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NEW STORE AND TIN SHOP.

ON MAIN STREET, NEARLY OPPOSITE MILLER'S STORE, BLOOMSBURG, PA. THE undersigned has just fitted up, and opened, his new STORE 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 has kept on hand STOVES of various patterns and styles, which he will sell upon terms to suit purchasers. He is a good mechanic, and desirous of affording 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. Catawissa, Jan. 23, 1867.

BOOT AND SHOE SHOP.

OSCAR P. GIBSON, Respectfully informing 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 style. Mr. Gibson, (as is well known, in this country) has had many years of successful experience with a reputation for good work, integrity and honorable dealing unimpaired.

WORKS HOTEL.

GEO. W. MAUGER, Proprietor. The above well-known hotel has recently undergone a radical re-construction, and is now ready to receive guests in the most comfortable and desirable manner. The table will always be abundantly supplied, not only with substantial food, but with the delicacies of the season. His wine and liquors (except that popular beverage known as "Mellinger's") purchased direct from the importing houses, are of the highest quality. Also, TERMINAL AND FITTING UP OF CABINETS AND MACHINERY. His long experience in the business, as for many years in the shop of Lewis H. Maus of this place, has given him the ability to give satisfaction to all who may favor him with their work. GEORGE HASSERT. Bloomsburg, Nov. 21, 1866.

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 H. BROWN'S FOUNDRY, in Bloomsburg, where he can give attention to all kinds of repairing, including Thrashing Mill, and in short, all kinds of turning, fitting up, and repairing. 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.—4c.

FAON 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 accommodations, and the public generally, that he is prepared to keep a House with the accommodations and comforts of a House, and humbly solicits their patronage. F. FENKEL. Lock Haven, Dec. 30, 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

MILLINERY GOODS,

consisting of all articles usually found in first class Millinery Stores. Her goods are of the best quality and among the most fashionable 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 latest fashion, and repaired. Store on Main Street, 24 doors below the store of Henderson & Rupert. Bloomsburg, May 9, 1866.—1f.

NEW TOBACCO STORE.

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

Where he keeps on hand and cheap in the home and country trade, at Philadelphia (lowest) prices.

FINE CUT AND PLUG TOBACCO,

DOMESTIC AND IMPORTED CIGAR of all kinds of SMOKING TOBACCO, Pipes, Meerschaum and Briar Wood Pipes, and all articles pertaining to the business, and cheap in the market. These small retail dealers in cigars and chewing tobacco, would do well to give him a call, in order of sending to the stores for every article they need or purchase of these country products. November 21, 1866.—3m.

DRUGS, DRUGS, DRUGS.

Price Medicines, at John B. Moyer's Drug Store corner of Main and Market Streets. A good assortment of

PURE DRUGS.

Medicines, Powders, Oils and Venetian, always on hand, and will be sold cheaper than at any other Drug Store in town.

QUALITY GUARANTEED.

Prescriptions carefully compounded at Moyer's Drug Store. Aylers and Jaynes Medicines sold at Moyer's Drug Store. Warranted Pure Cordial, Baker's Cod Liver Oil, Winslow's Boiling Syrup, sold at Moyer's Drug Store. For any reliable patent medicines, call at Moyer's Drug Store. Leather of all kinds, wholesale and retail, at J. B. Moyer's, 24 doors below the store of Henderson & Rupert. Bloomsburg, Pa. May 9, 1866.—1f.

THE Bloomsburg Democrat.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY IN BLOOMSBURG, PA., BY WILLIAMSON H. JACOBY.

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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with columns for One square, Two squares, Three, Four squares, Half column, One column. Rows for 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th.

AN ANGEL IN THE CLOUDS.

We thought the clouds in heaven so fair, We roamed with cities filled; With spires and turrets gleaming there; Just like the castles in the air, We often build.

These islands in the realms of space, Sailed on through seas of blue, And there I could distinctly trace, The azure wing and angel face, Of one I knew.

She sat upon a radiant throne, And wore a crown of light, More glorious than the sun at noon, A heavenly halo round her shone, Her robes were white.

She was a pleasant angel here, Before wings had been given, To bear her to that blissful sphere Beyond that silver cloud so near, Her native heaven.

I've seen her at the sick child's bed, Watch with unslipping eye, Until its gentle spirit fled, On rays of light from the dead, To God on high.

When sunlit clouds are floating by, I often bow to hear, The sweep of wings from yonder sky, Where ministering spirits fly, From sphere to sphere.

A MERE-TWIG.

Rev. Dr. Butler, the well-known Methodist missionary, who established the mission of that church in India in 1856, recently returned to this country. He makes the following statement of a remarkable case:

In 1850, a British soldier, while bearing a dispatch from one magistrature to another in the kingdom of Oude, passed an unfrequented ravine, where he saw a pack of wolves, and with them a human being, evidently one of their company. Immediately turning back he reported the circumstance to the magistrature for whom he was traveling. The letter forthwith ordered a number of coolies and went to the place. The pack of wolves fled a short distance, and sought refuge in a sort of cave or den. Beginning to dig, the party soon discovered the feet of the wild man, and, drawing him forth, succeeded in binding and carrying him to town. Dr. Butler has seen him often since, and says he is evidently a man, and at the time of his capture apparently about twenty-four years of age.

The captured creature at first violently resisted the attempt to put clothing upon him, but after a while ceased to tear the garment. He is now kept by a gentleman in the City of Thabje Vampore, some eight hundred miles west of Calcutta. When first taken he was unwilling to eat anything but raw meat, and has never been able to speak or make any approximation to a knowledge of the alphabet. If any one looks earnestly or sharply at him, he expresses his annoyance by a half-stuttered grunt, immediately turning away and settling upon his haunches in a corner of the room, or lies down. He eats his food off the ground, and although evidently human being, is in habits a wolf, with the instincts of that beast.

This is certainly an anomalous fact in natural history, although it is said that four similar cases are known to have occurred in India, presenting the same general facts.

RED CLOUD, THE INDIAN LEADER.

Speaking of the fourth coming war on the plains, the Reese River Recreant says: The great leader of the Indians is Red Cloud, or Mahplichin, who is represented as one of the ablest Indian warriors of the time. He is about thirty-five years of age, tall, handsome, athletic, and perfect in his horsemanship as in his physical appearance. He has commanded in several battles previous to the massacre of Colonel Fetterman's noble command and has never been whipped. He was at Laramie last spring, to the treaty making, enjoying the farce and treating it as such without disguise, yet accepting all the presents offered, but left with the declaration that his country should never be occupied by the whites, nor garrisoned by them, nor should their roads cross it. Then he was at the head of but 500 warriors of the Ogalah Sioux, but his marshaling 3000 at Fort Philip Kearny shows the influence he has over others, and his determination to make his threat good. He is an active, energetic and able warrior, and he who conquers Red Cloud will do more than he who conquered Tecumseh, or Black Hawk, or Osceola.

Old Thad. Stevens goes for giving homesteads to the Negroes, because they, the Negroes, conquered their masters. This is the way the services of white soldiers are valued by the Radicals.

THE MANTLE OF BEAUTY.

"I pity Margaret, she is so plain." "Certainly, she is very plain; but, then, she is so good." "Goodness is very well in its way; but a handsome face and a fine person will do more for a girl than goodness," was the reply.

"In a worldly point of view, you mean?" The first speaker did not answer this remark.

It suggested thoughts not wholly in agreement with the sentiments just uttered. The subject of conversation was the youngest of three sisters. She was called homely by almost every one; yet it is but fair to say that she was too often seen as a foil to her handsome sisters, whose bright eyes, regular features, rich complexion, and free, graceful carriage, had won for them the appellation of "the two beauties."

Parents are not always wise and just.—The fact of being a father or a mother does not, as a matter of course, lift a person above his of her natural weakness and defects of character, or change materially the old estimate of men and things. The mother of those girls was very far from being a wise woman, and quite as far from being just towards her youngest child. The beauty of the two elder sisters she sought to increase by all the available arts of dress, while the very plainest and coarsest of attire which she deemed good enough for Margaret, made the latter seem homelier than she really was. Margaret, not being an ornamental appendage of the household, was made useful. While her sisters dressed and saw company, she was at work, and often at work for them. She felt the unjust discrimination, and often cried over it, when no one saw her; but neither rebelled nor complained.

"I pity her, she is so plain." This was often said by those who saw Margaret in contrast with her sisters. But it almost happened, that those who had any true knowledge with regard to her character, would answer—"But she is so good."

There is beauty in goodness. That was her compensation. If the outer garment of her being had a symmetry and grace beyond that the flesh puts on in its most envied perfection. And compensation went farther still. The soul is in a perpetual effort to impress a likeness of its quality in fact, to mould the features into an image of itself. If this law was in favor of Margaret, it was against her sisters, for, while she was living in self-denial, both willing and doing right in every relation, no matter how unpleasant, they were cherishing pride, selfishness, vanity, worldliness, envy, and ill-nature.

The time came, as years progressed, when it was no longer said, "I pity her, she is so plain." Not that any saw signs of beauty in her face, but it was no longer perceived as homely. She did not appear in company as frequently as her gay and brilliant sisters, who always had around them a circle of admirers, but when she appeared, she did not sit lone, as once, nor so often form the subject of depreciating comparison.

Persons who had kept aloft from her began to feel an attraction that drew them to her side, and many wondered how it was that they had been so slow in discovering how greatly she was, in some things, superior to her more showy sisters.

There was a sphere of tranquility about Margaret, which was felt by every one who approached her. The repose of her manner did not break up easily, but to right sentiments and feelings she responded with a warmth of expression that veiled nothing of insincerity. In conversation, where the subject was agreeable, thought would light up her countenance, and play over it in manifold changes. It was singularly mobile to the mind—answering to emotion, never concealing.

Time came when the two elder sisters found themselves often less attractive in company than the homely Margaret. Young men whose favor they desired to win, were not unfrequently indifferent to all their arts and blandishments, and yet, stranger still, as it appeared to them, so interested in Margaret, as to be envious of attention toward her.

It is not always that truth comes to ears most concerned in hearing it. Friends and neighbors see and talk about our personal defects, peculiarities, and hindering faults, though we see them not, and go on blindly indulging them to our loss and injury. Margaret's two elder sisters still thought themselves beautiful, winning, graceful beyond all comparison with their Cinderella, as once they had been vain and heartless enough to call her. They did not recognize the fairy work that, with slower than old fairy touches, yet with more enduring magic, was transforming her daily. But there were eyes that could see while theirs were blind, and it happened that, through the sense of hearing, they gained a knowledge of what their sight had failed to give.

The eldest—her name was Cordelia—overheard the following conversation. It was between two young men with whom she had been long acquainted.

"I used to think her beautiful," said one of them.

"Cordelia?" said the other. "Yes," was the reply.

"So did I," continued the other. "Three or four years ago, when she and her sister first came out, with the girlish bloom upon them, I thought them two of the loveliest

creatures I had ever seen;—but somehow, they have been fading ever since." "There's nothing in them," said the first speaker.

"Not much," was the reply. "They dress elegantly, and have a world of sprightly gossip and small talk; but as to culture of the heart or intellect, I have failed to discover the signs. I was quite smitten with Cordelia at first—actually in love with her bright eyes and fair face—but I got over it long ago. Beauty is very well in these matters; but a sensible man is apt to look a little way beneath the surface, to see what kind of a foundation beauty is resting upon. Girls of this class are well enough to dance and flirt with; but for the graver purposes of matrimony none but knaves or fools except them."

"There are plenty of knaves and fools about," said the friend.

"Oh, yes," said the other, "as witness the wretched marriages that are constantly taking place."

There's a fellow dancing attendance on Cordelia now, who is just weak enough to marry her as a show-wife. He thinks her queenly!

Of course, if the event comes off, there will be another miserable couple added to the list. Both will find themselves disappointed."

"By the way," said the other speaker, breaking in upon his friend's homily, "what do you think of the plainer sister?"

"Margaret?" "Yes."

"I've ceased to call her plain," he said. "You would hardly call her beautiful."

"I don't know," he said. "I have seen her when to call her beautiful would be no error of language. The fact is, Margaret has puzzled me at times. I grant you that her features are not cut after a classical model, nor is their what we sometimes call 'style' in her face. She hasn't the fine complexion or the large liquid eyes of her older sister, and yet her countenance is to me far more attractive—it is so full of mind and feeling. You forget as you talk with her, the material lines of her face, of thought that transfigures it. Do you want a higher style than this?"

"And yet," continued the first speaker, "Margaret was very homely. There was a time when I almost wondered at her courage."

"Yes," said his companion, "I remember my first expression also, but it gradually wore off as I came to know her. The fact is, her beautiful soul shines through its material veil, and you see the light and loveliness within. In the case of her sisters the order is reversed. They have not, I fear beautiful souls."

"The mantle they have so long worn in pride," was the reply, is dropping away from them, and if they do not see it, will fall upon the shoulders of Margaret. If I were choosing a wife from among these three sisters, I shouldn't hesitate a moment."

"You would take Margaret," said his friend.

"Yes," was the reply. "Not regarding mere beauty as anything when put in contrast with excellence of character?" added the first speaker.

"I am a lover of beauty," was the reply. Whenever the beautiful is presented, I find myself a constrained worshipper. At first I saw beauty only in form and color; and was in constant danger of accepting gilt and bloom for enduring substance. Twice I have been on the eve of a marriage proposal, blinded, fascinated by mere external charms. I shudder, sometimes, when I think of what I escaped in both instances.

"The beauty lay only on the surface."—Gradually my mind became better instructed for sound-minded patriotism. During the Spring campaign he took the political stump for the Radicals, denounced copperheads in the most ultra style, and exalted P. T. Barnum to the "seventh heaven." In short, he set himself up as a sort of chaplain to the "late political showman." After election his fond hopes blasted, he set up a small store in West Cornwall. His wife, who was feeble in health, died May 7. His conduct of late having excited suspicion, the body was disinterred by the authorities and the stomach sent to New Haven for analysis. Green in the meantime had disappeared, and the examination of the stomach having strengthened the suspicions against him, Deputy Sheriff Chauncey Baldwin was sent after him into New York State, with a requisition from Governor English. We understood that Green had on his person, when arrested, a letter of recommendation from P. T. Barnum. He says he is now married to a woman living in Utah.—New Haven Register.

A "REBEL" HORSE.—The Danville Times states that Dr. Lee, of Halifax, Va., has a horse which exhibits the greatest and most astonishing aversion to blue colors. This horse served in the army, and seems to have acquired his distaste for this color while in the military service, as he showed no such disposition anterior to the war. He will not allow any one to approach him in a blue coat or jacket—gets fractious and wants to tear it off. On one occasion, while crossing a ferry, a negro with a blue jacket on, happened to get near him, and he jumped at him with tiger-like ferocity, and seizing the garment in his teeth, tore it clean off. It is no less remarkable, that he is as gentle as a lamb if you approach him in grey or any other color than blue. A horse with such unaccounting principles and unconstructed proclivities, is a disloyal horse, and deserves to be disfranchised; but don't confiscate the brute's cats.—Richmond (Va.) Examiner.

The Maine Law.

The people of Maine have been trying the virtues said to lie in a strict enforcement of this well known statute. The constabulary having concluded their legitimate labors, have recently been employed as fellows, if we may believe the Standard, published at Augusta. It says:

We give the following as the result of last week's labor:

A cow arrested for having "two horns." A colored individual, lately deceased, fined for being "on his bier."

A pair of boots seized for being "tight." A little boy's kite sentenced to have its tail cut off for having been on "high time."

A clothing dealer "haunted up" for advertising "Great Bar gains."

A confectioner tried for selling "Gin-ger snaps."

A horse ran away and smashed a wagon. The horse was promptly arrested, but it being proved the "smash" contained nothing intoxicating he was acquitted.

Several "cocktails" found in the hencoop of a prominent citizen, were confiscated. The success of the police in this seizure caused much "crowing," and it will doubtless "spur" them on to increased activity.

An unfortunate Hibernian was locked up for getting a "punch" in the head. A worthy shoemaker, seized on suspicion of being a "cobbler," but proving there was no "sherry" connected with him, was released, on condition this should be his "last" offence. He was informed that any future dereliction would involve confiscation of his "awl." The excitement "waxed" intense. Complaint that a barrel of beef was found "corned" at Adams.

MASONRY IN PENNSYLVANIA.—The facts contained in the Statement of the R. W. Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, for 1866, constitute such testimony of the efficiency and vigor of the Masonic Order, as cannot but be gratifying to all its members. The receipts of 1866 were \$53,283 71, and from the Grand Lodge bequest \$4,930 74, making the total of the investments of the bequests \$50,354 45. The Grand Lodge charity fund amounts to \$50,880 56, and \$31,094 51, have been received during the year, and \$26,831 98 expended. More than \$27,000 of the investments are in United States bonds. The committee to select a site for a Masonic hall were authorized to purchase the bounded by Cuthbert, Filbert, Juniper, and Broad streets, Philadelphia, for \$155,000, to take possession in July inst. The growth of Masonry is said to have been accelerated with three fold rapidity by the war. In 1856 there were 133 lodges, 11,185 members, 1044 members of Grand Lodge, debt of \$11,000, while the charity funds were but \$38,125. In 1861 there were 171 lodges, 13,951 members, 1599 members of the Grand Lodge, and a Grand Lodge debt of \$73,200 while the charity funds were \$75,870. In 1865 there were 190 lodges, 20,256 members, 2165 members of the Grand Lodge debt of only \$11,000, and charity funds amounting to \$63,470. During the Masonic year of 1866 twenty new lodge warrants were issued, and nine new lodge warrants were issued, and nineteen new lodges constituted.

ANOTHER POLITICAL PREACHER COME TO GREEK.—We learn from the Litchfield Sentinel that the Rev. W. H. Green, recently arrested for poisoning his wife in West Cornwall, is now in jail in Litchfield. The Sentinel gives the following sketch of the fellow's operations. He went to Cornwall sometime last winter, calling himself a Methodist minister and a Union refugee from Texas, and made himself remarkable for loud-mouthed patriotism. During the Spring campaign he took the political stump for the Radicals, denounced copperheads in the most ultra style, and exalted P. T. Barnum to the "seventh heaven." In short, he set himself up as a sort of chaplain to the "late political showman." After election his fond hopes blasted, he set up a small store in West Cornwall. His wife, who was feeble in health, died May 7. His conduct of late having excited suspicion, the body was disinterred by the authorities and the stomach sent to New Haven for analysis. Green in the meantime had disappeared, and the examination of the stomach having strengthened the suspicions against him, Deputy Sheriff Chauncey Baldwin was sent after him into New York State, with a requisition from Governor English. We understood that Green had on his person, when arrested, a letter of recommendation from P. T. Barnum. He says he is now married to a woman living in Utah.—New Haven Register.

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THE OLD MAN'S DREAM.

Oh, for one hour of youthful joy! Give back my twentieth spring! I'd rather laugh a bright-haired boy Than reign a gray-haired king.

Off with the wrinkled spoils of age; Away with learning's crown; Tear out life's wisdom-written page, And dash its trophies down.

One moment let my life-blood stream From boyhood's fountain of flame! Give me one giddy, reeling dream Of life, all love and fame!

My listening angel heard the prayer, And only smiling said, "Remember, at their girls have fled Thy hasty wish had sped."

"But is there nothing in my track To bid the fondly stay, While the swift seasons hurry back, To find she wished for day?"

Ah, truest soul of woman kind! Without thee what were life? One bliss I cannot leave behind I'll take—my precious wife!

The angel took a sapphire pen, And wrote in rainbow dew; "Thou wouldst be a boy again, And be a husband, too!"

"Is there another yet unsaid Before the change appears? Remember, at their girls have fled With those dissolving years!"

"Why, yes, I would one favor more, My fond paternal joys—I could not bear to leave them all; I'll take my girls and boys."

The smiling angel dropped his pen— "Why, this will never do; Thou wouldst be a boy again, And be a father, too!"

And so I laughed—my laughter woke The household with its noise, I wrote my dream when morning broke, To please the gray-haired boys.

ASTOUNDING DEVELOPMENTS!

Loyal Plundering at Harrisburg!

ARREST OF DEPARTMENT MESSENGERS.—THEY ARE CHARGED WITH STRAHLING BOOKS AND PAPERS—THREE WAGON LOADS OF PROPERTY RECOVERED. Special Dispatch to the Philadelphia Inquirer.

HARRISBURG, June 21.—Quite a sensation was created here this morning by the unexpected arrest of a number of messengers and other subordinate attaches of the various State Departments. It seems that for some time past, several heads of departments, including the State Librarian, had amassed a number of valuable books, and other documents belonging to the State. The attention of the Chief of Police was called to the matter, and having reason to suspect a man named Aaron Rapp, doing business on South street, Mr. Campbell, the Chief of Police, prepared a search warrant and visited Rapp's premises this morning where he found a number of the missing articles stowed away. Rapp became terribly alarmed and implicated some seven or eight messengers and other employees at the Capitol Building, who were at once arrested. The State Librarian was held in one thousand dollars bail, to answer at court. Two of the messengers were held in eight hundred dollars bail; the balance will have a hearing to-morrow morning. Three wagon loads of State property were brought from Rapp's store and piled up in the Mayor's office. Among the captured property are some two hundred copies of the Adjutant-General's recent Report, of over twelve hundred pages.

From all these Reports the cloth binding had been torn and the books sold as waste paper. There were also two hundred copies of the United States Statutes at Large, passed at the last session of Congress, inclosed in packages, addressed to the Governor. These were sold for waste paper, unopened. Large quantities of recent numbers of the Legislative Record, together with the index, were also captured, together with several United States mail bags, belonging to the Post Office, which had been sent up to the Capitol for documents and stamped envelopes furnished the heads of Department. It is supposed that this species of imposition upon the State has been carried on for several years, and it has only now been discovered by reason of the boldness of the recent operations.

LATER.

HARRISBURG, June 23.—Chief of Police Campbell has just returned from Carlisle, and reports that he found at a paper mill, near that place, nearly a ton of the Books and documents stolen from the Capitol, including about eight hundred and fifty volumes of the Adjutant-General's last report. A number of U. S. Mail bags were recovered. Four of the parties arrested upon the charge of stealing the property, have been bound over to appear at August sessions. Great excitement and indignation exist here in regard to the matter.

George Francis Train drives a nail of truth in the following brief biographical sketch of his own life: "When I started out in life, travel was my idol; the world doubted. Then I tried knowledge; I got no praise. Then books; they ridiculed. Then languages; they sneered. Then patriotism; they cheered first, then knocked me down in Boston, shot me at Dayton, bayoneted me at Davenport, arrested me in St. Louis, and tried to assassinate me in Alton. But in spite of this I have kept my independence and individuality. I asked this world what it wanted; and has now devoting my time to that, simply out of contempt for the opinion of men. No more softening of the brain, but hardening of the heart."

A young lady being engaged to be married, and getting sick of the bargain, applied to a friend to help her untie the knot before it was too late. "Oh, certainly," he replied, "it's very easy to untie it when it's only a beau."

A bar of iron worth five dollars, worked into horsehoes, is worth \$10 50; made into needles it is worth \$355; made into penknife blades, it is worth \$3,585; made into balance springs of watches, it is worth \$25,900.

Unhappy Fate of Maximilian.

The execution of Maximilian by the authorities of Mexico after the request of our government for clemency, and the intercession in his behalf of several of the governments of Europe, will surprise the whole civilized world. But for the refusal of our government to countenance his usurpation his throne would this day have been firmly established in that country. The liberals owed their vitality and strength to the moral influence of the United States, ever exerted in their behalf, and their refusal to accord the same boon of mercy toward a mere instrument, used by France and Austria, whose free parson would but have made him a monument of the high civilization and humanity which do not punish for revenge, shows not only ingratitude, but that liberal, just principles do not predominate in their counsels.

This murder of Maximilian must fill the cup of sorrow to overflowing, now forced to the lips of the Imperial House of Austria.

Carlotta, the wife of this victim, hopelessly insane from the dangers she saw surrounding her unhappy husband;—a daughter of the house, a fair young woman of twenty, accidentally burnt to death a few days ago; and now a brother of the Emperor barbarously shot in violation of the terms of a capitulation and surrounded. A more afflicted family can scarce be found on earth. The Emperor now can truly realize that "uneasy rests the head that wears the crown." No subject of his can be more miserable, in all his populous dominions.

The Negroes South.