

REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET. SUPREME JUDGE: HENRY W. WILLIAMS, of Allegheny co. Labor.

It has been the just pride of America, and we trust it may long remain so, that her people who earn their bread by their own toil, enjoy the comforts of life to a greater and more varied extent than any other. Yet, at times, here, as elsewhere, discontent, often with apparent reason, breaks forth among the toiling masses, disarranging the relations between capital and labor, throwing tens of thousands out of employment, paralyzing industry, entailing suffering and engendering jealousies.

Whereas, Certain capitalists and manufacturers in the city of Pittsburgh and county of Allegheny, have raised a fund designed to purchase importations of foreign laborers, to be brought to this city and county for the purpose of still further overstocking the labor market here, thereby, if possible, enforcing a reduction of the just wages of home skilled labor; and

Whereas, Purchased importations of foreign labor as above described, have already reached the city of Pittsburgh and county of Allegheny, therefore,

Resolved, That while the workmen of Pittsburgh and Allegheny county do not object to ordinary free immigration of laborers into the United States from any country of the globe, yet they do oppose and hereby emphatically protest against organized importations, specially secured by capitalists for the purpose of overstocking the labor market of any locality, feeling, as they do, that such importations are hostile to the rights and interests of home, resulting injuriously to the imported laborers, and inevitably leading to pauperism and crime.

Resolved, That the workmen of Pittsburgh and Allegheny county indorse the resolution of the New York Workingmen's Assembly in favor of a thorough organization of the National Labor Party of the United States.

We are not familiar with the details of the conflict at present waging between the employers and employees of our neighboring county, but certainly the resolutions which we have given, present what seems a clear case of rightful complaint.

Ireland.

A cable dispatch declares that the government of Russia has addressed a note to England plainly intimating that the condition of Ireland demands a joint interference on the part of Russia, France, and the United States. If the dispatch prove correct, it will be a sign of hope for green Ireland, whose cries of oppression have so long been heard upon the earth. Such a movement as this would probably be worth more to Ireland than all the Fenian outbreaks that could be crowded within half a century. Ireland has long borne grievous wrongs from the government of Great Britain, but, perhaps, there never has been a time more propitious than the present for securing relief without resort to violence. The English people are rapidly convincing themselves that they have certain inalienable rights, and they seem determined to secure them. Even though no intervention has been asked for by the Russian government, a joining of the almost unanimous voice of Ireland to that of the English people for amelioration of condition would certainly end in wresting from the government most valuable concessions. That a nation like Ireland should give one-tenth of its wealth to the support of an established church in which it has no faith, that the people who till the land should share the products with an aristocracy that seldom sets a foot upon Irish soil, is a shame and crime, whether done in the name of the English government or any other.

Again.

The Alleghenian, after the last June court, saw fit to make certain remarks concerning an individual named Hayes, who had just escaped conviction of a heinous felony, and by so doing roused the ire of the Freeman to so great an extent that it gives Hayes the doubtful benefit of a second defence. That our remarks were true and pertinent, we are even yet fully convinced. But the Freeman has apparently been in agony because we dared to exercise common liberty of speech, and accuses us of re-trying its client. Verily, our neighbor does us honor, over much.

We take it, the Freeman has a humorous fit on it, from editor down to its devil, for the Freeman is a humorous sheet with a very humorous editor. It was humor, pure humor, such as seeds forth

And jokes that must be laughed at—else why such a huge one as this on our innocent remarks: "It filled a whole column, \* \* it found fault with the charge of Judge Taylor, complained of the jury for their verdict, and slandered the oun-

sel for the defendant." We have almost infinite sorrow for the Freeman, but, nevertheless, we must leave it in its own slough. Who wouldn't be sorry for one, who, Sancho Panza-like, calls himself the "Freeman," yet, because all verdicts acquitting of crime read "not guilty," infers that all who have the benefit of them are equally innocent.

Maximilian.

We cannot agree with those who approve the execution of Maximilian. The act was hasty, needless, and cruel. The tribunal that tried him was one of those usually "organized to convict," and which is inimical to liberty whenever it encroaches in the slightest degree upon the jurisdiction of the civil courts.

Nor was Maximilian the real offender. Napoleon, who conceived and carried on the conquest of Mexico, through whose instrumentality Maximilian was placed on the throne, was the real enemy, not only to Mexico, but to the republican institutions of the western continent.—Maximilian accepted the throne at a time when the armies of France had almost complete sway of the country, when a large body of the people seemed willing to accept their new ruler in the hope of stability to a government that for thirty years has known nothing but revolution upon revolution. The story of his fate will be no less instructive and much more romantic of any of the passing century.—Well, indeed, did the poet say:

"Within the hollow crown, That rounds the mortal temples of a king, Keeps Death his court; and there the antic sits, Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp; Allowing him a breath, a little scene, To monarchize, be feared, and kill with looks; Infusing him self with self and vain conceit,— As if this flesh that walls about our life, Were brass impregnable; and honored thus, Comes at the last, and with a little pin Bore through his castle wall, and—farewell king!"

Letter from "Out West."

CHICAGO, July 9, 1867.

To the Editor of The Alleghenian: Thinking a few sketches from the great Metropolis of the West might be interesting to some of your readers, I will give you some of my ideas, even though they be meager. I left Pittsburgh on the Chicago Express at two o'clock and fifty minutes, and arrived at Wooster at dark. I must say that the portion of Ohio between those points is beautiful. The farms are large, with fine buildings on them, and to all appearance indicate thrift and prosperity. The grain looks beautiful, heavy on the ground, and about ready for harvesting, and grass and oats splendid. After passing Wooster, I cannot say anything about the country, for it being night and I drowsy, I betook myself to sleep, and did not wake up until near Fort Wayne, Indiana. Fort Wayne is quite a stirring place. The people appear to turn their attention to lumbering and manufacturing farming implements. From Fort Wayne to Chicago, via Railroad, the country is very thinly settled. The surface is partly covered with heavy growths of hard wood timber, and partly wet prairie. There are many small villages in the timber growths, with the requisite number of steam saw mills to keep them alive. The region between Fort Wayne and Chicago, I think, will never be good for farming purposes, for it is too low and wet.

When I got within about 12 miles of Chicago, I had a pretty good view of Lake Michigan, and it did look, indeed, grand to see so large an inland sea, with so many vessels, both large and small, plying back and forth. Chicago, the Great Metropolis of the West, is a great city. Everybody appears to be busy, and everybody looks exclusively after his own business. In my strolls through the city, I took a tramp to the top of the city Court House, and from there I had a full view of the whole city and its approaches. The sight was really grand, and I would advise every person visiting Chicago to go up into the Court House and take a view. My word for it, they will be well paid for their trouble and exertions. From that point, I could see for many miles out over Lake Michigan, and could see hundreds of vessels in full sail going out and coming in. I could see also the lonely tower of the great lake tunnel that was finished last year. It stands out two miles in the lake, like a lone tree in the desert. The tunnel is a wonderful work of art, besides being of incalculable benefit to the city, for the water that they have here now is as good as it is in Cambria county, and as nice to drink without the use of ice. Railroads centre in Chicago from every conceivable point of the compass, and at some places there are two railroads running side by side of each other. I noticed the train I was on had quite a race with the Michigan Southern this morning. The two roads run alongside each other about 12 or 14 miles, and the two passenger trains happening to come together, they tried which could beat—as it happened, our train came out ahead in two or three miles of a run, and the Michigan train gave up the chase.

The weather is fine and clear, and I am having a pleasant time seeing the wonders and sights of Chicago.

It is a fact worthy of note that of the twelve chief honors granted by the Paris exposition, three were received by American citizens. One was given to Cyrus W. Field for his success in laying the Atlantic cable, one to Dr. Evans for his representative collection of the sanitary system in operation during our late war, and the other to the inventor of the printing-telegraph.

[COMMUNICATION.] Davis—Greeley.

EBENSBURG, July 8, 1867.

To the Editor of The Alleghenian: Amongst the exciting events which have followed each other in such rapid succession, during the past few years, none has, perhaps, attracted a larger share of public attention than the bailing of Jeff. Davis by Horace Greeley. Though several weeks have elapsed since the affair took place, it yet remains a prominent topic for discussion, not only by the newspaper press, but by individuals of all shades and complexions, socially and politically. It is not one of those occurrences which may come and go with a day only; it must necessarily have more than a mere ephemeral existence, if not, in fact, at least in the memory of a discriminating people. Recurring to the prominent parts which these two men played before and during the Rebellion—the one on the side of Loyalty and Union, the other on the side of Treason and Disunion—the one famous, the other infamous,—their fraternalization and hob-nobbing at Richmond was read of with mortification and regret, by the good and the patriotic all over the country. The position of Horace Greeley, on that unfortunate occasion, afforded a most sickening and disgusting proof that extremes will "sometimes meet," and it is a pity that he then and there did not either be justified as a good deed, nor excused as a weak indiscretion.

It is useless to speak of the great ability of Horace Greeley; it is admitted by men of all parties. But, unlike some others, it has been my custom to regard him as an honest man. And I may further say that while I have felt constrained to differ with him in opinion, yet taken as a whole, I have always esteemed him as an ardent and a leader who could be safely trusted and followed. As the originator and controller of the New York Tribune, he has long been distinguished. Confessedly the ablest journalist in the country, his views and opinions have, day after day, and year after year, gone forth to the millions, and he has accomplished more for the cause of civilization and humanity than perhaps any living man. Both his voice and his pen have done a noble service for the right, and against the wrong. Always the uncompromising foe of slavery, he flagged not in his opposition until, under Providence, its downfall became a veritable reality. Though occupying at first a somewhat equivocal position on the question of attempting to force the seceded States back into submission to the Federal Government, yet when the war had once been entered upon, no one gave it a more cordial support than Mr. Greeley—no one was more severe in denouncing the cursed treason which caused it, and no one uttered better words of cheer and encouragement to the Union soldiers whose gallantry and heroism at last gave it safety through the struggle. When the dark days were past, and armed treason had been shorn of its strength, it was but natural to expect that Mr. Greeley would demand retributive justice for the guilty leader in the great crime which brought such countless suffering upon our glorious country.

But we turn now to the vile traitor Jeff. Davis. I submit that in him we have the greatest villain that ever went unwhipped of justice. I have watched his public course with the utmost care, and am morally certain that treason, damning treason, has been lurking in his heart for the last twenty years. During all that period, whether in official station, or out of it, he lent all his energies towards the destruction of this Government. Like Calhoun, too, it seems, that he is to escape the penalty so justly due his crimes, though the men who, through a morbid sympathy, will thus cheat the gallows of its victim, may, like Jackson, repent their error when it is too late. Indeed, with more than ordinary intelligence, and possessing advantages not common to all, Jeff. Davis employed both in the vile work of breeding and mustering that defection in the South which finally culminated in open resistance to the constituted authority. Moreover every Federal office he ever held was prostituted to the same unholy purpose, and at last, when he and his guilty accomplices supposed their work of throttling the Union complete, the perjured wretch, with a parade of crocodile tears, quit his place in the United States Senate, and became the chief of a bastard Confederacy whose corner-stone was human slavery. It is painful to reflect upon what followed. For four long, bloody years he sat at Richmond, not as the rightful representative and ruler of a people, but as a base and bloody usurper, in the exercise of despotic power. Who shall number the precious lives which were lost, or recount the suffering and privations which were entailed upon the people both North and South by reason of the ungodly ambition of this man? I speak not only of the thousands and hundreds of thousands who were immolated upon the battle field or who died in camp or hospitals. I would especially call attention to the case of those unfortunate braves at Belle Isle, Andersonville, Salisbury and other rebel prisons. Who was responsible for the tortures there inflicted? Even the New York Tribune admits that "ten thousand Union soldiers died in those prison pens who might have survived to return to their families had they been supplied with the food and shelter and medical attendance to which prisoners of war are entitled." Not only were the wants and necessities of those men neglected, but in many cases they were wilfully and deliberately starved and beaten and shot to death—their only fault being that they were Union soldiers. Was the life of the so-called Wirz a sufficient expiation for such gigantic crimes? Is the mere under-strapper, however wicked and depraved, to be punished, and his still more guilty principal be permitted to go free? I submit that

if the grave question were left to the loyal masses who gave their money and their blood that the Union should not perish, they would proclaim in thunder tones that Jeff. Davis of all others, living or dead, is the man whose soul is most darkly stained by these outrages against God and humanity, and that he is the one most justly entitled to bear the penalty. Nay, more: Jeff. Davis was charged by the President of the United States with complicity in the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, and a price was set on the culprit's head. This was done through a solemn proclamation, based upon evidence in the possession of the Bureau of Military Justice. That charge has never been retracted or disproved; it remains in full force to this day, and of its truth I have never had the slightest doubt. The apologists of the arch-traitor Davis may urge as they will, that he was virtually exculpated by the Congressional Committee of Inquiry, and that one of the witnesses against him has been convicted of perjury. If the scoundrel and arch-traitor had had his deserts, he would have swung on the gallows with his fellow-assassins, at Washington, two years ago, or would now be side by side with Surrat, with an equal, if not a much better chance of conviction and punishment. The fact that when the shell of the Rebellion was crushed at Richmond, Davis fled like a sneak and coward, that he was willing to unsex himself, and resort to the miserable expedient of wearing women's clothes, that he might the better make his escape—all this is conclusive of his guilt, and proves he felt sure that as his hand had been against every loyal man, so every loyal man's hand would be against him, and that his only hope of personal safety was in withdrawing his accursed carcass from the confines of justice.

Such, then, is a faint sketch of Jeff. Davis, the infernal secessionist and traitor, the slave-driver and freedom-hater, the butcherer of Union prisoners and Presidential murderer. And, yet, it seems this author of ten thousand crimes, this wholesale murderer, this chief of all villains, is to be set at liberty, to go scot free—and the law against treason and all that is to be written down a farce. For two years he was fed and fondled at Fortress Monroe, and at last we find him turned out like a good and faithful horse, to pass the remnant of his days in clover. Let him enjoy his pasture, and range at pleasure—the time for putting the halter about his neck seems to have passed.

Horace Greeley has long labored to bring about this result, and he has at last accomplished it. A few years ago, I would have supposed it an impossibility for him to perform a service of the kind; but how readily times change, and how very easy a thing it is for one to be mistaken? We might overlook and even forgive Mr. Greeley for advocating Davis' trial or release, but for him to post off to Richmond, and there take the arch-traitor by the hand and become his bondman—these are things which Greeley ought not to have done. Thereas and thereby he stultified himself, spoiled a noble record, evinced bad taste, and utterly disregarded and defied the sentiment of the loyal masses North and South. Even Mr. Greeley, backed as he is with a political engine like the Tribune, cannot do such things with impunity. The sole justification for his extraordinary conduct may be summed up in a single proposition—Davis was imprisoned for two years without being indicted. Mr. Greeley then vauntingly asks why the Government, or the Union League, or somebody else, didn't procure such indictment? He tells us that any individual might have done so, and that it was the duty of some one to attend to it. If this be so, then why didn't Mr. Greeley attend to it himself? That would have secured what he affects so much to desire—a trial—and then, whether Davis had been convicted or acquitted, the forms of the law would at least have been gone through with, and Mr. Greeley's position before the country would have been vastly more consistent and honorable as the prosecutor of treason than it is now as the backer of a notorious traitor.

Mr. Greeley ventures upon the prophecy that those who now oppose his position before three years have rolled around. This may, or may not be; but if he don't repent his conduct in sackcloth and ashes before that period has passed, then I am mistaken—that's all. The old philosopher may wriggle, and explain, and scold, and threaten as he will, but I tell him, more in sorrow than in anger, that by his imprudent trip to Richmond he managed to get a black spot on his old white coat which not all the ingenuity and sophistry of the Tribune establishment can ever cover or erase.—That's so. A. A. BARKER.

We take great pleasure in informing the people of Ebensburg and vicinity that J. M. Thompson has received a full and complete assortment of dry goods, groceries, &c., all of which can be purchased at exceedingly low rates.

THE VERY PLACE.—Since V. S. Barker has received his last new supply of goods, his cheap cash store is more than ever the resort of those who desire to purchase the best manufacture of goods at the lowest prices.

The fall which Napoleon's hopes experienced in regard to the Mexican empire, is nothing to the great "fall" in the price of the dry goods now being offered for sale at Mills & Davis' store, Ebensburg.

READY-MADE CLOTHING.—Have you seen those beautiful styles of clothing so much worn at the present time? Any of those styles can be had at A. A. Barker's. Go and see them.

It appears that the ticket nominated by the Democratic Convention in Ebensburg on the 1st instant does not give entire satisfaction to the Democracy of Cambria county. The subjoined letter, published in last week's Johnstown Tribune, is one of many expressions of disapprobation of the work of the Convention:

WILMORE, Pa., July 8, '67. MR. EDITOR:—A Farce Convention was held at Ebensburg on Monday, the 1st instant, for the purpose of nominating a ticket to be supported by the strong-armed, the stout-hearted, the brave, the true and the loyal Democracy of Cambria county.

This Convention was composed of thirty delegates from Johnstown and surrounding boroughs and townships, who work harmoniously in harness as if they were children of one great family. Add to this the delegates from Ebensburg and Cambria township, who are hitched up in double harness to trot in any direction with the Johnstown delegation, and your nominations are complete. They would have even more than was necessary according to our present system of forming a ticket. Why, sir, in all contests inaugurated in Ebensburg by the representatives of the Democracy of Cambria county, the principle has ever been the same, and the people of the rural districts have ever been doomed to disappointment. To prove this, let facts be submitted to the people of Cambria county.

From the five wards of Johnstown, Millville, Cambria City, Prospect and Conemaugh Borough there are but eight hundred and seventy-four Democratic voters. Add to this eighty-six from Ebensburg, and we have nine hundred and sixty; while in the county we have three thousand two hundred and ninety-five (3,295) Democratic voters. Deducting the vote of Ebensburg and Johnstown with their affixes, leaves two thousand three hundred and thirty-five of a Democratic vote outside of Ebensburg and Johnstown. And out of those two thousand three hundred and thirty-five, there is not a single office outside of Ebensburg and Johnstown—with the exception of County Commissioner,—while in Ebensburg with their eighty-six votes they have the Prothonotary, Geo. C. K. Zahm; the Sheriff, John A. Blair; and they have the present Sheriff and Treasurer. In Johnstown, with their eight hundred and seventy-four votes, they have the Representative, John P. Linton; the County Superintendent, J. F. Condon; the Treasurer, John Cox; the Register and Recorder, James Griffin; the County Commissioner, John Campbell.

Now, these are all the important offices of our county, held to-day and for the coming terms, unless the people take the matter into their own hands, and throw Ebensburg and Johnstown Democracy in the shade until they respect our rights. Why, sir, we have four townships—Washington, Carroll, Allegheny and Clearfield—which poll a larger Democratic vote than Johnstown, Millville, Cambria City, Prospect, Conemaugh Borough and Ebensburg, all united; while they have twenty-four delegates in that Convention, and Washington, Carroll, Allegheny and Clearfield have but eight. Is this just, generous, or is it right? Year after year we have attended that Convention, the result invariably the same. We are nothing more than mere automatons.

Let the Democracy of the country districts stick boldly together, and if we are successful in electing a volunteer ticket this fall, we will gain for ourselves a name which no sublimity vicissitude can deprive us of. But if we succumb to the wishes of Johnstown and Ebensburg politicians, the Democracy of Cambria county will fall as sure and as sudden, too, it may be, as the day of judgment. They will fall like Cataline of old, amid the ruins they have made. Victors may tyrannize over an inferior and imbecile race, but not over equals—not over any part of the Cambria people, who have been in days gone by associated with them in deeds of valor and acts of patriotism that have given glory and renown to the Cambrian name.

Harsh and oppressive measures never heal the wounded spirit nor arouse the attachment that inspires patriotism, but foster the rancor and nourish the bitter hatred that sooner or later will promote the very evils against which such measures are aimed. The recent Democratic bogus Convention is an illustration of this, and furnishes an example for the statesman and food for the reflecting mind. The people are not vying with each other for the common good—one party in Ebensburg and Johnstown is struggling against the country people. The people of the country districts will never be content with fewer privileges than Ebensburg and Johnstown, and the wise statesman will see that no invidious distinction is drawn between different classes of people in the same common country. If you are successful in electing a volunteer ticket, your rights will be respected hereafter, and your children, when they shall have grown to be men, will rejoice in reading over the history of this glorious old Democratic party to see that their fathers could stand up battling for their rights—not despairing or giving up for a moment, but rallying to the last, to leave this heritage unimpaired to their children.

"ANTHEROPON." AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned, Auditor, appointed by the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, to distribute the fund in the hands of John A. Blair, administrator of the estate of Mary Clements, deceased, hereby notifies all persons interested that he will attend to the duties of said appointment at his office, in Ebensburg, on Saturday, the 3d day of August next, at 2 o'clock, p. m., when and where they may present their claims, or be debarred from coming in for a share of said fund. [Jy4-3] GEO. W. OATMAN, Auditor.

GREAT REDUCTION OF PRICES! EBENSBURG HARDWARE & HOUSE FURNISHING STORE.

I return my sincere thanks to my friends and customers for their liberal patronage for the past twelve years, during which time I have been in business in Ebensburg, and now, owing to the extensive business I am doing, I take pleasure in informing the public that I have adopted the

Ready-Pay System! by means of which there will be a GREAT REDUCTION in my profits. A continuance of your patronage will satisfy you that it will be to your advantage to buy for READY PAY instead of on credit.

My stock will consist in part as follows:

- FOR THE BUILDER. Door Locks, Bolts, Capboard Locks, Hinges, Window Spigs, Porch Irons, Catches, Screws, Shutter Hinges, Window Glass, Putty, &c.

- FOR THE CARPENTER. Boring Machines, Augers, Chisels, Brads, Bits, Hatchets, Squares, Compasses, Levels, Pocket Rules, Try Squares, Laths, Jacks, Smoothing, and For Planes, Panel Ploughs, Beading, Sash, Raising, a Match Planes, Hollow and Rounds, Ganges, Oil Stones, Saw Sets, Screw Drivers, Beach Screws, Cross-cut, Panel Rip, Compass and Back Saws, Chalk and Chalk Lines, &c.

- FOR THE BLACKSMITH. Anvils, Bellows, Buttresses, Pinets, Vices, Screw Plates, Shoe Hammers, Wrenches, Hand Hammers, Rasp Files, Riveting Hammers, Horse Nails, Horse & Mule Shoes, Cast Steel Shoe Plates, Iron, Moulds, &c.

- FOR THE SHOEMAKER. Shoe Lasts, Shank Irons, Crimping Boards and Irons, Peg Cutters, Knives, Awls, Hammer, Pinners, Rasps, Rubbers, and Bench Tools in general. Nails, Tacks, Thread, Wax, Bristles, &c.

- FOR THE SADDLER. Draw Gauges, Round Knives, Chandeliers, Edge Tools, Pincers, Hammers, Bridle Bits, Buckles, Traces Hooks, Spoke Rings, Halter Bolts, Snaps, Stirrups, Rein Web, Pinners, Awls, Rounding Irons, Iron and Wood Gages, Hammers, Bad Trees, Trace Hooks, Spoke Rings, Ornaments, Spokes, Tacks, Girthing, &c.

- FOR THE CABINET MAKER & PAINTER. Bench Tools, Table Hinges, Screws, Castors, Bedstead Fasteners, Draw Locks, Knobs, Coffin Trimmings of all descriptions, Gold Leaf, Bronzes, Paints, Sash, and Varnish Brushes, Oil Paints, Varnishes, Turpentine, Colored Paints dry and ground in oil.

- FOR THE SPORTSMAN. Rifles, Shot Guns, Pistols, Revolvers, Cartridges, Hunters' Knives, Caps, Lead, Powder Shot, Powder Flasks, Shot Pouches, Game Bags, Gun Locks, Main Springs, Pivots, Double Triggers, Hammers, &c.

- FOR THE FARMER. Plows, Points, Shovels, Forks, Scythes and Snathes, Rakes, Hoes, Spades, Sheep Shears, Sheep and Cow Bells, Sleigh Bells, Brushes, Cards, Curry Combs, Tails, Hames, Whips, Bad Traces, Breast, Ter, Tongue, Fith & Log Chains, Barn Door Rollers, Sugar Kettles, Steelyards, Cutting Boxes, &c.

- FOR THE HOUSEKEEPER. Flour, Tea, Coffee, Sugar, Molasses, Nutmegs, Allspice, Pepper, Baking a Wash, Toilet Soap, Family Dry Soap, Madder, Gumbo, Cocchineal, Log Cabin, Camwood, Redwood, Blue Vitriol, Solution of Soda, Clothes Wringer, Washing Machine, Tubs, Table and Tea Sets, Meal Sieves, Brooms, Brass Kettles, Tinned Kettles, Enameled Kettles, Butter Prints, Stair Rods, Butter Ladies, Japanned Ware, Glassware, Wooden Ware, Willow Ware, Carbon Oil Lamps, Razors, Cloves, Macs, Peppers, Baking a Wash, Toilet Soap, Family Dry Soap, Madder, Gumbo, Cocchineal, Log Cabin, Camwood, Redwood, Blue Vitriol, Solution of Soda, Clothes Wringer, Washing Machine, Tubs, Table and Tea Sets, Meal Sieves, Brooms, Brass Kettles, Tinned Kettles, Enameled Kettles, Butter Prints, Stair Rods, Butter Ladies, Japanned Ware, Glassware, Wooden Ware, Willow Ware, Carbon Oil Lamps, Razors, Shears, Scissors, &c.

- OILS. Lubricating, Carbon, Lard, Linseed, Fish, Lamp, Neat's Foot, Sweet.

TO THE PUBLIC GENERALLY. Cooking, Parlor, and Heating Stoves, the best manufactures; Tin and Sheet Ware of every variety, of my own manufacture; Gun and Hemp Packing, Tinsmith's, Brass, and Iron Castings, Valves; Drugs, Weavers' Beeds, Sewing Machines and Rollers, Patent Mollasses and Measuring Faucets, &c., &c. Odd Stove Plates, Grates, and always on hand to suit Stores sold by manufacturers' prices. Spouting made, painted, and put on rates. Don't Ask for Credit! But remember the place to purchase save 15 to 20 per cent. on your purchases defy competition in Western Penna. GEORGE HUNTER, [Jy5-21]