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NEW STORE AND TIN SHOP.

ON MAIN STREET, NEARLY OPPOSITE MILLER'S STORE, BLOOMSBURG, PA. The undersigned has just fitted up, and opened, his new STORE AND TIN SHOP, in this place, where he is prepared to make up new TIN WARE of all kinds in his line, and do repairs on all tinware and stoves, and also on all iron and brass work. He keeps on hand STOVES of various patterns and styles, which he will sell upon terms to suit purchasers. He is a good mechanic, and does all the public patronage. JACOB MEYER. Bloomsburg, Sept. 9, 1866.—1y.

PLASTER FOR SALE.

The undersigned is about fitted 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. Call on J. S. MCNICHL. Catawissa, Jan. 23, 1867.

BOOT AND SHOE SHOP.

OSCA P. GIRTON, Respectfully informs the public that he is now prepared to manufacture all kinds of BOOTS AND SHOES, at the LOWEST Possible Price; at short notice and in the very best and latest styles. Mr. Girtion, (as is well known in Bloomsburg,) has had many years of successful experience with a reputation for good work, integrity and honorable dealing. He is located at the corner of South East Corner, of Main and Iron streets, over J. K. Girtion'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 present appearance is altogether new. The dining and traveling public that its accommodations for the comfort of his guests are second to none in the country. The table will always be kept up with the delicacies of the season. His wine and liquors are of the first quality. He has a large stock of choice meats, 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.—4f.

MACHINE AND REPAIR SHOP.

The undersigned would most respectfully announce to the public generally, that he is prepared to make up all kinds of machinery, and also to repair all kinds of machinery, and also to repair all kinds of machinery, and also to repair all kinds of machinery. He is located at the corner of South East Corner, of Main and Iron streets, over J. K. Girtion's Store. Bloomsburg, Oct. 10, 1866.—2m

FALLON HOUSE.

The subscriber having purchased the "Fallon House," in LOCK HAVEN, Pa., property of E. W. Digney, Esq., would say to the friends of the house, his acquaintance, and the public generally, that he intends to keep a first class hotel, with the accommodations and comforts of a first class hotel, and will be glad to receive the patronage of all who may favor him with their patronage. GEORGE HASSERT. Bloomsburg, Nov. 21, 1866.

MISS LIZZIE PETERMAN.

Would announce to the ladies of Bloomsburg and public generally, that she has just received from England, the latest styles of Spring and Summer MILLINERY GOODS, consisting of all articles usually found in first class Millinery Stores. Her goods are of the best quality and among the most handsome and cheapest in the market. Call and examine them for yourselves. Nobody should purchase elsewhere before examining Miss Peterman's stock of goods. Bouteils made to order, and delivered at the residence of the subscriber. Store on Main street, 3rd or 4th below the store of Henshaw & Rupert. Bloomsburg, May 2, 1866.—4f.

DRUGS, DRUGS, DRUGS.

Pure Medicines, at John R. Meyer's Drug Store, 2nd Street, near Market Street. A good assortment of PURE DRUGS, Medicines, Paints, Oils and Varieties, always on hand, and will be sold cheaper than at any other drug store in the place. QUALITY GUARANTEED. Prescriptions carefully compounded at Meyer's Drug Store. A. J. Meyer, Proprietor. Dr. J. C. Galt's Compound, Baker's God Liver Oil, J. C. Galt's Compound, Baker's God Liver Oil, J. C. Galt's Compound, Baker's God Liver Oil. For any reliable patent medicines, call at Meyer's Drug Store. Dealer of all kinds, wholesale and retail, at J. R. Meyer's Drug Store, Bloomsburg, Pa.

NATIONAL FOUNDRY.

BLOOMSBURG, CO. LUMBIA CO., PA. The subscriber, proprietor of the above named extensive establishment, is now prepared to receive orders for all kinds of Machinery, Stationary Engines, Milling Machinery, and all kinds of Iron and Brass Work. He is prepared to make up all kinds of machinery, and also to repair all kinds of machinery, and also to repair all kinds of machinery. He is located at the corner of South East Corner, of Main and Iron streets, over J. K. Girtion's Store. Bloomsburg, Oct. 10, 1866.—2m

THE Bloomsburg Democrat.

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For the Democrat. THE TRIUMPH.

BY RAVEN. Hark! how the joyful tidings roll, From every city, town and village, Where Freedom still their ballots poll, And thus the place of Freedom fill. CHORUS: They come! They come! It is still the cry, For Sharswood and Democracy, O! lift the Keystone banner high, And shout a glorious victory.

As on the growing numbers swell,

'Till hundreds mark the winning score, And hundred yet, are bound to tell, We've triumphed as in days of yore.

We've triumphed, not by lawless might,

Or treading freedom in the dust, We've robbed no freeman of his right, Or at him bristling bayonet thrust.

We've bound no man in Iron chains,

Nor thrust him into prison holes, That we might live upon his gains, Or keep him from Election polls.

The common law has been our guide,

We've fought the battle on the square, With Truth and Justice on our side, We're bound to win another year.

We've triumphed, thanks to God, at last,

The clouds begin to disappear, We sing the reign of terror past, And hail a glorious future near.

Wouldn't Take Twenty Dollars.

Some wagging student at Yale College, a few years since, were regaling themselves one evening at the "Tontine," when an old farmer from the country entered the room (taking it for the bar-room) and inquired if he could obtain lodging. The young chaps immediately answered in the affirmative inviting him to take a glass of punch. The old fellow, who was a shrewd Yankee, saw at once that he was to be made the butt of their jests, but quietly laying off his hat and telling a worthless little dog he had with him to lie under the chair, he took a glass of the proffered beverage. The students anxiously inquired after the health of the man's wife and children, and the farmer, with affected simplicity, gave them the whole pedigree, with numerous anecdotes about his farm, stock &c.

"Do you belong to the church?" asked one of the wags.

"Yes, the Lord be praised, and so did my father before me."

"Well, I suppose you would not tell a lie?" replied the student.

"Not for the world," added the farmer.

"Now what will you take for that dog?" pointing to the farmer's cur, who was not worth his weight in Jersey mud.

"I would not take twenty dollars for that dog."

"Twenty dollars? why, he is not worth twenty cents."

"Well, I assure you I would not take twenty dollars for him."

"Come my friend," said the student, who with his companions was bent on having some capital fun with the old man. "Now you say you won't tell a lie for the world, let me see if you will not do it for twenty dollars. I'll give you twenty dollars for your dog."

"I'll not take it," replied the farmer.

"You will not? Here, let us see if this won't tempt you to tell a lie," added the student, producing a small bag of half dollars, from which he counted small piles on the table, where the farmer sat with his hat in his hand, apparently unconcerned.

"There," added the student, "there are twenty dollars all in silver. I will give you that for your dog."

The old farmer quietly raised his hat to the edge of the table, and then as quick as thought scraped all the money into it except one half dollar, at the same time exclaiming: "I won't take your twenty dollars! Nineteen and a half is as much as the dog is worth—he is your property!"

A tremendous laugh from his fellow students showed the would be wag that he was completely "done up," and that he need not look for help from that quarter; so he good naturedly acknowledged beat, insisted on the old farmer taking another glass, and they parted in great glee—the student retaining his dog, which he keeps to this day, as a lesson to him never to attempt to play tricks on men older than himself, and especially to be careful how he tried to wheedle a Yankee farmer.

A man stopping his paper, wrote to the editor: I think fakes often spend their money for paper, my daddy didn't and everybody saw he was the most intelligent man in the country and had the smartest family or boys that ever dugged taters.

OHIO.

Candidate for the next Presidency of the United States—The Cincinnati Enquirer presents the name of George H. Pendleton as the choice of the Ohio Democracy—His Popularity in the Northwest.

CINCINNATI, October 21.—The Cincinnati Enquirer to-morrow will present the name of George H. Pendleton as the choice of the Democracy of Ohio and the Northwest, as the candidate for the next Presidency of the United States. The Enquirer has enjoyed great celebrity as being the leading organ of Douglas in 1860.

In about six months the National Convention of the Democratic party will meet for the purpose of selecting candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency of the United States. In common with the Democracy of other States, our friends in Ohio have a preference, and that preference we propose to express. It is a preference that none who know the sentiment of our people, who have seen it manifested in many different ways in the local press, private letters, and in political conventions, will dispute. In the name of the victorious Democracy of Ohio, who but the other day sent greeting to the Democracy of the Union, that Ohio was redeemed from the rule of fanaticism; that she had vindicated the Constitution and arrested the bold career of men who have been trampling upon the rights and liberties of the people—in their name, we this day, seize upon the honor of presenting the claims of Ohio's son, Hon. George H. Pendleton, to the Democracy of the country as Ohio's choice for the high office of President. He is not only Ohio's choice, but he is the favorite of Kentucky, who will send a full delegation for him to the National Convention. Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, and Minnesota will not be behind Ohio and Kentucky in their devotion to Ohio's noble and trusted statesman. He is, by all odds, the strongest candidate in the Northwest; we have reason to believe in the United States. He possesses in a great degree, the Democratic popular confidence which was given to Stephen A. Douglas, and upon him has fallen in the Northwest the mantle of that eminent man, a gentleman, scholar and statesman, whose history and character are known to the country, and everywhere recognized and respected by all parties. In the very prime of his life, with a mind inured to cultivation and study, with habits of a profound thinker, experience of a tried legislator, eminently sound in judgment, eloquent in the expression of his thoughts, candid in his political views, with an integrity that was never questioned, he is that model of President which we had in the early days of the republic. With him as our candidate, standing upon a platform of the Constitution, equal justice to all sections of our common country, with equality to all the special privileges to none, the same currency for bondholders that the people are compelled to receive, prompt payment of the public debt as it falls due in the legal tenders of the nation, immediate restoration of the Southern States to the Union, with their full share of the representatives in both branches of the government, as guaranteed by the Constitution, and universal amnesty for all political offenses; with such a platform, and George H. Pendleton as its exponent, we will sweep Ohio by 50,000 majority, and also the country, as we did with Franklin Pierce in 1852, when the Conqueror of Mexico, General Scott, was a candidate for the opposition.

A CURIOUS LOVE STORY.—A very curious story is told by several of the ancient writers respecting Egarvard, a secretary to Charlemagne, and a daughter of the emperor. The secretary fell in love with the princess, who at length allowed him to visit her. One winter's night he stayed with her very late, and in the meantime a deep snow had fallen. If he left, his foot marks would be observed and yet to stay would expose him to danger. At length the princess resolved to carry him on her back to a neighboring house, which she did. It happened, however, that from the window in his bedroom the emperor saw the whole affair.

In the assembly of his lords on the following day, when Egarvard and his daughter were present, he asked what ought to be done to the man who compelled a king's daughter to carry him on her shoulders, through frost and snow, in the middle of a winter's night? The lovers were alarmed, but the emperor addressing Egarvard said: "Had'st thou loved my daughter thou shouldst have come to me; thou art worthy of death, but I give thee two lives. Take thy fair porter in marriage: fear God, and love one another."

A WILD WOMAN.—On Monday evening last, an old woman went to the farm house of Mr. Caleb, in Elk Neck, and asked for milk. Having drank freely, she left and was no more thought of, till on Thursday last, when Jas. E. Oldham, Esq., in crossing Caleb's cornfield, was attracted by the tumble condition of some of the shocks, which on examination, proved to have been arranged in a kind of a tent. Making search, he found in a neighboring gully, the same woman then taking refuge under a brier bush. She seemed quite wild, and talked so incoherently that nothing can be found out of her origin. Her accent is Irish. The constable of the 5th district had been apprised of her condition and it was supposed would take measures to have her removed to the Almshouse, though at latest accounts he had not arrived.—Coast Democrat.

Why are good resolutions like fainting ladies? They want carrying out.

Retributive Justice.

There is a terrible sting in retributive justice. When the judgments of passion and malevolence come back to be executed upon those who fluninate them; when the insolent official is suddenly huried from his high place, and made to occupy the seat of the criminal; that is retributive justice! It was Mr Wade, if we remember rightly, who a few short weeks ago proclaimed that no Democrat would, hereafter, be permitted to take his seat in either House of Congress. There was sufficient insence in the declaration itself, but Mr. Wade is not a man to leave unsaid anything to give point to his speech. He declared the Democracy a generation of vipers, and denounced them as unfit for association, with Sumner, Butler, Stevens, and the erudite Colfax. That was putting the Democrats sufficiently low down in the scale; but to see the full force of the speech we must remember that Mr. Wade had set up the negroes of Ohio to do the voting for the proscribed Democracy. At length we have the result of the issue. Mr. Wade himself is stricken down, and all his negro constituency has gone down with him. What he denounced for others has fallen upon his own devoted head. He and the negroes are left out, and the Democracy come in. Sumner and Wade and Stevens and Ashley and Chandler and Butler have all gone down together. What a precious brood of martyrs the Radicals have cast into the Republican graveyard. Now let the humane and considerate Mr. Holt, and the kind hearted Stanton, give us a funeral eulogy. The former should be confined to the character, services, and statesmanship of the virtuous and exalted Sumner, with a by-play reference to the conservative nature of military over civil government, the supremacy of Congress under Republican rule, the great inferiority of the white man, closing up with a learned dissertation showing that the rebellion has commenced. We are fond of light literature, and really count on Brigadier-General Holt, Judge Advocate-General of the United States Army, to give us something wonderfully like himself in this matter. The people are running astray—absolutely running astray. It will not be five years at their present rate of speed, before they will come to the conclusion that trial by jury, a free press, and free speech and civil government are respectable and even essential elements in our Democratic system. The Judge Advocate-General, who is a sort of cross between a lawyer and general—not much of either—might easily convince Congress that we are in a state of war all this time, and it might be well for Congress by special act to make it perpetual. This would give ground for restoring Mr. Stanton and putting out the President. War would go far to justify a total disregard of the Ohio elections, and we doubt not Stanton might be induced to annul them by proclamation—appointing Wade to his old place in the Senate. This kind of work would be nothing new to Stanton, who sent thousands of our people to prison, and enabled his detectives to make some of the most complete and profitable operations or raids upon individuals inspired, of course, by a loyal regard for the great Union cause, that has ever been performed since the days of La Fitte, the pirate. We say to the Republicans, you are never safe separated from your leaders—and we bring the matter directly down to Stanton. You must have him back, or you must all go down together. At all events, let us hear Stanton on Wade and Chandler and Ashley and Coker, the detective, and Baker's book, and how he kept in the war Department, and how he came to write the veto of the tenure-of-office bill, and then how he got caught and went out of the Department. Stanton, we remember, is not much of a talking man. He keeps his own counsel.—They say he was a sort of detective; but we think this is not true. There was no need of such work from him; and then he was so known and hated by everybody; he never could have made himself an effective detective.—National Intelligencer.

Mrs. LINCOLN'S EXPOSE.—The New York Citizen takes this view of the subject of Mrs. Lincoln's sale: "The letters are all but a confession that the political favors and places obtained and given away by Mrs. Lincoln's influence with her husband were regarded by that lady in the light of personal perquisites, to be disposed of either for presents or flattery, as the whim might seize her. She can now only go one step farther. Let her take up each present, state from whom received, and, further, label it with a memorandum of the probable profits in place, or on some shoddy contract, or permit to buy cotton which the presenter must have netted. In this manner we think it might be found that the actual value returned by Mrs. Lincoln's influence to a gentleman who presented her with a carriage and a pair of horses—certainly not costing over two thousand dollars, all told—must have been in the vicinity of at least Four Hundred Thousand Dollars; and very likely a similar exhibit might show that every shawl, and dress, and article of jewelry in her collection, must have been paid for (finally by the country), at the same extravagant rate."

WANTED TIME.—Boss, I want twenty-five cents, said a jury printer to his employer. Twenty-five cents! how soon do you want it, Jake? Next Tuesday for the Circuit. As soon as that? You can't get it. I have told you so often that when you were in want of so large a sum of money you must give me at least four weeks' notice.

Crime in Cuba.

The Havana correspondent of the New Orleans Picayune gives a terrible picture of crime in Cuba. He says: Mr. Chinchilla, Postmaster-General, has had an awful tragedy enacted last Sunday evening at his residence, which nearly cost him the forfeit of his life. One of his sisters-in-law and her mother had been residing with his family for some time; the former, a young widow, was about marrying a second time. She owned a mulatto about seventeen years of age, who had been brought up in the family, and was of a very prepossessing appearance. His mistress took it into her head to sell him off before marrying, for which purpose she placed him in the hands of a negro broker, to try and sell him to some planter. This, of course, was not tasteful to the slave. Having acquired city habits, and run away from said broker, he came to his mistress determined to remonstrate and demand, according to our slave statute, a license for three days to find a master in the city. She would not grant this just demand, from some particular reasons, and ordered him out of her presence, when the mulatto, who had prepared himself with a poniard, stabbed her over the right shoulder blade, severing the main artery and causing almost instant death. The fend then went to her mother, and stabbed her three times; directly he made straight to Mrs. Chinchilla's room with the intent of killing her also, when Mr. Chinchilla threw himself between the assassin and her, received a dangerous wound, thereby saving her life. His blood thirst being satisfied, he ran down stairs, and as the doorkeeper tried to prevent his going out of the house wounded him on the shoulder. The alarm being given, he was chased and caught, a short distance off, and taken to jail where he confessed his guilt, and appeared perfectly resolved to meet the worst fate. All the other parties wounded are doing well. It is the general impression that he will not be condemned to death, as there are good grounds for a smart lawyer to plead. The following day another lady was murdered by a negro (slave), at 10 A. M. on Calle Concordia.

Mr. Lincoln's Loyalty.

The friends of the "late lamented," those who persist in according to him more patriotism and virtue than even Washington possessed, have recently discovered by an official statement of the worldly affairs of the great martyr at the time of his "taking off," that he was in the blissful possession of Government bonds to the amount of about eighty thousand dollars; and they point to the fact as still another evidence of his great loyalty. When we take into consideration the fact that the bonds in question are subject to no taxation whatever, and that the laboring community are taxed exorbitantly to pay an interest in gold equal to nine per cent. on the loyal Lincoln's bonds, it becomes a question with us as to who is the loyal man—he who boasts of and measures his loyalty by the amount of his bonds, or he who submits quietly to inorbitant taxation that the government may be enabled to pay such loyal leeches an interest in gold. We doubt whether Mr. Lincoln would have died possessed of Government bonds to the amount of one dollar, had they been subject, like other property to taxation. The true patriot stops not to count the cost of his patriotism, but freely gives his accumulated wealth, however great or small, for the defence of his country. How many such patriots can we boast of in the late conflict? The truly loyal men were those who stood by the Constitution, every article of which was repudiated by our Radical rulers, and outside of which Mr. Stevens boasts of acting; and the day is not far distant when the people, who have been duped and misled, will so declare from one end of the continent to the other.

JUDGE KELLY'S RECORD.—The New York Mercury recently published a letter written by Mr. John Griffin to Judge Kelly, in the early part of 1866 as follows: I have known you since the year of '29 or 1830; have known you when you were studying law with Colonel Jackson; knew you when you were a vident Jackson, anti-bank, anti-Whig, anti-Clay, and a strong Calhoun and pro-slavery man, of the most copper-head kind; I knew you when you were one of Fanny Wright's followers—an atheist of the most "damnable kind; I knew you when you were leader of the Philadelphia church burners in 1844—yourself and Lewis C. Levin; I knew you when you wanted to burn down churches that your father worshipped at, and where you received your name at the baptismal font. All this you would have done, were it not for the gallant few, General Patterson, General Cadwalader, ex-Mayor Swift, Josiah Randall, and last, not least, Colonel DuSalle, all Protestant gentlemen, all Americans, with the exception of Patterson, an honest Presbyterian of '98. You are a renegade in religion as well as in politics, and a disgrace to the name and memory of your honest father and kindred.

That man is poor who cannot pay his debts, though he has thousands in his possession; that man is rich who "owes no man ought but love," though he eats his corned beef from a pine table in a log cabin, kept clean by industry.

I'VE NO MOTHER NOW, I'M WEEPING.

I've no mother now, I'm weeping; She has left me here alone— She beneath the sod is sleeping, Now there is no joy at home; Tears of sorrow long have started, Her bright smiles no more I'll see, All the lov'd ones, too, have parted, Where! oh where! is joy for me? CHORUS: Weeping, lonely, she has left me here; Weeping, lonely, for my mother dear.

Oh, how well I do remember, "Take this little flower," said she; "And when with the dead I'm numbered, Place it at my grave for me." Dearest mother, I am sighing, On thy tomb I drop a tear, For the little plant is dying; Now I feel so lonely here.

I've no mother; still I'm weeping, Tears my furrowed cheek now lave. Whilst a lonely watch I'm keeping, O'er her sad and silent grave. Soon I hope will be our meeting, Then the gladness none can tell. Who for me will then be weeping, When I bid this world farewell?

"Any Port in a Storm."

It is wonderful with what unanimity the Radicals everywhere now agree upon the necessity of nominating General Grant for the Presidency. A month ago, and before the "Manhood Suffrage" party could be made believe that their pet idea of negro equality and suffrage would be repudiated by the States of Ohio and Pennsylvania, they were not prepared to take "a pig in a poke," as they called it, but rather favored the nomination of a thorough-bred Radical like Stevens, or Kelley, or Sumner, or Wade—drunken Ben. Wade, we mean—in order to compel the people of the North, as well as the South, to submit to negro rule. The late elections have convinced the wire-pullers that they are on the wrong track, so they gracefully veer around in the face of the wind, and run off before it, with a certainty, as they think, of making that haven towards which all politicians turn their longing eyes, success. In order to do so the more effectually, they make a scape-goat of, and bawl lustily for the man who, of all others, they would not have chosen one month ago. If anything more was required by the people to convince them that the Republican leaders think more of power and patronage than they do of the prosperity and elevation of the country, this last dodge should be sufficient. Let the people take this matter of President-making out of the hands of such miserable pettifogging politicians as Bill Mann and others of his ilk in this city.—Sundry Mercury.

Now and Then.

On the evening of the late election, when it was discovered that the people had repudiated the leaguers and their aims, great fear was manifested by the denizens of the Gin Palace and the proprietors of the Radical organs in this city, some of whom, conscious of their deserts and naturally cowardly, did not venture upon the public streets unless accompanied at a safe distance by a police officer. The North American, edited by that "good old man," Mayor McMichael, was protected by the energetic Goldey and a squad of his officers, and it was amusing to witness the "fear and trembling" of the great American fisherman and his aids, when they heard the triumphant march of the Democracy approaching the office. He feared violence at the hands of an outraged people, on the principle that "conscience makes cowards of us all;" but he need not have feared, the men who quietly submitted to the abuse and slander of his foul sheet for six long years, could not be reconquered by game so small. With them, "the hour of victory was the hour of magnanimity." But how was it three years ago? Who came to the protection of the Mercury office when attacked by the Radical roughs with cobble stones? Did the valiant Goldey consider it his duty to march upon a squad of police officers to protect us? Oh, no; we were for the Constitution, and our rights under that instrument, and therefore loyal. The time will come, however, when a man's loyalty will be measured by his veneration for and devotion to the Constitution of his country, not by the number of his gold-paying bonds, as is the case just now.—Sundry Mercury.

RECIPT FOR FITS.—Though no doctor I have by me some excellent prescriptions, and shall charge you nothing for them; you cannot grumble at the price. We are most of us subject to fits; I am visited with them myself, and I dare say you are also. Now, then, for prescriptions: For a fit of passion, walk in the open air, you may speak to the wind without hurting any one, or proclaiming yourself to be a simpleton. For a fit of idleness, count the tickings of a clock. Do this for one hour, and you will be glad to pull off your coat the next time and work like a horse. For a fit of extravagance or folly go to the workhouse, or speak with the ragged and wretched inmates of a jail, and you will be convinced.— "Who maketh his bed of briar and thorn, Must be content to lie forlorn." For a fit of ambition, go into a churchyard and read the grave-stones. They will tell you the end of ambition. The grave will soon be your chamber-bed, the earth your pillow, corruption your father, and the worm your mother and sister. For a fit of repining, look about for the halt and the blind, and visit the bed-ridden and afflicted and deranged, and they will make you ashamed of complaining of your lighter afflictions.

A story is told of a "country gentleman" who for the first time heard an Episcopal clergyman preach. He had read much of the aristocracy and pride of the church, and when he returned home he was asked if the people were stuck up. "Pshaw! no," he replied; "why the minister actually preached in his shirt sleeves."

Henry Ward Beecher, in a sermon delivered recently, said that more public men of eminence had started from the business of type setting than from probably any other occupation.

EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

The Newark Evening Journal says that the more actual and glaring wrongs of that much suffering "other sex," is the veto that custom has placed upon liberal education, such as it is to be obtained only in the universities and colleges of the country. There seems to be a prevailing scepticism in the minds of the majority of men respecting the propriety and necessity of highly educating women; but there are, on the other hand, those who lament the fact that the mothers, wives and daughters of this age do not possess those intellectual attainments which distinguished the ladies of the period preceding the Elizabethan age, when Lord Bacon's mother translated sermons on free will into Greek, and his aunt wrote original verses in Latin hexameters. At that time the Latin and Greek languages were the only languages that possessed much of a literature, and Latin was to Europe at that day what French is to this. The vast stores of English, French and German literature now accessible had not then been developed. But it is not impossible for a woman to be an excellent housekeeper and an equally excellent scholar. Why has she not as good a right as her brother to read Plato or Virgil—as good a right as her husband to make her life a happier one by drawing upon the resources of literature of every kind?—There is no just claim which one person who wears a coat and pantaloons may have upon the privileges accorded to the student at our universities, which another one in petticoats and bonnet has not also upon such institutions of learning, or some other especially designed for her wants and requirements. The State gives her the same rights at the district school as the academy; she is accorded to her brother. By what rule of equity or consistency does it exclude her from such advantages at a certain point, and dismiss her to the household? Opinions may differ as to the intrinsic value of a liberal education; but surely there can be but little room for doubting that if the State deems it best to provide such for boys within its borders, it ought not to deny it to its girls. A higher education for a woman raises the standard in the family she rears. By this means she becomes an important and powerful agent in diffusing a liberal education among the masses, and will thus in time elevate the whole mental structure, and will help to place at the command of the many what is now only within the grasp of the few. The policy which would deny woman the right to a liberal education is one of those relics of barbarism which deserves the condemnation of all thinking persons. And we are glad to observe a disposition in the reformatory spirit of the time to do away with it.

The West, which often before has been the pioneer in the march of social progress has taken the initiatory step towards forwarding the liberal educational interests in regard to women. Mr. Childs, of the Michigan State Senate, has done himself credit by presenting to that body a bill to establish an institution of learning to be called the Michigan Female College. The government of the school is to be vested in the Board of Regents of the University. They are empowered to receive proposals for the donation of suitable lands with building, or with the means of erecting buildings at Lansing. The site shall not contain less than twenty acres, and the buildings, or their equivalent in money, shall amount in value to fifty thousand dollars. The college is to furnish the young women of that State with the means of acquiring a thorough knowledge of the various branches of literature science and art. The admission fee to the regular college course shall not exceed ten dollars. Those from that State who desire to pursue a more general course of study are to be admitted free; and the daughter of any soldier who died in the United States service during the rebellion, shall pay no fee whatever. No charge for tuition will be made to the young women of that State.—The fees for others are to be regulated by the Regents. The Regents have the power to elect and remove the officers of the college, determine their salaries, and have the same general management which they now exercise over the University; and in providing the course of instruction, prescribing the books and authorities, and conferring the diplomas.

How long will it be before Pennsylvania and her sister States shall follow the example so worthily set the whole country by Michigan?

A GREAT NATURAL CURIOSITY.—It is an undoubted fact that mermaids are numerous in the Knaw river in Kansas. Last week a party of young men out hunting, came suddenly across six mermaids who were disporting themselves in the water.

On the approach of the young men the beautiful creatures "lit out" for the woods, uttering