BLOOMSBURG STAR AND DEMOCRAT.

VOL. XXXI. BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA CO., PA., WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 11, 1867. NO. 28.

OFFICERS OF COLUMBIA CO.

President Judge—Hon. William Elwell.
Associate Judges— Irm Derr, Peter K. Herbein.
Proth'y and Cl'k of Courts—Jesse Coleman.
Register and Recorder—John G. Freeze.
Commissioners— Allen Mann, John F. Fowler, Montgomery Cole.
Sheriff—Samuel Snyder.
Treasurer—John J. Stiles.
Auditors— Daniel Snyder, L. B Rupert, John P. Hannon.
Commissioner's Clerk—Wm. Krickbaum.
Commissioner's Attorney—E. H. Little.
Mercantile Appraiser—Capt. Geo. W. Utt.
County Surveyor—Isaac A. Dewitt.
District Attorney—Milton M. Traugh.
Coroner—William J. Ikeler.
County Superintendent—Chas. G. Barkley.
Assesors Internal Revenue—R. F. Clark.
Assistant Assessor— John Thomas, S. B. Diemer, J. H. Ikeler, J. S. Woods.
Collector—Benjamin F. Hartman.

NEW STOVE AND TIN SHOP.

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

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

STOVE AND TIN SHOP,

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

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

JACOB METZ.

Bloomsburg, Sept. 9, 1866.—1y.

PLASTER FOR SALE.

The undersigned is about fitting up a

PLASTER MILL

at the PENN FURNACE MILLS, and will offer to the public ONE HUNDRED TONS BEST

Novia Scotia White Plaster

prepared ready for use in quantities to suit purchasers, at any time from the first of March next.

J. S. McKINCH.

Catawissa, Jan. 23, 1867.

BOOT AND SHOE SHOP.

OSCAR P. GIRTON,

Respectfully informs the public that he is now prepared to manufacture all kinds of

BOOTS AND SHOES,

at the LOWEST Possible Prices; at short notice and in the very best and latest style.

Mr. Girton, (as is well-known in Bloomsburg,) has had many years of successful experience with a reputation for good work, integrity and honorable dealing unsurpassed.

☞ Place of business on South East Corner of Main and Iron Streets, over J. K. Girton's Store.

Bloomsburg, Oct. 10, 1866.—2m

FORKS HOTEL,

GEO. W. MAUGER, Proprietor.

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

GEORGE W. MAUGER.

June 13, 1866.—tf.

MACHINE AND REPAIR SHOP.

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

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

GEORGE HASSERT.

Bloomsburg, Nov 21, 1866.

FALLON HOUSE.

THE subscriber having purchased the "Fallon House," in

LOCK HAVEN, Pa.,

formerly kept by 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," with the accommodations and comforts of a House, and humbly solicits their patronage.

J. OTTENKIRK,
Late of the Madison House, Philadelphia.

Lock Haven, Dec. 26, 1866.

MISS LIZZIE PETERMAN,

Would announce to the ladies of Bloomsburg and public generally, that she has just received from eastern cities her

Spring and Summer

Stock of

MILLINERY GOODS,

consisting of all articles usually found in first class Millinery Stores. Her goods are of the best quality and among the most handsome and cheapest in the market. Call and examine them for yourselves.

Nobody should purchase elsewhere before examining Miss Peterman's stock of goods. Bonnets made to order, on the shortest notice, or repaired.

Store on Main street, 3d door below the store of Mendenhall & Rupert.

Bloomsburg, May 2, 1866.—tf.

NEW TOBACCO STORE.

H. H. HUNSBERGER,

Main Street, below the "American House,"

BLOOMSBURG, PA.,

Where he keeps on hand, and furnishes to the home and country trade, at Philadelphia (lowest) prices,

FINE CUT AND PLUG TOBACCOS,

DOMESTIC AND IMPORTED CIGAR all kinds of

SMOKING TOBACCO,

Snuffs, Meerschaum and Briar Wood Pipes, and all articles pertaining to his trade.

Those small retail dealers in cigars and chewing tobacco, would do well to give him a call, in sending to the cities for every article they may require. Satisfaction guaranteed to all who may favor him with their custom.

August 21, 1866.—3m.

DYES, DRUGS, DRUGS.

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

PURE DRUGS,

Medicines, Dyes, Oils and Varnishes, always on hand, and sold cheaper than at any other Drug Store.

QUALITY GUARANTEED.

Prescriptions carefully compounded at Moyer's Drug Store.

Ayers Medicines sold at Moyer's Drug Store.

Wistar's Balsam, Baker's Cod Liver Oil, Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup, sold at Moyer's Drug Store.

For any kind of medicines, call at Moyer's Drug Store.

Wholesale and retail, at J. R. Moyer's, Bloomsburg, Pa.

THE

Bloomsburg Democrat.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY IN BLOOMSBURG, PA., BY

WILLIAMSON H. JACOBY.

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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

TEN LINES CONSTITUTE A SQUARE.

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

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

Executor's and Administrator's Notice.....3.00
Auditor's Notice.....2.50

Other advertisements inserted according to special contract.

Business notices, without advertisement, twenty cents per line.

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

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

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

MISANTHROPIC HOURS.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

I sometimes feel as I could blot
All traces of mankind from earth—
As if 'twere sin to curse them not,
They so degrade, so shame their birth,
To think that earth should be so fair,
So beautiful—so bright a thing;
That nature should come forth and wear
Such glorious apparelling;
That sea and sky should live and glow,
With light, and love, and holiness,
And yet men never seem to know
How much a God of love can bless—
How deep their debt of thankfulness.

I've seen the sun go down and light
Like floods of gold, poured on the sky—
When every pulse was beating high,
And the full soul was gushing love,
And longing for its home above—
And then men would soar, if ever,
To the high homes of thought and soul—
When life's degrading ties should sever.
And the free spirit spurn control—
Then have I seen and how my cheek
Is burning with the shame I feel,
What truth is in the words I speak—
I've seen my fellow creatures steal
Away to their unhallowed mirth
As if the revelries of earth
Were all that they could feel or share;
And glorious heaven were scarcely worth
Their passing notice or their care.

I've said I was a worshipper
At woman's shrine—yet even there
I found unworthiness of thought;
And when I deemed I just had caught,
The radiance of that holy light
Which makes earth beautiful and bright—
When eyes of fire their lashes sent,
And rosy lips looked eloquent—
Oh! I have turned away and wept to find
Beneath it all a trifling mind.

I stood in one of those high hills, [stone,]
Where Genius breathes in sculptured
Where shaded light in softness falls,
On pencil'd beauty. They had gone,
Whose hearts of fire and hands of skill
Had wrought such power; but yet they
To me in every feature still. [spoke]
And fresh lips breathed, and dak eyes woke,
And crimson checks flushed glowingly
To life and motion. I had knelt
And went with Mary, at the tree
Where Jesus suffered. I had felt
The warm blood rushing to my brow
At the stern buffet of the Jew—
Had seen the Son of Glory bow,
And bleed for sins he never knew—
And I had wept, I thought that all
Must feel like me—and when there came
A stranger, bright and beautiful,
With step of grace, and eye of flame,
And tone and look most sweetly blunt,
To make her presence eloquent,
Oh! then I looked for tears. We stood
Before the scene on Calvary—
I saw the piercing spear—the blood—
The gail—the writhe of agony—
I saw His quivering lips in prayer,
"Father, forgive them"—all was there;
I turned, in bitterness of soul,
And spoke of Jesus. I had thought
Her feelings would refuse control;
For woman's heart I knew was fraught
With gushing sympathies. She gazed
A moment on it carelessly,
And coldly curled her lip, and praised
The high priests garment. Could it be
That look was meant, near Lord, for Thee?

Oh! what is woman—what her smile—
Her look of love—her eye of light—
What is she if her lips revile
The lowly Jesus? Love may write
His name upon her marble brow;
Or linger in her curls of jet—
The light spring flower may scarcely bow
Beneath her step, and yet—and yet,
Without that meeker grace, she'll be
A lighter thing than vanity.

FOR GIRLS WHO "CHEW GUM."—A great many American girls have acquired the particularly disagreeable habit of chewing gum. Perhaps they would like to know how gum is made:

"The greatest gum-manufacturing establishment is said to be at Pedunk, Massachusetts, and the fame of their gum (and the gum itself) is in the mouth of all the world. One of the employes of that establishment, who has become thoroughly initiated into the misteries of the manufacture of the gum, was recently discharged from the establishment,—and has since divulged the process by which these quids, which young americans masticate with such velocity and apparent satisfaction, are made. The gum is made of certain parts of gum-arabic, gum tragacacanth, a small quantity of resin and fat. The fat used is not lard, that being too expensive, but is a substance expressed from the dead hogs, cats, dogs and other animals found on the commons of the city. This is not the worst of it. After the various ingredients are melted together in a huge kettle, a certain kind of alkali is put in for the purpose of whitening the gum. This alkali is the same that is used by dyers wtih indigo to give a deep and permanent blue to flannels."

MISTRESS BARBARA.

BY KARL NEUMANN-STRELA.

The rain beat against the round green window-panes, and the winds whistled about the angles of the house, but in the room within all was quiet.

In this room at the head of the great table, which filled almost the whole space betwen the fireplace and the door, sat the Master-miner, Christopher Uttmann and his wife Barbara, with their stalwart sons and fair daughters. Below them, on either side, sat Uttmann's workmen and maids, stout miners with their wives and daughters, and also farmers and other town folk. For whoever in Annaberg, on Saturday night, had a mind to go up to Master Uttmann's was sure of a hearty welcome. At such times the bowl passed quickly from hand to hand, quaint stories of horned Siegfried and the fair Magelone were told, and jovial glees and moving ballads sung; while the spinning-wheels buzzed merrily, and the lads jested and flirted with the maidens. Often it was late in the night before the meetings broke up and the light-hearted guests went home. But on this evening—the 15th of May, 1861, it stood in the calender—it was so quiet about the oaken table that one could plainly hear without the monotonous music of the rain. Master Christopher, with arms crossed over his chest, sat lost in thought. A tear trembled on the good wife Barbara's eye-lash. The men hung their heads, the women's hands lay in their laps, no wheel hummed, no one thought of telling a story or singing a song.

Of a sudden, Master Christopher roused himself. "Children, we are letting our spirits droop. That will never do. I am heartily ashamed to have to own that I too have caught myself giving way to gloomy thoughts."

"Master, how can one be gay, with misery at the door?" said the gray-haired miner Ohlentrud. "But you do not speak as you feel at heart. You only seek to divert our thoughts."

"Good father," rejoined the Master, "do you despair because one learned man from Dresden has failed to find what we wish? With God's grace, the second for whom I have sent our Klaus, will find next week a new vein of silver, or cobalt. Anne Marie, sing a ballad for us, that one about mighty faith."

Anna Marie, Ohlentrud's daughter, who on account of her pleasant voice, was the chief songstress of the little circle; yielded this time, but unwillingly, to the Master's wish. How could she sing gayly, with want and sorrow drawing nigh to the hearthstone? But the good Master wished it; so she began to sing:—

"There once did live a goodly youth
Who held his true love dear;
Full seven years his love forsooth
Was proof 'gainst doubt and fear.

"This youth—"

"Well, why do you stop before you have well begun? What, weeping, too?"

But her father spoke up for her. "It will not do, Master. The maiden is in no tune for song to night. How could she be? The mines will yield no more, and with a short harvest and plague among the cattle, we have but a dreary prospect before us."

The gloomy looks of all showed what a sad echo his words had found in their breasts. Mistress Barbara covered her face with both hands, and Master Christopher rejoined, but with a trembling voice: "Let us only hope that the other learned man from Dresden will find new mines."

But the rest doubtfully shook their heads.

In truth, it was a sad time, and no wonder that the brave Annabergers lost courage day by day. What was to become of them, if the mines were really worked out? There was nothing left but to starve, for up among the mountains there, they had no other employment.

And next week came Klaus from Dresden with the second learned doctor. He went first into one shaft, and then into another, and hammered at the rock, measured to the right and to the left, then up and down, and talked a great deal of Latin, but nothing did he find. So he gave it up, shook his white head and went away with a roll of silver gulden, out of the money-bags of Master Christepher.

Then the poor people gave up all hope. Their hammers and drills rusted, the sheds and workshops stood empty, and over and above all, a period of grim, dreary storms set in. At last even Master Christopher lost heart, and the cheerful looks vanished, which he had worn all along for the sake of his poor people.

It happened one day about this time, that a poor woman with three hungry children knocked at the door of Master Uttmann's house. She was a stranger, had come from a long distance, and begged in charity a bit of bread, and rest and shelter for a short time.

Mistress Barbara received the poor thing with cheering words as was her wont, brought her into the house, and refreshed her as best she might with food and drink. Then she established the helpless wanderers in a comfortable chamber, and rejoiced most heartily at the rest which they found there for their weary limbs.

She had not asked the stranger whence she came, or whither she was going. She was poor and needed her aid, that was enough. After a little time the woman came out from the sleeping-room, seated herself, at Barbara's invitation, beside her at the table, and began, without being asked, to tell of her home, her flight, and her wanderings. And while talking, in order not to be sitting idle, she took from her pocket a little package. This contained short wooden needles, which ended in little hooks of iron wire, a ball of linen thread, and a paper with a pattern drawn upon it. This pattern the woman spread out upon the table, loosed an end of thread from the ball, and caught it upon one of the little hooks. Had Barbara paid attention, she must have been astonished at the dexterity with which the stranger at one time crossed her needles, at another twisted the thread about the hooks, and then again tied such wonderful and complicated knots. But she looked only at the face of the woman, whose story excited her deepest sympathy.

She was from Brabant. She had lived happily with her family until the time when the Duke of Alva was sent to the Netherlands as Governor by King Philip of Spain. Hardly arrived in Flanders, he had set up a tribunal of blood, by which all, whose opinions excited suspicion, were tried. Harrowing, indeed was the description which the poor woman gave of the evening on which Alva's creatures came at last to their peaceful home; how her husband made useless resistance and fell before her eyes; how fire was set to the roof over their heads; but a few minutes and nothing remained of their home but smoke and ashes. "Thus," said she, "in a short hour I had lost my husband and my home, and was compelled to go forth into the world as a houseless wanderer, like thousands of other families who made their way, some to England, some hither to Germany. My work and instruments," she continued, pointing to the needles and thread, "I found in my pocket when I awoke next day from my stupor. Thanks be to God! so long as I have these I shall not need to beg. Then wandered from place to place, and when we rested I worked; everywhere my lace was gladly taken for money. But far from here my strength gave out, I could move neither hand nor foot, and when the last of my laces were gone the door was shut in our faces, for I had nothing more to offer. Sick and wearied almost to death, we reached this house, and had not you, Mistress, succored us—"

Overcome by her emotions, the grateful woman could say no more. When after a while she was able to command herself and began eagerly to pour forth her thanks to her benefactress, Barbara, who was no friend to such demonstrations, quickly interrupted her by the question, "So you have been making lace? I had not noticed what you were doing." The Brabant woman laid the ball of thread and the needles with the work upon the table, and said, "It is not such as you would wear, Mistress. You have there on your kerchief, silken lace, such as can only be made in Brussels, and which is fitting for a lady of your rank. But the wives of tradesmen love ornament also, and for them we make this linen lace of ours."

"True," said Barbara, "when I bethink me of how it is at my home, in Nuremburg. I must own you are right. No woman of rank would condescend to wear linen lace.

But if, as you say, this can only be made in Brussels, they must be poorly off in the Netherland provinces. How little you must be able to make by your linen laces! the people who buy them cannot surely pay much for them."

"That depends upon how you look at it, Mistress. This work supported us in Wayre, from childhood; we knew no want, but were contented and happy. Nor, believe me, did we live from hand to mouth only. Not my husband alone, every one in Wayre used each year to put aside a little money for hard times. And when once half the place was burned, and another time again, the lightning struck our tower, and it was burned from top to bottom, we were not only able to build it all up again with our savings, but had something left besides, though all of that, alas! Alva's men have taken now. The people in Brussels, to be sure, do not know what to do with their money, but we poor linen lace-makers have never envied them their riches. And then, what an advantage our work has! To make the silken lace, one needs long practice, and a great deal of skill, but a child can learn to make our linen work. Children of five years old can make lace in Wayre. See, only! what can be easier than this? First I look at the pattern, then loop the thread around one of the needles, then across one needle over another, thus, and the thread loops of itself about the hook, and—look, there is a beautiful mesh made already! But you are weeping, Mistress! what grieves you?"

Her hands folded above her heaving breast, her eyes raised toward Heaven, Barbara stood, and, with tears of thankfulness and joy, cried, "Yes, Heavenly Father, as thou wilt! In thy mercy have I trusted, and thou has sent this poor woman that our sadness may be turned into rejoicing, and happiness may return into our house, nay, into every home in this hamlet! Remain with us, dear woman. I will be to you and your children, friend, sister, mother! See, sorrow reigns in this place. The miner's hammers rust, the cattle are dying, the fields lie barren. My husband gives all that he can, but of what avail are the gifts of one, when so many need? Teach us how to make this lace. We will work night and day, and send the strongest through the land with our laces, and so perhaps once more prosperity and joy may return to us; please God, we too, as did you in Wayre, may be able to lay up a little against the time of trouble shall come upon us again,—say that you will stay with us, good woman, and teach us!

The stranger grasped the hand extended to her with both her own. Though she had but half understood Barbara's words, she could not fail to comprehend their friendly meaning.

Next morning all the people of the little hamlet,—only children younger than five years were left behind,—came together at Master Uttmann's request. The miner, who acquiesced with his wife's scheme without a scruple, communicated to them Barbara's plans. They were received with astonishment and doubt, and looks of incredulity and suspicion were cast upon the Babrant woman and her children. To this, however the worthy pair paid no attention. Needles were prepared, which the smith provided with hooks, and Klaus was sent to Dresden to buy thread. An artist, too, came thence to draw the patterns, and the lessons began. What amusement and comfort the poor people found in learning this, to them, new art! How many cares were forgotten, for every day their doubts became less, and their hopes greater. Light-hearted jests, and now and then a jovial song began to be heard again. And then, when two months had passed, the shout of triumph which went up throughout Annaberg! For the two messengers who had been sent out with the laces made, returned with empty knapsacks, but with pockets so full, that it seemed as if the wealth could never be exhausted.

But their Babrant guest could not share this joy with them. Not far from the great linden-tree which still stands in the middle of the church-yard, she had been buried a few days before. Grief for the loss of her husband, and all the fearful hardships through which she had passed, had sown fatal seeds in her heart; poor heart, it could break more peacefully now, for she saw her children within Barbara's motherly arms. All praise be to Mistress Barbara! From sunrise to sunset she busily plied her lace needles, the best spur to industry and perseverance which her people could have. And with their joy and hope, the stores of lace grew greater and greater, though the strongest of their men were ever setting forth with the delicate wares, with which they went to and fro, through the whole of Saxony, and Bohemia. Not until the severe winter set in did their travels cease.

When spring and summer came again, there was indeed a contrast with the former year: strong, healthy cattle in stable and meadow, smiling fields, and happy men. For the learned man who had come at Master Uttmann's request, from cologne on the Spree, to make another examination of the mines, had gone away, after speaking pretty plainly his opinion of the wisdom of his colleagues in Dresden. The mines in the Schrecken and Schottenberg were not exhausted. It only needed to understand the right way to open them. So the clever man from Cologne brought up some of the black powder, of which the Annabergers had as yet no idea, and hey! What a crash and noise! How the rocky walls burst assunder, and rich veins of silver and cobalt were exposed in countless numbers.

It was the summer also that Barbarn, accompanied by Marie Ohlentrud, undertook the long journey to Brussels. The cruelties of the Spaniards in the Netherlands did not deter her. It was her plan to bring new artists and workmen to Annaberg, so as to teach her people to make the Brussel's lace also, and we all know how well it succeeded. The manufacture of ribbons, too, she brought back with her; and now, with lace and ribbons fairs, lace and ribbon shops, lace and ribbon shopwomen, the visitor in Annaberg is driven to despair. Manufactory after manufactory, loom upon loom; three seems to be no end now-a-days in Annaberg, of laces and ribbons.

And all this was the work of Barbara and Christopher Uttmann. When Barbara came back from Brussels she found her husband on a bed of sickness, from which he never rose again. What could better console her sorrow than the peace and happiness, which she saw on every side? So long as her heart beat, it beat for her children,—for the children of the Brabant wanderer,—for all who lived within the circuit of Annaberg. When she died, they buried her one spring day by the side of Christopher and the stranger. Thousands of birds warble among the limbs of the great linden which overhang the stone at the head of the three mounds; and in the evening, when the rays of the setting sun gild the steeples of Annaberg, the work people leave the shops and factories and mines, and gath- about the linden, talking, perhaps, of those who sleep beneath,—of the Arabant mother, of Christopher, and of Barbara Uttmann, the benefactress of the Erzgebirge.

PROVERBS.—A thousand probabilities will not make one truth. A hand-saw is a good thing, but not to shave with. Gentility, without ability, is worse than beggary. A man may talk like a wise man, and act like a fool. If we would succeed in anything, we must use the proper means. A liar should have a good memory. Charity begins at home but does not end their. An ounce of mother wit is worth a pound of learning. Short reckoning make long friends. Custom is the plague of wise men, and the idol of fools. A faint heart never won a fair lady.

☞ The centre of the United States has been fixed at Columbus, Nebraska, ninety-six miles west of Omaha.

Organize.

As we said in an editorial last week, we believe the result of the pending political contest in Pennsylvania depends upon the activity of the Democratic leaders in the rural districts. Upon some two or three men in a township the labor of organization falls, and the work of their hands is always seen in the result. If they have been active and diligent the full vote is polled.—That is what we want in the pending contest—all we ask of Democrats throughout the county and State. Let there be a full poll of our vote and we shall achieve a glorious triumph. Of that we are absolutely sure. There is no possibility of a defeat if we but do our whole duty.

To secure the victory which lies thus temptingly within our grasp, we must organize at once. Every Democrat and Conservative voter must be numbered and brought to the polls in good time on election day. That is the work which remains to be done. Let business meetings of the Democracy be held in each township in the county at once, and the work be apportioned out by school districts. Let some one man be made responsible for each sub-division, with the understanding that he may employ all the aid he can secure, but that he must be responsible for the fidelity and diligence of those he appoints under him.—This work can all be easily done. It must be done, and done at once.

In this State there are nearly three thousand election districts. The absence of one voter in each of them would be a serious loss. Let that be remembered; let it be constantly kept in mind, as an incentive to exertion.

The present contest is one of the greatest importance. White men alone will vote at the coming election in Pennsylvania. Should the Yankee Williams be elected Congress will at once pass Sumner's Negro Equality Bill, and in all future elections the negro will jostle the white man as he approaches the ballot box, will take his place in the jury box, will claim and exercise all the privileges of a political and social equality.

Then let there be a full poll of the white vote on the 8th of October. Let us see whether a majority of the people of Pennsylvania are really in favor of negro equality. The Radical leaders claim that they are.—The pending contest will decide the matter. If the Democrats in rural districts organize perfectly we shall have no fear of the result. Remember the time is short, and that whatever is done must be done quickly. Organize then—*organize*—ORGANIZE!—*Lancaster Intelligencer.*

A LOUD CALL.—Bill Jones has been to sea, and on his return he was narrating to his uncle an adventure which he had met with on board a ship.

"I was one night leaning over the taff-rail, looking down in the mighty ocean," said William, "when my gold watch fell from my fob, and immediately sunk out of sight. The vessel was going ten knots an hour, but nothing daunted, I sprang over the rail, and after a long search found the watch, came up close under the stern, and climed back to the deck, without any one knowing I had been absent."

"William," said his uncle opening his eyes to their widest capacity, "how fast did you say the vessel was sailing?"

"Ten knots an hour."

"And you dove down into the sea, and came up with the watch, and climbed up the rudded chains?"

"Yes, uncle."

"And you expect me to believe your story."

"Of course! You wouldn't dream of calling me a liar.

"William," replied the uncle, gravely, "you know I never called anybody names; but if the mayor were to come to me and say, 'Josiah, I wan't to find the biggest liar in New York,' I would come straight to you and say, 'William, the Mayor wants to see you.'"

William for a time felt somewhat aggrieved at the aspersion on his character for veracity.

A CARICATURE NOT YET PUBLISHED.—The following is a caricature which we have not seen in Harper:

Scene First—Stanton in the War Office, has just received notice from the President of leave to go. The Secretary, with eyes aglare, nostrils destended, fists clenched and advanced in pugilistic attitude, his whole person indicative of fight, exclaims:

"I will not go, by thunder; I'll fight first!"

Scene Second—Stanton making toward the door of the War Office, his hair disheveled, eyes protruding, his arms extending as if to break a fall, his person indicating that he is in the act of tumbling down, while endeavoring to find egress from the office, while Andy, standing in the door of the White-house, reaches out a long leg, well-booted, the foot of which sets strong against the Secretary's posterior person, with an inscription upon the soul of the boot of the word "Grant," the woe-begone Secretary exclaiming as he retreats;

"I yield to superior force."

GOOD COMPARISON.—A cotemporary says that "advertising is to the trade what ploughing is to the farmer. There would be some natural production if the sod of the earth was never broken, and it would hold about the same relation to the production of a well cultivated garden that the profits of unadvertised trade do to the advertiser."

Discovery of America.

Although the world has long ago accepted the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus as its true and real discovery, Scandinavia has never consented to this, and still holds that the first finding was by the sons of Jarls and Viking, and points out daily some new evidence that Europe knew America long before Columbus or Vespucci or their compeers sailed westward. Fresh interest has lately been given to the argument by Professor Raffinson's journey to the Potomac, where he found on the Arrow Rock an alleged Ruine inscription of 1051. This inscription is in six lines, each three inches long, on a rock about five feet high, which has long been overlooked. It says:

"Hir huilir Suasy fagr-hardr aust Firthingr Ikla Kildi systr Thorg sam fethra half-thirtugr gleda gleda Gud sal henar. M. L. I."

"Here rests Suasy, fair-haired, (from) East Farther Island (Iceland), widow of Kjodr, sister of Tholgr, (children of) same father, (aged) half-thirty, gladen God soul her. 1051."

Human remains and coins were found near the monument.

The Scandinavians claim that an Icelander, named Biorn, in A. D. 1000, was blown away to America. He returned, and told Eric and Red of his discovery, who sailed westward five hundred years before Amerigo Vespucci, and found Newfoundland, or Vineland. From here they coasted southwardly to Narragansett Bay, where they spent a whole season, returned, and sent another colony. In 1221, Eric, a Bishop, visited the new see. Before that, commerce was maintained between the colony and the mother country, and in 1406 the last bishop was sent westwardly. There were then three hundred Scandinavian villages in America, which were soon lost sight of.—When increasing cold blocked Greenland from Iceland, Vineland was deserted, and its inhabitants we left to care for themselves and so were speedily lost.

In 1117 a Saga was found in an old college in Iceland, which described the adventures of the Norsemen in America, and told where they settled and what they did. The Saga was in Latin, full and complete and described a burial in particular. It purports to say what Harvarder found South of Vineland, and how a woman, daughter of Suerri was killed by the Skraelings, or Indians, near some great falls. Sir Thomas Murray said, judging from the recorded lengths of day and night, that this murder was on the Chesepeake Bay, in the Potomac river, and not far from Washington. Mr. Raffinson, M. Lequereaux, Prof. Brand and Dr. Boyce examined the spot, in accordance with the Saga (history), and found in June last, the Runic inscription which, as they claim, verifies the story.

It certainly is singular that after so many centuries of rest the dead should rise in their graves and claim from Columbus and Amerigo and their followers a renown which has not been questioned to them in the lapse of so many centuries. There are no vital interests conterned. There are no antiquarian theories of great moment resolved in this alleged discovery. But there will certainly be something quaint and curious in those proofs, should they be made such, which establish that the sons of the old Jarls and Vikings fished in our waters, hunted our fields and tilled our lands down to the hCesapeake long before Miles Standish drew breath, or John Smith bent a bow, or Penn sought a new home and even before Columbus had shown that an egg may stand upon either end. The interest among the Scandinavians is likely to be strong, and we shall happily welcome thousands more to follow the steps of their great leader and antetype.

Retaliation.

Some few years since, in the county of Penobscot, there lived a man by the name of H———, whose greatest pleasure was tormenting others. His own family were generally the butt of his sport. One cold and blustering night he retired to bed at an early hour, his wife being absent at a neighbor's. Some time ofter she returned. Finding the door closed, she demanded admittance.

"Who are you?" cried Mr. H.

"You know who I am. Let me in; it is very cold."

"Begone, you strolling vagabond, I want nothing of you."

"But I must come in."

"What is your name?"

"You know my name—it is Mrs. H."

"Begone, Mrs. H. is a very likely woman. She never keeps such late hours as this."

"If you don't let me in I will drown myself in the well," raid Mrs. H. He replied:

"Do, if you please."

She at the same time taking up a log, plunged it into the well and retired to the side door.

Mr. H. hearing the noise, rushed from the house to save, as he supposed, his drowning wife.

She at the same time, slipped in and closed the door after her.

Mr. H. almost naked, in turn demanded admittance.

"Who are you?" she demanded.

You know who I am. Let me in or I shall freeze."

"Begone, you thievish rogue, I want nothing of you here."

"But I must come in."

"What is your name?"

"You know my name. It is Mr. H.

"Mr. H. is a very likely man. He don't keep such late hours."

Suffice it to say, she, after keeping him in the cold until she was satisfied, opened the door and let him in.