

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT:
GEN'L. ULYSSES S. GRANT.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT:
HON. SCHUYLER COLFAX.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS.

At Large—G. MORRISON COATES, of Philadel-

phia; THOS. M. MARSHALL, of Pittsburg.

District.

1. W. H. Barnes, 13. Samuel Knorr,

2. W. J. Pollock, 14. B. F. Wagnerseller,

3. Richard Willey, 15. Chas. H. Mullen,

4. G. W. Hill, 16. John Stewart,

5. Watson P. Magill, 17. George W. Elder,

6. J. H. Bringham, 18. Jacob Graffius,

7. Frank C. Hooton, 19. James Sill,

8. Isaac Eckert, 20. H. C. Johnson,

9. Maris Hoopes, 21. J. K. Ewing,

10. David M. Rank, 22. Wm. Frow,

11. Wm. Davis, 23. A. W. Crawford,

12. W. W. Ketcham, 24. J. S. Rutan.

The official majority for Harttraft, Rep-

ublican, in the State is 9,677. Let us

double the figures next Tuesday.

TICKETS! The Republican Electoral

Tickets to be voted next Tuesday are now

printed and ready for distribution at this

office. Our friends in the northern dis-

tricts of the county will please call and

get them.

WEST VIRGINIA voted last Thursday.

The Republican majority is about 4,000.

We elect all our candidates for Congress,

and have a majority in the Legislature of

between thirty and forty on joint ballot.

This is some more of the "popular ground-

swell."

In the next Legislature of Pennsylvania,

the Republicans will have a majority

of 27 on joint ballot—3 in the Senate and

24 in the House. We gain two members

in the House in Franklin and Perry; one

in Huntingdon, Mifflin, and Juniata; one

in Indiana and Westmoreland; three in

Lycoming, Union, and Snyder, and one

in Philadelphia.

HORATIO SEYMOUR, cap in hand, is

now traveling the country over, begging

for votes. His speeches at various points

are only so many acknowledgments of the

hopelessness of the Democratic-rebel cause.

Like Andrew Johnson, he is "appealing

to the people," and, like the aforesaid

"Humble Individual," he will appeal in

vain. The people repudiate him and his

doctrines, and will register their verdict

next Tuesday.

An Appeal.

Four days of the Presidential canvass

yet remain. They are, as it were, harvest

days in which all the fruits of our past

labor are to be secured, or lost forever.—

We have done good and effective work

heretofore. We have wrested victory from

the hands of a zealous, cunning, and in-

demitable foe, at the very moment when

he thought it securely within his grasp.—

We have before us a victory, grander, of

wider scope, and more momentous im-

portance, than that of October, if we only

deserve it by a courage that knows no

fear, and an energy that knows no lapse.

If our opponents have any hope at all, it

is in our lethargy. We must show them

that there is no room for hope in that

respect. The election of Grant and Colfax

has now the appearance of a foregone

conclusion. But even were it ten times as

certain as it now appears to be, we should

relax no effort to increase the magnitude

of our victory. The election of Presiden-

tial candidates by a minority of the votes

cast, is not simply possible, but is more or

less liable to happen at each recurring

Presidential contest. It would be a last-

ing shame to us should that contingency

occur to our present standard bearers. A

ticket on which is the name of the great-

est and most successful soldier of the Re-

public, should succeed by a magnificent

majority. It must so succeed, if we but

will it. Our opponents would count the

The Harmonious Brethren.

IN ONE ACT.

Dramatis Personae—Managers of the World

and of the Washington Intelligence, August

Belmont, Horatio Seymour, F. P. Blair, Wm.

A. Wallace, Brick Pomeroy, H. T. Helmbold.

Scene—A back chamber in August Belmont's

Banking House.

The World—What! what!—Can these

things be? Is't so that the chained light-

ning, made to be man's swift messenger,

brings us true tidings? Wallace, Wal-

lace, you of Scottish blood, "where is the

victory you promised us?" O Indiana!

O Ohio!

Wallace (demurely)—We did our best,

sirrah. We summoned to the holy task of

aiding our failing cause, coffee-pots innum-

erable, and dyed false papers in the

steaming fluid; summoned false seals of

high judicatories, and from the raw material,

brought straight from Erin's isle,

made citizens, each one quicker than the

aspens leaf doth tremble thrice. Had we

but forecast this great disaster, all the

Democratic household should have been

made to yield up their Java and their Rio

now on the November's sere and yellow

leaf. O Fate! O Fate! "Misery stole

me at my birth."

World—"Tis not the fault of Wallace.

'Tis Blair's: that renegade Republican.—

His it is; for he let loose his flow of

speech too soon that he might gain our

confidence, but gaining it, he frightened

all the stable people of the frozen North.

Blair, you did it; and while thou dost

remain as thou wert placed, our second

candidate, we can't succeed. The argu-

ries are 'gainst us. Do a noble action,

Blair, and resign. Our hosts are panic-

stricken.

Blair—You lie, you brute! Resign I

never did and never will. Resignation of

office runs not in Blair blood. It is a dis-

ease not known in the family.

Seymour—I said before, "Your Presi-

dent I cannot be!"

Belmont (sotto voce)—A plaster upon

the World's mouth! (Aloud.) We are

not panic-stricken. All is harmony in

our ranks, and good cheer. The people

mean by these elections that they'll make

Horatio President. (Sotto voce.) Is there

a day of judgment? We have to lie, or

this rout would be worse than rout, and

prove our own dire destruction—bonds

and all.

Wallace (frantically)—Coffee, coffee-

pots, and coffee; false seals and signatures.

Seymour—Your President I cannot

be.

Blair—The World lies. I'll not resign.

Washington Intelligence—Let Blair re-

sign. He's "the dire source of all our

woes." He's worse than the itch, he's—

Belmont—Peace, peace; let us be har-

monious, dearest brethren.—All is

harmony here. The goose hangs high.

Brick Pomeroy—"Charge, Chester,

charge." "Once more unto the breach!"

Cowards to the rear! Give us more

whisky. Stand by your bottles.

Blair—Let's drink. It's a long time

between drinks.

Wallace—Yes, here's a coffee-pot.

Belmont—Most favorable juncture.—

'Tis true, defeat is ours again. But we're

used to't. This quarrel must now cease,

or the stopcock of my coffers shall be

turned, and my greenbacks cease to come

at your bidding. The World has revolved

too fast, and broken from her moorings.

She must now return within the realms of

party discipline, support the candidates

and do her "level best." To change them

is too late. Swapping leaders in presence

of your foe is disastrous ever. Let Ho-

ratio speak to the people. He can lie mag-

nificently, and smoothly as the devil.—

Our noble Blair has thus far borne the

burden of the fight. Let him rest here-

EDITORIAL ETCHINGS.

"Let us have peace."

"Unconditional surrender."

"I propose to move immediately on

your works."

A disastrous earthquake occurred in

California last week.

We gave Cambria county to Lincoln

in 1860. Cannot we give it to Grant next

Tuesday? Let us try.

Cambria county gave the Republican

State ticket 2,849 votes on the 13th of Octo-

ber. She ought to give Grant over 3,000 in

November.

We reduced the majority of the Demo-

cracy in Cambria county over 200 on the

13th of October. We can and will do better

than this on the 3d of November.

Says John A. Dix: "I see but one

source of safety for the country under exist-

ing circumstances, and that is in the election

of General Grant."

Boys in Blue, you gave months and

years to the work of delivering the country

from rebel rule. Devote next Tuesday to the

same holy purpose.

Were Seymour elected, the old rebel

ye'll would go up throughout the South. The

rebels would know it to be an indication

that their "Cause" was not "Lost."

The electoral ticket printed under

our editorial head is correct. See that the

ticket you vote next Tuesday contains the

same names.

Seymour is rich, yet he never loaned

Uncle Sam one dollar to enable him to crush

the rebellion. The country, therefore, owes

Seymour nothing.

The Ward Brothers, the champion

four-oared boat's crew of America, were de-

feated in a race on the Connecticut river by

a St. Johns, N. B., crew, one day last week.

The Hon. George F. Edmunds was re-

electd, last week, United States Senator

from Vermont. This is as it should be. A

better man could not well be found.

All the prominent unreconstructed

rebels in the South are actively working for

the election of Seymour and Blair. All the

Union men in the South go for Grant and

Colfax.

Dan Corbett bet he could jump from

the bridge over the Susquehanna at Tona-

wanda, Pa., forty-six feet, to the water below.

He made the leap, but struck the water on

his stomach, sunk and was seen no more.

Ex-Gov. Vance, in a speech at a

Democratic ratification meeting held in

Richmond shortly after the New York Con-

vention, said: "Seymour and Blair will give

us all the Confederacy fought for." Think

of this next Tuesday!

"If Lee is pushed," said Sheridan to

Grant, as he ferociously tracked the rebel army

to Appomattox, "I think he will surrender."

"Push things!" replied Grant. Let this be

the motto of the whole Republican host

next Tuesday—let us "push things!"

Gallant Phil. Sheridan sends greeting

to his former comrades in arms: "Say to the

Boys in Blue that it is as essential to have

a political victory this fall as it was to have

an Appomattox in 1865, and that every man

who loves his country should vote for Grant."

In the Twenty-first Congressional Dis-

trict the conference judges have made two

returns, part of the judges declaring Mr. Co-

rode elected and giving him a certificate to

the Governor, while another portion have

furnished a similar certificate to Hon. H. D.

Foster.

Gen. Grant makes this commentary on

the Canilla massacre: "Should the people

make me President, you and the people may

be assured that all men will be permitted to

speak their honest convictions, wherever

they may be, within the boundaries of the

United States."