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THE BLOOMSBURG DEMOCRAT. IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY IN BLOOMSBURG, PA., BY WILLIAMSON H. JACOBY. TERMS—\$3.00 in advance. If not paid within six months, 50 cents additional will be charged. No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid except at the option of the editor. RATES OF ADVERTISING. THE BLOOMSBURG DEMOCRAT. Every subsequent insertion less than 12 lines, 10 cents per line. One square, 250 lines, 100 cents. Two squares, 500 lines, 150 cents. Three squares, 750 lines, 200 cents. Four squares, 1000 lines, 250 cents. Half column, 1000 lines, 150 cents. One column, 1500 lines, 200 cents. Extra and Administrator's Notice, 250 lines, 100 cents. Advertiser's Notice, 250 lines, 100 cents. Business notices, without advertisement, twenty cents per line. Transient advertisements payable in advance all others due after the first insertion. THE OFFICE—In Shive's Block, Cor. of Main and Iron Streets. W. H. JACOBY, Proprietor. Bloomsburg, Columbia County, Pa.

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 repairs with neatness and dispatch, upon the most liberal terms. He also has on hand and on order various patterns and styles, which he will sell upon terms to suit purchasers. He is a good mechanic, and deserving of the public patronage. JACOB METZ, Bloomsburg, Sept. 9, 1866—1y.

THE MILESTONE. Along a road two Irish lads One summer's day were walking, And all the while, with laugh and shout, In lively strain were talking. About the fair, about the girls, And who were best at dancing; While at each pretty face they met, Their eyes were brightly glancing. And as they strode for many a mile, They grew in time quite frisky, And now and then, from lip to lip, They passed the darling whiskey. At length, before them in the hedge, The road-side view commanded, They saw, 'twas white and lettered o'er, A mile stone lonely standing. They read and quickly doffed their hats, With sorrow in their faces; Then turning with reverent awe, They stepped back several paces. "Speak low, we're near the dead," said one "His grave we'll not be troubling; An old man sure '100, and His name is Miles from Dublin!"

PLASTER MILL. 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. B. MCNICOLL, Catawissa, Jan. 23, 1867.

A NOVELTY IN THE ART OF NAVIGATION. Yankee skill is perpetually at work devising and perfecting ingenious contrivances, both useful and ornamental, which the world marvels and stands aghast with admiring awe; and when it is supposed they have reached the acme of their sublime inventing power, the entire universe is again startled with the announcement that the indomitable Yankee has discovered something a thousand-fold more wonderful, than was ever before dreamt of in man's philosophy. The latest invention of this kind that is our province to chronicle is of the nature of a piece of marine machinery, but which will obviate the necessity of steam, and will at the same time do away with the masts, thus discarding the sail, proper, and yet receiving the motive power from four fans or sails of canvas; in short, the invention is nothing more nor less than a windmill ship, the machinery of which is very simple and easily kept in repair. An upright tower, seven feet in height from the deck, composed of wood, and hollow in the middle after the fashion of a pump, contains an iron rod, which is attached to a revolving head on the top of the tower, and running through this pump or tower to a cross bar resting across the keelson, where, by the means of two wire wheels working at direct angles, a direct acting shaft is made to turn an ordinary shaft is made to turn an ordinary propelling wheel. The rod is confined to its proper place in the centre of the tower by means of journals. Capping the tower are two wire wheels working on the revolving head, and through this head passes the counter shaft to which the windmill is attached. These fans furnish the motive power, and are composed of four oak frames in the form of a common window frame, the space in the centre being occupied with canvas, working an iron rod, which by means of balyards leading to the decks can be reefed at will. A reversing motion is obtained from a double wheel on the propelling shaft, and working by a clutch leading aft to the counter shaft. An iron rod leading from the revolving head to the deck, and held there by a set screw, and working on a segment of a circle on the deck, enables the navigator to lay her as close to the wind as any ordinary sailing vessel.

BOOTS AND SHOE SHOP. OSCAR P. GIRTON, Re-spectfully informs the public that he is now prepared to manufacture all styles 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. His place is at the corner of North East Corner of Main and Iron Streets, over J. K. Girton's Place. Bloomsburg, Oct. 10, 1866—2m.

INVENTOR'S OFFICES. DERINEUIL & EVANS, Civil Engineers and Patent Solicitors, No. 63 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA. PATENTS solicited—Consultations on Engineering, Drafting and Sketching, Models and Machinery, of all kinds made and skilfully attended to. Special attention given to REGISTERED CASES and PATENT PENDING. Authentic Copies of all Documents of Patent Office supplied. N. B.—Save your money—avoid trouble and traveling expense as there is no actual need for personal interviews with us. All business with these offices can be transacted in writing. For further information direct as above, with stamp enclosed for Circulars and references. April 16, 1867—1y—W.

FORKS HOTEL. GEO. W. MAUGER, Proprietor. The above well known hotel has recently undergone radical changes in its internal arrangements, and its proprietor announces in its tower rooms and parlors, for the comfort of his guests are second to none in the country. His table will always be found supplied with the most substantial food, but with all the delicacies of the season. His wine and liquors (except the popular beverage known as "Whisky") 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—1f.

MACHINE AND REPAIR SHOP. THE undersigned would most respectfully announce to the public that he is now prepared to execute all kinds of MACHINERY, at JOHN H. HART'S FOUNDRY, in Bloomsburg, where he is engaged in the business of repairing, including Thrashing Machines, and in short, all kinds of Farming Utensils. Also, TURKISH ANNI and other kinds of machinery. He is prepared to do all kinds of short notice, in good workmanship, and upon the most reasonable terms. His long experience in the business as a foreman in the shop of Lewis H. Mages of this place, for over nine years, warrants him in saying that he can give entire satisfaction to all who may have his services. GEORGE HARBERT, Bloomsburg, May 21, 1866.

FALLON HOUSE. THE subscriber having purchased the "Fallon House," in Lock Haven, Pa., property of E. W. Higby, Esq., would say to the friends of the House, his acquaintance, and the public generally, that he intends to "keep a House," with the accommodations and comforts of a House, and humbly solicits their patronage. Late of the Madison House, Philadelphia. Lock Haven, Dec. 30, 1866.

LOCK HAVEN, Pa., property of E. W. Higby, Esq., would say to the friends of the House, his acquaintance, and the public generally, that he intends to "keep a House," with the accommodations and comforts of a House, and humbly solicits their patronage. Late of the Madison House, Philadelphia. Lock Haven, Dec. 30, 1866.

MISS LIZZIE PETERMAN, Would announce to the ladies of Bloomsburg and the eastern cities her Spring and Summer MILLINERY GOODS, consisting of all articles usually found in first class Millinery stores. Her goods are of the best quality and at the lowest prices. Call and examine them for yourselves. Nobody should purchase a wardrobe before examining Miss Peterman's stock of goods. Bonnets made to order, on the shortest notice, or repaired. Store on Main street, 33d or below the store of Mrs. J. B. McNICOLL, Bloomsburg, May 2, 1866—1f.

NEW TOBACCO STORE. H. H. HUNSBERGER, Main Street, below the "American House," BLOOMSBURG, PA., Where he keeps on hand, and for sale on the home and country trade, at Philadelphia (lowest) prices, FINE CUT AND PLUG TOBACCO, DOMESTIC AND IMPORTED CIGAR all kinds of SMOKING TOBACCO, South, Maryland and Briar Wood Pipes, and all articles pertaining to the trade. Retail dealers and wholesale tobacco, would do well to give him a call. He is constantly on hand, and for every article they need or desire. His country proxy. Bloomsburg, May 2, 1866—1f.

It is an old saying, that charity begins at home; but this is no reason it should not go abroad; a man should live with the world as a citizen of the world, he may have a preference for the particular quarter or square, or even alley in which he lives, but he should have a generous feeling for the whole. Some men often put me in mind of half-bred horses, which often grow worse in proportion as you feed and exercise them for improvement.

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[For the Democrat.] SOLILOQUY ON THE SEASONS. BY FILO. It seems to be a characteristic of man to regard the past as being more pleasant than the present, and particularly so in regard to the seasons; although there may be some exceptions, and we thank heaven that we happen to be an exception. We have lately attended the obsequies of the last of the four children, that belonged to old father time; and we are glad that they are dead and buried; not, but we have had our enjoyments; not but what they have brought us enjoyments, and made us happier than we have ever been before. But we believe, that the sorrows of any round of seasons, that has ever been, will quite balance the enjoyments; therefore in the coming seasons we hope that the enjoyments will over-balance the sorrows, and make us happier than we have ever been before. However let us consider the past for a moment, review the seasons, and note some of the traits in each. Spring was born a cross squalling little brat, knocking off our hat, and catching one in the hair with one hand, and hussling snow, hail, or rain in our face with the other. But as she grows older she becomes by degrees as gentle as a lamb, but we fear she will always be changeable in her temper; because some days she cheers us with her smiles, and makes us think that we are enjoying as much happiness, as Adam and Eve did, while they retained their state of purity. But man is doomed to disappointment; because the Sun may have set beautiful, and the sky may be clear, and every prospect for a pleasant day on the morrow,—but what? something through the course of the night seems to have ruffled the temper of Spring. And the first salutation in the morning is our hat off, over the fence into a ten-acre field, and we are off; but it is no use, the wind carries it five times as fast as we can run, and lodges it in the north-west corner of the field; but on we go as fast as we can run with our hands on our head to keep the remaining hair that has not been forced from our cranium, and blown away with the hail and snow, that were coming in torrents from the sky to the earth. Our hat secured we return to the house, determined not to venture out any more until we can be sure that we will not lose our hat, say nothing about our head. And is it any wonder, that we view such times with mingled dread and awe; when the god of day veils his face, that he may not behold the obstreperousness of this young hopeful spring. But we said a short time ago that spring's temper was changeable, and so it is, for by the next morning or two, the sun will withdraw his veil and put on a cheerful smile; while spring is wrapt in tears, I suppose for her had conduct, and as we are always willing to forgive a true penitent, we will suppose spring is sincere, and forgive her, and view the brighter side of her temper. Two, three, or four, such times and her temper becomes mild and gentle, and instead of being clothed with sheets of ice and snow, and emitting rain, hail and snow from the clouds; we see her decked with every eye and tint of which the various flowers are composed, and sending us the warm and gentle showers, that gladden and cheer the heart of the farmer, and forces a smile on the most crabbed old man to think of the beautiful harvest these gentle showers and lovely days will bring him who is a stranger to a smile at most other times. But who can help smiling, or even enjoying an old-fashioned laugh to think that the squalling little brat with which we had to deal a short time ago has become a lovely girl; possessing all the beauties and virtues that a fallen angel can possess, with a wreath of flowers in one hand and bouquet in the other, to welcome her successor not seemingly aware that she must pass away and be no more just before he is formed. Spring we think is formed in poverty, with a very bad temper, dies in still greater poverty, having an even temper, and is buried in beauty. Summer is born a sorrowful child and often weeps and sometimes bellows like a real booby. We can give no good reason for his doing so, except that although he is born in beauty, and gets all the flowers that his sister prepares for him, and even more; still he is born in poverty not having the substance that his sire yielded, his predecessors having consumed all, and yielded nothing but flowers and fair promises in return; and we suppose he makes this ado about his poverty. But he does not sit down to weep, but goes to work striving to replace the bounties that his predecessors have consumed, and provides for his successors as assiduously as if he expected to survive to help enjoy them; but he seems fully to understand that he cannot until he is taken like a man in the prime of life and hurried into an untimely grave. But what he was unable to do on account of his untimely death, Autumn steps on the arena with a strong coalition; and as an arm served for the work, and sets himself at gathering and storing away the riches that Summer labored hard to make. Although Summer was taken away in the midst of life, and his death seemed rather untimely, still we don't know but we were somewhat hazy in saying that he died before his work was done; because we believe he had finished his work, and all that was his place or duty to do—he had stored away the richest of his yields, which rightly belongs to him, leaving autumn to mature and gather the remainder. But let us take one more look at Summer; after one of those beautiful July showers; when the sun veiled his face and Summer had

one of his whimpering spells, after which the sun withdraws his veil, and looks cheerfully upon Summer's tears, or in plain words the sun smiles while Summer weeps. After which we see the golden harvest waving to and fro, as if it was beckoning the reaper to make haste, and gather it while in bloom.—We also see the green Indian corn towering high above the walls or fences which protect it from the intrusion of those which would gladly invade the rights of their master by scaling the walls; and sipping the young suckers and even the shoot that is destined to be the ear if protected from the old brindle sow, the little red bull, and a half-dozen mischievous colts; all of which are anxiously awaiting an opportunity to have a romp through the corn, oats and potatoes. But we hope Autumn will pardon us for dismissing him with such a short notice; we love Autumn dearly but we love Summer better. But on the whole we don't know which is the best; because Summer weeps, laughs and grows sad, alternately; as may best suit his peculiar disposition. While Autumn is always sedate except a few weeks after he first steps on the arena, when he sometimes cheers us with a smile, and perhaps he may give us a tear or two, just to show us the relation he bears to his predecessor; after which he becomes sedate and meditative, always reminding us of the mortality of all created things, as he yields one treasure after another to the icy arms of death; but, high-ho! cries the farmer's boy, what a fine crop of potatoes and pumpkins we have! won't we have a delicious feast on the Irishman's dish, and the Yankees pie? But when the farmer examines the crop he shakes his head and says sure yield. But he gathers what there is thanking Heaven for it; but after the gathering is completed, and the crop measured he finds that Providence has been better to him than he had anticipated, which cause him to sleep better than he had done a few nights previous. But now Autumn's work is done, and the last leaf on the Old Elm Tree has reluctantly let go its hold, and all nature seems wrapt in a garment of mourning; when finally the winding sheet is put around him and he is laid in the grave. Autumn has passed away! and Old Winter is here yes he is here with a foot of snow. And in evening,—we hear what? ting-ting-ting-ting-ting-ting; and who-who; and all is quiet for a moment; when ha-ha-ha-ha-ha the merry laugh; and we hasten to the door, where we find a sleighing party, consisting of about a half dozen lively girls, and as many jolly boys; Thus goes the Winter, frolic and fun for the young folks; while our old gray-headed parents draw near the old fashioned fire-place, and give a spring and a shiver, with an O dear! my young folks will surely freeze,—it is so piercing cold. Really I cannot understand what makes them venture out such bitter cold nights; I do not see what pleasure there can be in these sleighing parties, when it is so cold, says our mother. A no! from father and a hitch toward the fire, thereby giving a double amount to all that has been said; forgetting that they were ever young, and that they at one time enjoyed a sleighing-party as well as the youngest. So it goes, Old Winter is busily engaged at his work of consumption until finally when another Spring has come he has nearly consumed all that the previous Summer has yielded. A few cold rains, and a thaw or two, and perhaps a sleety storm, after which Winter passes away, and the year is gone, leaving the arena for another round of Seasons in their turn. Many analogies between human life and the Seasons, being natural, have been themes upon which poets in all countries have largely dwelt. Had it pleased Heaven to breathe into us poetical genius, we would pour forth strains, illustrative of this analogy that might be both affecting and impressive. We sometimes feel that many of those written by wily-ford sentimentalists are not only fantastic but false, and do equal violence, both to the seasons and life. We think that life is more like the whole round of Seasons, than any particular one. We do not think Winter is emblematical of old age. In the very dead of Winter nature is not in a state of decay, but there is as much vitality in nature, as when it is clothed in its mantle of green. True the sap of trees is frozen down from their boles and branches into their toes or roots. But it is there ready to reascend in due time. Not so with the old, the vital part has not sunk down into their toes, but much of it has gone clear out of their system; therefore the analogy between old age and Winter is not naturally emblematical. What characteristic in an old person is like rain, sleet, hail, frost, ice, snow, winds, bluster, storms hurricanes and occasional thunder and lightning? True we will not criminate any one for liking the earth after a fall of snow to the sprinkling of gray hair on our sires ancient temples, and we do not suppose that his blood is a hot as when he was a sprigling. But it is our opinion as well as some of our best writers and distinguished essayists, that in reality, the analogy does not exist at all, and only has a place in the imagination. Haunphey seems to understand this full well, and in his observations on time likens life to the figures on the dial-plate of a time piece; hence instead of four seasons he makes twelve stages allowing a man to live eighty-four years. Shakespeare knew this as well and gives seven stages with which Christian North argues. We might multiply authority that would stand out as authority; but we think it unnecessary suffice it to say that no person will live beyond his time; and it matters not to us how fantastic sentimentalists, celebrated essayists, or distinguished writers, divide time, the present is all we can boast of, and unless we act upon the principles that the present is the only time upon which we can act; we will never accomplish any good or great thing in life.

IS J. WILKES BOOTH DEAD? New Revelations. The Memphis (Tenn. Avalanche has a lengthy article in which it argues the probability of J. Wilkes Booth being still in the land of the living. The ingenuity of the epistle renders it worthy a perusal. The Avalanche correspondent says: "The statement which appears in your paper of Sunday last, in regard to the point as to whether J. Wilkes Booth still lives, calls to mind other publications that have heretofore appeared in print on the same subject. Allow me to call your attention to these, and also to some circumstances that would tend to support the idea of Booth's death being a fraud perpetrated on the public. Early in the spring of 1866 a letter was received from one of the West India Islands, by a correspondent of a New York paper, stating that J. Wilkes Booth had been seen on the Island of Cuba, a short time previous to the writing of the letter. This letter was noticed by some, if not all the Memphis papers. Not long after this publication a statement appeared in some of the papers of this country, to the effect that Booth had been seen in Europe, in one of the Italian States. Some time last summer a man was arrested in Kentucky on a charge of horse-stealing, and lodged in jail. If my memory serves me right, he gave his name as King. He wrote to Jefferson C. Davis of the U. S. army, stating that he desired to make a confession to him of importance to the country. Gen. Davis, accompanied by another officer of the army (a general) went to the prison, and the newspapers stated at the time that they occupied nearly an entire day, taking down in writing the confession of the man. The newspapers also stated that the substance of the confession was that Booth was not the assassin of Lincoln, but that the man King committed the crime; that after shooting Lincoln he leaped upon the stage of the theatre and passed out at the back door where Booth was with the horses. The two rode rapidly to the residence of Mr. Seward. King dismounted and went in, and attempted to kill Seward. He then returned to Booth and the two made their escape through Maryland on horseback, and thence to Canada, and soon after they went to Cuba, where he separated from Booth in the spring of 1866 and came to Kentucky. He called the attention of the two generals to the fact that no proof had ever been made identifying Booth with the killing, except the testimony of Laura Keen, an actress, who, he stated was a personal enemy of Booth. She stated she recognized Booth as the man who jumped upon the stage with the drawn dagger. King stated it was not Booth, but him. He also stated that Mrs. Surratt knew nothing of the conspiracy, and he gave information to the said official that would throw light upon the subject. All this has appeared in the newspapers heretofore, and may be taken for what it is worth. Now, as one who is conversant in the habit of looking closely into, and the circumstances surrounding complicated cases, I propose to call your attention to certain facts that have an important bearing upon the whole question as to the probability of Booth not having been the man who was shot in the barn when Harrold was arrested. The history of the matter, as given to the public at the time, that Harrold was arrested and Boston Corbett had shot Booth; they put the dead body in a wagon, and proceeded with it to Washington city, the news of their success having reached Washington before that; Baker, the Chief Detective of the Secretary of War, Mr. Stanton, went to meet the party who had killed Booth and captured Harrold. Upon meeting them, Baker and Corbett took possession of the reputed dead body of Booth, and as they say buried it in some secret place, that is known to no person living except Baker and Corbett and they both took a solemn oath over the grave they would never reveal the burial place. A large reward had been offered by the government for the apprehension of Booth, and this being the case, does it not seem most natural that if the man who was killed in the barn was Booth, that Baker and Corbett would have carried the body to Washington city, where the body, if that of Booth could have been identified by thousands who knew him, and thus shown themselves entitled to receive the reward? Where is the testimony showing any proof of the statement of Baker and Corbett that the body buried was that of Booth? It was not even asserted that Harrold confessed that it was Booth. He stated that he was with Booth at the back door of the theatre, but does not say that it was Booth who was killed in the barn. The paper stated that after Gen. J. C. Davis received the confession of the man King, he forwarded it to the Secretary of War. Since that time the public has learned nothing of the water, and the question is, what has become of King, and if the papers which he referred Gen. Davis to have been found, what light do they throw on the subject? That matter is now supposed to be in the hands and under the control of Mr. Stanton. Now who could be benefited by the death of Lincoln? Certainly not the Confederates for the war is over. The public was told by the newspapers of the time, and particularly those of the Radical party, that on the day of the night of the assassination, Mr. Lincoln had called and held a Cabinet meeting, and at said meeting Mr. Lincoln had informed the Cabinet that he intended to issue a proclamation declaring the rebellion as an end, placing the Southern States in the same relation as

occupied by them towards the United States before the war and also granting general amnesty and pardon. It was also said that Secretary Seward endorsed the position of Mr. Lincoln, although not able to be at the Cabinet meeting. Suppose such a proclamation had been made by Lincoln, would it not have been a death blow to the Radical party? They would have been deprived at one blow of the power of reconstructing the South, or of intermeddling in the internal affairs of the States. That party would have been dropped dead, and the Union would have been put upon its former basis, except as to the existence of African slavery in the Southern States. The Radicals would have been prevented from overriding the Constitution, and, in fact, that party would have been powerless, inasmuch as slavery had been abolished, and there would have been nothing to feed their dupes upon. But Lincoln was killed the night after he had expressed himself in regard to the proclamation. It is probable the people of the United States would like to know why the Secretary of War and a Radical Congress permitted or directed Baker to receive the greater portion of the reward offered for the apprehension of Booth upon such slim testimony, when Mr. Stanton had it in his power to force Baker to produce the dead body, he being the superior officer and master, so to speak of the creature Baker? Why was Baker brevetted Brigadier General by Mr. Stanton, soon after Booth was said to have been killed? Although the Kentucky man tells General Davis that he murdered Lincoln, and this fact was made known to Stanton, we hear no noise about it. Congress has not appointed a committee to investigate the affair. The question presents itself, what has become of the man who confessed to having killed Lincoln and tried to murder Seward? The whole matter seems to have been hushed up in some way. It might be of some interest to the public to know what has become of King? Is he still in Kentucky, in prison waiting his trial as a thief? or has the War Department taken charge of him? When the dispatch from General Davis, in regard to King's confession, reached Stanton, what order was given in regard to him, and why has he not been tried before a Military Commission, or a Court for the murder? They hung a woman, who said on the gallows she was innocent; why don't Stanton have this man hung who says, "I murdered Abraham Lincoln?" While all the Radical papers and stump speakers and Congressmen are charging that Jeff. Davis was implicated in the plot, why don't they say something about the way Stanton allowed this man Baker to put away the dead body? Or cry aloud or groan heavily because Stanton don't hang King? Why is it that no attempt was made upon the life of any one but Lincoln and Seward, who, it is stated, agreed to the proclamation granting amnesty to all? You will observe I accuse no one, but there is such a fog floating around the whole matter, that I, for one, would like to be able to see more clearly through it.

Daring Outrage in N. Carolina. Not long since a gang of negroes went to the house of Samuel Elliot, Jones County, and robbed it of almost its entire contents under the following circumstances: Mr. Elliot and his family were at supper in an apartment of an out-building used as a kitchen. The negroes crept up upon them, and the first intimation the family had of their presence was on being ordered to surrender and seeing two guns pointed at them through the half closed door. The door was then fastened upon the family, and a guard having been posted, the ruffians proceeded to the house and robbed it of everything of value. The plunder was coolly stacked in the yard for transportation, a guard was put upon it, and then an order was issued to the pent up inmates of the kitchen to cook rations for the robbers. This they had to do; and when cooked it was passed out to them through an opening in the wall, and when devoured the negroes quietly departed with the plunder, leaving Mr. Elliot again destitute, for this is the second outrage perpetrated upon him. OVER-WORKED WOMEN.—An over-worked woman is always a sad sight—sadder, a great deal, than an over-worked man, because she is much more fertile in capacities of suffering than a man. She has so many varieties of headache—sometimes as if Jael were driving the nail that killed Sisera into her temples—sometimes tightening around the brows as if her cap-band were Luke's iron crown—and then her neuralgias, and her back-aches, and her fits of depression, in which she thinks she is nothing, and these paroxysms which men speak lightly of as hysterical—convulsions, that is all, only not commonly fatal ones—so many trials which belong to her fine and mobile structure, that she is always entitled to pity, when she is placed in conditions which develop her nervous tendencies. When you see a man on a corner on a moonlight night, trying to convince his shadow that it is improper to follow a gentleman, you may set him down as a sign for a whiskey shop. Mrs. Partington wants to know why the captain of a vessel can't keep a memorandum of the weight of his anchor instead of weighing it every time they get out of port. A drunken fellow recovering from a dangerous illness, was asked whether he had been afraid of meeting his God. "No," said he, "I was only afraid of other men."

Child Murder in Indiana. At Warsaw, Indiana, about six weeks ago, one Lawrence Hart took from the poor house a boy four years old, named Winfield Hines. Three weeks afterwards the child was missing. Its mother made inquiry as to what had become of it, and was told that it had been given away to a man living in Ohio. Not satisfied with this, she succeeded in intortating some prominent citizens in the matter, who began to make an investigation whereupon, Hart having fled, after a long search, the mangled body of the child was found in an old well. At the Coroner's inquest, Hart's wife and others testified that, from the very first, Hart's treatment of the child was brutal and cruel in the extreme; that he whipped and beat it without mercy almost if not quite every day, and that on one occasion he spent nearly a whole day in torturing it in every way the most hellish wantonness could suggest, first whipping it with a leather strap, then with a strip of board, until it was not able to walk, and then put in down in the cellar where it laid down in the damp and chilly air and went to sleep. Then he removed it from the cellar, took it out doors and plunged its head in cold water, and compelled it to remain out of doors until its feet were frozen. He then took it into the house, hung it up by means of a strap passed around its body, and held coals of fire on a shovel under his feet. After torturing it in this manner for a while, he took it down and made it walk the floor backward and forward, occasionally striking it with a plaited leather horse-whip, until it fell at last exhausted and senseless on the floor. It further appeared that the day the child died Hart whipped it first out of doors, with a stick of some kind, until it was so exhausted that it fell asleep at the table while they were eating breakfast. Upon this Hart flew in a rage and said, "D—n you, I will see if I can't keep you awake," and thereupon seized a horse-whip and whipped the child for some time, and finally struck it a severe blow on the temple, either with his fist or the butt of the whip, and knocked its head against a stairway, causing two more severe bruises on the back part of its head. He then allowed his wife to put the child to bed, and she states that she used to restore it, but it died that night, when Hart took the body away. The murderer fled, but was captured at Independence. A Remarkable Marriage. A loving couple at Sharpsburg, Ky., arrived at that time of life when they think "sixteen and twenty for each are meant," had appointed a recent Thursday evening for the celebration of their nuptials, but unfortunately the young gentleman who procured the license failed to make his appearance with that important document, and after waiting a long time, the minister's patience wore out and he departed. Another clergyman was sent for, but owing to the lateness of the hour and the inclemency of the weather, he refused to couple, and the ceremony had to be postponed until next day. In the meantime the person having the license appeared, and in due time on the morrow the minister was en-route for the residence of the bride; but on arriving on the banks of the classic Hinkson Creek, the flood had placed an impassable barrier in his way. Not to be thwarted this time, however, one of the bridal attendants swam the stream with the license, the bride and groom mounted on horseback, drew near the water's edge. The minister mounted a stump, and from the opposite side of the stream, proceeded to solemnize the marriage rites according to the statutes of Kentucky. Thus, says the Carlisle Mercury, were Jerry Jewell and Hannah Shroet, both of Bourbon County, made one flesh and bade go on their way rejoicing.

WANTING TO GET RID OF THE ELEPHANT.—The Radical party, with Jefferson Davis on their hands, are like the man who won the Elephant at a raffle—exceedingly anxious to get rid of him. The last attempt was made in the so-called United States Senate, on the 22d ult., by Wilson, of Massachusetts; who introduced a concurrent resolution, which was ordered to be printed, reciting that, whereas, Jefferson Davis was captured by a United States military force on May 11, 1865, and has since been held in confinement as a prisoner of State in Fortress Monroe; whereas, he stands charged with certain crimes whereof he has persistently declared his innocence, and has by all means known to the law sought and demanded a speedy and public trial by due process of law, before a civil tribunal of competent jurisdiction; therefore, resolved, by the Senate, etc.; that the longer confinement of the said Jefferson Davis without a trial, is not in accordance with the demands of Justice, the spirit of the law, and the requirements of the Constitution, and that common justice, sound public policy, and the national honor unite in recommending that the said Jefferson Davis be brought to a speedy and public trial, or that he be released from confinement on bail or on his own recognizance. "Larry," said a coquettishly young lady to her cousin, prematurely bald, "why is your head like heaven?" "Don't know I'm sure," replied the swell, "unless it has a shining crown." "Good, but get correct. Because there is no more dying or parting there."

A man who suddenly became poor in Cincinnati this winter, says he has suffered less from cold feet than from the cold shoulter.

A drunken fellow recovering from a dangerous illness, was asked whether he had been afraid of meeting his God. "No," said he, "I was only afraid of other men."