The Columbian.

VOL. II....NO. 13. BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, MARCH 27, 1868. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

BLOOMSBURG DIRECTORY.

STOVES AND TINWARE.

JACOB METZ, dealer in stoves & tinware, Main st., above court house. v1-n52

A. M. HUPERT, stoves and tinware, Rupert block, Main st., west of Market. v1-n45

CLOTHING, &C.

D. LOWENBERG, merchant tailor, Main st., 2d door above American house. v1-n45

J. W. CHRISBILLIS, wholesale and retail dealer in clothing, etc., Hartman's building, Main street. v1-n45

DRUGS, CHEMICALS, &C.

L. N. MOYER, druggist and apothecary, Exchange block Main st. v1-n45

E. D. LUTZ, druggist and apothecary, Rupert block, Main st., west of Market. v1-n45

CLOCKS, WATCHES, &C.

LOUIS BERNHARD, watch and clock maker, near southeast corner Main and Iron sts. v1-n45

C. E. SAVAGE, dealer in clocks, watches and jewelry, Main st., south opposite American house. v1-n45

R. CATICART, watch and clock maker, Market st., below Main. v1-n47

BOOTS AND SHOES.

C. M. BROWER, boot and shoemaker, Main street, opposite American house. v1-n45

A. SOLLIDER, manufacturer and dealer in boots and shoes, Main st., opposite Episcopal church. v1-n45

HENRY KLEIM, manufacturer and dealer in boots and shoes, groceries etc., East Bloomsburg Main st. v1-n45

DAVID RETZ, boot and shoemaker, Main st., below Hartman's store, west of Market street. v1-n45

PROFESSIONAL.

J. R. EVANS, M. D., surgeon and physician, south side Main st., below Market. v1-n45

D. H. R. P. Kinney surgeon dentist, teeth extracted without pain. Main st., nearly opposite Episcopal Church. v1-n45

J. B. MERZVAY, M. D., surgeon and physician, south side Main st., below Market. v1-n45

J. G. BUTTER, M. D., surgeon and Physician, Market st., above Main. v1-n45

R. H. C. HOWER, surgeon dentist, Main st., above court house. v1-n47

MILLINERY & FANCY GOODS.

MISS LIZZIE BARKLEY, milliner, Bausey building, Main st. v1-n45

MISS A. D. WEBB, fancy goods, notions, books, stationery, north side Main street below Market. v1-n45

E. PETERMAN, millinery and fancy goods opposite Episcopal church, Main st. v1-n45

MRS. JULIA A. & SADIE BARKLEY, ladies cloaks and dress patterns, southeast corner Main and west sts. v1-n45

MISS M. DERRICKSON, millinery and fancy goods, Main st., opposite Court House. v1-n45

MRS. M. R. FURMAN, milliner, Main st., below Hartman's store, west of Market st. v1-n7

THE MISSES HARMAN, millinery and fancy goods, Main street, just below American house. v1-n45

HOTELS AND SALOONS.

J. EYAUCK, wines and cutting saloon, American House, Main st., Bloomsburg. Lunch supplied to order. v1-n45

WIDMYER & JACOBY, manufacturers, dealers in and exporters of tobacco, wholesale and retail, Exchange block, Main st. v1-n47

FOX & WEIR, manufacturers, dealers and exporters of tobacco, cigars and snuff, Main st., below Iron. v1-n47

EXCHANGE HOTEL, by A. P. Clarkson, Main st., opposite court house. v1-n45

AMERICAN HOTEL, by John Leighow, Main st., west of Iron street. v1-n45

FORKS HOTEL, by G. W. Maysilles, corner of Main st. v1-n45

B. STROHLE, refreshing saloon, Main st., above court house. v1-n45

J. F. CASLOW, refreshment saloon, Exchange hotel, Lawson Calman, sole proprietor. v1-n45

W. H. GILMORE, refreshment saloon, Iron st., south side Main st. v1-n45

MERCHANTS AND GROCERS.

E. JACOBS, confectionery, groceries, Main st., above Court House. v1-n45

S. H. MILLER, dealer in dry goods, groceries, queensware, flour, salt, shoes, notions, etc., Exchange block, Main street. v1-n45

MCKELVY NEAL & CO., dealers in dry goods, groceries, flour, feed, salt, fish, iron, nails, etc., northeast corner Main and Market sts. v1-n45

H. C. HOWER, hats and caps, boots and shoes, Main st., above court house. v1-n45

C. C. MAHR, dry goods and notions, southwest corner Main and Iron sts. v1-n45

J. J. BROWER, dry goods, groceries, etc., northwest corner Main and Iron sts. v1-n45

REV. A. HARTMAN, dry goods, notions, and groceries, Main st., opposite Episcopal church. v1-n45

H. B. HUNSBERGER, jeweler, groceries, tobacco and confectionery, Main st., below American house. v1-n45

D. A. BUCKLEY, Keystone shoe store, books and stationery, southeast corner Market and Main sts. v1-n45

WILLIAM ERASMUS, confectionaries, Main st., just above court house. v1-n45

E. MENDENHALL, general stock of merchandise and lumber, corner of Main street and Berwick road. v1-n45

J. J. ROBBINS, dealer in dry goods, groceries etc., Shive's block, Main st., below Iron. v1-n45

J. K. GRITON, Groceries & Provisions, south side Jenny corner Main and Iron streets. v1-n45

C. W. SNYDER, hardware, cutlery, guns, etc., Main st., below Iron. v1-n45

A. J. SLOAN, dealer in choice dry goods, Housekeeping goods, fresh groceries, etc., Main st., opposite court house. v1-n45

J. K. EYER, groceries and queensware, Main st., above West. v1-n45

T. SHARPLESS, dry goods, groceries, boots, shoes, etc., Rupert block, Main st., west of Market. v1-n45

MISCELLANEOUS.

G. W. COBELL, furniture rooms, three doors brick on Main st., west of Market st. v1-n45

E. J. THORNTON, wall paper, window shades and fixtures, Rupert block, Main st. v1-n45

H. ROSENSTOCK, photographer, Exchange block, Main st., opposite court house. v1-n45

J. P. BROADT, photographer, Hartman's building northeast corner Main and Market sts. v1-n45

N. W. BARTON, tobacconist and dealer in stove coal, Main st., opposite court house. v1-n45

J. R. PURSELL, saddle, trunk and harness maker, Main st., below court house. v1-n45

C. FOSTER, Glue Maker, and White and Buff Tanner, Scottown. v1-n45

BLOOMSBURG LUMBER CO., manufacturers and dealers in Lumber, of all kinds, planing mill near the railroad.

W. J. HIDLAY, saddle and harness maker, near southwest corner Main and Market sts. v1-n45

A. WITMAN, marble works, near southwest corner Main and Market sts. v1-n45

R. R. RINGLER, dealer in pianos, organs and melodeons, at G. W. Cobell's furniture rooms. v1-n45

T. H. MASTERS, agent for Grover & Baker's sewing machine, Main st., Hartman's building, up stairs. v1-n45

D. W. ROBBINS, liquor dealer second door from northwest corner Main and Iron sts. v1-n45

W. PEACOCK, Notary Public, southwest corner Main and Market st. v1-n45

JOHN A. FUNSTON, mutual and cash life insurance company, northeast corner Main and West st. v1-n45

GEORGE HASSETT, commissioner and receiver of deeds, acknowledgments, Christ's alley, near Sharpless foundry. v1-n45

I. S. KUHN, dealer in neat tallow, etc., Christ Hartman's alley, back of American house. v1-n45

SAMUEL JACOBY, Marble and Brown Stone Works, East Bloomsburg, Berwick road. v1-n7

ORANGEVILLE DIRECTORY.

D. R. O. A. MEIARGEE, physician and surgeon, Main st., next door to Good's Hotel. v1-n47

BRICK HOTEL, and refreshment saloon, by David Fritz, corner Main and Pine st. v1-n47

SWAN HOTEL, the finest house in town, by John Snyder, Main st., above Pine. v1-n47

D. E. SLOAN, dealer in dry goods, groceries, hardware and general Merchandise, Main st. v1-n47

GEORGE LAZARUS, middle and harness maker, Main st., above the Swan Hotel. v1-n47

W. H. SMITH, manufacturer of the celebrated Spring Mountain whiskey, Main st., above the Swan Hotel. v1-n47

SAMUEL EYERLY, Druggist & Apothecary, Mill st. v1-n47

A. & A. W. CALMAN, Merchant Tailor and Clothing emporium, Main St., next door to the post office. v1-n47

M. S. HAYHURST, Clocks, Watches and Jewelry repaired. Guns and Watches for sale, Main st., below Pine. v1-n47

JAMES R. HARMAN, Cabinet Maker, and Undertaker, Main St., below Pine. v1-n47

MICHAEL WELLER, Confectionery, Oysters and Ale, on Pine St., between Main and Mill. v1-n47

H. D. & C. KLINE, Clock maker, on Mill street, near Pine. v1-n47

WILLIAM [illegible], dealer and manufacturer of Boots and Shoes, Mill st., near Pine. v1-n47

EDWARD SWANK, Farm and Grist Mill, and Distillery, on Green Mill Street. v1-n47

LEVIS & BROWN, Tinsmith and Stove Dealers, Mill Street. v1-n47

A. B. FRIEDLING, Cigars and Tobacco, Main st., below Pine. v1-n47

MILES A. WILLIAMS & CO., Tanners and Manufacturers of Leather, Mill Street. v1-n47

JOHN KELLER, Boot and Shoemaker, Pine Street, opposite the Academy. v1-n47

A. H. FERRING & BROTHER, Carpenters and Builders, Main Street, below Pine. v1-n47

SAMUEL SHARPLESS, Maker of the Hayhurst Grain Cradle, Main st. v205.

J. M. HARMAN, saddle and harness maker Orangeville, opposite Exchange church. v1-n11

LIGHT STREET DIRECTORY.

PETER ENT, dealer in dry goods, groceries, flour, feed, salt, fish, iron, nails, etc., Light Street. v1-n45

J. TERWILLIGER, Cabinetmaker, Undertaker and Churnmaker. v1-n48

F. P. KELLEY, Blacksmith, opposite post office. v1-n48

H. E. OMAN & Co., Wheelwrights, first door above school house. v1-n48

MRS. E. KLINE, millinery and fancy goods. v1-n48

J. W. SANDEY, dealer in Leather, Hides, Bark, etc. Cash paid for Hides. v1-n48

WM. M. ENT, dealer in stoves and tin ware in all its branches. v1-n48

PETER W. OMAN, manufacturer and dealer in boots and shoes. v1-n48

CATAWISSA DIRECTORY.

SUSQUEHANNA HOTEL, by Henry Clark, proprietor, southeast corner Main and Second Streets. v2-n12

J. R. CREASY, dry goods, groceries, and general Merchandise, Main Street. v2-n12

S. D. RINARD, dealer in stoves and tinware, Main Street. v2-n12

WM. D. ADDITT, attorney at law, Main Street. v2-n12

GILBERT & KLINE, dry goods, groceries, and [illegible] v2-n12

L. [illegible] v2-n12

BERWICK DIRECTORY.

[illegible]

JERSEYTOWN DIRECTORY.

[illegible]

HOTELS AND SALOONS.

LONG POND HOTEL,

This popular resort is now open for the reception of visitors. A light and airy dancing saloon has been added.

AMONG THE MOUNTAINS

in the borders of Columbia and adjoining counties, is one of the most beautiful and healthful retreats in the State. It is fully prepared to accommodate visitors and sojourners

WITH THEIR FAMILIES.

The Pond and streams are well stocked with delicious fish for lovers of fishing.

TROUT AND PIKE,

and bears in good order will be kept for the accommodation and amusement of those, either for fishing or pleasure excursions upon this beautiful sheet of water which is

SURROUNDED BY HILLS IN EXTENT,

surrounded by an almost native Forest, there is sufficient to the hunter to an exhaustful field for his own peculiar sports, and a zest to his life

DOG AND GUN.

His Larder will be always provided with the choicest of the season, and the Bar filled with Prime Liquors. The House is large and commodious, the stabling extensive and safe.

The House is reached from several points on the Bloomsburg & Lackawanna Railroad; and is a splendid place to pass the hot months of Summer. R. R. HAYHURST.

May 3, 1867.-tf.

COLUMBIA HOUSE,

BY

BERNARD STORNER.

Having lately purchased and fitted up the well-known Robison Hotel Property, located a

FEW DOORS ABOVE THE COURT HOUSE,

on the same side of the street, in the town of Bloomsburg, and further additional to house for the entertainment of

RESTAURANT,

the Proprietor has determined to give to the people visiting the town on business or pleasure,

A LITTLE MORE ROOM.

His stabling also is extensive, and is fitted up to rent hackies and carriages to the city. He promises that everything about his establishment shall be conducted in an orderly and lawful manner; and he respectfully solicits a share of the public patronage. [may27'67-6m.

THE SWAN HOTEL,

(THE OLDEST HOUSE,)

ORANGEVILLE, COLUMBIA CO., PA.

The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has taken the above well known House of Entertainment, and will be pleased to receive the custom of all who will favor him with a call.

HE WILL KEEP A GOOD TABLE,

and the bar stocked with the best of Liquors and every effort will be made to render entire satisfaction. D. SWANK.

Orangeville, Pa., March 15, 1867.-tf.

EXCHANGE SALOON,

The Proprietor of the Exchange Saloon has just added a large stock of

SUMMER REFRESHMENTS,

consisting of

SPICED OYSTERS, SARDINES, TRIPE, BOLOGNAS

SWISS CHEESE, ROLLED COAL, OYSTERS CANNED

LAGER BEER, ALE, &C.

COME ONE, COME ALL AND SEE. &c

LAWSON CALMAN. Superintendent.

Bloomsburg, May 3, 1867.

THE ESTY HOTEL,

ESTY, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA.

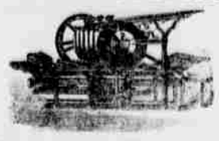
The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has taken the above well known House of Entertainment, and will be pleased to receive the custom of all who will favor him with a call.

HE WILL KEEP A GOOD TABLE,

a Bar well stocked with the best of Liquors, and every effort will be made to render entire satisfaction. G. H. DIETTERICH.

Esty, Pa., April 12, 1867.

THE COLUMBIAN,



A Democratic Newspaper

IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING AT

BLOOMSBURG, PENNA.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—Two dollars a year if paid in advance. If not paid in advance two dollars and fifty cents will be invariably charged.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.—One square (ten lines nonpareil) one or three insertions $1.50, each subsequent insertion 75 cents.

SPACE.	1M.	2M.	3M.	6M.	1Y.
One square	$2.00	$3.00	$4.00	$6.00	$10.00
Two squares	3.00	4.50	6.00	9.00	14.00
Three squares	3.50	5.50	8.00	12.00	18.00
Four squares	4.00	6.00	10.00	14.00	20.00
Half column	10.00	12.00	15.00	20.00	30.00
One column	15.00	18.00	20.00	30.00	60.00

Executor's and Administrator's Notice $3.00; Auditor's Notice $2.50. Other advertisements inserted according to special contract.

Business notices, without advertisement, twenty cents per line.

Transient advertisements payable in advance—all others due after the first insertion.

☞ It is, in all cases, more likely to be satisfactory, both to subscribers and to the Publisher, that remittances and all communications respecting the business of the paper, be sent direct to the office of publication. All letters, whether relating to the editorial or business concerns of the paper, and all payments for subscriptions, advertising, or jobbing, are to be made to and addressed

BROCKWAY & FREEZE,

"Columbian Office,"

Bloomsburg, Pa.

Printed at Freeze's Buildings, near the Court House.

C. M. VANDERSLICE.

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOB

PRINTING

Neatly executed at this Office.

M. M. L'VELLE,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Ashland, Schuylkill County, Penn's.

M. E. JACKSON,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Berwick, Columbia county, Penna.

M. M. TRAUGH,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Bloomsburg, Columbia County, Pennsylvania.

WILLIAM H. ABBOTT,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

CENTRALIA, PA.

C. W. MILLER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW

Office with H. H. Little, in Dyke's building, adjoining Post Office. Attention given to Orphans' Court and Land Business. [apr5-ly.

JOHN G. FREEZE,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

Office in Freeze's Buildings, Main street, below Post Office, Bloomsburg, Pa.

ROBERT F. CLARK,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

Office rooms at Main and Market streets, over First National Bank, Bloomsburg, Pa.

E. H. LITTLE,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Office on Main street, in brick building, heare the Court House, Bloomsburg, Pa.

C. B. BROCKWAY,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

BLOOMSBURG, PA.

☞ OFFICE—Court House Alley, below the Columbian Office. [June 7.

J. B. ROBISON,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

BLOOMSBURG, PENNA.

Office in Unangst's Building, Main street, West of the American House. [ap7-ly.

LOUIS BERNHARD

Would inform the citizens of Bloomsburg and vicinity that he is now prepared to sell Rich Jewelry, silver or gold. [ap27-y.

AUCTIONEER.

MOSES COFFMAN,

Having followed the profession of Public Vendue Cryer for many years, would inform the friends that he is still in the field, ready and willing to attend to all the duties of his calling. Persons desiring his services should call or write to him at Bloomsburg, Pa. [may 31.

DR. W. H. BRADLEY,

Late Assistant Medical Director U. S. Army,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Has Office in the house opposite Shiver's Dwelling, Bloomsburg, Pa.

Calls promptly attended to both night and day. Bloomsburg, Jan. 18, 1867.

S. C. SHIVE,

CABINET MAKER,

AND MANUFACTURER BY STEAM OF

SASH, BLINDS, DOORS,

SHUTTERS, MOULDINGS,

WINDOW FRAMES, &C.

MAIN STREET,

BLOOMSBURG, PA.

June 28, 1867.

S. C. COLLINS,

FASHIONABLE

SHAVING, HAIR CUTTING

AND

SHAMPOOING SALOON,

Over W. Cobell's Furniture Rooms, Iron Street, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

Has fitted up the above named room in the latest and best style, and hopes by strict attention to business and a desire to accommodate the public, to merit a share of public patronage. [apr5-y.

DENTISTRY.

H. C. HOWER, DENTIST,

Respectfully offers his professional services to the ladies and gentlemen of Bloomsburg and vicinity. He is prepared to attend to all the various operations in the line of his profession, and is provided with the latest improved PORCELAIN TEETH which will be inserted on gold plating, silver and rubber base so lock as well as the natural teeth. Teeth extracted by all the new and most approved methods, and all operations on the teeth carefully and properly attended to.

Residence and office, a few doors above the Court House, south side, Bloomsburg, Jan. 25, 1867.

WARTMAN & ENGELMAN,

TOBACCO, SNUFF & SEGAR

MANUFACTORY,

No. 48 NORTH THIRD STREET,

Second Door below Wood,

PHILADELPHIA.

J. W. WARTMAN. M. P. ENGELMAN

Choice Poetry.

SLOTH.

"A LITTLE more sleep, a little more slumber,
A little more folding the hands to rest;"
So spake the spoiler, Sloth, to the young Endeavor,
And lost the day by the task left undone.

Over and over the golden moments go swiftly
Bearing some duty neglected, some work undone;
Over and over the tempter whispers softly,
Do to-morrow the work that remains to do.

Do to-day what you may, for the morrow comes laden
With its own duties, its own peculiar care;
Each day has its own work, and if this be neglected,
To-morrow's duties will find you with work to share.

Then not a single day in the garden of pleasure,
Then not a single one in my beautiful home!
Come your and lend me your aid in my endeavor,
Let me forget awhile trouble and care;
Leave me to-day, O leave me! for in your calm presence
Nothing of all my bright world can remain;
Then not a single day in the garden of pleasure,
Then not a single one in my beautiful home!

Come your and lend me your aid in my endeavor,
Let me forget awhile trouble and care;
Leave me to-day, O leave me! for in your calm presence
Nothing of all my bright world can remain;
This is the lesson, will teach you the wisdom of labor,
For to my mind the element of your close
Is to be true, without pause or pain,
Lovingly fulfilling the mission assigned
Of the sweet voice in my beautiful home!

Hush, for the tale of calamities is overflowing
Over my spirit—I shall be whelmed!
Hush, for the sight of sorrow is soaring
Over my body has shut of Care!
Hush, for my slumbers are over me creeping—
Thou would I enjoy them again awhile!
Hush, for my ears is interlaced—nothing
In the swift waltz of my troubled brain?

Miscellaneous.

HOW TO GO TO WORK.

IN response to the repeated appeals in these columns to the Democrats throughout the country to organize at once for the Presidential campaign of 1868, we have received numerous letters asking how to go to work in this matter. Pleasant as it would be to answer these letters separately, their number renders it impossible.

The first thing that the Democrats in every village, town, city, and county should do, is to unite. In union there is strength. But, the question is asked, in what manner shall we unite? It is certainly an easy matter for those who hold a common political faith to come together for the purpose of acting in concert in all matters relating to the issues to be decided at the polls. If two or three men in every town will devote half a day to inducing their fellow Democrats to join hands in the sacred work of rescuing the country from the grasp of Radicalism, they would be astonished at the result. So soon as a number of men have agreed to form an organization, the next step is to decide upon the mode of organization. As to the latter, we commend the subjoined draft of a constitution, which, in its main features, we learn, has been adopted with entire success in one or two States:

PREAMBLE.

We, the Democrats of —— County, of the State of ——, believing that the perpetuity of Republican institutions depends upon the maintenance of Democratic principles in the administration of the government, State and Federal, and that upon the Democratic party mainly now rests the duty to check Radicalism now threatening to overthrow the Conservative Government of our fathers, and to establish States and subvert the liberties of the people; in order to secure such thorough organization of the Democratic party, as will make it efficient in promulgating its principles, and to defeat the evil machinations and purposes of its enemies, who have sought to be emboldened at the polls, or by fraud and violence wherever it is safe so to do, to cast aside the shackles of party, and to the world to show our selves to the work of reclaiming our beloved country from the miserable of a band of desperate fanatics, corruptionists and conspirators, and in this sacred cause mutually to support and aid each other, do associate ourselves and adopt the following

CONSTITUTION.

ARTICLE 1. This Association shall be known as the Democratic Club No. —, of —— Township.

ART. 2. The officers of the Club shall be a President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer and Executive Committee, consisting of one member from each School District in the Township.

ART. 3. It shall be the duty of the President to preside at all meetings of the Club, to preserve order; of the Vice-President, to preside in the absence of the President; of the Secretary to record the proceedings of the Club and to preserve all books and papers belonging to the same; of the Treasurer, to receive and disburse all funds belonging to the Club, to keep an account thereof, and to make such report from time to time as the Club may order.

ART. 4. It shall be the duty of the Executive Committee, forthwith to obtain a correct list of all the voters of —— Township, marked Democrat, Radical or Doubtful, as the case may be, and it shall thereupon be the duty of the President and Secretary to return a true copy of said lists to the President and Secretary of the Democratic Association of —— County, without delay.

ART. 5. A majority of the members of the Club, may at any regular meeting of the Club, publish such by-laws and rules as may be deemed wise and proper.

ART. 6. Any male person, over the age of 18 years, who, the same being read aloud in his hearing, shall give his assent to the principles and purposes set forth in the preamble, shall, upon election, and upon becoming a member of the Club by signing the Constitution and paying the Treasurer the sum of —— Certificates of membership can be had of the Secretary.

ART. 7. This Constitution may be amended at any regular meeting by a vote of two-thirds of the members of the Club.

ART. 8. It shall be the duty of this Club to give all possible aid to increase the circulation of Democratic newspapers and documents, and to hold discussions upon political subjects at their meetings, and, when convenient, to have essays read or lectures delivered to the Club.

ART. 9. It shall be the duty of this Club to make faithful report of all its business to the Democratic Association of —— County, monthly, which Club is organized under the authority of said Association.

We wish to make special reference to Article VIII, of the constitution presented above, for it covers the main point of the plan when once it is organized. First and foremost, each club should open a reading room in which should be always accessible to visitors the leading Democratic local newspapers, as well as one or more papers which may be regarded as national. But this is not all. While each club should make it a point to be provided with sound Democratic newspapers, and occasional documents, bearing reasonable increments, it should exert itself to circulate the journals which uphold the faith to which it clings. Circulate your local papers, and see to it that every doubtful Republican is supplied with sound Democratic reading matter, and every Republican teacious of his political opinions afforded an opportunity to read calm and able statements of his political opponents. In connection with this work, every club should endeavor to secure the services of some attractive speaker as often as possible. It is not necessary to look abroad for such an one. Very often just the man needed for the work is to be found in your own town. True as it may be that "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country," there is hardly a town in the country in which there are not two or three persons whose words will exert as much influence upon their neighbors as will those of some imported orator whom the people never have seen. Let the young men have a chance to talk. Let every man speak who can do so intelligibly and effectively. And let all work, work, WORK.

One word more. We would urge upon every Democrat the importance of beginning this work now, not to-morrow, not next week or next month, but this very day. At first it may seem an uphill task, but so soon as the spring and summer campaigns open and the bugles sound for action, it will be found that the most effective soldiers will be those who have organized themselves into clubs. Our opponents are marshalling their forces for the coming contest. Let us be ready for them. Though, as in the old Revolutionary times, we refrain from firing until we see the whites of their eyes.

A Tableau In Three Acks.

BY JOSH BILLINGS.

ACK FIRST.—Enter a lap dog carrying a boarding school miss in her arms, about 18 hands high. It makes the dog puff—the dog lays down the boarding school miss, and offers what jokes he pleases, with the usual exclusion. The dog seems very fat, the boarding school miss says "dry up," in French (and the dog—he doesn't he barks! he asks, boarding school miss somewhat excited—exclaims with echo of "put him out!" Uproar is compromised, affected, the boarding school miss kisses the dog with tears in her eyes. Konkluzion—Lap dog discovers a wicked flea at work on his tail—pursues him—round and round they go—dog a little ahead—commonly hollers "mad dog!"—boarding school miss faints—standing the Karlie dogs.

Ack number 2—Curtin rises slowly—dog is lost sight on on the table—bolonia sausage lifts up her head and begins to whine—finally plays "Old Dog Tray." Curtin rises—Kat's tale begins now—spread Bolonia sausage and kat has a fit. They and U round—the stage is covered with kats and dogs. Konkluzion—all fine hands and walk few the footlights, an old Ball Tarrier, reads the President's call for "300,000 more"—band plays "Yoo in Lemons"—bell ringing and Curtin wipes.

Ack number 3—A scene on the Erie Road—a terrible storm rages—the kound nets had several boats go down head first with our their boarders on board—kout makes a live shore—this dog thir nokers—some ov them have the best luck at wearing—the water is six wide with pots and kittles—several cooks, stoves—swim ashore with their stoves in their teeth—they have to draw off the kound to stop the storm. Konkluzion—men are seen along the banks of the kound spearing dead hosses and kets—hand play—"A life on the Ocean Wave." Andi tremendjus applause the kurtin falls, and the audjence disperses single file.

A GOOSE.—A gentleman, in pursuit of a goose for dinner, was attracted by the sight of a plump exercised one.

"Is that a young one?" said he to a rosy-cheeked lass in attendance.

"Yes, sir, indeed it is."

"How much do you ask for it?" asked the gentleman.

"A dollar, sir."

"That is her much, say five eights, and have your money."

"Well, sir, as I would like to get you as a steady customer, I'll take it."

The goose was carried home and roasted, but found to be so tough as to be uneatable.

The following day the gentleman accosted the fair poulterer:

"Did you not tell me that that goose, which I bought of you, was young?"

"Yes, sir, I did, and it was."

"Impossible!"

"Don't you call one's young woman? I am only nineteen."

"Why, I do."

"Well, I have heard mother say many times that it was nearly six weeks younger than me."

A RICHMOND correspondent mentions as a sign of progress in Virginia that nobody was amazed in the Convention the other day when "a very black member called a page to him and sent in one of the leading white members for a "chew of tobakker," which was cheerfully sent in the form of a ten cent plug. Black gentleman bit off a big quid and sent the remainder back," such a satisfactory sign of returning loyalty should not be overlooked in Congress. It is a better proof of this white man being "sound on the goose" than if he were to swear a hundred oaths of allegiance daily. But what next?

One of Davy Crockett's Stories.

THE late Churchill C. Cambreling told me (says Mr. J. H. Hackett in the N. Y. *Leader*) an anecdote of that eccentric and then brother member of Congress—the late David Crockett—who had a seat near him in the House of Representatives—Mr. Cambreling being from the city of New York, and Mr. Crockett from Tennessee:

"One day as I sat writing at my desk during an interval of the session, Crockett asked me how long I had been in Congress; and, upon being informed "several years," remarked, "You ought, then, to write a pretty good hand by this time," as though he thought my constant practice there should have improved it. Crockett continued: "Some people object to me because of my want of education and larning ginerally. Now, some people know too much."

"Said I: "Oh, no! A man can't know too much."

"Continued he: "Yes, he can! I remember a case in Tennessee by which I can prove it to you."

"'Two farmers who lived not far apart met one day on horseback, when one said to the other: "Who are you going to vote for, for sheriff?" The other answered: "John Robinson." "What! said the questioner," "you going to vote for him? Why he's such an ignorant cuss he can't spell his given name, John; and, what's worse, he is so stupid I would bet ten dollars you couldn't larn him to spell it between now and to-morrow noon."'

"'The other remarked: "I would be willing to take that bet anyhow." "Well" said the proposer, "I'll stand it!"

"Accordingly the bet was made, and a public house a few miles distant was agreed upon as the place of their meeting at noon the next day for its decision, and the neighbors parted.

"The one who had made the bet in favor of John's ability proceeded straight to the house of John Robinson, a few miles off, and found him at home; told him of the conversation, and of his bet on him; and inquired whether it was true that he hadn't had education enough to spell "John." John Robinson at once owned up that he could not, that he had never been ten miles from that place where he was born, and that no schoolin' was to be had anywhere about them 'ere parts for love or money. "Never mind," said he, "John, I'll larn you mighty quick, and we'll divide the winnings. The way to spell John is—J—O—H—N," which John readily repeated, and insisted upon his visitor's coming in and taking some whiskey, which he did freely, and talked over the affairs of the country till bed-time, and at last was persuaded to stop all night with John; both on 'em being pretty tight.

"Next morning, at breakfast, on John's being asked to spell his name, he did so easily enough; but his friend wasn't satisfied, and said, "John, there may be some crooked ketch after all in such politics. There's time enough between now and noon, and if you are a mind to larn the whole alphabet, I'll larn you from first to last—that is, from A to Izzard." John agreed to be so high larnt, and he before noon could say every letter from A to Izzard; and off they started on horseback for the place appointed, where four or five of the neighbors had got together on purpose to hear John Robinson, and judge whether he was able to spell his given name.

"Five men was appointed as judges, the bet recited, and John was asked if he was ready to spell his name. John said, "Try me!" And the judges said, "Well, spell John."

"So John began: "J"—

"All the judges looked at him, and at one another, and then nodded and said, "Right—next letter?" "O!" said John.

"They all looked at one another as long as if there were some doubts about the letter, but nodded at last and said, "Right; now, next letter?"

"Said John, "That's H."

"John's friend, seeing the judges, by halting in giving a judgment after every letter, had somewhat bothered him, cautioned him to keep cool till after the judges had done fooling, and had agreed and said "Right." Now for the next letter, when his friend assured him, "John we are all right now but the last letter—don't forget." John hesitated, and thinking he meant the last letter of the alphabet, which he had just learned, bellowed out, "Izzard, by thunder," and lost the bet

"Now, if his friend who made the bet had only been satisfied with giving John learning enough to spell John he would have won it. And just so it is now-a-days, with some people—they know too much for their own good. There's John Quincy Adams, now. He's so high larnt he often gets so confused he can't tell a B from bumblebee!!"

AARON BURR'S SARCASM.—When Aaron Burr returned to New York city to practice Law, after his voluntary exile in Europe, he found the late Rev. Jedediah Burchard, then a celebrated revivalist, holding a series of protracted meetings in his family church. He attended from habit, always went late, and disturbed the services by attracting to himself the attention of the audience on account of his infamous notoriety as the man who shot Alexander Hamilton, and who had been tried for treason. Mr. Burchard resolved to rebuke him openly. The next Sabbath, when he came in and got about half way up the aisle, the clergyman paused in his discourse, and pointing to Colonel Burr, said, in the most scathing manner: "You hoary headed old sinner, I'll appear against you at the day of judgment!" The proud defiant old man standing erect as ever, with that perfect composure that never deserted him, and fixing his fine grey eyes on the occupant of the pulpit, replied: "Mr. Burchard, I have observed through a long course of professional experience, that the very meanest class of criminals are those who turn State's evidence!"

JERUSALEM has only 22,000 inhabitants.

Angling for Dog.

Brick Pomeroy tells the following:

Another time we were travelling on grounds we had no right to tramp over. The only excuse was like that of military necessity—it was better fishing through the farms where the trout had been preserved than in the open lots where all could fish.

It was early morning. We had risen at three, ridden ten miles, and struck the creek as the trout were ready for breakfast. Looking carefully for a sheltered place to hitch our horses, we slyly crept on behind fences, etc., till we reached the part of the stream not generally fished. A farm house stood a quarter of a mile away. We saw the morning smoke curling lightly from a stove-pipe—saw a man and two boys come out to do chores—saw two women busy about the door, and a ferocious bull-dog wandering about the yard.

If ever we fished close, it was then. Not a whisper to disturb the birds, or the owner of the land. We crawled through the grass—dodged behind clumps of alders, and lifting large speckled beauties out of the water till our basket was full.

This was the time to have gone; but, the trout were so large and bit so readily, that we could not withstand the temptation, so we decided to string and hide what we had, and take another basketful. So at it we went. No sooner would the hook touch the water than we had a trout. We forgot the house, the man, the boys and the dog!

Suddenly there was a rushing through an oat field, as if a mad bull were coming! We looked toward the house, and saw the farmer and his two boys on the fence, the women in the door, and the bull-dog bounding toward us. We saw it all—we had been discovered. The well-trained dog had been sent to hunt us out, and, as the matter appeared, it was safe to bet that he was doing that thing right lively.

To outrun a dog was not to be thought of. There was no time to lose. He cleared a fence, came for us just as we reached a front seat on a limb above his reach.

Here was a precious go! A vicious bull-dog under the tree, and a farmer and two big boys ready to move down upon our works. It was a tight, foot race or fangs!

The farmer yelled to his dog—"Watch him, Tige!"

Tige proposed to do that little thing, and keeping his eye on us, seated himself under the tree.

Then spoke this ugly farmer man—"Just hold on thar, stranger, till we get breakfast; then we'll come out and see you! If you are in a hurry, however, you can go now! Watch him Tige!"

We surmised trouble—quite much; for twice had that bold man of bull-dogs and agriculture elegantly walloped innocent tourists for being seen on his suburban premises. His reputation as a peace man was not good; and there arose a large heart toward our throat!

Time is the essence of contracts, and the saving ordinance for those in trouble. We had a stout line in our coat pocket and a large hook intended for rock bass if we failed to take trout. And, as good luck would have it, we had a nice sandwich and a piece of boiled corned beef in our other pocket.

We called the dog pet names, but he wasn't on it! Then we tried to move down—when he'd move up! At last we tredied our bass line, fastened the great limerick to it, baited it with the corned beef, tied the end of the line to a limb, and angled for dog!

Tige was in appetite. He smelt of the beef; it was very nice. He swallowed it and sat still with his eyes on us for more, but with no friendly look beaming from his countenance. Not any!

When we pulled gently on the line—it was fast! Tige yanked and pulled, but 'twas no use! The attention of the canine was diverted from us—his business was being done by another line!

We quickly slid down the tree—coming near blistering our back doing it—seized the basket and pole, and straight way went thence somewhat lively.

We found our string of fish, and reached the buggy and a commanding spot in the road, in time to see the sturdy yeoman move forth.

We saw him and his cohorts, male and female, move slowly, as if in no haste. We saw them look up the tree. We saw an axious group engaged about the dog. We came quickly home, and kindly left the bass line and hook to the farmer.

SOJOURNER TRUTH.—This old colored woman, now living in Michigan, recently visited Milton, Wis., where she was the guest of a Mr. Goodrich, who was an out-and-out temperance man, and a noted hater of tobacco. One morning she was puffing away with a long pipe in her mouth, when her host, Mr. Goodrich approached her, and commenced conversation with the following interrogatory:

"Aunt Sojourner, do you think you are a Christian?"

"Yes, Brudder Goodrich, I speck I am."

"Aunt Sojourner, do you believe in the Bible?"

"Yes, Brudder Goodrich, I bleeve the Scripters; though I can't read them as you can."

"Aunt Sojourner, do you know that there is a passage in the Scriptures which declares that nothing unclean can enter the Kingdom of Heaven?"

"Yes, Brudder Goodrich, I have heard tell of it."

"Aunt Sojourner, do you believe it?"

"Yes, Brudder Goodrich, I bleeve it."

"Well, Aunt Sojourner, you smoke, and you cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven, because there is nothing so unclean as the breath of a smoker. What do you say to that?"

"Why, Brudder Goodrich, I speck to leave my breff behind me when I go to Heaven."

IF a man empties his purse into his head, no man can take it from him.

An Idiot Packed in a Box and Nearly Killed.

SEVERAL weeks since a half idiotic boy, aged between 16 and 17 years, left this city and walked to Indianapolis in search of work. Arriving at his destination his search for employment was unsuccessful, and he concluded to return home, but having no money, or at least a very small amount, he started to walk back. On Friday last he reached Acton, Ind., and, according to his story, he met six men, who at first treated him kindly. They finally took