# 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. 9. | BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PENN'A., SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1865. | VOLUME 29.



AGRICULTURAL CHEMICAL Co's.
*CHEAP FERTILIZERS.*

The Fertilizers prepared by the Agricultual Chemical Co., (a Company chartered by the legislature of Pennsylvania with a capital of $50,000,) have been proved in practice to be the cheapest, most profitable and best, for the Farmer, Gardener and Fruit-grower, of all concentrated manures now offered in any market. The Company's list embraces the following:

**Pabulette.** This Fertilizer is composed of night soil and the fertilizing elements of urine, combined chemically and mechanically with other valuable fertilizing agents and absorbents.

It is reduced to a pulverulent condition; ready for immediate use, and without loss of its highly nitrogenous fertilizing properties.

Its universal applicability to all crops and soils, and its durability and active qualities are well known to be all that agriculturists can desire.

Price $30 per Ton.

**CHEMICAL COMPOST**

This Fertilizer is largely composed of animal matter, such as meat, bone, fish, leather, hair and wool, together with chemicals and inorganic fertilizers, which decompose the mass, and retain the nitrogenous elements.

It is a very valuable fertilizer for field crops generally, and especially for potatoes, and garden purposes.

Its excellent qualities, strength and cheapness, have made it very popular with all who have used it.

Price $40 per Ton.

**COMPOSITE FERTILIZER;**

This highly phosphatic fertilizer is particularly adapted for the cultivation of trees, fruits, lawns and flowers. It will promote a vigorous and healthy growth of wood and fruit, and largely increase the quantity and perfect the maturity of the fruit. For hot house and household plants and flowers, it will be found an indispensable article to secure their greatest perfection. It will prevent and cure diseased conditions of the peach and grape, and is excellent for grass and lawns.

It is composed of such elements as make it adapted to the growth of all kinds of crops in all kinds of soils.

The formula or method of combining its constituent fertilizing ingredients have received the highest approval of eminent chemists & scientific agriculturists.

Price, $ 0 per Ton.

PHOSPHATE OF LIME,

The Agricultural Chemical Company manufacture a Phosphate of Lime in accordance with a new and valuable formula by which a very superior article is produced, so as to be afforded at a less price than other manufacturers charge. Practical tests have proved that its value, as a fertilizer, is equal to the best Phosphate of Lime in the market.

Price, $60 per ton.

TERMS CASH. All orders of a Ton or more, will be delivered at the Rail road, Stations and the Wharves of Shipment, free of cartage. Cartage will be charged on all orders of 6 barrels or less.

One dollar per Ton allowance for cartage will be made on all sales delivered at the Works of the Company, on Canal Wharf.

AGRICULTURAL CHEMICAL COMPANY'S WORKS
AT CANAL WHARF, ON THE DELAWARE
Office, 413½ Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.
R. B. FITTE, General Agent.

The Company's Pamphlet Circular, embracing full directions for using the above Fertilizers, sent by mail, free, when requested.

March 11, 1865.—3m. (Jay, Coe & Co

UP DE GRAFF'S
EYE AND EAR INFIRMARY,
(On the Square, Three Doors from Steele's Hotel)
WILKESBARRE, PA.

THIS INSTITUTION is now opened and furnished in the most costly style. Reception, Private and Operating Rooms are large, convenient and well adapted. The Surgical Department contains the finest collection of instruments in this country, and thus his faculties will enable him to meet any and all emergencies in practice. He will operate upon all the various forms of BLINDNESS, Cataract, Occlusion of the Pupil, Cross Eyes, Closure of the Tear Ducts, Inversion of the Eyelids, Pterygium, &c., &c. And will treat all forms of Sores, Eye Granulated Lids, Opacities of the Cornea, and Scrofulous diseases of the Eye together with all the diseases to which the Eye is subject.

DEAFNESS.—Will treat all the diseases common to the organ. Discharges from the Ear, Noises in the Ear Catarrh, difficulty of hearing, total Deafness even where the Drum is destroyed. Will insert an artificial one answering nearly all the purposes of the natural.

DISEASES OF THE THROAT.—All diseases common to the Throat and Nose will be treated.

GENERAL SURGERY.—He will operate upon Club feet, Hair Lip, Cleft Palate, Tumors, Cancers, Enlarged Tendils, &c. Plastic operations by healthy new flesh into deformed parts, and General Surgery, of whatever character it may present.

HERNIA (or RUPTURE.) He will perform "Laslett's operation for the radical (complete) cure of Hernia. This is unquestionably a perfect cure and is one we wish little or no pain. Out of many hundred operated upon in Boston there has been no failures it having met the perfect approbation of all who have submitted to it.

ARTIFICAL EYES.—Will insert artificial Eyes giving them the motion and expression of the natural.—They are inserted with the least pain.

HEMORRHOIDS, (Piles).—This troublesome disease is readily cured. Those suffering from it will do well to call.

Dr Up De Graff visits Wilkes-Barre with a view of building up a permanent Institute for the treatment of the Eye, Ear and General Surgery. The experience of more than a quarter of a century in Hospital and general practice, he hopes, will be a sufficient guarantee to those who may be disposed to employ him.

May 14, 1864.—tf.

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 17th, 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, " | 3 45 P. M. |
| LEAVE WESTWARD. | |
| Mail Train, " | 4 34 A. M. |
| Elmira Express Train, " | 5 20 A. M. |
| Lock Haven Accommodation " | 4 34 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. 30th and Market Sts.

And for Freight business of the Company's Agents.

S. S. Kingston, Jr., Cor. 13th and Market Sts., Phil'a
J. W. Reynolds, Erie.
J. M. Drill, Agent N. C. R. R., Baltimore.
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 & ROENHEIM
WHOLESALE DEALER,
No. 431 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, styles, 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 as so much cash, by the Student on entring either of the above Colleges. Young men desiring to obtain a thorough Collegiate Education, will here find a good opportunity by applying at the office of the

May 1 1864 COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT


## Select Poetry.

### FAR AWAY.

BY E. J. S.

The hour of parting came,
And tears filled every eye,—
As one they love must go,
And they must say good-bye.

That hour was sad, indeed,
When was given the last look,
As my mother grasped my hand,
Gave me the sacred book.

Her words I still can hear;
Her loving smile can see;
And while I read I think, mother,
Eve of thee.

And now I'm far away.
Still memory will turn back;
And pain, the worst of pain!
My heart will shrink.

My thoughts are with thee, mother,
Every hour of the day;
And through night's gloomy hours,
And when I kneel and pray.

### A FAIR TRADE.

"Got a new beast there, hain't you, Jake?"

"Yes—the best horse I ever owned."

"She? Don't look very remarkable: 'spose you paid seventy or eighty dollars for him?"

"Humph! No matter what I paid.—But I wouldn't look at less than three hundred and seventy-five for him!"

"Fiddlesticks! Got the spavin in his left hind leg, haint he?"

"Not a spavin!"

"Well his left hip is lower than the other by two inches."

"No, sir. That's all in your eye. He's the best horse I ever owned, and that's saying considerable. Spirited, but gentle, won't bear the whip, though; and perfectly safe for women folks to drive.—My wife went to Concord with him last week."

"Indeed!" with an appearance of interest. "Guess I'll get in and try the reins." Jake Pinkham drew in the reins over the back of the showy looking grey, with a great exhibition of strength, sundry commands to "woa," and "be easy," and Tom Berry got into the buggy.

Both gentlemen were notorious horse jockies, and each was continually trying to overreach the other.

The horse went well—finely, in fact.—Secretly, Berry was better pleased with the animal than anything of the kind he had seen for many a day, and after a great deal of haggling, which would fail to interest the reader, a bargain was struck.

Mr. Berry had a celebrated cow that he was desirous of selling, and Mr. Pinkham happened to want to buy, so a trade was concluded—on these terms. Pinkham was to give Berry one hundred and fifty dollars for the cow, and Berry was to give him three hundred and fifty dollars for the horse. Berry took the beast home with him, and Pinkham's hired man came down and drove up the cow.

Both were highly delighted with their exchange, and each thought himself the gainer. We shall see which was nearest right.

After tea, that evening, Mr. Berry, who was quite a fast young man, and very much of a beau, thought he would try his horse. He would ride down Hawley st., and cross to Jefferson, for just then he was deeply enamored of a fair milliner's girl on the latter street, and most of his peregrinations set that way.

The animal behaved splendidly. Berry began to think himself the most fortunate man in existence. Just opposite the milliner's window he reined up to speak to a friend.

The horse pricked his ears, lifted his fore feet, and commenced backing. Berry exerted all his skill to subdue him, but it was thrown away. The horse was bound to go back. Down through the gutter—up over the pavement—bang, smash and rattle! and the next thing Berry knew, he was flying through the windows of an apothecary shop, scattering the red and blue bottles in every direction! The apothecary flew at him with uplifted pestle, and the assistant pelted the horse with jars and jugs *ad libitum* but the brute kept on with courage undismayed.

A glass screen ran along the back of the stove, dividing it from Mrs. Apothecary's private parlor, where that lady was, at that moment, engaged in the very interesting employment of spanking a tow-headed juvenile.

A crash and the buggy went through, and Mr. Berry was pitched headforemost into the lap of Mrs. Apothecary's sister, who was making her a call.

The elder lady sprang to her feet and seizing a clothes-pole, was about wreaking summary vengeance on the unexpected visitor, but her sister interfered, and Berry bugged her in recompense. Mrs. Apothecary contented herself with throwing a mug of hot water at the horse, which so enraged the animal that he cleared himself from the buggy, and bounded away into the street.

Berry gave a long-legged youngster two dollars to catch him, which was accomplished after a smart run, and having bidden the young lady who had saved him from fate, an affectionate good night, Berry got into his buggy and started for home, promising to call next day to settle damages.

They proceeded in fine style for a couple of miles; and then upon a dreary heath the horse came to a stand still, and refused to budge. Not an inch would he go either backward or forward.

Coaxing and whipping availed nothing. Berry got down and pulled him by the bridle, stuck pins in him, pushed behind at the wagon but without avail. An old woman came along with an umbrella.—Berry got her to flourish that at him, but he was immovable.

"Yer bound to stand till yer take yer seat, haint ye?" said the ancient dame. 'See if this ere don't fetch ye?" and she left him have the whole contents of her snuff-box full in the face.

The effect was astonishing. Berry was laid out on a rock heap—the old woman found herself with a caved bonnet, sitting in the middle of a mud puddle, and the horse was flying home in a cloud of dust.

Berry walked the remainder of the distance, and that night the horse was sent down to him from Pinkham's whither it had flown.

Meanwhile, Pinkham was greatly elated with his cow, which was a very handsome animal, a deep red, with a white strip in her face, and of the Leicester breed.

Mr. Pinkham's wife was a pretended invalid, and Pinkham had a very pretty girl, who acted as a milk maid. Mrs. Pinkham was fearfully jealous of Jenny: and Pinkham stood in mortal horror of his wife's anger, which was more terrible than an army with banners. So he very rarely said anything to Jenny in the house but when she went to the cow-yard to milk, he sometimes stole in, and talked over the "might have beens," provided Mrs. Pinkham never existed.

The first time Jenny went to milk the Berry cow, Mr. Pinkham happened to come along just at the right moment, and as Jenny took a seat on a stool beside the cow, Pinkham took another stool and sat down by her. And Mrs. Pinkham was watching them from behind the stone wall.

"Oh Jenny!" cried Pinkham—"If I was only single, we'd fly——"

Up went the heels of the cow in the air—over went the pail; over went Jenny, and over went Mr. Pinkham, trampled beneath the hoof of the bellowing quadruped, who seemed to consider herself the injured party.

Pinkham was the first to recover, and the instant he did he flew to Jenny.

"Are you hurt? If you are I'll be the death of that cow!"

Mrs. Pinkham bounded over the wall with a stool in her hand, and laid about her with such effect that the cow fled from the yard—Jenny hid in the hay-mow, and Pinkham, on his knees in about two feet of mud, swore never to speak to any other woman as long as he lived.

The cow proved to be a confirmed 'kicker." It was utterly impossible to milk her, and Pinkham's only consolation consisted in the thought, that bad as she was, that horse was fully her equal.

A few days afterward, he was met by Berry, who facetiously inquired how he liked his cow, and was told that she was fattening for beef. And Berry informed Pinkham that he had put the horse away. And both concluded to make the best of it—considering both had been "sold."

A couple of weeks afterwards, a stylish looking stranger, riding a dark chestnut horse, stopped at Pinkham's to inquire the distance to the next village. Pinkham's eye was on the horse at once. A conversation about the beast ensued, and the stranger affirmed him to be the best nag in the State. Pinkham offered to buy him, but the stranger indignantly refused. It was his wife's horse and nothing would tempt him to a sale. This only made Pinkham the more anxious to purchase, and he urged the man to name his price.

"Three hundred dollars! not a cent less!" said the proprietor.

Pinkham considered a moment.

"I'll give it," said he, "on one condition. I see you are an excellent hand to crack up an article and get a good price for it; and I want you to do me a little favor. I must take you into my confidence, and you shall not lose by it. You see I traded with a neighbor of mine the other day, and got took in tremendously. Bought a cow of him for a hundred and fifty dollars, and the beast isn't worth fifteen! I've got her color changed from red to brown, and if you'll sell her to Tom Berry—down here a couple of miles—for a hundred dollars, I'll give you three hundred for your nag, and ten dollars for your trouble."

The stranger's eyes sparkled, and a curious expression shot across his face.—But Pinkham was too eager to outwit Berry to pay much attention to mere looks.

The stranger agreed to perform his part of the business—received the money, took the cow before him, turned the horse into Pinkham's barn-yard, and trudged off. And two hours afterward, Berry was the owner of the cow he had sold Pinkham, and his pocket was the lighter by a hundred dollars.

That afternoon there came up a smart shower. Pinkham went out to put his new horse in the stable, and behold! there stood the identical grey "hacker" he had sold to Tom Berry a fortnight previous; he had been colord, and the rain had washed off the paint!

And about the same time, Berry was looking at his new cow, and had little difficulty in recognizing her as the same quadruped he sold to Pinkham!

And that night each of the gentlemen received a note which let the cat out of the bag. They ran thus:

"I have sold the horse to Pinkham, and the cow to Berry—and I am well paid for doing it. The proceeds are in my pockets. Wouldn't you like to finger them?

JIM BEAN."

The outwitted sharpers pocketed their loss—laughed at Jim's cleverness, and agreed never to trade with each other again.

### Grant and Lee.

[From the Philadelphia Age.]

On the tomb of a gallant soldier of former days, it is recorded in his honor that, when made a prisoner of war he chose to share the fortune of his men, and, remaining with them, paid the forfeit of his life, a victim of disease. Let us in our moment of triumph, remember that this is General Robert E. Leel's distinction, and that by remaining with the gallant men who had fought under him, a voluntary prisoner, he secured at the hands of an enemy as magnanimous as himself, not merely mercy but generously. Not one can read the correspondence published yesterday, between Grant and Lee, without being struck, not merely with the agreeable revelations it makes of the individual characters of the men, but with the truth that, after all, the generous instincts of our nature have more ready development in the hearts of true soldiers than of others who hear and encounter less suffering and danger. There is no word of harshness. There is no tone of assumption, no sign of humiliation. On the sword which is surrendered, there is no stain.—The blade of victory reposes in its scabbard and is not brandished or flourished over a fallen foe. In fact, the foe neither falls nor kneels; he yields with grace and dignity. And what a comment is there in General Grant's direction or exaction of easy terms—his permitting, nay, offering to his captives, rank and file, the privilege of going home and remaining quiet till exchanged. What a comment on the truculent civilian tons of certain newspapers less than a week ago. It will be vain, said the *North American* "to seek to discourage future rebellions if we deal thus leniently with the chiefs of this one. With the leaders who created and wielded the machinery of the rebellion we can make no terms. Especially with such men as Lee, perjured officers of the United States army, who have waged war against the republic they had sworn to serve, can we have nothing to do. Such a crime is unpardonable." 'Away,' shrieked the *Press*, "away, then, with the pretext that this wretched ingrate has any claims to the consideration of the American Government."

How summarily did General Grant brush away such vindictive trash, and how gladly and generously, without a word of insult or reproach, did he meet on terms of perfect equality, his fellow-soldiers, a victory over whom, after many a bloody field and frustrated manœuver, is the highest glory he has won. Mr. Stanton's congratulatory despatch to General Grant proves that the Administration approves all that has been done, and said, and written—and even if it did not, the soldier's word of honor was pledged, and no power on earth could effect its violation. No one better than General Grant knows how precious is a bloodless victory. It was made matter of reproach to him by such a man as Butler that he was regardless of human life, and cared not how many a friend or foe he immolated. The answer to this is in the fiast words he addressed to General Lee, in which he suggested surrender "as a means of saving bloodshed." He had fought too often and too long his brave antagonist to wish, without necessity to fight him again, even in dispair. Such a man as Butler, filled with fierce resentment and a consciousness of ingratitude, would, with the poor remnant of Lee's wasted legions hemmed in by multitudes have rejoiced in a bloody sacrifice, and the more rejoiced in it because it involved no personal peral to himself. Not so, we are happy to say, the successful soldier who now leads the great armies of the North. Of General Lee, the victorious North, still his countrymen, can afford, in his moment of disaster, to speak gently and generously, and to do him at least the poor justice to concede that he shared the dark fortunes of his soldiers with the same chivalry with which he had so often led them to victory.

### What's to Come.

Whatever may be the result of the military operations now in progress, the re-establishment of the Government upon a permanent basis, involves a choice between the principles of a National and that of a Federative system. A government organized and administered under the former, consolidates the whole American people into a single body, governed by the will of a majority of representatives. It centralizes political power, and affords every oppoptunity to organize capital for future aggrandizements at the expense of the labor of the people. If organized under the latter, it will permit local communities to control their own destinies and to promote their own local development and interest, in accordance with their natural capabilities and their advantages of soil, climate and productions.

It was in accordance with this latter idea that our present admirable Federal system was established. It was only by reason of a departure from it, that it has been disturbed, if not altogether destroyed.

The will of the numerical majority, under our present Federal Constitution, has never been the governing power in this country. Mr Lincoln, himself, owed his first election to the votes of more than a million less than a majority of the aggregate number of voters of the United States. Neither branch of the legislative department of the government is organized in accordance with the principle that the aggregate numerical majority shall rule. On the contrary, in every department, the confederate principle is distinctly recognized.

If the people of the States, that is a majority of the people of each State, acting concurrently, desire to supercede their present system by one in which an aggregate majority shall rule, it is their right to make the alteration; but there is no other power on earth that can lawfully make such a change.

Every people not only have the right, but will ultimately exert the power, to control their own destinies—if this is denied to the people of these States, instead of being near the end, we are scarcely at the beginning of the prest revolution.

*Dayton Empire.*

### A Wife in Trouble.

'Prey tell me, my dear, what is the cause of those tears?'

'Oh, such a disgrace!'

'What is it, my dear? don't keep me in suspense!'

'Oh, I have opened one of your letters, supposing it to be addressed to myself.—Certainly it looked more like Mrs. than Mr.'

'Is that all? What harm can there be in a wife's opening her husband's letters?'

'No harm in the thing itself, but the contents. Such a disgrace!'

'Who has dared to write me a letter unfit to be read by my wife?'

'Oh no, it is couched in the most chaste and beautiful language. But the contents! the contents!'

Here the wife buried her face in her face in her hankerchief and commenced sobbing aloud, while her husband eagerly caught up the letter and commenced reading the epistle that had nearly broken his wife's heart. It was a bill from the printer for three years' subscription for the newspaper!

### MILITARY PERSECUTION.

#### A Record of Monstrous Outrage and Injustice—The Case of Thomas E. Courtney.

[From the Chicago Times, April 6.]

Mr. Thomas E. Courtney, whose rearrest by the military authorities, on Saturday last, was mentioned in the *Times* of the following day has been again released and is now at liberty. The eventful experience of this individual, during the last six weeks, furnishes a record of persecution and tyranny which almost equals the doings of the infamous Jeffreys, whose judicial crimes blackened the history of England. Called to Cincinnati as a witness in the case of the accused Chicago conspirators, Courtney had hardly closed his testimony when, in obedience to the imperious caprice of a petty judge advocate, he was seized by soldiery and consigned to the company of a miserable crowd of rebels, spies and villainous bounty jumpers confined in loathsome barracks. No one had preferred charges against the unfortunate man; not even the judge advocate, who had ordered his arrest, could recite an explicit accussation against the prisoner, but in a strange and arbitrary and unlawful manner, was Courtney kept in arrest day after day, till, the days having lengthened into weeks, he was finally sent under guard back to Chicago.

Here for the first time Courtney was assured that he was not accused of having committed any offence against military law; but learned to his surprise that the Cincinnati judge advocate had reason to believe that he had committed last fall the crime of importing voters. The military authorities offered that single excuse for his arrest in the witness stand in Cincinnati and his subsequent incarceration in McLean barracks. They, therefore, committed him to the charge of the civil authorities in this city, by whom he was straightway released. At liberty again, but without reparation for the indignity he had suffered, or the anxiety which had overwhelmed his family with alarm!

On Saturday last Courtney became the victim of another arrest. Visited by Jno. Nelson, captain of police, he was ordered into the custody of a squad of soldiers from Camp Douglas, and, taken thither, was again consigned to the company of as villainous a crowd of fellons as ever disgraced prison walls. Nelson had no warrant only the request of Colonel Sweet that he should arrest Courtney, and, in violation of that sacred principle of law which secures every man against arrest without a warrant, performed the task with ready and characteristic subservience to the merciless dictates of military authority.

The victim of all this persecution was kept in custody at the camp until Sunday evening, when he was ordered to prepare for a journey, to St. Lewis. To prepare, meant only to bare his wrists for a pair of handcuffs. As though he would not be secure, surrounded by an armed guard and hemmed in by bayonets.

Arrived in St. Lewis, Courtney was escorted to the office of Provost Marshal Baker, and there for the first time was informed of the cause of his arrest. It then transpired that the provost marshal in that department had mistaken his man. In short, he was not the man Courtney whom they wanted. It was another Courtney, a former citizen and ex-sheriff of St. Louis, who had been a Confederate officer and was suspected of having, after his return from the Confedracy, been concerned in a plot to burn government steamers. Accordingly the prisoner was again released, and, being again at liberty, has returned to Chicago.

The readers of this recital are left to form their own conclusions concerning the atrocity which has pursued Mr. Courtney and made him the helpless victim of arbitrary power. But concerning the crime of the man Nelson in yielding himself to be the willing agent of such monstrous iniquity, there out to be neither silence nor palliation. Not only has he perpetrated a great wrong against a private citizen, for the preservation of whose security and the protection of those rights he is hired, but has also committed flagrant violation of law.

HOW TO MAKE A PARADISE.—Buy one acre of ground. Fence it. Build a neat cottage on it. Marry an angel in hoops, and take her home to the cottage. Go home to the cottage yourself. Abstain from all spiritual drinks. Join the church and become a good christian, live uprightly before God and man, and you have gained all the original happiness that has survived the fall.

### An Elephant in Love.

A number of years ago two menageries were laid up for the winter in a storehouse on the bank of a canal at Pittsburg. Here Hannibal was for the first time thrown into the society of Queen Anne. They were fastened side by side, and an immediate love sprung up between them. It was a case of love at first sight, for the moment Queen Anne was brought into Hannibal's presence she ran her trunk into his mouth, the elephant style of kissing. All winter they were continually caressing each other, and their demonstrations of mutual affection were really extraordinary. In the spring Queen Anne was taken away to start on her annual tour. The rage of Hannibal at his separation was terrific; for eleven days he refused to touch a morsel of food, the only nourishment that he received during that time being whisky and water.

By dint of continuous swaying or surging against his fastenings he succeeded in breaking loose on the twelfth day, when he took entire possession of the establishment. The animals in the cages were terribly frightened, dashing against their bars and filling the air with their howls and shrieks. Hannibal ranged around the building, reared on his hind feet and endeavored to tear down the rafters in the roof with his trunk, but molested none of the animals. In the meantime a large force of men were gathered—steel hooks attached to long poles were inserted in his ears and shoulders, and after great difficulty he was "hobbled" and cast, when the customary discipline was applied with usual satisfactory results. Queen Anne, who was of a more gentle disposition, bore the seperation with exemplary resignation.

HOW THE NEWS OF PEACE WAS RECEIVED IN 1815.—Years ago the office of the old *Gazette* was in Hanover Square, near the corner of Pearl street. It was the place of resort for news and conversation, especially in the evening. The evening of February 15, 1815, was cold, and at a late hour only Alderman Sebra and another gentleman was left with Father Lang, the genius of the place. The office was about being closed, when a pilot rushed in, and stood for a moment so entirely exhausted as to be unable to speak.

"He has great news!" exclaimed Mr. Lang.

Presently the pilot, grasping for breath whispered intelligently, 'PEACE! PEACE!

The gentlemen lost their breath as fast as the pilot gained his. Directly the pilot was able to say—

"An English sloop is below, with news of a treaty of peace!"

They say that Mr. Lang exclaimed, in greater words than he ever used before, and all hands rushed into Hanover Square, exclaiming, "PEACE! PEACE!"

The windows flew up—for families lived there then. No sooner were the inmates sure of the sweet sound of peace, than the windows began to glow with brilliant illuminations. The cry of 'Peace! Peace!' spread through the city at the top of all voices. No one stopped to inquire about "free trade and sailors' rights." No one inquired whether even the national honor had been preserved. The matters by which the politicians had irritated the nation into war had lost all their importance. It was enough that the ruinous war was over.

An old man on Broadway, attracted by the noise to his door, was seen to pull down a placard "To Let," which had been long posted up. Never was there such joy in the city. A few evenings after there was a general illumination, and although the snow was a foot deep, and soaked with rain, yet the streets were crowded with men and women, eager to see and partake of everything which had in it the light or taste of peace.

*Boston Gazette.*

☞ A paragraph is going the rounds to the effect that "since the first of February, all receipts of whatever amount must have on a two cent stamp," &c.—This is incorrect. No change has been made in the law, and only receipts for $20 or over, need the stamp.

☞ The workmen of Paris are busy making locomotives for Egypt, Greece, Turkey, Spain, Denmark and Russia.

☞ Why are young ladies like arrows? Because they are all in a quiver when the beau comes.

☞ Why is the concluding line of a story like a quarrelsome woman? Because it is always 'bound to have the last word.'

☞ Why is the skating party like Niagra? Because it is a good place to see the falls.