BLOOMSBURG DEMOCRAT.

VOL. XXXI. BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA CO., PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 3, 1867. NO. 6.

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. Freeze.
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.—ly.

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 administer 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 styles. 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. Its wines and liquors (except that popular beverage known as "*McElroy's*") 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 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. Mans 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.

235 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

☞ Solicited—Consultations on Engineering Plotting and Sketches, Models and Machinery to be made and skilfully attended to. Special attention given to REJECTED CASES and INTERFERENCES. Authentic Copies of all Documents in the Patent Office procured.

Save yourselves useless trouble and travelling expenses, as there is no actual need for personal interview with us. All business with these Offices transacted in writing. For further information, address as above, with stamp enclosed for Circulars and references.

Jan. 16.—1y.—J W.

FALLON HOUSE.

The subscriber having purchased the "Fallon House," in

LOCK HAVEN, Pa.,

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 House, with the accommodations and comforts of a House, and humbly solicits their patronage.

J. OTTENKIRK,

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, dec'd., have been granted by the Register of said county, to Joseph Pohe, residing in the township and county aforesaid. All persons having claims on the estate are requested to present themselves for settlement, and those indebted to the estate will make payment forthwith to the administrator.

JOSEPH POHE,
Adm'r.

Jan. 23, 1867—6w.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Alexander Yaple, deceased.

Letters of Administration on the estate of Alexander Yaple, late of Fishingcreek township, Columbia County, dec'd, have been granted by the Register of said county, to E. P. Bender who resides in Fishingcreek twp., said county. All persons having claims upon the estate of the decedent are requested to make them known to the administrator, and those knowing themselves indebted to make payment forthwith.

E. P. BENDER,
Adm'r.

Feb. 20—6w

THE

Bloomsburg Democrat.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY IN BLOOMSBURG, PA., BY

WILLIAMSON H. JACOBY.

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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

TEN LINES CONSTITUTE A SQUARE.

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

space.	1m.	2m.	3m.	6m.	1y.
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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

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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

[For the Democrat.]

SPRING IS COMING.

BY RAVEN.

Spring is coming! Spring is coming!
Winter's dying groans are heard,
In the waters dashing, foaming,
As from hill-sides they are poured,

Spring is coming! Spring is coming!
Pewitts build beneath the shed,
Twittering music unassuming,
As anew their nest they spread.

Spring is coming! Spring is coming!
Sunrise wakes the robin's song,
As on top-most twig presuming,
Sings his notes so sweet and strong.

Spring is coming! Spring is coming!
Blue-birds warble as they fly,
Pheasants on the pine-log drumming,
Tell us Spring is drawing nigh.

Spring is coming! Spring is coming!
Frogs are croaking in the pond,
Bees around the elders humming,
Seeking bread of which they're fond.

Spring is coming! Spring is coming!
Violets, dancing sun-beams, meet,
All their modest beauties donning
As the sun-shine's warmth they greet.

Spring is coming! Spring is coming!
Nature feels her quickning power,
Glories far beyond our summing
Congregated in her store.

Yes, she's coming, welcome maiden,
With her wreath of flowers gay,
And she comes, our hearts to gladden.
Sweet, though transient, is her stay.

But *when* in Paradise we meet her,
With her eternal robes put on,
With joyful thanks to God, we'll greet her,
And say she's *come*, but never *gone*.

How the Rads Went to Washington!--What they did, and How they did it--McClure in the Muss!

The following description of the trip which was made by the Radical members of our Legislature to Washington, for the purpose of seeing Simon Cameron sworn in as a Senator of the United States, will be enjoyed by our readers. It is from the pen of Col. A. K. McClure, and is published in his paper in the shape of a letter from Harrisburg:

HARRISBURG, March 11, 1867.

We have had another glorious week. Of all the festive legislatures this is one of the festivest I have ever known. It has festived Pittsburg, New York, Philadelphia, and other places by committees; has festived Harrisburg generally, and finally gave Washington its festivest festivity. The whole Legislature resolved to go to Washington to see that their unsophisticated new Senator should not go into the wrong House, or by any other awkward accident fail to get his seat. As he knows nothing of the chicanery and trickery of Washington, it was deemed best that the whole Legislature, the one hundred and one pasters and folders, the correspondents, and the chiefs of the lobby, should be combined in a committee of safety for the trip, and to be transformed into an advisory and admiration committee when the Capital should be reached. Being of the old school of Harrisburg correspondents, I was of course invited, and from my intimate relations with and devotion to the Legislature, I could not decline. My ticket of invitation kindly inquired whether I would a Rooster be, and with the Roosters go, and if so, to come along. Of course I went, and was treated with distinguished consideration, particularly on the trip, and had a jolly time generally. Although there are but 133 members of the Legislature, 107 subordinate officers, and about ten correspondents, there were some 347 who were ticketed and passed along as belonging to the Legislature, while some 30 of the members did not go at all. I did not understand this discrepency in figures, nor did I seek an explanation, but when we got to Washington, and got up the serenade to our Chief, I found that we had everything with us, from the Legislature down to a promiscuous crowd, and a large committee on applause.;

No incidents worthy of note happened on the journey, excepting a few little unpleasant misunderstandings such as always occur in large and promiscuous crowds. Sitting in meditative quietude, with my cloak wrapped closely around me, and my hat drawn down over my serene brow, I was aroused from revery by a fellow passenger mistaking me for Senator Cameron and presenting a petition for the post of office in a village. I forgave him for the blunder, as he was intoxicated.

Another more serious affair occurred as we neared Baltimore. A stout, ruddy faced, bearded man entered the car and took a seat among the legislative party, not knowing the society in which he had plunged himself. The conductor, when making his next round, inquired of the stranger whether he belonged to the legislature. You may have read of volcanic eruptions, but Vesuvius never was a circumstance to the eruption of the new passenger. His first answer was to knock the conductor helter-skelter over several seats, and would have battered him into a jelly had not a number interfered. "Take *me*, a respectable hog-drover for a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature, indeed!" said the insulted dealer in swine, as he still kept struggling to satisfy his vengeance on the *poor conductor*, already *hors du combat*. He was finally pacified by allowing him a place in the baggage car, where he was assured none of the Legislative excursionists were to be found. He gathered up his baggage, felt for his pocket-book and watch, to be sure that nothing was lost, and with virtuous disdain he made a bee line for the baggage car. The conductor was freely bathed with rum, internally and externally, and speedily recovered. The rest of the journey was pleasant and unmarked by any events of unusual moment.

When we got to Washington, it was decided that in order to be sure of the admission and swearing in of our new Senator, a resolution should be rushed through the Senate inviting the Legislature and attendants to the floor of the Senate. The lobbyists of the party were called in, and instructed to have the resolution passed, *a la* Harrisburg. It was accordingly prepared and Cowan was arranged with to "put it through." It was promptly offered just in the expiring hours of the 39th Congress, and our excursionists stood around the Senate doors waiting for the spontaneous invitation of the Senate to mingle us with the great statesmen of the land. Our patience was tried, but our bottles were plenty, and we bore up under the delay, until at last our hopes were dashed to the earth by notice that the resolution to admit us had failed—receiving but the votes of Cowan and Buckalew. Sumner (I wish Brooks had killed the traducer of legislative virtue outright) sneeringly said that most of the body were pasters and folders, and they were the most reputable portion of the party. Garret Davis spoke three hours and fourteen minutes, declaring the proposition an infraction of the Constitution. Saulsbury and McDougall reminded the Senate that most of the Senators had just drawn their pay for the session and had it about their clothes.—"Would it," they asked with apprehension delineated in every feature of their rum-blossomed faces, "be prudent to admit the Pennsylvania Legislature promiscuously into the Senate? Where *might* our cash be when the show ended?"

That feather broke the Camel's back, and the proposition was lost by forty-seven majority out of fifty-two votes. We then unanimously resolved that we would not visit the floor of the Senate, and we directed our steps to our hotel, and made preparations for a serenade to our new Senator. We paid our band, impressed our crowd to act the spontaneous on the occasion, selected and notified our speakers who were to be unexpectedly called upon, and notified Senator Cameron of the exact hour we would surprise him with a serenade to be given in the name of Pennsylvanias in Washington. The only trouble was in limiting the speech. There were only thirty-six who had written out speeches to be delived extemporaneously on the occassion, and as not more than five could be accommodated, it took adroit diaplomacy ts squelch the others out. A committee was appointed, of which I was chairman, to settle the difficulty, and we finally got thirty-one to agree not to be surprised into a speech on the condition that the offices they had been promised should not be imperiled by their silence. Thus matters were elegantly arranged, and the whole thing passed off smoothly as sledding on ice. Cameron's speech was a cross between Johnson's offices and Republican principles, and was considered a *great* success. Great relief was felt after the whole thing was over. As the new Senator was admitted without challenge and sworn in, the last obstacle to a complete settlement of outstanding balances was removed, and we all returned home merry as the marriage bell. Some of us had headaches on our return, but time and soda made all things right again.

John Smith Advertiseth for his Dog.

The dog is a very useful animal. I own a dog—black and tan terrier. He is a nice dog; used to look very ferocious and fly around the room when anybody said "rats," although I never knew him to catch any. But he was great at raw beef. In that respect I never saw his equal. He answered to the name of "Jack." I suppose there must be several million dogs who rejoice in the same cognomen. Jack strayed away a week or two ago; left the manna of my house for the flesh-pots of some beguiling stranger, I suppose. Missed him when I came home; house seemed empty without him. His "bark wasn't on the sea," or in the parlor, or in the second story front or anywhere else. Children cried for him, while our Thomas cat no longer mounted hurriedly on the chairs and tables as he approached. I was distressed. I consulted with my wife; I advertised for him; offered five dollars reward. Advertisement appeared in the morning papers.

Ring at the door-bell about 6 A. M. Whole family in bed. Rose and put my head out of the window. Man with two spotted dogs that looked as if they had just recovered from a a severe attack of the measles. Fellow looked up and wanted to know "if either one of them was him." Don't use profane language; so simply said "no" and shut the window.

Door-bell rang eighteen times within the next hour. Got up at last and dressed. Began to eat my breakfast. Another ring at the bell. Short man with shiny hat. Wore what my oldest girl called "spit curls." Had a bull dog with a head like a cast-iron water spout and crooked legs. Said he'd found my dog. Told him that wasn't him. Said he knew it was, rather savage. Dog began to growl, and looked hard at me. Assumed a mild, persuasive tone, and described my lost canine. Fellow said, anyhow he was a better dog than mine, and he guessed he would leave him. I said I wouldn't have him under any circumstances. Fellow pushed the dog and said s-s-s ketch 'em. Dog made a dash at me. Springing inside, and shut the door in his face. Went in the parlor and watched him leave through the front gate. Saw another man coming in. Had a ridiculous poodle with a brass collar around his neck. Threw up the window and told him that wasn't my dog, so he needn't bring him in. He eyed me with a sarcastic style and said, I couldn't afford to own a dog like that. Told him I didn't want to either. Said that dog had killed his nineteen rats in four minutes, he had. Said I wouldn't believe him if he crossed his breast to it. Fellow then dared me to come out. Said he would poke me in the nose, or something of that sort.

I didn't go out.

Another ring at the bell. This time a fellow in a fur cap, and a yellow mongrel that had but one eye. Asked me if I had lost a dog. Said yes. Fur cap said he had found him, and wanted the reward. Told him that wasn't my dog. Fur cap wanted to know if my dog wasn't named Jack. Said he was. He then called his bilious-looking canine by that name. Dog flapped his attenuated tail against the pavement three or four times, and flung his undamaged optic around in a wild sort of style. Wasn't convinced however, and the fur cap left after breaking the third commandment in a most horrid manner.

Hadn't got fairly in the house before there was another call. This time a chap in tattered raiment, nothing purple about him but his nose, and no fine linen on, or coarse either, as far as I could see. Had a big black and tan terrier with him. Dog looked a good deal scared. Had a way of putting his tail between his legs. My impression is that the fellow went out and hunted up the dog to get the reward.

Didn't seem to take kindly to his education. Syntax was defective. Said he had "fetched back that dog of yourn." Told him that was not the one I had lost. Fellow insisted that it was. Seemed rather downhearted because I wouldn't take him. Asked if I didn't observe how glad the dumb beast was to see me. Said I hadn't observed it. Fellow said I'd regret it if I let such a chance slip to get a valuable beast. Said I guessed I'd have to let her slip. Then he thought a while, and asked me if I wouldn't lend him five dollars anyhow, and take the dog as security. Told him I was unable to perceive it precisely from that stand-point. So he went away, looking as if he felt hurt.

Then another man came with a fierce-looking hound with hairless tail. Hound rushed right at me commenced exercising his olfactories up and down my trowsers.—Looked as if he might bite with the least provocation. Man said he'd brought my dog. Told him rather sharp that my dog was a terrier. Said so was this one. Caught rats before his eyes were open, and had been engaged in that blood-thirsty occupation ever since. Told him I couldn't take him. Man said he wouldn't leave without the five dollars. Said I would see him in the tomb of Capulets first. Fellow thought I was swearing at him, and struck at me. Dog took it up right off, flew at me and tore my trowsers, besides tasting my flesh. I escaped into the entry, shut the door and locked it. *Determined not to answer any more rings.* Bell was pulled two hundred and seventy-five times more. Don't answer it. Understood afterwards that several of my friends had been to see me, and gone away offended. About dinner time went up and looked out of the window. Found seventy-five or eighty men there, all of whom had dogs. Bull terriers, spaniels, setter pups, bloodhounds, double-nosed pointers, Newfoundlands, mastiffs, mongrels. Dogs with strait tails, curly tails, bob tails, and no tails at all. Yellow, black, white, brown, spotted and flea-bitten. I suppose that ever went on four legs; or three either, were gathered in my front yard. Put the sash up, and attempted to disperse the crowd. Crowd commenced to talk all at once. Dogs all howled, yelped, barked, and snarled.—Couldn't hear my own voice, and shut the window in disgust.

Haven't seen my dog yet. Don't ever expect to see him. Don't ever want to see him or any other dog. Have seen enough of dogs to last me the balance of my natural life.

Horrible stories are in circulation connecting dogs with restaurant sausages. Hope my dog is tucked away in some sausage skin. Wish all the dogs were made into one large sausage, and the fellow that owns the dog with the hairless tail that bit me had it to eat at one sitting.

☞ In some places out west the grasshoppers have destroyed everything but grass widows.

THE OLD STORY.

I was a woman, and I'd a heart,
And I raved of love and constancy,
And he saw the tears of my eyelids start,
For he was the world to me.

He whispered low, when the spring time flew
Of tangled paths in which men stray,
And around me all his arms he threw,
His eyes were on fire that day.

We parted; yes! but I clung to him,
And put up my lips to be kissed again;
And the laughing eyes of the heav'n grew dim,
And were swollen black with rain.

They came to me when my love was gone,
And said he was poor and toiled for bread,
They talked of ruin and tears alone,
And my heart was as dull as lead.

And then they laid their bribe at my feet—
'Twas the same old tale that is often told.
They play'd on the *string* of my heart's conceit
And dazzled my eyes with gold.

I sold myself to a loveless thing,
And I walked to the altar, and there I lied,
For my heart was away with the primrose spring,
And I by my husband's side.

And now you ask me what of the lie?
I've paid full dear for my girlish greed;
There better, I think, for a woman to die,
Than to live the life I did.

I am alone, but still I can sing,
And pray for the ruin of winter's rain,
For the scent of the primrose crown of spring,
Will return to me again.

Prize Fight in Berks County.

The New York *Herald* gives the following account of the prize fight which took place in Berks county on Tuesday morning:

THE MEN.

William Parkinson is a Welshman, and a puddler by profession. He worked in an iron foundry at Tamaqua, Pa. He is thirty-four years of age, five feet three and a half inches in height, and weighed one hundred and eleven pounds. It is stated that Parkinson has fought several times in the English ring, and left a good record behind him for gameness and good behaviour. His battles in the Old Country were with White, McNulty, Tibbitts, Mason and Bedworth, of Dudley, the latter being for £50 a side. He says that he beat all his men, with the exception of White, with whom he made a draw, the police having interfered and put a stop to the affair, while the tide of victory was flowing in his favor. Parkinson came to this country about four years ago, and tried hard to get a match with Johnny Hickey, but was unsuccessful. He then endeavored to get a fight with Keating, but was again disappointed. He then made overtures to Dick Hollywood but the little type-sticker could not be coaxed into a match. After offering to fight any one hundred and twelve pound man in the country without finding a customer, Parkinson went to the coal regions of Pennsylvania, where he had been employed quietly until the day of the fight betwen Sam Collyer and Johnny McGlade, when, meeting with Kelley on that occasion and expressing a desire to appear once more in the prize ring, a match was made between them on the spot, and immediately went into training at Pottsville, under the mentorship of Ed. Williams, the pedestrian, who to his credit, brought Parkinson to the scratch in most capital condition.

Thomas Kelley is a native of St. John, New Brunswick, and has lived in Philadelphia for the last eight years. He is five feet five inches in height, and weighed one hundred and nine and one-half pounds. He had fought twice previously. His first fight was with Adam Erfort, twenty-seven rounds, one hour and twenty-seven minutes, in 1864, under the assumed name of "Hastings' Kid," and his second under that of "Buckshot," thirty rounds in one hour.—He won the above matches easily. Kelley is twenty-three years old. He was trained by Mike Car, at Point Breeze, Philadelphia, and was brought to the scratch in as fine condition as ever man appeared in the ring.

THE FIGHT.

As the men faced each other and placed themselves in fighting attitude the peculiar positions were very striking. Parkinson had a very neat and stylish attitude, with great elasticity of movement in the lower extremities. He held his hands well up, with his elbows close to his sides, and moved about with a springy and buoyant grace. Kelley, on the other hand, presented a grotesque attitude. His left shoulder was raised in such an ungainly manner that it concealed nearly the whole of the left side of his head. His left hand he held high and far extended, with his right lying on his breast. He came up grinning savagely, and seemed determined to commence operations at once. Parkinson made a feint and stepped back, Kelley following quickly, and soon they both let go their left hands at the face, but both were short. Parkinson then stepped away, but being followed closely again made another feint, though before he got away Kelley was with him, and they countered together with their left hands, Kelley getting on the mouth, drawing first blood, Parkinson on the forehead. Kelley continued forcing the fighting, and several left and right handers followed, Kelley getting again on the mouth heavily and Parkinson on the nose slightly. They then had a slight clinch, but Kelley broke away and hit Parkinson a sounder with the left hand. Kelley forced the pace and put in another with his left on the mouth, and then the Welshman planted smartly with his right on Kelley's left cheek, but scarcely left his mark. They then broke away for the moment, Parkinson making one of his pretty shifts; but he was not permitted to be idle long. Kelley made another rush, and, missing his left hand, put up in a terrific right hander on the left side of Parkinson's head that made him reel. Kelley followed him up and received a left-hander on the nose; but he in return planted his left again on Parkinson's mouth, drawing more blood. Kelley also missed his left and right at the head, while Parkinson seemed confused in his endeavors to get away. An overreaching right hander of Kelley's which passed over Parkinson's head, brought them to close quarters, when Parkinson seized Kelly by the left leg, just above the knee, on the inside, and held on there until the referee was appealed to with cries of "foul." Parkinson then slipped his hand further up and held Kelley by the breeches, endeavoring to throw him. Kelley did not struggle for the fall, but gathering his strength planted a heavy left hander in the ribs, and was then thrown, Parkinson falling on him.—Foul was claimed by the seconds of Kelley, and the referee promptly decided that Kelley had won the fight. Great confusion then ensued, the partisans of Kelley rushing into the ring and congratulating him on his easy victory, while Parkinson's friends were calling on the referee to have the ring clear and let the fight go on. Lazarus then went over and took down the color, while the Parkinson men were expostulating with the referee for a reversion of his decision.—This, however, that gentleman would not do, and so the affair ended, and the crowd began to disperse. There is no doubt that the foul act of Parkinson was premeditated. A man with his experience in ring matters could never have made such a mistake; and the presumption is, that finding himself overmatched he adopted this system of bringing to an early close a battle that must have terminated disastrously to him. The round lasted two minutes, and a more dashing first round has seldom been witnessed in the prize ring. Parkinson is said to have lost all the force he is said to have possessed in his youthful fights, as he could not punish his antagonist. On the other hand, Kelley is a heavy hitter with both hands; and as he seems to have plenty of pluck, he will be found a hard customer for the best of the feather weights. The old adage of "Youth will be served" was proved to be correct on the above occasion.

The First Impeachment.

The first impeachment case ever tried by the Senate of the United States was that of a Justice of the Supreme Court. The accused was Judge Samuel Chase, a native of Maryland, and, in his time, one of the leading men of the country. He had been an ardent patriot during the war of the Revolution. He was repeatedly a member of the Continental Congress, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and a member of the Maryland Convention which ratified the Federal Constitution. In 1796 Washington appointed him to the bench of the Supreme Court.

He was a man of great ability and very ardent temperament. Being a very decided and free spoken Federalist in the party contest of the day, he was particularly offensive to the Jeffersonians. When Jefferson came into power, his political friends, led by John Randolph, of Roanoke, then rapidly rising into the great distinction he subsequently acquired as an orator, instituted an impeachment of Judge Chase. The party character of the prosecution is sufficiently shown by the voting on the articles of impeachment, and the collateral questions preliminary to the trial. The debates did not show this flagrantly, for the difference between the parties grew out of Constitutional doctrines; and there was nothing offensively personal and cowardly selfish among public men then, such as the furious disputants of this day display in political warfare incessantly and shamelessly.

The course which the impeachment took was, by motion, February, 1804, for a committee of inquiry, whether grounds for impeachment existed. This was adopted by a vote of 81 to 40, and the committee was appointed, of which John Randolph was Chairman. On the 6th day of March the committee reported in favor of impeaching Judge Chase.

Richard Peters, of the United States District Court of Pennsylvania, had been included in the required motion of inquiry, but the committee reported that there was no ground for including Judge Peters.

The House immediately appointed a committee to go the bar of the Senate and acquaint that body that the House had ordered the impeachment of Judge Chase.

On the 13th of March a committee was appointed to prepare the articles of impeachment. These were reported on the 26th, approved by the House, and seven managers of impeachment appointed.

The Congress then adjourned, and the impeachment lay over till the next session, to be held in November of the same year, 1804.

The material charges were based on two judicial acts of Judge Chase, while holding Circuit Courts—one in Pennsylvania, and one in Virginia. The two cases in which his delinquency was asserted, were the famous trials of John Fries, for treason, and of James Thompson Callender for sedition. These figure among the most exciting topics of discussion during the whole period of the struggle between the Federalists and the Republicans.

The Fries case was tried in Philadelphia. In the spring of 1799 an insurrection broke out in the counties of Bucks and Northampton, Pennsylvania, against the execution of the laws of the United States for assessing and collecting direct taxes. John Fries was indicted as a ringleader, and tried on the charge of high treason. On his first trial his counsel pleaded that, resisting by force a particular law of the United States, does not amount to levying war against the United States in the meaning of the Constitution. The Court, composed of Justices Iredell and Peters, ruled against them, and Fries was convicted. A new trial was granted on another ground, and on the second trial Justice Chase sat with Judge Peters. On this trial Judge Chase announced, in advance, to the prisoner's counsel, that the opinion of the Court was made up on this Constitutional point, and the counsel need not argue it. The counsel retired from the case, and Fries was convicted without defense. It is this ruling that was declared to be so "arbitrary, oppressive and unjust," as to demand impeachment.

The other case arose in the Circuit Court of Virginia, under the sedition law of John Adams.

That famous act made it a misdemeanor, punishable with fine and imprisonment, for any person to write, print, utter or publish a thing intended "to defame the President of the United States or bring him into contempt or disrepute." Under this act James Thompson Callender was indicted for having published a political article against President Adams, under the title of "The Prospect Before Us." On the trial Judge Chase overruled the objection of the jurors that he had made up his mind that the publication was seditious, and constrained him to serve on the trial. It was also charged that he had arbitrarily, and for merely political purposes, ruled out important testimony offered by the prisoner.

There was a special charge of indecent partizanship in his charge to a grand jury in Maryland.

These are the material points on which the argument was made.

The trial was called up early in December, but it was not until the 4th of February, 1805, that Judge Chase appeared at the bar, pleaded to the impeachment, and read his defense which was extremely able. His counsel were Messrs. Martin, Harper and Key, of Maryland, and Hopkinson, of Pennsylvania.

The managers of the House of Representatives were John Randolph, Jr.; C. A. Rodney, of Delaware; Joseph H. Nicholson, of Maryland; P. Early, of Georgia; George Boyle, of Kentucky; G. W. Campbell, of Tennessee, and Mr. Clark.

Vice President George Clinton, of New York, presided. It is only when the President is impeached that the Chief Justice presides at the trial.

The examination of witnesses occupied the court to the 20th, on which day the testimony was closed, and the argument began. It was opened for the managers by Mr. Early, who was followed by Mr. Campbell and Mr. Clarke. For the defense, Hopkinson, and was followed, in the following order, by Mr. Key, Mr. Martin, and Mr. Harper. The closing of the case for the House of Representatives was reserved for Mr. Nicholson and Mr. Randolph.

The array of forensic ability was very great. Nearly every man on both sides had a national reputation for eloquence and learning, and the questions they discussed were of the highest importance. The whole debate may be profitably studied, as aids to the right understanding of what is law and duty in these times—when the same questions and principles are again brought into momentous importance.

On the 1st of March the judgment of the Senate was pronounced, each member of the Senate being in his place, and answering guilty or not guilty on each charge, when called.

Thirty-four Senators were present.

A majority of the Senators pronounced him guilty on three of the eight articles prepared.

Two of these relate to the ruling in Callender's case, and the other, the eighth in order, related to the charge of departing from the duties and properties of his station by delivering a political harrangue, in the form of a charge to the Grand Jury of the United States Circuit Court in Baltimore. On the charges growing out of the Fries case he was acquitted. There was not a vote of two-thirds or any of the articles, and he was accordingly pronounced to be acquitted on all.

The time actually employed in the trial from the opening by Mr. Randolph to the rendering of the judgment of the Senate, was from February 9th to March 1st, twenty days, Sundays included.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

MAM'S GOT HOLD ON MY "TILTERS."—The Smithfield *Times* tells another story illustrative of the old saw that "the course of true love never did run smooth." A young couple in Smithfield had laid a plan to outwit the vigilance of cruel parents and elope. The *Times* tells the sequel thus: The youth stood beneath the window—the lady attempted to climb out—when, oh! horror, some one detained her from the rear! "Why dost thou not come, gentle Amelia?" She answered in an agitated voice: "I can't Bill, mam's got hold on my tilters."

☞ There are four articles, says a writer, that women require on earth to enable her to lead a calm and placid life—diamonds, a lace shawl, one of camel's hair, and a set of furs a little better than those of her intimate friend; and faith, they are pardonable weaknesses, and a man who can afford the expenditure, and does not make it, is a curmudgeon, and don't know the value of peace and quietness.