BLOOMSBURG STAR DEMOCRAT.

VOL. XXXI. BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA CO., PA., WEDNESDAY, JAN. 15, 1868. NO. 45.

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 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.

DR. E. W. WELLS,
SUCCESSOR TO DR. F. C. HARRISON.
Has taken Rooms at the American House. All orders left there will be promptly attended to.
Bloomsburg, Oct. 30, 1867.

DR. W. H. BRADLEY,
(Late Assistant Medical Director U. S. Army,)
Physician and Surgeon.
☞ Office at the Eorks Hotel, Bloomsburg, Pa. Calls promptly attended to both night and day.
Bloomsburg, Nov. 21, 1866.

WESLEY WIRT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office in DEMOCRAT AND STAR Building, in
SHIVE'S BLOCK.
March 6, '67. BLOOMSBURG PA.

E. R. IKELER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Office, 2nd floor, in Exchange Block, near the "Exchange Hotel."
All business placed in his hands will be attended to with promptness and care. Collections made with the least possible delay. [Sept. 25, 1867.

M. M. TRAUGH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
BLOOMSBURG, Pa.
Will practice in the several Courts of Columbia and adjoining counties.
☞ All Collections promptly attended to.
June 20, 1866.

CHAS. G. BARKLEY,
Attorney at Law,
BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA CO., PA.
Office in the Exchange Building, second story, over Stohner & Co's. Store, Second door above the Exchange Hotel.
Bloomsburg, April 17, 1867.

O. C. KAHLER,
Counselor and Attorney at Law,
BLOOMSBURG, Pa.
Would announce to his friends and the public in general, that he has resumed the Practice of Law again. Conveyancing and all legal business promptly attended to.
OFFICE in the Exchange Building, second story, over Dyer & Moyer's Drug Store.
Bloomsburg, May 1, 1867.

C. E. SAVAGE,
Practical Watchmaker and Jeweler.
MAIN STREET, (near the Court House,)
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Constantly on hand a fine assortment of American and Swiss Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware and Spectacles.
Particular attention paid to the repairing of Clocks Watches and Jewelry. Masonic Marks made to order. All work Warranted.
Bloomsburg, April 17 1867.

B. F. KINNEY,
Surgeon Dentist,
Extracts teeth without pain by a new method. It is perfectly harmless and is now used with good success. All branches of Dentistry attended to in the latest and most approved style.
Residence and office, one door east of Evans' Clothing Store. Bloomsburg, Nov. 13, 1867.

WELL DIGGING.
The undersigned gives notice to the public generally that he is a practical WELL DIGGER, and is prepared to dig wells on short notice upon the most reasonable terms. He has had in his long experience in the business remarkable success. Those wishing anything done in his line would do well to give him a trial.
WILLIAM ROGERS.
Bloomsburg June, 12, 1867.

SAMUEL M. PRENTISS,
VETERINARY SURGEON,
ORANGEVILLE, PA.
I WI[illegible] all kinds of diseases that horse flesh is [illegible] where there is no cure, no charge. Spavin c[illegible] hours or no pay.
August [illegible]

SA[illegible] EVERETT
WITH
VERT[illegible] & GUION,
[illegible]
AN[illegible]ERS IN
[illegible]ES [illegible] LIQUORS,
[illegible] STREET,
[illegible] STREET.
[illegible]Y HERTZLER,
[illegible]A. GUION.
[illegible]

[illegible]Y BI[illegible] FANCY
GOODS [illegible] of handsome
Birds [illegible] Cages
[illegible] best sing-
[illegible] by their
[illegible] buying
Ducks [illegible]kens,
[illegible] win-
[illegible] liberal

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

TERMS.—$2 00 in advance. If not paid within SIX MONTHS, 50 cents additional will be charged.
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Bloomsburg, Columbia County, Pa

YOU CAN'T TAKE MY HAT!

We were once traveling over the railroad from Washington city to Baltimore, when we observed a peculiar sort of man sitting hard by—a tall, slim, good natured fellow, but one who somehow seemed to bear the impress of a person who lived by his wits, written on his face. A friend, who was with me, answered my inquiry as to who he was, and at the same time asked me to keep between the object of my notice and himself lest he should come over to our seat, as my companion said that he knew him, but did not wish to recognize him here.

"That is Beau Hickman," said he, "a man that is universally known in Washington as one of the most accomplished fellows in the city, always ready to borrow of, or drink with you. He never has any money, however, and I am curious to know how he will get over the road without paying, for he'll do it in some way."

"Probably he has got a ticket—borrowed the money to buy it with, or something of that sort," said I.

"Not he. Beau always travels free, and boards in the same way. He never pays money when wit or ticket will pass current in its place," said my friend, confidently.

"What a shocking bad hat he has got on," said I, observing the dilapidated concondition of his beaver.

"It's some trick of his, doubtless, for the rest of his dress, you observe, is quite genteel."

"Yes, I see."

My friend went on to tell me how Beau had done his tailor out of a receipt in full for his last year's bill, and the landlady at his last boarding place, and also various other specimens of his ingenuity and wit.

"He owed me ten dollars," said my friend "but in attempting to collect it of him one day, I'll be hanged if he didn't get ten more out of me, so I think I shall let the matter rest there, for fear of doubling the sum once more."

At this moment the conductor entered the opposite end of the car to gather the tickets from the passengers, and give them checks in return. Many of them as is often the practice with travelers who are frequently called upon on populous routes to show their tickets, and placed the e in the bands of their hats, so that the conductor could see that any were all right, and not trouble them to take them from their pockets at each stopping place. I watched Beau to see what his expedient would be to get rid of paying for his passage. As the conductor drew nearer Beau thrust his head out the car window, and seemed absorbed in contemplating the scenery on that side of the road. The conductor spoke to him for his ticket—there was no answer.

"Ticket, sir," said the conductor, tapping him lightly on the shoulder.

Beau sprang back into the car, knocking his hat into the road, and leaving it in one minute nearly a mile behind. He looked first towards the conductor, then out of the window after his hat, and in a seeming fit or rage exclaimed:

"What the d—l do you strike a man that way for? Is *that* your business? Is *that* what the company hires you for?"

"I beg your pardon, sir, I only wanted your ticket," replied the conductor meekly.

"Ticket! Oh, yes, it's all very well for you to want my *ticket*, but I want my *hat!*" replied Beau, bristling up.

"Verry sorry, sir, really. I barely desired to call your attention' and I took the only means in my power," said the conductor.

"You had better use a cane to attract a person's attention next time, and hit him over the head with it if he happens to be looking the other way!" repiied the indignant Beau.

"Well, sir, I am ready to apologize to you again if you wish. I have done so already once," said the now disconcerted official.

"Yes, no doubt, but that don't restore my property, that's gone."

"Well, sir, I cannot talk any longer, I'll take your ticket, if you please," said the conductor.

"Ticket? Haven't you knocked it out of [illegible] window, hat and all? Do you want to [illegible]lt to injury?"

"[illegible] your ticket was in the hat band?"

"[illegible] the conductor.

"[illegible]u stop the train and go back [illegible] the hatless Beau, with indig-[illegible] on his shoe.

"[illegible] pass you free over the road then," replied the conductor, attempting to go on with his duty.

"The price of a ticket," said Beau is "*one dollar*, my beaver cost me a V. Your good sense will at once show you that there is a ballance of four dollars in my favor, at any rate."

The conductor hesitated. Beau looked like a gentleman to any one not perfectly well posted up in the human face; he was well dressed, and his indignation appeared most honest.

"I'll see you after I have collected the tickets," replied the conductor, passing on through the car.

Beau sat in silent indignation, frowning at everybody until the conductor returned, and came and sat down by his side. Beau then, in an earnest undertone, that we could only overhear occasionally, talked to the conductor "like a father," and we saw the crest fallen man of tickets *pay the hatless passenger four dollars!*

The trick was at once seen through by both my friend and myself, and the next day over a bottle of wine at the Monument House, Beau told us he was hard up, hadn't a dollar, picked up an *old hat* at Gadsby's hotel in Washington, clapped his *cap* in his pocket, and resolved that the hat should carry him to Baltimore; and it did, *with four dollars in the bargain.*

Some Startling Statements by a Radical Senator.

Mr. Sprague, of Rhode Island, rarely obtrudes himself upon the Senate; but his remarks of Friday last on the repeal of the cotton tax were more weighty and worthy of consideration than nine tenths of the platitudes which the dominant party in that body prefer to inflict upon the country. He invoked attention to the prostrate condition of American industry, and more especially of the great staple, cotton, now being destroyed by the unwise legislation of Congress. Mr. Sprague is, as all know, a large manufacturer, and he is also a large cotton planter. He ought, therefore, to be master of his subject. A statement from him, that the British manufacturers were now able, by their skilled lobor and machinery, to produce from the short, dry, and once despised staple of India cotton to produce equal to that obtained by us from the American staple, must have been startling to hearers unwilling to learn any other lesson than that of an intensive hate. Mr. Sprague told them that he feared they had lost this great interest for ever; that the control of the question had passed from their hands. He even feared the competition of Indian cotton in American markets. As for Sea Island cotton, he believed that in two years it would only be produced as a rare plant in some gentleman's garden. At this day Egyptian cotton was used in seven eighth of the articles in which Sea Island cotton was formerly employed. The plantations of the South were not worth one twentieth part of what they were before the war. After these statements Mr. Sprague might well assert that while England conquered territory for the purpose of producing cotton, the dominant party had conquered territory merely to destroy it.

Such is the expose of a practical man and a representative of the industrial interest of the country and of the floor of the Senate. If it had been made in a British House of Commons, or had been delivered even a few years ago in the American Senate, such an appeal would have excited profound attention. But what is the destruction of a great national industry the Radical party immersed in schemes of President making? Their cry is, perish commerce, perish manufacturers, perish cotton, perish the poor negro, who depends on this last industry for his daily bread, rather than sacrifice one jot or tittle of the revenge by which this party proposes to perpetuate its power. But while these truths may fall on closed ears in the Senate, they will not pass unheeded by the great business and mercantile classes of the country. These, and all thinking and patriotic men will inquire what party is responsible for this state of things, and they will see that the expulsion of these bad men from power is the first step towards relieving the public distress.—*National Intelligencer.*

Negro Rule.

Late intelligence from the West Indies presents a frightful picture of negro rule in Hayti. The particulars concerning the assassination of Montez, are well calculated to arrest the attention of the friends of Christian civilization in all parts of the world.—After starving him for four days an ineffectual attempt was made to complete the business by poison. After this, Salnave, the negro President of the so called Republic, ordered one of his assassins to smother him but this attempt also failed, and he was finally stabbed, and his skull cut to pieces with a chisel. His body was delivered to his friends bootless and hatless on boards and conveyed to the cemetery, his friends insisting on burying it without placing it in a coffin. Intoxicating liquors were freely distributed to the people to induce them to cheer for President Salnave. The brother of Montez was captured, and chained to the bloody bed of his murdered brother Leon. Montez's parents have been crazed by his assassination, and have fled to Dominica for fear of the vengeance of the negro President.

Now, as the Radicals insist upon Africanizing ten States of this Union, of putting power in the hands of the negro race, is it not time for white men to pause and ponder upon such facts as those presented with reference to negro rule in Hayti? What has happened in that island will happen in this country, if the radical policy is carried out in the South.

[COMMUNICATED.]

EDUCATION, NO. 2.

BY CLUSINI FONTES.

'Tis *education* forms the common mind:
Just as the twig is bent the tree is inclined.'
Pope.

Those, who are most deeply interested in the *education* of the young, are the parents and teacher. Although we do not say, but all ought to take a deep interest in the education of those, who are to make our future Lawyers, Doctors, Statesmen, and Clergymen, in a word the citizens of this vast Republic; as they value its happiness, its intellectual standing, and its moral worth. What proud American, as his ambitious blood boils in his veins to bear off the most conquests in the scientific arena, would fail to look about him with sorrow to see the country lose its intellectual standing by not having all classes in it *educated;* that the governmental affairs of the United States may be, more and more intelligently conducted. Our government is the peoples government; it is they, who elect their legislators, and it is they, who choose from their midst the executive power. This being the case, is it not to the advantage of all to have every child in the country educated? If so, then, let us one and all take hold of the work, and not only give it our support, but our encouragement.

But that the parents and teacher are the most deeply interested in this work is evident from the relations they sustain to the children. What fond mother does not, with the greatest anxiety, listen to the lispings of her infant son, perhaps, thinking when his mind becomes educated, and power of oratory trained, that thousands may be won from error to truth by his winning and persuasive eloquence?

Or what father's heart is not filled with pride, to hear the teacher tell that his son holds the highest position in all his classes. He looks forward for the time when this son will be called to compete for the mastery in the active duties of life, thinking that as his labors were crowned with success in his school boy days; so in after life he may hold the highest position his country can give him. But the teacher is also deeply interested in his scholars, not only while at school, but in their career in after life.

He almost or perhaps quite, for the time being, becomes a second parent by caring for and fostering the infant mind by feeding it on such nourishment as will cause it to grow in knowledge, and mature in wisdom; until its possessor comes forth with a mind well stored with all the education of the day. And as he enters the contest for notoriety with what eagerness his instructor watches his movements, and when successful, he is exalted with the idea that his iustructor has been instrumental in crowning his efforts with success.

Then if both parents and teacher are interested, or at least ought to be, they should co-operate, and talk freely the best interests of the school-parents should visit the school, and Directors at least should spend a half day in their schools each month, and, indeed, it ought to be a day. But *the pay, the pay,* they are not paid for it, they tell you; but I tell you, they are paid, not in *dollars* and *cents;* but in what is better, they have the satisfaction of knowing that they have discharged their duty, and not only encouraged their children to renew their energy in applying themselves to their books that they may come before their teacher with a well prepared lesson; but that they are emulating their teacher to a renewed zeal, that he may show them, that there is an improvement in the school every time they call. We would, that we could say something that would awake the people to a just view of visiting their school; and get them out of the notion, that they are over paid, who receive a stipulated recompense for their labors in *dollars* and *cents:* But, if you choose, you may confine the pay you receive to a pecuniary profit and still it is to your advantage. You pay your teacher a certain salary, and if you do not visit the school, he may not be able to do more in two months than he could in one (it may not be as much as that) if he and your children have the encouragement of your presence in the school, now and then. Now this is no freak of the imagination, but it is true. it is real, and by the time the reader has had ten years experience in teaching, we think, he will fully agree with this idea, and say: that there ought to be more school visits recorded in the Report Books than there are. But the teacher cannot record them unless he has them; therefore it is not his fault, then, the fault lays with those who do not visit.

It is for the people to say whether there shall be any improvement in the educational system or not; and whether it shall not become better, that the children may be sent to school the whole year; that when they have grown to riper years, and called from the old domicile to discharge the sterner duties of life, they may be useful men and women. Then arouse from this drowsy forgetfulness, and awake to your country's best interest, that you may help to make your schools and school system, what they ought to be; and then the United States may have it to say, that their common schools will favorably compare with the common schools of any country on the Globe.

☞ Not long since a youth older in wit than years, after being catechised concerning the power of Nature, replied, "Ma, I think there's one thing nature can't do, she can't make Bill Jones' mouth any bigger without setting his ears back.

Maj. Francis F. Shunk.

Maj. Francis J. Shunk, who died December 15th, was the third son of the late Governor Francis R. Shunk. He entered the West Point Academy in 1849, when in his seventeenth year, and graduated in 1853, third in a class of which the late General M'Pherson was head. After service of some years at various arsenals as Ordnance officer and at West Point as an instructor in chemistry, he accompanied the army to Utah in 1858, at the time of the threatened war with the Mormons, and remained in that Territory till the troops were withdrawn.—In 1861, at the breaking out of the rebellion he was Ordnance Officer, at the Washington Arsenal, and continued in that responsible and laborious position until he sailed in the autumn with the Port Royal expedition. After service of some months as Chief of Ordnance at Hilton Head, he was transferred to the staff of General Pope, where he held the same position during the diastrous campaign of that officer in front of Washington. After Pope's removal he was assigned to the staff of General McClellan, and was with that great soldier at Antietam and South Mountain. He served for a brief period on the staff of General Burnside, was relieved at his own request, and after a few months spent in charge of the Allegheny Arsenal, was made Chief of Ordnance of the Department of the Gulf, with headquarters at New Orleans. Here he remained until the war was nearly closed, when he was ordered to Richmond, where he has remained since that city was captured. He was Chief of Ordnance on the staff of General Schofield at the time of his death.

To those who knew Major Shunk, it is needless to say anything of his great heart and brilliant mind. Thoroughly versed in the severest studies of his profession, he spent his military life in positions of high trust, and filled them well. There was no officer of the old army better known than he, or warmer friends than those whose tears have been shed over his untimely grave. He was cut off most unexpectedly after an illness of but a few days, in the very maturity of his strength. His memory will long live dear to many a fond, womanly heart, and in many a brave, manly one.—The highest tribute that can be paid him is to be found in the fact that those who knew him best loved him, one and all, with the truest and tenderest affection.

The remains were taken to Harrisburg for interment. The age of Major Shunk was little more than thirty-five years.—*York Gazette.*

A COLORED DELEGATE VISITS GRANT.—The white Radicals having failed to elicit any decided expression or opinion from Gen. Grant, they sent a negro to try his luck a few days since. The *Evening Telegram* of the 24th tells the story as follows:

General Grant had a novel sort of an applicant for admittance to his presence this morning. About half-past ten o'clock a respectable looking sable citizen made his appearance, and asked to have an interview with the General of the Armies. He was told that he must send in his name, whereupon a colored citizen sat down an indicated a letter to General Grant, in which he explained that he was representative of his African brethren of the South, and came on their part to discover Grant's views on the topics of the day, and more especially regarding the rights of the negro. The letter was taken to Gen. Grant, who sent back an answer that he was a military officer, and did not desire any conversation on political topics. The colored delegate, however, refused to be snubbed in this way, and entered into an argument with General Dent on the subject. He told Dent he wanted merely to take back with him some comforting assurance that Grant was the friend of the negroes and that he deserved their support. Dent informed him that when Senator Wade called on Grant the conversation was devoted mainly to horses and not to politics. The colored citizen said he did not want to talk horses—that he took no interest in that subject, but in other of more use to general humanity and great political rights. Dent, however was almost as reticent on these matters as Grant himself, and so the African delegate, after repeated efforts at pumping, retired disappointed.

ST. THOMAS AND CUBA.—The English and French journals recommend Spain, in view of our treaty for the purchase of St. Thomas, to "set her house in order," preparatory to losing Cuba. It seems to be their opinion that when once the Americans get a foothold among the Islands of the West Indies, it will be but a question of time as to their obtaining virtual or actual ascendency among them all. The question of time, however, is one which may decide our own capacity for extending our acquisitions, as well as that of Spain for resistance. If we pertinaciously cling to a policy which divides and impoverishes the country, we shall be in no condition to require new possession abroad, or if we do will only find in them fresh elements of discord and weakness.

☞ During the late bathing season, a pompous individual walked up to the office of a seaside hotel, and with considerable flourish, signed the book, and in a loud voice exclaimed, "I'm Lieutenant Governor of——." "That doesn't make any difference," says the landlord, "you'll be treated just as well as the others."

☞ On a young girl saying to Leigh Hunt, "I am very *sad, you see,*" he replied, "Oh, no, you belong to the other Jewish sect—you are very *fair, I see!*"

The Wonders of Niagara Revealed.

The great gale of last week produced some curious effects at Niagara Falls. The strong easterly gale sent the waters of Lake Erie westward, leaving the Niagara River and tributaries lower than ever before.—Buffalo Creek was so low that all the vessels in it were grounded, and Niagara Falls was a rivulet compared with its native grandeur, The bed of the American branch was denuded that it was possible to travel in its rocky bed without wetting the feet, and mysteries that were never before revealed came to light on that day. Rocks that heretofore were invisible appeared in their full-grown deformity upon the surface, and the great was the consternation among the finny tribes. The Three Sisters were accessible to foot passengers, and many traversed where human foot never trod with perfect impunity and dry feet. Below the falls the water was fully twenty feet lower than usual, and the oldest inhabitant gazed in wonder at the grand transformation. Near Suspension Bridge, the celebrated rock at Witmer's mill, upon which a drowning man caught and was rescued several years ago, which barely projects its head above the water, was laid bare twenty feet above the surface. When the gale subsided the water returned to its original course, and "Niagara was herself again."

Spider's Bill of Fare for one Day.

In order to test what a spider could do in the way of eating, we arose about day break one morning to supply his fine web with a fly. At first, however, the spider did not come from his retreat, so we peeped among the leaves and there discovered that an earwig had been caught and was now being feasted on. The spider left the earwig rolled up the fly, and at once returned to his "first course," this was at half past five A. M. in September. At seven A. M. the earwig had been demolished, and the spider after resting a wile, and perhaps enjoying a nap, came down for the fly, which he had finished at 9 A. M. A little after nine, we supplied him with a daddy-long-legs, which was eaten by noon. At one o'clock a blow-fly was greedily seized, and then immediately, with an appetite apparently no worse for indulgence, he commenced on the blow-fly.

During the day and towards evening, a great many small green flies, or what are properly termed midges, had been caught in the web: of these we counted one hundred and twenty, all dead and fast prisoners in the spider's nest. Soon after dark, provided with a lantern, we went to examine whether the spider was suffering from indigestion or in any other way from his previous meals, in stead however, of being thus affected, he was employed in rolling up together the various little green midges, which he then took to his retreat and ate. This process he repeated, carrying up the lots in little detatchments, until the web was eaten, for the web and its contents were bundled up together. A slight rest of an hour was followed by the most industrous web making process, and before daybreak another web was ready to be used in the same way.

The Gold Question in the Courts.

Gold and legal tenders are coming into collision in the courts, and the question will have to be settled without delay, because the balance cannot remain in its present uneven condition much longer, without seriously affecting the commercial interests of the whole country. The question will have to be settled, too, upon the basis of common sense. For instance, when it is contracted that liabilities shall be met in gold they should be liquidated in that material, just the same as if it was contracted that they should be liquidated in cotton, or iron, or any other substance. But if the contract con ains no such spec ication, then it follows naturally, that the debt shall be liquidated in money, which means the legal tender of the country. This is the common sense view of the matter, and this view, we have very little doubt, the courts will take of the subject when it comes before them for final adjudication. As this time there is a conflict of judgment in the lower courts, both in this city and in the West; but the public rely upon the Supreme Court to put the matter to rest by a prompt decision.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Angola Murder.

The coroner's jury in the cases of the thirty-nine persons slaughtered by the Angolo disaster, on the Buffalo and Erie Road, find their deaths were caused by the last two cars being thrown off the track by a bent axle in the forward wheels of the rear truck of the rear car of the train, "the axle being so bent (by causes which we have been unable to discover) that the wheels dropped from the end of the frog inside of and did not lap on the wing rail, thereby forcing the opposite wheels of that truck off the rail and the car off the track." The car had been inspected on that trip, but the bent axle was not discovered, and could only have been discovered by mechanical tests more accurate than the ordinary inspection. The cause of the disaster seems to have been all of a character to elude ordinary or even extraordinary vigilance, and the verdict of the jury will absolve the company from blame in the general judgement of the public.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

☞ The Paris Exhibition building is about to be sold, there being no further use for it.

☞ Sixty-five widows and one hundred and forty orphans are the result of the Ferndale (Wales) colliery explosion.

The Man who Shot at Queen Victoria.

The British Medical *Journal* says: "After twenty-seven years of confinement in a criminal lunatic asylum, during which his conduct has been exemplary, and no traces have appeared of mental aberation, Oxford, the potboy, who shot at her Majesty in St. James Park, has been liberated. During this time many appeals have been made in his behalf by influential persons who have had the opportunity of watching his demeanor and gauging his character. His own story has always been, and was so consistently from the first, that the pistol which he fired was not loaded. It will be remembered that no bullet was ever found. He attributes the criminal act which he has expatiated by long immurement, and which, under a less murciful government, must have cost his life, to inordinate vanity, fostered by a variety of trivial circumstances in his domestic life and training on which we need not dwell, and which led to a senseless desire to attain notoriety by some means; and this criminal and foolish impulse led to his lamentable crime. He has occupied his time in a certain amount of self education of which the means have been granted to him at Broadroom, and in the asylum in which he was formerly confined, and has become a tolerable linguist. He has also taught himself, and practiced 'graining,' which he does sufficiently well to earn a living. He has been mercifully released, but has been very properly prohibited from remaining in or visiting England.

Whether directly insane at the time of his offence, or led by a miserable love of notoriety, it is very right that the person of the Sovereign should be protected from the vanity of a man who, at however distant a period, could commit the cowardly outrage of which he was the perpetrator."

Wongs of the Workingwomen.

One day last week, a starving girl caused the arrest of her employer for refusing to pay her for making woolen pantaloons at 16 cents a pair, while he, being a "middle man," received 60 cents for the work, and his wife kicked her out of doors because she demanded what was her just due. Like cases, but perhaps not so flagrantly outrageous, are of frequent occurrence. A correspondent calls attention to the necessity of legislation to protect the workingwomen, and says:

"There are thousands of industrous women in this city who have to work hard for $3 a week—less than enough to furnish the bare necessaries of life." "A class of middle men and women," our correspondent continues, "are persistently advertising in this city for good operators on linen coats, and they pay only from 8 to 12 cents each, four coats being an average days work. A visit to the 'piece-paid factories' of this city as they are called, would move the heart of even the most stolid. There, crowded together in ill-lighted, badly ventilated rooms, are hundreds of these half-starved, half-clad, less than half-paid daughters of toil. Although still young, the buoyancy of youth has departed from their spirits, and the glow of health from their cheeks. Sorrow and suffering have plowed deep furrows in their countenances, and still they are forced to toil though the brow be fevered and the frame exhausted. This is when business is good. When the market is full, and trade dull the workingwomen is the first to suffer, for then comes reduction of wages and loss of work, and the poor girl, driven to desperation, has but one alternative—starvation or a life of crime. And yet in the midst of all this, the employers are growing immensely rich. While the Society for the Prevention of cruelty to animals has secured the passage of just laws, and caused the penalties to be visited upon the inhuman wretches that willfully or carelessly inflict unnecessary pain upon the helpless beast, who will interest himself in the prevention of cruelty to women, and bring down just odium upon their oppressors." The communication closes with: "The fellow who fired his store the other day in order to cheat the insurance Companies out of $60,000 and is now under arrest, never had $6,000 worth of property in his life; but for years past had been practicing every kind of imposition upon his employees, and payed them in full only when compelled by law."—*New York Tribune.*

Surviving an Execution.

The Italian journals tell a singular story. A soldier who had deserted and taken to Bri a dag: was captured and sentenced to death. Being brought out to the place of execution, a firing party of five performed their painful duty, and the sergeant commanding them perceiving that the man was not quite dead, gave him point-blank the *coup-de-grate.* In the belief that this was really the finishing stroke, the body was handed over to the grave-digger; but as night was approaching the latter postponed his office until the morning, leaving above ground what he naturally supposed to be a corpse. The unfortunate man, however, was still alive, and the cold night air, by irritating his wounds, revived him. Painfully he dragged himself to the wall of the enclosure, against which he manged to place a ladder which happened to be there, got over, although all bleeding and his arm broken by the bullets, and delivered himself up as prisoner at the nearest guard house. The Ministers of War and of Justice each claim this resuscitated victim of matial law, but the belief is that he will be pardoned. His wounds are not mortal, and his arm has been reset.

☞ Editor—A poor wretch who emptied his brain to fill his stomach.