected, and if he was my chance would be purty good to git the postoffice, and we'll never go to town to live."

"Oh, lor! oh, lor I'm dying, I'm dying," screamed Mrs M., falling into such violent hysterics that it took the united strength of Motly and the hired man to take her to the house

Motly is disgusted with politics: says the St. Louis Convention was a game where the New York bummers beat the West with a cold deck of cards, and that he wouldn't vote for Tilden to save the country from the rule of Qeen Victoria. Indeed, the slightest allusion to the action of the Convention throws him off his balance; but if anybody wants to see a mad man let him ask Motly how much he got for Sultan.—*Indianapolis Journal*

Walking in the Fiery Furnace.

In London, on August 8th last, experiments were made in the grounds of the Alexandra Palace with an extraordinary invention, by which results somewhat analagous to those recorded as miraculous in Jewish history were achieved. Mr. Oersberg, a Swedish mechanician, claims to have invented, and Captain Ahlstrom, a compatriot, to have matured and fitted for practical use, a dress which will enable the wearer to dash with impunity into the fiercest fire for the purpose of saving life and property. At the east end of the palace, between the circus and the banqueting hall, huge piles of old dried wood were heaped up, intersected by narrow avenues, and the wood was drenched with petroleum. The consequence was that the moment a light was applied to the pyre the whole blazed up with a flame so fierce, and sending forth a heat so intense that the thousands who had gathered around to witness the scene were forced to retire to a more respectful distance. The sun's rays, which had hitherto been inconveniently felt from above, were quite forgotten in the glow which now flamed up from below, and it really seemed as if there was malice in the tongues of fire that spat out on every current of passing air. Standing forty yards to the windward of this fierce fire, the heat was all but intolerable; and even the firemen of the Palace brigade, under the command of Capt. Archer, the chief officer, were fain to give a wide berth to the burning centre. Then it was that Captain Ahlstrom, clad in a dress not at all unlike that worn by Capt. Boynton when he paddled himself across the Straits of Dover, made his appearance on the scene. His costume consisted, so far as it was possible to ascertain, of an overcoat of fustian, covering an inner garment of wool and felt. Between the two skins, so to say, is a network of veins through which are pumped continuous supplies of air and water, the main air tube, before it reaches the body, being inclosed in a large water tube, and by such means kept perfectly cool. The escape of cool air is through orifices in front of the face, and the current so made forces back the flames, and leaves perfect breathing space. Assurance was given that the clothing was in no way chemically prepared, and is simply protected against the action of the flames by the torrents of water that pour over the man from head to foot. With the greatest possible nonchalance Captain Ahlstrom walked into and through the fiery furnace, not only free from discomfort, but apparently with enjoyment. After spending ten minutes in the warmest climate it is possible to imagine, enveloped at times so as to be hidden by flames, he carried out a chair which was on fire, sat cooly down upon it, and, to the amusement and astonishment of the crowd of spectators, smoked a cigar.—*Scientific American.*

THEY sat in the parlor, and he squeezed her hand. "O, would this hand were mine," he sighed. "Why?" she simpered. "Because if it was mine I could knock a bullock down with it better than with a sledge-hammer." The last scen of that young man, he was trying to climb on top of the house by means of the water-spout.

IT is said the Indiana Democrats give up their State.

Miseries of Childhood.

One of the greatest of the *petites miseries* of childhood arises from dress. A boy suffers dreadfully if his clothes are of a peculiar cut or a shade finer than his fellows'. I have known a boy made miserable because he was compelled to wear a collar of a peculiar and picturesque cut, and one of my gloomiest periods of mortification hangs round a sash that I was required to wear, which was considered unreasonably broad. The undying laughter of a scornful schoolmate still rings in my ears. When I came home and complained of it I was made to wear it, to show me that I must be indifferent to ridicule! As if a child of seven could conquer and kill that emotion! The decision was very unwise, for it simply caused me to suffer, and took my mind from greater and better things. Had the sash been removed, I should have forgotten about it; as it is, it has become the shirt of Nessus, and clings tightly to me through life.

A lady told me, a few years ago, that she felt she had made a fatal mistake in not allowing her daughter, when a little girl, to have a hoop skirt; all the other children had them at the dancing school, and looked, as she thought ridiculously like ballet girls, so she sent her child in among them in a lanky robe, which made her look very unlike them. The child was thus rendered conspicuous and unhappy. She wept and implored, and begged to stay at home, but was made by her strong-minded parent to go and endure. After she had greatly suffered by this process her mother discovered her mistake, and found that the subject of dress was hereafter to be her daughter's one subject of thought and interest, while a certain bitterness had crept in, to the great injury of an originally amiable character.

There is danger always, in thus asking of our children a virtue too great for their years, that we create the very vice we seek to cure. If children are dressed like their fellows, costume assumes its proper subordinate position. "It is the skin of the part," said a famous tragedian, and it should be like the skin—fitting, and not otherwise.

If that lady who denied her little daughter the hoop shirt had been asked herself to go down Broadway in the Bloomer costume she would have rebelled decidedly; and yet she demanded of her little daughter a courage ten times as great, and inflicted a suffering immeasurably greater.

For children can suffer. There is an intensity about it; like their appetites, it has not been dulled by repetition. One of the few privileges of growing old is that we cannot suffer so keenly. We know from repeated blows that time will cure us. We get not to care—but oh, the strength of youthful grief! What enormous vitality it has! How protean its shapes! I am never astonished when I hear of youthful suicides. The absence of the fear of death, so peculiar to youth, for we get accustomed "to the sweet habit of living," and hate to change, but youth has formed no such habit—the absence of this restraining principle and the love of change conspire to make suicide possible. Then the vision of what grief is; the terrible curtain that mercifully hides the future, drawn all at once; the pang that rends the heart as we recognize the friend untrue, the promise broken, the future void—no wonder that the river seems so merciful, the knife so kind, the poison so sweet! Youth has no philosophy—*Appleton's Journal.*

A Printer's Dream.

A printer sat in his chair, his boots were patched and his coat threadbare; while his face looked weary and worn with care. While sadly thinking of business debt, old Morpheus slowly round him crept, and before he knew it he soundly slept; and sleeping, he dreamed that he was dead, from trouble and toil his spirit had fled, and that not even a cow bell tolled for the peaceful rest of his cow-hide sole. As he wandered among the shades that smoke and scorch in lower Hades, he shortly observed an iron door, that creakingly hung on the hings ajar, but the entrance was closed with a red hot bar, and Satan himself stood peeping out, and watching for travelers thereabout, and thus to the passing printer spoke: "Come in, my dear, it shall cost you nothing, and never fear; this is the place where I cook the ones who never pay their supscription sums, for though in their life they may escape, they will find when they are dead it is too late: I will show the place where I melt them thin, with red-hot chains and scrapes of tin, and also where I comb their heads with scraps of glass and melted lead, and if of refreshments they only think, there's boiling water for them to drink; there's the red-hot grindstone to grind down the nose, and red-hot rings to wear on the toes, and if they mention they don't like the fire, I'll sew up their mouths with red-hot wire; and then dear sir you should see them squirm, while I roll them over and cook to a turn." With these last words the printer awoke, and thought all a practical joke, but still at times, so real did it seem, that he cannot believe it was all a dream; and often he thinks with a chuckle and grin, of the fate of those who save their tin, and never pay the printer.

Good Advice to Young Men.

You are the architect of your own fortunes; rely upon your own strength of body and soul. Take for your Star, Industry, Self-reliance, Faith and Honesty; and inscribe on your banner, Luck is a fool. Pluck is a hero. Earnest effort in one direction is the surest road to wealth and position; diligence, stick-to-it-ness is the winning hand. Don't take too much advice; keep at the helm and steer your own ship, and remember that the great art of commanding is to take a fair share of the work. Don't practice too much Humility; think well of yourself—strike out and assume your position. It is the jostling and joltings of life that bring great men to the surface. Put potatoes in a cart over a rough road, and the small potatoes go to the bottom; turn a raft of logs down a mill race, and the large logs come on top. Rise above the envious and jealous; fire above the mark you intend to hit. Energy, invincible determination, with a right motive, are the levers that move the world. Don't drink, don't chew; don't smoke; don't swear; don't deceive; don't read novels; be in earnest; be self reliant; be generous. There are two sides to every balance, and favors thrown in one side of the scale are sure to be reciprocated in the other. Be kind; be civil. It is a foolish man who does not understand that molasses will catch more flies than vinegar. Read the papers—they are the great educators of the people. Advertise your business; keep your own counsels, and superintend your own business. Make money, and do good with it. Love God and your fellow men. Love truth and virtue. Love your country and obey the laws.

The Campaign.

Old Tilden's Poor Show.

BY PHIL SMITH.

Air: "Old Rosin the Bow."

See Sammy, the bastard "Reformer,"
His gonfalon droops for a gust;
Each day as the battle grows warmer
His banners are trailed in the dust.

Chorus—Oh, Tilden, your cake is all dough,
o—ough, o—ough, o—ough,
Your cake like your face is all dough,
For the people will vote you a humbug,
When the whole of your record they know.

You're sharp as they make 'em, my codger,
But your tricks are too thin for to-day,
And we know you're the artfullest dodger
That ever stacked plunder away.

Chorus—But Sammy, your games are no go,
o—o,—o—o,—o—o,
Your confidence games are no go,
And you'll find ere the canvass is over,
A mighty hard row you must hoe.

You're a sham and you know it; your letter
Was weak as dish water can be;
And soon you will find you had better
Go cool yourself off in the sea.

Chorus—For Tilden, though voters are slow,
o—o,—o—o,—o—o,
To act, most abominably slow,
They don't want a Janus "Reformer"
With too many strings to his bow.

You tell us Contraction will master
The problem of National debt,
But we see the superior shin plaster
Hid safe up your sleeve even yet.

Chorus—Oh, Sammy, how could you do so,
o—o,—o—o,—o—o,
What made you play fast and loose so?
Your two-faced appeal to the people
Will call for a thundering no!

No wonder your forehead is clammy,
Your feelings a prayerful amaze—
When your record is opened, poor Sammy,
And you stand face to face with Ruth. Hayes.

Chorus—And, Uncle, your wonder will grow,
o—o,—o—o,—o—o,
Your fears like a freshet will grow,
When fraud and bad faith and secession
Confront you like ghosts in a row.

Oh, Sammy, you flabby old failure,
A fraud and a suck and a sell,
We've chartered a Salt River sailor
To ferry your ticket to—well.

Chorus—We'll send you where humbugs go,
o—o,—o—o,—o—o,
Where Tweed and his pals ought to go,
And your dreams shall be long where the waters
Of total oblivion flow.

At Last.

At last the country is aroused to a correct estimate of the possibilities of the future.

What are these possibilities?

1. The elevation of Samuel J. Tilden to the Presidency.

2. The restoration of the Democratic party to full control of the administration of the government.

3. The reinstatement of the ex-rebels as directors of the Democratic party.

Who and what is Tilden? He is a man who received his political education from Martin Van Buren. He is a man who devised nearly every mammoth railway consolidation scheme that has been consummated in this country; he is the great railway wrecker of the age. He is the man who in 1846 withdrew from public life because, as his biographer says, "he was able to discern at that "early period the importance, in this country "at least, of a pecuniary independence for the "successful prosecution of a political career," and embarked in the profession of railway wrecking. He was a secessionist in principle in 1860, having made public his views on that question at that time, in almost the exact language used by Calhoun. He sympathized with rebels and the cause of rebellion from the day of the firing on Fort Sumter down to the surrender of Lee at Appomatox. On the 26th day of December, 1860, he committed perjury. In the month of May last as Governor of New York he filed with the Secretary of State a message or memorandum in which he declared that there had been no reappropriations during the year 1876, whereas the fact is that thirty days before he had signed a reappropriation bill for a large sum; and five days before he signed a reappropriation bill for another large sum; and on the very day of the date of the message or memorandum he signed two reappropriation bills for the aggregate sum of $800,000. As Governor of New York he made a corrupt agreement with the agent of one Willard Johnson, a Democratic canal contractor, whereby he consented to hold (and did hold) until it should become a law by lapse of time a bill then in his hands providing for the payment of $55, 000 to Johnson on a contract which he (Tilden) had in a state paper previously declared corrupt, and upon which Johnson had already received three times the contract price.

This is the leader, the standard-bearer, of the Democratic party. What is the party itself? It is the same party that through its chief, Buchanan, then President, declared that there was no power in the Constitution to coerce a State back into the Union. It is the same party that through other of its chiefs, then Cabinet ministers, scattered the navy to the four corners of the earth, corrupted the army, and stole money from the Treasury to prevent the use of either for the maintenance of the integrity of the Union. It is the same party that through its chiefs in New York City bowed the knee to the British Minister, Lyons, imploring him to counsel his government to intervene in behalf of the rebels in arms fighting against the nation. It is the same party that opposed the constitutional amendments conferring freedom and suffrage and civil and political rights upon the black man. It is the same party that voted the war a failure, and demanded peace at any and every sacrifice of national honor. It is the same party that in the last Congress discharged maimed and invalid soldiers of the Union from the public service, and appointed in their place soldiers of the Confederacy. It is the same party that in the last Congress through its ex-rebel representatives defended the atrocities of Andersonville, Libby, Belle Isle, and through its Northern representatives applauded the defense; and as these two classes of representatives clasped hands, with exulting shouts, over the graves of Union soldiers brutally tortured, cruelly starved, and finally in cold blood assassinated, this same Democratic party said, Amen! It is the same party that massacred citizens at Coushatta, Colfax, Vicksburg, New Orleans, and Hamburg. It is the same party that convicts colored men of petty offenses, that it may hire them out to their old owners and taskmasters, to be beaten and starved, chased by bloodhounds, and whipped to death. Is there any doubt that the Democratic party of the nation is the bond slave of the Southern wing of it? Is there any doubt that this Southern wing, once in power would make of the National Democratic party a tool to nullify the amendments to the Constitution? Is there any doubt that it would find in Tilden that servility which has always been the price of Democratic success?

These are the facts that *The Inter Ocean* has substantiated over and over again from the day it was founded down to the present time. For its fidelity it has been scouted and reviled as the "bloody-shirt organ." But there has never, during all this time, been wanting fresh evidences of the diabolical purposes of the late rebels, and although *The Inter Ocean* has stood alone among the great journals of the North it has never hesitated, because there has never been a time since reconstruction commenced when blood has not flowed like water from the veins of innocent black and white men at the South. But now there are legions of newspapers at our back. Their sneers at the "bloody shirt" are turned to shouts of alarm. Even George William Curtis comprehends at last that, while he has been crying peace and good will, and maundering over his civil-service hobby hundreds—nay thousands—of free citizens of the Republic have been baselessly murdered under the very folds of the American flag, and that the assassins are at large; and worse still, that they propose to administer this government.

THE Boston *Times*, a paper that has all along favored the candidacy of Tilden, has now thrown the old humbug overboard and come out for Hayes and Wheeler.

THE Cincinnati *Times* says, a Republican gain of from five to six Congressmen is certain in Ohio, and a gain of from four to five is no less sure in Indiana.

THE Allegheny *Mail*, heretofore the supporter of no party, has hoisted the names of Hayes and Wheeler.

The Peril of the Hour.

When the slave holders of the South rose in rebellion, and forced this country into a terrible war for its own preservation, they had been for many years in possession of the National Government, and in control of the Legislative and Judiciary Departments, all of which they had used for the purpose of furthering their chances of success in the struggle planned for at least ten years before it broke forth. This control of the Government they gained by means of a "united South," together with such assistance as they could obtain from the doughfaced Democracy of the North.

At this time the appointment of representatives in Congress was based upon the whole number of free persons in the several States (excluding Indians not taxed) together with three fifth of all slaves. Since the abolition of slavery and the adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment all of the colored population, hitherto slaves, is counted in the apportionment, instead of three-fifths, and the result is, of course, a direct gain to the relative power of the former slave States in National affairs. The actual gain, so far, to the States which participated in the rebellion, has been about twenty members of Congress, and, of course, the same number (20) of votes in the Electoral College. Beaten in war, therefore, the South returns to the political contest with the purpose of resuming its old supremacy—and returns relatively more powerful than before.—Let us examine the figures of comparative strength.

Conceding, for the moment, the fact of a "united South" under the lead of former Secessionists, we find the present strength of the sixteen former slave States (including West Virginia) to be: Representatives, 116; Senators, 32; electoral vote, 148. The strength of all the other States (counting Colorado) is: Representatives, 177; Senators, 44; electoral vote 221. In order for the former Secessionists, therefore, without a "united South," to secure control of both the Executive and Legislative branches of the Government, the accessions which they need from the North are as follows: Representatives, 31; Senators, 7; and electoral votes, 37.

To accomplish this gain, they flatter themselves is not an impossible task. They know that they have lost much of the better class of Northern support that was with them in their former lease of power previous to the war; but they know, also, that the great rank and file of the Democratic party in the Northern States, anxious to return to power, hungry for office, thirsting for public spoils, will eagerly lend themselves to Southern purposes, with little inquiry and little care as to what those purposes really are. Upon these they confidently count for their needed 7 Senators, 31 Representatives, and 37 electoral votes.

Such is the projected plan of the Democratic managers of the States lately in open rebellion; and let us put our pencil right here upon its weak point—it is to be found in the claim of a "united South." There is no united South. There is no such sectional political division as the words convey. It is one planned by the same minds that planned the Southern Confederacy, and shaped by the shot-guns and knives of Southern ruffians—of White Leagues and Ku Klux Klans.

Instead of there being a united South, five Southern States are, to-day, Republican by an aggregate majority of 100,000. Those five States have 10 Senators, and 37 electoral votes which by right belong to the Republican party; and by the same token there are at least 35 Southern Congressional districts which should return Republican Representatives. But these Republican majorities, Senators, Representatives and electoral votes, the Southern leaders propose to wipe out by such massacres as those of Vicksburg, Coushatta, Colfax and Hamburg. They propose to make a "united South" with such tools as the shot gun and the knife. Their representation and their electoral vote have been increased by the enfranchisement of the negro, and they intend that it shall work to their advantage and their ends, and not to that of the Republican party and the cause of freedom.

This is the peril of the hour, and one that we must face. There can be little doubt of the evils that would result from the return of the secessionist leaders to that control of the nation for which they are now scheming.—For what they did in the past we can well conjecture that they would do in the future; and the immediate evils, overlooking the graver ones to follow, would be a wholesale plundering of the Treasury to meet the fifty millions of Southern claims already presented, and a shameful oppression of the race for whose enfranchisement we are taking such credit to ourselves.—*Cincinnati Times.*

A Young Man's First Voto.

"Watch over the Union with a jealous eye."—*Washington's Farewell Address.*

You are about to cast your *first* vote—your *Centennial* vote at the next Presidential election—and those who have not come *conspicuously* identified with the Democratic party, beware! Do not make a false step at the outset of your political career. Do not attach yourself in the beginning to a political organization that is manifestly drawing toward the close of its existence, and which is weighed down by an insupportable load of infamy that will become more and more odious in history. Keep in mind that the Democratic party has committed the highest crime known to civil jurisprudence—Treason! *Look into the history of the world! you cannot find any account of any civil organization that made unsuccessful war against its legitimate government and did not gradually die out!* Democracy (misnamed) is dying, and in its expiring moments it gasps in spite of the "death rattle" and *delirium tremens*, "*Reform!*" Young men, let it pass away! Let it go to perdition with the lie on its tongue!

"Back! back to thy place of torment, false fugitive,
Strange horrors seize thee,
And pangs unfelt before!"

Do not by your first, your Centennial vote breathe new life into a corpse that stinks throughout the world. It is dying. Touch it not! "*Room for the leper! unclean! unclean!*" Remember that if the leaders of the proslavery rebellion and their Democratic allies at the North had been dealt with according to the common law of nations, as they would have been in England, France, or Germany, or any other Government save our own, they would now be rotting under the gallows instead of unworthily surviving to expound constitutional law and revile the party which preserved the Union! "*Watch over the Union with a jealous eye!*"

What Would Follow.

Tilden's triumph would be the triumph of wrong over right, of injustice over justice, of ignorance and vice over intelligence and virtue.

It would set civilization back at least half a century.

It would destroy our credit at home and abroad.

It would drag the country to early bankruptcy through repudiation.

It would invite disorder, and be followed by riot, and probably by civil war.

It would crush out the germ of loyalty in the South and hinder its growth and development in the North.

It would restore power to those who betrayed the nation and tried to destroy it, and would hand over to the tender mercies of its enemies a Republic that lives to-day because of the sacrifice of its loyal citizens in its defense.

It would be an act of national suicide to allow Democracy to win, such as the history of the world has never recorded.

Is it possible that any intelligent man with the history of the Democratic party before him, and a knowledge of the material that gives it strength, can support Democracy in the coming election? God forbid! It would indicate a degree of political ingratitude which we are not willing to believe can be found among the friends of the nation.

THE Democrats of Vermont had stumping for them a New Hampshire Copperhead, who, in 1864, when the flag of the Eleventh New Hampshire Regiment, on its return from the war, was carried into the hall of the House of Representatives, the Soldiers' Voting bill being before the House, said: "The Democracy of the country will never submit to the result of an election decided against them by soldiers' votes."

The Party of Reaction.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET—NATIONAL AND STATE—SOUTH CAROLINA.

Presidential Electors—State at Large; John A. Wagner, brigadier general, Confederate army; Samuel McGowan, major general, Confederate army.

1st district: John W. Harrington, colonel, Confederate army.

2d district: I. J. Ingram, captain, Confederate army.

3d district: William Wallace, colonel, Confederate army.

4th district: John R. Irwin, major, Confederate army.

5th district: Robert Aldrich, was too young for service during the rebellion.

For Congress, 1st district: John S. Richardson. During the rebellion he served as captain in Kershaw's brigade and was a delegate to the recent National Democratic Convention held at St. Louis.

2d district: Theo. G. Barker, was adjutant general of Hampton's Legion, Confederate army, with the rank of major. He is very extreme in his bitterness toward Union men.

3d district: D. Wyatt Aiken, served in the Legislature prior to the war. During the rebellion he served as colonel of the seventh South Carolina regiment, Confederate army. He is not only a bitter political partisan but an open advocate of the assassination of the Republican leaders of the State.

4th district: John H. Evins. Before the war he was a member of the Legislature and during the war was a captain in Jenkin's regiment, Palmetto sharpshooters, Confederate army.

5th district: G. D. Tillman, was a member of the Legislature from 1854 to 1855, and was, during the war, a captain in the Confederate army. He was also a member of the Andrew Johnson reconstruction convention in 1865.

State ticket: For Governor, Wade Hampton. He was for several years a member of the *ante bellum* Legislature of the State; was a lieutenant general of the Confederate army; was a delegate to the National Democratic Convention of 1868, and was the author of that plank in the platform put forth by that convention which declared the amendments to the United States Constitution to be "revolutionary, null, and void," and pledged the overthrow of the Southern State governments as soon as the Democratic party should come into power.

For Lieutenant Governor, W. D. Simpson. He was a member of the Legislature prior to the war, served as a member of the Confederate Congress at Richmond, and is regarded as a Democrat of the most extreme and intolerant type.

For Secretary of State, R. M. Simms. He was adjutant general of Jenkin's brigade, Confederate army.

For Attorney General, James Connor. He was United States district attorney for South Carolina from 1857 to the time of secession, when he entered the Confederate army, and served as a brigadier general. He was a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1865, held in obedience to Andrew Johnson's proclamation.

For Comptroller General, Johnson Hagood. He was a brigadier general of the Confederate army and a member of the Andrew Johnson Legislature of 1865.

For State Treasurer, S. L. Leaphart. Was a captain in the Confederate army, and was comptroller general of the State from 1865 to 1868, under the "Andrew Johnson policy."

For Superintendent of Education, Hugh S. Thompson. He was a professor in the State Military Academy prior to the war, and during the rebellion served as a major in the Confederate army.

For Adjutant General, E. W. Moise. He was a major of the Confederate army.

The Discontented Voter.

From the letter of our Washington correspondent, "Eta," we extract the following, and recommend its careful perusal to those of our readers who seem dissatisfied with the doings of the Republican party. Read it and see if, by voting for Tilden, you wont be "jumping out of the frying pan into the fire:"

A down east editor, in a late number of his paper, thinks the election is going in favor of Tilden, because there are so many "discontented voters," and confesses that he is one. I do not see how it will ease his discontent to vote for Tilden, but that is his affair. He says the disconted voter balances Tweed with Belknap, and a multitude of Democratic sins with Babcock. Just so. Belknap, if he stole anything, stole twenty thousand dollars, and Tweed gorged himself with seven millions, which is three hundred and fifty times twenty thousand.

So the level-headed, discontented editor hopes to find solace and comfort, and economy, and reform, by voting for the Tweed party. The logic is enough to make one discontented whose head is obliged to carry it long, but I suspect that much of the discontent of the time arises from that mode of reasoning.

The discontented voter grumbles because the taxes are so high, so he proposes to vote for the party which made the war and thus caused the high taxes.

The discontented voter grumbles because the Republican party supports the spoils system: so he proposes to vote for the party which invented the spoils system.

The discontented voter complains of the operations of Oakes Ames and the Credit Mobilier; so he will vote for Samuel J. Tilden whose cunning advice enabled Ames to execute his schemes.

The discontented voter has a horrible suspicion that Blaine made $75,000 out of railway shares; so he must vote for Tilden who has gobbled up from $3,000,000 to $6,000,000 in railroad wrecking.

The discontented voter imagines that the country will be ruined if Boutwell and Chandler are allowed to electioneer so much; so he will escape this evil by joining the party whose conventions are controlled by the sublime John Kelly and the sainted John Morrissey.

The discontented voter is astounded that the Republican party allows shysters and smugglers to escape just taxation; so he goes and weeps at the party malignity that would compel Tilden to pay his income tax.

The discontented voter is sad that the administration has been so shiftless as to borrow money at five per cent. interest; so he will vote for the party of Buchanan who borrowed at six per cent. and sold the bonds at a discount at that.

The discontented voter groans at the wickedness of the administration in turning men out of office for political reasons; so he seeks consolation in the action of a Democratic House of Representatives which made a clean sweep of Union soldiers to make places for those who gallantly shot at the defenders of the flag.

The discontented voter is afraid that the enforcement of the laws by Grant will be regarded as unwarrantable interference in the elections; so he would accept the results of the shot-gun, and midnight assassin system, as one of the inconveniences of freedom which must be tolerated in order to secure the perfect purity of the ballot in those States which suffered most through the late unpleasantness.

MR. HENDRICKS, or, as he is picturesquely called by the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, "square toed Tom," blames the hard times on the Republican party; and here is what the Chicago *Times* (dem.) says to him on that point: Mr. Hendricks' twaddle about hard times may go down in Indiana, but it will excite only ridicule elsewhere. Most people know that the present industrial depression extends to Canada, England, Germany, and many other countries, and they are too sensible to hold any political party in this country responsible for it all. Mr. Hendricks should bear in mind that he is a candidate for Vice President, and when he talks he addresses the people of the whole country, and not merely some sleepy rustics in Indiana." The Chicago *Times* is quite as "square-toed" as "Tom."

THAT promised Democratic reaction doesn't start worth a cent. It is probably anchored behind Gov. Tilden's income statement.

SPEAKING of Tilden as a railroad Attorney, Col. Ingersol says that "He's made a fortune, like Jacob in the Bible, by watering stock."

SO FAR there have been eight members of the next House of Representatives elected; and so far they have all been republicans. This promises well.