BLOOMSBURG STAR DEMOCRAT.

VOL. XXXI. BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA CO., PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 10, 1867. NO. 7.

OFFICERS OF COLUMBIA CO.

President Judge—Hon. William Elwell.
Associate Judges— { Irm Derr, Peter K. Herbein.
Pr'th'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, as 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 has good mechanic, and deserving of the public patronage.

JACOB METZ.

Bloomsburg, Sept. 9, 1866.—1y.

PLASTER FOR SALE.

The undersigned is about fitting up a

PLASTER MILL

at the LENN 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—ly.

FORKS HOTEL,

GEO. W. MAUGER, Proprie'or.

The above well known hotel has recently undergone radical changes in its internal arrangements and its proprietor announces to his friends and the travelling public that his accommodations for the comfort of his guests are second to none in the county. 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 *Milk Punch*) 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 PITING 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. Mann of this place, for over nine years, warrants him in stating that he can give entire satisfaction to all who may favor him with their work.

GEORGE HASSERT.

Bloomsburg, Nov. 21, 1866.

INVENTORS' OFFICES.

DEPINEUIL & 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.,

property of E. W. Bugeny, Esq., would say to the friends of the House, his acquaintances, and the public generally, that he intends to keep a First-class 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.

MISS LIZZIE PETERMAN,

Would announce to the ladies of Bloomsburg and the public generally, that she has just received from the eastern cities her

Spring and Summer

Stock of

MILLINERY GOODS,

consisting of all articles usually found in first class Millinery stores. Her goods are of the best quality and among the most handsome and cheapest in the market. Call and examine them for yourselves.

Nobody should purchase elsewhere before examining Miss Peterman's stock of goods. Bonnets made to order, on the shortest notice, or repaired.

Store on Main street, 3d door below the store of Mendenhall & Rupert.

Bloomsburg, May 2, 1866—tf.

NEW TOBACCO STORE.

H. H. HUNSBERGER,

Main Street, below the "American House,"

BLOOMSBURG, PA.,

Where he keeps on hand, and furnishes to the home and country trade, at Philadelphia (lowest) prices,

FINE CUT AND PLUG TOBACCOS,

DOMESTIC AND IMPORTED CIGAR all kinds of

SMOKING TOBACCO,

Snuffs, Meerschaum and Briar Wood Pipes, and all articles pertaining to his trade.

☞ Those small retail dealers in cigars and chewing tobacco would do well to give him a call, in addition to going to the cities for every article they need, as the buying of these country pedlars.

Nov. 21, 1866.—3m.

THE

Bloomsburg Democrat.

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WILLIAMSON H. JACOBY:

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

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

Address,

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

THE CRY OF THE SOUTH.

A moan comes from the South—
A low, half-stifled wail—
Victims of war, oppression, drouth,
Murmur, "We faint, we fail."

The maids are hollow-eyed,
The matrons weak and wan,
And energy, and hope, and pride
Have left the heart of man.

Helpless as Israel's host
In Syrian wilds, undled,
E'en in their slumber, famine-tossed,
They wildly mutter, "Bread!"

Brothers, your plight we see;
Sisters, we hear your moan;
You come to us for bread; shall we,
For answer, give a stone?

We poured at Ireland's feet
An avalanche of corn;
Shall we the nearer claim forget
Of our own race, forlorn?

Our barns and cribs run o'er,
The increase God has given;
Share we with them—or nevermore
Look in the face of Heaven.

Vile prejudice, avaunt!
Are starving men our foes?
On women, ravenous and gaunt,
Shall faction's talons close?

Alas! in this sad hour,
It shows its demon spite,
And raises high the rod of power,
The prostrate still to smite.

Our brethren's limbs it gyves,
As kindred's claim they plead,
And with a whip of serpents drives
Whom leniency might lead.

It gives as conquerors give—
"Eat and be thankful, slave!"
Why should the helot wish to live?
There's freedom in the grave.

Bankrupt in heart and purse,
For help a people cries;
And faction, as a crowning curse,
With Martial Law replies.

DOWN THE CHICAGO TUNNEL.

A Voyage into it and out again in a Flat Boat—a Shipwreck and other Adventures—Narrow Escape from Death—Voyage through the Tunnel.

Three reporters, of as many daily papers of Chicago, seeking to emulate the "three wise men of Gotham," who "went to sea in a bowl," undertook a voyage on Saturday last, which, being adventurous, did not fail to bring the substantive. The story loses nothing from the weakness of the "bowl."

The great Chicago lake tunnel was filled with water some days since, but on Friday last a portion of the water was pumped out, leaving the tunnel over half full, when Mr. Chesbrough, the engineer of the works, desiring to make a final examination of the work, conceived the idea of a boating excursion, and invited the three members of the press above named to accompany him. The party were conveyed to the crib in a tug-boat, where they were received by Captain Berg. We quote from the *Tribune*.

Captain Berg, with diabolical composure, conducted us to the mouth of the yawning abyss, and pointed out this only method by which the bottom could be reached—a perpendicular ladder down the side of the cylinder. To recoil from such a step was not unnatural. To retreat would have been unmanly. To regard the proposal as a joke was a poor subterfuge. There was the ladder—no joke, but a wet, slimy, horrible reality. "First," quoth the captain, heedless of the wan looks of the party, "you go down the first ladder so far; then you get over another ladder, and take care you don't miss the steps; then you go straight down." An echo from the abyss seemed to answer, "straight down." Another alternative was offered, to descend one by one by means of a rope which dangled over the mouth of the shaft, suggestive of unpleasant scenes, and this being the safest mode of conveyance, the proposal was unanimously adopted. At this moment Mr. Chesbrough appeared ready equipped for the voyage, in the guise of an ancient mariner, a broad brimmed sou-wester on his head, a rubber coat upon his back, and his nether limbs protected by a pair of high boots.

The descent was not exactly what Captain Berg would have called a "straight down" process, yet it was preferable to the ladder. A noose was formed at the end of the rope, which afforded a tolerably secure seat, though to see an individual who had committed no crime hanging in that deplorable position, over such a gloomy abyss, was rather humiliating. The first sensation was decidedly striking—a series of rapid whirlings, which produced a temporary giddiness, followed by an unexpected blow on the head from some projection. From below came a hostile growl, a dashing and dripping of water, while around on every side was a lively sense of cold, wet iron. Once below the flood-gates where the water was hissing and sputtering as if eager to make a rush upon the victim, the sense of wetness gradually increased, and when deposited at the bottom of the shaft, a plunge into the "sumph" could have added nothing to our condition. Four times the rope was lowered, and the party at last found themselves at the beginning of their voyage, standing under a pelting shower bath, which in a few minutes had nearly half filled with water the frail bar to which we confided our fortunes.

A FLAT-BOTTOMED BOAT.

It was the very worst boat that could possibly have been selected. The slightest movement had the effect of tipping it over, and the result was that when we started, each one having to sit in the bottom, we were comfortably impersed half way up in water.

THE TUNNEL.

The only means of propelling the vessel was by pushing against the walls, and this was a very unsteady process. The water at the crib was exactly half way up the sides of the bore, gradually deepening, of course, as we approached the shore. For a time by the aid of the lamps we were enabled to examine minutely the condition of the cement. Not a flaw could be discovered, with the exception of a space here and there between the bricks, where an iron spike had been introduced to hold the ventilators. The top of the arch seemed to be perfectly dry, save in the places where the water, not from the lake, but from springs in the vicinity of the tunnel, oozes through the walls. The water was beautifully clear.

We were not long permitted, however, to enjoy the contemplation of the surrounding scenery, limited as the view was. The bricks were soon exhausted—every brick being so much like its neighbor as to become somewhat monotonous. The lamps, too, began to flicker out. Like the foolish virgins, we had omitted to trim them properly, and now we were left in a state of obscurity which was almost as bewildering as total darkness. One could have imagined he was crossing the unknown river with "that grim ferryman whom poets write of"—our Charon being Mr. Chesbrough, who looked like some grim phantom pawing the air as it seemed, and muttering some misterious incantation. The silence became oppressive, the distant growlings from the end of the cavern were magnified into the noise of a cataract, and our hearts stood still as we thought how by some unforseen accident the flood-gates might be opened. To perish like rats in a hole, to be distributed in the course of time through the water-pipes of Chicago, and be boiled in kettles—we were not prepared for such a sacrifice. Then again we remembered how Dr. Guillotin was among the first who perished by the instrument of death which he invented, how the man who invented the new drop was the very first who was hanged upon it, and other similar instances. How if destiny had also decided that Mr. Chesbrough was to be drowned in his own tunnel! To chase away these fears we sang the "Star-spangled Banner," and listened to the beautiful echos of our own sweet voices from the nearest chambers.

In this way we reached the closing stone, a white marble tablet, placed there by the Mayor's own hands. We paused to scrutinize this closing stone, and here an unlucky incident occurred. One of the crew, inspired by a frantic wish to "write his name in water," leaned over the edge of the flat-bottomed boat, which took in a little more than it could conveniently carry. Then in the process of bailing the crew got unsettled in their positions and never quite regained an equilibrium. We succeeded, however, in pushing our way at considerable risk on to a point beyond the fifth chamber, or nearly a mile and a half from the crib.

WEDGED IN.

Our hands had been gradually approaching the top of the tunnel as we pursued our darksome journey to the shore. From sitting postures each member of the party had slowly subsided into reclining attitudes, and by and by they were changed into horizontal positions. This, in a flat-bottomed boat half full of water, was refreshing. Those who were at each end of the boat were bent "like cherubs of a building" in an attitude of devotion, while the other two, with faces turned heavenward, could feel the rubbing of the bricks against their noses. Further progress was deemed a little too precarious. Still no one was willing to give out, and our leader manifested a desire to go the whole length if desireable. It was not desirable. In fact it was not practicable, seeing that the boat by this time was effectually wedged in between the bricks and the water.

THE CATASTROPHE.

The turn necessitated a change of propellers, and the new hands not being well accustomed to the duty, the uneasiness of our devoted bark was increased. The water came in on all sides, so we got on swimmingly after a fashion. Only two lights were left, and these struggled dreamily with the darkness. They were entrusted to the man in the centre of the boat, another propelled, while the two at each end set to work to bail out the water. We had not gone far toward the crib end again, when symptoms of uneasiness began to manifest themselves. In spite of all efforts to bail out the water the boat seemed to be filling rapidly. We were yet a mile, at least, from the shaft, and the water was nearly breast deep. Suddenly the man at the stern raised a sharp cry of distress; his end was settling down, he said, and, what was the use in bailing out. The man with the lamp rose to his feet just as he felt the boat subsiding under him. The man with the bucket sprang over board, and Mr. Chesbrough floundered. We were shipwrecked.

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell. The last expiring lamplight had flickered out and all was confusion and darkness deeper than Tophet. Up to the waist in cold water, the boat lying at the bottom of the tunnel, a sensation of a thousand needles pricking all over our limbs, the situation was indiscribable. In spite of our dismay the sense of our rediculous position was so irresistable that we raised an involuntary shout of laughter loud and prolonged. It came back to us in the echos from the chambers and sounded like the mocking of a spiteful crew of fiends.

There was no help for us but to raise the boat and haul it to the crib end. This was a task of considerable difficulty, but after a vigorous effort we succeeded. Wading through the chilling water with our limbs benumbed, and dragging an ungratefull flat-bottomed boat, which would not carry us, we toiled painfully, but as cheerfully as possible, for the distance of a mile, shouting occasionally for help, which did not come, bewailing our sad fate, and thinking sorrowfully of the four small obituaries that would appear in the morning papers.

At last a faint light glimmered upon us from the far end. "As if it had been a christain soul we hailed it in God's name." We had been floundering in our watery dungeon for nearly three hours, and were pretty well exhausted. The light prove to be a lamp in the hand of Captain Berg, who fearing from our prolonged absence that some disaster had overtaken us, to the bottom of the shaft. And there he stood profoundly amused at our mischance and laughing consumedly as the bedraggled wayfarers came one by one into view.

THE ASCENT.

But our worst danger was not over. We had to climb the shaft, sixty-eight feet in height, by means of the ladder. "Just go straight up," said Captain Berg; "you can not go out of the way." There was no possibility of reaching the upper air that night, except by climbing, and as there was no comfortable lodging to be had in the tunnel we again ventured. Mr. Chesbrough ascended first, and by way of a parting salute, when half way up he emptied a gallon of water from each boot upon our heads. The remainder of the party were already exhausted by fatigue and cold. How the others succeeded is best known to themselves. The present writer, for his part, was just on the point of giving out as he reached a platform let down about fifteen feet from the mouth of the shaft, hands stiffened with cramp, a dizzy sensation of sixty feet beneath him, a creeping of the flesh, powers to move another step. One last shout for help and he found himself seized by a friendly hand and laid out on the platform, then tied to a rope and hauled up to the mouth of the shaft. Mutual congratulations on our escape and adjournment to the kitchen, where Mr. Delaney, the worthy steward of the crib, provided a bowl of hot coffee for the sufferers.

The flood-gates of the crib were reopened immediately after our escape, and the waters went down with a roar like that of an infant Niagra. What became of the flat bottomed boat we did not know and did not care.

The tug was waiting for us at ten o'clock, and in a few minutes the party were fleeting merrily home again under the kindly stars. And so ended the adventurous voyage, the last that will be made through the lake tunnel.

THE WOODWARD TRAGEDY IN INDIANA.—*Wm. Sandere is on trial at Bedford, Indiana, accused of murdering three persons last year in Orange County, of that State.* While this horrid butchery was going on, a little daughter of Woodward's seized the babe and secreted herself behind the door, at the same time holding her hand over the child's mouth in order that its cries might not betray their hiding place, and by that means saved the lives of both. A little son, some five years old, managed to escape by hiding under a bed. The little girl is only about seven years old, and very small for one of her age. She is a very bright child, and answered the questions put to her with a candor and frankness, that is seldon witnessed in older persons. The first thing was for the Court to determine whether she was competent to testify. The Judge asked her name. She gave it in a clear and distinct tone of voice. The Judge then ordered the witness to be sworn, and she was then examined closely in regard to what she saw and did on that fatal night. She told all about how she hid behind the door with the babe, and how she held her hand over its mouth to keep it from making a noise; how she went for the neighbors about daybreak, and many other things which it is impossible for us to enumerate. The recital was very affecting, and if the defendant at the bar was the guilty party, he certainly must have had terrible emotions while the story was being told.

SINGULAR FACT.—*The Youth's History of the War" says:* One singular fact in connection with the death of Mr. Lincoln was, that no coroner's inquest was ever held on his body; nor legal evidence taken as to the manner of his death, nor was a single person accused of connection with it ever brought into a court of law, nor is there to this day any legal testimony whatever as to the manner of his death, the cause of it, or who killed him."

WILL THE VIOLETS BLOOM AGAIN?

BY REV. W. C. RICHARDS.

Will the violets bloom again
Where the drifted snow is piled,
By the north wind bleak and wild,
On the hill-side, in the glen?

Will their tender eyes of blue
Ever wake from frozen trance,
Ever urge their timid glance—
All these ghostly shroudings through?

Cold the kisses of the air
On the earth's white bosom press;
Will they glow with tenderness
Kindling hues and fragrance there?

So we murmur—half as real—
White as snow-drifts higher climb;
Murmur—"Will the sweet spring time
Beauty any more reveal?"

And in winter yet more drear,
Winter thick with spirit gloom;
All our fond hopes in the tomb,
Only drifting terror: nears.

Woful in doubt, we say—
"Will the shadows ever lift;
Through our great gloom's billowy drift,
Can joy's blossoms make their way?"

Harder, here, comes Faith's behest,
Than to see beneath the snow
Germ and leaf and petals grow—
Out of earth's dew-spangled breast!

April's tears and May's warm smiles
Will at length dissolve the drift;
And the violet's eyes will lift
Up to ours their sunniest wiles.

Then its heavenly hue and breath,
Shall this holy lesson teach—
Plainer, tenderer far than speech—
How in gloom Joy quickeneth.

Round Table.

How Unjust!

In the days of Democratic rule, the taxes of the country were laid in proportion to the wealth of the citizens. There was no discrimination for the rich at the expense of the poor—no favor shown to men of wealth for which the impoverished laborer had to pay—no exempted "bonds" that drew an enormous interest without returning some revenue to the coffers of the people—no favored class that reaped the benefit of government, without bearing its share of the burdens, and no pampered up nabobs, who were fed and fattened on the toil of the day laborer, and enriched by the bread that was taken from the mouths of the starving millions. But Abolitionism, with other changes has changed all this. To-day, the poor men of the country, the toiling, sweating, hard-fisted masses are paying *all* the taxes, bearing *all* the burdens, while the rich enjoy the emoluments, and are blessed with all the benefits of the government. Were the taxes of the country equally divided as under the Democratic administration, according to the wealth of the taxable inhabitants, it would lessen them one-fourth, for that class of citizens who are now compelled to pay them all. And why should they not, brother working man? Why should the dollars of the rich go free, and the dimes of the poor be taxed? Why should the thousands of the banker and broker that is invested in government bonds be exempt, and the hundreds you have invested in a home for your wife and little ones be loaded down with taxation? Can you answer? Hardly.

And yet is so. You make and repair the roads; you keep up the schools; you maintain the poor; you pay the State, County, relief, bounty and the score of other taxes that are imposed upon you, and that have been doubled and tripled, since abolitionism came in power, and your wealthy neighbor, who has invested thousands upon thousands of dollars, in the bonds of the government, is exempt from all. No assessor bothers him to know the amount of money he has at interest, and no tax-gatherer dogs his heels, for his proportion of the burdens of the government; they are put on to your shoulders—you have to bear the load, and out of the bread that should go into the mouths of your children, and from the clothes that should keep them warm, you are compelled to take enough to pay *your taxes and his also.* And not only his taxes but an exhorbitant interest on the money that he has loaned to the government—interest that will not rate less than 15, and in many instances as high as 20 per cent. For forty-five cents he received one dollar's worth of bonds, and you pay him interest on the one dollar, when he invested but the forty-five cents. What justice is there in this? Why should a government thus favor the rich and oppress the poor? Will you tell us honest toilers? Ye who drudge day in and day out—work your finger ends sore, and still barely make a living? Is it the kind of government poor men should have? Is the party that has brought it to this the party of the poor man? If not, and it certainly is not, why do poor men cling to, and support the very men who are crushing them to the earth, that the rich may revel in luxury and ease at the expense of the laboring masses. Tell us ye Solons of Abolitionism, why we who toil from "dawn of day till dusk of eve," should pay twenty per cent. interest to rich men and their taxes besides?—*Bellefonte Watchman.*

SHOE PEGGING.—At the recent exhibition of the Polytechnic branch of the American Institute, in New York, a hand shoe pegging machine was exhibited, which is said to have operated to the satisfaction of the members. The exhibitor claimed that by his machine he could peg one pair of boots per minute, the work consisting of cutting the pegs from long strips of birch wood, punching the holes and driving a double row of pegs.

[For the Democrat.]

The Power of Memory.

Memory, or the faculty of memory, is one of the most blessed constituents of the human mind. It serves as kind of repertory in the secret chamber of the soul where every event of importance in the past occupies its proper place and can be called up at pleasure without the slightest effort on the part of the various attributes of man's nature. This attribute or faculty of man possesses a quality so strong that it treasures up every event in the past whether honorable or dishonorable. On the contrary, the peals of those mighty thunderings that seem to shake the very foundations of God's terrestrial empire are not more appalling than the manner in which busy, meddling memory thunders in the ears of our recollection of our dishonorable actions. Reader, let us wander down the vale of the past, and while we proceed, let memory collect for us all the important events of our nation's history. With the quickness of lightning's flash, she conveys us back to the days of our nation's former glory, when she was looked up to, as an asylum for the oppressed of all nations. And our government was looked up to as the model government of the world. Our boundaries extending far and wide; from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean; from the borders of Canada to the Rio Grande, when there was a wider diffusion of education and a higher appreciation of religion, and a more pure and exalted morality than ever existed in any government since the foundation of the world. But since our government has fallen from honor to dishonor, we have become a hiss and a by-word for all nations. Thus busy memory ever portrays to us in our reflective moments scenes for which the heart of every Constitution loving man North or South yearns; thus memory brings to us those hallowed associations! Oh, what undying memories cluster around our fallen country; what bliss, what hopes, fears and purposes were connected with it! Since it was established by those men who struggled together in 1776, on the battle fields of the Revolution, and when the Declaration was penned and sealed by the blood of our forefathers, and watered by the dews of heaven; when the door of peace rested on those fields so lately drenched by the blood of the sons of toil, she carries us on to the epoch when we felt the mighty shock. She portrays to us the memory of absent ones, and the blooming hopes of father, mother and little ones, whispering in their ears, "thy home once happy is now miserable; thy family in which grew the flower of hope, and that sweet flower has been blown upon by the winds of commotion, and false legislation, and now floats upon the waves of time, a mere wreck." Memory also portrays to us false legislation in the various halls, and points to another, charging him with the most flagrant violations of the most solemn vows; vows recorded in Heaven and on earth, charging him with the sin of a mighty tyrant: saying, you have broken the peace of the nation and in your efforts to heal the breach you have only widened it by your false legislation, and have fastened upon her ten thousand sorrows. You have clothed our once happy nation with the sackcloth of infamy, and have fallen in your grave, leaving memory to do her work on your former career, while others she brands with a violation of the laws of our nation, and their God, which will remain unknown to all but God and memory, and the perpetrators, till the judgment day. Their dishonorable and unholy actions we labor to forget. O'er them we would sing their funeral dirge, while we vainly attempt to bury them, hoping they may never have a resurrection. But lo! the power of memory, like a mighty lever, brings them up out of the grave in which we have endeavored to bury them, in direct opposition to our strenuous exertions to forget them. In our reflective moments they pass like a panoramic view before us. For memory will last while God lives and eternity lasts; so long will she upbraid them with their unholy actions and broken vows, while memory should be engaged in different scenes than those upon which we have dwelt. But she comes thundering in our ears the recollections of absent ones. I can picture to myself, with fancy's pencil, that bright and blooming youth, those tearful eyes, that beautifully modulated voice, uttering tremulously, farewell! who is now laid in the grave, on a far distant, sea-girt shore; why, we ask, has he fled from the society of friends and family? Memory comes to our help, and the problem is solved; some treacherous hand has been stretched to sunder the chords that bound our union together, and error comes forth in the form of truth and gives renewed energy to the conflict, which roused the passions and spread the starry banner as free as the breeze on which she ever floated; while the bosom of our bleeding country heaves like the breathing of a giant, from the corrupt legislation, and the serpent of error lurks in some of her noble bowers, feeding upon the agitating questions of the day, and is now tempting some weaker one, even than *Eve*, to reach forth the hand of treason to sever the chords that have bound us in friendship so long together as sister independent States, and thus dishonor the memories of our fathers, and wreck forever, mid scenes of confusion, the ark of our liberties. God stay the hand of the demon, and palsy the arm, and silence the tongue, that may be raised, either in church or state, to sever, ultimately, these sister, though independent States of ours.

April 10, 1867. J. C. R.

☞ A friend says he knows of but one branch of employment which is very profitable, and but little followed, and that is:—"Mind your own business."

Horrible Solution of a Mystery.

In the early part of the month of August last a girl named Eliza Drummond, about eleven years of age, whose parents live near the town of West Monroe, in this county, left her home one morning for the purpose of picking berries, and never returned. The most diligent search was made for her by the parents and neighbors, but no traces could be found. The event which created a profound sensation at the time, had almost passed from the minds of all save the stricken parents, when it was painfully recalled by a recent occurrence. On Tuesday last five or six lads went out hunting in the vicinity, and during the day came upon a spot where a large number of black snakes were discovered and killed. The appearance of the reptiles in such numbers at this season of the year, was considered remarkable, and it was suggested by one of the party that a breeding den must be somewhere near. A search was immediately commenced, which resulted in a manner far different from their expectations.

In the side of a little hill near the edge of a swamp was found a sort of opening, which in the summer was concealed by tall grass and bushes. In this opening was found a human skeleton, from which every particle of flesh had been taken. The bones were as white as ivory, and all perfect. Near by was a tin pail in a rusted condition, and a tin cup. The boys were terribly frightened and gave the alarm. The remains were taken from the mouth of the den, and examination showed that the place had been and probably now was a breeding place for black snakes. The boldest hesitated to enter.—The entrance which was large enough for the admission of a man's body, grew smaller and tended downward. Lighted balls of hay soaked in kerosene were thrown into the cavity, and in less than fifteen minutes eighty-two snakes, ranging in length from one-and a half to four feet, were killed.

The pail and cup were recognized by Mr. and Mrs. Drummond as those taken by their child when she went away for the last time. The physicians pronounced the remains those of a female child, and there can be no doubt but that the poor little girl, while picking berries in the vicinity of the spot, became tired, seated herself in the shade of the opening to this horrid den, was attacked by the reptiles in numbers and killed. The discovery has shocked the whole community.—*Oswego (N. Y.) Palladium.*

The Baby Market.

The New York *Dispatch* gravely asserts that the sale of illegitimate babies in that city is a profitable business, and so publicly carried on as scarcely to be clandestine. It says that should the King of the Ashantees or any other distinguished cannibal, come to that city, and desire a fine, fat baby for a luxurious meal, he could be accommodated. These so-called nurseries are numerous, and may be found in different parts of the city, their whereabouts being for the most part advertised in the daily papers; the announcement being made in a manner that disguises but does not conceal their real import. Three places, the largest of which is situated in Greenwich Street, answers a double purpose, that of relieving those of the responsibilities of maternity, who do not wish to be burdened, and bestowing upon those who wish such blessings, the well-spring of pleasure, "a babe in the house."

The seekers after infantile loveliness can, upon application, be accommodated to any desired extent; babies from one day to one year old, are constantly on hand, or provided to order, of any type of beauty or shade of complexion, and at prices ranging from $26 to $200, warranted sound, and in a good state of preservation at the time of delivery.

A reporter who visited one of these baby bazaars was offered a sickly little male infant 17 days old, with a red, flabby skin, covered with "rash," for the unreasonable price of $30.

A robust female child, four months old, who was good and gave no trouble, was held at $75. A year and a half old, French boy, with fair round limbs, hazel eyes and curly black hair, was ticketed at $150. The matron in charge volunteered the information that babies just then were "rather dull."

☞ "Going to leave, Mary?"

"Yes, mum; I find I am very discontented."

"If there is anything I can do to make you more comfortable, let me know."

"No mum, it's impossible. You can't alter your finger no more n I can. Your dresses won't fit me, and I can't appear on Sundays as I used at my last place, where missus' clothes always fitted 'xactly."

☞ "Ven you're a married man, Sammy, you'll understand a great many things as you don't understand now; but vether it's vorth vhile to go through so much to learn so little, as the charity boy said when he got to the end of the alphabet, is a matter of taste."

A POINT OF ORDER.—A windy orator in the New York Legislature, after a lengthy effort, stopped for a drink of water. "I rise," said Bloss, "to a point of order."—Everybody started, wondering what the point of order was. "What is it?" asked the Speaker. "I think, sir," said Bloss, "it is out of order for a windmill to go by water."

☞ Wiggins was one day with a friend, when he observed a poor dog that had been killed, lying in the gutter. Wiggins paused, gazed at the dead animal, and at last said: "Here is another shipwreck." "Shipwreck. Where?" "Why, there's a bark that's lost forever." His companion growled and passed on.