The Raftsman's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 25, 1871. VOL. 17.—NO. 21.

Select Poetry.

LIGHT IS LOVE.

Dark clouds are hovering round me
With all their train of care;
A thousand woes surround me,
Drear shadows of despair!
But what are they?—a richer gem
Shines radiant from above:
It throws its sunshine over them,
And oh!—that light is Love!

Then why should cares alarm me,
Though adverse fortune reign?
Why frowns of wo disarm me?
Why sorrow give me pain?
For what are all!—a richer gem
Shines radiant from above:
It throws its sunshine over them,
And oh!—that light is Love!

STRONG MINDED GOVERNMENT.

"Is Mr. Cutts in?" asked a gentleman, who, having knocked at a door, was saluted by a woman at the upper window, with, "Well, what's wantin' now?"

"Yes, he's in, or about somewhere, I suppose," she replied; "but I'm Mr. Cutts, when any business is to be done. He's Mr. Cutts, eatin', drinkin' and sleepin' times."

"Well, my good woman," said the gentleman, "I think he will be Mr. Cutts for my business, too. I wish to see him."

"What do you want with him?" asked the shrew, thrusting her head further out of the window.

"To do something for me. But I must see him myself," was the reply.

"Is it real business, for pay, or only favor you want? I can let your hoss have a peck of oats, or I can direct you by the shortest road to the Four Corners, or I can—I can—why, I can do anything for you that he could; and a great deal more! I take the money and write out receipts, and pay the men, and I trade off the produce! I'm as good a judge of stock as he is, and I can't be beat on horse flesh."

"But," said the gentleman, drawing down his face solemnly, "you can't take his place now. Find him for me at once."

The shrew was baffled. "Look-a-here, mister," she continued, "may be you don't know the circumstances of the case. This here farm is mine, and it was my father's afore me; and Cutts, he aint no more claim to it than that hen down there has. And besides, I'm seven years older than he is, and a foot higher, and weigh twenty pounds more! What is your business on my place, if I may make so bold?"

"To see and talk with your husband," said the gentleman, getting out of his chaise and hitching his horse to a post as if he meant to stay until he did see him.

"Are you a doctor? cause there ain't a living thing the matter with Cutts. He's the wellest man in the town, and so be I," said this woman for the times.

"No, my good woman, I am no doctor. Do you think your husband will be in soon? Send that boy to find him," said the stranger.

The boy looked up in his mother's face; but he knew his own interest too well to start without orders.

"Then your'e a minister, I suppose, by your black coat. I may as well tell you, and save you trouble, that we don't go to meetin, and don't want to. It ain't no use for you to leave no tracts nor nothin' for I've got a big dairy, and hain't no time to idle away readin' and I keep him at it so early and late, that when he's done work he's very glad to go to bed."

"I'm no minister, madam; I wish I was though for your sake," said the gentleman. "Send for your husband, I cannot wait much longer."

The boy started to his feet and looked in his mother's eye, but it gave no marching orders.

"Look a-here, mister," now appearing at the door and looking defiantly at him, "you are a schoolmaster a hustin' up a district school, and you think he's a committeeman, but he ain't."

"I never taught school, and never mean to," said the stranger.

Ma'am Cutts, as her neighbors called her, dropped her hands at her sides and heaved a groan. She'd found a man she couldn't manage.

"See here, mister," she said, "I'm one that can't be deceived. I can read a body right through, and I knew what you was the blessed minute I clapped eyes on you. I can tell by your everlasting arguin' that you're a lawyer. We hain't got no quarrels, don't want no deed drawed, nor no wills made; so if you're huntin' a job out of my husband you may as well unbitch your hoss and drive on. We know enough to make a little money, and I know enough to keep it."

"My good woman, you entirely misunderstand my errand. I can tell no person but himself what it is, and I must tell him in confidence. If he chooses he can tell you."

"O, my goodness sake alive! Brother Lif's blowed in a Mis'sippi boat, I bet. O, la me, the poor fellow. He left a little something, didn't he?"

"I never heard of him before; and nobody's blowed up that I know of," replied the stranger.

"O, now I know! You're the man that wants to go to Congress, ha, and have come here hunting after votes. He shan't vote for you; I hate politicians, especially them that goes agin women and thinks they was made to drudge, and nothing else! I go free and equal rights for white folks—men and women—for Scripture says, there isn't neither men nor women; but all's one in politics. I believe the day's a comin' when such as you will have to bow the knee to women, afore you can get the big places and high pay that's eatin' us up with taxes! You can't see my husband. We are going to the polls on the way to the mill, and I'll promise you he votes right."

"I'm no candidate, and I don't know who you are talking about. Ah! there comes the man I want!" And the stranger went towards Mr. Cutts, who had just leaped a pair of bars which led from the potato patch into the lane.

Mrs. Cutts flew into the house for her sun bonnet, to follow him; but by the time she got to the bars her mysterious visitor and Cutts were driving rapidly down the road.

The strong minded woman shouted after her husband, "You'd better come back, I tell you!" But the wind was the wrong way and carried her words into the potato patch.

"Sir," said the gentleman, to honest Cutts, "I have a very simple question to ask you; but I shall have to ask you in confidence. I will give you five dollars if you promise not to repeat my words till to-morrow."

"Well, sir," said Cutts, "I shouldn't like to answer any question that would make any trouble among my neighbors. I have my hands full, I can tell you, to keep out of scrapes now, but I have done it, and haven't an enemy in the world as I know."

"But, sir, you need not reply to my question, unless you are perfectly willing," said the stranger.

"Ask your question," said Cutts, "and I will not repeat it."

"Well, Mr. Cutts, I am laying fence on that Brisley place that I've jest bought; and was directed to inquire of you where I could buy cedar posts. A fellow in the store said 'Cutts will tell you if his wife will let him; but she won't, she'll insist on telling you herself, and perhaps offer to drive with you wherever you go to order them.'

"I told them I would see you and ask you only; and the young fellows bet on it. They are to give you ten dollars, and two or three widows in town a cord of wood each, if I succeed in asking you this question alone, and making sure your wife won't know my business until after breakfast to-morrow morning."

Cutts knew his wife's standing too well to feel very sensitive, and taking the bill from the stranger, he smiled and said:

"I'll go with you to look out cedar posts and keep dark, for the joke's sake; but I don't know as she'll let me stay in the house to-night; for I don't own it," replied the good natured Cutts.

"Suppose you go up to my place and see to setting the posts. I will send a boy to tell her you had to go off suddenly on a little business, and will be back in the morning," said the stranger.

"I'll do that," replied Cutts, "for I never quarrel with her, but let her have her own way. I don't want to worry myself about trifles."

"Good man," said the stranger, "there are no trifles in life. The smallest act is important, and this easy good nature of your's will ruin your family. Baffle that spirit today, and next Sunday take your boys and go to the house of God, whatever she says, and be a real man—at the head of your own house and family."

"It is rather late to begin," said Cutts, shaking his head in a way that would have warned others from the trap in which his feet were fast. "You see that the purse is hers," he added, "and that has been a crueller fetter than her will to me. But I will try to begin anew, for her good as well as the children's."

The boy was sent with the message, but the boy was not sharp enough. Ma'am Cutts discovered the whereabouts of her lord, tackled up and went after him!

All the way home and far into the night she used her eloquence, both in pleadings, to find the mysterious errand of that hateful town nabob that had come into the town to separate happy families.

But Cutts yielded himself up to a dumb spirit for the night; and no measures could induce him to talk on any subject, lest she should pry the mighty secret out of him.

About midnight she wore herself out and went to sleep; but at break of day she began again. He then ventured to say, "as soon as breakfast is over, I'll break the news to you."

"You'll never eat a morsel in my house I can tell you," cried Yantippo, "till you've told me what that ere man wanted of you."

"Then you'll wait a good while to hear it," said Cutts, "for I vowed I'd never tell it till I had first eaten my breakfast!" and with these words he went out.

Ma'am Cutts endured the torture as long as possible, and then got breakfast. She called to the door to no one in particular, "Come!"

But Cutts didn't come. And after a while she went out to the barn and found him seated on an upturned half bushel measure, calmly peeling and eating a raw turnip.

"It does seem as if this here man had possessed you!" she cried. "I never saw you so self-willed afore since I took you home! Your breakfast's all coolin'; do come in?"

Here was a point gained.

Cutts went in as requested, and ate his breakfast. When this was over, ma'am settled herself back in her chair, with her face full of eager expectation, and said:

"Now begin. What did that ere man want?"

"He wanted some cedar posts," replied Cutts, calmly, without looking up, "and that was all!"

If an arrow had struck Ma'am Cutts, she could not have manifested more surprise and shame.

"I'm the laughing stock of this town," added Cutts, "and from this hour I turn over a new leaf. I'm henceforth head of my family, and unless this house is made mine, I shall finish off a room in the barn—which is mine—and you will be welcome to share it with me. If not, I'll live there with the boys, and you will find me a civil neighbor."

Ma'am Cutts' power was broken. Since then the farm has been called John Cutts' place, and he is the head of the house.

UNUSED POWERS.—We seldom hear a better sermon on the duty of preparing for the "bourne whence no traveler returns" than is contained in the allegory which relates that a man once fell through this world into the next. There he discovered that we retain those parts of ourselves, and these only, which we had assiduously used here. Curious was the spectacle presented to his wondering sight. He saw hundreds of hungry-looking ears. They were forever congregating and hurrying hither and thither. He was informed that on earth these had done the hearing of church music and church sermons; had cultivated the listening faculties, and nothing else, so that they were now ears, and nothing more. He noticed big stomachs lying about contentedly under fences and trees, and was told that they were persons who had chiefly used their gastronomic powers—who had assiduously guzzled at saloons and gormandized at restaurants. He became interested in some very large dolls, with complexions like wax dolls too, that appeared to move their eyelids languidly, and sometimes to gape. These he learned, were what remained of ladies who had only cultivated good looks. On inquiring for a popular preacher, he was conducted to a place full of ears; where a lively skeleton, without a vestige of heart or brain, was still gesticulating impressively. Upon making this discovery the man immediately telegraphed earthward as follows: "I find that powers unused die out; that parts neglected fall away; that we are allowed to keep only so much of ourselves as we use. Look out that you do not end as a restless ear, as a lazy stomach, or as a big bag of wind."

Profanity never did any man the least good. No man is the richer, or happier, or wiser for it. It commends no one to any society. It is disgusting to the refined; abominable to the good; insulting to those with whom we associate; degrading to the mind; unprofitable, needless and injurious to society.

An Irish girl having been sent to the post office for the mail, came back to inquire whether it was Indian mail or corn mail tha was wanted.

"Standing Treat."

No American custom causes more general surprise and amusement among traveling foreigners than that which is known in our saloons as "treating," consisting in the entertainment of two or more with refreshments, for which one volunteers to pay. It is a pure Americanism; all over the Republic it is as common as in Europe it is unknown. There is probably no minute of any day in the year when two or three hundred citizens of Chicago are not guzzling something stronger than water at somebody else's expense.

The casual meeting of two men who have ever exchanged a word together is a signal for both to exclaim, "Come, let's have something?" and for both to dive down into the nearest subterranean cavity below the sidewalk. The one who spoke first usually insists upon "paying the shot," the word "shot" being a metaphorical reference to the deadly character of the contents usually taken into the stomach. If two old friends meet, the regular thing to say first is, "Let's drink to old times;" and the resident must invariably "treat" the stranger. If a man be well acquainted, it is considered the princely thing to seize upon all his acquaintances as often as possible, take them to a saloon, and give them a complicated stand-up drink at the bar.

If there is anything absurder than this habit we are unable to put our finger on it. Men do not always "treat" one another to car-tickets because they happen to meet on the same seat. We never saw a man take out his pocket-book on encountering an acquaintance, and say, "Ah, George! Delighted to see you! Do take a few postage stamps! it's my treat!" Do men have mania of paying each other's board bill? and is drinking together more "social" than eating together or sleeping together?

A traveler may go all over the continent of Europe, of Asia, and of Africa, without seeing any man except a Yankee offer to "treat;" and the Frenchmen are quite social enough, but when they turn into a cafe to sip their wine or brandied coffee together, each man pays for his own. When two Germans long separated meet, they will be very likely to embrace, and then turn into an adjacent beer cellar, sit down and drink lager, eat pretzels, and chat, but when they part again, each man settles his own score independently. So in Italy. The Italians are proverbially merry and generous, but each man pays for his own wine, macaroni, and cigars. They never go into each other's pocket-book in the sacred name of friendship. They would as soon think of transferring to each other their washerwoman's bills.

The preposterous fashion of "treating" is responsible for the terrible drunkenness in America. There would be as little need of temperance societies and as little work for the Good Templars as there is in Germany, France and Italy, if this pernicious and insidious habit was abolished. It is, take it all in all, the most ridiculous, the most unreasonable, and the most pestilent custom that ever laid its tyrannical hand on civilized human beings.

BAR ELOQUENCE.—The following specimen of bar eloquence in a not distant Western State was actually delivered, as we know from a correspondent, as here reported in his notes. The case was the trial of a person on a writ of inquiren do lunatico. Which side the "learned" and eloquent advocate was on it is somewhat difficult to ascertain from his speech:

"The counsel on the other side, sir, mis apprehends the principle involved in this important case. Law, sir, is very simple, if we understand its elementary principles. The principle of this case, sir, is to be found in the horn-books of the profession. I hold in my hand, sir, a volume of Blackstone, sir, the great author of the English law; yes, sir, I hold in my hand, sir, that glorious magnus chartus, the foundation and bulwark of English liberty, which was wrung by the illustrious King John, sword in hand, from the bloody barons on the banks of the pleasant Bonnymede, on that momentous occasion! But, sir, I did not intend to make a speech, sir, and as I have not examined the question, sir, I submit it to the Court with these few and uncongruvial remarks."

A TRUTH FOR PARENTS.—The Rev. Dr. Daff remarks: "I am prepared from experience to say that, in nine cases out of ten, the hoards of accumulated money given to children, by whom they were not earned, and who acquired no habits of industry, or thrift, or laboriousness, prove, in point of fact, rather a curse than a blessing. I am prepared to substantiate that as a matter of fact, not merely from my own knowledge of the subject, but from the statements of men who have been of watchful and observant habits, cultivated not only in Great Britain, but in America. But it is a melancholy fact that so little do parents know of the mass of misery they are accumulating for their children in heaping up these hordes for them—so little do they think how big with misery these hordes are." The remark is worthy of the best consideration of parents, and the truth it inculcates should constrain them to use their wealth in doing good, and not hoard it up to injure their children.

A young lady at Cavendish, Vermont, killed a skunk with a butcher knife on Thursday. Her lover came to see her that night, and told her he couldn't marry her, unless she quit using such hair oil. How fastidious some men are.

I would not deprive life of a single grace, or a single enjoyment, but I would counteract whatever is pernicious in whatever is elegant. If among my flowers there is a snake I would not root up my flowers; I would kill the snake.

While you are living, be very kind, generous, and do as much good as you can to your relations and friends, but leave them nothing when you die, and you will be sure to be missed by them.

It is rare that an open field is struck by lightning; yet it is no unusual thing, in harvest time for a farmer to find that his entire crop of grain or corn has been shocked.

Johnny is just beginning to learn geography. He says that the Poles live partly at one end of the globe and partly at the other. He knows it so because it is marked on the map.

The best thing to resist vice with is love. A man who worships a virtuous woman is as impregnable to the allurements of a woman as Gibralter is to apple dumplings.

An Irish painter declares, in an advertisement, that, among the portraits, he has a representation of "Death as large as life."

[From the Pittsburgh (Daily) Gazette.]

A Democratic Outrage.

Scarcely has Democracy settled itself in the State Senate, before its clamor for reform, and its claim of being a "constitutional loving, liberty, law abiding party," are rapidly ignored, and the violation of a Constitutional provision committed. That this should have been done, will not surprise any person, and our citizens may look forward to flagrant abuses of the law, just so long as Democracy holds the power in the State Senate.

Mr Dechert, the Democratic nominee of the First District, was declared, at the recent election, duly elected to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Mr. Watt. On the 11th of January, Mr. Connel presented a petition, contesting the seat of Dechert, and claiming two hundred and sixty-six of a majority for Lyndall, the Republican nominee. On the same day he made a motion to draw the Committee on the 12th (Thursday). Mr. Davis, (Dem.) moved a postponement for the present, which was agreed to by a party vote—the Democrats voting aye. On the 12th of January Mr. Connel moved consideration of his resolution of the 11th, for Drawing the Committee in the Dechert contested case, and again Mr. Davis opposed the motion, and postponement was again agreed to by a strict Democratic vote. On the 13th Mr. Buckalew, (Dem.) offered a resolution referring the petition to a Committee of five Senators, with instructions to report on Monday, the 16th. Mr. Davis (Dem.) moved to increase the number of the Committee to seven. This resolution was passed by a party vote, and a Committee consisting of five Democrats and two Republicans was appointed. On Saturday, the 14th, this Committee met and a report was prepared for Monday declaring that the petition was not sufficient in its averments to put the sitting member (Dechert) on his answer.

Thus this inimitable farce has been played, and thus at the very outset, the Democratic members of the Senate have evinced a determination to override all law. The language of the Act is so plain that no one can fail to understand it. A contested election petition must be presented within ten days after the organization of the Legislature next succeeding the election, and the Committee must be drawn within five days after the presentation of the petition. This is the law, and it is proper to state in this connection the manner in which that Committee must be drawn. The names of all the Senators present, *except the Speaker*, are written on separate pieces of paper, carefully rolled up, put in a box, and placed on the Speaker's table. The Clerk of the Senate draws them out one by one, and as each Senator's name is called, if either of the contesting parties make any objection, that Senator whose name is thus objected to, is discharged from serving on the Committee. These objections are a matter of right, until thirteen names remain uncalled, and then no further objections can be made. The thirteen remaining names are then called, and from the list names are alternately struck off, until reduced to the number of seven. These seven men constitute the Committee in that special election case, and their report is final. It will thus be seen how jealously the law guards the selecton of such a Committtee, in order that the dominant party may have no unfair advantage.

Instead of this, however, in the Dechert case, a Committee of seven is appointed *by the Speaker*, and so appointed that five of the members are not only Democrats, but known to be favorable to the fraud purposed and intended. As an evidence of this the Speaker appoints on that Committee Messrs. Buckalew and Davis. Buckalew made the motion for such Committee, and in doing so used expressions that independent everything else, showed plainly that he intended to espouse the cause of Dechert. Davis, another Democrat on that Committee, made the motion to postpone drawing the usual Committee, and in this way disclosed the fact that he was opposed to any investigation. Why Wallace after all his blather in his address as Speaker, should appoint these two men when they had already shown themselves prejudiced, can only be accounted for on the ground that he too is a willing party to this outrage. Where the law votes him *out*, he has taken the power all in his own hands, without even the decency to appoint men that had not committed themselves on the question.

Another point to be taken into consideration as showing the grossness of the fraud that has been practiced, is this. The report of a regular committee in a contested election case, *is final*. This Committee appointed by Wallace agreed to report on Monday. Two questions here present themselves. First—is their report to be final? If this is insisted on by the Democratic majority in the Senate or ruled to be so by the Speaker, then will Wallace have given it a power totally unknown to the law. We cannot think that even Democratic outrage will go thus far, but suppose that the report will be presented to be acted on by the Senate. Should this occur, the plain intent of the law will be violated. The Act of 1839 does not allow the name of the Speaker to be placed in the box, nor is the member holding the contested seat allowed to be on the Committee of Investigation. Yet under the fraud practised by the Democracy in Dechert's case, should the report of the Committee be made to the Senate for their action, not only will Dechert vote to retain his seat, but Wallace, the Speaker, who is expressly ruled out under the Act of 1839 will vote also. A single glance at this fact shows to what extent this Democratic Speaker will carry the fraud of a Democratic Senate.

When Wallace made his address as Speaker, he warned the Senate that he intended to act in a partizan spirit, and this shameless violation of decency and law shows conclusively that he intends to carry his words into effect. Had the Democratic party not been afraid of the result, the usual Committee would have been drawn. But that party was afraid to meet the issue, and by this one act proves that it is totally unworthy of any respect, and that hereafter as heretofore it intends, whenever the opportunity is offered, to trample on the law.

The course of the Democratic majority in the State Senate in refusing to permit *any* investigation into the alleged frauds in the late election, by which Mr. Dechert obtained his seat, is an admission on the part of that majority, that such an investigation; if it *had* been permitted, would have resulted in unseating Mr. Dechert.

If this were not so, there would have been no obstruction thrown by them in the way of that investigation. They would have welcomed any scrutiny that promised to keep their man in his place. If the election in the First District was a fair one, if it was clear of fraud, if Dechert was honestly chosen by a majority of legal voters, there need have been no fear of the closest examination into the facts, and there would not have been. Honest men do not shrink from investigation; participators in fraud do. The seventeen Democrats in the State Senate, including Mr. Robert P. Dechert, *knew* that, no matter who might have been drawn upon the contested election committee, the evidence that the Republicans were prepared to furnish was damning and complete. It would have exposed them all, and particularly Mr. Dechert, to the utter contempt and irreversible condemnation of the people. Hence they stood up as one man to prevent an exposure of the greatest election fraud ever committed in Pennsylvania—not excepting Wallace's Coffeepot naturalization fraud.

We say they *knew* this, and their action betrays their guilty knowledge. If they did *not* know it, why did they refuse to allow a committee to be drawn? The reasons given in the report of Buckalew's Committee are too trivial for any but children or criminals. If Mr. Lyndall's petition did not, as Mr. Buckalew's report says, allege fraudulent votes enough to unseat Mr. Dechert, even if all proven, they should have welcomed the drawing of a committee to be enabled to demonstrate that fact in a legal way, and so to wash their hands of all participation in the alleged fraud? Men do not shrink from an ordeal that is sure to acquit them. No, no, Mr. Buckalew; that is a mere pretext. You knew better. Mr. Dechert knew better; Mr. Wallace knew better; and every Democrat in the Senate not only knew better, but knew that if the investigation was once begun, it would irresistibly sweep Mr. Dechert out of his seat.

They know what *we* know, and every one in the First District knows, that the Registry law was openly set at defiance at the late election in the First District, and, it is said by advice from prominent Democratic lawyers, that the colored voters were forcibly kept from the polls; that the votes cast for Mr. Lyndall in many of the Democratic precincts were not returned, and that many more votes were counted for Mr. Dechert than were cast for him, and that a fair count of the legal votes would have elected Mr. Lyndall by over 2,000 majority. In Alderman McMullen's precinct, for instance, the vote *returned* was 12 for Lyndall and 647 for Dechert, whilst a fair count of the legal vote cast would have shown 60 for Lyndall and only 147 for Dechert. And so on throughout the whole district. The *proof* of all this was in the hands of the Republican contestant, and by shutting the door in the face of the investigation authorized by law, the seventeen Democrats in the Senate have shown that they knew all this, and that they have been driven, in order to maintain their party ascendancy in the Senate, to deny to Mr. Lyndall a right guaranteed to him by the Constitution, and that they have done this *because* they knew the proof was forthcoming.

And what are we to think of Mr. Chevalier Bayard Buckalew? This man has been held up to us a man without fear and without reproach, a man above the petty tricks of demagogues and the low arts of the mere politician. Yet here we find him, not only voting to sustain a man in his seat elected by fraud, and to keep him there by defrauding the contestant of his constitutional rights, but put forward as the leader in the fraudulent movement. He lends his name at whatever it may be worth, now, (it cannot be worth much hereafter,) to sanction the lowest art of the politician, the pettiest trick of the demagogue, to cheat a man out of his seat, who was honestly chosen, and to keep a man in who was returned through open, unblushing fraud. From the proud position of a high toned, constitutional lawyer, he descends to play the part of a pitiful shyster. Alas, Buckalew!

And what, also, of Dechert? He, also, has been held up as a model of decency, talent and respectability—as a Philadelphia gentleman, incorruptible and incapable of meanness. Yet, from first to last he has shown himself as mean as the meanest. There is an old precept of the Common Law—Mr. Dechert knows it very well—that no man shall be allowed to take advantage of his own wrong. It is a wholesome precept, and honest men are not ashamed to abide by it. Yet he has been profiting by his own wrong throughout this whole contest. By his own vote he has prevented the drawing of a Committee in this case; by his own vote he got Buckalew's whitewashing committee appointed; by his own vote he procured the adoption of the report of that committee, which cuts off his competitor from his legal and Constitutional right to a contest, his own oath, and the law of 1839, and the Constitution to the contrary notwithstanding. By his own vote he holds his seat, although he knows he was not elected to it; and since the days of Valentine Best, who elected himself Speaker by his own vote, no man has occupied so unenviable a position. It was said, at the time, that the act of Best, in electing himself Speaker, was the meanest thing ever done at Harrisburg; it remained for Dechert to overtop the meanness by seating himself, by his own vote, in a place to which he was not chosen.

This, our readers will say, is Revolution. Yes, it *is* Revolution. The Democracy, to retain their ill gotten power, set the law and the Constitution aside, and *that* is Revolution. Very good. They have made their choice and must abide the consequences. We appeal to the people against their revolutionary course. *They*, at least, have a regard for the Constitution and laws, and they will not, we know, see them set aside or trampled on, without resistance. They will vindicate the right, when the time comes; and the Democracy will learn that although cheating prospers for a time, it is sure to come to grief at the last.

At a recent examination of one of the schools in Washington, the question was put to a class of small boys: "Why is the Connecticut river so called?" when a bright little fellow put up his hand. "Do yo know, James?" "Yes, ma'am, because it connects Vermont and New Hampshire, and and cuts through Massachusetts."

Bear, and you shall be borne with. Forgive and you shall be forgiven; or, if you expect others to do you a friendship, you, in your turn must be ready so to do by them.

An Illinois postmaster gives notice as follows: "After this date everybody must lick their own postage stamps, for my tongue's given out."

Stupid people may eat, but should not talk. Their mouths will do well enough as banks of deposit, but not of issue.

Lockets suspended from the neck by bright colored ribbons are fashionable among the ladies.

Business Directory.

A. W. WALTERS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Clearfield, Pa. Office in the Court House

WALTER BARRETT, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. May 13, 1863.

J. B. GRAHAM & SONS, Dealers in Dry-Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Woodenware, Provisions, etc., Market St. Clearfield, Pa.

H. F. BIGLER & CO., Dealers in Hardware and manufacturers of Tin and Sheet-iron ware, Second Street, Clearfield, Pa. Mar '70.

H. F. NAUGLE, Watch and Clock Maker, and dealer in Watches, Jewelry, &c. Room in Graham's row, Market street. Nov. 10.

THO'S J McCULLOUGH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Clearfield, Pa. All legal business promptly attended to. Oct. 27, 1869.

WM. REED, Market Street, Clearfield, Pa., Fancy Dry Goods, White Goods, Notions, Embroideries, Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Good, etc. June 15, '70.

J. P. IRVIN. : : : : D. L. KREBS

IRVIN & KREBS, (Successors to H. B. Swoope), LAW AND COLLECTION OFFICE, Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. [Nov. 30, 1870.

A. I. SHAW, Dealer in Drugs, Patent Medicines, Fancy Articles, etc., and Proprietor of Dr. Boyer's West Branch Bitters, Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. June 15, '70.

F. B. READ, M. D., PHYSICIAN and SURGEON, Kylertown, Pa., respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of that place and surrounding country. [Apr. 26-6m.

ORIN T. NOBLE, Attorney at Law, Lock Haven, Pa. Will practice in the several courts of Clearfield county. Business entrusted to him will receive prompt attention. Je. 29, '70-y.

C. KRATZER, Dealer in Dry-Goods, Clothing, Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, Provisions, etc., Market Street, nearly opposite the Court House, Clearfield, Pa. June, 1865.

J. B. M'ENALLY, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Practices in Clearfield and adjoining counties. Office in new brick building of J. Boyton, 2d street, one door south of Lanich's Hotel.

I. TEST, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa., will attend promptly to all Legal business entrusted to his care in Clearfield and adjoining counties. Office on Market street. July 17, 1867.

THOMAS H. FORCEY, Dealer in Square and Sawed Lumber, Dry-Goods, Queensware, Groceries, Flour, Grain, Feed, Bacon, &c., &c., Graham ton, Clearfield county, Pa. Oct 16.

HARTSWICK & IRWIN, Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Stationary, Perfumery, Fancy Goods, Notions, etc., etc., Market street, Clearfield, Pa Dec. 6, 1865.

C. KRATZER & SON, dealers in Dry Goods, Clothing, Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, Provisions, &c., Second Street Clearfield, Pa. Dec. 27, 1865

JOHN GUELICH, Manufacturer of all kinds of Cabinet-ware, Market street, Clearfield, Pa He also makes to order Coffins on short notice, and attends funerals with a hearse. Apr 10, '59

RICHARD MOSSOP, Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Groceries, Flour, Bacon, Liquors, &c. Room, on Market street, a few doors west of *Journal Office*, Clearfield, Pa. Apr 27

WALLACE & FIELDING, ATTORNEYS AT LAW Clearfield, Pa. Office in residence of W. A. Wallace. Legal business of all kinds attended to with promptness and fidelity. [Jan 5, '70-yp
WM. A. WALLACE. FRANK FIELDING

H. W. SMITH, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Clearfield, Pa., will attend promptly to business entrusted to his care. Office on second floor of new building adjoining County National Bank, and nearly opposite the Court House. [June 30, '69

FREDERICK LEITZINGER, Manufacturer of all kinds of Stone-ware, Clearfield, Pa. Orders solicited—wholesale or retail. He also keeps on hand and for sale an assortment of earthen ware, of his own manufacture. Jan. 1, 1863

MANSION HOUSE, Clearfield, Pa.—This well known hotel, near the Court House, is worthy the patronage of the public. The table will be supplied with the best in the market. The best of liquors kept. JOHN DOUGHERTY.

JOHN H. FULFORD, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office on Market Street, over Hartswick & Irwin's Drug Store. Prompt attention given to the securing of Bounty claims, &c., and to all legal business. March 27, 1867.

A. THORN, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, having located at Kylertown, Pa., offers his professional services to the citizens of that place and vicinity. [Sep 29-1y

W. I. CURLEY, Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Flour Bacon, etc., Woodland, Clearfield county Pa. Also extensive dealers in all kinds of sawed lumber shingles, and square timber. Orders solicited. Woodland, Pa., Aug. 19th, 1868

DR J. P. BURCHFIELD—Late Surgeon of the 83d Reg't Penn'a Vols., having returned from the army, offers his professional services to the citizens of Clearfield and vicinity. Professional calls promptly attended to. Office on South-East corner of 3d and Market Streets. Oct. 4, 1865—6mp.

SURVEYOR.—The undersigned offers his services to the public, as a Surveyor. He may be found at his residence in Lawrence township, when not engaged; or addressed by letter at Clearfield, Penn'a. March 6th, 1867.-tf. JAMES MITCHELL.

JEFFERSON LITZ, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Having located at Osceola, Pa., offers his professional services to the people of that place and surrounding country. All calls promptly attended to. Office and residence on Curtin Street, formerly occupied by Dr. Kline. May 19, '69.

GEORGE C. KIRK, Justice of the Peace, Surveyor and Conveyancer, Luthersburg, Pa. All business entrusted to him will be promptly attended to. Persons wishing to employ a Surveyor will do well to give him a call, as he flatters himself that he can render satisfaction. Deeds of conveyance, articles of agreement, and all legal papers promptly and neatly executed. je8 '70-yp

J. K. BOTTORF'S PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY, MARKET STREET, CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.

Negatives made in cloudy as well as in clear weather. Constantly on hand a good assortment of Frames, Stereoscopes and Stereoscopic Views. Frames, from any style of moulding, made to order. *CHROMOS A SPECIALITY.* Dec. 2, '68-jy. 14-69-tf.

WALLACE & WALTERS, REAL ESTATE AGENTS AND CONVEYANCERS, Clearfield, Pa

Real estate bought and sold, titles examined, taxes paid, conveyances prepared, and insurances taken.

Office in new building, nearly opposite Court House. [Jan 5 1870.
WM. A. WALLACE. J. BLAKE WALTERS.

SMALL PROFITS and QUICK SALES.

HARTSWICK & IRWIN are constantly replenishing their stock of Drugs, Medicines, &c. School books and Stationery, including the Osgood and National series of readers. Also—Tobacco and Cigars, of the best quality, and at the lowest prices. Call and see. Clearfield, Nov. 10, 1869

STOVES—Ironsides and Farmer Cooks, Ranges, Parlor Stoves, Stove Grates, Tea Kettles, &c., at C. KRATZER'S, Opposite the Jail.

THE KIDNEYS.

The Kidneys are two in number, situated at the upper part of the loin, surrounded by fat, and consisting of three parts, viz: the Anterior, the Interior, and the Exterior.

The anterior absorbs. Interior consists of tissues or veins, which serve as a deposit for the urine and convey it to the exterior. The exterior is a conductor also, terminating in a single tube, and called the Ureter. The ureters are connected with the bladder.

The bladder is composed of various coverings or tissues, divided into parts, viz: the Upper, the Lower, the Nervous, and the Mucous. The upper expels, the lower retains. Many have a desire to urinate without the ability, others urinate without the ability to retain. This frequently occurs in children.

To cure these affections, we must bring into action the muscles, which are engaged in their various functions. If they are neglected, Gravel or Dropsy may ensue.

The reader must also be made aware, that however slight may be the attack, it is sure to affect the bodily health and mental powers, as our flesh and blood are supported from those sources.

GOUT, OR RHEUMATISM.—Pain occurring in the loins is indicative of the above diseases. They occur in persons disposed to acid stomach and chalky concretions.

THE GRAVEL.—The gravel ensues from neglect or improper treatment of the kidneys. These organs being weak, the water is not expelled from the bladder, but allowed to remain; it becomes feverish, and sediment forms. It is from this deposit that the stone is formed, and gravel ensues.

DROPSY is a collection of water in some parts of the body, and bears different names, according to the parts affected, viz: when generally diffused over the body, it is called Anasarca; when of the Abdomen, Ascites; when of the chest, Hydrothorax.

TREATMENT.—Helmbold's highly concentrated compound Extract Buchu is decidedly one of the best remedies for diseases of the bladder, kidneys, gravel, dropsical swellings, rheumatism, and gouty affections. Under this head we have arranged Dysuria, or difficulty and pain in passing water, Scanty Secretion, or small and frequent discharges of water; Strangury, or stopping of water; Hematuria, or bloody urine; Gout and Rheumatism of the kidneys, without any change in quantity, but increase in color, or dark water. It was always highly recommended by the late Dr. Physick, in these affections.

This medicine increases the power of digestion and excites the absorbents into healthy exercise by which the watery or calcareous depositions and all unnatural enlargements, as well as pain and inflammation are reduced, and it is taken by men, women and children. Directions for use and diet accompany.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., Feb. 25, 1867.
H. T. HELMBOLD, Druggist:
DEAR SIR:—I have been a sufferer, for upward of twenty years, with gravel, bladder and kidney affections, during which time I have used various medicinal preparations, and been under the treatment of the most eminent Physicians, experiencing but little relief.

Having seen your preparations extensively advertised, I consulted with my family physician in regard to using your Extract Buchu.

I did this because I had used all kinds of advertised remedies, and had found them worthless, and some quite injurious; in fact, I despaired of ever getting well, and determined to use no remedies hereafter unless I knew of the ingredients. It was this that prompted me to use your remedy. As you advertised that it was composed of buchu, cubebs and juniper berries, it occurred to me and my physician as an excellent combination, and, with his advice, after an examination of the article, and consulting again with the druggist, I concluded to try it. I commenced its use about eight months ago, at which time I was confined to my room. From the first bottle I was astonished and gratified at the beneficial effect, and after using it three weeks was able to walk out. I felt much like writing you a full statement of my case at that time, but thought my improvement might only be temporary, and therefore concluded to defer and see if it would effect a perfect cure, knowing then it would be of greater value to you and more satisfactory to me.

I am now able to report that a cure is effected after using the remedy for five months.

I have not used any now for three months, and feel as well in all respects as I ever did.

Your Buchu being devoid of any unpleasant taste and odor, a nice tonic and invigorator of the system, I do not mean to be without it whenever occasion may require its use in such affections.

M. McCORMICK.

Should any doubt Mr. McCormick's statement, he refers to the following gentlemen:

Hon. Wm. Bigler, ex Governor Penn'a.
Hon Thomas B Florence, Philadelphia.
Hon. J. C. Knox, Judge, Philadelphia.
Hon. J. S. Black, Judge, Philadelphia.
Hon. D. R. Porter, ex-Governor, Penn'a.
Hon. Ellis Levis, Judge, Philadelphia.
Hon. R. C. Grier, Judge U. S. Court.
Hon. G. W. Woodward, Judge, Philadelphia.
Hon. W. A. Porter, City Solicitor, Phil'a.
Hon. John Bigler, ex-Governor, California.
Hon. E. Banks, Auditor Gen. Washington, D.C.
And many others, if necessary.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Beware of counterfeits. Ask for Helmbold's. Take no other. Price—$1.25 per bottle, or 6 bottles for $6.50. Delivered to any address. Describe symptoms in all communications.

Address H. T. HELMBOLD, Drug and Chemical Warehouse, 594 Broadway, N. Y.

NONE ARE GENUINE UNLESS DONE UP IN steel-engraved wrapper, with fac-simile of my Chemical Warehouse and signed

June 15, '70-1y H. T. HELMBOLD.