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 50 IN ADVANCE.

VOL. 19.—NO. 8. BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PENN'A., SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1865. VOLUME 29.

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Pens to Suit the Hand, and Prices to Suit the Pocket.

The best Gold Pens in the World

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These pens are stamped THE IMPERIAL PEN, and are well finished and fine writing Gold Pens, with good iridium points, although they are unwarranted, and cannot be exchanged.

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Our name (American Gold Pen Co., N. Y.,) is stamped on all our first quality Pens, and the points are warranted for six months, except against accident. Our second quality Pens are stamped THE NATIONAL PEN, with the initials of our firm (A. G. P. Co.) and are carefully made, having the same points as our first quality Pens, the only great difference being in quality of the Gold.

Gold Pens, 1st and 2d quality in Solid Silver Extension Cases, with Pencils.

For $2 00 a No. 1 pen 1st quality, or a No 2 pen 2d qual
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The same Gold Pens, in Solid Silver Gold-Plated Ebony Desk Holders and Morocco Cases.

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For $2 50 a No 4 pen 1st quality, or a No 5 pen 2d qual,
For $3 25 a No 5 pen 1st quality, or a No 6 pen 2d qual,
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Students and others everywhere are requested to correspond with us, as we can offer them great inducements.

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No. 200 Broadway, New York.

January 28, 1865.—3m.

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Manufacturers of Photographic Materials, Wholesale & Retail.
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100 Major-Generals,	450 State men,
500 Brig.-Generals,	150 Divines,
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3,000 COPIES OF WORKS OF ART,

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E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.
Manufacturers of Photographic Materials,
501 Broadway, New York.

☞ The prices and quality of our goods cannot fail to satisfy. (Dec3—6m.

1865 Philadelphia & Erie 1865.
RAIL-ROAD.

This great line traverses the Northern and Northwest counties of Pennsylvania to the city of Erie, on Lake Erie.

It has been leased by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, and is operated by them.

Its entire length was opened for passenger and freight business, October 11th, 1864.

TIME OF PASSENGER TRAINS AT NORTHUMBERLAND.

Mail Train leaves, East	10 10 P. M.
Elmira Express Train,	11 27 P. M.
Lock Haven Accommodation,	10 27 A. M.
Williamsport Accommodation,	5 25 P. M.
LEAVE WESTWARD.	
Mail Train,	4 24 A. M.
Elmira Express Train,	5 29 A. M.
Lock Haven Accommodation	4 33 P. M.
Williamsport Accommodation	11 55 P. M.

Passengers Cars run through on Mail Train, without change both ways between Philadelphia and Erie, and Baltimore and Erie.

Elegant Sleeping Cars on Elmira Express Trains both ways between Williamsport and Baltimore.

For information respecting Passenger business, apply at the Cor. 10th and Market Sts.

And for Freight business of the Company's Agents, S. H. Kingston, Jr., Cor. 13th and Market Sts., Phil'a; J. W. Reynolds, Erie.

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H. H. Houston, Gen'l. Freight Agt., Philadelphia.
H. W. Gwinner, Gen'l. Ticket Agt. Philadelphia.
Joseph D. Potts, Gen'l. Manager, Williamsport.
Jan. 7, 1865.

MILLINER GOODS.

BROOKS & ROSENHEIM
WHOLESALE DEALER,
No. 439 Market Street, north side, Phila.
Have now opened their usual handsome variety of Ribbons, Bonnet Materials, Straw & Fancy Bonnets, Ladies & Misses' HATS,

FLOWERS, RUCHES, LACES, and all other articles required by the

MILLINER TRADE!

By long experience and strict attention to this branch of business exclusively we flatter ourselves that we can offer inducements in variety, style, quality and moderate prices—not everywhere to be found. The attention of Milliners and Merchants is respectfully solicited.

☞ Particular attention paid to filling Orders.
March 11, 1865, 3m.

SCHOLASHIPS FOR SALE.

Pittsburgh Commercial College.
Binghamptin " " "
Crittenden's " " Philadelphia.
Stratton, Bryant & Co., " " "

These Scrips, are in amounts of $15 and $50 and are worth so much cash, by the Student on entring either of the above Colleges. Young men desiring to obtain a finished Collegiate Education, will here find a good speculation by applying at the office of the

May 1, 1864. COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT

Select Poetry.

Nearer Home.

One sweet solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er:
I'm nearer to my home to day,
Than I've ever been before.

Nearer to my father's house,
Where many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the jasper sea.

Nearer the bound of life
Where we lay our burdens down!
Nearer leaving my cross,
Nearer wearing my crown:

But lying darkly between,
Winding down the night,
Is that dim and unknown stream
Which leads at last to light.

Father! perfect my trust,
Strengthen my feeble faith;
Let me feel as if I trod
The shore of the river death.

Yet even now my feet
May stand upon its brink;
I may be nearer to my home,
Nearer now than I think.

[For the Columbia Democrat.]

Kitty Wells.

BY A SOLDIER BOY.

You ask what makes this darkey weep,
While he like others am not away?
What caused the tear flow down my cheek
From early eve till dawn of day?

My story, Darkies, you shall hear.—
For in my memory fresh it dwells.—
It will cause you all to drop a tear
On the grave of sweet Kitty Wells.

CHORUS—

While the birds are a singing in the morning,
When the myrtle and the ivy were in bloom,
And the sun on the hill top was dawning,
It was then we laid her in the tomb.

I never shall forget the days
That we together rung the bells.
I kissed her cheek and blessed the day
That I would marry Kitty Wells.

But Death came up to her Cabin door
And stole from me my joy and pride,
And when I found she was no more
I laid my banjo down and cried

I oft times wished that I was dead
And laid beside her in the tomb.
The sorrow that bows down my head
Lies silent in the midnight gloom.

The spring time has no charms for me,
The flowers are blooming in the dales
That sweet form I see shall see
The form of my sweet Kitty Wells.

Army, April 1, 1865.

A Ghost Story.

By E. Landon.

To those who read this story, I would say, that however boldly told it may be, it is the *truth*; a simple statement of facts, unaided by fancy or imagination. I was never calmer, more collected, or wider awake in my life than when the occurrence I am about to relate took place; and although it terrified and appalled me, I fancy that it would have produced that effect upon persons with stronger nerves that mine. A few words by way of explanation will be necessary

Previous to my marriage, which took place nearly three years ago, I was much annoyed by the persistent attentions of Robert Lisle. He was a violent, self willed, headstrong boy, whose many good and generous qualities were obscured by ungovernable passions. The only child of a rich widower, he had been indulged until any opposition to his wishes made him perfectly furious. Had I accepted his suite, he would most probably have tired of me; but my rejection, and the knowledge that I was betrothed to another, enraged him, and made him more determined in his purpose. I was poor, and therefore his father had not approved of the match, although he would have consented to it, to please his son; but altho' mortified, he was scarcely rejoiced at my refusal, and, exerting his authority for once, finally succeeded in sending Robert away greatly to my relief.

Not long afterward I was married, and, with my husband, went on a visit to his relatives, who resided at some distance. We were gone three months.

On my return, one of the first persons whom I recognized was robert Lisle. He was reeling down the street, intoxicated and half senseless, in the uniform of a private soldier. He had returned home a few days previous to my return, and, hearing of my marriage, in a fit of rage and intoxication he had enlisted. He had been intoxicated ever since, resisting all the attempts of his father to bring him to reason. With characteristic obstinacy, he persisted the more strongly in his purpose the more he was opposed in it, and the utmost his father could do, was to obtain a lieutenancy for him and let him go to war.

He went, leaving the poor old man nearly broken hearted. For myself, I was both glad and grieved at his departure; glad to be relieved from his presence, for I dreaded him, and grieved to have been the cause of so much trouble.

A year passed away; a year of quiet, uneventful happiness to me; of what terrible suspense, agony and despair to thousands of others, let those tell whose homes and hearts have been left dessolate by this horrible war. At the end of the year a change came, a great joy and a great sorrow. My baby, my precious little comforter, was born; and a few weeks afterwards my husband, a young surgeon struggling upwards in his profession, received a highly advantageous offer from the military authorities, which he felt that he had no right to decline, although it involved our separation for a time, as he could not take me with him. So when I had entirely recovered my strength, he went away, and I was left alone with my baby and my sorrow. It is true he was in no actual danger, but it was our first separation, and it was hard to bear. I did not go home, although he proposed it, thinking I should feel less lonely. I preferred to remain in the little cottage on the outskirts of the town, which we had occupied since our marriage.

Some time after my husband's departure, Robert Lisle came home on a furlough his first visit home since his enlistment.—He was much changed. The stern discipline of a soldier's life seemed to have tamed even his wild spirit. He was quiet in manner, never drank, and indeed, seemed so steady in every respect, that his father's delight was only equalled by his sorrow at losing him again so soon. He made no attempt to renew his acquaintance with me, further than by a quiet bow when we met, as we did, once or twice, in the street. He was a captain having been promoted, it is but just to say, for his gallant conduct in some engagement, and not from any influence of his friends. He remained at home but a few weeks, and then rejoined his regiment, somewhere in Virginia.

And now comes a part of my story which, were it not broad noonday and people passing my window, I fear I should not have nerve enough to write, for the recollection of it sickens me with terror.

I was the night of the ninth of August. Robert Lisle had been gone some weeks, and I had entirely forgotten him; at least the thought of him never once crossed my mind on that evening. I had put my baby to sleep, and laid her in the bed; and then, not being sleepy myself, I went back into the sitting-room, and sat down in the moonlight by the open window. I sat there until I was startled from my revalry by hearing the town clock strike ten. I arose, lowered and fastened the window, and taking a lamp went through the house to see if all the doors and windows were properly fastened, as had been my habit ever since my husband's departure. There was no danger, I suppose, but as there was only myself and a servant girl in the house, it was more satisfactory to know that everything was secure. Having completed my survey, I returned to the sitting room and fastened the door of that, which led into the hall; then I went into the bed room and placed the lamp on a small table by the bed. I had commenced to undress, by loosening and combing out my hair, when the thought struck me that I had not wound up a clock which stood on the mantel in the sitting-room, and I returned for the purpose of doing so. As I passed through the door a cold shudder ran over me, and I was seized with a vague terror, which I was angry with myself for feeling. I went to the mantal and began to wind up the clock, when the cold shudder shook me again so strongly that the key of the clock dropped from my hand. Involuntarily I looked backward, over my shoulder, and there, great God! between me and the open door, the light of the lamp streaming full upon me, stood Robert Lisle! Even in the moment of wild terror my mind seemed to grasp, how, I know not, every detail of his appearance. He wore a dark blue uniform coat, much soiled and disordered. His head was bare his hair looked as if blown back by the wind. His face was ghastly pale, and seemed to wear a look of mingled rage and defiance. He did not move, and, for an instant, I did not stir from my place; I stood perfectly paralized. Then, shrieking wildly for help, I sprang to the door, which I sought with frantic haste to unfasten. Doing this, I cast a terrified glance backwards, and, to my utter astonishment, perceived that he was gone. I thought of my child, and, seized with a new fear, rushed wildly into the bedroom Lisle was not there; nothing was disturbed. My baby was awake, however, awakened by my screams, probably. The sight of her innocent face seemed to give me courage. Catching her up, and hastily wrapping her in a shawl, I fled from the house as fast as my tremblings could carry me. My mother lived not far away, and fortunately I reached her house without meeting any one. My knocks soon brought her to the door, terrified half out of her senses at my appearance; but when I told my story, she laughed at me, and declared that I had been dreaming; a theory in which she persisted, in spite of all I could say to the contrary.

Now, although I knew I had not dreamed it, I never doubted but that it was the living Robert Lisle that I had seen, until, about ten days later, a letter from my husband filled me with a new horror, and my mother with dismay. I give the part relating to my story in his own words. "I am sorry to say that Robert Lisle is killed. He was not killed in action, but after the battle, through his own recklessness and want of self-control. You have probably read in the papers how dreadfully our men, especially Crawford's Brigade, to which he belonged, were cut up and scattered. After the last charge of that gallant and ill-fated brigade, perceiving that the rout was hopeless, Lisle and about 15 of his company, who were all that remained together, took refuge in a patch of wood, intending to wait a favorable moment to join Pope's division, which was momentarily expected on the field. This they found it impossible to do, and but that the night had closed in, would inevitably have been taken prisoners. As it was, they kept hidded in the woods, listening to the gradually increasing sounds of the battle, which ceased at last, but left them to better chance of escape, for numerous parties of the enemy were moving about the field between them and our lines. At length, about ten o'clock, Robert's impatience could no longer be restrained, and calling to his men to follow him he made a dash across the open space towards our lines, the camp fires of which they could see in the distance. There was clear, brilliant moonlight, and they had not gone far when they were seen by a mounted picket guard, who dashed after them, calling upon them to surrender. The rest would have done so, for it was folly to resist, but Robert's blood was up, and for reply, he turned and discharged his pistol at the leader. The next moment he fell, shot dead. The rest of the men were taken prisoners, excepting two, who contrived to make their escape in the confusion. I have these particulars from them."

This battle was fought on the 9th of August, shortly after ten o'clock, Robert was killed. I leave the reader to make such explanation as he or she pleases. For myself, if I did not *know* that it was no dream, I would most gladly persuade myself that it was one.

An Artic Story.

We take from an old publication the following extraordinary narrative of an adventure in the Polar Seas. The circumstances are certainly within the range of possibility, since no putrefaction would take place whilst the bodies of the sufferers were in the temperature of a vessel "encased in thick-ribbed ice."

In the spring of the year 1840, a whaling vessel sailed from the port of London upon a voyage to the Polar Seas. Nothing material is said to have occurred until their arrival in these solitary regions, when it became the duty of the crew to keep a perpetual lookout upon the horizon, in search of fish. Whilst thus occupied, it was fancied by one of the seamen that a sail was discernable, as far to the northward as the eye could reach; as the course of the whaler was toward the supposed vessel, a mast became gradually distinguishable amidst the mountains of ice, which appeared in that quarter to bound the sea.

It was now summer and the afternoon unusually calm, whilst the whaler gradually neared the object in view, the supposition being that it was a vessel engaged in operating upon the blubber, in a bay which would open to the view upon approaching nearer to the ice. Upon arriving, however, at the spot, it became clear that the vessel was a wreck embedded in the ice, and it could only be approached by a boat. This having been lowered, the captain and several of the seamen landed upon the ice, and proceeded to the vessel, which proved to be a brig. The sails were furled, very little appeared upon the deck, and all the arrangements were those of a vessel laid up for a long period of time. Descending to the cabin, the first object that was seen was a large Newfoundland dog coiled upon a mat, and apparently asleep. Upon touching the animal it was found to be dead, and the body frozen to the hardness of a stone. Entering the cabin was next seen a young lady seated at a table; her eyes were open, and gazing with a mild and steadfast expression upon the new comers to that solitary spot. She was a corpse! and in that apparently resigned and religious attitude had been frozen to death. Beside her was a young man, who, it appeared, was the brother of the lady and commander of the brig. He, too, was dead, but sitting at the table, and before him lay a sheet of paper, upon which was written the following words: "Our cook has endeavored since yesterday morning to strike a light, but in vain; all is now over." At the other side of the cabin stood the cook, with a flint and steel in his hand, frozen to a statute, in the vain endeavor to procure that fire which alone could save him and his companions from the cold arms of death.

The superstitious terrors of the seamen now hurried the captain away from the wreck, the log-book alone being brought away, and from this it appeared that the ill fated vessel was a brig, which had belonged to the port of London, and had sailed for the Artic region more that fourteen years ago.

[From the Bellefonte Watchman.]

Five Days in the Service.

For the past three years we have, without reserve, expressed our opinion of arbitrary arrests and the treatment of political prisoners. These opinions, our readers well know, were anything but complimentary to the "loyal" *pay* triots that now hold the reins of power. The 'government' feeing and knowing the unbounded influence of our paper, and hoping to convince us that we had been laboring under a grievous error, on the 2d inst., kindly sent us an invitation to visit the military prisons at Harrisburg. The invitation was no formal, half hearted, careless one, but a real, warm, hearty in fact *pressing* one—*so pressing*, indeed, that we did not feel like declining it, lest the government's' feelings, or our own, might be hurt by such a course. In order that we might not miss the place we were requested to call at, and that our visit might not be interfered with by those jealous of the distinguished honors paid us, an armed escort was generously furnished to protect us from all annoyances, pay our fare, furnish subsistence, and bear the expenses generally. Kind and considerate, wasn't it? We appreciated the kindness—who wouldn't? and to the best of our ability, notwithstanding our excessive modesty, drilled the squad of men under our command round town until the time for our departure, to the evident satisfaction of the miscegens, who hoped our visit would prove entertaining enough to keep us in the service ten years, and to the great delight of the progeny of both niggers and abolitionists which in this place are exceedingly difficult to distinguish one from the other. Is it any wonder we felt proud of the position we occupied? hadn't we, like a majority of the shoulder strapped gentlemen of the day, got a command before we enlisted? What mattered it to us if a few dirty fingered loyalists did point at us and laugh as we passed their places of business. We hadn't to howl war for three years, and pay half we were worth to get our commission, as many of them would be willing to do! We didn't march *behind* our men when on duty as their kind does when there is danger ahead! We can forgive them. They felt envious, and would have taken our place had it led them to Canada or out of the draft. It didn't, however, and we went on, while they remained at home to rejoice over the unexpected honors heaped upon a fellow-townsman by their six foot government.

In time we reached Harrisburg, the city where justice sits enthroned in the State Capitol and virtue and sobriety decorate the streets (?)—not however, without having numerous compliments paid us by loyal friends (?) who declared there was no one more deserving such a mark of distinction than our humble self. Not wishing to keep the agents of our friend the 'government' in suspense, and having a desire to relieve our escort from the arduous duties of attending to our wants, we proceeded forthwith to the office of the provost marshal to ascertain what we could do for our country and suffering humanity. That protector of the people's liberty not being present, some one that was acting in his stead amiably remarked that we could take a position in a corner and await his coming. We did so, while he proceeded immediately to station our escort between us and the door, in order, as we suppose, to protect us from the fury of any enemy that might have been lurking without. Considerate, wasn't it? We thought so at least. Well, we waited for a considerable length of time for the dispenser of our rights to make his appearance; he didn't appear, however, but quite a number of individuals honored in the same way we were, with an invitation and an escort did, among them an old veteran whom we shall remember as long as memory lasts, in consequence of the smell he brought with him and the degree to which he was overcome by gratitude—or whiskey. After waiting a while longer, we concluded that if the government wanted us to get an insight into its military prisons, Bastiles, &c., for the benefit of the human race, it had better be bringing them along, and was about telling our amiable friend behind the desk that such was our conclusion, when he politely invited us to take a new escort that was in readiness and proceed immediately to the quarters prepared for our reception. We did so, in company with several others and the veteran aforesaid, and in due time reched our destination, into which we were ushered by a file of soldiers, the bayonets of whose guns protected our rear from flank attacks from any quarter. The door was closed behind us, and two rugged looking sons of Mars stationed on either side thereof. There we were; and there, too, were scores of other recipients of the blessings of this great free country—men of all classes, colors and conditions, from the aged father, whose gray hairs plead piteously for him, to the youth scarcely out of his teens, niggers and whites, drunken men and sober men, all tumbled in promiscuously, numbering upwards of an hundred.

After satisfying the curiosity of our new associates as far as possible by answering the many questions put to us we set about making an examination of the habitation of which we had so lately become an inmate. The main room, termed in military parlance, "guard house," is about fifty feet long by twenty broad, built of plank, about twelve feet high. There are three windows, with lattice work of iron across them, which answers as a checkerboard for those who desire to play checkers with their nose, and also for light and ventilation. The floor, which was laid flat on the earth, in order to save the "government" the expense of sleepers or joists is made to answer a triple purpose—floor, seats and beds. (We do not wish it to be understood that persons there are compelled to sleep upon the floor in order to atone for offence given to some of the agents of the "government." Not at all—it is entirely owing to the desire of those in power to be economical—habits that they have contracted since taking possession of the public treasury.) In order that everything may be handy, and that the boarders may not be troubled going out when the weather is damp, or when it is not, to attend to the calls of nature, a trough is fixed up in one end of the apartment, which serves admirably for the purpose, and also as a water and wash stand. The odor that arises from this is accepted as a substitute for the roses and flowers of spring and saves the "government" the expense of furnishing bouquets and vases of flowers to perfume the air. Ingenious, ain't it? Economical, very! This trough, together with a bucket, wash pan and stove, constitute the furniture and utensils of the room.

Hunting "graybacks" which are as plenty as abolitionists will be in the regions of Pluto hereafter, is the principal occupation and amusement of persons in this branch of the Government service, and trying to keep clear of these little "pets" that "stick closer than a brother," furnishes any amount of exercise.

We had about finished making an examination, when the order came to prepare for dinner, and along with the rest, niggers, drunks and all, we marched forth to receive a piece of dry bread, and a tin cup full of something that was called "bean soup"—we couldn't see the beans; but learned afterwards from one that had been in the service several months, that for the purpose of economizing still further, the "government" had ordered them to be cooked in a bag and kept over for the next days rations. Didn't we feel thankful that we were a citizen of the greatest government devised by man?—Didn't we sing "Hail Columbia" and "Long live the King," as we sat on the dirty floor, supping "bean soup!" and eating "dry bread!" Didn't we shout "*Vive la Abraham*," as we watched the regiments of "gray backs" seeking for a friend whom they might "devour" with kindness!—Didn't we turn "loyal" and denounce "copperheads" and democrats, as we secuted the sweet perfume of our residence and chewed at the dry end of a burnt crust? Didn't we swear arbitrary arrests were right? Didn't we conclude that Provost Marshals, spies and detectives were an honor to a Republic? Didn't we consider that Bastiles, guard houses and political prisons were institutions for freemen to boast of? *Perhaps we didn't!*

Let that be as it may, after remaining two days and a half in the guard house, for fear we would become too "loyal," those in charge invited us to other quarters, known as the *Hotel de Bastile*, that stands just opposite. Here, although "gray backs" are not furnished in such profusion, other matters are a little more plentiful. A few rough benches, and bunks, without bedding, decorated the room—There were at the time about fifty occupants, mostly citizens of Clearfield and Cambria counties. Some of whom had been serving their country three months in the various forts, bastiles, &c., in consequence of disagreeing with the "government" on the "African" question. Perhaps the kindness (?) shown them by the "powers that be," will cause them to repent and become "loyal." Perhaps it won't. Of this place and the friends we met there we shall have more to say hereafter.

The "government" after permitting us to subsist on its bounty, for the space of two days and a half more sensibly concluded, that we had seen enough for the present, and without the trouble of *examining into our qualifications to conduct our own matters*, generously dismissed us from the service, for which act several abolition friends (?) were *not* profoundly grateful.

TERRIBLE FIRE AT SEA.—OVER 500 LIVES LOST.—The United States steam transport 'Gen. Sedgwick,' arrived at New York, on Sunday noon last, with twenty-nine persons saved from the wreck of the transport steamer Gen. Lyon. The Gen. Lyon' left Wilmington for Fortress Monroe on Wednesday morning of last week, with from five to six hundred souls on board and when off Cape Hatteras, took fire through the careless handling of a light near a barrel of kerosene, and burned to the water's edge. Twenty-nine persons were picked up by the Gen. Sedgwick—all the others are supposed to have perished. The sea was running so high at the time that only one boat succeeded in reaching the Gen. Sedgwick. The passengers of the ill-fated steamer consisted of paroled and discharged soldiers and refugees, among whom were about thirty women and twenty-five small children.

OUTRAGEOUS DISCRIMINATION.—Nothing can be more unjust and outrageous than that clause in the Income Tax law which exempts from taxation under it those who are in the civil and military service of the United States. In other words the office-holders are created a privileged class. The member of Congress, with his salary of $3,000; the Postmasters, with their salaries of from $2,000 to 4,000 and the Collector of Customs, with his salary of $10,000, and the President of the United States with his salary of $25,000 are to pay no income tax; but every laborer, every mechanic, and every clerk, who has a pittance over $600, is taxed upon it. The latter not only pay their own taxes, but have to bear the burdens of the exempt class. A weight is laid on property for the benefit of the rich and powerful. Is there any one who will dare defend this discrimination?—*Pa. Legal.*

ONE MORE REBEL.—In his speech at Washington on Monday, Benj. Butler said:—"In the future the danger to our liberties can come only from the ambitious of those in the army who may conspire against the liberties of the nation."—Does Ben Butler refer to himself? He is the only officer in our army guilty of insubordination; and had he belonged to any other army, he would have been court-martialed and shot for his seditious harangue at Lowell.—*N. Y. Herald.*

THE NEW U. S. STAMP DUTIES FOR 1865.—Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Bros., 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, have just issued a new card, containing the official list of the "New Stamp Duties" imposed by the act of Congress of March 3, 1865. This card will be found very useful for all business men as it shows at a glance the amount of stamp duty or tax duty to be paid on everything in every day business. Price, 15 cents a copy; three copies for 30 cents, or 25 per dozen.

ELECTION AT TRENTON.—Hon. F. S. Mills, Democrat, was re-elected Mayor of the city of Trenton, N. J., on Tuesday 11th, by an increased majority. The whole Democratic city ticket was re-elected.