COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT,

AND BLOOMSBURG GENERAL ADVERTISER.

LEVI L. TATE, EDITOR. "TO HOLD AND TRIM THE TORCH OF TRUTH AND WAVE IT O'ER THE DARKENED EARTH." TERMS: $2 00 PER ANNUM

VOL. 17.—NO. 23. BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PENN'A., SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1863. VOLUME 27

Reading Rail Road.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

GREAT TRUNK LINE FROM THE NORTH AND Northwest for Philadelphia, New York, Reading, Pottsville, Lebanon, Allentown, Easton, &c., &c.

Trains leave Harrisburg for Philadelphia, New York Reading, Pottsville and all intermediate stations, at 8 a. m., and 2 p. m.

New York express leaves Harrisburg at 2.15 a. m., arriving at New York at 9 15 the same morning.

Fares from Harrisburg: To New York $5 15; to Philadelphia $3 35 and $2 85. Baggage checked through.

Returning, leave New York at 6 a. m., 12 noon, and 7 p. m., (Pittsburg Express). Leave Philadelphia at 8.15 a. m., and 3.30 p m.

Sleeping cars in the New York express trains, through to and from Pittsburgh without change.

Passengers by the Catawissa Railroad leave Tamaqua at 8.50 a. m., and 2 15 p m., for Philadelphia, New York and all Way Points.

Trains leave Pottsville at 9.15 a. m., and 2.30 p. m., for Philadelphia, Harrisburg and New York.

An Accommodation passenger train leaves Reading at 6.00 a. m., and returns from Philadelphia at 5.00 p.m.

☞ All the above trains run daily, Sundays excepted.

A Sunday train leaves Pottsville at 7.30 a. m., and Philadelphia at 3.15 p. m.

Commutation, mileage, season, and excursion tickets at reduced rates to and from all points.

G. A. NICOLLS,
General Superintendent.

May 23, 1863.

THE FOUR ACTS OF DESPOTISM

A NEW AND IMPORTANT WORK.

BY D. A. MAHONY, OF IOWA,
Author of "The Prison of State."

Price 50 cts; in paper covers. Bound in muslin, 75 cts.

This work contains full and official copies of four Principal Acts of the last Congress, which will forever fix a stigma upon that body:

1. The Tax Bill, by which all the property and resources of the people are mortgaged to the present Administration.
2. The Finance Bill, which places all the currency of the country in the hands of the Secretary of the Treasury.
3. The Conscription Bill, by which all the bodies o poor men who are not worth $300, are placed in the hands of the Administration.
4. The Indemnity Act, (fitting climax,) which promises to indemnify the President for all the wrongs he has committed in the past, or may commit in the future.

These four acts are each preceded by a careful analysis, by Mr. Mahony, and their unjust, oppressive unconstitutional and odious features pointed out. As a book for reference, it will be invaluable to the Farmer, the Mechanic, the Politician, the Laborer—in fact to every person, for these acts reach from the loftiest mansion to the humblest cabin in the land.

These four acts are not published together in any other form. They make a large octavo pamphlet of 100 pages, in good sized type, and are sold at the low price of Fifty Cents in paper, and Seventy-Five Cents in muslin binding.

In order to furnish these of our readers who may desire this important work, we have made arrangements with the publishers to supply it through our office, and all who wish copies can order from us. We will furnish them at Publisher's rates.

☞ Send on the orders at once.
Fifty Cents in paper binding.
Seventy-Five Cents in muslin.
Address Editor Columbia Democrat.
May 30 1863.

Wm. B. BRADBURY'S
PIANO-FORTE ESTABLISHMENT
No. 427 Broome Street, New York.

The subscriber respectfully invites the attention of his friends and the public generally to his Piano-Forte Establishment at No. 427 Broome street, corner of Crosby Street.

Having withdrawn his interest, stock and material from the late firm of "Lighte & Bradsburry," which firm was dissolved on the 31st January ult., and having purchased the entire stock of Piano Fortes and Piano-Forte Material owned by his brother, Edward G. Bradbury, in the said firm, he is now prepared to supply the increased demand for his celebrated Piano Fortes. Employing the most skillful and experienced workmen, with a large stock of the best and most thoroughly seasoned material and an abundance of capital he has taken in hand the personal supervision of the whole business of manufacturing his instruments and is enabled to turn out Piano-Fortes of unequalled tone and durableness.

BRADBURY'S NEW SCALE PIANO FORTE.

In the arrangement of our new scale, drawn and prepared with the utmost care, expressly for our new instruments, we have added every improvement which can in any way tend to the perfection of the Piano-Forte, and we can confidently assert, that for delicacy of touch, volume, purity, brilliancy and sweetness of tone, combined with that strength and solidity of frame necessary to durability, these instruments are unequalled.

"Strength and Beauty" is our motto, and we invite the closest criticism of the best unbiased judges in the land.

☞ Every instrument warranted for five years.

WM. B. BRADBURY,
427 Broome St., cor. of Crosby, New York.

March 14, 1863.—3m

VALLANDIGHAM'S RECORD.

THIS work contains the principal Speeches of Hon. C. L. Vallandigham, on

ABOLITION, THE UNION, AND THE CIVIL WAR,

also parts of other Speeches, Letters, Votes, etc. It is handsomely printed on good, 248 pages large 8vo, and has a very finely executed steel engraved likeness of Mr. Vallandigham.

The work has been carefully compiled and edited.—Also revised and approved by Mr. Vallandigham. It is having a large sale.

Price, paper covers, 60 cts., Cloth, $1.00; delivered by mail or express, prepaid, on receipt of price.

A liberal discount to Agents and dealers.

Published by J. WALTER & CO.,
Columbus, Ohio.

☞ A copy will be sent to every editor who inserts the above and this notice before July 1st, 1863, and sends a *marked* copy of his paper to the publishers.

June 6, 1863—1m.

EXCHANGE HOTEL,
PUBLIC SQUARE, WILKES-BARRE, PA.

The undersigned, having taken this well-known stand (formerly of Major Futerbaugh), respectfully solicits the patronage of the public.

No pains will be spared to any of its departments, to render satisfaction to all guest. The TABLE and the BAR will always be supplied with the

BEST THE MARKET AFFORDS.

☞ Good Stabling for Horses and attentive Hostlers. The "Exchange" is eligibly situated on the Public Square, and has therefore peculiar advantages to persons attending Court or doing business in the public offices. Charges moderate.

N. B.—Whenever you come to town, please call.

H. J. YAPLE.

Wilkes-Barre, Nov. 15, 1862.

WALNUT HOTEL,
LIGHT STREET, Columbia county, Pa

THE undersigned has located at the above named hotel, formerly occupied by Peter Schug, and solicits a share of public patronage.

☞ Good accommodations for man and beast. The best kind of liquors at the bar.

J. D. RICE, Proprietor.

April 11, 1863

BLINDS AND SHADES.

R. J. WILLIAMS, No. 16 North Sixth street, Philadelphia, manufacturer of

Venitian Blinds and Window Shades

☞ The largest and finest assortment in the city, at the lowest prices. Blinds painted and trimmed equal to new. Store Shades made and lettered.

April 4, 1863.—1m

NEW JERSEY LANDS FOR SALE.
ALSO,
GARDEN AND FRUIT FARMS,

Suitable for Grapes, Peaches, Pears, Raspberries, Strawberries, Blackberries, Currents, &c., of 1, 2 1-2, 10 ea 20 acres each, at the following prices for the present, viz: 20 acres for $200, 10 acres for $110, 5 acres for $60, 2½ acres for $40, 1 acre for $20. Payable by one dollar a week.

Also, good Cranbury lands, and village lots in Cheatwood, 25 by 100 feet, at $10 each, payable by one dollar a week. The above land and farms, are situate a Cheatwood, Washington township, Burlington county New Jersey. For further information, apply, with P. O. Stamp, for a circular, to

B. FRANKLIN CLARK,
No. 20 Cedar Street, New York, N. Y.

January 17, 1863.

COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT,

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, BY
LEVI L. TATE,
IN BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA.

OFFICE
In the new Brick Building, opposite the Exchange, by the Court House. "Democratic Head Quarters."

Select Poetry.

When This Cruel War is Over.

Dearest love, do you remember
When we last did meet,
How you told me that you loved me,
Kneeling at my feet?
O! how proud you stood before me,
In your suit of blue,
When you vowed to me and country
Ever to be true.

Chorus—Weeping, sad and lonely,
Hopes and fears, how vain,
Yet praying when this cruel war is over,
Praying that we meet again.

When the summer breeze is sighing
Mournfully along!
Or when autumn leaves are falling,
Sadly breaths the song;
Oft in dreams I see thee lying
On the battle plain,
Lonely, wounded, even dying,
Calling but in vain.

If amid the din of battle
Nobly you should fall,
Far away from those who love you,
None to hear you call,
Who would wisper words of comfort,
Who would sooth your pain?
Ah! the many cruel fancies
Ever in my brain.

But our country called you, darling,
Angels cheer your way.
While our nation's sons are fighting
We can only pray.
Nobly strike for God and Union,
Let all nations see
How we love our starry banner,
Emblem of the free.

I'm an Abolitionist!

BY "BRICK" POMEROY.

I'm an Abolitionist, and glory in the name—
A nigger revolutionist without a bit of shame!
A sweet amalgamationist who in wedlock would be tied
To a thick lipped niggeress who'd be my petted bride!
I'm an abolitionist—
One of the oily crew;
I don't care a curse, I don't!
For the damage I may do!

I'm a secessionist—if the nigger can't be free
The ruins of this loved land is home enough for me!
I glory in the nigger—he is my only God
And dead be all the white men—buried 'neath the sod.
I am an abolitionist—
One of the ranting kind!
While brave men to battle go
I sneak and stay behind!

I'm an abolitionist—for one nigger dear to save
I'd see a hundred white men thrown into a soldier's grave—
Blood running red in rivulets from prairie to the sea—
White men killed or slaves made if the nigger could be free.
I'm an abolitionist,
One of the devil's pride—
And when the call to arms comes,
I'll slink away and hide.

I'm an abolitionist—I glory in this war,
For I know when it is over I cannot show a scar!
I'll stay at home and glory in the mischief I have done
Stay until I am drafted, and then *turn tail and run;*
I am an abolitionist—
Of that there's no mistake,
And want some wench to kiss me
Just for my Mother's sake.

Phila. Evening Journal.

Miscellaneous.

Fighting Democrats.

The editor of the Uniontown *Genius of Liberty*, in an able article in reply to the slanders of the Abolition organ, of that place, upon the Democrats or "Copperheads," as it styles them, makes the following telling remarks:

"If he intends to insinuate that it was any class of people whose opinions he represents that took Vickburg, then it is a slander upon that noble Democratic commander, Gen. Grant, and his brave army, who are fighting to restore the Union as it was and preserve the Constitution as it is—which the *Standard* opposes. If he would falsely assert that his partisans drove the rebels from Pennsylvania, we ask him what evidence he has for the assertion, or who it was that went to do it.

We know that the "copperheads" from New York and New Jersey came to our rescue by hundreds and thousands: we know that "arched traitor, Frank Hugnes," raised a regiment of copperheads in Schuylkill county and led them against the enemy. We know that Col. C. J. Biddle, of Philadelphia, Chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee, raised a regiment of sixteen hundred recruits in the first twenty four hours. We know that Col. Alfred Day's Coal regiment of six hundred copperheads from Berks who went into the fight with 446 men and 19 officers and came out with 101 men and 7 officers, and we also know of various companies and squads of "home" copperheads who turned out to defend our glorious old Commonwealth, but we have not heard of a regiment of leaguers, abolitionists or niggers having been raised for State defence. Where did the valiant "twenty thousand leagures of Pennsylvania" serve during the late emergency? How many of the leagures of this county were engaged in the heroic struggle?

Great Lincoln Picture Gallery.

Through the politeness of several painters, men of remarkable genius, we have received a list of drawings and paintings, which are to be placed on exhibition at Washington immediately after the 4th of March, 1865. They are as follows:

No. 1 A view of the Cave of Famine; a lean, ghastly figure placed a sentinel at the entrance. A graveyard in the distance with 400,000 graves; at the right are 200,000 cripples, and on the left an uncountable throng of widows and orphans A remarkable picture—dedicated to Abraham Lincoln.

No. 2 Judas Iscariot in the act of betraying a charcoal sketch—dedicated to E, Stanton, Secretary of War.

No. 3 St. Nustan relating his interview with the devil. A copy—dedicated to Major Gen. Ben. F. Butler.

No. 4 A group of gamblers quarreling at all-fours. After the manner of Teniers—dedicated to the Republican contractors.

No. 5 Tom Thumb speaking through a trumpet, with the intention to pass himself off for the Belgian Giant—dedicated to several Major Generals.

No. 6. A miser cutting up a naval flag, and converting it into money-bags—dedicated to Gideon G. Welles and his brother-in-law, Morgan.

No. 7. A rope-dancer balancing an empty pitcher on his chin—dedicated to Wm. H. Seward.

No. 8. A man crushed to death under several tons of green paper, which fell from a scaffolding over his head. A frightful picture—dedicated to S. P. Chase.

No. 9. A white man embracing a negro wench. An immodest picture—dedicated to Charles Sumner.

No. 10. Forty thieves breaking into a government treasury—dedicated to the friends of the administration.

No. 11. Five satyrs teaching the devil how to lie—dedicated to the editors of the Albany *Evening Journal.*

No. 12. A crowd of negroes stripping the shirt off of a white man, and leaving him naked—dedicated to the last Congress.

No. 13. A throng of white men and negroes setting fire to the temple of Liberty. An immense picture; canvas 40 feet by 24—dedicated to the Republican party.

No. 14. A drunken white man, with his face paintod like a negro, holding a banjo in his hand, in the act of singing, "John Brown's soul is marching on,"—dedicated to John W. Forney.

No. 15. A picture of the infernal regions, with the devils all unchained. Labelled, "The United States in the reign of Lincoln I."

No. 16 Haman hanging on the gallows which he prepared for Mordecai—dedicato the editors to the *Evening Post.*

No. 17 "The Union League," being the picture of a mob of white men and negroes trying to split a rail labelled "The Union,"

No. 18 Diplomatic dinner at the White House. His Black Excellency the Minister from Hayti seated between Mrs. Lincoln and the charming Miss Chase. The seats of the rest of diplomatic corps all vacant. John W. Forney standing behind the chair of the Haytien Minister dressed as a waiter. A very spirited painting.

No. 19 Henry Ward Beecher, in the act of praying to the devil to send famine, pestilence and the sword upon a slavery-cursed Union.

No. 20 Reverend Doctors Cheever and Tyng, at a clandestine interview with Satan, in front of the pulpit in Cheever's church. Satan in the act of delivering an opinion in favor of a superior race of men to spring from an amalgamation of whites and blacks—Cheever and Tyng appear delighted. A fine paintng, and excellent likenesses of the three worthy friends.

No. 21 A copperhead chasing a huge black snake, which is running away with affrighted velocity.

These paintings will form one of the most remarkable picture galleries in the country, not only on account of their great merit as works of art, but as well for their historical and local interests. It is hinted that the next Congress will purchase the whole gallery, and make it a permanent attraction to draw literary men and artists from all parts of the world to Washington.—*Old Guard.*

☞ Some of our exchanges inquire with seeming innocence, if it is any harm for young ladies to sit upon the lapse of ages? It depends altogether upon the kind of ages selected—those from eighteen to twenty-five being rather hazardous.

The Murder of The Black Race.

The *N. Y. Evening Post* frankly admits that the ultimate object of the radicals is the destruction of the colored race on this continent. It says:

"As the Indians were crowded westward and out of our bounds by the irresistible andvance of the white man so will the blacks be whenever that powerful protective system with which the slaveholders have guarded them is removed. It is the destiny of the free white workingmen of this country to possess it: the efforts of the slaveholders have hitherto robbed them of one half of it—the richest, fairest half—and devoted it to blacks. It is the slaveholders who have preserved the negro race from decline among us; it is the slaveholders who have increased the blacks from seven hundred thousand in 1790 to four millions in 1860.

So then it is admitted that those terrible fellows, the slaveholders, whose chains, whips, and bloodhounds we have heard so much about in anti-slavery novels and poems, are after all the real conservators of the negro race, while the abolitionists, with all their professions of philanthropy, contemplate their destruction. The *Post* is right. The freeing of the negroes means their extinction as a race in North America; the history of the present war proves that beyond all peradventure.—From Arkansas around to Port Royal the same complaint reaches us, thatthe negroes within our army lines are in rags and starving, and that the soldiers abuse and hate them. A card in the New York *Tribune*, from the agents of some negro missionary society, begging for money and clothes, says:

There are about a thousand in Hampton quartered in tents, and a still larger number at Norfolk—780 at Norfolk, and 360 quartered in a large storehouse and in barracks. Could the benevolent look upon these pitiable objects of charity, tattered and shoeless, destitute of decent clothing, and compelled to sleep on hard boards bricks or ground, without a pallet, or scarcely a rag under them, their heart would bleed, "and eyes unused to weep o'erflow with tears"

It is not improbable that there are 60,000 freed negro families within our lines in this condttion, and, under the operation of the Emancipation Proclamation as our army advances this number will double and treble. These poor people are destined for misery and ultimate destruction. The North—even Massachusetts—will not allow them a residence, and for the present, perhaps for years, there can be no fixed system of labor where they are located.

What a strange verdict will history pass upon the abolition party. It was originally organized to champion the woes of the black race; it made the world ring with the alleged cruelties of the slaveholders; yet this same party, in less than two years after it assumed power, inflicted more real distress upon the black race than have several generations of slaveholders. More than that, one of its principal organs now admits that the negroes thrive under the sway of slaveholders, but are destined to perish from out the land at the hands of their *quondam* friends, the abolitionists.

A Good Test.—For the last two years the Niggerheads have claimed that they were in favor of "no party," all party organizations they say ought to be dropped, "we will have no party now," very well, now we will have the test. A convention representing a large majority of the people have nominated Judge Woodward, and as the *Patriot and Union* says, "his ability to fill the office will not be questioned by any body—man, woman, child, friend, enemy, knave, fool of wise man—his integrity and patriotism are admitted by everybody who is capable of forming a decent opinion—then if those professed fools do not mean to expose themselves to the whole people, as canting hypocrites and knaves they will refuse to make a nomination against him? If party lines are drawn at the next election, it will be because those who profess to abhor party organization causelessly put a candidate in the field against Woodward. We have always known and contended that these men were themselves the most ultra and unscrupulous of party politicians and the events of the 5th of August will doubtless prove them such, and show up the lying hypocricy of their party for the past two years.

☞ President Lincoln has fallen into the habit of riding about Washington under an armed escort of cavalry. His carriage is constantly preceded and followed by force of horsemen large enough to attract attention even in military European capital. How like the imperial pomp of foreign monarchs! James Buchanan and his predecessors back to Washington, always walked unattended and alone

The Skedaddlers.

The *American Volunteer*, published at Carlisle, of July 30th says:—

One of the most disgraceful circumstances connected with the late invasion of this Valley by the Rebels, was the precipitate flight of hundreds of able bodied men from their families and homes. Men who had boasted of their intense "loyalty," and who had so often reminded the people, old and young, of the "duty they owed to themselves and families," should the rebels enter our Valley, suddenly turned pale and exhibited the white feather when they were told that the minions of Jeff Davis were approaching our town. Their loud professions for many days previous had failed to nerve their hearts or strengthen their knees, and both failed them at the critical moment. They did not possess "loyalty" enough to stand by their own families when danger threatened, but, in violation of the marriage vow, they skedaddled from their homes, leaving their swooning wives and screaming children to the mercy of Ewell's rebels. The men who thus acted we say, have been loud in their professions, and had boasted of what *they* would do should a "grey back" show face in our midst. We thought of these poor boasters during the shelling of our town; we thought of them when we heard the loud roar of cannon and the screams of the women and children they had so basely forsaken. Thank fortune we had enough of men left in Carlisle during the time the rebels occupied it and shelled it, to protect, not only the women and children, but the town itself. Had our men all left, Carlisle would to-day be smouldering ruins, and God knows what would have been the fate of the women and children.

We may say in conclusion that the men who abandoned their families and their town when ruin and destruction threatened both, are not Democrats; they are the creatures who have spoken of Democrats as "Copperheads" and "cowards." We leave them to their own reflections, and to the taunts they are receiving from the tender children they abandoned in the hour of peril.

Shoddy Getting Sick of Itself.—We see it stated that General Wilcox has issued an order deprecating all "secret political societies, clubs, or leagues," and urging that they be immediately broken up. The Cincinnati *Commercial*, Niggerhead, says of the leagues:

"The Union men in the northern part of the State have, as a general thing, become convinced that the Union League has accomplished all the mission it ever had in that quarter, so that its dissolution will be perfectly satisfactory—and it is, therefore, passing away. We can perceive no occasion for a wheel within a wheel in the Union organization. Indeed in the nature of things, a political machine cannot be complicated, caucus, and operated for any considerable time without embarrassment. There are evils of the most grave character, familiar to all who have read the history of the past, or studied the experience of the present with a tolerable degree of intelligence, that are inseparable from secret political associations, however honest the mass of those composing them, or meritorious the objects proposed. The Union League can hardly, if we are correctly informed, be called a secret organization; but there is an appearance of evil about it, and temptation on the part of its leaders to use it for personal ends that it would be well to avoid.—The cause of the Union, of all in the world, should stand boldly in broad daylight. It does not need the screens and the curtains and the regulated temperature of the sick room. If it will not flourish in the glare and the storm of out-of-doors, doctoring in-doors will not save it."

☞ In the 8th Avenue of New York city, a citizen named Robert Bell, was drawn *three times* from the same box.—He must have been one of the "spotted" individuals talked of so much by the abolitionists last year. He could not have been a "patriot."

☞ Fanny Fern objected to men shedding tears. She says it is an infrigement on woman's most valuable "water privilege."

☞ Ten soldiers can sleep tranquiltiy upon the ground; but two kings can't live at ease in a quarter of a world.

☞ "A play upon words," as the boy said when he kicked the Dictionary up and down the school room.

Living in the Dismal Swamp.

The progress of the war has developed the ability of our soldiers to surmount almost any physical obstacle, and to live in places hitherto regarded as uninhabitable. Now we learn that not only is the Great Dismal Swamp habitable but even salubrious, according to the war correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press*, who says:

The name of the Great Dismal Swamp starts a feeling of ill-defined dread and horror in the breasts of those who have become acquainted with its soft and slimy labyrinths only through the medium of romance. It is impossible to conceive of any one but a black, herculean, enthusiastic Dred who could exist amid the noxious miasmas of the Great Dismal Swamp.—They believe a man who attempts to live beneath the shade of upas-like trees is sure as destiny of certain death. Yet this great Dismal Swamp is actually, is occupied by our soldiers, and is pronounced salubrious by our surgeons. The 177th Pennsylvania regiment went there with almost two hundred on the sick list, and now they scarcely two dozen. This is miraculous, when we consider how they have to contend against frogs, snakes, lizards and wood-ticks. The Salt Sulphur Springs of magnolia were a favorite resort of the *creme de la creme* of Virginia and North Carolina; yet this beautiful watering place is almost upon the margin of what I would call the northwest lobe of the swamp, on the road leading from Suffolk to Portsmouth. Juniper water alone can be found in the depth of this waste. It is of a light claret color, and very wholesome.

The Oldest Continent.—Prentice, of of the Louisville *Journal*, is occupying himself and instructing his readers, by writing a series of geological articles.—We extract the following paragraph from his last essay. Commending Sir Charles Lyell's new work he says:

The intelligent reader may learn that the North American Continent was the first dry land that rose above the waters. There are on this continent many regions that were geologically very ancient, at the very time numerous places in Europe that are hoary with historic age were not yet born from the womb of waters.—When Europe and Asia were not continents, but represented only by a few islands, consisting of what are now their mountain peaks, scattered over a vast expanse of ocean; when Mt. Etna was yet unformed, and the Island of Sicily was still buried beneath the Mediterranean; when the atlantic seabord back to the Appalachian Mountains, and the Valley of the Mississippi up as far as Vicksburg were yet beneath the ocean, there were roaming among the Manvais Terres of Upper Missouri, in the midst of profuse vegetation, some of the strangest animals that have ever gladdened the mind of a naturalist. They became extinct before the era of the mastodon and elephant, and they differ not only from all living species but from all fossilt abtained from contemporaneous gelogical formations elsewhere.

A Hard "Stop."—An old lady who had never ridden in the cars, was persuaded by the combined efforts of her children, James and Mary, to accompany them on an excursion. She persisted that she knew something would happen. She took her seat next the passage-way. The train was left, as excursion trains are usually, and coming around a curve the express train was on the same track, both nearing each other rather faster than was pleasant. The momentum of each train was nearly lost, and they only came together with a chuck which pitched the old lady on her face in the passage-way, between the seats. She arose to her hands and knees and looking back, asked:—"Jeems, do they allus stop like that?"

For the Benefit of Mr. Lincoln.—The New York Times begins to feel that such preposterons reasoning as Mr. Lincoln's, in his reply to the Albany Democracy, necessarilly fails to answer the intended purpose, of justification for arbitrary arrest; and the editor declares that "for a military officer to march a company of soldiers into a man's house or office, and to suppress him or his business, because he deems him guilty of a violation of law, is simply a piece of madness. Such a performance would create a riot in Russia or France, as well as in Illinois or New York."

☞ It is just as sensible to undertake to get married without courting, as to attempt to succeed in business without advertising.

"I Love to Steal."

An amusing incident occurred in one of the down east churches a few weeks ago. The clergimen gave out the hymn—

"I love to steal awhile away,
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hour of setting day;
In humble, grateful prayer."

The regular chorister being absent, the duty devolved upon the good old deacon M., who commenced, "I love to steal," and then broke down.

Raising his voice to a still higher pitch he sung, "I love to steal."

As before, he concluded he had got the wrong pitch, and deploring that he had not his "pitch tuner," he determined to succeed in the attempt. By this time all the old ladies were tittering behind their fans, whilst the faces of the "young one s" were all in a broad grin.

At length after a desperate cough he made a final demonstration and roared—"I love to steal."

This effort was too much. Every one but the godly eccentric parson was laughing. He arose with the utmost coolness and said:

"Seeing our brother's propensities, let us pray."

It is needless to say that but few of the congregation prayed.

At Liberty Again.—Henry J. Stahle Esq., editor of the Gettysburg *Compiler*, who was arrested about the time of the recent battle of Gettysburg, on the charge of having pointed out to the rebels the houses in which Federal soldiers were concealed, has been released from his imprisonment in Fort McHenry and reached Gettysburg on Sunday evening last. The charge, malicious lie, gotten up by the abolitionists for the purpose of injuring the character of a gallant and efficient member of the Democratic party. Instead of pointing out the hiding places of Union Soldiers, he had a Lieut. Cononel of an Indiana regiment and several of his men concealed in his house. The charge originated with a class of unmitigated scoundrels in Gettysburg who procured an abolitionist mean and low enough to make an affidavit to it. We trust Mr. Stahle will not let the matter drop here. The scoundrels deserve and should fill a felon's cell. They are guilty of perjury and should be dealt with to the fullest extent of the law.

A Witty Manœver.—The Duke of Grammont was the most adroit and witty courtier of his day. He entered one day the closet of the Cardinal Mazarin without being announced. His eminence was amusing himself by jumping against the wall. To surprise a prime minister in so boyish an occupation was dangerous. A less skillful courtier might have stammered excuses and retired. But the duke entered briskly, and cried, "I'll bet you one hundred crowns that I can jump higher than your eminence!" And the duke and cardinal began to jump for their lives Grammont took care to jump a few inches lower than the cardinal, and six months afterwards was marshal of France.

To Keep Butter Sweet.—In May or June, when butter is plenty, work it thoroughly two or three times, and add at the last working one grain of salipetre and a teaspoonful of loaf sugar to each pound of butter. Pack it tightly in stone jars to within two inches of the top, and fill the remaining space with brine. Cover the jars tightly, and bury them in the cellar bottom, where the butter will keep unhurt for a long time.

☞ What a happy contrast to the bloody and brutal fulminations of nine-tenths of the pulpits at the present time: For every one such true minister of the gopel of Christ there are a *thousand* clerical war-howlers, who equally disgrace their sacred office and their humanity.

☞ A friend in California writes us that they have fire flies so large in that State, that they use them to cook by.—They hang the kettles on their hind legs, which are bent for the purpose, like pot-hooks.

☞ "I am astonished, my dear young lady, at your sentiments; you make me start." "Well sir, I've been wanting you to star for the last half hour."

☞ Never marry a man because he is handsome. He will think too much of his own beauty to take any interest in yours.

☞ Why do physicians have a greater horror of the sea than anybody else? Because they are more likely to see sickness