

CLERKS OF COLUMBIA CO.
Judge—Hon. William Ellwell.
Deputy Judges—(1) Peter K. Herbin.

NEW STOVE AND TIN SHOP.
ON MAIN STREET, NEARLY OPPOSITE MILLER'S STORE, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

STOVE AND TIN SHOP.
This place, where he is prepared to make up new stoves, and to repair old ones.

PLASTER MILL.
at the PENN FURNACE MILL, and will offer to the public one HUNDRED TONS BEST

NOVA SCOTIA WHITE PLASTER.
prepared ready for use in quantities to suit purchasers.

BOOT AND SHOESHOP.
OSCAR P. GIRTON.
he respectfully informs the public that he is now prepared to manufacture all kinds of

BOOTS AND SHOES.
at the LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICE.

FORKS HOTEL.
GEO. W. MAUGER, Proprietor.
The above well known hotel has recently undergone radical changes in its internal arrangement.

MACHINE AND REPAIR SHOP.
THE undersigned would most respectfully announce to the public generally, that he is prepared

FALLON HOUSE.
THE subscriber having purchased the "Fallon House" in

LOCK HAVEN, Pa.
property of E. W. Bigony, Esq., would say to the friends of the house, his acquaintances, and the public generally, that he intends to "keep a house"

MISS LIZZIE PETERMAN.
Would announce to the ladies of Bloomsburg and the public generally, that she has just received from the Eastern States her

Spring and Summer.
Stock of MILLINERY GOODS, consisting of all articles usually found in first class Millinery stores.

NEW TOBACCO STORE.
H. H. HUNSBERGER,
Main Street, below the "American House," BLOOMSBURG, PA.

FINE CUT AND PLUG TOBACCO.
DOMESTIC AND IMPORTED CIGAR ALL KINDS OF SMOKING TOBACCO.

DRUGS, DRUGS, DRUGS.
Pure Medicines, at John R. Meyer's Drug Store, corner of Main and Market Streets.

PURE DRUGS.
Medicines, Paints, Oils and Varnishes, always on hand, and will be sold cheaper than at any other Drug Store in town.

QUALITY GUARANTEED.
Prescriptions carefully compounded at Meyer's Drug Store.
Ladies and Families Medicines sold at Meyer's Drug Store.

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THE Bloomsburg Democrat.

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DEATH OF JAMES BRADY.
Through the fog the foe approaching,
Aboard the place where he sleeps still.

THE ESTABLISHMENT OF TEACHERS' INSTITUTES.
Sec. 1. That the County Superintendent of each county in this Commonwealth is hereby authorized and required, once in each year, at such time and place as he or a properly authorized committee of teachers acting with him, may deem most convenient, to call upon and invite the teachers of the common schools and other institutions of learning in his county, to assemble together and organize themselves into a Teachers' Institute, to be devoted to the improvement of teachers in the science and art of education.

Sec. 2. That the County Superintendent of each county in this Commonwealth is hereby authorized and required, once in each year, at such time and place as he or a properly authorized committee of teachers acting with him, may deem most convenient, to call upon and invite the teachers of the common schools and other institutions of learning in his county, to assemble together and organize themselves into a Teachers' Institute, to be devoted to the improvement of teachers in the science and art of education.

Sec. 3. That each County Superintendent upon assembling of the Teachers' Institute of his county, shall cause a roll of members to be prepared, which roll shall be called at least twice every day during the session of the Institute and all absentees be carefully marked, and from which upon adjournment of the Institute he shall ascertain the exact number of teachers who were in attendance and the length of time each attended, and upon the presentation of a certificate at the close of the session of each annual Institute setting forth these facts and signed by the County Superintendent, to the Treasurer of the proper county, he is hereby authorized and required to pay immediately out of any money in the county treasury not otherwise appropriated, to the County Superintendent, one dollar for every three days spent by teachers of the county in attendance at the Institute for that year or as much of it as may be needed, such money to be expended by the County Superintendent in procuring the services of lecturers and instructors for the Institute, and in providing the necessary apparatus, books, and stationery for carrying on its work.

Sec. 4. That each County Superintendent who may draw money from the county treasury for the purposes named in this act, shall file his account of all expenditures under the act, in the office of the county treasury, with vouchers for the same, which shall be examined by the auditors of the county in like manner as other county expenditures, and any misapplication of funds shall be punished in the same manner as collector of State and county taxes for like offenses are now punished.

Sec. 5. That all County Superintendents, upon the adjournment of the Teachers' Institutes held in their respective counties are hereby required to report to the Superintendent of Common Schools, the number of teachers in attendance, the names of the lecturers or instructors who officiated, the subjects upon which the instruction was given, and the degree of popular interest awakened by the proceedings.

As we two are one, said a witty brute to his wife, "when I beat you I beat half of myself." "Well," said the wife, "then beat your own half."

CAPTAIN TOM'S FRIGHT.

"I tell you I was never so frightened in my life," said Captain Tom Kestle, filling his briar-wood and ramming home the tobacco with a bit of a stick, "excepting once," he added reflectively.

"How was that Captain?" said J., detecting indications of a yarn, let's have it if it's worth telling."
The captain lit a cedar splint at the fire and proceeded to light his pipe, the flame of the dry stick bringing out his strong, quiet features and grayish hair and beard in relief against the black woods behind him.

"The captain had the coolest way of talking about his personal frights, a way which we all understood perfectly, for the most of us had too often seen him in action to believe his astounding accounts of his own cowardice. I actually believe that to this day, many a casual hearer of his yarns thinks that Captain Tom was the coward he painted himself, for often would a stranger ask, after hearing him narrate some of his exploits, how such a shameless sneak could remain in service with honor.

"Well, fellows," began he, "I feel sort of confident to-night—a strange feeling for me, by the way, and I think some general piece of luck must be awaiting me in consequence. However, I think I will tell you the story, although I never told it to a living soul before, and the very thought of telling it now sends a chill up the small of my back, so you mustn't be astonished if I turn childish before I get through. You must know that in the summer and fall of 1850 I was, in my profession of engineer, repairing a long bridge on the Sunset and Great Western Railroad. My station was ten or fifteen miles from any town, and I had a gang of thirty or forty of the wildest Irishmen you ever saw caught, besides the sober mechanics who did the work on the bridge. A pretty lonely life I led, for there was scarcely any one with whom it was a pleasure to associate for any length of time, though perhaps that was, to some extent, my fault. I was always rather distant and reserved with the men, more from a fear of seeming to intrude, or from the opposite horror of seeming to court popularity, than from any other reason. My station was at the end of a long and perfectly straight stretch of road. I suppose there must have been fifteen miles of road without a curve of any sort, save that which belongs to the surface of the earth. As the line neared the river, an easy grade raised it a few feet, so as to carry the roadway of the bridge clear of floods—rather more than half way up this grade was a cut-off or side track, crossing the river on a temporary trestle work and intended to remain only while the main bridge was undergoing repairs. This cut-off was set at a very acute angle so that the speed of passing trains was scarcely checked while crossing the river. One could stand on this little grade and see the approaching trains at least a dozen miles off, when the air was clear, as they came tearing across the prairie and up the grade, and over the bridge, whirling past us a momentary of the world and its life. Perhaps the conductor, if he was a clever fellow, wouldumble us off a package of papers. That was all we knew of outside life, for none but "gravel trains" condescended to stop at our little station. Our quarters consisted of a cluster of board shanties, with one of more luxurious built for me, all located, for convenience of getting water, a quarter of a mile above the bridge, where the banks of the river were accessible.

"These of you who have Irishmen in your companies know that whiskey naturally tends to their vicinity, and almost always of a Saturday night a supply was on hand in our little community, on which the week's wages we pretty certainly expended. Saturday night was succeeded by a tearing spree, which invariably terminated in a free fight, but as the combatants were usually too drunk to do very much harm to one another when the fighting time came around, no material damage was ever done. There was one among these fellows with whom, from the first, I had foreseen trouble. A thick set, surely good fellow, was Pete M'Gee by name, and a "far-downer" by birth. He had always some fault to find about his pay, was always grumbling, was continually shirking his work, and was wital a great drinker and when drunk, a mighty man to lead the crowd. Our antipathy to one another seemed to be brought to a climax by fortune, and I had good reason to believe that twice already had Pete instigated an attack on me in my house, said attacks having been easily repelled by sundry discharges of my revolver at a high elevation.

"One day I was watching the labors of a gang who were shoveling dirt out of a drain which had been filled by a recent storm. I noticed that Pete was shirking frightfully by taking a mighty small quantity of earth on his spade, and throwing it as short a distance as possible. He saw that I noticed him and muttered a remark to his companions to let them know that he did. In a few minutes I saw the whole gang had a word of the shirking of Pete and of my observance of the fact. I made up my mind to have it out with him for the sake of discipline. I had with me a three and a half foot stick which I always carried with me for measuring purposes, a good, stout, hard cane of hickory, of which, thanks to a long residence with an old English backwoodsman, I knew also the use in self-defense.

"Pete," said I, "if you don't do your full share of work from this time on, your name goes off the roll to-morrow night, and you leave by the next train. Pete stopped work and looked at me a moment from under his

shaggy brows, then leaned his spade against the ditch-side, hitched up his trousers, removed his dudder from his mouth and stuck it in his hat, and then climbed slowly out of the ditch. Pete's shallah and brown jug were never far from him, and he walked toward them remarking: "Ye dirty spalpeen! I'll bark the head of ye, shure as me name's Pete M'Gee, an' ye may tak' my name off the roll an' be d-d to ye." In an instant he had his bit of black thorn in his hand, and knocking off his hat, pipe and all, he tightened his belt and came toward me as ugly a looking specimen as you would wish to meet. I heard a man remark: "Boys, here's a discussion with sticks, sure enough," and saw the hands stop work and watch the progress of events with the enthusiastic interest of Irishmen when they become aware that a fight is approaching. My authority was at an end if I backed out, whereas, if I made a good fight, I might retain it even if whipped. So I glanced around to see that there were no rolling stones or the like to step on, and made up my mind to fight it out. "Pete M'Gee," said I, "you had better think twice before you do it." "Hould yer tongue, will ye? I've stood your tyranny long enough," was the only reply I received, and in a moment Pete had struck and I had parried, and we were at it. If any of you have happened to see quarter staff play on board a man-of-war, you will appreciate the game. Some hundred men will take the sticks at a time and pair off in two long lines on the main deck. Very often any two men who have a quarrel, settle it by going opposite one another and picking in it. I have seen some pretty sharp fights at such times. Pete was evidently an old hand at the sticks, and I had doubtless figured in former days at many a county fair in the old country. So I stood on the defensive catching blows like flail strokes, aimed at head, leg and side with astonishing rapidity. Pete was evidently surprised at finding me on my feet with the sticks, and in truth I had all I could do to keep him from breaking my head. As it was, he gave me an ugly crack on the left shoulder, and hit me slightly elsewhere once or twice, before I let him know that I could strike.

"At length, emboldened at my continued attitude of defense, he attempted to break my guard and head at the same time by a downward blow nearly corresponding to the seventh cut of the broadsword exercise. It is no joke to parry a blow of that kind struck by such a wrist as Pete had, for a slight deflection of the blow will disable your knuckles, and if you are not up to the dodge, your own stick will be driven down on your own head, which will probably end the fight. I received it on my stick held over my head, and sloping sharply just clear of my left shoulder—in fact, just touching it. He tried to check his blow, but had put his heart too much in it; his shallah glanced harmlessly past my shoulder, while a quick turn of the wrist and forearm, I laid the whole weight of my blow fairly on the crown of his head, and Pete M'Gee measured his length on the ground, while an involuntary "hurrah" rose from the balance of the workmen, who forgot, in their enthusiasm for the science, that their own champion was defeated.

"Pete worked like a Trojan after that, and I even grew more popular with the hands, except when they were in liquor. It is a great thing among such fellows to know that in muscle and pluck, the 'boss' is not inferior to the best of them. Two weeks passed after my battle royal with Pete, and Saturday night came. The men were paid off and the usual consumption for the "gather" began. I examined my revolver, and six barrels were properly capped, and the points of the six bullets showed as I revolved the cylinder, standing where I could catch the last light from the west. A squall of the hands strolled by as I stood at the window. I returned their "good evening" and heard the word "revolver" passed among them as they went on, showing that they noted my employment. I laid my pistol on the centre-table and leaned on the window-sill, watching the fading in the west, smoking my pipe, and scarcely noticing the entrance of a woman who did my house-keeping for me. She went in and out as usual, clearing up the room for the night, and finally took her departure. I presently made all fast, and seated myself for a quiet evening with my pipe and books. By-and-by I began to hear the mirth at Pete's shanting, away at the other end of the street, waxing fat and furious. I heard the noise until nearly ten o'clock, when I turned in and was soon asleep.

"The next sound I heard was astubbling blow on my door and a confused murmur of voices outside. To seize my revolver and jump into my trousers, was the work of an instant, and on the repetition of the blow, I called out, "stand clear there! I'm going to fire through the door!" The second blow had nearly dashed in the frail pine boards, and as I spoke the third splintered the door and I could see by the dim starlight, a dozen heads and sticks pressing through the doorway. Aiming at the leader I pulled trigger, and heard the click of the hammer on the capless cone. Quick as thought I tried two more barrels, hurled the useless revolver at the nearest head, and seizing a chair, smashed it on the head of the next. Then came a sharp crack or two over my head, and the stars faded away, the dim room vanished into great darkness and I was senseless. How long I remained unconscious I cannot tell, but it could not have been long, for when I felt the damp cool air blowing over my face, I could hear the retreating steps and drunken laughter of a party of men whom I concluded were my late

assailants. Gradually my senses became clearer. I found, first, I was bound hand and foot. Presently I opened my eyes. I lay on my right side, my head touching a cold substance. Then I distinguished the rush of water afar off, against the piers of the bridge. As my eyes became steadier, I saw that the cold substance on which my cheek rested, was a railroad track. I could see a few yards of it, with its companion rail, on which my feet rested. Beyond and around was the dark prairie, and a quarter of a mile away, twinkled a solitary light in one of the log cabins. All this I stupidly realized as my stunned faculties returned, when suddenly the frightful question flashed upon my mind. "Has the night express passed?" In an instant every sense was acutely awake. I was lying bound to a cross-tie; my head slightly raised, rested on a rail. I was not very near the head of the bridge, but far enough up to the grade to look out over the prairie.

"Evidently Pete had planned a vengeance terrible indeed. Yet how did I know but the train had passed? I twisted my neck till the cords cracked, and made out to see the "all right" signal twinkling at the bridge. I shouted and yelled for help, but the more earnest I became, the more every one within hearing would think my shouts only the madman's cries of some drunken Irishman. The signal man at the bridge could not leave his station for any ordinary cause, and certainly the cries of a drunken man on a Saturday night were not extraordinary. All this passed through my mind while I shouted and my strength was gone. Then I lay and thought. My servant must have removed the caps from my pistol. Why should she? What cause for such treason had I ever given her? Why had I located my cabin so far away from the railroad track? Think as I would, the stern fact of my situation remained, and I had only to hope that one o'clock, and with it the train had passed.

"But now how down on the very edge of the horizon, my eye caught a faint red gleam. Too often had I watched the trains to doubt for a moment. I knew the very spot at which that dreaded light would first appear. So, then, twenty minutes at the very longest, provided no accident happened, was the lifetime remaining for me. I strained every fibre to break my bonds or twist my neck clear of the track, but the rope was too strong, and a couple of stakes driven, one on each side of my neck, forbade any motion except a slight lateral one. In the intensity of my straining, I shut my eyes. As I opened them, I saw before me, nearer, brighter, steeper, the shining reflection of the advanced train. Again I shouted, again I strained, but to no purpose. There I lay and watched the light, as I had often done in happier times, until it seemed to me that my brain must give way. I closed my eyes and tried to pray, but that fearful light shone through my eyelids and banished every other thought. And now a faint, yet terribly distinct rumble, began to fill the air; it seemed as if my inmost soul felt that sound. Yet I remember the most trivial things—a cricket sung nearby, a toad that climbed on the rail, a prowling cat that came suddenly upon me and ran frightened away—

—for even in that fearful moment a sense of the ludicrous was yet alive for I was conscious of a feeling of amusement as the creature hurried off. But, meanwhile, the faint rumble had grown louder, and I even fancied I could perceive a slight vibration of the rail on which my head rested, and of the ground on which I lay. I think about this time I must have become insane, for I only remember of hearing my voice in impotent shrieks, and feeling my limbs, as if it were those of another man, straining themselves to be free. All the dreadful particulars of my approaching death, whirled through my brain during these few moments. Once I fancied I could hear footsteps coming towards me from the bridge and hoped wildly that they would reach me in time. But now I could see the red reflection on the long, straight track, and the chapter of the train was drowning all other sounds. Once more I strained every muscle till the very flesh seemed to tear, one final cry I gave for help from God or men. Then I opened my eyes—closed in my agony—and looked silently at my destruction. For one dreadful instant, I saw the silver mirror of the reflector, and felt the cruel tremble under the roaring train, and then, as the mighty engine rushed upon me, nature gave out and amid a crash of sound and a hot red glare of lamp and fire, I swooned.

"The wheels of the night express had passed within a foot of my head! I had been bound on the straight track over the bridge, and the train had passed me out the "cut-off."

"Captain Tom ceased. Hardly any comments on the story were made by the group of officers; for after a moment of breathless stillness, the sharp crack of two or three rifles, which seemed to have been waiting for the end of the story rang out over the ridge. In a moment the officers were running toward their respective commands. With a quiet, though eager haste, the infantry were manning the rifle-pits, and the gunners stood with the lanyards pulled taut, ready to fire at will.

Fifteen minutes later, I was tearing down the stony road, my horse's hoofs striking fire from over the mountain side behind me. Before I left, I had looked an instant on the dead face of Captain Tom, who had fallen at his post like the hero that he was. I had barely time to mount and run for it as the gray-clad Johnnies swarmed over

the parapet and captured our little command. We had been overpowered by the advance of a division of Stonewall's army, and I thought myself lucky, by a dint of hard riding, to reach the advance of our division half an hour before Stonewall's cavalry drove in our pickets on the Shenandoah.

A Sad History.

A day or two since a coroner's jury held an inquest in the city of Louisville upon the body of an abandoned woman named Kate Carrigan, who was strangled to death by falling from a fence, upon which a portion of her wearing apparel had caught. The wretched woman was in a state of beastly intoxication at the time, otherwise she could have disengaged her garments and suffered no harm whatever.

A few months ago this woman was a frequent delinquent at the bar of the recorder's court in this city, being arrested almost weekly in some of the low dens of "Stoaky Row" where, under the influence of liquor, she had become reckless and uproarious. She had once been a beautiful girl and the lineaments of a most fascinating loveliness were never effaced from her countenance, although she sank repeatedly into depths of drunkenness and dissipation seldom seconded by fellow sisters, and among whom she ranked lowest of the low. Amidst all the excesses to which the poor girl was addicted, her soft blue eyes never lost their loveliness, and we remember more than once to have seen smiling men look upon her with saddened faces, at thoughts of what she once was, as they beheld her pale and wretched at the bar of the police court.

Kate Carrigan was once an accomplished and respected young lady. We recall a scrap or two of the history of this poor female, which reads a sad lesson. She was the only daughter of wealthy parents, a Virginian by birth, and at the age of fourteen was left fatherless. Two years later she was seduced by some fiend in human shape, and in a few weeks after, a fit of remorse, which could not have been far from actual insanity abandoned a luxurious home and plunged into the wildest vortex of dissipation. She wandered from city to city, sinking lower and lower, and about a year after the close of the war came to Nashville. From this point her heart-broken mother heard the first news of her erring daughter, and sent an uncle to bring home the lost child. He was unsuccessful, in all that we know. The poor girl afterwards went to Louisville, and the end we have already seen.

Oh cursed and broken life, sad and inexplicable! Oh blackened and filthy begrimed spirit! a wail of bitter anguish runs through the annals of thy short earthly history. A bit of charnal house clay in a rough pine coffin, above which is heaped the rude earth of a pauper's grave, is all that remains to tell of thy career in this dark, cruel world.

A year and a half ago the mother, heart-broken and despairing, lived isolated and alone, sorrowing with an unconsolable sorrow over the angel which had once blessed the desolate household. We know not if she survives the daughter.—Nashville Press and Times.

DESPERATE.—The following touching (?) lines we picked up on the street in front of the DEMOCRAT office, the other day. They were addressed to one of our Bloomsburg lasses, who can have the copy by calling upon us. In the meantime, our advice to the "Peck" is to have the kiss or perisn in the attempt:

Let me kiss you for your mother— My bewitching Polly Ann— Let me kiss you for your brother— Or any other man.

Let me kiss you for somebody— Anybody in the world, With your hair so sweetly auburn, And so gloriously curled.

Let me kiss you for your "feller," If he do not care a red. If he taps me on the smaller With his "billy made of lead."

Let me kiss you for your daddy— You pretty, pouting elf— Or, if that don't suit the family, Let me kiss you for yourself.

ANECDOTE OF MR. WESLEY.—At one time Mr. Wesley was travelling in Ireland, his carriage became fixed in the mire, and his harness broke. While he and his companions were laboring to extricate it, a poor man passed by in great distress. Mr. Wesley called to him and inquired the cause of it. He said he had been unable, through misfortune, to pay his rent of twenty shillings, and his family were just turned out of doors. "Is that all you need?" said Mr. Wesley, handing him the amount; "here, go and be happy." Then turning to his companion, he said, pleasantly, "You see now why our carriage stopped here in the mud."

It is said that Governor Hawley, of Connecticut, for several days after the election had crept upon his door knob, to which was attached this fine stanza, not from Byron:

"To all my friends I bid adieu; A sudden death you never knew; While leading the Radical male to drink He kicked and killed me quicker a wink."

A poor fellow as a last resort for more drink fetched his Bible to pawn for liquor, but the landlady refused to take it. "Well," said he, "if she will not take my word nor God's word, it's time to give up. And he went and signed the pledge, and kept it faithfully.

Two negroes in Richmond were so delighted at the idea of being able to ride in the street cars that they carried their breakfast and dinner with them and remained in one of the cars until night. One of them proposed that they should go after their beds.

A Radical paper in New York says that party has become "dwarfed and debased in mind."

LIQUOR.

Disgrace are the furrows it plows as it goes, And death reaps the harvest that in them it sows, And the sigh of the widow and orphan's lone wail, While the cheek of the former with despair turns pale.

Then tippers round grooves your fate well beware, For the fate that awaits you is grief and despair, And most of you young men in youth's beautiful day, That is throwing your pleasure and fortune away.

Then beware of the wine-cup you held too fast For the hopes of your youth it most surely will blast, Then if you will take warning from that hateful wail, For the sake of a prophet I consider a name.

Then if you'll just look in the wine-cup with me, I'll tell you all the poets which I there can see; The drops in there are the wail of the wretched, And misery, shame and disgrace, I believe.

And poverty is there, too, do you believe me, That the grave of the drunkard I there plainly see, So you need to take warning and keep from the place Where here liquor is sold, all the young to disgrace.

For the old who have formed better habits I know You cannot deceive with the wine's hateful flow, Of the fate that awaits them they are well aware, And the wretched poor see that is coming their way.

For like the old sinners I've sinned as the sand, I've been as drunk and dead as the land And the life of the traveler it counts as but small When horses and riders I slayeth them all.

And so it is with liquor, that most hateful thing, That is sent over the land disgrace for to bring, And poverty, sickness and death soon will come, If you do not quit quipping that most hateful song.

But all that I ask of you now as a friend, Is ye lovers of brainy your habits to mend, And to keep from the place where all liquors are sold, And give your life to temperance from now till you're cold.

THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION.—We wish it distinctly understood that we are the friends of Temperance and would wish to see the cause prosper throughout the whole country, as long as it is conducted in the proper way. But we have recently observed some things connected with the temperance movement which we cannot and will not endorse, but on the contrary the community may expect this paper to oppose it while it is conducted as it now is. The other day we picked up a paper printed at Selingsgrove called the *Templar's Banner*, which is published by Abolitionists, and the political complexion of said paper is as dark as a stack of black cats. In its columns we find the following:

"Resolved, That we hail with delight the unequivocal expressions of Gov. Geary in this important interest, and that we recognize in him a temperance man tried and true."

The above resolution in connection with others, was adopted at a recent convention of Good Templars' held at Selingsgrove. It is generally supposed that Geary became a member of the Order of Good Templars six months ago, but this is a mistake, for was he a member when the resolution was passed. He was initiated about ten days ago, and the *Harrisburg Telegraph*, the central organ of the Radicals of Pennsylvania, devoted about a column of its editorial space to a description of the initiation of his Excellency. The ceremonies of the order were made especially imposing for the occasion, and the whole-world was congratulated upon the auspicious event. If there is any simple soul in the State so soft as not to suppose there was a design in all that, we pity the credulous creature. Bigdick General Governor Geary is a politician of very small calibre, but of vast conceit and most pretentious ambition. He is a moral and political lump of the very first water. His abilities are just sufficient to adapt him to the task of playing the part of a political temperance reformer in the midst of a raging excitement on that question. In many ways, short as has been the time since he was inaugurated, he has evidenced an inordinate ambition to be re-elected. He thinks he sees an element of strength in the temperance agitation now going on, and straightway he turns his back upon the Germans whom he addressed with lager glass in hand at Erie, and take solemn pledge in a secret society to smash every beer mug in Pennsylvania. He has just the proper proportions of knave and fool in his composition to make him a leader the Maine liquor law crusade. He is already failing for re-election when his present term expires, and in the meantime the different lodges throughout the State will be instructed to pass resolutions compelling the members of the Order to vote for a Good Templar whether he be a Democrat or a Republican, and Geary will be the "Good Templars' Candidate" the same as Curtin was "The Soldiers' Friend."—Northumberland Democrat.

BREAKING UP HELL ITSELF.—An old preacher in Westcon New York, who was being pursued by some of his churchmen, during the political excitement in that State last fall, to join the Radical party, said: "No, my brethren, I can't join that party, because all the Abolitionists in the country are in it; and Abolitionism, my brethren, has done a wonderful sight of harm among the people. It has hurt many shepherds, and scattered many flocks. It got into the Methodist church and broke that up. It got in among the Presbyterians and split them in two; broke the old Union to pieces. And, my brethren, I don't know of anything it is good for but to break down and break up. And if you have any enmity against the Old Boy, I advise you to send Abolitionism into his dominions, and it will break hell itself up in less than six weeks."

Two negroes in Richmond were so delighted at the idea of being able to ride in the street cars that they carried their breakfast and dinner with them and remained in one of the cars until night. One of them proposed that they should go after their beds.

A Radical paper in New York says that party has become "dwarfed and debased in mind."