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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 sent out of the city except at the option of the editor. RATES OF ADVERTISING. THE TIMES CONSIDERING A SPACE. One square one of three insertions.....\$1 50 Every subsequent insertion less than 15.....50 space. 10. 20. 30. 40. 50. 60. 70. 80. 90. 100. One square, 2 00 Two squares, 3 00 Three squares, 4 00 Four squares, 5 00 Half-column, 10 00 One column, 15 00 Twenty and Administrator's Notice.....2 50 Business notices inserted according to special contract. Business notices, without advertisement, twenty cents per line. Transient advertisements payable in advance all others on first of the month. OFFICE—In Shure's Block, Cor. of Main and Iron Streets. W. H. JACOBY, Address, 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 7 1/2 WARE of all kinds in his line, and to repair and put in new stoves and tin work on the most reasonable terms. He also keeps on hand STOVES of various patterns and styles, which he will sell upon terms as low as the market. Give him a call. He is a good mechanic, and deserving of the public patronage. JACOB METZ. Bloomsburg, Sept. 9, 1866.—ly.

PLASTER FOR SALE. The undersigned is about fitting up a

PLASTER MILL. ON THE BEND FERRAGE 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 to the first of June. J. S. McNEIL. 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. Girtton, (as is well known in Bloomsburg,) has had many years of successful experience with a reputation for good work, integrity and honorable dealing. He is prepared to

FORKS HOTEL. GEO. W. HAUGER, Proprietor. The above well known hotel has been under new and radical changes in its internal arrangements. Its proprietor announces to his numerous customers and the traveling public that his accommodations are of the highest quality. He has a central location in the country. His table will always be found well supplied with substantial food, but with all the delicacies of the season. His wine and liquors (except last popular beverage known as "Mickey") are purchased direct from the importing houses, and are of the highest quality. He is thankful for a liberal patronage in the past, and will continue to deserve it in the future. GEORGE W. HAUGER. June 13, 1867.—ly.

MACHINE AND REPAIR SHOP. THE undersigned would most respectfully announce to the public generally, that he is prepared to execute all kinds of MACHINERY, as JACOB METZ, and also to repair and put in new stoves and tin work on the most reasonable terms. He also keeps on hand STOVES of various patterns and styles, which he will sell upon terms as low as the market. Give him a call. He is a good mechanic, and deserving of the public patronage. JACOB METZ. Bloomsburg, Sept. 9, 1866.—ly.

FALON HOUSE. THE subscriber having purchased the "Falcon House," in

LOCK HAVEN, Pa., property of E. W. Hagen, Esq., would say to the friends of the House, his acquaintances, and the public generally, that he intends to keep a HOUSE, with all the accommodations of a first class House, and am ready to receive his patrons.

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 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. She should purchase elsewhere before examining Miss Peterman's stock of goods. Her motto is to order on the shortest notice, or repaired. Her store is on Main street, 23 & 24 or below the store of Mendell & Rupert. Bloomsburg, May 9, 1866.—ly.

NEW TOBACCO STORE. H. H. HUNSBERRER, Main Street, below the "American House," BLOOMSBURG, PA. Where he keeps on hand, and furnishes to the home and country trade, at Philadelphia (lowest) prices.

FINE CUT AND PLUG TOBACCOS, DOMESTIC AND IMPORTED CIGAR all kinds of SMOKING TOBACCO. Swift, Meerschaum, and Brine Wood Pipes, and all articles pertaining to his trade. These small retail dealers in cigars and chewing tobacco, would do well to give him a call, in order of sending to his cities for every article they desire to purchase of these country products. November 21, 1866.—ly.

DRUGS, DRUGS, DRUGS. Pure Medicines, at John B. Meyer's Drug Store, Main and Market Streets. A good assortment of

PURE DRUGS. Medicines, Patent Pills and Varieties, always on hand, and will be sold cheaper than at any other Drug Store in the city.

QUALITY GUARANTEED. Prescriptions carefully compounded at Meyer's Drug Store. Ayer and Jaynes Medicines sold at Meyer's Drug Store. Dr. Hart's Kidney and Liver Oil. Wiggin's Sassafras Syrup, sold at Meyer's Drug Store. For any reliable patent medicines, call at Meyer's Drug Store. Leather of all kinds, wholesale and retail, at J. B. Meyer's, 100 N. 2nd St. May 9, 1867.—ly.

Old Abe and the Black Gentleman.

It was at the silent midnight hour, When night and morning meet, Old Nick walked into Abe's room And stood close at his feet.

He shook his horns and wagged his tail, As other beasts do, And cried aloud, "Awake old Abe! For I am come for you."

Old Abe trembled and quaked, First cried, then rubbed his eyes, To see the gentleman in black Quite filled him with surprise.

He muttered something indistinct About the black gentleman, Although his blood was running cold, He broke out in a sweat.

The Devil cried, "Get up, old Abe, And do not cough back, Too well I know for years you have Loved every thing that's black."

"Therefore prepare to go with me, Old Abe, He groined with fear, I may as well just take you now As wait another year."

Poor Abe cried, "What have I done, And gawn another year, Oh, dear, oh, dear! Like Jeff, I want For to be let alone."

Old Nick he laughed, and shook his head, And unto Abe did say, "There is no *Flabian Corpus* now, Come, get up right away."

Then Abe rose slowly from his bed; But what seems strange to tell, From sulphur or from something else, There came a noisome smell.

Then Nick took Abe on his back, And solemnly he swore, He never carried down below Se had a man before.

When to the river Styx they came, Old Charon with his boat, Refused to take old Abe or, Or change a greenback note.

Old Charon said, "My charge is small, One penny in hard cash, Shipplasters don't pass current here, Nor no such worthless trash."

"Remember, Abe, you don't go on me Play any little joke, The discount now is *sixty-five*, The Bank will soon be broke."

"Beside, you might *expediate*, It has been done before; But as you once were splitting rails, I'd haps may row you or."

"Just to oblige my friend, old Nick, For take you or he must, And as you have no copperhead, I'll row you or on trust."

"Although so had a man before, No or of this river went— A glorious Yankee President, And cannot raise a cent."

Then Nick and Abe got in the boat And Charon rowed these or; Right glad was he to land them both Upon the nether shore.

"There I kept them by themselves, Confined within this cell, For if I were to let them loose, There'd be no peace in hell."

"Just take a peep in through the bars, You need not mind the heat." Poor Abe looked, and said with a sigh, "I see some empty seats."

Yes," said old Nick, "the top one's for An Abolition Preacher, Good service he has done for me, His name is Harry Boecher."

"The right-hand seat is Garrison's, The left-hand is for Jay, The one for Wendell Phillips Was placed there yesterday."

"I have a place for Summer in One of my hottest nooks, He's been a blatherskite since he Was whipped by Bully Brooks."

"So many come, I have no time To fix up seats for all; Therefore I hang the lesser knaves On hooks around the wall."

"Now you see, I give each one their place, According to their due, And in the very hottest pit I have a place for you."

"Now go thy way to earth again, And live a life of pain—I for the present say farewell, We soon shall meet again."

Old Nick then brought old Abe back, As humble as a mouse, None can describe the joy he felt, When he saw the White House.

But ere old Nick had set him down, He unto Abe did say, "Although I left you off this time, We'll meet another day."

THE MYSTERIOUS PRISONER. Some newspaper readers of tenacious memory may, perhaps, still remember the sensation produced two years ago by the statement that a mysterious prisoner had been brought from the West to Washington by a posse of Stanton's familiars.

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For the Democrat. The World, What the People Make It.

BY ELO. I hold the world but as the "old, Creation; A stage, where every man must play a part."

Every man of any intelligence must be aware of the fact, that the world is made either better or worse by his living.

Take the world as a whole, or if you please, take each individual government as a whole, consisting of persons with different temperaments, aspirations and views; and we will have a curious compound in which all its members are working directly or indirectly for our interest.

This to some may seem a very strong assertion at first thought, but we think by giving it a second thought, no one will hesitate to accept it as truth.

Our aim in life is to make ourselves happy, and all we do, is or ought to be intended to conduce to this grand end.

Whatever satisfies a man's ambition, crowns his wishes, and makes him happy. The height of Napoleon's ambition was conquest, but it seemed wise and good that his ambition could not be satisfied; hence he was made miserable by being conquered, and thereby falling subject to the British to suffer as a subdued foe, which was in this case banishment for life on a desolate island, what gave him the greatest amount of happiness, caused the people the most misery.

Look at the misery, suffering and pain, the burning of the City of Moscow caused. Families turned out of houses and homes, just entering a winter that would pierce the unprotected to the heart, and wrest from them their lives, and leave them stiff and cold to be buried on the snow.

We need not go to the Russians to hear of suffering, because we need only to turn our attention to the history of Napoleon's army and we will read of starvation staring the strong, sturdy, and robust soldier in the face; until his frame begins to grow weak and feeble, his eye dim and languid, and his step slow and faltering, and one after another lays themselves down to die because they could not obtain the nourishment necessary to sustain life.

We might notice an Alexander, a Caesar and others, whose ambition was crowned with better success, but not satisfied because it was more than a conquest of all the world could satisfy.

And others whose chief enjoyment was tyranny, not seemingly aware, that their happiness depended on making their subjects more happy.

For instance, take King John of England, who never did but one good thing in his life, which was signing the Magna Charter giving his subjects some liberties of which heretofore they had been deprived, and be only done that because the people compelled him; and history tells us he was the most miserable human being upon the earth.

But on the other hand we read of others whose chief enjoyment was to make their government better, and alleviate the sufferings of their fellow men.

King Alfred of England was a striking example of this, true, he was engaged in a very trying contest with the Danes, but they were the invaders, and his object was not conquest, but to expel the invaders and maintain for himself and his people his as well as their rights, and to do this; we read of his subjecting himself manual resources that he may save his country.

The Danes subdued, and driven out, and the Kingdom once more restored to peace; the King sets himself at work repairing the damages of the war, improving his country, and making better Laws for his subjects, instead of compelling them to submit to tyranny, cruelty, or bloodshed.

We might also name a Washington and a Victoria the present Queen of England, whose chief object was and is to promote their countries best interests; and to encourage all kinds of manual labor and scientific pursuits, that the people may obtain all the comforts of life, and enjoy all the blessings that civilization brings to a country.

Again we might name King Henry VIII. and Queen Mary both of England, whose selfishness and cruelty caused many good and great man to bow to their iron sceptre, and yield up the life that was so valuable to the cause of Christ.

True Henry was not a persecutor of the christians, but was even instrumental in forwarding the work of the Great Reformation; but in history we read that his motives for taking sides with the Reformers were only selfish, as by these means he could best gain his evil designs.

History says nothing of Mary but cruelly to her people and opposition to and bloodshed in the Reformation by causing many a pious reformer to be dragged to the block or stake, and commanding that their head should be severed from their body, or that they should be burned.

We have called your attention to the different leaders because their characters are well known, and as the people over whom they rule are either for or against them, it is easily shown that all must exert a greater or less influence; and if their influence is given to a good cause the world would be better for their living, but if a bad one their lives will be spent in doing evil, the fruit of which will be misery, wretchedness, and vice; All of which goes to show that the world is good or bad just as the people choose to make it.

A new riding vehicle in Paris is mounted on very large wheels, with the horse between them, the driver's seat over the centre of the horse, and the latter fairly under the body of the carriage.

More About the Jeff. Davis Disgrace.

The Portland Argus publishes the following: I am no admirer of Jeff. Davis; I am a Yankee, born between Saco and Portland and Gorman Corner, an full of Yankee prejudices but I think it wicked to lie even about him or, for that matter, about the devil.

I was with the party that captured Jeff. Davis, saw the whole transaction from its beginning. I now say and hope that you will publish it, that Jefferson Davis did not have on at the time he was taken any garment such as is worn by women.

He did have over his shoulders a waterproof article of clothing, something like a "havelock." It was not in the least concealed. He wore a hat, and did not carry a pail of water on his head, nor carry pail, bucket or kettle in any way.

To the best of my recollection, he carried nothing whatever in his hands. His wife did not tell any person that her husband might hurt somebody if he got exasperated. She behaved like a lady, and he like a gentleman, though manifestly he was chagrined at being taken into custody.

Our soldiers behaved like gentlemen, as they were, and our officers like honorable, brave men; and the foolish stories that went the newspaper rounds of the day telling how wolfishly he deported himself, were all false.

I know what I am writing about. I saw Jefferson Davis many times while he was staying in Portland several years ago, and think that I was the first one who recognized him at the time of his arrest.

When it was known that he was certainly taken, some newspaper correspondent—I knew his name at the time, fabricated the story about the disguise in an old woman's dress. I heard the whole matter talked over as a good joke, and the officers who knew better, never took the trouble to deny it.

Perhaps they thought that the Confederate President deserved all the contempt that could be put upon him. I think so too, only I would never perpetrate a falsehood that by any means would become history.

And farther, I would never slander a woman who has shown as much dereliction as Mrs. Davis has to her husband, no matter how wicked he is or may have been.

I defy any person to find a single officer or soldier who was present at the capture of Jeff. Davis, who will say upon honor that he was disguised in woman's clothes, or that his wife acted in any way unwelcome or undignified on that occasion.

I go for trying him for his crimes, and if he is found guilty, punishing him. But I would not lie about him when the truth will certainly make it bad enough. JAMES H. PARKER. Ellenville, May 9, 1867.

Beecher thus speaks of an editor. Before him passes in review all their exchange newspapers. He is to know all their contents—to work for others the matter that requires attention.

His scissors are to be alert, and clip with incessant industry all the little items that together form so large an interest in the news department. He passes in review each week every section of his country through the newspaper lens—

He looks across the ocean, and sees strange lands, and following the sun, he searches all over the world for material. It will require but one moment's time for the readers to take in what two hours produce. By him are read the manuscripts that swarm the office like flies in July.

It is his frown that condenses a whole page into a line. It is his discreet sternness that resists the sentimental obituary, and gives our young poets a twig on which to sit and sing their first lays.

The power behind the throne, in newspapers as in higher places, is sometimes as important as the throne. Correspondents, occasional and regular, stand in awe at that silent power which has the last chance at an article, and who sends it forth in glory or humility.

In short, as the body depends upon good digestion so the health of a paper depends upon the vigorous digestion which goes on by means of the editor.

A NEW FABLE.—A certain bear learned to dance, and this was the way his master taught him. He made him stand upon a large stone, in which a fire was kindled. The bear was obliged to dance to keep his feet from burning, meanwhile a musician played a lively tune upon a fute.

Whenever the bear was made to dance upon the hot iron, the musician played the same merry tune, and the bear supposed the music to be the cause of his pain. And it happened that ever after, when he heard the musician play upon his fute, he thought of his former suffering, and began to dance.

Seeing this, the ox envied him his fine taste for music, the horse praised him for his graceful motions, and a thoughtful owl pronounced him the happiest of brutes.

"Alas!" said the bear, "my apparent gaiety hides my real distress; I love neither music nor mirth; I carry a secret grief, and my dancing is prompted by the memory of pain."

There is no being more miserable than the professional clown or harlequin. Folly is often a mask for grief and unhappiness.

Strange Hallucinations.

Tulpin mentions a painter who believed that all the bones of his body were so soft and flexible that they might easily be crushed together, or folded within one another, like pieces of pliable wax.

A Lusitanian doctor had a patient who insisted that he was perpetually frozen, and would sit before a great fire even in the dog days. The doctor made him a dress of rough sheep skins, saturated with aqua vite, and set him on fire. He then said he was quite warm, rather too much so, and was cured.

Galen Avicenna make mention of people who have fancied themselves earthen pots, and therefore have carefully avoided being touched, for fear they should be broken. Then there is the case of the insane watchmaker mentioned by Pinol, who insisted he had been guillotined and another head had afterward by mistake, been put on his shoulder, instead of his own.

"Look at these teeth," he would say; mine were extremely handsome—these are decayed. My mouth was sound and healthy—this is foul. How different is the hair from that of my own head."

Mr. Haslam, in his work on insanity, mentions a case of one who insisted he had no mouth, and when compelled by force to swallow, declared a wound had been made in his throat, through which the food had been introduced.

Bouvenot Florentine artist, in his life, says that the governor of the castle in which the former was confined had a periodical disorder of this sort; every year he had some different whim. One time he conceived himself changed into a pitcher of oil; at another he thought himself a frog, and began to leap as such, and another time again he imagined he was dead, and it was found necessary to humor his conceit by making a show of burying him.

At length he thought himself a bat, and when he went to take a walk he sometimes made just such a noise as bats do, he likewise used gestures with his hands and body, as if he were going to fly.

Noses have been known to be particularly troublesome to hypochondriacs. One man fancied his nose was of a ludicrous length, and consequently kept backing off as his friends approached to hold a party with him, fearing that he should put their eyes out.

It is said that frequently this same deluded possessor of a long nose might be seen going along the street, guiding his nose with his hand, to keep it from breaking the shop windows. A young man had a strong imagination that he was dead, and earnestly begged his friends to bury him. They consented, by the advice of the physician. He was laid on a bier, and being carried on the shoulders of men to the church, when some pleasant fellow, up to the business, met the procession and inquired who it was. They answered, "And a very good job it is," said one of them, "for the world is well rid of a very bad character, which the gallows must have had in due course."

The young man, now lying dead, bearing this, popped up his head and said they ought to be ashamed of themselves in thus traducing his fair fame, and if he were alive he would thrash them for their insolence. But they continued to utter the most disgraceful language. His excited temper could no longer bear it. Up he jumps, they run, he after them, until he fell down quite exhausted. He was put in bed; the violent exertion he had gone through promoted perspiration and he got well.

INCOMES OF NEW YORK EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS. By the following published incomes it will be seen that the editorial and publishing fraternity are getting along very comfortably.

Horace Greeley, Tribune, \$87,000; H. J. Raymond, Times, \$46,000; Erastus Brooks, Express, \$26,000; Wm. B. Bryant, Post, \$81,000; C. Nordhoff, Post, \$6,100; Thurlow Weed, Commercial, \$62,000; Robert Bonner, \$200,000; Frank Leslie, \$91,000; John R. Young, Tribune, \$23,700; Wm. Swinton, \$18,000; Moses Beach, Sun, \$71,000; Wm. C. Paine, Journal of Commerce, \$32,000; James Gordon Bennett, \$292,000; James Gordon Bennett, Jun., \$7,500; John D. Stooten, \$18,000; G. Smalley, Tribune, \$6,000; Theo. Tilton, Independent, \$10,000; W. H. C. Hosmer, \$2,800; A. J. Daly, \$1,000; Kane O'Donnell, \$7,400; James McConnell, \$6,400; Benjamin Wood, \$186,000; E. J. Outwater, Times, \$79,000; C. P. Dewey, \$800; Frank Bellow, \$2,100; G. A. Townsend, \$1,175; C. G. Halpine, Citizen, \$61,000; Manton Marble, World, \$19,000; W. H. Hurbut, World, \$1,280; C. A. Dana, \$72,000; C. E. Sweetser, Evening Gazette, \$37; Fletcher Harper, \$307,000; Thomas Nast, \$2,750; G. W. Curtis, \$14,000.

It will be seen that the largest income is that of Mr. Harper, of Harper Brothers, and the smallest, Mr. Sweetser, of the Gazette.

An unfortunate Kentucky editor thus addressed his delinquent subscribers: "Friends we are peniless. Job's turkey was a millionaire compared with our present treasury. To-day if salt was two cents a barrel, we couldn't buy enough to pickle a Jay-bird."

"Men are like bugles; the more brass they contain the more noise they make, and the farther you can hear them. Ladies are like violets; the more modest and retiring they appear the better you like them."

"Were you ever cross-examined?" "Yes, when questioned by my wife, after spending the evening abroad—cross-examined is all conscience."

"You would look 'grace' in your old age don't 'pine' in your youth."

"Ms. why is a postage stamp like a bad scholar?" "I can't tell my son; why is it?" "Because it gets kicked and put in a corner."

"If you would look 'grace' in your old age don't 'pine' in your youth."

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A Radical Judge.

The Judge of the United States District Court of Virginia, is one of the most unprincipled, reckless partisans that ever disgraced the bench of any court. He was an adventurer from the North, and with unusual parade of sanctimony squatted in that State a few years before the war.

His career has been full of remarkable incidents, some of which are thus described by a Virginia correspondent of the National Intelligencer.

"He came here a stranger, apparently a beggar, as an itinerant teacher of 'morals' and the rudiments of the English language, he ingratiated himself into the affections of a Virginia lady; by whom he obtained slave property, he also purchased others, and when the question of principle vs. interest arose, this now swelling philanthropist disposed of his negroes upon the highest market price, to save his interest at the expense of his principle, no matter how paradoxical the proposition and transaction may appear."

Having pocketed the money for which he sold his negroes, Punitan like, he thought slavery a sin, and turned Abolitionist, and became a noisy, blatant propagandist of the doctrines of that mischievous faction. Being a fit instrument to be used by the republican party, he was appointed judge soon after that destructive geographical organization got possession of the government. He is now holding court in Richmond. On Tuesday he delivered a charge to the grand jury which (anything but a Radical harangue filled with laudations of friends and denunciations of opponents, atrocious charges and equally atrocious praises, which usually constitute the staple of such scandalous productions.

We will give a specimen—though the intelligent reader will marvel how a nauseous puff of old Thaddeus Stevens, the anti-mason, revolutionary agitator, and hardened contemner of all the deencies and restraints of sound political rules, morals and religion, could find his way into the charge of a United States Judge to a grand jury in Richmond, Virginia. Yet it is so, and the more is the pity; it probably shows a correspondence of ferocious natures, and ignominious, brutal passions in these two wicked trustees of official power. Here is a part of what this unrighteous Judge says in his charge about the "great commoner"—if it were irony it would be just, but being earnestly literal, it is mendacious and infamous.

"May this grandest old statesman of our country and age, this honor to humanity and light among nations, still continue to shine among traitors, notwithstanding the advance of years and disease, and may we yet be guided by his wisdom and beneficence until the great questions now pending shall be decided in the interests of peace, progress and freedom."

As if a veteran conspirator against law and order could be "in the interests of peace, progress and freedom!" The reader may judge from this the character of the whole charge. There never was a production on a similar occasion, more out of place, worse conceived, which could cover its author with more infamy, or show in more glaring light the unfitness of a man for a trust he abuses. The National Intelligencer publishes the charge entire, and thus comments upon it.

"We publish this morning the remarkable charge of Judge Underwood to the grand jury at Richmond. There may be partisans who will pronounce this an exhibition of nerve and manliness, but we are sorry that a judge of a court of the United States found it competent with his ideas of judicial impartiality and professional dignity to deliver a political harangue from the bench which we will not permit ourselves to characterize in terms it deserves. If the wholesale vilification of an entire community was species of confederation was deserved there could be no possible excuse for them coming from the lips of one sworn to administer justice in the very court over which he is called to preside. As it is, history will take care of the man who has permitted the politician to absorb the judge, and the very enormity of the offense of one who thus prostitutes the bench of justice to the base purposes of party should lift the people whom he maligns above the affront he seeks to put upon them, and should awaken a universal feeling of indignation throughout the nation, whose honor is assailed by the gross misconduct of one of its judicial representatives."