BLOOMSBURG DEMOCRAT.

VOL. XXXI. BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA CO., PA., WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 18, 1867. NO. 29.

OFFICERS OF COLUMBIA CO.

President Judge—Hon. William Elwell.
Associate Judges— Irin 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 styles. Mr. Girton, (as is well-known in Bloomsburg,) has had many years of successful experience with a reputation for good work, integrity and honorable dealing unsurpassed.

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

Bloomsburg, Oct. 10, 1866.—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 'Mellenry,' 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.,

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

J. OITENKIRK.

Late of the Madison House, Philadelphia.

Lock Haven, Dec. 26, 1866.

MISS LIZZIE PETERMAN,

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

Spring and Summer

Stock of

MILLINERY GOODS,

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

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

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

Bloomsburg, May 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,

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

☞ Those retail dealers in cigars and chewing tobacco, would do well to give him a call, instead of sending to the cities for every article they require for purchasers of these country pedlars.

November 8, 1866.—3m.

DRUGS, DRUGS, DRUGS.

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

PURE DRUGS,

Oils, Paints, and Varnishes, always on hand, will be sold cheaper than at any other store in town.

QUALITY GUARANTEED.

Prescriptions carefully compounded at Moyer's Drug Store.

Fresh supplies constantly added at Moyer's Drug Store.

The Celebrated Cod Liver Oil, prepared at Moyer's Drug Store.

Whole purchasers, call at Moyer's Drug Store, and retail, at J. R. Moyer's.

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 dun Iron Streets.

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

For the Democrat.

I'M GROWING OLD.

BY RAVEN.

I'm growing old; I'm growing old,
Long years of memories declare,
As plain as truth was ever told,
I've spent of life my largest share;
Time plows his furrows on my face,
And makes his wrinkles on my brow.
Each year seems gone with swifter pace,
And seems but a short season now.

I'm growing old; I'm growing old,
My limbs move slower than before,
My bones their strength no longer hold;
No rest, nor ease, can e're restore,
The failing eye, the faltering tread,
The silver threads amongst my hair,
And hairless spots upon my head,
I'm growing old they all declare.

I'm growing old; I'm growing old,
The child that sits upon my knee,
Around my neck his arms enfold
And calls me his own Grand-papy,
Awakens up the startling truth,
That I am growing aged fast,
And with my childhood and my youth,
My manhood, too, will soon be past.

I'm growing old; I'm growing old,
I soon will reach my journey's end,
How quickly have the seasons rolled?
How much of life I might amend.
Yet still one hope is left for me,
One consolation still is given,
Though I am growing old I see,
If right with God, I'm nearer Heaven.

The Origin of Cats.

The Egyptians adored the cat as a divinity, and the Swiss has chosen it as the symbol of liberty. History rarely condescends to mention it, and poets in general ignore it, for, however valuable its qualities, the cat is not poetical. Yet Goldsmith has given it a place in his exquisite "Hermit."

Around in sympathetic mirth,
Its tricks the kitten tries;
The cricket chirrups in the hearth;
The crackling fagot flies.

It is a common thing enough to call men "dogs," but Volumnia in "Coriolanus" calls them "cats." In speaking of her son she says:

'Twas you incensed the rabble;
Cats! that can judge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of those mysteries which Heaven
Will not have earth to know.

As to the "brindled cat" that mewed thrice before the three witches in "Macbeth" entered the cave, we can only applaud Shakespeare's good taste in giving her the precedence in that grand scene.

For nearly a thousand years Western Christendom scarcely knew the blessings of cats; and how the rats and mice were kept down when no fourfooted policeman patrolled the kitchen is more than we can guess. In the tenth and eleventh centuries very high prices were given for good mousers. They were of Nubian origin, and descended from those domestic cats which the Egyptians certainly possessed, which exist in our own day in the form of mummies, and are represented on many monuments of Thebes. No one knows how they found their way into Europe; but there is reason to believe that the Romans imported them from the banks of the Nile in small numbers and at rare intervals. Our ancestors had so high a sense of the usefulness of this animal that Howel Dha, or Howel the Good, inserted among his laws one expressly concerning it. The price of a kitling before it could see was to be a penny, and when it had killed a mouse, twopence. If its hearing or seeing was imperfect, if it had not whole claws, did not go on killing mice, or proved a bad mother, the seller was to forfeit to the buyer the third part of its value. If any one stole or killed the cat that guarded the prince's granary the fine he had to pay was a milch ewe, with her lamb and fleece, or as much wheat as would cover the cat when held up by the tail with its head touching the floor. No reduction was to be made. The very tip of pussy's tail must be covered with the culprit's wheat. Thus, the price given for cats was high, considering the value of specie at that period and the fact of laws being made to protect the breed of an animal which multiplies so fast, shows that in the Middle Ages it must have been scarce in wales.

☞ A man habitually finding fault, habitually on the alert to detect folly or vice, without ever bestowing a thought on whatsoever things are true and lovely and of good report, is as nobody would choose to deny, morally halt and maimed. One half of his faculties and that the most powerful half, is paralysed and useless. He is like land which produce nothing but thistle and brambles.

Something About Snakes.

There seems to be an unusual abundance of snakes in all parts of the country this year. For several weeks past we have hardly taken up a rural exchange without finding mention of the killing of one or more reptiles, or an account of persons being bitten by them. We have already an account of a huntsman's fight with "blue racers" on South Mountain, Maryland; of an attack on mother and child in Marion County, Ohio, by snakes of the same *species*; of the death of a child not far from Terre Haute by a snake bite; of the killing of a large rattlesnake in West Springfield, Mass., and other instances of the same kind. A few days ago a child, while picking berries near Cleveland, Minn., was bitten by a rattlesnake, and died soon afterwards; Mrs. Judge Corwin, of Urbana, while at a pic nic the other day, was bitten by a rattlesnake, but recovered. On Wednesday of last week a rattlesnake measuring four feet and a half in length was killed at Pithole, Pa. The reptiles are said to be numerous in that vicinity during the present summer. The Lanark (Ill.) *Banner* says that two snakes were killed recently at that place by railroad hands. One was a rattlesnake, with eighteen rattles; the other a blue racer, five feet long and the thickness of a man's wrist.

Near Lacon, Ill., Mr. Samuel Bickel saw a rattlesnake four feet long coiled up in the grass, which he sought to capture by catching it by the tail, but in the effort got severely bitten in the hand. A neighbor fortunately had a supply of whiskey, of which he drank three quarts before feeling its effect. His entire arm was badly swollen, and turned black to the shoulder, but no other ill effects followed.

The Concord (N. H.) *Statesman* says that a snake, four and a half feet in length and with eleven rattles, was killed on the 23rd ult., in Allenstown, N. H. A black snake six feet in length, as we learn from the Layfayette (Ind.) *Journal*, was killed in the south part of that city on Saturday. We learn, also, that some of the residents of the outskirts of Loveland, twenty-three miles from Cincinnati, on the Little Miami Railroad, have been greatly pestered with black snakes during the present summer.

The Greek Bed.

I do not know that there is any form of bedstead, from the four-poster to the French which may not be found described by writers or represented in works of art. Ulysses manufactured one for himself, of olive wood inlaid with gold and ivory. The bed rested sometimes on boards laid across the frame, or thongs of oxhide stretched over one another, or in a network. Plato speaks of bed-steads made of solid silver; Athenæus describes them as made of ivory and embossed with beautifully wrought figures; and Lucian has them veneered with Indian tortoise shell, inlaid with gold. In Thessaly, beds were stuffed with fine grass. According to Authenæus, effeminate gentleman sometimes slept on beds of sponges. Fashionable people in Athens slept under coverlets of peacock skins with the feathers on. Clearchus, the author of a treatise on sleep, describes the bed of a Paphian Prince in such a way that one can hardly keep his eyes open while reading it. "Over the soft mattressesses, supported by a silver-footed beadstead was flung a short-grained Sardian carpet of the most expensive kind. A coverlet of downy texture succeeded, and upon this was cast a costly counterpane of Amorginian purple. Cushions, variegated with the richest purple, supported his head; while two soft Darian pillows of pale pink gently raised his feet."

One of the greatest improvements introduced by the Greeks into the art of sleeping was the practice of undressing before going to bed—a thing unheard of until hit upon by their inventive genius. Bed coverings were often perfumed with fragrant essences from the East. Counterpanes were not only perfumed, but embroidered with figures of animals and men. The luxury of laziness was celebrated by Ephippus:

"How I delight
To roll upon the dainty coverlets,
Breathing the perfume of the rose, and steeped in tears of myrrh!"

Theocritus speaks of
"Carpets of purple, softer far than sleep,
Woven in Milesian looms."

Felton's Greece.

NEARLY A VICTIM.—A fashionable young lady of Milwaukee, who was ambitious to shine as the belle of her circle, nearly fell a victim to her vanity, last week. She had heard that arsenic was a beautifier, and resolving to be an arsenic-eater, she procured a supply of the poisonous drug. Not knowing the quantity that could be safely taken, however, she used too much for the first dose, and her friends were alarmed by a supposed attempt at suicide until the victim in an interval from violent sickness, was enabled to give an explanation. A fatal result was averted by the skillful attentions of the physicians, and the patient is in a fair way of recovery.

☞ Old Cooper is a dutchman, and, like many other men, of whatever nationality, has a wife that is 'some'. One day the old man got into trouble with a neighbor, which resulted in a fight. The neighbor was getting the old man, who resisted his antagonist to the best ability, when his wife broke out with: "Lie still Cooper, if he kills you, I'll sue him for damages."

☞ Why is a man ascending Vesuvius like an Irishman trying to kiss a pretty girl? Because he wants to get at the crater's mouth.

Anecdote of Old Times.

More than fifteen years ago, the Supreme Court of Massachusetts commenced its sessions, early in autumn, in Lenox, Berkshire County; thence, the arrangements were, to hold sessions in all the counties eastward, terminating at Nantucket and Dukes County, embracing all of Massachusetts proper. This was called "the Fall Circuit." In the succeeding spring, the circuit of the District of Maine was held, thus completing the circuit of the year.

At this early period, the late Judge P——, one of the Court, invariably traveled on *horseback*. On one occasion, preparatory to the meeting of the Court at Lenox, Judge P——, jogging along, not knowing exactly the localities of Berkshire County, fell in with a buxom New England girl, on horseback, and inquired of her if she knew where he should turn off the main road to get to Lenox.

"*Certainly,*" *said she.* "I know every inch of the way, and can guide you."

"Well," said judge P——, who was not a little eccentric, and withal somewhat renowned for his gruffness and coarse manners, "if you are going that way, I will e'en jog on with you, *for poor company is better than none.*"

They did jog on, entered into conversation and had a pleasant time of it, which had the effect to destroy the consciousness of distance. At length the judge felt that it was time to have arrived at the point where she said he must turn off, which, at the time of his inquiry, she had stated to be about two miles.

"Madam," said he, "have we got near the place I am to turn off?"

"La, yes," said she, "*we passed it about a mile and a half back.*"

"You hussy," said the Judge, "why didn't you tell me?"

"La, sir, the reason I didn't, was that I thought with you, *that poor company was better than none.*"

THE PAPER DON'T SAY.—A few evenings ago, farmer Slocum was reading an account of a dreadful accident which had occurred at a factory in the next town, and which the village editor had described in a great many hard words. "I declare, wife, that was an awful accident over tew the mills," said Mr. S. "What was it about, Mr. Slocum?" "I'll read the count, wife, and then you'll know all about it." Mr. Slocum began to read.

HORRIBLE AND FATAL ACCIDENT.—It becomes our painful duty to record the particulars of an accident that occurred at the lower mill of this village yesterday evening, by which a human being in the prime of life was hurried to that bourne from which, as the immortal Shakespeare has said, 'no traveler returns.'—['Do tell!' exclaimed Mrs. S.] Mr. John Smith, a workman who has but few superiors this side of the great city of New York, was engaged in adjusting a belt upon one of the large drums, [I wonder if 'twas a brass drum, such as has E. Pluribus Unium painted on't said Mrs. Slocum,] when he became entangled. His arms were drawn around the drum, and finally his entire body was whirled over the shaft at a fearful rate. When his situation was discovered, he had revolved with immense velocity about fifteen minutes, his head and limbs striking a large beam a distinct blow at each revolution." ["Poor creeter! how it must have 'urt him!"]—"When the machinery had been stopped, it was found that Mr. Smith's arms and legs were marcerated to a jelly;" ["wonder if he killed him," said Mrs. S.] "his skull was fractured, his spine dislocated." ["Well, did it kill him?" asked Mrs. S. with increased interest.] "Portions of the dura matter, cerebrum, cerebellum, in confused masses, were scattered about the floor—in short, the gates of eternity had opened upon him."

"Was the man killed?" said Mrs. S. "I don't know—havn't come to that yet—you'll know when I've finished the piece." And Mr. Slocum continued reading.

"It was evident, when the shapeless form was taken down, that it was no longer tenanted by an immortal spirit—that the vital spark was extinct—["was the man killed? that was what I want to come at," said Mrs. S.] extinct."

"Do have a little patience old 'oman," said Mr. Slocum. "I presume we shall come upon it right away."

"This fatal casualty has cast a gloom over our village, and we trust that it may be a warning to persons who are called to regulate machinery in our mills."

"Now," said Mrs. Slocum, "I should like to know whether the man was killed or not?" Mr. Slocum looked puzzled. He scratched his head, scrutinized the article he had been reading, and took a general survey of the paper: "I declare, wife," said he, "it's rather curus, but realy *the paper don't say.*"

☞ Epigram written on the chamber-door of King Charles II., by the Earl of Rochester:

Here lies the mutton-eating king,
Whose word no man relies on,
Who never said a foolish thing,
Nor ever did a wise one.

A couple of neighbors became so inimical that they would not speak to each other; but one, having been converted at a camp meeting, on seeing his former enemy, held out his hand, saying, "How d'ye do, Kemp I am humble enough to shake hands with a dog."

A disease called the "black tongue" was prevalent in the last Rump Congress.

Home Testimony Against Judge Williams.

The Pittsburg *Republic* (National Republican) refers to Judge Williams and the repudiation of the Allegheny bonds in the following style:

"Judge Williams has a very heavy load to carry in the odium of repudiation and the Williamsport platform. The friends of Judge Sharswood come squarely up to the issue and defending him for his opinion in Borie vs. Trott, and in this we are satisfied they are correct. Repudiation of a contract payable in gold, by paying it in promises to pay is clearly unconstitutional. The Rads do not on the other hand fairly meet the issues upon the question of repudiation nor upon harmonizing his views and decisions with the clamors of a Radical majority.

The Pittsburg *Post* put the following question in relation to Judge Williams' share in that gross act of bad faith:

"Now during this trying and deep agitation (repudiation,) without making any "insinuation" or charge we inquire, as we have a right to do, where was Judge Williams? Did he step into the little band arrayed against repudiation, bear his share of the odium cast upon them, and assist them by his counsel and the weight of his name and position? Did he join the repudiators in their folly, and unite with the multitude to do evil, presuming on the immensity of the crowd for escape from responsibility should the movement finally become unpopular? Or did he choose the timid, unworthy position of a neutral, when a great moral, political and pecuniary question was shaking the society in which he resided from its centre to its circumference?

It is not to be wondered at, however that Judge Williams could be silent when the honor of his country was involved or that he could be closely and heartily identified with that local act of repudiation, since he is now the candidate of those very persons who inaugurated and carried out, two years ago, an act of a State repudiation, by which the holders of a State loan were defrauded of their legal right under special contract, of receiving their interest in coin or is equivalent. What security, under these circumstances, the holders of United States gold-interest bearing bonds can have, should Williams be elected, we cannot imagine. The only acts of local and state repudiation yet perpetrated have been by the party whose nominee he is, and if he was not individually a participant in the Allegheny repudiation, he was at least a silent endorser of that as well as of the repudiation of the coin interest upon the State loan. He is not pledged upon this subject, and he stands unquestioned as a candidate upon the question of repudiation, local and general. If elected, he may cite both the Allegheny and State acts of repudiation as precedents for his own government upon the Supreme Bench, and then what security will the holders of public securities have? None whatever.

In nothing and nowhere is Judge Williams pledged to the inviolability of special contracts, either between individuals or between corporators and individuals. Besides this, he is bound by solemn pledge to his party to reject the rules of court, the obligations of custom and requirements of justice, and to decide all cases and questions according to the partisan views of those who elect him. It is unsafe, therefore, to elect such a man.

On the other hand, Judge Sharswood is solemnly pledged to the maintenance of every contract, from that which exists, as a Constitution, between civil liberty and anarchy, down to the smallest business transaction between persons in daily life. His record upon this subject is clear and distinct, and the very facts that his opponents (Williams' supporters) wickedly oppose him because he decided as a judge that special contracts must be maintained, should gain for him the support of every honest business man in the State. And we have no doubt that that fact will gain for him enough votes from the opposite party to render his election sure.

☞ Somebody says that the best way to get rid of weeds is to always put your cigar-case and its contents at the service of your friends. Jones says that the most effective means he ever tried was by squeezing the hand of a plump young bereaved in black. The next day she was in half mourning, and a second kindly pressure resulted in a pink gown, with a white bonnet. Farmers, please notice.

☞ When Onslow was speaker of the House of Commons, he maintained the dignity and authority of the chair by exclaiming, "Take care or I'll name you! as a last resource. This always had the desired effect, till one day an unruly member, not much frightened by the threat, cooly said, "And suppose you do name me, what will be the consequence;" replied Speaker Onslow, "God only knows!"

WORSE FOR CORRECTION.—An Editor, in a complimentary notice of a valiant general, was made, by the omission of a single letter, to call him a "battle-scared" veteran. The poor man hastened to make amends in his next issue by saying he meant "battle-scarred," but the compositor put it "bottle-scarred."

An old toper's conundrum: "If water rots your boots what effect must it have upon your stomach?"

☞ Last week the victims to yellow fever in Galveston, Texas, numbered 241.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

BY M. E. P. FINCH.

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Under the one, the Blue
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Under the laurel, the Blue;
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Under the roses, the Blue;
Under the lillies the Gray.

So with an equal splendor
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Broidered with gold, the Blue;
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Wet with rain, the Blue;
Wet with rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years now fading,
No braver battle was won;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Under the blossoms, the Blue,
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead!
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

—Atlantic, September.

The Light-Fingered Gentry of Paris.

The ambition of Gaul is boundless.—Whatever another can do he can do, and, if possible, do it better. He is a renowned adopter of and improver upon the inventive genius of other nations. This ambition seems even to extend to such arts as picking pockets. If credit may be given to an account in a French review, this felonious art has been carried by the Parisian thieves to a degree of perfections leaves the rascality of the "rest of mankind" far behind.

The operation is thus described as performed in a French omnibus:

"The thief of course well dressed, enters the omnibus armed with a very small morsel of lead attached to a very fine thread of black silk. The extremity of this thread he holds between his forefinger and thumb, and as soon as his nearest neighbor takes out his or her portmonniae for the purpose of paying the fare—which is paid in Paris on entering the omnibus—the thief, his eyes of course apparently fixed in contemplation of some far off object, dexterously launches the bit of lead into the portmonnaie just as the owner is closing it. The purse is then returned to the pocket of the unconscious owner, who never sees the thread, by which he is now in the power of the thief. As soon as an opportunity occurs, or is provided by the thief himself, who tumbles apparently clumsily against his neighbor at the first stoppage of the omnibus, the purse is gently drawn from the owner's pocket, and transferred to that of the rogue, who, as soon as possible leaves the conveyance, with a polite salutation to his victim and the rest of the travelers."

Here is juggling that throws the dextority of Signor Blitz & Co, into the shade. A fellow who could successfully perform a feat of such delicacy and skill would almost deserve the reward of genius. And if he was caught he would be very likely to get a reward not whole unlike that which genius too often receives at the hands of an unappreciative community.

☞ When the great Richelieu died his head was separated from his body and preserved. After several months of research the head has at length been found in the possession of an ancient family in Bretagne, and forthwith sent to Paris to the Minister of the instruction Publique. Those who were present at the opening of the box described the head as in a wonderful state of preservation. The eye-brows, whiskers, imperial and moustache are of a reddish color, and quite perfect; one eye-lid was closed the other open; the flesh, of coarse was black. It bore something of the appearance of a mask, but not at all unpleasing.

☞ A Welsh girl once applied to a clergyman to be married. The clergyman asked her what property her husband possessed. The answer was:

"Nothing."

"And are you any better off?" he asked.

The reply was in the negative.

"Then why, in the name of common sense do you dare to marry?"

"Your reverence," said the girl, "I have a blanket, and Jack has a blanket; by putting them together we shall both be gainers."

The clergyman had nothing more to say.

How Bill Got Shot.

"Bill, don't you know dad don't allow you to buy shot?" asked a young urchin of a brother somewhat his senior who was making a purchase of that article.

"You just never mind me. I'll thank you to attend to your business, Mister Bob; don't care what dad allows; I'll buy what I please.

Little boy slightly agitated. "I'm going to tell dad," he said, rushing out of the room where the old man was quietly reading the morning paper.

"Dad, dad, Bill's went and got shot.

"Good Heaven!" cried the old man, dropping the paper in consternation, and bolting for the door, "Where is he?"

"Down to Thompson's store," responds Bob.

In his excitement the old man forgot to remove his reading specs, and in going down the steps misjudged the distance to the pavement, stepped off too soon and came sprawling on all fours.

He gathered himself up, and started for the store. The pavement appeared to be about the level of his knees, consequently, in his violent efforts to keep it under him, he cut a very ridiculous figure, and drew from the astonished by-standers such a roar as was never bestowed upon a single individual since the world began.

At length his tedious run was brought to a close by arriving at the store where Bill was stretched out taking it easy. The old man supposing him badly hurt, rushed frantically up to him, exclaiming—

"O, William! William! where are you wounded?"

"What's the matter, dad! Are you crazy?" asked Bill, raising on his elbow, and casting a look of astonishment at the old man.

"Why, Robert said you'd got shot!"

"So I did—got half a pound of the best buck shot in the store.

The old man left amid noise enough to drown a thunder-clap. As might be supposed, Bob got the flogging and Bill didn't

JOHN VAN BUREN.—Mr. Van Buren was trying a cause between the Croton Aqueduct Board and the St. Nicholas Hotel. It appeared that the water did not rise of itself to the upper stories of the hotel, but was carried up by means of forcing pumps. The board demanded extra payment for the additional water used by these means; and the only question really at issue was, as to the third floor, whether it was supplied by the means of the forcing pumps or by the natural rise of the water. The evidence on the point being somewhat conflicting, the judge (Roosevelt) jocosely suggested that the counsel on both sides should visit the hotel, and ascertain the true state of the case by ocular inspection.

Mr. Van Buren—"May it please the Court, I greatly fear that if my learned brother and myself should visit the St. Nicholas Hotel in company, neither of us would find his way above the ground floor."

We do not know whether the judge was aware that the bar is situated on this ground floor.

A certain lady of Albany was said to have imbibed a feeling of dislike towards Mr. Van Buren; and an acquaintance of that gentleman rallied him about it and claimed he should tell the cause. With all the seeming truthfulness of manner possible and in his passible and in his passive, pleasant, off-hand way he, no doubt invented the following:

"It dates back to my childhood, when I refused her a ride down hill on my sled."

☞ A little girl, just past her fifth year, while chattering about the beaux that visited two of the sex in the same house, of more mature age, being asked. "What do you mean by beaux Annie?" replied: "Why I mean men that have not got much sense."

☞ To plunge a young lady six fathoms deep in happiness, give her two canary birds, a half dozen moonbeams, fifteen yards of silk, an ice cream, several rose buds, a squeeze of the hand, and a promise of a new bonnet. If she won't melt, it will be because she can't.

ANOTHER HAUL OF SNAKES.—On Sunday last as some of Mr. Finton's workmen were out on the hill near his mill, they discovered a lot of Rattlesnakes basking in the sun. The men armed themselves and "went in," killing twenty all told, while several made their escape. The reptiles were all of medium size, and of the "simon pure" species.—*Emporium Independent.*

☞ A Farmer in Missouri, on being asked the number of his children, hesitated, and referred the questioner to his wife, and she replied "ten;" but when in the course of conversation, the farmer was asked as to the number of hogs he possessed, he replied promptly, "seventy-one."

HOW TOUCHING.—"You have played the duce with my heart," said a gentleman to a lady who was his partner in a game of whist. "Well," replied the lady, with an arch smile, "it was because you played the knave."

GINGER SUMBLES.—Take one cup of butter, two cups of sugar, one cup of molasses, one cup of cream, one teaspoonful of saleratus, one tablespoonful of ginger, two eggs, and a glass of wine; flour sufficient to roll them out.

WAFERS.—Take ieven eggs, one half pound of butter, oud pound of sugar, one-half pound of currants, enough flour to make as stiff as pound cake.