



The Democrat.
HARVEY SICKLER, Editor.
TUNKHANNOCK, PA
Wednesday, Jan. 27, 1864.

S. M. Pettengill & Co.—No. 37 PARK ROW
NEW YORK, & 6 STATE ST. BOSTON, are our Agents
for the N. B. Democrat, in those cities, and are authorized
to take Advertisements and Subscriptions
at our lowest Rates.

MATHER & CO., No. 335 Broadway, N. Y.
are our Authorized Agents to take Advertisements
on this paper, at published rates.

The Draft Sneak, alias, Beet nosed Billy of the Republican, has found something which excites his "loyal" instincts, "in a paper," as he says; "published not a thousand miles from this place." We presume he refers to the Democrat. We have the evidence on hand, and will shortly show to the public this sneaking Puppys' complicity in the perpetration of a gross outrage upon the citizens of a Township in this County: by the printing and publication of bogus enrollment lists, by which a clique of his abolition cronies, might, like himself, sneak out of the conscription. In times like the present when the lives of men are at stake, and when every man in the community is expected to perform his duty, we do not intend to stand quietly by and witness the practice of any imposition or fraud in this lottery of death, no matter by whom committed. A former experience in escaping a draft has afforded facilities to this man as to how to escape subsequently, and especially so when aided and abetted by those in high official position. We shall continue to call attention to this subject, and shall look forward to see whether the proper authorities who we understand have been apprised of this matter, will carry out their promise to ferret it to the bottom.

Did any of our delinquent subscribers—for we have some—ever think of this:

"What would you think of a farmer who had raised a thousand bushels of wheat, and who would sell it to a thousand different persons scattered all over the State, and agree to wait a year for his pay from each of them, and if one half of them did not pay at the end of the year, he should give them another bushel of wheat and agree to wait another year for his pay, and thus go on year after year? How long would such a farmer escape bankruptcy? Probably not much longer than publishers of newspapers who follow such a practice. It costs the editor of a weekly paper as much to supply a thousand subscribers with it for one year as it costs a farmer to raise a thousand bushels of wheat. The farmer sells his wheat in bulk. Newspapers are sent to a thousand different towns in the county, and different counties in the State, and he must wait till the end of the year before he can get his payment, and then he depends wholly upon the honesty and responsibility of the subscriber, for it is impossible that he should know the character of all his subscribers. It will not pay him to go around, or send around the county to collect his dues. It would cost more than the collections would come to.

We hope our readers will one and all think of this, and endeavor to square off at least once a year. We have many persons on our list who have never paid us anything.

Gen. McClellan's Report.

The New York World speaking of this document says. No patriot whose heart throbs for the brave who have fallen, and the mourners at so many firesides, and the trials of a distracted country and long suffering people, can fail to see in this most exciting chapter of the history of our three years war facts long concealed at Washington and never disclosed by General McClellan's reticent lips, even for his vindication against outrageous and persistent calumnies set on foot at Washington—facts which burn and brand into the foreheads of the administration the proof that they failed to support our army in the field; that they and they alone are responsible for a prolonged war; that at their doors lies the blood of the tens of thousands of speechless dead who slumber at Cedar Mountain, Bull Run, Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville; at Antietam, where President Lincoln was deaf to their upbraiding but asked for, and listened to the negro song "Jump Jim Crow," at Gettysburg and along the Rappahanock.

The Enrollment Act.

The Enrollment act has been amended in the Senate, by raising the rate of commutation from \$300 to \$400. The bill as it passed the Senate, provides that a drafted man who pays the commutation, is exempted until every other man in his district is drafted; where upon his name is placed on the enrollment list and he is again liable to draft. Both classes are consolidated, and all exemptions, of the only son of a widow, father of motherless children, &c., stricken out. The bill it is said, in this shape, is acceptable to the House, Military Committee, and will doubtless become a law. Alterations are made in the details of the old act for conducting the draft as attorneys or agents are restricted to the five dollars.

Another Outrage upon the Freedom of the Press.

The office of the Northumberland County Democrat was destroyed by a mob a few nights since. This Journal was one of the most spirited and able conducted in the State. Its Editor, TRUMAN H. PURDY is a member of the present Legislature, to which he was elected by a large majority of the voters of old Northumberland—a place for which he was eminently fitted by his virtues and his talents. We have known him for a number of years as editor of a paper in Lewisburg and more recently of the Democrat at Sunbury. The mobs in this case have raised a spirit that "will not down at their bidding"—a man who in the future, as in all past time will be found the firm, uncompromising, and indefatigable enemy of fanaticism, wrong and oppression. This dastardly outrage upon his rights and property, and upon the freedom of the press, must and will recoil upon the heads of its authors, their aiders and abettors.

Mr. Purdy has issued the following:

To the Democracy of Northumberland Co.

It is doubtless known ere this to all our readers, that the Northumberland County Democrat office was destroyed on the night of the 18th inst. Our presses were torn down and broken, imposing stones upset, tables, cases and stands, tumbled around the room, the types scattered and mixed, a large American flag stolen and a general destruction consummated.

Mr. Jesse M. Simpson, the proprietor of the building, with his usual boldness and courage, went fearlessly up among the rioters, who were armed with pistols and swords, and was struck and pulled over the banister in his own house. His revolver, keys, pocket handkerchief, &c., were taken from him and stolen by the crowd, after which he tore loose from them and ran down stairs.

The lateness of the hour, during the absence of our em ployees, formed a fitting time for the commission of this outrageous, cowardly and most in famous crime against the peace of the Commonwealth and the liberties of the people of this county. The freedom of speech and the press are guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States, and our own State Constitution expressly declares, that these great rights shall never be restrained. These Constitutions and the laws of the land constitute THE GOVERNMENT of this country, and there is none other save the government of mobs, incited by unmitigated scoundrels, the lovers of despotism and the assassins of liberty. To this latter class belong the instigators of this dastardly outrage upon the rights and sentiments of a large majority of the people of this county. That this blow was aimed at the editor of our English paper, now engaged in the performance of legislative duties, to which your suffrages elevated him, or that it was aimed at the quiet editor of our German edition is folly to assert. It was aimed at you, the people, to crush your press, to outrage your sentiments and to rob you of those rights which your God, your Constitutions, your laws and a proper administration of this government would give you. It means that constitutional principles and civil liberty against mobs and usurpation shall not be advocated in our midst. The perpetrators of this villainous act were strangers among us, knowing nothing of our paper, nothing of our town and nothing of the sentiments of our people. They were incited to it by men in our midst, who make themselves the champions of loyalty and who call upon honorable men to vote and sustain their revolutionary and riotous policy. The responsibility rests upon them, and they cannot and shall not escape it. They have given a practical illustration and confirmation in our midst of the disregard which they have for law, for the security of property or for the peace and order of society. While we have stood as the defenders of civil liberty and constitutional government, while we have spoken boldly in defence of the people's interests against usurpation, riotings, despotism and plunder, they have been constantly advocating, inciting and defending these repeated enormities of their own party, for the destruction, in violation of all law, of the inalienable rights of freeman. But the spirit of freedom which they seek to crush, will not yield before any dastardly outrage they may commit. We cannot be welded to the Harlot which seeks the destruction of liberty and the erection of a despotism, by these repeated confirmations of her crime. It will cause us to renew our energy against all men and parties, who in the name of loyalty, commit outrages against the peace and freedom of the people, for which the penitentiary or the services of the hangman should be their righteous doom.

The Northumberland County Democrat though mobbed by strangers, at the instigation of partizan scoundrels, is not dead, it will soon again appear to defend the time honored and constitutional principles of the democratic party, and if law among loyal leaguers is a thing gone by, and if brute force and the reign of mobs, at the instigation of drunkards is to be the order of the day, the democratic party are prepared for the issue of self-defence to the destruction of property for property or even life for life. We have ever been the advocates of law and order, but the democratic party cannot be held responsible for anarchy if forced upon them.

It would be justice to assert, that there are those who differ with us politically who denounce these criminal efforts to mangle a reign of terror in the land. Our difference with such men is only nominal and the wonder of the times is that they can vote to sustain these and the thousand other crimes against their own liberty, security and property. To those who rejoice at these damnable deeds, we may say, that it will not injure us. It will greatly increase our circulation and patronage while property is secure, and if this fails, it will involve them in a common ruin.

A reward of \$100 will be paid for information which will lead to the detection and conviction of the perpetrators or instigators of this villainous act. But whether detected or not, let the brand of eternal infamy be stamped upon these assassins of free government, who, after having been loud in their demands for free press and free speech, become now the practical advocates and abettors of their destruction.

T. H. PURDY.

Randoms from Trinity Steeple.

My position is on the pinnacle of the temple, high up, so high that I seem among the clouds. People in the streets, beneath me, crawl like insects so very small they appear. The great city, teeming with life, lies spread out in majesty, before me; on either side, rushes along, the crested waves, bearing amid their sparkling spray, the levitians of commerce to old ocean's heaving bosom. The hills dotted with man's palatial residences, gradually rise in the distance, forming a barrier, the eye is unable to leap. The winds roar in madness around my high perch, and seem to cut up such capers almost at the very door of Heaven, that would make angels weep. Let them rage, my position is of stone they dash against it but to recede.

The clouds envelope the cross of the pinnacle, deposit their vapors of purity, and majestically float away. The winds grasp them, their feet on their wings, till dissolved by the bright rays of the sun, then become radiations of light that transform the darkness of night into glorious day.

But clouds more dark, and winds more fierce, are now sweeping over our political world and no ray of light appears to dissipate the darkened gloom.

Swindling, defrauding, in fact all the known crimes, are committed by those in places of responsibility and trust, and this is called liberty freedom, as practiced and advocated by the loyal league, secession republican party.

The view from my position is extensive, corruption is all around; Wall Street stretches out like a serpent before me, a fog of iniquity rises from it. There stands the Custom House, where reigns the imbecile Barney, where Stanton, the oracle, the great christian type of loyal leagues, under the guise of godliness, and loyalty, served the devil and the enemies of his country, and as a propitiation sacrificed his son; Infamous, unnatural Stanton!

And there too, Private Secretary Palmer; Palmer the immaculate, the godly man, financier for the perpetration of his party on the ruins of his country. Poor Palmer, poor Stanton, iniquitous, imbecile Barney, your knell has tolled, the unseen hand has written the unknown characters on the Wall, and by right the halber should be your interpreter. Ere long an indignant and outraged people will demand it, be advised follow the example of your prototype Judas, go and hang your selves, and should you fall and split open my word for it, the stench from you would be more intolerable than from him. Try the experiment, but seek a spot far from the haunts of civilized and decent men, you are not of them.

I fire at random, hoops have collapsed, burst, vanished, gone up, I dont mean that, but have disappeared. Those graceful sugar leaves, that once with queasily airs, moved along the walks like vapory clouds, have melted away, and in their stead is an array of slender femininity resembling very much pergamining bean poles arrayed in that indispensible, but now rather expensive garment, vulgarly termed a shirt, alas, for hoops, woe to the divinities whose forms are not symmetrical and of fair proportions, blemishes hereafter will be visible unless feminine ingenuity finds a remedy.

Speaking of hoops reminds me of old Abe's last which perhaps will be about as appropos here as the nigger song he wished to hear while standing on the gory field of Antietam, and the dead and dying victims of his fanaticism and folly, as he had the song I will for, bear telling the little juke.

I change my position my eye runs over New York Bay which is as beautiful and lovely as the sparkling lakes of Mohammed's Heaven, and rests on Fort Lafayette the modern bastille the black hole of Calcutta, the Pig sty of the tyrants, Abe, Stanton & Co.

A Military commission a Court Martial are in session there now a mockery and a disgrace to law and justice no doubt they will adhere to precedent punish the innocent and permit the guilty to escape, glorious country generously, righteously generous.

Wonder how it will be with traitor, no loyal Palmer, punish him probably, for appearance, the party must make a show of honesty, Presidential Election is approaching, they still thirst for office and its spoils, they and the Devil work together they may succeed if so farwelled to the few fires of liberty that yet blaze in, the bye places of our country.

Democrats to your duty, hurl back the tide of Destruction that is devastating the land, on to the fight and let your battle cry be "Peace on Earth and good will toward man, God, posterity freedom command, you must obey, shout the glorious word peace, till the echoes rolling from the mountain crags of the North and sweeping with effect over the land; vanish away on the fragrant breeze of the Sunny South.

The time may come when the wandering tribes of our distracted country will come up to the same temple and again sit together in holy peace around the same council fire. But the accursed policy of the administration to free four millions of ignorant niggers, who are but one remove from the beast of the field in intellect, and to enslave thirty millions of intelligent people will not accomplish the object.

But why speak a word for the white man or shed a tear over the more than half a million premature graves whose occupants, at the last day, will rise in fearful, ghastly array, against the traitorous infidel crew who now hold the high political places of the nation.

The wind in its pranks, has given me a turn, I look up Broadway, 'tis refreshing, there goes—well no matter what—I will tell next week, providing my old stiffened joints will let me ascend the steeple in fulfillment of my duty as
TRINITY BELLINGER.

ASPINWALL, NEW GRENADA, S. A.

Saturday, Jan. 2nd 1864.

FRIEND SICKLER:

As I promised to occasionally inform you of my whereabouts, I will write you a line from this (well I really don't know whether to call it a town, city, or a portion of the Isthmus) but let Aspinwall suffice.

According to notice, the Steam-Ship Illinois, with about eleven hundred passengers, sailed from foot of Warren Street, (N. Y.) at 12 o'clock M. on Wednesday, Dec. 23rd 1863. After passing Governor's, Cooney and Staten Island's, we discharged our pilot, and were sailing upon the broad Atlantic. The hills of New Jersey were soon lost in the distance, and there was nothing around us but the deep blue ocean beneath, and the lowering Heavens above.

Our voyage to the Isthmos was very unpleasant. Most of the passengers were sea sick, I was not, but I got very sick of the sea. We had it very rough and stormy nearly the whole distance and we were so unfortunate as to procure passage in the "Opposition Line," among officers and crew not so obliging as we would have wished. They put us on "half rations" most of the time, and mighty tough ones at that. To judge from the appearance of things, I don't think they understood their business very well. As near as we passengers could come at it they lost their reckoning a number of times, had to stop take soundings, &c.

I am now an ex passenger from the Steam-Ship Illinois, which landed at this port yesterday noon, just in time for us to get a good New Year's dinner, which we took with our American consul, Mr. Rice, at the Hotel of Mr. Hawkins.

The Mail Steam-Ship Ariel arrived here this morning. She left York at the same time the Illinois did, but I learned from one of her passengers that she was run into by a Schooner before getting out to sea, and was delayed a day or two to repair damages. The Illinois, connects with the America, which was sent around Cape-Horn some two months ago, and arrived at Panama yesterday at 10 o'clock A. M. We expect to be delayed here several days, as the Mail Steamer and passengers have the first chance in everything here, we have to wait their motions, besides, the America has to coal up, and make some few repairs.

The people here have a better opinion of old Abe's currency than some of our people at home. They take "green backs" at par, and consider them all right. Even the Natives will take them in exchange for their tropical fruits and curiosities. We were all pleasantly surprised at this, and think they will get sold in the end.

The only objects of interest about the town, are the natives, their manners and habits, Panama Railroad buildings, &c. The Town is made up of public houses which are kept up, on what they make from the travel to and from California. There are a great number of Mexicans or Natives scattered around the country. Last evening they were all in town on a "big drunk." I attended several of their fandangoes, and found it very amusing to witness their style of celebrating the H. H. H. days.

I presume the state of the atmosphere here, differs slightly from that at home now. It almost makes me shiver to think of you people North, who I suppose are awing buging, (embracing, I suppose I should say) your coal fires, or donning the overcoat shawl, or buffalo to keep from freezing while out of doors; while we here, have to lay aside the outer garments, procure sunshades, and then find it uncomfortably warm. We have a sea breeze here, and showers almost hourly; yet for all the air seems to be hot and sickish.

I think I can pass a few days here profitably, if not so very pleasantly, studying the customs and habits of the Natives, making collections from their tropical curiosities; strolling through the Cocoa Groves, listening to the music of the shady beauties—the *Senoritas* of S. A.

For the present, Adieu. I remain your fellow Townsman.
G. K.

ARREST OF PROVOST MARSHAL WHITE.—Major Turner, Judge Advocate accompanied by another commissioned officer and guard, arrived in Williamsport on the 6 30 P. M. train on last Wednesday evening, and as soon after as possible arrested Capt. W. W. White, the Prov. St. Marshal of this District, and took him to Washington on the 9 30 P. M. train of the same evening. Major Turner remained here until Friday morning for inquiry. Rumor was rife the next day about the cause of the arrest, but the officers who made the arrest kept their own secrets so well that to this time the nature of the charge against the Marshal is not known.

A CHEAP ICE HOUSE.—Any one who lives near a water course can, at an expense of \$10 build an ice house capable of containing a cube of the crystal luxury ten feet square. Rough boards for the outer wall, slabs for the inner, with filling a foot thick of tan bark or saw dust, a layer of the same thickness upon the top; a clapboard roof, a drain to carry off drippings from the ice, and then pack in the ice close and compact, cover it over with sawdust, and the work is done.—Such a store would furnish half a dozen families with hard butter, cold water, and all the luxuries of a first class ice cream saloon, for the whole season.

NEXT DEMOCRATIC STATE CONVENTION.—The Democratic State Central Committee met at the merchant's Hotel, in Philadelphia, on Wednesday last. There was a large attendance of members, and it was resolved that the next State Convention should be held in the city of Philadelphia, on Thursday, the 24th day of March.

Terrible Catastrophe in South America.

One of the most terrible calamities that the newspaper press has ever been called upon to record, occurred in the city of Santiago, the capital of the republic of Chili, on the evening of the 8th of December last, by which the Church of the Jesuits, one of the most splendid churches of the capitol; and in which was celebrated the festival of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary, was destroyed by fire, and with it were burned and suffocated over two thousand women and children!

It appears that for thirty days previous a series of religious festivals had been held that this—the last—was designed to eclipse all preceding ones in the gorgeousness and splendor of its appointments. The church was extensively decorated with painted canvass, gauze, flowers, &c., and illuminated by upwards of ten thousand lights—5,000 of which were from camphene lamps. Of these the most remarkable was a crescent of gas jets at the foot of a colossal statue of the Virgin, on the high altar.

Long before the hour appointed, the church was completely filled with ladies and children; "comprising the flower of the beauty and fashion" of the Chilean capitol.—But few men were in the church, and it was so crowded, that hundreds were unable to gain admittance.

The performance had not yet begun when the crescent of fire at the foot of the image overflowed, and, glimbling up the muslin draperies and pasteboard devices, the fire spread with inconceivable rapidity through the church, and in a few moments the interior was all aflame. During these moments the scene in the body of the church, is said to have been one of panic-stricken horror that completely baffles all attempts at description. In an instant the crowded assembly was overwhelmed with consternation. Those who were near the door, had blocked up the passages, did not see how serious it was, and kept their places, in the expectation that the fire would be put out while those near the altar pressed down and pushed over those nearer the door, in their exertion to escape; and thus in the panic all became inevitably massed and crowded in the door so that it was impossible for them to get out. In about an hour the roof had fallen in, and the fearful rage was over. Over two thousand bodies were taken out of the ruins.

Thus, in one of the largest and most cultivated capitals of South America two thousand of its loveliest women, were burned to death, and that in the presence of their husbands, fathers, brothers, powerless to save them. Whole families were swept away in an instant, as it were, and there is hardly a home in Santiago that has not been thrown into the depths of woe.

"Architects of ruin."

It was Rufus Choate who, in 1856, flung the above designation upon Republican leaders. They had not then wrought the mischief which suggested the application of the terms; but he knew, from their doctrines and imbecilities, that they would do so—as soon as they attained the power which they coveted. We are realizing in its practical and terrible force, what was then dimly, but unerringly foreseen by the great and patriotic Statesman. Ruin stares us in the face whichever way we turn, and the architects—the authors of it all—are every where in our midst, inverted with power insolent and defiant, seemingly assured of an indefinite perpetuation of their rule.

We are not speaking now so much of the war which they have brought upon us, of the death, and agony, and sorrow which they have caused, or of the taxation which grinds, must for indefinite years oppress the laboring masses, as of the hatreds which they have instilled, and of the feuds which they have engendered in every community of the adhering States.

It does not need the sagacity or wisdom of Rufus Choate to foresee that, awful as is the present condition of things, a worse state is approaching unless the people, warned in time shall avert the coming anarchy, which is the final consummation of these bold bad men. The people must spurn their counsels and repudiate their leadership, or a carnival of horrors, from the contemplation of which humanity recoils, is imminent and inevitable.—*Dayton Empire*

A MILITARY REPUBLIC.—The following is an extract from Webster's oration on the completion of the Bunker Hill Monument, June 27th, 1843.

"A military republic, a government founded on mock elections, and supported only by the sword, is movement, indeed, but retrograde and disastrous movement, from the regular and old-fashioned monarchical system. If men would enjoy the blessings of republican government, they must govern them selves by reason, by mutual consent and consultation, by a sense and feeling of general interest; and by the acquiescence of the minority in the will of the majority, properly expressed; and above all, the military must be kept, according to our bill of rights, in strict subordination to the civil authority. Wherever this lesson is not both learned and practiced there can be no political freedom. Absurd, preposterous it is, a scoff and a satire upon free forms of constitutional liberty, for forms of government to be suffrage by military leaders, and the right of suffrage to be exercised at the point of the sword.—*Works, vol. I, p. 98.*

"Biddy, said a farmer's guide wife, whose only fault was that she was occasionally absent-minded, when her words did not always flop in the right order, "Biddy, now you may go and milk the hens, and see if the cows have laid any eggs, and tell the pigs to give John some was and clean straw for a bed." Biddy looked perplexed for a minute, but obeyed her mistress according to her private judgment.

Married.

ARMSTRONG—HARDING—In Eaton the 21st inst. By Rev Wm. Frear, Mr Charles Anastroso, to Miss Mary J. Harding, both of Eaton.

Died.

STERLING—In Sterlingville, the 21st inst. Henry, N. Sterling, late Sergeant Major of the 52d Reg. P. V. in the forty first year of his age.

HIGHT—In Tunkhannock, on Thursday Jan. 21st, 1864 Robert Hight in the 76th year of his age.

TREBLE—In Washington on Friday, Jan. 8th, of diphtheria in Mary daughter of David and Margaret Treible, aged 5 years, 4 months, 12 days.

TREBLE—In Washington on Friday Jan. 15th of diphtheria, Isaac son of David and Margaret Treible, aged 10 years, 1 month, 6 days.

TREBLE—In Washington on Friday, Jan. 22d, of diphtheria, Hannah daughter of David and Margaret Treible aged 7 years, 5 months, 12 days.

This family seemed a happy band,
So free from pain and grief;
But sickness came in that happy group,
In vain they tried to get relief.

But worse they grew from day to day,
Until but one short week had fled,
When little Mary so beautiful,
Was numbered with the silent dead.

In one week from that bright night,
Horace a bright and sprightly boy,
Was numbered with the silent dead,
He seemed his parents hope and joy.

But still their trials were not o'er,
But one week more had passed away,
When Hannah dear that darling child
Was but cold and lifeless clay.

They suffered more than tongue can tell,
But their sufferings now are o'er,
They have gone to rest in that happy land,
Where sorrow comes no more.

Those little dear will long be missed,
By parents dear and friends
But if they all live as they ought,
They soon will meet again.

Oh! then dear friends dry up your tears
We soon shall all be called to die,
Then it will live to our God,
That we may dwell with him on high.
E. E. S.

Special Notices.

Temple Lodge, No. 248, A. Y. M.

Special Communication—Wednesday, Feb. 3 6 o'clock, P. M.

Donation Visit.—The friends of the Rev. A. O. Warren will pay him a donation visit at Hanksin's Hall, in Methuen on Friday afternoon and evening, Feb. 5th 1864. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

O YES! O YES!

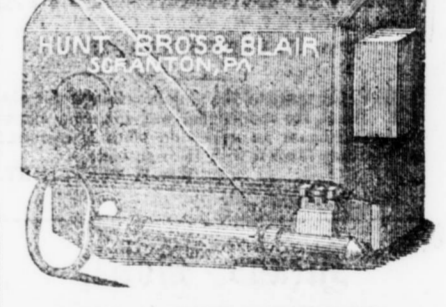
The subscriber announces to all whom it may concern, that he has taken out a license as Auctioneer for Wyoming County and that he is ready to serve the public in that capacity whenever called upon, either in person or by letter.

The law now requires a license, and all who violate the law must be prepared to pay the penalty.
FRANCIS HOUGH,
Clinton Corners Wy's Co., Pa., Jan. 19, 1864

Information Wanted of Michael Costello—Who left his father's house on the 9th of December. He is 21 years of age, 5 feet 6 inches in height, and had on when he left, a suit of oldish grey clothes, hat and all, and is rather fleshy in the face. He is deceased.

Any information in regard to him, will be thankfully received by his father, who will pay all necessary expenses.
Any letters or information in relation to him, should be addressed to Wm. Morgan, esq. or to the undersigned, at Wycox Post-Office, Bradford County, Pa., and they will receive prompt attention.
PATRICK COSTELLO.
Wycox, Jan. 4, 1864.

HARDWARE & IRON!



HUNT BROS & BLAIR

NOW OFFER FOR SALE

IRON, STEEL, NAILS AND SPIKES, MINE RAIL, RAILROAD SPIKES, ANVILS, BELLOWS, PLAIN & CONVEX HORSE-SHOES, HAMMERED HORSE-NAILS.

WROUGHT IRON, BUILDERS' HARDWARE,

CARPENTERS' TOOLS, (ALL WARRANTED.) HUBS, SPOKES, FELLOES, SEAT SPINDLES, CARRIAGE SPRINGS, AXLES, PIPE, BOXES, SPRING STEEL, BOTTLS, NUTS, WASHERS, BELTING, PACKING.

GRIND STONES;

PLASTER PARIS, CEMENT, HAIR, SHOVELS, WHITE LEAD, FRENCH WINDOW GLASS, &c., &c.

ALSO SASH, DOORS AND BLINDS ON HAND IN ASSORTMENT AND MANUFACTURED TO ORDER

LEATHER AND FINDINGS, FAIRBANK'S SCALES.

Eaton, March 26, 1863. v133-1y