BLOOMSBURG DEMOCRAT.

VOL. XXXI. BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA CO., PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 22, 1867. NO. 13.

OFFICERS OF COLUMBIA CO.

President Judge—Hon. William Elwell.
Associate Judges—Irm 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 Attroney—Milton M. Traugh.
Coroner—William J. Ikeler.
County Superintendent—Chas. G. Barkley,
Assesors Internal Revenue—R. F. Clark.
Assistant Assessor—John Thomas, S. B. Diemer, J. H. Ikeler. J. S. Woods.
Collector—Benjamin F. Hartman.

NEW STOVE AND TIN SHOP.

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

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

STOVE AND TIN SHOP,

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

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

JACOB METZ.

Bloomsburg, Sept. 9, 1866.—1y.

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.—3m.

FORKS HOTEL,

GEO. W. MAUGER, Proprietor.

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

GEORGE W. MAUGER.

June 13, 1866.—tf.

MACHINE AND REPAIR SHOP.

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

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

GEORGE HASSERT.

Bloomsburg, Nov. 21, 1866.

INVENTORS' OFFICES.

D'EPINEUIL & EVANS,

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

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

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

April 18, 1866.—1y.—J W.

FALLON HOUSE.

THE subscriber having purchased the "Fallon House," in

LOCK HAVEN, Pa.,

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

J. 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 9, 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,

PINE 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 tobaccos, would do well to give him a call, instead of sending to the cities for every article they want, after purchasing of these country peddlers.

November 21, 1866.—3m.

THE

Bloomsburg Democrat.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY IN BLOOMSBURG, PA., BY

WILLIAMSON H. JACOBY.

TERMS,—$2 00 in advance. If not paid within SIX MONTHS, 50 cents additional will be charged.

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

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

TEN LINES CONSTITUTE A SQUARE.

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

SPACE.	1m.	2m.	3m.	6m.	1y.
One square,	2.00	3.00	4.00	6.00	10.00
Two squares,	3.00	5.00	6.00	9.00	14.00
Three "	5.00	7.00	8.50	12.00	18.00
Four squares,	6.50	8.00	10.00	14.00	20.00
Half column,	10.00	12.00	14.00	18.00	30.00
One column,	15.00	18.00	20.00	30.00	50.00

Executor's and Administrator's Notice.....3.00
Auditor's Notice.....2.50
Other advertisements inserted according to special contract.

Business notices, without advertisement, twenty, cents per line.

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

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

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

[For the Democrat.]

Lyrics of the Susquehanna No. 8.

THE PENNSCREEK MASSACRE, CONTINUED.

BY RAVEN.

'Tis evening, the sun throws his last setting rays
On the hill tops in quivering gold,
On high 'mongst the rocks on the mountain sides plays,
Ere his mantle of light he would fold.

Dim twilight has crept like a shadowy mist
And enveloped the vale in its gloom,
The woods-man from labor is made to desist,
And rest, in his rude cabin home.

The wife has prepared the evening meal,
The blessing of God has been craved,
And each is made glad and to gratefully feel,
Through another day they have been saved.

But hark! there now rings on the still evening air,
The death-whoop, that murderous cry,
That rends to the heart of the settlers despair,
For the terrible red man is nigh.

Each parent instinctively snatches a child,
In life urgent haste to depart,
One loud scream is given, so piercing and wild,
A bullet has passed through the heart.

Or the hatchet is drove through the brain with a crash,
For mercy 'tis useless to plead,
The glittering knife makes one circling gash,
And the scalp is torn off from the head.

And such was enacted at each cabin-door,
Men and women lay weltering in blood,
But one had escaped, out of more than a score,
He, wounded, had fled to the wood.

The ruin completed, though brief was their stay,
By burning each house to the ground,
The children as captives were carried away,
And silence left brooding around.

Still Water, May 22, 1867.

The Eight Hour System in Chicago.

Serious results are apprehended in Chicago in consequence of the passage by the Illinoi Legislature of the Eight Hour Law. From present appearances, a general panic among the manufacturers of that city, will be thrown upon the country. No person can estimate how much this is to be regretted, for, with the present stagnation of general business, a panic in the manufacturing business in Chicago would be seriously felt throughout the whole Western country. It is to be hoped that the employers and employees will come, before long, to a happy and speedy conciliation. The workingmen inaugurated this movement by a grand demonstration last Wednesday. All business affected by this law was suspended and processions and speeches were the order of the day, the day being observed as a general holiday. Manufacturers generally refuse to accede to the demands of the new movement. Railroad companies assert that in case of the enforcement of the eight hour law that they will remove their shops to Indiana, wherever such points are available. At a consultation of the manufacturers of Chicago, the majority of them came to the conclusion to suspend business rather than yield to the new movement, giving as a reason the present scarcity of money and the general lack of trade. Boiler makers are determined to still adhere to the ten hour system, and says they will close up their shops in preference to adopting the eight hour plan. Painters have offered to pay nine hours' wages for eight hours' work, but their offer is as yet rejected by the union of the trade. A number of large establishments have issued circulars to their employees, requesting all who insist upon the enforcement of the eight hour law, to call at their office with their books.

No time should be lost in bringing about a quiet state of affairs in Chicago. All influences should be brought to bear to restore tranquility between capitalists and laborers, as the former cannot be available, without the assistance of the latter, and the latter cannot enjoy a happy existance without the former. The law does not go into effect where a previous contract has or will be made upon any other agreement, and really upon this point the law is of no consequence, and virtually a dead letter.

Workingmen will find it to their interest to work ten hours per day, and demand, for that rate of time, a reasonable compensation. The majority of mechanics and laborers, as a general thing, would rather work ten hours and receive ten hours' pay, than work eight hours and receive eight hours' pay. In the latter, one fifth of the time would be lost. A rashness of action on the part of either the manufacturers or mechanics in the case should be avoided, and justice should commend itself to all parties.—*Fort Wayne Democrat.*

CHEAP INDIGNATION.

The revolutionists have got rid of their white elephant at last, and Davis, "the great unhung," has been set free, and the little dogs of the press, "Blanche, Sweetheart, and Tray," are affecting a howl of what must be called cheap indignation. For two years this man has been held in close confinement, as the people supposed, on a charge of treason. The country *demanded his trial*, and he himself, through his friends and his counsel, has made the same demand; but it did not suit the Radical element which has control over the judiciary and of Congress to bring him to trial. A bill of indictment was found against him at Norfolk some months since, but Chief Justice Chase, doubtless under the manipulation of the congressional cabal which now rules the country, found it impossible to determine whether he should try him or whether it should be done under the auspices and direction of the somewhat notorious and garrulous Underwood. And from time to time the matter has been nursed along until Monday last, when "the great treason trial" was turned into a farce, and on the accused giving bail in the sum of one hundred thousand dollars *for his appearance in* November next, he was set free, and received the congratulations of his friends. This is the end of the farce. Davis will never be tried, and the Radicl party of the country has never intended that he should be.

But what a commentary on man's want of integrity does this case present, and what an illustration of the total depravity of the Radical Revolutionists! When the war commenced we were taught to consider those who inaugurated the rebellion as guilty of the high crime of treason. As such they were universally denounced, and as such it was expected that some of them at least—certainly the chief of them all, if he did not escape—would be tried. Most men considered it essential that the status of the two parties to the war should be fixed and determined by judicial inquiry, so that the great lesson of the past might serve as a beacon light for the future, and for two years the President of the United States has held the chief offender in close custody, awaiting a demand for his body by the judicial department of the government. The demand is made, and as before remarked, a farce has been enacted instead of a tragedy.

In what position does the enactment of this farce place the country? By it the Radical element which controls the government, and into whose hands the *President* delivered the culprit, has declared that they dare not try him. Do they fear they could not make out a case of treason against this man? Do they fear to meet the exposure that might be make by the sifting process of the law? *It is not worth while to look to* the possible contingency of a trial in November next. That question is as well settled as though Judge Underwood had declared it from the bench. There will, we repeat, be no trial of the cause. What then? Do these men, with Mr. Greeley at their head, believe that Davis and his colleagues had a right to make war on the government? If so, no treason was committed. What then? If they were justifiable and had a right to secede and make war in defense of that right, what is the position of the government of the United States? In this case it was the offender, and as a consequence all its acts in levying war to coerce the States of the South to remain in the Union must have been unlawful usurpations. Is this the fact? Unless the crime of treason is established, this must be the conclusion, and as a consequence there can be no possible end to the extent of the claims made upon the government for damages resulting from the destruction of property both north and south.

But what we intended to refer to particularly in this connection is the "cheap indignation" which is about to be indulged in by the Radical newspapers of the country. The *Rindskopf* of the *Bulletin* begun yesterday, and leads off in a pretended assault upon Judge Underwood, characterizing the farce as a sort of "Bull Run" affair. Such stuff as was indulged in by the *Bulletin* will do very well for marines' or for children of [illegible]; but the people now know [illegible] has been set at liberty by the co[illegible] of the Radical party.—Chief Justice Chase, who is one of their most trusted men, and a prominent candidate for their nomination for the presidency, lent the whole force of his high position to bring about the farce which culminated on Monday last; and Judge Underwood, who had nothing else to do but to go on with the trial, if he was disposed to, even without the Chief Justice, is one of the high priests of the Radical church. There is no escape from the responsibility of the Radical party for the release of Davis. He was placed in their hands to be tried, and they refused to try him, and one of their chief fuglemen, Mr. Greely is the leading man on his bail-bond. We shall doubtless be entertained with very much of pretended indignation on account of this matter from the Radical press, but it will not do. Their position is transparent, and their perfidy looms up mountain high.—*Philadelphia Daily News.*

☞ "My dear Amelia," said a dandy, "I have longed for this opportunity, but hardly dare speak now, for fear you will reject me; but I love you; say you will be mine! Your smiles would shed"—and then he came to a pause; "your smiles would shed"—and then he paused again. "Never mind the wood-shed," replied Amelia, "go on with the pretty talk."

THE COMING TIDE!

While in the South, before the spring elections, publicly and privately we told the people that there was a great change going on in the North, and that Democracy was gaining strength as never before. At times we would be doubted—at times contradicted—at times met by Radicals who almost gave us the lie, and who sneered at our assertion, made before election. We made wagers on Connecticut and won them.

We advised, earnestly advised people there not to embrace Radicalism for to embrace the monster is to hug the saw which tears the flesh to the bone, and in many localities we believe our words gave hope, and roused the drooping *spirits of the people.*

We based our prophecy on to us, certain indications—letters from the People. Since the last fall elections thousands and thousands of letters from the people have come to us in our sanctum, from every State and every congressional district in the North.—These letters can be seen in our office by the piles. They are earnest letters, telling us in unmistakable words that the people are waking from their slumber, an they have decided to be free.

The Grand Revolution is going on hourly!

Taxation and intolerence are doing their work. With encouragement to lead and bigotry and aristocracy to drive, the American people are becoming restless under the chains, and the tide of reason is coming in.

We told the people of the South that the Democracy was not dead in the North. We now point with honest pride to the most wonderful increase of Democratic votes in proof that we were in earnest, and had some idea of the sentiment of the people. We knew all the thousands of earnest letters which came to us meant something, and that the renewal of pluck would bring Democratic majorities.

The Radicals swore they could and would carry Connecticut, as they have for thirteen years. They failed, although over $200,000 in cash was used by them there.

Then they laughed a sickly laugh and said they could afford to lose that little State.

But the returns keep coming in, and all over the North the new spring stiles are "*Democratic gains.*" New Hampshire will go Democratic next. Maine will follow suit. New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Wisconsin, New Jersey and Minnesota will go Democratic at their next elections if we have any decent organization and effort, and we will have. Then Illinois and Iowa will follow suit, and the *grand tide* will come rushing in, and the people will rejoice as never before.

The gains are not confined to Connecticut. The city of Albany, New York, last fall, gave over one hundred Radical majority.—This spring it went seventeen hundred Democratic.

Here is a gain equal to that of Connecticut. We have letter after letter from city and town in the Northern States telling us of new styles—viz Democratic victories and the *glorious work is but commencing.*

The Radicals here do no talk so loud or so fast as they did. The working men are talking hard of them. The bond holders are not popular as once. The clank of chains and the glimmer of bayonets have no terrors for the people now, and the tide is coming in.

Press on the column! Organize for action! Stand in line—advance the column and all will soon be well.—*La Crosse Democrat.*

BURIED ALIVE.—A friend gives us the account of a most terrible case of the burial alive of a handsome young lady at Jacksonville, Illinois. Some time last summer a young lady of seventeen years of age, suffering with the toothache, went to bed with a small phial of chloroform, for the purpose of quieting her teeth. In the morning she was found to all appearances dead, which was confirmed by the opinions of several physicians who were called and examined her body. She was then buried. A few days since her relatives were about to remove from Jacksonville, having located in another State, and had the remains of the young lady exhumed, for the purpose of taking them to their new home. Curiosity prompted them to open the coffin, when they were horror stricken on finding the corpse turned over, both hands full of hair, and her clothing torn to shreds, revealing the horrible truth that the young lady had been buried alive. The chloroform had placed her in a deep trance, the awakening from which was in her coffin and grave. The lady was engaged to be married at the time of her supposed death. A more heart-sickening case we never remember to have read or heard of.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

A LESSON FOR LAZY WIVES.—One day a sturdy peasant was at work in the field amid storm and rain, and went home in the evening, tired and drenched to the skin. His loving wife said: "My dear, it has been raining so bad that I could fetch no water. I have not been able to make you any dinner. As you are wet through, I shall be obliged to you to fetch me a couple of buckets of water—you cannot get any wetter." The argument was striking; he therefore, took two buckets and fetched some water from the well, which was at a considerable distance. On reaching his house he found his wife comfortably seated by the fire; then, lifting one bucket after another, he poured the contents over his kind, considerable partner. "Now, wife," said he, "you are quite as wet as I am, so you may as well fetch water for yourself; you can't get any wetter."

Democratic Newspapers.

We are for the triumph of Democratic principles more than men. We love to see the old creed of the Democratic party boldly preached, and we believe this is the sentiment of every *true* Democrat in Indiana who thinks for himself. We despise a policy dodging Democrat, as we hate a red-mouthed Radical, and we sincerely believe that it is the first duty of the party to stiffen the backbone of the Democratic press, which are given to policy-dodging. Our disgust of this tribe of apologists often occasions a little stir among them, when we feel disposed to take them off. We nevertheless feel this to be a duty, and have given *up some space in reference to the course of* the Indianapolis Herald, the "central organ," so-called. The Herald *pretends* to be the organ of the Indiana Democracy, but when it attempts the herculean task of writing down such papers as the La Crosse DEMOCRAT, it proves the fact that it is *not* the organ and not fit to be! It proves moreover, that it is a timid advocate of principles for which it is more ready to apologise than battle, and that it is ready to join the Ben. Butlerites in the long tried and futile attempt to decry the Seymours, Vallandighams, Pomeroys, Pendletons, Hannas, and other brilliant leaders of that sort of Democracy which is not prepared. Judas-like, to deny their principles.

A professing Democratic newspaper, whether organ of a State clique or of a tavern-gathering, which will stab a true Democrat to the heart—one who battled for Democracy while the howling mobs of frenzied men surrounded his unprotected property, and who ever defied them—who stood a sentinel on the Western ramparts of American liberty in its darkest hours, when such timid institutions as the "central organ" at Indianapolis was trimming sails to suit the wind—is not worthy to be supported by the true, bold, unconquerable friends of a Constitutionable Union and the defenders of personal liberty. *From the Evansville Sentinel-on-the Border.*

Not Qualified.

When John Brown, D. D., had settled in Hadington, the people of his parish gave him a warm and enthusiastic reception; only one of the members of that large church and congregation stood out in opposition to him. The reverend doctor tried all the means in his power to convert the solitary dissenter to the unity of feeling which prevaded the whole body, but all his efforts to obtain an interview proved abortive. As Providence directed, however, they happened one day to meet in the street, when the doctor held out his hand, saying, "My brother, I understand that you are opposed to my settling at Hadington."

"Yes, sir," replied the parishioner.

"Well, if it be a fair question, on what grounds do you object to me?"

"Because, sir," quoth he, "I don't think you are qualified to fill so eminent a post."

"That is my opinion," replied the doctor; "But what, sir, is the use of you and I setting up our opinion in opposition to a whole parish?"

The brother smiled and their frendship was sealed forever. How very true and forcible God's word: "A soft answer turneth away wrath!"

A ROOSTER RIDES ON A COUPLING POLE TO MARKET.—The Mechanicsburg *Journal* is responsible for the following tough story: On last Saturday morning, Mr. Hemminger, residing in or near Andersonville, York county, about seven miles from this place, came to market here, and on stopping at the Square was surprised to see a large Shanghai rooster belonging to him, and which he thought was safe at home, leap from the coupling pole of the spring wagon, flap his wings and give a lusty crow. It appears that the rooster, with some other chickens was in the habit of roosting on the pole of the wagon, which was standing in a shed, and had not been used for some time. Mr. H. chased them all off, as he supposed, before starting, but it seems that Sir Chanticleer did not relish being driven from his perch quite so early, and retained his position, notwithstanding the jolting of the wagon, for seven miles.

IMPORTANT TO SOLDIERS.—Congress has provided by law that soldiers, sailors and marines, who were captured during the war and held as prisoners, shall be allowed, as a commutation for their rations, the sum of twenty-five cents per day.

This money is paid by the Commissary General of Prisoners at Washington, and it is necessary that the names of the claimants shall appear on his books. The act of Congress only permits the payment to be made to privates in the land and naval forces. Officers are not entitled to it. Notwithstanding this fact many of the latter have applied for commutation, and others may yet apply. To save trouble, it is proper that the conditions of the law should be understood.

As there are soldiers, marines and sailors, who have not made application, they should do so at once, before the payments are closed. These soldiers, more than any others, probably, need taken care of, as but few ever regained their health after their confinement in Southern prisons.

☞ "Have you ground all the tools right, as I told you this morning when I went away?" said a carpenter to a rather green lad whom he had taken for an apprentice. "All but the hand-saw, sir," replied the lad promptly; "I couldn't get all the gaps out of that."

CURIOUS MEDLEY.

By the lake where drooped the willow,
Row, vassal, row!
I want to be an angel,
And jump Jim Crow.

An old crow sat on a hickory limb,
None named him but to praise,
Let me kiss him for his mother,
For he smells of Schwyitzer kase.

The minstrel of the war has gone,
With the banjo on his knee;
He woke to hear the sentries shriek,
There's a light in the window for thee.

A frog he would a wooing go,
His hair was curled to kill;
He used to wear an old grey coat,
And the sword of Bunker Hill.

Oft in the stilly night,
Make way for liberty! he cried,
I won't go home till morning,
With Peggy by my side.

I am dying, Egypt, dying,
Susannah don't you cry,
Know how sublime a thing it is
To brush away the blue-tailed fly.

The boy stood on the burning deck,
With his baggage checked for Troy,
One of the few immortal names,
His name was Pat Malloy.

Mary had a little lamb,
He could a tale unfold,
He had no teeth for to eat a corn cake,
And his spectacles were gold.

Lay on, lay on, Macduff,
Man wants but little here below,
And I'm to be Queen of the May,
So kiss me quick and go.

☞ A superstitious negro woman in South Carolina burned up a child, thinking it was the devil.

☞ What's the difference between a pound of meat and a drummer boy? One weighs a pound and the other pounds away.

☞ A little child hearing the text given out at church, "And the child waxed strong," asked: "Papa, how did they wax him?"

☞ Son on a bust left his father's house and strayed some days; but he returned, and sire to dame thus spoke: "Wife, kill the prodigal, the calf's returned!"

☞ Josh Billings says that if a man is going to make a business of serving the Lord, he likes to see him do it when he measures onions, as well as when he hollers halleluyer.

☞ A Western paper strikes the names of two subscribers from its list because they were hung. The publisher says he was compelled to be severe, because he did not know their present address.

☞ A lady was asked to join one of the divisions of Daughters of Temperance.—She replied; "This is unnecesary, as it is my intention to join one of the Sons in the Sons in the course of a few weeks."

☞ We have heard of the witty reply of a slave who had stolen and eaten one of his master's turkeys, when he was accused of the crime. He repelled all idea of wrong, saying that "massa's property only changed form, he has less turkey, but more nigger."

☞ HON. ELIJAH HISE, late democratic member of Congress from Kentucky, who was re-elected to that position on Saturday last, committed suicide at Russellville, Ky., on Tuesday, by blowing out his brains with a pistol, because his advanced age prevented his doing his country any more good.

PREACHING.—In the town of Flyupthe-creek there was a shoemaker who at times officiated as preacher. He always wrote the notices himself, in order to save the expenses of printing. Here is one of them: "There will be preaching in the pines this Sunday afternoon, on the subject. All who do not believe will be damned at three o'clock."

☞ A friend of mine, now a Senator in Congress, tried to break off drinking the other day, but such a slave is he to the dreadful evil that he violated his pledge the next day after signing. And yet this man is a perfect gentleman, in all the relations of life, and in all other respects his word is to be depended upon. Now if we could remove the temptation we might save the man; otherwise he may be lost.

☞ "Jabe, what is 'mild confiscation?'" "Well, boss, it is taking all the lands away from the white people and giving all the black people; the requirements of the blacks will be 'mild,' they will not be expected to till the soil, but only to live on it.—Congress will appropriate greenbacks enough to run the machine and Yankee school marms enough to teach them how to vote. Voting will be the only manual labor the darkeys will have to perform under 'mild confiscation.'"

WANTED.—A gentleman keeping house is willing to take two or three boarders of decent stripe, such as go to bed at nine o'clock without a pipe or cigar in their mouth. He wishes them to rise in time to wash their faces and comb their heads before breakfast; when they put on their boots, to draw down their pants over them and not have them rumpled about their knees, which is a sure sign of a rowdy; when they sat down to rest or warm by the fire, not to put their feet on the mantle piece or bureau, nor to spit in the bread tray; and to pay their board weekly, monthly or quarterly—as may be agreed upon—with a smile upon their faces, as they will find him as pleasant as 'possum up a 'simmon' tree.

The Two Voices.

When Guttenberg, the first printer, was working in his cell in the monastery of St. Abergot, he tells that he had heard two voices address him. The one bade him desist; the power of his invention would be put into the hands of bad men to propagate their wickedness; told him how men would profane the art he had created, and how posterity would have cause to curse the man who gave it the world. So impressed was Guttenberg with what he heard, that he took a hammer and broke to pieces the types he had so laboriously put together. His work of destruction was only stayed by another voice, sweet and musical, that fell on his ear, telling him to go on rejoice in his work, that all good might be made the cause of evil, but that God would bless the right in the end. So to all of us still come those voices that came to Guttegberg; the one calling us to work while it is called to-day, to try to leave this world better than we found it; and the other tempting us to give over, and take our ease, to leave the plow in mid-furrow, and to rest on our oars when we should be pulling against the stream.—*S. S. Times.*

Who Killed Cock Robbin?

MR. EDITOR:—In the affairs of the nation, we are sometimes reminded of the rhymes and stories that soothed and interested us in our restless childhood. We recollect that some years ago the story of "the House that Jack built" was ingeniously applied to the manner in which the Administration was conducted. We were reminded of the question at the head of this note on reading the article in your paper about Booth and Lincoln. The article did not settle any thing. It only revealed some of the darkness that has enshrouded the death of Lincoln, and made it pretty clear that an awful mystery overhangs that subject. Perhaps some "wandering jew" may yet reveal the mysteries of Washington as "Eugene Sue" did the mysteries of Paris, and may astonish the world when a solution is given to the question, Who killed Abe Lincoln?

RAVEN.

DISCOVERY OF GREAT ELECTION FRAUDS IN PHILADELPHIA.—The Philadelphia *Evening Herald* announces the startling fact that it has been discovered that at the election last fall, the whole Democratic City Ticket was elected by some thousands of a majority. The *Herald* says there is "a terrific row going on among the Radicals of Philadelphia" and that some of them are "turing State's evidence" in regard to the frauds committed by their party. It appears that the Democrats have been deliberately counted out by the scoundrels who officiated as election officers in that city. The *Herald* makes the statement that "at the general election last October all the officers of the row, viz: Recorder of Deeds, Receiver of Taxes City Commissioner, Coroner, Clerk of the Quarter Sessions, and the Prothonotary of the District Court, were elected by the Democrats, but were ciphered out by the return judges. Gen. Lyle was elected to the office of Recorder by a majority of some thousands of votes!"

A BRIDAL CHAMBER.—A few days since, a newly-married couple visited Chicago, and stopping at one of the first-class hotels, the bridegroom, in a manner, showing his newly-acquired importance in life, called for a room—the best the house afforded. He didn't want any common fare, but the best they had, and he had the money to foot the bill. The landlord very pleasantly inquired if he was from the country, and just married? Yes, he was from the country, and just married and he wanted the best room in the house, and he didn't care a darn for the expense. "Then," said the landlord, "you want the bridal chamber?" "Why, yes," said the bridegroom blushing, not exactly comprehending the matter. "I guess so; at any rate, send it up. If I don't want it, my wife may." We suppose it was sent up.

CORONER'S INQUEST.—The following is the verdict of a negro jury: "We, the undersigned, being a koroner's jury to sit on de body of de nigger Sambo, now dead and gone afore us, hab been sittin' on de said nigger aforesaid, and he died on de night ob de fusteenth of November, come to def by fallin from de bridge over de riber in de said riber, whar we find he was subsequently drown, and afterwards washed on de riber side, whar we 'spose he was froze to def."

☞ A man coming home late one night, a little more than half-seas over, feeling thirsty, procured a glass of water and drank it. In doing so he swallowed a ball of silk that lay in the bottom of the tumbler, the end catching in his teeth. Feeling something in his mouth, and not knowing what it was, he began pulling at the end, and, the little ball unrolling, he soon had several feet in his hands, and still no end, apparently. Terrified, he shouted at the top of his voice, "Wife! wife! I say, wife! come here! I am unraveling!"

☞ One of the speakers in a Temperance meeting recently made this point, viz:—that temperance "will pay." And so it will pay the citizen and the State. Just see what drinking and drunkenness is doing annually; Deaths, 5000! Pauperes, 75000! Paupers, 400,000! and wastes grain enough to make 20,000,000 barrels of flour! The liquor business in America misapplies if not wastes $370,000,000 annually! Let men of thought make a note of these figures; they are said to be correct, and if so, what then?