BLOOMSBURG DEMOCRAT.

VOL. XXXI. BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA CO., PA., WEDNESDAY, FEB. 27, 1867. NO. 1.

OFFICERS OF COLUMBIA CO.

President Judge—Hon. William Elwell.
Associate Judges—Irin Derr, Peter K. Herbein.
Proth'y and Cl'k of Courts—Jesse Coleman.
Register and Recorder—John G. Freese.
Commissioners—Allen Mann, John F. Fowler, Montgomery Cole.
Sheriff—Samuel Snyder.
Treasurer—John J. Stiles.
Auditors—Daniel Snyder, L. B Rupert, John P. Hannon.
Commissioner's Clerk—Wm. Krickbaum.
Commissioner's Attorney—E. H. Little.
Mercantile Appraiser—Capt. Geo. W. Utt.
County Surveyor—Isaac A. Dewitt.
District Attorney—Milton M. Traugh.
Coroner—William J. Ikeler.
County Superintendent—Chas. G. Barkley,
Assessor Internal Revenue—R. F. Clark.
Assistant Assessor—John Thomas, S. B. Diemer, J. H. Ikeler, J. S. Woods.
Collector—Benjamin F. Hartman.

NEW STOVE AND TIN SHOP.

ON MAIN STREET, (NEARLY OPPOSITE MILLER'S STORE,) BLOOMSBURG, PA.

THE undersigned has just fitted up, and opened, his new

STOVE AND TIN SHOP,

in this place, where he is prepared to make up new TIN WARE of all kinds in his line, and do repairing with neatness and dispatch, upon the most reasonable terms. He also keeps on hand STOVES of various patterns and styles, which he will sell upon terms to suit purchasers.

Give him a call. He is a good mechanic, and deserving of the public patronage.

JACOB METZ.

Bloomsburg, Sept. 9, 1866.—1y.

NEW HAIR DRESSING SALOON.

A New Hair Cutting, Shaving, and Dying Saloon, has been opened in the rear of Hunsberger's Tobacco Store, Bloomsburg, where all kinds of work in the barbering line will be neatly and promptly attended to. Being on the same side of the street with all the Hotels, there is no need of crossing the street, through the mud, to get to the shop.

Hair work manufactured to order. Ladies wishing their hair dressed in Water fall, or otherwise, with or without crimp, will be attended to by a lady, in separate apartments.

☞ Remember the place, Main Street, rear of Hunsberger's Tobacco Store

Nov. 25, 1866.

ESPY HOTEL,
Espy, Columbia Co. Pa.

The undersigned having become sole proprietor of this well known and conveniently located stand, respectfully informs his friends, and the public in general, that he has put his house in complete order for the accommodation of boarders, and for the reception and entertainment of travellers who may feel disposed to favor it with their custom. No expense has been spared in preparing this Hotel for the entertainment of guests, and nothing shall be wanting, on his part, to minister to their personal comfort. The location, as well as the building, is a good one, and all together is amply arranged to please the public.

ISRAEL MUMEY.

Espy, April 11, 1866.—tf.

PLASTER FOR SALE.

The undersigned is about fitting up a

PLASTER MILL

at the PENN FURNACE MILLS, and will offer to the public ONE HUNDRED TONS BEST

Novia Scotia White Plaster,

prepared ready for use in quantities to suit purchasers, at any time from the first of March next

J. S. McKINCH.

Catawissa, Jan. 23, 1867.

BOOT AND SHOE SHOP.

OSCAR P. GIRTON,

Respectfully informs the public that he is now prepared to manufacture all kinds of

BOOTS AND SHOES,

at the LOWEST Possible Prices;

at short notice and in the very best and latest style. Mr. Girton, (as is well-known in Bloomsburg,) has had many years of successful experience with a reputation for good work, integrity and honorable dealing unsurpassed.

☞ Place of business on South East Corner of Main and Iron Streets, over J. K. Girton's Store.

Bloomsburg, Oct. 10, 1866.—2m

FORKS HOTEL,

GEO. W. MAUGER, Proprietor.

The above well-known hotel has recently undergone radical changes in its internal arrangements, and its proprietor announces to his former custom and the travelling public that his accommodations for the comfort of his guests are second to none in the country. His table will always be found supplied, not only with substantial food, but with all the delicacies of the season. His wine and liquors (except that popular beverage known as 'McHenry,') purchased direct from the importing houses, are entirely pure, and free from all poisonous drugs. He is thankful for a liberal patronage in the past, and will continue to deserve it in the future.

GEORGE W. MAUGER.

June 13, 1866.—tf.

MACHINE AND REPAIR SHOP.

THE undersigned would most respectfully announce to the public generally, that he is prepared to execute all kinds of MACHINERY, at JOSEPH SHARPLESS' FOUNDRY, in Bloomsburg, where he can always be found ready to do all kinds of repairing, including Threshing Machines, and in short, all kinds of Farming Utensils. ALSO, TURNING AND FITTING UP OF CASTING AND MACHINERY, done on short notice, in a good workmanlike manner, upon the most reasonable terms.

His long experience in the business, as foreman in the shop of Lewis H. Maus of this place, for over nine years, warrants him in saying that he can give entire satisfaction to all who may favor him with their work.

GEORGE HASSERT.

Bloomsburg, Nov. 21, 1866.

INVENTORS' OFFICES.

D'EPINEUIL & EVANS,

Civil Engineers and Patent Solicitors,
No. 435 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

PATENTS solicited—Consultations on Engineering Draughting and Sketches, Models and Machinery of all kinds made and skilfully attended to. Special attention given to REJECTED CASES and INTERFERENCES. Authentic Copies of all Documents from Patent Office procured.

N. B.—Save yourselves useless trouble and traveling expenses, as there is no actual need for personal interview with us. All business with these Offices can be transacted in writing. For further information direct as above, with stamp enclosed for Circular with references.

April 18, 1866.—1y.—J W.

FALLON HOUSE.

THE subscriber having purchased the "Fallon House," in

LOCK HAVEN, Pa,

formerly the property of E. W. Bigony, Esq., would say to the friends of the House, his acquaintances, and the public generally, that he intends to "keep a HOTEL," with the accommodations and comforts of a House, and humbly solicits their patronage.

J. OTT ENKIRK.

Late of the Madison House, Philadelphia.

Lock Haven, Dec. 26, 1866.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Leah Pohe, late of Centre Township, deceased.

Letters of administration on the estate of Leah Pohe, late of Centre Township, Columbia County, deceased, have been granted by the Register of said County to Joseph Pohe, residing in the township aforesaid. All persons having claims on the estate are requested to present themselves for payment, and those indebted to the estate will make payment forthwith to the administrator.

JOSEPH POHE,
Adm'r.

Feb. 6—6w.

THE

Bloomsburg Democrat.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY IN BLOOMSBURG, PA., BY

WILLIAMSON H. JACOBY.

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☞ No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid except at the option of the editor.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

TEN LINES CONSTITUTE A SQUARE.

One square one or three insertions.....$1 50
Every subsequent insertion less than 13.....50

SPACE.	1w.	2w.	3w.	6m.	1y.
One square,	2.00	3.00	4.00	6.00	10.00
Two squares,	3.00	5.00	6.00	9.00	14.00
Three "	5.00	7.00	8.50	12.00	18.00
Four squares,	6.00	8.00	10.00	14.00	20.00
Half column,	10.00	12.00	14.00	18.00	30.00
One column,	15.00	18.00	20.00	30.00	50.00

Executor's and Administrator's Notice.....3.00
Auditor's Notice.....2.50

Other advertisements inserted according to special contract.

Business notices, without advertisement, twenty cents per line.

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

☞ OFFICE In Shive's Block, Cor. of Main and Iron Streets.

Address, W. H. JACOBY,
Bloomsburg, Columbia County, Pa

THE SLEIGHRIDE.

Mirth, awake! The day is dying,
Hail with joy the starry hours,
While the frolic colors flying,
Dash the snow in pearly showers.

Light the laugh, the pleasure nameless—
Wrapt in robes from distant plains,
Where the bison, huge and tameless,
Roves the lord of vast domains.

High above us swims the crescent,
Sharp the air and clear the skies,
Circling vapors, iridescent,
From the glens and brooks arise.

On the foaming leader dashes,
Swift the sleighers seem to fly,
While the Aurora flames and flashes,
Firing all the Northern sky.

Through the snow crests in the billows,
Over the bare and breezy swells,
Fleet is every steed that follows,
Jingle jangling all the bells.

Over ice rifts sharply twangling,
Past the frowning, fissured height,
Where the pointed pedants hanging,
Silver shimmer in the light.

Underneath the forest arches,
Hoary with the touch of time.
Where the oaks and bending larches,
Jeweled blaze with moonlit rime.

In the dim and far recesses,
Echo dwells, the banished maid,
Mocking still, she still trangresses,
Flitting through the winding glade.

From beneath the cracking bridges,
See the struggling waters flow;
Sparkling round the frosted ridges,
Ribbon streaming through the snow.

See! the wood fire, redly gleaming,
On the cheerful window plays,
Lighting roomy halls and beaming,
From the inn of other days.

Here, with song, and dance, and chorus,
Swiftly by the moments run;
'Till the morning ruddies o'er us,
Tinted by the rising sun.

Pleasures past. Alas, how fleeting,
All our joys and comforts are;
Time is like a wave retreating,
Bearing all things bright and fair.

Scarce we raise the brimming measure,
Scarce the sparkling nectar sip,
Ere the counter wave of pleasure,
Bears it rudely from the lip.

EDITORIAL LIFE.—But few readers ever think of the labors and care devolving upon an editor. Captain Marryatt most truly says: I know how a periodical will wear down one's existance. In itself it appears nothing; the labor is not manifest; nor is it in labor, it is the continual attention it requires. Your life becomes, as it were, the publication. One day's paper is no sooner corrected and printed than on comes another. It is the stone Sisyphus, and endless repetition of toil and constant weight upon the intellect and spirits, and demanding all the exertions of your faculties, at the same time you are compelled to the severest drudgery. To write for a paper is very well, but to edit one is to condemn yourself to slavery.

☞ The latest fashion of bonnets is said to be a tow string with a glass bead upon the top of the head. In extremely cold weather it is allowable to attach two postage stamps to protect the ears. Our devil suggests that a small buckwheat cake would be better than a glass bead, as the fashions change so often that it would still be warm enough to eat when the next style comes out.

WHAT A WOMAN CAN DO.—It is stated that at the sinking of the steamer Platte Valley, on the Mississippi, near Vicksburg, the night of January 17th, a woman, by her own unaided exertions, saved the lives of her five children and drunken husband.—She waded through the water on the hurricane deck after the steamer careened over, and carried them, one after another, to the wheel-house, where she placed them in a position of safety.

☞ A black girl at Shelbyville, Indiana, has commenced a suit against a white man for breach of promise of marriage.—*Ex.*

Force him. That's right! He doubtless votes for the nigger and he ought, in rowdy parlance, to "go the whole hog!"

☞ A moral debating society "out West" is engaged in a discussion on the following question: "If a husband deserts his wife, which is the most abandoned, the man or the woman?"

☞ What is the difference between a battered dime and a new penny. Nine cents.

THE RESCUE.

BY MRS. E. S. SMITH.

The incident about to be related is one of many similar ones which occurred during the early settlement of America. Those who sought a home in the savage wilds, which then covered the land, wedded themselves to a life of peril and hardship. The dangers which continually threatened them called forth all the heroic qualities of their nature, and their lives were marked by many a lofty deed of daring and devotion. Such deeds should not sink into oblivion, for they belong to the history of our country, and as such, should be recorded and remembered.

We would present a picture to the imagination of the reader. There is a broad and beautiful stream, with its deep, still waters, flowing on between banks covered by luxuriant foliage; and its bright surface dotted here and there with fairy little isles, where graceful shrubs and fragrant flowers bud and blossom undisturbed in wild and lonely loveliness. Bright-plumed birds, of many varities, are winging their way over the quiet water, and the surrounding scene echoes with their tuneful minstrelsy. On the borders of the river, at the edge of a forest that stretches far away over hill and dale, stands the rude but picturesque dwelling of a backwoodsman; with the blue smoke curling up from its lowly roof, and its humble walls glancing out from the green foliage that surrounds them. There are some indications of taste and refinement near the woodman's home, which gave a cheerful appearance to that otherwise wild and lovely scene. A graceful vine curtains the lowly window, and many bright flowers, natives of a distant soil, shed their grateful perfume around. Near the door hangs a cage, containing a rare and beautiful bird, whose song of gladness breaks sweetly upon the stillness of that solitary place.

On a low seat at the entrance of the dwelling, is seen a young woman, caressing an infant. She has lost the blooming loveliness of early youth—her cheek is pale, and her brow wears that thoughtful expression which is imprinted by the touch of care; yet she is still beautiful in form and feature, and none may look upon her without admiration. As she bends over the child in her arms, her eye fills with that unutterable tenderness and love which are only seen in the eye of a mother and which make the face of a beautiful woman almost angelic. Now and then she turns from the child, to send an anxious glance towards the forest, as if she watched for the approach of some one from that direction.—She is momentarily expecting her husband. He left his home at morn; the hour appointed for his return had passed away; the shadows of the trees are lengthening in the rays of the setting sun, and yet he comes not. The fond wife begins to tremble for his safety—a fearful foreboding of evil steals over her mind, and the dark dread of some approaching calamity haunts her imagination.

She has reason to fear; for that portion of country was, at this time, the theatre of many a tragic scene. Some times the woodman, in penetrating too far into the pathless recesses of the forest, lost his way, and wandering for days in the dreary wilderness, suffering many miseries, and perishing at last by the pangs of hunger. Sometimes the wily red man, who yet lirked about those lonely wilds, entrapped the white hunter, and, from a spirit of revenge, or the thirst for blood, sacrificed his victim with the most wanton and barbarous cruelty.

As the anxious wife thought of these things, her fears and forebodings became almost insupportable. Hushing the infant to sleep, she carried it into the dwelling, and deposited it in his cradle-bed. She then hastened forth again, and wandered along the path that led to the forest, anxiously looking forward the while for her husband. She walked onward for some time, fondly hoping to see the object of her search, but her hopes were vain, and sending one more searching glance around, and seeing nothing but the gloomy shadows of the trees, she turned with a heavy heart to retrace her steps. As she was proceeding homeward, a sudden fear for her child, whom she had left alone, crossed her mind, and caused her to hasten forward. Drawing nearer to the dwelling, this fear became so intense, that it amounted almost to a conviction of some terrible calamity. Flying, rather than walking, she searched the house, and sprang to the cradle—it was empty, and the child nowhere to be seen!—With frantic eagerness she rushed to the back door of the dwelling, which she had left closed, and which she now found was open. She was just in time to see a party of Indians making rapidly to the woods.—Her heart whispered the fearful assurance that they bore away her treasure. Here was a trying situation for a timid and helpless woman—her husband afar off—perhaps in peril—her child—her first born, and only one, torn away by the rude hand of a savage—dread night approaching, and no earthly arm to aid!

Without pausing for reflection, the mother flew along the path which the Indians had taken. Now and then she caught a glimpse of their forms as they moved rapidly through the trees, but as the twilight deepened and surrounding objects became more indistinct, even that slight comfort was denied her, and she traced her gloomy pathway without knowing whether or not it would bring her nearer the object of her pursuit. Yet she paused not a moment in indecision, but hastened onward through the increasing darkness, unconscious of the uncertainty of her search, and the wildness of her expedition. She had but one thought—one hope; and that was to be near her child—to save it, if it could be saved, or perish with it, if perish it must. Strong in this determination, she pushed forward, thoughtless of fatigue, and fearless of peril. As the night advanced, the wind rose and sighed among the trees with a mournful and heart-chilling sound. The stars, that had hitherto shed a faint light through the branches, were now veiled in black clouds, that seemed to presage a storm; and ever and anon the shrill croaking of a night-bird, or the prolonged howl of some beast of prey, was borne to the ear of the unhappy wanderer, waking fearful thoughts, and warning her of her dangers by which she was surrounded.

Those who have never roamed in a forest at midnight, can scarcely realize how much that is terrifying is connected with such a journey. At one time, the howl of the hungry wolf will burst so suddenly and clearly on the ear that we can scarcely persuade ourselves the monster is not close at our side—at another, the falling of a decayed branch will produce such a loud and fearful sound, that we deem it the fatal plunge which must doom us to destruction. Now the wind will come with a fitful and moaning cadence, so like the human voice, that we for an instant, believe it the wail of an agonized being—and again it will sweep by with a rushing sound like a troop of enraged monsters bent on a mission of death. Sometime an unseen, low-drooping branch will softly touch the shoulder, congealing the warm current of life with the idea that a spectral hand has suddenly arrested our progress; and again a black and blasted tree, with one or two sere branches protuding from its side, will, for an instant still the pulsation of the heart, as we behold in it a frightful phantom, stretching forth its arms to grasp our shrinking forms.

All this, and more, must one feel and fear in a lonely midnight pilgrimage through the forest. and all this the mother endured as she pursued her almost hopeless enterprize. She had traveled far, very far, for the darkness of night, and the intricacies of the wood, had scarcely lessened the speed with which she commenced her walk, and she had been many hours on the way.—Weariness was beginning to overcome her—hope was departing from her heart, and despair chilling all her energies, when she discovered afar off through the trees, a light. It was but a feeble glimmer, yet oh! how it irradiated the path of the wanderer. The instant she beheld it, hope sprang back to her heart, and strength invigorated her frame. That faint and far off ray seemed the light of returning happiness, and she watched it as eagerly as the mariner watches the star which guides him over ocean's stormy waves. She now hastened onward with redoubled energy, and though her steps sometimes faltered, and her heart sunk within her, as the light disappeared behind some intervening object, she still kept her eye steadily in the direction of the beacon, and soon gained a position where it shone brightly before her, and she could approach without loosing sight of it again. As she drew near, she gazed upon the scene which that light revealed, with mingled feelings of astonishment, hope and fear.

There was a large fire built of the dried branches of trees, and around it lay the dusky forms of five or six Indians, reposing upon the ground. Their appearance was savage in the extreme; each with his painted feathers lighted by the fitful glare of the fire, and his tomahawk and scalping knife gleaming at his side. Near them were implements of hunting, and around the fire lay scattered bones and fragments of a recent rude repast. The whole scene was calculated to strike terror into the heart of the delicate being who gazed upon it.

But she scarcely saw the rude savages or their implements of death, for her whole soul was absorbed in contemplating a portion of the scene which we have not yet described, and which riveted her attention with a thrilling and magic power. Bound to a tree, was the form of her husband; and at his feet on the cold ground, lay her child. The father's face was pale, and stained with blood; the infant's face was covered by its dress, and its form was motionless as if chilled by the cold hand of death. How felt the fond wife and mother when that sight of horror met her eyes? Repressing by a mighty effort the shriek of agony that rose to her lips and conquering, by the strength of a heroic soul, the almost irresistible desire she felt to rush forward, and clasp those dear ones to her aching heart, she stood gazing upon the scene with feelings which cannot be described. She saw with a throb of sudden joy, that her husband lived, but her heart grew cold again as she watched the motionless form of her child. She longed to fly to its side, and ascertain the truth, for the suspense that preyed upon her spirits were terrible, but again her resolute mind restrained her, and she began to deliberate upon the situation of her husband, and devise means for releasing him.

The vivid light cast by the fire on all things near it, enabled the wife to note the scene distinctly. She saw, with a thankful heart, that the savages all slept, and that she could reach the side of her husband without passing near enough to awake them; but she saw that he was bound by strong cords, which she could not hope, in her wearied state to unfasten, and she looked about for something to sever them.—There was nothing, save the knives which the Indians wore at their sides. Looking more intently, she saw that one of these had slipped from its place, and lay on the ground by its owner, so near, that his hand almost touched the hilt. A pang of intense fear shot through her frame, when she thought of approaching so close to the terrific form of the savage, but another look upon the pale face of the prisoner, reassured her, and she determined to rescue him, or perish in the attempt. She could not approach the Indians without revealing herself to the eyes of her husband, and she feared, in that case, an exclamation of surprise would follow her appearance, and rouse the foe from their slumber. After pondering a moment upon the best mode of proceeding, she determined to steal softly to the back of the tree, place her hand upon the lip of the captive, whisper a few words of explanation, and implore him, not by the slightest murmur, to frustrate her plans. With a throbbing heart, she commenced her perilous undertaking. Noiselessly she made her way to the tree, and accomplished her purpose. There was no time to delay, yet one instant the mother turned to look upon her child, yearning to clasp it to her bosom, but not daring to lift the cloth which concealed its features, and assure herself whether or not it lived. A little while before, she would have given worlds to be able to do this, but now she felt that to behold it wrapped in the slumber of death would unnerve her arm, and render her unfit for the further prosecution of her trying task. With a firmness that would have done honor to a stoic, she conquered the promptings of natural love, and hastened away. With a step as noiseless as the falling dew, she glided towards the slumbering savages; as she drew near, her frame trembled so violently, she could scarcely support herself; and when she put forth her hand to take the knife, the beating of heart was so audible, she feared it would awake the sleepers, and she pressed her hand convulsively upon it to still its tumultuous throbbings. One terrible, instant she thought the eyes of the Indian opened, glared upon her with a fierce and malignant expression; but this was mere fancy for he still slept, and the next moment she was gliding away with the knife firmly grasped in her hand. With a few rapid strokes she liberated her husband, and then bent down and uncovered the child.

To her unspeakable joy, she found it in a slumber as sweet and peaceful as though it had been hushed to rest upon its mother's bosom. With a prayer of gratitude upon her lips, she lifted it from its resting-place, turned to her companion, and motioned the way to their home. With rapid and noiseless steps they hurried away, speeding onward with the tremulous yet hopeful hearts. Not a moment did the fond mother spare to caress her infant—not a word did she utter to greet her husband. The spell of a new found uncertain happiness had settled upon her spirit, and she feared to break its thrilling charm. For a time they traveled thus in silence and darkness; moving as near as they could judge, in the direction of their home, and anxious to be farther, still farther away from their enemies. At length weariness compelled them to rest awhile, and, as the dawning day began to shed a trembling light abroad, they crept into a thicket and sought repose.

The beams of the rising sun lighted the wanderers on their homeward pathway; and when that sun was sinking to repose, its parting rays fell calmly over the woodman's humble home, revealing a scene of bliss such as seldom visit the abode of man. How radiant with greatful joy was the face of the fond mother, as she clasped her recovered treasure closer to her bosom; how full of admiring love was the eye of the rescued husband, as it rested upon its fair preserver; and oh! how warm and fervent was the prayer, breathed in that hour of safety bearing up to Heaven the deep devotion of thankful and happy hearts.

A Yankee in Italy.

The Rome correspondent of the Boston *Post* is responsible for the following:

On my way to Rome I stopped at Terni for a couple of days. This town is quaint, old, and dirty. The houses are black and the people squalid. The streets are as black as mud can make them, and not much wider than the passages through a good-sized brick-kiln. Altogether, the place gives one the impression of a large number of houses that have drifted into the same locality, perhaps as the result of a flood, and have stuck there hard and fast. There is a hotel with a stupendous and over-powering name on the outside, and general misery and annoyance inside.

No one should ever stay in Terni any longer than is necessary to see its famous waterfall. This is about four miles from its center and well repays a visit. Byron (who by the way, in his progress towards Rome did up in a poetical way every prominent and attractive object on the road, just as he accused Scott of starting from Edinburgh to London with the idea of "doing" in verse all the gentlemen's country seats he met with,) Byron speaks of Terni with great admiration, and in fact rather overdoes that cataract. But still it is worth a day's detention, even when one is at the gates of Rome and is certainly very beautiful.

On my arrival I found one solitary stranger at the inn, and he was a Yankee. He was traveling with a small carpet bag and a copy of Harper's guide book, which latter, by the way, is about as profitable for a European tourist as the Constitution of the United States, or the Westminster Assembly's shorter catechism would be. He spoke not a word of any language but his own, and could not even order bread and butter, except by signs. He had a happy faculty for murdering the simplest expressions, and could not call for a beefsteak, though this is the same in every tongue in the world. His first salutation to me was peculiar, and might be called unique, "Much acquainted here in the city, stranger?"

In spite of their oddity these words bore a certain appearance of familiarty that reminded me of home. I informed him that my acquaintance in that elegant and refined metropolis was quite limited, and in fact, I should not have stopped there at all except to see the waterfall. "Wal, I did see something in the guide-book about a fall," was the reply, "but I thought I wouldn't foot it out there." I asked him why he had remained so long then in such an uncomfortable and disagreeable place. "Wal, I saw a large dot against it on the map, and thought there might be suthin' worth lookin, at."

It appeared that this unsophisticated countryman of mine, "this model of a man quite fresh from nature's world, this true born child of a free hemisphere, verdant as the mountains of our country," (to use the language of Mr. Pogram,) had started from Florence to Rome with the deliberate design of stopping at every town that had a larger circle than the rest against its name on the map, and thus far had done so, and for no other reason than that. He had spent some time at Arezzo and other good-sized towns, where there was nothing but a big dot to see and had seen it. It was quite entertaining to watch his management with the waiter at the inn.

Knowing perfectly well that the latter did not understand a word he was saying, he would nevertheless go to the head of the stairs and call very loudly, "Waiter! I want you to clean them boots of mine just as quick as you can and bring them up to my room, for I want to put them on right away." The waiter would look up in a helpless sort of way, and Uncle Sam's representative finally comprehended the real state of the case, would thrust out one of his feet and tap it three or four times with his hand, each time exclaiming, "Boots, boots, boots! do you understand? I want them boots."—And so it went on to the intense aggravation of all parties except myself, whom it greatly amused.

[*Communicated.*]

Young Sam on Gossipin'.

I'ze a sun uv old Sam and old Mrs. Sam my muther.

Guess I wus a partnership consarn, cause I had to call old Sam daddy, and old Mrs. Sam mammy, and cause they both claimed their darlin little Sammy, as they used to call me, but I never liked that name mutch, so I called meself young Sam.

Daddy and mammy kept up sayen I wus bound to be a shinen, a brilliant, and a dazzlen lite, to this dark and benited wurld uv ourn, so I thout may be I wus. Altho daddy never keerd how much I talked tu other peple about their rong doens, he never would let me say a word tu mammy about hern; I guess it was cause daddy never thout mammy dun enny thing rong. But I wuz uv that bent of mind, that when I herd eny peples talken about every bodies bizness but their own, whether mammy wus mixed in with um or not, I allers thout it wusn't the bare dudle.

And so one time after mammy had been talken tu daddy about every bodies bizness and after mammy had been talken about all the boys that boed the gals, and about all the boys that didn't boe the gals, and about all the gals that had boes, and about all the gals that didn't have boes, sed I, (forgetten about daddy's bein present) tis a pitty every boddie wouldn't mind every boddies own bizness, and let the boys go and see the gals and say noboddie to nothin about; cause mammy, sed I, you told me that daddy—(that wus enuff fur daddy) he jumped up and started at his sun and before I could make three winks he brout the flat uv his hand in contact with the butt uv his sun's ear; so I down on the floor and commenced rollen over and over,—well I kounted till I got about three times over, after when I got kinder dizzie and that I'd leave off counten, so you see I dun't know how long I kept up my rollen; guess I kept on rollen till I rolled into bed; cause the first thing I knowed wus, I wus in bed and mammy wus thrown cold water in my face—when I opened my eyes and finished sayen,) came tu see you and I guess every boddie else or has dun or expects tu du the same so it would be best to let um.

So mammy from that day tu this, would never talk about none uv her nabors, or nothin, but hens gooses and chickens, the little dog, the darlen baby—she sed it wus a lump uv sugar, but I never thout so—and hur young Sam, as she now calls me.

☞ A negro boy was driving a mule in Jamaica, when the animal suddenly stopped and refused to budge. "Won't you go, eh?" said the boy. "Feel grand, do you? I s'pose you forget your fadder was a jackass."

☞ A Western man, speaking of the Pacific Railroad, says it is "one of the funniest coincidences in the world that almost every alternate section of land on each side of the road belongs to some member of Congress."

☞ Isn't there an awfully strong smell of pigs in the air?" asked Smith of Jones. "Yes," replied Jones, "that's because the wind is from the sow-west."

From the Daily Age.

Will the North keep its Promises?

The North was called to arms in 1860 by the cry of protection to the Union. In all the Northern States this was the watchword. Politicians repeated it from the stump, preachers from their pulpits, lecturers from the desk, and the soldiers sang the praise of the Union as they turned their faces to the South. The one charge against the people of the South was opposition to the Union. Congress declared that the war was waged solely to restore the Union, and that when the rebels laid down their arms it would be restored. The war is over. The people in all the Southern States have submitted to the national authorities. The States have remodelled their governments and from the Potomac to the Rio Grande the authority of the Federal government is undisputed. In this state of national affairs patriotic men in all parts of the country are calling upon the dominant party to fulfill the pledges made at the beginning of the war. The following appeal from the Richmond *Enquirer* is full of point, and should be pondered by all who really desire a speedy restoration of our country to peace and constitutional freedom:

"We appeal to all men of honor at the North, to respect the *pledges and assurances* under which they waged the late war, and invited us to lay down our arms. We appeal to them to observe *their oaths* to support the Constitution. We appeal to them not to overthrow and revolutionize the government which they profess to venerate. We urge them not to allow any insane hate of the South, to unite them in measures justified only by the most scandalous falsehoods, measures wholly without excuse in actual facts, and cruel and arbitrary beyond any example in Russian ukase or Chinese edict. We implore them to rescue the Constitution from being made the sport and expedient of *party*, to secure party ends through abused constitutional forms.—Where is *liberty*—what has become of *republican virtue*—when States are blotted out for fear of *their votes*, Presidents impeached because an obstacle to a *party*, and the judiciary dishonored and overthrown for holding the scales of justice in even poise? We call upon the men of the North to save themselves from the indelible disgrace and the country from the irreparable injury of the contemplated proceeding!

Let them look at it. Do they suppose the South will be quieted and reconstructed by the course proposed? Could any amount of force applied to Massachusetts, make her people receive in quiet the disfranchisement of all her "Republicans" and the rule of her anti-war Democrats? The case is more than paralleled here, for the exceptions to the prevailing public sentiment are much fewer. And what is the character of most of the so-called "Union men" whose sway is to restore the South to the repose of the Sabbath? Mr. Boyer, in the debate upon the Eliot bill, showed that their moral standing is not misunderstood. To ordain the rule of these men as the permanent regimen of the South, would necessarily require the continual maintenance of a large army to make it good, besides exposing them to personal perils which armies could not prevent. The thousand tales of horror now falsely told to justify it, would become realities. When men are maddened and made reckless, they cease to calculate and cease to fear. When they are driven from hope they are driven to crime. The distress that urges to suicide prompts first to homicide. Committees might indeed be appointed to dilate on "the horrible state of Southern society,"—but scenes far darker than we have pictured will be justly chargeable upon the the North, if it shall wantonly and gratuitously drive the South into such desperate circumstances. The savage who covers his prisoner with lightwood faggots prickled into the flesh, and then applies the kindling torch, makes not a more barbarous use of his advantage than the North will make of hers, by the adoption of the policy proposed. If in our great woe of defeat we had been handed over to devils for torture, their cruelties would have been mercies compared to the treatment now threatened by men who swore on their honor that if we would lay down our arms they would receive us as and who swear on the Holy Evangelists that they will observe the constitutional compact.

It is vain, it is idle, it is foolish, to expect to establish quiet and contentment by the policy recommended. If adopted, it embarks the country necessarily on an indefinite period of trouble and unrest. Every sensible man must know that thenceforth we could have no peace save in the shadow of camps; that prosperity and industry would blighted and destroyed. The question of reconstruction, such as the country wants, is no Gordion knot to be untied by a sword-stroke.

We entreat the men of the North to take counsel of their own knowledge of human nature—to consult their interests—to remember their oaths and engagements—in their dealings with the South. If they will not admit us to our privileges at Washington, at leave us to peace in our own local affairs. Let the Samson whom they have captured and whose eyes they have put out, be useful in the mill, instead of making him an occasion of general calamity."

—James Ryan was arrested last Thursday week at Binghamton, N. Y., for the murder of his step-father. On Friday morning he strangled himself in jail.

☞ The oldest deaf and dumb asylum in the world—the grave.