The Huntingdon Journal.

VOL. 42. HUNTINGDON, PA., FRIDAY, JUNE 21, 1878. NO. 24.

The Huntingdon Journal.

Office in new JOURNAL *Building, Fifth Street.*

THE HUNTINGDON JOURNAL is published every Friday by J. A. NASH, 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 publisher, 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.

Regular quarterly and yearly business advertisements will be inserted at the following rates:

	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
2 "	5 00	8 00	10 00	12 00	⅓col	18 00	36 00	50	65
3 "	7 00	10 00	14 00	18 00	½col	34 00	50 00	65	80
4 "	8 00	14 00	20 00	18 00	1 col	36 00	60 00	80	100

All Resolutions of Associations, Communications of limited or individual interest, all party announcements, and notices of Marriages and Deaths, exceeding five lines, will be charged TEN CENTS per line.

Legal and other notices will be charged to the party having them inserted.

Advertising Agents must find their commission outside of these figures.

All advertising accounts are due and collectable when the advertisement is once inserted.

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.

DR. G. B. HOTCHKIN, 204 Mifflin Street. Office corner Fifth and Washington Sts., opposite the Post Office. Huntingdon, [june14-1878

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

DR. HYSKILL has permanently located in Alexandria to practice his profession. [jan.4 '78-1y.

F. C. STOCKTON, Surgeon Dentist. Office in Leister's building, in the room formerly occupied by Dr. E. J. Greene, Huntingdon, Pa. [ap12, '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. [ap12.71

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

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

L. S. GEISSINGER, Attorney-at-Law and Notary Public, Huntingdon, Pa. Office, No. 200 Penn Street, opposite Court House. [feb5,'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. [ap19,'71

Miscellaneous.

NOTICE TO CONSUMERS. —OF— LORILLARD TOBACCO

The great celebrity of our TIN TAG TOBACCO has caused many imitations thereof to be placed on the market, we therefore caution all Chewers against purchasing such imitations.

All dealers buying or selling other plug tobacco bearing a hard or metallic label, render themselves liable to the penalty of the Law, and all persons violating our trade marks are punishable by fine and imprisonment. SEE ACT OF CONGRESS, AUG. 14, 1876.

The genuine LORILLARD TIN TAG TOBACCO can be distinguished by a TIN TAG on each lump with the word LORILLARD stamped thereon.

Over 7,088 tons tobacco sold in 1877, and nearly 3,000 persons employed in factories.

Taxes paid Government in 1877 about $3,500,000, and during the past 12 years, over $20,000,000.

These goods sold by all jobbers at manufacturers rates. [mch8.3m

The Tin Tag Smoking Tob'a is "second to none" in aroma, mildness, purity & quality.

AVERILL BARLOW,

45 South Second Street,

Has the largest and best stock of

FURNITURE

IN

PHILADELPHIA.

All those in want of Furniture of any quality, examine goods in other stores, then call and compare prices with his. He guarrantees to sell lower than any other dealer. Every article warranted. [jan.25–1y.

FOR SALE.

CHOICE FARMING LANDS

IN

MINNESOTA AND DAKOTA,

BY THE

Winona & St. Peter Railroad Co

The WINONA & ST. PETER R. R. Co., is now offering for sale, at VERY LOW prices, its land grant lands along the line of its Railway in Southern Minnesota and Eastern Dakota, which covers a portion of the best wheat region of the Northern States, and the older portions of the Northwestern States.

These lands lie in the great wheat belt of the Northwest, in a climate unsurpassed for healthfulness, and in a country which is being rapidly settled by a thriving and industrious people, composed to a large extent of farmers, from the Eastern and the older portions of the Northwestern States.

H. M. BURCHARD, Land Agent, for sale of Lands of said Company, at MARSHALL, LYON COUNTY, MINNESOTA.

GEO. P. GOODWIN, Land Commissioner.

General Office of Chicago & North-western Railway Co., Chicago, Ill.

To all persons requesting information, by mail or otherwise, Circulars and Maps will be sent free of cost by said Land Commissioner or said Land Agent. [mch1-6m

Manhood: How Lost, How Restored.

Just published, a new edition of Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay on the *radical cure* (without medicine) of SPERMATORRHŒA or Seminal Weakness, Involuntary Seminal Losses, IMPOTENCY, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc.; also, CONSUMPTION, EPILEPSY and FITS, induced by self-indulgence, or sexual extravagance, &c.

☞ Price, in sealed envelope, only six cents.

The celebrated author, in his Admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates, from a thirty years' successful practice, that the alarming consequences of self-abuse may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicine or the application of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain, and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately, and *radically.*

☞ This Lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.

Sent under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, *post-paid*, on receipt of six cents or two postage stamps. Address the publishers.

THE CULVERWELL MEDICAL CO.,

41 Ann St., N. Y.; Post Office Box, 4586.

April 12-1878-1y.

CHEVINGTON COAL AT THE **Old "Langdon Yard,"**

in quantities to suit purchasers by the ton or car load. Kindling wood cut to order, Pine Oak or Hickory. Orders left at Judge Miller's store, at my residence, 609 Mifflin st., or Guss Raymonds may 3, '78-1y.] J. H. DAVIDSON.

H. ROBLEY, Merchant Tailor, No. 813 Mifflin street, West Huntingdon Pa., respectfully solicits a share of public patronage from town and country. [octl6,

The Huntingdon Journal.

ORGANIZE Republican clubs everywhere.

HAVE the Greenbackers inquired into the labor record of some of their would-be leaders? Of course it is a hard one—*hard*-working, we mean. If they were not exposing it so much themselves, we would do it for them.

ANDREW H. DILL, the Democratic candidate for Governor, when a youth, resided two years in this town, in the house now occupied by H. Greenberg's clothing store; but this is no reason why the Republicans should give him any "complimentary votes."

SHARP competition is the order of the day, among the first class hotels in New York. With one or two exceptions, they are trying to keep their old trade while adhering to their previous high rates. The Grand Central has reaped much benefit from this by quietly "cutting" the rates from one to two dollars per day.

DILL, Fertig, Ross and Africa. These four were young men when the rebellion was commenced by the firing upon Fort Sumter—the youngest 23 and the oldest 29—but not one of them volunteered to prevent the destruction of his country.—Had there not been such men in the land as General Hoyt and Captain Dunkel we would be in a sorry plight to day.

DEMOCRATIC solicitude concerning the veracity of Col. Quay, and the indelicacy of his appointment as chairman of the Republican State Central Committee, is very charming, particularly in view of the fact that that party has as Col. Quay's *vis a vis* a salary grabber, who bears upon his forehead the mark of condemnation placed there by the Democratic Covention. The old adage comes in here finely: They who live in glass houses ought not to throw stones.—*Harrisburg Telegraph.*

AFRICA'S DEFEAT.—It has been oft repeated in the Democratic papers that J. Simpson Africa was once elected to the Legislature over a Republican opponent. Democrats will crow over a thing of that kind if it should be a quarter of a century after it was done. Republicans who helped to do it will now be sorry if they never were before. The Democratic recollection, however, overleaped a more recent election at which Mr. Africa was a candidate and at which he was NOT elected. His defeat in 1872 ought to be mentioned by his biographers so that people may know all the facts connected with his political life. Another will be added to the record in November.

NORTHERN DOUGH-FACES.—When the line of communication between the Northern and Southern Democrats was interrupted in 1861 by a line of Union soldiers extending from the Mississippi to the Atlantic, the term "dough-faces" went out of fashion. Previous to that time the Southerners had always been able to put whatever expression they pleased upon the countenances of their political allies in the North, and during the war the latter wore the same long faces that were given them when their former moulders and manipulators left the Union. On the return of the chivalry the old times returned with them. They work the dough again, and every copperhead physiognomy assumes the shape they wish to give it and changes its form whenever they think it should have a new one. The era of "dough-faces" has come again.

IT does not appear that Mr. S. R. Mason, the candidate of the National Labor Greenback party for Governor, is very much of a laboring man himself, or that he ever did very much for the laboring classes. On the contrary he appears on various occasions to have sided with the monopolies and owners against the very class whose representative he now professes to be. At least the *Mercer Dispatch*, printed in Mr. Mason's own town, says:

The nominee for Governor, S. R. Mason, Esq., is a citizen of this place and so well known in this county that he requires but brief mention. His indorsement, however, by the labor influence in the National party will be an anomaly. So long as the railroad companies owning lines in this county needed an attorney Mr. Mason acted in that capacity. When the coal operatives in the county desired to dispossess their laborers because they would not comply with the requirements of the mine owners, Mr. Mason has in almost every instance been the attorney of the mine owners. The last instance that we now recollect of was the disposing of some forty or fifty tenants at Stoneboro. What sympathy there is or can be between Mr. Mason and the laboring men of Pennsylvania we know not. His interest in the past have all been on the other side. Politics, however, makes strange bed-fellows, and we "shall see what we shall see."

OUR CANDIDATE FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR.

CHARLES W. STONE, the nominee for Lieutenant Governor, was born at Groton, Mass., June 29, 1843. He graduated at Williams College in 1863, having paid his way through college by teaching in vacation. Soon after finishing his collegiate course he became Principal of the Union Academy at Warren, and continued in charge until appointed Superintendent of the schools of Warren county, in March, 1865. During the summer of 1866 he entered the office of Judge Westmore, of Warren, as a student of law, and in September, 1867, he was admitted to practice in the several Courts of the county. In the fall of 1868 he was elected to the State House of Representatives from the Warren and Venango district. In 1870 he was re-elected without opposition, the Democrats paying him the compliment of declining to put a man in the field against him. In 1876 he was elected to the State Senate for two years, carrying his district by 400 more votes than were cast for President Hayes. In the latter body he has taken a leading position, being chairman of the Judiciary (general) Committee.

The Muses' Bower.

The Congressional Witch-Broth.

[Scene, a Dark Cave. At one end a party pot boiling. Thunder. Enter Three Witches.]

FIRST WITCH DANA—Thrice my solar cat hath mewed.
SECOND WITCH POTTER—Thrice; and once our hedge-pig crowed.
THIRD WITCH HEWITT—Tilden cries; 'Tis time; 'tis time!
FIRST WITCH DANA—Round about the party pot
Wheel, and fling all in you've got;
And the relics of the war—
This is what the pot is for;
Banners of the beauty bars
And the flag of stripes and stars,
Coat of gray and coat of blue,
All the angry fighting crew,
Fools! Upset 'em in the pot!
In the party caldron fling
Slavery, freedom, everything!
To Investigation's bowers
Summon all the fraud but ours!
ALL—Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire, burn; and caldron, bubble!
SECOND WITCH POTTER—Fillet of a fenny snake
From the Okeechobee lake,
Cotton bale from cotton gin, a
Ball of wool from piccaninny,
Pelican's pouch, opossum's smile,
And a tear of crocodile.
Sword of Kaphael Semmes, the brave,
Ghosts from murdered Chisholm's grave,
Ballots of Louisiana,
Vote of East Feliciana,
Snarling from a Ku-Klux cub,
Bullets from the Hamburg club,
Law for all (assorted colors),
Barrels (erstwhile full of dollars);
Let's expose it—loud and hearty—
Swindling by the other party!
So shall charm of powerful trouble
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.
ALL—Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and caldron, bubble.
THIRD WITCH HEWITT—Bits of truth and hunks of lies;
"Patrick" prating of supplies;
Cronin's nose and Glover's gizzard;
Marble's jokes from A to Izzard:
Liver of blaspheming Gobbie;
(Got us into lot's of trouble;)
Tilden's back-bone; Cox's grin;
Quickened conscience from McLin;
Voice of Nation ("seven to eight;")
Finger of birth-strangled state;
And some opened prison-locks
And a broken ballot-box.
To Investigation's bowers
Bring everybody's frauds but ours:
We'll acknowledge, loud and hearty,
Swindling by the other party!
ALL—Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire, burn; and caldron, bubble.
SECOND WITCH POTTER—By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes,
Open, locks, whoever knocks!
MACBETH HALE (mad)—How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags,
What is't you do?
ALL—A deed without a name! we need some loot,
Some stamps, some capital, some anything.
We haven't elected any President
Since we can recollect; and now we're goin'
To show Corruption up and Fraud, unless
They show the Democratic label. Come!
Ho! Seneschal without there! Doorkeepah!
Bring in the sick and maimed and make 'em vote!
We'll fabricate a spoon or spoil a horn.

[Sheet-iron thunder is heard behind the scenes, and supes and Roman citizens come hurrying in, wiping their mouths. A vote is taken on the question—"Resolved, that we investigate Republicans, and won't let Republicans investigate us." Passed, 145 to 2. Sheuts and wild applause.]—*New York Graphic.*

The Story-Teller.

THE STOLEN LOCKET.

In the elegant furnished drawing room of a west end mansion sat a young man, whose genteel bearing, broad, noble brow, from which his chestnut hair was tossed back in graceful carelessness, and large, thoughtful eyes bespoke him to be one of nature's noblemen. He was waiting impatiently for some one; for, as a slight noise was heard on the landing, he would start, and fix his eyes eagerly upon the door.

At last, apparently unable to sit still any longer, he arose, and walking to the window, stood tapping nervously on the glass, and watched with listless eyes the chameleon-like crowd that passed. While thus occupied he failed to hear a slight rustle as a girlish figure entered the room and gliding softly to his side touched him lightly upon the arm. His quick start and the loving manner in which he gathered her to his heart showed at a glance that they were lovers.

While they hold sweet converse let us pause a moment while I describe my heroine.

She was of medium height, of a slender, delicate figure, and possessed of a nameless grace of movement, which, added to her other charms, had won her the name among her many admirers of "Nellie the Irresistible." Her beauty was of the true blonde type, and clad as she was in a shining blue dress she looked worthy of the name. On her arms gleamed with a tawny lustre broad golden bands; and from one of these, suspended by a small chain, hung a tiny heart-shaped locket, one side of which bore a forget-me-not set of turquoise, with a brilliant diamond sparkling in the centre.

Guy Hartley, for such was our hero's name, had called, glad of an excuse, to acquaint Nellie with some arrangement which he had just completed with regard to their soon approaching marriage; and after a short time passed in pleasant conversation, he reluctantly rose, and bidding a tender adieu to the fair girl, left the house with a firm, elastic tread.

Hardly had he taken his departure when the front door bell again rang, and once more a young gentleman was ushered into the drawing-room. The new-comer was tall and slight, with jet black hair, and a piercing look in the black eyes that boded no good to an enemy. As he sank into a chair, something glistening upon the floor caught his eye; and as he recognized it he could scarce refrain from a shout of pleasure; Fred Acton had long been the secret rival of Guy, each striving to win the hand of fair Nellie Pomeroy. And now, as he held in his grasp the tiny locket, which by some evil chance had become detached from the bracelet on Nellie's arm, he felt that he possessed an almost certain means of revenge on Guy, and stood, perhaps, a better chance of winning the fair girl for his wife; for the locket, as he knew, had been Guy's first love gift to Nellie, and was prized as one of her choicest possessions.

At this moment the footman entered the parlor, presenting Miss Pomeroy's regrets, and a request that Mr. Acton would excuse her that afternoon. The truth was that her womanly intuition had long divined the secret which he had thought known to himself alone; and, having ever treated him with polite indifference, she felt less inclined now than ever to endure a tete a-tete with him.

Rising as the footman entered with her message, and scarcely able to conceal the pleasure it afforded him at this moment, when he was still trembling with the fear of having been seen as he hastily hid the shining bauble in his bosom, he left his compliments and departed.

Going directly to a jeweler's, he purchased a small ring, with which he fastened the locket securely to his watch chain, and then sauntered down the street, in the hope of meeting Guy. His wish was destined to be fulfilled; for he was shortly gratified by seeing Guy approaching, with a serene, contented look on his handsome face.

As they stopped to chat, Fred, as if anxious to conceal something, placed his hand carelessly on his watch chain; but Guy, as was intended, noticed the action, and said, laughingly: "What is that you are so jealously guarding, Fred? A love token from some fair lady?"

"Yes; but for fear that it might blight your hopes in that direction, perhaps I had better not show it to you just at present," laughed false Fred, nervously.

"Oh, never fear for me!" said Guy, "for I have already caged my bird, and so shall not prove a dangerous rival to your suit."

"Well, then, behold!" replied Fred, removing his hand, and disclosing to view the tiny locket.

Guy turned as pale as death; but mastering his emotion by a violent effort, he playfully insisted upon knowing the name of Fred's charmer.

"Oh, come," said Fred, "you are feigning innocence; for surely you must have often seen this trinket upon the arm of fair "Nell the Irresistible," who has this day bestowed it upon me as a pledge of her true love."

Guy had stood as if turned to stone while this flippant speech was being rattled out, and then, with a few common-place words, passed on; but his tread was not as free and elastic as before he met Fred, and his head, which then had been raised proudly, was now bent forward dejectedly; for a dark cloud had suddenly arisen, which threatened to overshadow forever the bright morning of his happiness.

Fred watched him pass on with a sardonic smile on his handsome yet sinister face, and thought to himself, "Ah, my fine fellow, 'there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip,' as you may find to your cost; and then you will know the consequences of standing in the way of Fred Acton!"

* * * * * * *

That evening, in her luxurious home, Nellie watched and listened in vain for the familiar footsteps she had learned to know so well; and she retired to rest at last, sad and dispirited, and with a dim sense of impending trouble, that was yet too vague to shape itself into connected thought.

The next morning, as the family were gathered around the breakfast table, a servant entered the room with a note addressed to "Miss Pomeroy." Grasping it eagerly, spasmodically, Nellie tore it open, and with blanched face read the following laconic note:

NELLIE: All is over between us. Thank God I have discovered your perfidy before it was too late. I had the fullest confidence in you, Nellie; but that is past now.

I leave for France to-morrow, never I trust to revisit this country which would now be but a sad home to me.

Your once devoted lover,
GUY HARTLEY.

Mr. and Mrs. Pomeroy, occupied in their own conversation, had not noticed the sudden paling of their daughter's face, as she hurriedly scanned the familiar writing, till, as she reached the final termination, her eyes closed, and with a low moan of agony she sank to the floor in a death-like swoon.

* * * * * *

For five years Guy wandered through Europe; for five years he vainly strove to find forgetfulness and happiness in constant excitement and change of scene; but failing in this he had at last resolved to visit again the land of his birth, if only to mark the ravages which time had made among his old friends. So he returned to London.

Not once had a suspicion of Fred Acton's treachery crossed his mind, for to Guy he had always shown the better part of his nature; besides the proof of Nellie's duplicity had seemed too conclusive to admit of any lingering doubt his love might have suggested.

And Nellie? Thrown into a nervous fever by the cruel note from Guy, she wavered long between life and death; but finally her perfect constitution gained the victory, and she again mingled in the gay world of fashion; but a certain sadness was perceptible in her manner, and a weary look in her blue eyes showed that her heart was not interested in the gay scenes by which she was surrounded.

Vainly had Fred Acton sued for her hand. Feeling that he was in some manner connected with Guy's mysterious behaviour, she had only scorn to give him.—At first she had hoped that some trivial act of hers had displeased Guy and he would soon return, but as the weeks rolled on, and no word came from the absent one, she finally ceased to expect him.

Fred Acton, after repeated refusals from Nellie, had at last given up all hopes of winning her hand; but loving her still, as much as his selfish nature was capable of loving, he attempted to drown his sorrow in the wine cup; and, with drinking and fast horses, was rapidly eating up the handsome property left him by his father. One day, while riding at break-neck speed, his horse, frightened at a fluttering rag, shied, and threw him. When the hastily-summoned physician had examined his wounds, he pronounced him mortally injured.

Knowing, then, that for him all thoughts of revenge on Guy were useless, and that he must soon render up an account of his evil deeds, his thoughts turned to Nellie, with a feeble wish that he could undo the wrong he had done her. So he dictated a letter, confessing his sin, begging her forgiveness, and containing the locket, and dispatched it to the injured girl, who, true woman that she was, could not but pity the dying man, bitterly as he had wronged her, and, that he might not die thinking himself unforgiven, sent a note to the hotel to which he had been carried, but the messenger reached there only in time to hear that the unhappy Fred Acton had breathed his last.

* * * * * *

Guy had supposed that Nellie and Fred had long since married; but hardly had he set foot in London when he was recognized and accosted by one of his old friends, who, among the gossip he had to relate concerning Guy's old circle of acquaintances mentioned the fact of Fred Acton's death, and also said that Miss Pomeroy was as beautiful as ever, but unmarried. At this Guy's heart throbbed wildly, and his brain almost reeled with the idea that perhaps his own rashness had dashed the cup of happiness from his lips Could there have been treachery in Fred Acton's conduct, and had he wronged Nellie all these weary years.

Wildly he asked himself these questions while on the way to his hotel; and by the time he had arrived there he had resolved that he would at least see Nellie and have an explanation with her. Once more he turned his steps toward the well-known house where he had spent the happiest hours of his life; once more he was ushered into the familiar room, where even the pictures on the walls seem to smile on him in friendly recognition. Bronzed by travel, the old family servant failed to remember him, so he gave no name, merely requesting to see Miss Pomeroy.

Nellie soon appeared; but hardly had she crossed the threshold, when the eyes of love recognized him, and with a wild scream of "Guy, dear Guy!" she was folded to his heart.

Long explanations followed. Nellie told of the loss of her locket on the day of Guy's last visit, and how she had regretted it, being his gift. She also told of the dying confession of Fred Acton, and his restoration of the locket, which she showed him, worn on a blue ribbon about her neck.

Guy, penitent but loving, was fully forgiven by his deeply wronged Nellie, who, in the joy of such a reunion, had no heart to blame him.

Soon after there was a grand wedding in the stately mansion; and although the fair bride's ornaments were milk white pearls, there hung suspended from the central cluster of her necklace a tiny locket, bearing on it a blue for-get-me not.

Select Miscellany.

The National Party.

EDITOR JOURNAL—SIR:—The article of your correspondent which appeared in your paper of the 31st ult, in relation to the above named party, has stirred up the latent wrath of a pair of its champions, and they have scattered themselves over a considerable space, in the last issue of their organ—the *Greenback Nationalist*—to tell its *numerous* readers they were mad. They do not attempt to answer his article, but drop down to scurrility—the principal element of their production—the subterfuge of old crones, bullies, and vulgar blockheads. Here are two articles, from two leaders of this mongrel party, in which the close observer will fail to discover more political philosophy than might be expected from a toad. If these two articles are indicative of the power in that party, it is certainly not a very formidable concern. Calling people bad names may tickle the ears of the vulgar, but men of mind are not caught in such small traps; nor does it prove or disapprove stubborn facts. In his former article, your correspondent said that everything contemptible and mean was falling into this mongrel party. The student of history, and the close observer of passing events need not be told that that was a pale picture of the truth. The acts of the Communists of France, the most daring attempt to establish their pernicious doctrine, are too well known to need notice. The Socialists of Germany say "we have dethroned God and require neither king nor ruler." The Nihilists of Russia present similar doctrines. However much these may differ in minor details, their ultimate object is absolute liberty, that is, every man shall do as he pleases without restraint, except accumulate property more than his neighbor; nor shall any property ever descend to children, but at a man's death all his possessions shall become common stock, measures that would drag the human family back to barbarism. These abominable doctrines have been planted in the soil of our free republic, and are stealthily growing, and their advocates are found nowhere but in the National party. Put them in power, and the very foundations of society will be broken up. The institutions Americans love, the Bible, your religion, your Sabbaths, and your God, will go down together, and over their ruin vice universal will reign. Let the people of Huntingdon county, whatever their condition be, beware of the glossy basilisk; it may yet sting you to death. The writer of the first article in the *Nationalist* charges your correspondent with being Cameron's slave. This shows how closely he reads, and his ability to comprehend. We are not Mr. Cameron's defender, but we may ask, why is so much obloquy heaped upon him? An observation on the habits of the canine family may explain it. It is remarkable that when a weighty dog gets hungry, and sets up a howl for food, all the little curs begin to bark, and continue long after the big fellow has obtained his rations. Suppose Mr. Cameron *is* the bad man his enemies say he is, who is responsible? No man can hold a position under our government when the people say he shall not. The very followers of this Nationalist champion, have their portion of responsibility to bear for any bad acts Mr. Cameron has committed. If they are not able to dethrone the Republican Simon, what will they do with the Simons already in the National Greenback Labor Molly Maguire party? "You assail trades unions," says the writer, "and the only reason you have for doing so is, because they have for an object the mutual benefit of business, and the laboring classes." Such a statement as this exposes a measure of ignorance not allowable in the leader of a party.—Trades Unions benefitting business! Who ever heard of such a thing? Associations organized to plunder and defraud their employers, to dictate law and terms for them, saying whom he may employ, and whom he shall not; to loaf and drink rum in the stench holes of the cities; who shut out their own children from learning useful callings, and compel them to grow up as thieves and robbers, or hoodlums in the street. Associations whose members are the most abject slaves, for whose laws tyranny is no name; whose members will permit their wives and children to suffer want, while they hug the unholy delusion; nine tenths of whom are the "scalawags" of the old world. Is this the way to benefit business? The National banks always come in for a portion of defamation from such writers as "S. G. I." Why not include your private banks, as well as the "corner skinners." The first can get but six per cent. legally for the use of their money, while the last take the meat and return the bone. Why "strain at a gnat and swallow a camel?" When we fire we aim at the whole "caboodle." This gentleman wants to discuss his platform. A contest over a dead crow would be profitless. We shall permit an abler defender than we are to meet S. G. I's catalogue of charges against the Republican party. This much, however, we may say for it. A party is not responsible for the acts of its members. As well might the Saviour of sinners be charged with the rascally acts of the scoundrels who brought Him to the cross.

If the Republican party is responsible for all the wrong done during its control of the government, it certainly should have credit for whatever good was done. And during eleven years of its power there were 37,000 miles of railroads built in the country, at a cost of $4,000,000,000. These roads were paid for as built, and nine-tenths of this enormous sum went into the hands of working men. These roads now employ thousands of men who, without them, would be in S. G. I's crowd denouncing the men who have money.

To review the second article in the *Nationalist* may be time lost. But as the writer wants notoriety it would be wrong to slight him. When reading his article, a pair of the wise man's proverbs came so strongly to mind that we cannot pass without quoting them. They are as follows:

"Answer not a fool according to his folly, lest thou be like unto him." "Answer a fool according to his folly, lest he be wise in his own conceit." We don't know what these mean exactly, but they are significant. We have been at a loss to account for this remarkable production. The only conclusion we can arrive at is, that it arose from an over-dose of cross-grained mush, which soured upon his stomach. His article is much like Paginina's fiddle, which had but one string. Had it been in the following shape the people would have been quite as much enlightened:

MR. EDITOR—SIR:—Liar—Liar.
PICKWICK.

He blows a fearful blast at anonymous writers. 'Tis a wonder he did not follow it into the horn—the opening was certainly large enough. To review his reasons for which, would be stopping to kick at a very small dog. It is of no consequence who the writer is if his doctrine is in accordance with facts. We don't want credit; we don't want notoriety; we don't want an office, all of which this gentleman does, and we are reminded that "Fools' names are like their faces, always seen in public places." As this gentleman has recently fallen into the mongrel party—lately circumcised—he should tarry at Jericho until his beard has grown, before he begins to "splurge" about what he evidently knows nothing.

He tells his readers that he was a delegate to the Toledo and Philadelphia mobs, and great and good men were there, (there is no doubt that, at least, *one mighty man* was there.) We call them mobs, because no other name fits them so well. We have had the dubious honor of attending workingmen's conventions long before this gentleman had put off his bibs, and we have yet to see one any other name would describe. Three classes of people attend workingmen's conventions. The first, as leaders generally, are the political bummers who have been kicked out of every other party. The second is a lot of "*blatherskites*" in whom there is nothing but wind; comparing them with a pond of frogs hits them exactly, while one blows in the other blows out, and some times all blow out together, "then let imagination run." The third class is a few respectable men who generally go away disgusted with the whole effort. Now, if this champion had two ideas above an oyster, he would admit at once that we have given a fair description of the mobs he attended.

Workingmen of Huntingdon county, this Boanerges is "blarneying" you. He pats you, he smiles on you, and tells you how he loves you, and what great things he will do for you, but mark, through him you will never enter any public institution, unless it be the jail or poor-house. If he were so anxious to advance your interests why are you not among the candidates of his party? Why not take a "wood-chopper or stone-smasher" for Judge of the Supreme Court instead of Judge Agnew? If you are capable of making laws you are certainly able to explain them. Is there a workingman on the ticket? Remember the words of the poet:

"Walk into my parlor,
Said the spider to the fly."

"A secret organization. It is not true, Mr. Trite, and you know it," says this blusterer. It *is* a secret organization, and if this new fledgling don't know it he better prolong his stay at Jericho until he learns it.

A leader of this mongrel party said to a Cleveland editor, "We adopt secresy because some of our men are employed by men opposed to us." An Indianapolis leader says, "We adopt secresy because if known we might not get accommodation in bank." A Massachusetts leader says, "We adopt secresy, because many of our people are employed in the mills whose proprietors are opposed to us." The *N. Y. Sun* says, when surveying the political field, "we can not forecast the future for the new factor, the Nationalists, working in secret, their strength can not be known." Among the resolutions passed by the N. Y. Nationalists, which assembled at Auburn a few days ago, we find the following:

Resolved, That we do not recognize, or affiliate, with any secret or questionable organization whatever."

We know of but three political parties, in two of which we know there is no hiding, so that this resolution must refer to something in the third party, and that is the mongrels. But what is the object of the resolution? Why, just this: Auburn is an agricultural district, and farmers are not ready to fall in with the secret tomfoolery of the swabs of the city, and to catch the farmers this resolution was adopted; but no such resolutions are ever heard of in the cities.

But coming squarely down to our own county, we may obtain some evidence.—Some time ago a letter appeared in the JOURNAL, from some one in the upper end of the county, urging the organization of some kind of a political lodge, and telling who had the authority to organize it. But once more. Not long since your humble correspondent met with a company of men for a certain object, and the meeting was turned into a political measure. In the discussion one of the party used the following language: "If we organize a party, we must take a solemn oath that we will not tell man, woman, or child what we do, or who belongs to it, and this we will regard a paramount oath." The organization was formed, and to-day is a constituent element of the National party. It IS a secret political party, made up of sworn cliques and clubs, and those who attempt to deny it may as well tell us that the sun don't shine. Most parties start out with some degree of purity. But this one embraces murderers, with their aiders and abettors, rioters, and house-burners in its very infancy. They tell you they are looking for redress for wrongs by legal means, but if, as the Dutch Communists of St. Louis said a few days ago, with muskets in their hands, if we don't get them, *these* will be our ballots.

Now a word to the Republicans of the county. The Democrats will affiliate, or assist this new fledged party, but when they come to vote they will go solid for their man, and not one vote will be taken from their force. To the farmers, we would say especially, don't be caught with chaff. Every vote you give for the mongrels is strengthening the influence that will sap the foundation of your liberties. Far better to be "Simon Cameron's slave," than to be sold "body, soul, and breeches," to the very devil.

We are dared to come to the surface, but we cannot do that. What would we, a poor little shepherd, with our little poke of pebbles amount to before such a terrible giant, whose tread shakes the earth, and who sounds like a drum, and from the same cause. Ah, no, we shall stay in our little lodge in the wilderness, until the hurricane, raised by this mighty giant, is passed. TRITE.

SUBSCRIBE for the JOURNAL.

"The Absent-Minded Man."

The phrase "absence of mind," does not imply that a man has no mind, but only that his faculties have gone off, as it were on a visit, or that "the man's wits have gone away wool gathering"—as it is expressed metaphorically—to the neglect of those duties that need attention at home. It is very difficult to keep up a pleasant conversation with a person of this description. While you are talking in the most interested manner, his eyes soon become fixed on vacancy, and it is evident that he pays no more attention to what you say than he would if you spoke Choctaw.

Some years ago there was a very learned clergyman, and when the bell rang for church he was unable to find his boots. After searching everywhere his wife discovered them in the oven where, just after a heavy bake, the good man had put them to dry. It hardly need be added that *as boots* they were afterwards of little service.

A distinguished divine would sometimes write a letter to one person, address it to a second and then send it to a third. No one ever cared to loan him a horse, for he was almost sure, if he rode out, to return on foot without the animal. He forgot his own wedding day, and went off gudgeon fishing at the eventful hour when his bride was waiting for him.

Absent-mindedness may come from very many causes, and is not necessarily the indication of a strong or weak intellect. Sir Isaac Newton might forget whether he had eaten his dinner or not, because his mind was occupied with great thoughts; while another man would be so absorbed *in his dinner* that the greatest thoughts uttered in his presence would not receive the slightest attention.

Some human beings waste half their lives thinking about nothing. The power fixing the mind upon one subject to the absolute exclusion of everything else, is a rare gift. The ability to collect the scattered faculties of the mind in a sudden emergency, and bring them to bear clearly and directly upon the matter in hand, is also a rare but most desirable gift.

Whatever one does he ought to give attention to it. If it is not worth doing at all, let it go—or do it well. Mental discipline means simply the ability to concentrate the thoughts. The wind soon obliterates the impression made upon the sand; but the inscription that is cut in the rock may be as legible a thousand years hence as it is to day.

Memories of Mount Vernon.

A correspondent of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* writes: We wander all through the sad, silent mansion. We look at the spindle-legged furniture, and at a rusty key on the wall, the key of the bastile. We see Washington's vest and small clothes in the glass case, and a lock of his hair, and original letters by his hand and Lafayette's. We see pretty Elenor Eusti's wedding gift harpsicord, that her stepfather brought from foreign lands for a surprise when she left her girlhood's home. The pretty Elenoor is buried long ago. All traces of her pink and white beauty have left the earth; here stands the dusty harpsicord, brought by strange hands to her old home. The room that interests the most is the tiny attic chamber where the devoted widow passed her days after her husbands death. A rug and single bed Mrs. Washington had moved to the attic room, and here, winter and summer, she watched with longing, crazy eyes the tomb that held her dead. There was no place for stove or grate; all day she sat by the window, with a shawl wrapped about her bent form, true Martha Washington, first lady of the land! First, in elegance in times of peace; in courage in time of war; in faithfulness in time of death! All women look with tenderer eyes at the small marble resting-place than at the grander casket by their side. One bears upon it a draped flag, cut in the stone, a shield and crouching eagle; the other only the words, "Martha, Consort of Washington." Yet these words dim the eyes of loving wives; they piece the hearts of lonely widows, and bind all true and fervent womanhood close to the form that sleeps so dreamlessly beside the one she loved truly and long.

Strength of the Human Arm.

The powerful force of the human arm when propelled by a hale, hearty, stalwart man, is almost incredible. The damage it may inflict is simply astounding, and we have recently had a sad, but very striking demonstration of this kind in our very midst. A few months since, when Freize hit Andrew Weidner upon Fayette St., fronting City Hall, it is said that the latter fell as suddenly as if he had been struck in the vital part with an ax The bridge of his nose was broken, he ceased to breathe in less than ten minutes, and within a quarter of an hour was as dead as though a bullet had penetrated his heart. It is stated that Freize told an officer that the force of the blow was so powerful, he came near falling from the rebound, and when he discovered that the man was dead, he could not realize the fact. We see it