BLOOMSBURG DEMOCRAT.

VOL. XXXI. BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA CO., PA., WEDNESDAY, OCT. 9, 1867. NO. 32.

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 Attroney—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 'Mc Heavy,' 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 HARPLESS' 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 CASTING 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 five 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 the property of E. W. Bigony, Esq., would say to the friends of the House, his acquaintances, and the public generally, that he intends to "keep a Hotel," in 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 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, 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, 3rd 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 CIGARS all kinds of

SMOKING TOBACCO,

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

Those small retail dealers in cigars and chewing tobaccos, would do well to give him a call, in addition to sending to the cities for every article they may find in the purchasing of these country pedlars.

October 11, 1866.—3m.

DRUGS, DRUGS, DRUGS.

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

PURE DRUGS,

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

QUALITY GUARANTEED.

Physicians' prescriptions carefully compounded at Moyer's Drug Store.

Allaynes Medicines sold at Moyer's Drug Store.

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

Shoulder braces, supporters, etc., call at Moyer's Drug Store.

Perfumery of all kinds, wholesale and retail, at J. R. Moyer's Drug Store, Bloomsburg, Pa.

tf.

THE

Bloomsburg Democrat.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY IN BLOOMSBURG, PA., BY

WILLIAMSON H. JACOBY.

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☞ No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid except at the option of the editor.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

TEN LINES CONSTITUTE A SQUARE.

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

SPACE.	1w.	2w.	3w.	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

AN AUTUMN JOY.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

It is a fair autumnal day,
The ground is strewn with yellow leaves;
The maple stems gleam bare and gray,
The grain is bound in golden sheaves;
Afar I hear the speckled quails
Pipe shrilly 'mid the stubble dry,
And muffled beats from busy flails
Within the barn near by.

The latest roses now are dead,
Their petals scattered far and wide,
The sumach berries, richly red,
Bedeck the lane on either side;
A dreamy calm is in the air—
A dreamy echo on the sea;
Ah, never was a day more fair
Than this, which blesses me!

I see the stacks of ripened corn—
The yellowed mosses on the roof,
The diamond dew-drops of the morn,
That spring with gems the spider's roof;
An azure haze is hanging low
About the outline of the hills,
And chanting sea-fowl southward go
From marshes flats and kils.

For many years, the autumn brought
A solemn sadness to my soul—
It sombred e'en my lightest thought,
And on my gayest moments stole;
'Twas sad, yet sweet—a strange alloy
Of hope and sorrow interwined—
T is autumn brings me only joy,
No shadow haunts my mind.

And why is this? The dead leaves fall—
The blossoms wither as of old:
And winter comes, with snowy pall,
To wrap the earth so chill and cold;
The sea-fowl, strung athwart the sky,
Still chant their plaintive monotone—
And why, when leaves and blossoms die.

Oh, ask me not—I must not tell;
I dare not all my heart disclose—
A fairy wove a magic spell
Around me, when decayed the rose;
Two gifts did fading summer bring—
Two symbols of unfading bliss—
Upon my fingers glows a ring,
Upon my lips—a kiss!

AN ILLINOIS WEDDING.

BY A MINISTER'S WIFE.

One fine day, early in winter, my husband received a summen's to Burke's settlement to unite a couple in the bonds of wedlock.—It was specially requested that his wife should accompany him—that we should be expected to remain all night and participate in the festivities. It was twenty miles to the settlement, and we reached the log house of Mr. Burke, the father of the expectant bride, about noon. A dozen towhaired little children were at the door awaiting our arrival. They telegraphed the news instantly.

'Marm! marm! here's the preacher and his woman! They're nothing but folks! She's got a man's hat on, and a turkey wing on the front of it; and his nose is exactly like dad's—crooked as a cow horn squush!' Alas for Mr. Morrison's aquiline nose, of which he was a little vain. 'Sam!' called a shrill female voice from the interior of the cabin. 'Run and grab the old rooster, and I'll chap him in the pot. Sal, you quit that churn and sweep the floor. Kick that corn dodger under the bed! Bill, you wipe the taller out of the cheer for the minister's wife and be spry about it.' Further remarks were cut short by our entrance.

Mrs. Burke, in short calico gown, blue petticoat and bare feet, came forward wiping her eyes on her apron. How d'ye do, Elder? How d'ye do, marm? Must excuse my head; hain't had a chance to comb it since last week. Work must be done you know. Powerful sharp air, hain't it? Shoo there! drive the turkey out of the bread trough. Sal, take the lady's things. Set right up to the fire, marm. Hands cold?

Well, just run em in Bills hair, we keep it long on purpose.

Bill presented his shaggy head, but I declined with an involuntary shudder. 'Land if she ain't actilly shiverin. Here marm, take this corn dodger into your lap—its as good as a soap stone.' A dreadful squall announced the execution of the rooster, and shortly afterward he was pouncing about in a four quart pot, hung over the fire.

Sal returned to the churn, but the extraordinary visitors must have made her care less, for she upset the concern; butter and buttermilk went swimming over the floor.—'Grab the ladle, Bill!' cried Mrs. Burke, 'and dip it up. Take keer thar and don't put that snarl of hair into it. Strange how some folks will be so nasty. Dick, keep your feet out of that buttermilk; it won't be fit for the pigs when the butter's gathered. Drive that hen out quick, she's picked up a pound of butter already. There, Sal, do try to be a little keerful. If you are going to be spliced to-morrow, you needn't go crazy about it.' I advise you to dry up!' remarked the bride elect, thumping away at the churn. By this time I got warm, dinner was ready. You may be sure I did not hurt myself by overeating. Night came on early, and after a social chat on the events of the morrow, I signified my readiness to retire. Sal lighted a pitch pine knot, and began to climb a ladder in one corner of the room. I hesitated. 'Come on,' she cried, 'don't be afraid. Sam, Bill, and Dick, and all the rest of ye, duck yer heads while the Elder's wife goes up. Look out for loose boards, marm, and mind or you'll smash your brains out agin that beam. Take care for the hole where the chimney comes thro.' The warning came too late, I caught my foot in the end of a board, stumbled and fell headlong through, what I supposed to be an interminable space, but it was only the room I had just left, where I was saved from destruction by Bill, who caught me in his arms and set me on my feet, remarking coolly: 'what made yer come down that way? We ginerally use the ladder.' I was duly commiserated, and at last got to bed. The less said about that the better. Dick and Bill and four others slept in the same room with us and made the air vocal with their snoring. I fell asleep and dreamed that I was being fired from a Columbiad, and was awakened by Mr. Morrison, who informed me that it was morning. The marriage was to take place before breakfast, and Sally was already clad in her bridal robes when I descended the ladder. She was magnificent in a green calico gown, over crinoline full four inches longer than the rest of her apparel. She had on a white apron with red strings—blue stockings—a yellow neck ribbon and white gloves. Her reddish hair was fastened in a pug behind, and well adorned with the tail feathers of the defunct rooster before mentioned. When it was announced that Lem. Lord, the groom, was coming, Sally dived behind a coverlet, which had been hung across one corner of the room to conceal sundry pots and refused to come forth. Lem lifted one corner of the curtain and peeped in, but quickly retreated with a stew pan following close behind him and a few sharp words from Sally, advising him to mind his own business.

Lem was dressed in blue with bright buttons. The entire suit had been made for his grandfather on a similar occassion. His hair was well greased with tallow, and his huge feet was encased in sheepskin pumps. Very soon the company began to gather and in half an hour the room was full to overflowing.

'Now Elder,' said the groom, 'drive ahead! I want it don up short. I am able to pay for the job, do your best. Come Burke trot out your gal. Sally refused to be trotted. She would be married where she was or else, not be married at all. We argued the case with her and coaxed her, but she was as firm as the rock of Gibrallter. It was at length concluded to let her have her own way. Mr. Morrison stood up. The happy couple joined hands through a rent in the coverlet, and the ceremony proceeded. Just as Mr. Morrison was asking Lemuel 'will you have this woman,' etc., down came the coverlet enveloping the bridge, groom and pastor, and filling the house with dust. Dick had been up in the loft and cut the string that held the coverlet. Mr. Morrison crowded out, looking decidedly sheepish. Sally was obliged to be married openly. To the momentous question, Lemuel responded: 'To be sure, what else did I come here for?' Sally said: 'Yaas, if you must know.' 'Salute your bride,' said Mr. Morrison, when the ceremony was over.

'Im ready to do anything reasonable, Elder,' said Lem., 'but skin me if I know how to do that. Jest show me how, and I'll do it if it kills me.'

My husband drew back nervously, but Sally advanced, threw her arms around his neck, and gave him a kiss that made the very windows clatter. 'I vum if I don't do ditto!' said Lem, and hastily taking a huge bite of a piece of maple sugar, which he drew from his pocket, he made a dash at me, smashed my collar, broke my watch guard, tore my hair down, and succeeded in planting a kiss upon my nose, greatly to the delight of the company. Then he turned to my husband: 'Now, Elder, what's the damage for this ere job? Don't be afeard to speak.' 'Whatever you please,' said Mr. Morrison. Lemuel produced a piece of fur from his pocket. 'Thar, Elder,' said he, 'that's a muskrat skin. Out on the shed you will find two heads of cabbage. You are welcome to the whole of it. My husband bowed his thanks and the young folks went to dancing.

Mrs. Burke went to getting breakfast, and at my earnest request, Mr. Morrison got out our horse and buggy and we started home. I never could have lived through another meal in that house. I have since heard that Mr. Lord said if he had seen the Elder's wife before she was married, Sally might have went to the Dickens. Alas! 'it might have been.'

☞ On Saturday evening of last week, when the congregation of one of the up town churches were leaving the house, it commenced raining. The lady said to the gentleman who accompanied her and her sister, "why, it rains—*send* and get an umbrella.', "Why, my dear," said the gentleman, "you are neither sugar nor salt, and rain will not hurt you." "No," said the lady, "but we are *lasses*." It is needless to say he sent for an umbrella.

☞ Why do birds feel depressed early in a summer morning? Because their little bills are all over due.

Queen Victoria and Mr. Brown.

London is the center of England. The Queen is the center of London. Her presence is the light of the aristocracy—her absence their sorrow. Her going out and coming in—her down sitting and uprising—when and where she walks or rides—how she dresses—to whom she speaks—who attends her—are carefully noted and greedily read. After thirty years of a model domestic life, with her domestic fame traveling round the globe, and herself the idol of the British public, an American is astonished to find the London atmosphere full of scandal; the name of the highest lady in the land connected with one of her lowest subjects; the names of the "Queen and Mr. Brown" on the lips of all classes, from the rag-picker in the streets to the peer in the realm. The Queen is seldom seen in London. She flits back and forth from Windsor Castle only to meet the duties of State. She seldom sleeps at Buckingham Palace, her own town residence. She likes the retreat at Windsor, and lives near the room where the Prince Consort breathed his last. The solitude of the Isle of Wight is a favorite with her, for she can ride twenty miles in her own dominion without being seen. Among the Highlands at Balmoral she lays off the Queen and plays the woman. Driving around in a low wheeled carriage to which is attached a runt of a pony, she visits the sick, the infirm, and the poor. Her carriage is loaded with comforts which she distributes with her own hand. Her coming to any house is a benediction. All this the Londoners dislike. They pay for the pomp and the show of royalty, and they want it. They give the Queen five thousand dollars a day in gold. They furnish the palace, her state carriages and her hundred horses, the plate for royal banquets, and also pay for the entertainment of all royal guests. Her refusal to join in the gayeties of life—the closing of the palaces and her refusal to play the Queen deeply offend the Londoners. It harms trade, they say, and the sufferings of the poor for the want of employment are laid at the Queen's door. Her ministers have pleaded with her to meet the public demand. Punch has lampooned her with his most effective sarcasm. A less worthy retirement is now attributed to the Queen than grief for the Prince Consort. In print and in speech she is accused of being in love with Mr. Brown. It is openly said that she has transferred her affection for the Prince Consort to this gentleman.

WHO IS MR. BROWN?

Mr. Brown is the Queen's confidential servant. Her majesty found him at Balmoral. On visit to that castle after she became a widow she found a servant silent, sad and obsequious, very attentive, very efficient, a man who seldom spoke a word. On inquiry she found that the man had been a servant long in the employ of Prince Albert. He enjoyed the confidence of the Prince. His mourning for his late master was the talk of the castle. The Queen took him at once into her employ, and it is said into her affection. Being a Highlander, he came into the presence of Her Majesty in full custome, that is, with bare legs, to the great scandal of the full dressed lackeys of the palace. From step to step Brown went up till he has become the prime minister of the Queen's household. All her orders go through him. His body-guard are Highlanders also, and the old feud between the Scotch and the English is revived in the Queen's presence. All sorts of stories were started and are still in circulation. At one time it was reported that she would marry Brown if she had to abdicate. The Queen is known to be a spiritualist, upon which it is said that she believes the spirit of Prince Albert to be in this man. All possible influences have been brought to bear to remove him from the Queen's service. She is well aware of the scandal connecting her name with Brown's, but she will not yield one jot. To the impassioned expostulation of her ministers she replied by an imperious wave of her hand, which induced the ministers to back out and depart.

HOW BROWN LOOKS.

Wherever you will find the Queen there you will find Brown. He is a shrewd Scotchman, who knows that there is no power behind the throne that can touch him. He is a coarse, common-looking sort of a fellow with iron-grey hair. He is about fifty years of age, nervous and wiry, with quite a stoop in his gait; coarse, hard features, which make him look like a collier or ditcher dressed up, and quite uncomfortable in his nice clothes. He is about as unattractive-looking a person as any day-laborer about our warves. He is nervous, buisy, meddlesome, but he attends strictly to his duties. He seems to know nothing, and certainly seems to care nothing for the detestation in which he is held by the servants of the Queen, and the nation at large.

THE QUEEN AND BROWN ON CANVAS.

The opening of the Royal Academy at London for the season is a great event. The aristocracy attend the opening. An extra charge is made the first day, and all London goes because there is a jam. At the opening in May last a genuine sensation was produced.

One picture excited the attention of all visitors. Crowds hung around it through the whole day. This picture occupied one side of an apartment. It was called the "Widowed Queen." It was a superb life-size likeness of Victoria. The scene is laid at Osborne. She is represented in a close-fitting habit, and robed wholly in black, as usual, her widow's cap being hidden under her hat. She is mounted on an elegant black horse, and is represented as reading a despatch, while a letter fallen from her hand lies on the ground. In the foreground, at the head of her horse, stands the noted Brown, as complete a likeness as was ever drawn of mortal man. He is represented in his Highland costume. He was put in the prominent position that he occupies, it is said, by order of the Queen. I was present when the Academy was opened and this picture first exhibited. The room in which it hangs was crowded with the nobility and the *elite* of London. It was known that a grand likeness of the Queen was to be the leading feature of the Exhibition. All were on tip-toe to behold this great work of art. But no one knew that Mr. Brown was to be exhibited also. When the curtain was rolled up there was an insensible howl of indignation. Some ladies actually covered their faces. "It's Brown! it's Brown! what a shame!" was heard all round. Threats were made to cut Brown's head out of the canvas, and it will be done if the people have a chance. Crowds surrounded the picture all the time, as people will look at a disagreeable object, and this picture is highly offensive to the Queen's subjects.

THE REAL FACTS ABOUT MR. BROWN.

The Queen can have no society. No subject can speak to her without her permission. She is as isolated as the statue of Nelson on the top of the column at Trafalgar Square. On the death of the Prince who had done all the business of the State, she found herself alone with the kingdom and an immense household to take care of. She could get nothing done. Her orders had to run through a dozen or twenty hands. The royal servants have a routine out of which they will not go even for the Queen. It takes about twenty to do one man's work. The servant who opens one door will not open the next. The one who brings a pitcher of water will not fill the glass. The Queen found in Brown a prompt, able and attentive servant. She gave him full charge of her domestic arrangements. If she wishes to ride or walk, have a carriage or have a railroad train, her orders go through Brown. He is attentive and obsequious, but is an excellent business man. One of the Queen's characteristics is promptness. She exacts this of her servants, and Brown meets this exactly. He attends the Queen in all her journeys. He presides over that portion of Windsor Castle appropriated as the Queen's residence. Into it none of the royal servants enter without his permission. He has more influence over the Queen than any living man in the Kingdom, and he will hold his position as long as the Queen holds hers. But he is thoroughly detested by all the household. Little he cares for that.

BROWN AT THE RAILWAY STATION.

The coming and going of the Queen from Windsor is heralded in the court papers. All London goes to see the arrival or departure. She has a special train to herself. A right royal train it is. It consists of three coaches, an engine elegantly adorned, and a pilot engine runs before. Nothing is allowed on the track while the royal train is running in or out. Twenty minutes before the train leaves London nothing is allowed to start from Windsor. Nothing leaves London till the signals is given that the Queen has reached the royal station at her castle. It costs the Queen $500 for the round trip, which she pays out of her own pocket, every time the train runs from Windsor to London and back. Over this train Mr. Brown exercises supreme control. In the presence of hundreds of people who gather in and about the station to witness the royal sight, Brown enters the middle coach to be occupied by his royal mistress, and examines everything, to see if it is all right. He stands on the crimson carpet stretching from the outer door to the Queen's coach. He looks steadily into the eyes of the crowd, who are kept back by the railing and by the police, and does so with the look of a servant of the lower class, yet with as shrewd and "canny" a look as any Scotchman who ever crossed the border. His quick ear catches the sound of the advancing *cortege*. The Queen's train starts at half after five. It is twenty-seven minutes after five and Her Majesty has not appeared. Said the officer who stood beside me on the crimson carpet, in answer to my question, "Is not the Queen late?" "Do you see that clock? It is now twenty-nine minutes past five. In half a minute those doors will open, the Queen will enter, take her seat, the whistle will sound and the train be in motion half after precisely." Sure enough, at the exact moment mentioned the doors were thrown open and the Queen, headed by Brown, entered. A short, thick-set, German-looking woman she was, dressed wholly in black, followed by her younger children and the ladies of her household. She walked with a sharp, imperious tread, looking neither to the right nor to the left. Brown handed her into the coach. The doors went to with a slam. Brown gave the signal and disappeared in one of the apartments. The train moved on the exact minute, amid faint cheers to the Queen, and loud execrations on "Brown."

☞ Red noses are like light-houses to warn voyagers on the sea of life off the coast of Malaga, Jamaica, Santa Crus and Holland.

☞ A notorious toper used to mourn about not having a regular pair of eyes—one being black and the other light hazel. "It is lucky for you," replied his friend, "for if your eyes had been matches, your nose would have set them on fire long ago."

Death of An Infidel.

Richard Greenwell, residing at Seaford, Del., committed suicide at that place on Thursday, by throwing himself into the river. Greenwell was known as one of the men implicated in the forcible entrance into the jail of that place, and the taking therefrom one James Wilson, a negro who was arrested, imprisoned and awaiting trial for the murder of a girl, and hanging him in the rear of the jail yard. After he was hung, shot and throat cut, Greenwell, who was a butcher, cut and carved him as though he were beef, and then roasted and burnt the pieces to ashes. He reserved the right hand of the negro and carried it home with him.

But what a change has taken place. Since then the fearful judgment of the Almighty seems to have visited him on all occasions. About a year after this transaction he lost his wife by the most agonizing of deaths—that of burning. Since the death of his wife Greenwell lost his right hand by the cars passing over it. On several occasions he came near losing his life by being thrown from his carriage, two or three times being taken up as dead. Finally, on Thursday, he remarked to some person that "God Almighty would not kill him, and he would go and drown himself," which he did.

He was an Englishmen by birth, and was said to have been a desperate character before imigrating to this country. He was an infidel—did not believe in God or in a future existence. He would stand up with an open bible in his hand and curse the God that made him, contending that blind chance formed the world and fixed the planets in their spheres. Awful, indeed, has been his end, and fearful be the responsibility that meets him in that unknown future.

MEN WANTED.—The great want of this age is men; men who are not for sale; men who are honest, sound from center to circumference, true to the heart's core; men who will condemn wrong in friend or foe, in themselves as well as others; men who will stand for the right if the heavens totter and the earth reels; men who can tell the truth, and look the world and the devil right in the eye; men who neither brag nor run; men that neither flag nor flinch; men who have courage without wrestling for it, and joy without shouting to bring it; men in whom the current of everlasting life runs still and strong; men too large for sectarian limits, and too strong for sectarian bonds; men who do not snivel nor cry, nor cause their voices to be heard in the street, but who will not fail nor be discouraged till judgment be set upon the earth; men who know their message and tell it; men who know their duty and do it; men who know their place and fill it; men who will not lie; men who are not too lazy to work, nor too pround to be poor; men who are willing to eat what they have earned, and wear what they have paid for.—*Investigator.*

A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE.—The Poughkeepsie Eagle tells a story about a clergyman in that city who was recently aroused from his slumbers, a few moments before midnight, by a vigorous tapping at the front window of his residence. Raising the window sash, he inquired who was there. A gruff voice replied in the broken dialect of a Yorkshireman, that he wanted the dominie to come down to his house and marry a couple. The dominie wondered that he should be called on such business, at such a late hour of the night, and asked for an explanation. The Yorkshireman replied that "a young couple had just arrived at his boarding-house and wanted to stay all night, saying that they were going to be married in the morning.

That was all well enough but the Yorkshireman didn't have only one spare bed, and he didn't wish to turn the strangers out of doors and didn't wish to lose the price of their lodgings, he concluded that they had better be married that night rather than take any risk. The good natured dominie proceeded to the house, and in the presence of the household made the lovers one. At the conclusion of the ceremony the Yorkshiremen stepped up to the reverend gentleman and placed a five dollar greenback in his hand, said: "There, dominie, if she makes a good wife for her husband at the end of the year I'll give you five dollars more." The dominie returned to his parsonage, and the newly married couple were allowed the "spare room."

READ AN HOUR A DAY.—There was a lad, who, at fourteen, was apprenticed to a soap-boiler. One of his resolutions was to read an hour a day, or at that rate, and he had an old silver watch, left him by his uncle, which he timed his reading by. He stayed seven years with his master, and said when he was twenty one he knew as much as the young squire did. Now let us see how much time he had to read in, seven years, at the rate of an hour each day. It would be 2,555 hours, which at the rate of eight reading hours per day, would be equal to three hundred and ten days; equal to forty-five weeks; equal to twelve months, nearly a year's reading. The time spent in treasuring up useful knowledge would pile up a very large store. I am sure it is worth trying for. Try what you can. Begin now. In after years you will look back upon the task as the most pleasant and profitable you ever performed.

"You and your wife should become one," said a friendly adviser to a henpecked husband. "Become one?" exclaimed the disconsolate husband: "why we are ten now." "How so?" "Why she's 1 and I'm a 0!"

MASONRY ON THE BATTLE FIELD.—It is published to the world, upon the very respectable authority of Prof. Lawson, that, in the deadliest of the fight at Buena Vista, near where McKee, Clay, Vaughn, and Willis fell, a young Kentuckian of the 3rd Infantry was struggling with unyielding and manly courage to protect the honor of his flag and the bright renown of his gallant State, when upon a vigorous and overwhelming attack of the enemy, he found all the brave hearts that sopported him borne down by the sabres of the Mexicans, and himself cast to the earth, dangerously wounded, while a hundred bright lances gleamed above him. In this hopeless situation, when all his comrades had fallen, and the chances of the fight had entirely deserted his cause, he felt justified, by his love of life, to appeal to a sign that is never made to a true Mason without a response. The sign was scarcely made before the bravest Mexican of them all leaped from his saddle, took him to his emprace, and in a glorious effort to save his fallen brother, was himself felled to the earth by his distardly and ferocious countryman, who were ignorant of that holy tie which thus bound those two kindred spirits together in the dread collision of arms and winged their gallant souls from the gory field of death to the green fields of Paradise above. Locked in each other's arms, they both yielded up their lives, and thus gave to the world one more imperishable example of the force of those links that unite the hearts of Masons in prosperity, in adversity and in death.

A SAD FAILURE.—"Burleigh," of the Boston *Journal*, says: The representative of a large New England house closed his counting-room an allowed his paper to go to protest last week. The sudden death of the senior member of the house, who dropped down dead while he was talking, brought things to a standstill. The house was found to be bankrupt, and a large amount of trust money was swept away. Drinking, gambling and dissipation in New York scattered the funds. Some of the shrewdest New England men have gone down with the concern. One well-known New England lawyer, reputed to be worth $300,000, is involved in this calamity to the full extent of his property and word. Widows and orphans have lost their all. It seems strange that reckless young men, whose habits are well known here, whom no prudent man in New York would trust with $1,000 should be put in charge of millions. It is equally strange that shrewd legal gentlemen, who can take such excellent care of other people's property, should so loosely take care of their own, and will, as is often the case allow reckless young men to have unlimited use of their name, and to run a way with all that they have. Yet such events are of daily occurrence.

☞ When the father of Rebekah asked her if she would go with the servant of Isaac, she replied, at once, "I will go!" Had she been a daughter of the nineteenth century, she would have answered, "Oh, pshaw! go with him? Why, Mr. Isaac must be sick? Go with him? Of course, I wont? And then—she would have gone with him.

GIVING THE DEVIL HIS DUE.—There is a point in the following anecdote; A pastor was making a call upon an old lady, who made it an habitual rule never to speak ill of another, and had observed it so closely that she always justified those whom she had heard evil spoken of. Before the old lady made her appearance in the parlor, her several children were speaking of this peculiarity of their mother, and one of them playfully added: "Mother has such a habit of speaking well of everybody, that I believe, if Satan himself were the subject of conversation, mother would find out some virtue or good quality even in him." Of course this remark elicited some smiling and merriment at the originality of the idea, in the midst of which the old lady entered the rooms and on being told what had just been said, she immediately and involuntarily replieed: "Well my children, I wish we all had Satan" *industry and perseverence.*

PRETTY GOOD.—We heard of a pretty good joke which occurred recently not a thousand miles away from this town. A wag of the incorigible school—a regular cuss in fact—was sitting in a company of gentlemen, one of whom was a lawyer of no mean reputation. She wag, talking to another individual, but talking for the ear of the lawyer, aforesaid, stated that he desired the service of a good lawyer, that he had an important case, out of which, if successful, as he could not fail to be, if the case was properly managed, a good thing could be realized for himself and a good fee made to the lawyer.

At this point the Legal gentlemen in question put in:

"What's that you say—in need of a lawyer—good case—paying fee? The law is my profession—state your case."

"My case is undoubtedly an excellent one, and I am willing to pay most liberal contingent fee—I can't afford any fee certain. I will give you one half of the amount if you succeed—which is five hundred dollars. Do you undertake?"

"I do—state your case."

"I want you to borrow five hundred dollars for me—and will divide it."

Exit wag, with a ponderous boot in dangerous proximity to his coat-tail.

☞ Why are ladies' dresses about the waist like a general meeting? Because there is a *gathering* there.