The Huntingdon Journal.

FRIDAY, - - - DECEMBER 22, 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.

Shut the door.
Get vaccinated.
Rents are tumbling.
No paper next week.
Pity the poor tramps.
Toy dealers are harvesting.
"A Merry Christmas" to all.
The little folks are very happy.
Buy your holiday presents now.
The matrimonial market is dull.
Creaking boots are an abomination.
The coming Court promises to be throng.
There will be no JOURNAL issued next week.
Thursday of this week was the shortest day.
Clearfield county is cursed with incendiaries.

An extra will be issued from our office next week.

Huntingdon's prettiest girl is still in the market.

The week of prayer commences on the 7th proximo.

Don't forget the poor amid the festive holiday season.

The *Sunday Globe* is Altoona's latest newspaper venture.

All kinds of school books for sale at the JOURNAL Store.

Cardinal red noses were visible in all directions on Saturday.

But few deer have been killed in this neighborhood this season.

Large numbers of rabbits were killed during the season just closed.

"Quick sales and small profits" is the motto at the JOURNAL Store.

Don't fail to go and hear Prof. Guss' Lecture on Christmas evening.

Great bargains are to be had at the JOURNAL Store in holiday goods.

Samuel A. Steel bagged a fine large wild turkey on Wednesday morning.

Patronize home enterprise by attending the Lecture on Christmas evening.

Since the fire in Shirleysburg the citizens have established a night patrol.

The re-union of the 131st R. P. V., held at Lewistown, last week, was a success.

The JOURNAL Store is the depot for all kinds of school books and School Stationery.

The Shirleysburg *Herald* wants a hook and ladder company organized in that village.

One of those handsome cigar cases, at the JOURNAL Store, would make a suitable holiday present.

The Knights of Pythias Lodge, at Tyrone, has been disbanded, after being in existence since 1868.

Some fellow has invented a machine for darning stockings and calls it the "cast-iron grandmother."

The new Lutheran Church is a credit to this town—encourage it by attending the Lecture on Christmas evening.

A protracted meeting will commence in the new Lutheran church, in this place, on the evening of the 27th inst.

The Juniata Scouts, a cavalry organization, under command of Capt. J. K. Robinson, have been mustered out of the service.

The big blow on Saturday night blew in the gable-end of a brick house, in Alexandria, the property of Samuel Isenberg.

The Council of Altoona won't allow the boys to sled, skate or slide on the streets, and Huntingdon's officials should do the same thing.

Do not forget the Lecture in the Lutheran Church on Christmas evening—the object is worthy and the subject interesting and seasonable.

Frank Wolf, of this county, now languishes in the Allegheny county prison, to answer the charge of embezzling a letter and forging a pension check.

We admire the good taste of the editor of the Fulton *Republican* in his heavy draws upon the columns of the JOURNAL. All right, Jake, go in with your scissors.

A house, occupied by Mr. Saner, in Alexandria, was saved from destruction by fire, on Saturday last, through the herculean efforts of the "bucket brigade."

The Trustees of the M. E. church, at Shirleysburg, which was recently destroyed by fire, are making arrangements for rebuilding during the coming season.

Gen. John Ross, one of Mifflin county's prominent citizens, and well-known to many of our people, died at his residence, in M'Veytown, on Wednesday of last week.

Santa Claus has established his headquarters at the JOURNAL Store during the holiday season. Come and see the pretty things that he has on hand for both young and old.

Remember that true happiness is forever lost when your health is once broken down. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup prevents throat and lung disease, and cures Colds and Coughs.

Huzza! for the good old times. The Grand Central Hotel New York, the leading hotel, announces *ante bellum* prices. It has reduced rates from $4.00 to $2.50 and $3.00 per day.

The wind, when it sweeps through the cordon of telegraph wires on Allegheny street, makes sounds similar to those made by an Æolian harp, and are rather pleasant to the ear.

Are we to have a rifle tournament here this winter? So far we have heard nothing of it, and if we are to have one some one interested in the matter had better make a move in that direction.

[illegible] are flocking to the JOURNAL Store [illegible]ir holiday presents, and we are not [illegible] thereat when we remember that [illegible] 50 per cent. cheaper than any other place in the county.

Another wave, seemingly from the Arctic regions, swept over this neighborhood on Saturday last. The wind was very fierce and piercing cold, so much so that all out-door work was abandoned.

If any one thinks this a country without a religion, or that the State has no right to know that there is a God, or to found schools that will teach that there is a God, let them hear the Lecture on Christmas evening.

The *Local News* wants the Town Council, "to see that fences, gable-ends, roofs, etc., are made secure." We are astonished that Mr. Lindsay should recommend anything that will cause the "tax payers" to pull their wallets.

Everybody who wants to save money should buy their Holiday Presents at the JOURNAL Store. We have a full line of articles suitable for gifts, and you will be astonished when you hear how cheap we sell them. Call and examine.

There is quite an improvement in all departments of the Newport *News* since it passed into the hands of Messrs. Ferguson & Fry, and it will look still better if those double rules are dispensed with in making up the inside pages.

Everybody can be suited at the JOURNAL Store. The stock of holiday goods is complete, and embraces articles suited to the fancy of all, and so very cheap that the poorest can afford to purchase. Call and see for yourselves.

Out of the whole number of subscribers on our list there are not above 325 who have paid up to the first of January 1877. It makes a printer poor to carry his subscription list at the present time. The fewer subscribers the better.

Charles E. M'Murtrie, of Tyrone, who, about a year ago, hired a horse and buggy from Mr. Henry Hess, of Petersburg, and made off with it, has been arrested and lodged in jail at Lock Haven, he having sold Mr. Hess' property in Clinton county.

D. L. Greenfield, who keeps a livery stable in Orbisonia, is short a horse and buggy, a stranger having hired them on Tuesday of last week and failed to return them. The thief was traced to Gettysburg where it was ascertained that he had started towards Baltimore.

A successful religious revival has for some time past been in successful operation in the Lutheran church in Henderson township, and large numbers of sinners have been turned from the paths of vice and enrolled themselves under the banner of the Master. May the good work continue.

Rev. Thomas P. Hunt, the famous temperance lecturer, well known to the majority of our older citizens, having labored for the temperance cause in this place, during the Washingtonian excitement of years ago, died at Wilkesbarree on the 5th inst., aged about 84 years. "Father Hunt," full of years and of honors, has at last been gathered home. Peace to his ashes.

To translate the editor of the *Local News* to Abraham's bosom might be a good thing for the hungry Lazarus, but bad, we should think, for the aged Patriarch. It would not be long, judging from what we know of him, until he would be setting up a small Abraham of his own, and then taxing all his shrewdness and littleness, to be pointed, to supplant, overthrow and destroy the original.

Mrs. Catharine Tricker, of the Girard Avenue House, located at 48th street and Lancaster Avenue, will continue the hotel business at that point for the present. The Permanent Exhibition makes it a very desirable location for the accommodation of visitors and exhibitors. Should the Capitol be removed to Memorial Hall it would place the Girard Avenue House in a very desirable position.

The Fast Mail Train has been revived on the Pennsylvania Railroad and the consequence is that we receive our eastern morning mail 40 minutes later than at any time in the last ten years. Another Fast Train and we may be thankful if we receive it the day following. The "Limited" brought our mail at 1.11 o'clock p. m., now it reaches us at 6.19. Couldn't some one start up a line of stages? While we are going back let us have something that there is a little fun in, any way.

The Lewistown *True Democrat* publishes, from week to week, its cash receipts for subscription, but, as a general thing, the amount never exceeds ten or twelve dollars, not enough to pay for the white paper upon which it is printed. This is about the average amount received by country printers on subscriptions, and we sometimes come to the conclusion that subscribers think that newspaper men can steal their living and get their work done for nothing, judging from their tardiness in paying up.

During the prevalence of the high wind on Friday night last the north gable end of a small brick house, on Church street, between Fifth and Sixth, the property of Jacob S. Africa, esq., and occupied by Mr. Crum, was blown in and the roof blown entirely off and landed on the opposite side of the street, where it was stopped by coming in contact with a large tree in front of the residence of Mrs. Yaw. The inmates of the house repaired to the cellar, where they stayed until daylight, when they sought more safe and comfortable quarters.

There, now, the very "O.I Harry" is to pay! Read this: "SAULSBURG, Dec. 17th, 1876.—My Friend, Mr. Durborrow:—I understand that you have my name published in your paper as being married on the 14th of last month. I want you to understand that this is not so, and I want you to tell me who informed you that I was married, and if you can't tell me, I can find a man that will stand for it. Yours truly, J. A. DAILY, Saulsburg." Sorry, Mr. Daily, that we do not know who sent the notice. Some Momus, we suppose, who thought he was playing a huge joke on you. Of course you ought to know whether you are married or not and we give you the benefit of this contradiction.

The other evening, as Mr. John Barrick, one of our most successful hunters, was on his way home from a hunt on Warrior Ridge, he heard a noise a little distance from an old road that he was traveling, and thinking that it might be a deer, he was looking sharply, when a buck of mammoth proportions leaped across the road. Mr. Barrick threw a bunch of rabbits from his shoulder, quickly brought his gun to his face, and fired, but owing to the jumping of the deer and the darkness of the evening, he was unable to bring this monarch of the woods down. He must be a large animal and of considerable weight, as his stride, when trotting along, measures five feet, and his hoofs cut through the leaves to the ground.

The restaurant of Henry Hazzard was burglarized, on Tuesday night of last week, and a half-dozen knives and forks, some silver plated spoons, candy, tobacco and segars carried off. Two young men, in this place, named Jacob Houck and Charlie Schriver, were arrested on suspicion, and upon searching them some of the candy and tobacco were found on the person of Schriver. Constable Westbrook and Policeman Skeese, armed with a search-warrant, repaired to the residence of David Houck—brother of one of the defendants—situate on "Gravel Point," near the Catholic Cemetery, where, secreted under a pile of coal, in the cellar, they brought the missing articles to light, together with a pair of new boots, supposed to have been stolen from our across-the-street neighbor, Crum. In the stable, on these premises, Mr. Skeese found a couple of bunches of segars secreted between the lining, which were recognized as those stolen from Mr. Hazzard. It is presumed that these articles were placed where they were found without the knowledge or consent of David Houck.—He was arrested and taken before a justice but was subsequently discharged. The other two were committed for their appearance at the January session when their chances will be very flattering for a journey west of the Alleghenies.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.—Exercise your judgment—A newer and better philosophy. To pull down all absurd and antiquated notions of disease and its cure, and to establish a rational system on the ruins, has been the chief endeavor of Dr. Holloway through life, hence the origin of his celebrated Pills and Ointment—remedies in keeping with common sense, because subservient to nature, rather than at variance with her laws like those in general use. To the stomach we trace dyspepsia, headache and general debility; to the liver, bile, jaundice, and yellow fever; to the bowels, diarrhœa, dysentery, constipation, piles and fistula; to the lungs, consumption, &c.; to the blood, scrofula, scurvy, and all cutaneous eruptions. By keeping these organs and the vital fluid pure and healthy we may safely defy the attacks of disease, and no medicine yet prepared for this purpose can equal the action of these Pills and Ointment, as they dive to the seat of the disorder, and by extirpating its cause, destroy its effect. 120.

"There's a good time coming, boys, wait a little longer," and while you are waiting just step into Montgomery's Clothing Store and leave your measure for a suit of clothes. He has 200 samples to select from and sells suits, made to order, from 10 to 20 per cent. cheaper than any place else in the county. Good fits guaranteed.

LADIES! LADIES! LADIES! LADIES! *FURS! FURS! FURS! FURS!*—Mink, Seal, Lynx and Artic Mink, from $2.50 to $50.00 a set, at Harry Cohen's Clothing and Hat Store.

LECTURE.—By request of the members of the Evangelical Lutheran Church of this place, Prof. A. L. Guss will deliver a lecture in the new church building, corner of Sixth and Mifflin streets, at 7 o'clock on *Christmas Evening*. Subject: "Is this a Government Without a Religion?" The object is to raise funds to furnish the adult and infant Sunday School rooms of the Church. The Lecture has been prepared with much care and labor. The design is to prove from the great national Documents and sayings of the fathers of the Republic that this is a Christian Government. Many of these extracts and incidents will be new to most people, and as historical facts exceedingly interesting. There will be no party politics in the Lecture.

Admission, 25 cents.

Do you want a suit of Men's or Boy's ready-made Clothing, a Hat, Cap, Fine Shirt, Under-Clothing, &c.? Go to Montgomery's. He sells for cash, and sells cheap.

OVERCOATS, OVERCOATS, OVERCOATS. 500 different styles and quality, from $5 upwards, at Harry Cohen's.

THE New York *Observer* is out with its prospectus for the *fifty-fifth year*. It is a large paper of the first class, and should be in every family in the land. Those who do not take it should send for a specimen copy at once, or, better yet, should send the price for a year. Any person desiring a comprehensive weekly newspaper, filled with just the news that every family wants, and free from clap-trap or objectionable matter of any kind, will hardly do better than to send $3.15 to S. I. Prime & Co., 37 Park Row, New York, and receive the *Observer* post-paid.

Children's Temperance Service,

Held in the Presbyterian Church, Thanksgiving Evening.

The Children's Thanksgiving Temperance Service on Thursday evening, Nov. 30th, 1876, in the Presbyterian Church, was very largely attended, and the exercises were alike interesting and creditable to those of our citizens who were instrumental in getting up the meeting and whose presence and assistance contributed to the interest of the occasion.

The large audience room was filled to repletion at an early hour, long before the commencement of the services proper, some five or six hundred children being in attendance, from the different sabbath schools of the town, together with a crowd of interested and eager listeners of all ages and of both sexes, representing the better class of our citizens, and the moral and intelligent portion of the community.

The exercises consisted of Music, vocal and instrumental, addresses, &c., in the following order:

The meeting was presided over by Rev. A. Nelson Hollifield, pastor of the Presbyterian church, who offered the invocation, after which a piece entitled, "The Wine Cup," was sung.

Rev. A. G. Dole, of the German Reformed church, read portions of the 20th and 23rd chapters of Proverbs, which was followed by prayer by Rev. Mr. Focht, of the Lutheran church.

The opening address was delivered by Wm. Dorris, esq. He congratulated the town of Huntingdon on having a clergy who were not tongue tied on the most important question that can come before the American people, and who were to a man in favor of temperance. It is not so in some places. England to-day is cursed with a wine-drinking clergy, who dare not raise their voices in favor of temperance, or against this monstrous evil which is sweeping its thousands away every year. It was last year claimed as an evidence of great progress by one of the leading magazines of England, that out of 50,000 clergymen there were actually 4,000 that did not touch, taste or handle spirituous liquors. Just think of it! Eleven-twelfths of the clergy of England dare not speak in regard to intemperance. It is different in this country, where the few that are addicted to this vice are exceptions to the general rule. It might be said why not go down to Allegheny street and talk to the people there? Why talk to us; we do not intend to grow up drunkards; we have not formed the appetite for strong drink; how say you, my young friends, that we have been looking over the statistics, and I find that children, even in the Sunday Schools, do grow up to be drunkards. Thousands of them, who have enjoyed the advantages of the Sabbath School, become drunkards, and worse than that, criminals, sent to the common jail. I was startled at the statistics of prison life in the old country, to find that in Edinburg, out of 569 prisoners, 435 were brought there by intemperance, and 390 had been Sunday School scholars for an average of two and a half years. In Glasgow, out of 78, 62 had been members of the Sunday School, and let it be remembered by them, the appetite for strong drink. In the city of Leeds, out of 2,000 1,900 had the advantage of Sabbath School education. In the town of Huntingdon England, out of 292 prisoners in the jail, 143 had been Sabbath School scholars. An estimate has been made of the different prisons and penitentiaries of England, Scotland and Wales, and it appears that out of 10,561, 6,572 had been children of the Sabbath School, and almost every one of them admitted, that they had been brought to that condition by the use of strong drink. These are alarming statistics. While thinking over this question, in my office, on Tuesday evening my wife and wondering whether it could be so in this country, the door opened and a young man came in and took a seat in front of me, so brutally drunk that I did not recognize him as a citizen of the town, but when I looked into his face I saw with sorrow that he was a former member of my Sabbath School class, and I can state to you now that at least one of the Sunday School scholars of this school, has become a drunkard.

With facts like these before us it is time to hold temperance meetings and talk about the monstrous evil. But there is another reason why we should present this question before the rising generation. There are two great sources of education in Pennsylvania, one of them training the youth of our land for knowledge and virtue and happiness; for life here and for the life beyond, and the other just as earnestly training them in crime and intemperance, to fill drunkards' homes and drunkards' graves, and to go down to the drunkards' hell: unceasingly working night and day, and with power and money, for the accomplishment of this purpose. I want to call your attention to the parties engaged in these different systems of education. Of schools and colleges throughout Pennsylvania we have 16,464 of them, and we have 25,604, almost 10,000 to one. Of professors and teachers we have 18,783, and we have employed in liquor shops 45,490, more than double. We have pupils in regular attendance in the one 542,976; we have intemperate men and drunkards in the other, 887,681, and the cost in Pennsylvania is $8,299,752, while the direct cost of liquors is $30,000,000. Just think of it! $8,000,000 for training up the youth of our land to be good citizens and to live happily throughout the endless ages of eternity, and ten times eight millions spent every year in training them for Hell! How is it possible to sustain the cause of temperance in this land? It looks as though satan had a great advantage in such an issue as this. They have the money and influence, and temperance must hold their arms and look on, while sixty thousand men are annually going down to death in consequence of this fearful evil. It is time for the temperance men in this town, and everywhere, to arouse and fight this national curse. There is a great responsibility resting on us, and we must be up and doing, because we have an enemy that never sleeps, and is working day and night, trying to corrupt the young and old of this place. It is a monstrous evil, and it is necessary to fight it with all the powers God has given us. I will not take time to speak of the evils of intemperance—you all know them. There is scarcely a family in this town, or a home in this broad land, that does not suffer, in some way or other, from this terrible appetite for strong drink, and in view of the sadness, the penury and poverty that it entails, is it not a wonder that the American people do not arise in their might and sweep this fearful curse? If the time will come when they will: when the evil becomes insupportable, and then they will do their duty and put it down.

What remedies have we for this evil? One is a healthy public opinion against the use of ardent spirits. Make it as much a disgrace for the landlord or the owner of a property to rent it for the sale of spirituous liquors as it is to sell the liquor itself. Make it as much a disgrace for a man of intelligence, influence and standing in the community to get "mellow" on good wine in his own home, or that of his friends, as it is for his poor neighbor to get dead drunk on bad whiskey in the streets. Make it as much a disgrace for the city belle to hand her young man, who makes her a call, a glass of liquor, as it would be for the poor daughter to refill her fathers empty flask, when lying drunk in the gutter. Make it a crime to manufacture and sell whisky and to use anything that will intoxicate. How is public opinion to be molded and brought to such a stand point? By speaking and writing and holding meetings, such as this one to-night. But there is another and very forcible way, and that is by setting a good example. Don't drink yourself. Keep everything that will hold liquor just as represented on this blackboard, empty, with their mouths down, and if you set such an example it will have a healthy influence all over the community. If a man having a large number of men in his employ sets his face against strong drink the probability is that the employees will be temperance men. Suppose a railroad president were a drunken sot; it is likely that all the officers, down to the lowest employee under him would drink too. A town of ten or twelve thousand inhabitants, in Ireland, with a large linen manufactory, employing some four thousand hands, is without a constable, police officer or prison, just from the good example of one man. A missionary, just returned from India, makes the astounding announcement that for every Hindoo converted to christianity one thousand are made drunkards by the example of beer and whiskey drinking Englishmen who visit that country. There is great force in the example set to our fellow men. The liquor men understand the necessity of making public opinion, and they do it by paying correspondents for the press to write for them all over the land. It is generally believed, in America, that if you go abroad you will have to drink liquor and wine, because the water over there is absolutely unfit to drink.—They go so far as to say that it is poisonous, and would kill you. It is all a mistake. Dr. Holland, a writer on temperance, says he went abroad with that idea, believing that the waters were unfit to drink, and commenced drinking beer and wine, but it did not agree with him, and he gave it up, and found that there was nothing wrong with the water, and that one of his party, who did not taste a drop came home in better health than any of the others. I was surprised to find that at Philadelphia during the Centennial foreigners had been educated by the liquor interest, in precisely the same way, and came here believing that there was not a drop of water in America that a man could take into his stomach, and that the only safety was the national drink of lager beer, and from the way in which the different drinks were guzzled by the foreigners there it was apparent that they had not changed their minds, and further that they had converted our own people to the same belief, for you might travel round there for a day and not see a drop of water. Another idea is that if you want to engage in severe bodily or mental labor you must have stimulants. Our army was made to believe that they could not stand the southern climate without whiskey, from the officers down to the privates, and we lost many important battles from the use of strong drink, while the fact is that the man who went into the army temperate and came out temperate, could endure more than a whole regiment of drunkards. It is the same way with severe mental labor. The stimulants may help for a time but the reaction is fearful after it is over. So that it is all a mistake that drinking helps your bodily or mental powers in any way. Another great mistake, as the result of their teaching, is, that whisky or any other spirituous liquor is a good tonic, that it is healthful and life-giving, and you will see men, weighing over 200 pounds guzzling whiskey and larger beer every day as a tonic. This is only an excuse because they love liquor. If they believe it is so healthful why not give some to their nervous wives and little children; Why not give their cows some? When such opinions prevail in the community it is time for the friends of temperance to arouse themselves, and show that they are all wrong.

What is the great remedy for all this? It is TOTAL ABSTINENCE. I do not know of any other. Touch not, taste not, handle not, of the accursed thing, and then you will be absolutely safe. I need not appeal to the man who has become so addicted to the use of spirituous liquors that he cannot give it up. There is scarcely a hope for such a one. There is nothing but the sovereign grace of God can save him. But my young friends there is hope for you, for I do not suppose that any of you have become addicted to the use of spirituous liquors, and it is necessary now to determine that you never will use anything that will intoxicate. It is the only safety. If you drink once you will have the desire to drink again.—There never was a drunkard who believed he would become such when he commenced drinking whisky, but as he drank time after time the appetite became stronger and stronger, and the quantity greater and greater, till the love for strong drink became stronger than his own self will, or his love for his family or children stronger even than his wish for Heaven.

I have drawn here a picture of the wire bridge across Niagara River, made by one of the great engineers of this country in 1852. It was a wonderful enterprise, and I have tried to depict it here but could not show the great height from the bridge down to the water, just 118 feet higher than the top of the steeple of this church, or 258 feet, and 821 feet across, while the depth of the water below, no human power has ever been able to fathom. How was this great work constructed? A little cord was tied to a musket ball and fired across this wide torrent, to this cord was fastened a delicate wire, which was drawn across the chasm, and after it thicker wires till in that way two cables ten inches in diameter each containing four thousand miles of wire, were stretched across and there is a bridge, over which, since 1852, the railroad cars of two great trunk lines are running night and day, and the armies of the world could march over it in safety, and the beginning was this little cord, hanging like a film, so slight that the wing of a bird could have sundered it. Oh my young friends, that bridge is a fair illustration of the liquor fiend when it fastens on the human soul. When you commence with your first cigar, or drink of whisky you have no idea that you will ever be a victim to that appetite; but after going on day after day and year after year, smoking and drinking, it becomes a second nature, and before you know it you are bound hand and foot and ready to be delivered over to the tormentors. There is no hope for you, so far as this appetite is concerned only as you determine in your hearts that you will never taste touch or handle it. One of the citizens of this town, a man of immense strength, and a giant intellectually, told me, a short time before he died, that the most humiliating thought that ever crossed his mind was that he was a slave to an appetite that he had no power to resist, and that he would have given half his wealth if he could have the power and the influence of this hellish appetite; but he went down to death, unable to restrain it.

Oh, my young friends, determine this evening, if never before, that as long as you live you will never touch, taste or handle the accursed thing; and if you do, in long after years, when you gather your children and grand children around you, you will be able to tell them that in this Centennial year, on Thanksgiving night, in the Presbyterian church of this town, you formed the resolution that by the help of God, you would never give yourselves up to the destroyer, and if you make that resolve there are many happy days in store for you.

Music: "The Young Abstainer."
Duet by two boys.

Mr. Hollifield referred to the Old Washingtonian movement thirty-three years ago, and said that one of the members of that organization, Major D. Mellon Stitz, was present and would assist in singing one of their old songs.

Music: "Children of freedom swell the song."

W. H. Woodcock, a member of the propriety in this Centennial Thanksgiving occasion, offering up the incense of grateful hearts to the great Father of all, who, though we have often forgotten Him throughout the year, has not forgotten us.—He has not forgotten to send the rain and the sunshine, cold and heat; to cause the trees to blossom and cover great and the fields to yield their increase, and to fill our land with plenty. He has given you loving friends, fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters, happy homes, and food and raiment, bright fires to warm you, health and strength and sounding life, to enjoy all these his mercies. We should remember what he has done for our nation, one hundred years ago, we were weak and few in number, and engaged in a contest with one of the greatest powers of the earth, and again in the great Rebellion, when slavery in her wrath and power rose up and struck at the nation's life.—God spared the people and nerved their arms to fight, they went down to the battle, but not alone. The God of battles went with them. Three hundred thousand of our bravest and best went down to their graves, and our streams ran red with blood; but the shackles were stricken from the limbs of four millions of slaves, and their songs of joy and rejoicing, and anthems of praise arose as sweet incense before the Lord incense which I believe, as the preacher declared this morning, saved the nations life. The struggle was long and bloody, the stream was fierce and terrible, and the war cloud that overhung the sky, black as the pall of night; but when the smoke of the conflict cleared away, how gloriously shone our national constitution as it came up from the midst of the battle, with the foul blot of slavery forever washed away in the blood of our fallen heroes. God has worked by us as a nation from our earliest existence and has in this our Centennial year crowned us with glory and honor. He has, as it were, set us upon the top of the mountain and caused all the nations of the earth to come to our shores to see what great things he has done for us, and has poured into our lap the wealth and treasures of the kingdoms of the world. We have reached of this day one we have than this Sabbath School, Temperance Thanksgiving meeting, composed of teachers and scholars, parents and children, relations and friends,—all who love God and the temperance cause, to thank him for his kindness, and take counsel together with regard to suppressing the evil of intemperance.

The horrors of intemperance, who can describe them? My dear boys and girls, no tongue can tell, no pencil paint, the drunkards woes, the sorrows of the drunkard's wife, the wretchedness of the drunkard's home, or the heart-rending anguish of the drunkard's mother. Inspiration has come to us with solemn warning, "look not upon the wine when it is red, &c." And that same sacred word asks the startling question, "who hath woe; who hath sorrow," &c. Fearful indeed must be the woe of the drunkard when God calls it woe! God sends death, pestilence, tribulation and sorrow upon the sons of men, but he calls them his chastisements, and not unfrequently the tokens of his love; but when he pronounces anything a woe, he means the woe of the hereafter, the fire that never shall be quenched; the gnawing of the worm that never dies. He means the death of the soul! My young friends, you have heard of the horrors of war. War has its horrors; sacked cities, burned villages, devastated fields; the horrors of the battle field; the dead, the wounded and the dying, the widow's woes, the childrens' sorrows, the mother's grief; a death in every house, and the pestilence that passes over cities, and leaves behind it death, desolation and sorrow; but what are all these to the evils, the woes, the death and despair that follow in the train of intemperance. War and pestilence can kill the body, but intemperance kills body and soul forever. During our late war, it is said that 300,000 lives were lost; but it is estimated that during that time 400,000 men died from the effects of intemperance. But, ah! the difference in the dying. The nation mourns the loss of the one, and the whole people annually deck their graves with flowers and the laurel wreath; but who can describe the death of the drunkard? Oh the horrors of his death bed scene! The speechless, tearless agony of the father, the stony horror having dried up the fountains of grief, as he looks on his dying boy! The wife, with woman's strong love, forgetting hitcrueity, neglect and brutality to her, now clings and weeps over her dying husband. But what is the agony of the father or the sorrow of the wife to the heart rending anguish of the mother, she who bore him, on whose bosom he nestled when a baby, who first taught him to lisp the name of mother, who watched him as he grew up to manhood, her joy and his father's pride; but the tempter came, he fell, and he is dying.

I have stood by the bedside of the dying drunkard, and saw his eye-balls fairly starting from their sockets, his hair stand on end, and heard him utter a fearful cry of mortal terror, that the waves of hell were rising to engulf him; I have seen the young wife, in all her agony as she threw herself on the body of her dead husband, and the gray haired father, as in speechless agony he tottered up and looked on the face of his dead boy. There are hundreds and thousands of such scenes being transacted in this land of ours every year. But though you have never witnessed a scene like this you have seen the drunkard staggering in the street, wallowing in the gutter and lying on the cellar door. You have seen what a brute he has made of himself. Would you be like him? If not sign the temperance pledge and never touch, taste or handle the accursed thing. That degraded wretch you saw on the cellar door was once an innocent boy like you.

How are we to overcome this evil? One third of a century ago there was a movement over the entire country; hundreds and thousands of drunkards signed the pledge, and the liquor dealers trembled; but the excitement passed away, the drunkard returned to his cup and the rumseller enjoyed his gains. To strike at this evil is now the work of the young and rising generation. We read in the Scripture of the hosts of the Philistines being encamped against the hosts of Israel with Goliah of Gath amongst them, and Saul, the mighty chieftain, with all his mighty men of war, afraid to engage him. But the Lord reserved the victory for the hand of the stripling David. So in the temperance cause, God has raised up the fair hand of woman, which, with the assistance of the boys and girls of the land, will strike down this demon of intemperance. It will come through the movement of the women of the land, who are this day, with woman's tact and woman's wisdom, trying to engage the boys and girls for assistants, by raising them up to be temperance men and women, and the victory will be won. The liquor seller dreads nothing so much as the womans' movement. They scent the battle from afar. They know that if the boys grow up to be temperance men that in a few years they will have votes and fill the halls of legislation, and sweep off from the stage of existence this curse of our land.

Boys, there is another thing I ask of you, and that is never to engage in selling liquor; never rent a house, if you have one, for the sale of liquor, and never sign a petition for the license of any one to sell liquor. The landlord who rents his building for this purpose and the men that sign petitions for the licensing of it are just as guilty in the eye of God, of soul murder, as the rumseller himself. At our August Session, a man was cried for murder, and the counsel for the Commonwealth, in the argument of the case said: "Madigan is dead.—Who killed Madigan?" and like an electric thrill it rang through the Court House, and told on the jury. Stutsman may have struck the fatal blow that ended the life of Madigan's body, but who killed Madigan's soul? Upon whose hand is the blood of Madigan's soul resting to-night? It rests on the man who sold him the liquor, and upon the men who signed the petition to enable this man to get a license to sell liquor. Their hands to-night are stained, deep and black, with the blood of Madigan's soul.

My young friends, never sell liquor. It is a dreadful, a terrible crime.

Temperance and Total Abstinence was represented with very fine effect by a group of 10 boys and 15 girls, each with a small banner on which was inscribed a single letter of the motto.

Music.—"Hing aloft the temperance banner." J. R. Simpson, esq., opened his address with a vivid description of the car of Juggernaut, and the destruction of the thousands of deluded Hindoos beneath its wheels, and said that in proportion to our population we have a car of Juggernaut even more destructive, and upon drunkards are lying in its way waiting for the car to crush them. In this Centennial year 50,000 of our fellow citizens are lying mangled upon the road over which this car has passed.

Go back to India, and witness another scene. By the side of the Sacred Ganges a mother with a babe in her arms stands waiting, till a fierce alligator with fiery eyes, sharp teeth and great wide mouth comes to the surface. See that mother take the child from her bosom and cast it into the mouth of the ferocious reptile. We can thank God to-night that we do not have to present a parallel to that, but it has been only a few years since, that the mothers of America set before their children that which made them drunkards, thus taking their children and throwing them into the mouth of a reptile ten thousand times worse than the alligators of the Ganges. We have reason to thank God to-night that that time has gone by, and there is not a mother in this town who would now offer her children a drink of wine from the cup on her side board. Instead of the mothers throwing their children to the voracious reptiles, they are praying, as they know they need to pray, to save their children from going down into the terrible depths of degradation which comes upon the drunkard.

Does not your heart sicken when you meet the drunkard on the street? Do you not feel like throwing your arms around him and trying to press upon his mind the truth that he is sending his soul to hell, and bringing destruction, misery and sadness on his family? Can you not pity out the drunkard's children, in their bare feet these cold mornings? have you not seen them going from door to door begging for food and clothing? But that is not the question before the American people to-day. Total abstinence is the vital issue at this time. It is not whether a man shall be a drunkard or not, because no man wants to be a drunkard; but the idea is to start right. Use you to start right by totally abstaining. The speaker held up before the audience a little silken badge with the inscription "H. S. L. Temperance Society," instituted Dec. 5, 1841, (35 years ago,) which was handed him by a gentleman who at that time belonged to that total abstinence association. He had then taken the pledge and kept it ever since, and faithful as the sun has risen and set, and is now amongst the best men of our town, and one we all delight to honor. This little badge he said was a sermon to the children and youth of the town, and as you value your peace and prosperity on earth, touch not at all. Children look forward to the time when they will be men and women, and be surrounded with the comforts of life, but you cannot expect to prosper if you are known to drink, whatever may be your qualifications or address. Business men have learned that the man who puts a devil into his mouth to steal away his brains cannot attend to his business. Railroad companies will not employ men addicted to intemperance, and the heads of all business institutions will trust no such men in their employ. As you value your peace on earth, and your hope for eternity; as you value your prosperity and happiness while permitted to dwell upon this footstool, sign the pledge, or if you have conscientious scruples against this, false as they may be, write it on the table of your heart, that from this night on, not merely for a day, or a year, or for half a century if you live so long, but from now until called up higher, you will not touch, taste or handle the unclean thing.

Music: "The Temperance Ship."

Rev. Mr. Hollifield said: My dear young friends: I have a word to say to you, alone to-night. I want to talk to you a few minutes only, because that bell (the clock struck nine) tells me that it is bed time for you little folks. It would be useless for me to describe the desolations of the rum-fiend about which you have been hearing to-night. You know *something* about them by observation. You little boys and girls have seen the work of Intemperance. You have seen the drunkard staggering along the street, or lying dead drunk in the gutter. You have seen the drunkard's children, little boys and girls that go to school with you, clad in rags, and you have seen those who were too filthy and shabby to go to school at all. You know of drunkard's families, in this town, that do not sit down to well filled tables, have not warm and comfortable clothes, now that winter is coming on, and some of them no coal in the cellar. You know something then about the ravages of Intemperance by *observation*; but it may be that since of you know something about them by bitter *experience*. Some of you may know what it is to have a drunken father. You may know what it is to be without bread in the house; without shoes and without clothes. You may know what it is to be slightly the better fed and clad. God pity you! You know by observation, and some of you by experience what Intemperance has been doing; but I tell you, *much as you know* and frightful as that side, *you do not know all*. What you do not know is far worse than that which you do know. Your minds are too young yet to grasp the whole of this great evil,—this great curse, of Intemperance. Every year it is the cause of 200 persons being murdered. Just think of that. It is the cause of 500 suicides. It sends 100,000 people to our prisons, and 200,000 to our poor houses and asylums. It makes 200,000 orphans, and 50,000 widows every year. This—what this great curse of Intemperance does in part; and I want to press this thought home to your hearts and consciences, that in order for it to continue these frightful ravages it is necessary to have the help of you children. Every year, as you have been told to-night, and this morning, an army of drunkards, 60,000 strong is marching to the grave, and to Hell. Oh, I hear that army to-night, going tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp—down to the grave, and to Hell! Yes, we have the football here, in Huntingdon, and some of you have kicked them in your own houses! Oh what an army to be going down to the grave and to Hell! Though this great army of Intemperance is depleted every year to the extent of 60,000, still it is kept up. Extensive depleted ranks were to be filled up, we would soon have no drunkards in the land; but the enrolling officers succeed in having the ranks filled up, 60,000 die every year but they get 60,000 more to take their places. And where do the recruits come from? I am sorry to say from your children. So if we could only get the children on the side of temperance we would soon be free from this curse. Yes, children as you are, young and apparently helpless, and without influence, I want to tell you to-night, that you hold in your keeping the character and destiny of this great nation. Some of you may have read the book called the "Arabian Nights." I remember reading in it about Aladdin's Lamp, and how when he would rub that wonderful lamp every wish would be gratified. One night he wished for a palace and the next morning there it was, beautiful and grand, with every thing in it and around it his heart wished for. My dear children you have in your possession something better than Aladdin's lamp. You have an *influence* that can make itself felt throughout the nation. You can work greater wonders than ever Aladdin by exercising that influence in the cause of Temperance, than Aladdin could with his wonderful lamp, you can fill this land with palaces.—In 1814 when the allied armies assulted the city of Paris, the Parisian Artillery were stationed on the heights of Montmartre and their guns which overlooked the city and protected it, were in charge of boys from the Polytechnic School, between the ages of 12 and 14, these during boys stood at their posts and did work as well as any of the veteran soldiers, and when the battle was over hundreds of them had fallen beside their guns in defence of their native land.

And now to-night, we ask you children, not the men, to arise and strike a blow in behalf of the cause of Temperance. It is your cause. It involves your happiness and peace and that of your fathers and mothers. The other day a little child in this town some 3 years of age, whose father was in the habit of going to one of the hotels to drink and coming home under the influence of liquor, got on its fathers lap and threw its little arms around his neck and with tears said to him "Papa, Papa don't go to that beer saloon any more, please don't." You children can exert an influence in this way. You can go to your fathers, if they drink and beg them not to go to the beer saloons and ruin babes.

But I want to tell you how to fight this curse. It is best done by being total abstainers. You cannot avoid it if you keep company with it. It is a very strange way to fight a thing to have nothing to do with it, but if you want to fight Intemperance just let it alone. Too want to fight whisky and beer just let them alone. That is the best way to fight and conquer them.

You boys, especially, may be tempted after a while to take a drink of beer, ale or wine, or something that is mild and pleasant and exhilarating, and you may think oh there is no danger. Father has been drinking all his life and is not a drunkard. But let me tell you, if you take the first glass, if you touch