BLOOMSBURG DEMOCRAT.

VOL. XXXII. BLOOMSBURG, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 25, 1868. NUMBER 5.

GREAT CLEARING OUT SALE

TO MAKE ROOM FOR THE NEW TOWN HALL,

to be erected on the corner of Main & Market Sts.

L. T. SHARPLESS

Now offers for Cash or Ready Pay—

FRENCH MERINOES at 85 cts
BLACK ALPACAS at 62 and 85 cts.
AMERICAN MERINOES at 40 cts.
FIGURED POPLINS at 65 cts. worth 80 cts.
ALL THE ABOVE from 10 to 20 per cent. below the regular prices.
CALICOES from 9 cts. to 12½ for best.
BLECH'D & BROWN MUSLINS 9 to 18 cts best.
GOOD bleached and brown Muslins at 12½.
All wool Cassimeres at $1.00 to $1.25 & $1.75.
Hoop Skirts, Corsets, & notions low down!
HATS & CAPS at bargains.
BOOTS & SHOES for Men, Women, & Children at greatly reduced prices.
One lot Gaiters & Shoes, your choice, at $2.00, worth $2.50. One lot Ladies' Glove-kid Balmorals and Gaiters at $3.25, worth $4.00.

Coffees, Teas, Sugars and Syrups.

The balance of our stock comprising all kinds of GOODS, CARPETS &c., at proportionably low prices. Country produce wanted. Cash paid for butter and eggs. Store on Main Street below Market.
January 29, 1868.—9t.

A. SOLLEDER'S

BOOT AND SHOE STORE,

[OPPOSITE THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH.]

On Main Street, Bloomsburg.

The subscriber takes pleasure in announcing to the people of Bloomsburg, and vicinity, that he has on hand a large and fine assortment of

BOOTS AND SHOES,

for ladies and gentlemen's wear, to suit all fancies. His City work is of the best quality, and from the most reliable manufacturers; he being a practical workman and a good judge of

STOCK,

he is not likely to be imposed upon by receiving worthless material badly made up.

Those desiring anything in his line would do well to give him a call, before purchasing elsewhere. He sells a

GOOD ARTICLE,

and at prices to suit purchasers.

All persons who desire light or heavy work made to order can be accommodated at his establishment.

☞ Also, repairing will be done with neatness and despatch.

An elegant assortment of Ladies Spring and Summer Shoes on hand. A. SOLLEDER.
April 3, 1867.

J. J. BROWER, (*Cor. Main & Iron sts.*)

is now offering to the Public his STOCK OF

SPRING GOODS

consisting in part of a full line of

INGRAIN, WOOL & RAG CARPETS.

Fine cloths and cassimere for Ladies' coats Handsome Dress Goods of all Patterns and qualities, Delalas and Prints of various qualities and prices, Bleached and Brown Muslins, Ladies French Corsets and

BALMORAL SKIRTS.

Good assortment of Ladies and childrens' Gaiters and Boots.

Fresh Groceries and Spices. New assortment of

Glass and Queensware.

Ex-No. 1 Mackerel in one half and one fourth Barrels.

Now is the time to make your selections, as I am offering goods at very low prices, and our motto is fair dealing to all, and not to be undersold by any.

J. J. BROWER.
Bloomsburg, April 30, 1867.

FRESH ARRIVAL OF FAMILY GROCERIES, AT

JOHN K. GIRTON'S STORE,

BLOOMSBURG, PENNA.

The subscriber has just returned from the eastern cities with a large and choice stock of first-class

Groceries and Dry-Goods,

which he offers to the citizens of Bloomsburg and vicinity as low as can be had of any dealer in this section of the County.

His stock consists of the best varieties of

COFFEE,	MOLASSES,
SUGAR,	TEA,
FISH (of fine quality.)	SPICES,

DRIED MEATS, (in their season)
BOSTON, AND OTHER CRACKERS,
SOAP & CANDLES, &c., &c., CHEESE,
COAL & LINSEED OILS,

also a nice assortmint of Dry Goods and Hosiery, and a full variety of goods of the above class, and of other kinds. In addition to which he has recently added to his stock a fine assortment of

CEDAR WARE AND WILLOW WARE;

in which variety of goods he has several new articles of modern invention, extensively used where known, and which must come into use here He also has a fine supply of

French Moroccoes;

and also of Morocco Linings for Shoemaker's work; and a good assortment of

Queensware.

☞ Call and examine.

JOHN K. GIRTON.
S. E. Corner of Main and Iron Streets.
Bloomsburg, Nov. 20, 1867.

NEW BAKERY AND CONFECTIONERY

Establishment

ON THIRD STREET,

BELOW MARKET,

BLOOMSBURG, PA.

J. F. FOX, Proprietor of this establishment, would respectfully inform his old and new customers, that he has everything fitted up at his new stand to enable him to furnish them with BREAD, CAKES, AND CONFECTIONERIES, as heretofore.

☞ Hereafter all persons who have been furnished with Ale, Lager Beer, and Porter, by the whole, half, or quarter barrel, will call upon WILLIAM GILMORE, at his Saloon in

Shives' Block, Main Street,

who has been authorized by the undersigned to sell the same. He will constantly have a supply on hand, which will be sold at the lowest market rates.

Mr. F. has in connection with his Bakery and Confectionery, fitted up rooms for the sale of

ICE CREAM,

to all who may favor him with their custom. He is also prepared to make Ice Cream in large quantities for parties, public or social gatherings, as the case may be. Everything pertaining to his line of business will receive careful and diligent attention.

☞ He is thankful to his customers for past favors, and most cordially solicits a continuance of the same.

J. F. FOX.
April 3, 1867.

NEW RESTAURANT,

In Shive's Building, on Main Street.

WM. GILMORE,

informs the citizens of Bloomsburg and vicinity that he has opened a New

RESTAURANT,

in this place, where he invites his old friends and customers to call and partake of his refreshments.—It is his intention to keep the best

LAGER BEER AND ALE,

constantly on hand; Also, Porter, Sarsaparilla, Mineral Water, Fancy Lemonades, Raspberry and Lemon Syrups, can always be had at his Restaurant.

In the eating line he presents a

BILL OF FARE

not surpassed in this place; viz, Pickled Oysters Clams, Sardines, Fish, Barbecued Chicken, Pickled Tripe and Beef Tongue, &c., &c. He also has a good article of

Cigars and Chewing Tobacco

for his customers. ☞ Give him a call.
Bloomsburg, June 13, 1866.

Bloomsburg Democrat.

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.

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

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

Other advertisements inserted according to special contract.

Business notices, without advertisement, twenty cents per line.

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

Printed in Shive's Block Main Street by

FRANK R. SNYDER.

THE FATHER'S DARLING.

BY JOHN COLLINS M'CABE, D. D.

Come, lose the shutter, darling
And stir again the fire,
And sing for me that little hymn
Learned in the village choir,
Then get the *big old Bible*—
My sight is growing dim—
Yes, that's the strain, my darling,
How beautiful that hymn!

Your voice is like your Mother's,
When she, like you, was young;
Ah! well do I remember
Those little songs *she* sung.
She's sleeping in the church-yard,
But why be sad to-night?
The volume now lies open,
The fire is warm and bright.

Beatitudes, how glorious,
"Blessed are the pure in heart."
Your mother's form seems by me,
As burning tear-drops start;
She's hovering near her darling—
Her own, pure, undefiled;
I feel the angel presence
That stands beside my child!

"The pure in heart," my darling,
Shall quaff the cup of bliss,
In that bright world of beauty,
How different, oh, from this!
Their brows enwreathed with garlands,
A palm in every hand;
In robes of dazzling whiteness,
In blood wash'd ranks they'll stand.

Our little hymn is ended,
Our little prayer is o'er;
Now go up to your chamber,
And, so—good night once more—
Yet ere you leave me, darling,
Come, sit upon my knee:
And in these kisses dearest one,
Learn all my love for thee.

Good night, good night, my darling,
Sweet dreams be thine, to-night;
Old memories throng upon me—
My heart will not be light,
How much she's like her mother!
She, too, has gone to sleep
Beneath the church-yard willows,
And I am left to weep.

My precious child, my darling,
The world but little knows
How sad my days, and lonely,
My nights without repose;
How books have grown distasteful,
How laughter pains my ear;
How commonplace to me, love,
The words, words, words I hear.

From those who do not know me,
And, therefore cannot feel
That deep, deep, deep loneliness,
I seek not to reveal.
But thou 'rt to me my world, love;
My heaven is in thy smile;
Now, go to sleep, my darling,
And I will watch the while.

—*Southern Society.*

THRILLING ADVENTURE.

The town of Liverpool, in Nova Scotia, situated about sixty miles from Halifax, is a place of some magnitude for a colonial outport. It is, and always has been, remarkable for the neatness and comfort of its houses, for the activity and enterprise of its people, and for the wealth and well-being of all who choose to be industrous and inclined to lay up worldly goods. The intercourse with Halifax, the capital of the province, was, at the period of which we speak, chiefly kept up by a smart and dashing little craft, called the Liverpool Packet, commanded by Captain Bass, which plied weekly between the two places throughout the spring and summer months, laying up during the severity of the winter, when the communication with Halifax was, for the most part, limited to a weekly post by land.

About the year 1815 or 1816, as the season for navigation was drawing to a close, a great number of passengers went to Halifax, as was the custom, to replenish their stores for winter, while many heads of families proceeded thither to purchase clothing, groceries, &c., for their private winter stock; and as this was to be the last trip of the season, the little barque was crowded with some forty or fifty passengers, chiefly fathers and mothers of large families who were left at home.

The voyage to Halifax was prosperous.—The voyagers made their purchases, and in due time the Liverpool Packet was ready to return. All the passengers embarked in good spirits, and the barque sailed cheerily down the harbor, and proceeded for her destination.

A few hours after her departure there sprang up one of those terrific northwesters, so well known on the coast of Nova Scotia, and blowing with the utmost fury for several days, attended with intense frost. It was clear that no vessel could keep the coast; she must either put herself before the wind and run out to sea, or all perish miserably by reck and the rigor of an atmosphere twenty or thirty degrees below zero. A change of weather so sudden, so severe, and so unexpected, gave rise to great fears for the safety of the little packet, and the next post by land was anxiously waited for by friends and relatives at both towns.

The post at length arrived, but brought no tidings of the Liverpool Packet; another post and another came in, and yet no news of the missing vessel. Search was then made along the shore to see if the wreck could be found, but not a vessel could be discovered. The bold begin to doubt, and the timid to despair, and the opinion was at last arrived at that the vessel had been blown off the coast, or sunk in a gale. If the latter she and her passengers were, of course, irretrievably gone, as no person loold live in boats in such weather; if the the former, there was still hope that the next arrivl from Bermuda would bring some intelligence.

We will not atempt to describe the deplorable state of mind of the people in the once happy little town, for nearly all had a relative on board, either father, mother, brother or sister. Prayers were put up in the churches, and a gloom mantled over the countenances of every one.

Advices were in due time received from Bermuda, but nothing was heard from the little packet and her passengers. Accounts were also received from several of the West India Islands, but still without tidings of the missing vessel.

Three months at length passed away, and the packet was given up for lost. Those who had friends on board went into mourning, and prayers were even offered up for the repose of the souls of the departed, and and so connected were the different families with each other throughout the town that the Sunday on which all who had friends on board put on black, put nearly the entire population in the habilaments of woe.

Four months had now passed away; the mourners, notwithstanding their irreparable loss were becoming reconsiled their bereivements; for there is aphilosophy in the human heart which teaches us to bear with fortitude great losses, when those of less severity are met with impatience. All hope had now fled; the vessel had, without doubt, foundered and gone to the bottom, with all on board; but when or in what part of the vast ocean, was to remain vailed in the secrets of the deep until the sea should give up its dead.

Sixteen weeks had now elapsed, when one fine morning in the spring some seafaring people dhwn in the Fort described a strange brig approaching the harbor. She attracted attention from the circumstance that, although a stranger she was navigated by one who well knew the entrance to the harbor, for she came in without pilot or shortening sail. The quick eye and watchful habits of seamen could not lightly pass over such a circumstance, and the report of a strange vessel coming spread through the little town, and many persons assembled. The best telescopes were put in requisition, but none could make out who or what the stranger was. As she drew neares to the anxious group, her deck was discovered to be crowded with male and female passengrs.

"Ah! exclaimed one who had a certain indefinable hope, as that hope sank within him, "an emigrant ship after all," and a deep sigh came from his bosom; fo he had a near and dear friend on board the little Packet. "An emigrant ship! said another; "how can any captain of an emigrant ship know so well his way into this harbor?—Besides, emigrant ships do not come to Liverpool." A pause ensued, during which one with a quick eye was gazing through the best glass the town could afford; he was on one knee, resting his telescope, when he suddenly sprang on his feet, and declared that Captain Bass was among the passengers! "Nonsense!" was the incredulous cry; "Captain Bass and the Liverpool Packet are at the bottom of the sea, and will there remain until the day of resurrection."

Not daunted by their incredulity, he said, "give me the trumpet, I will speak the brig. In a few moments she will be near enough. What brig is that?" The respones was given. "Are you Capt. Bass?" "*Yes,*" was the reply. A few words sufficed to reveal that the vessel had been blown off, and for many days went befor the wind with great rapidity. As the gale abated, Capt. Bass found he could better reach the West Indies than he could get back with so small and so crowded a vessel. Using their provisions economically, and slacking their thirst with cider and the barrels of apples that were on board, they reached Barbadoes. There the Captain sold his sloop, bought the brig, and came back safe *with all his passengers.*

The joyful news flew through the town with the impetuosity of lightning, and ere the vessel could be brought to the wharf the entire population of the place had assmbled to meet and embrace their friends. It would be in vain to attempt to describe such a scene—all were in mourning—yet all with a smile of joy beaming in their countenances. As the long lost friends and relatives leaped on shore, fathers, mothers and brothers were locked in each other's arms, and then the smiles became tears of joy.

But how was such a scene to end—how could it, or how ought it to end, with a moral and Christian people? There is in the depth of the fountain of the human heart an ever living spring, from which flows its purest and most sacred emotions. There arises the principle of religion, the sense of accountability to God and love for all goodness. This impulsive feeling came forth in a gush of spantaneous gratitude; and the tears and sobs had scarcely ceased, when, with one sudden impulse, the whole assemblage sank on their knees, and in a burst of pious fervor poured out thanks to the great and merciful Being who had so singularly preserved them—and who holds us in the hollow of His hand.

This extraordinary circumstance is not within the recollection of many persons, but a few still survive in Nova Scotia who have a distict remembrance of it. In this relation we may have omitted many details, but the general outlines are entirely true.

A Moment of Horror.

I do not propose to tell a story either of romance or of sentiment, but simply to narrate an incident which happened to myself in the fall of 185—. I was bound westward to the city of New York.

The city was crowded with strangers. After unsuccessful applications at several hotels, at last I obtained lodgings at ——'s, kept on the European plan. Here I was obliged to content myself with a chamber on the fourth floor, oddly enough arranged in some respects, as, upon going to it, after supping, for the purpose of changing my travel-stained dress, I noticed the room had no window, with the exception of a square opening in the wall, through which air and light were admitted from the adjoining room. To the opening, too, was attached a shutter in that room. I dressed, and attended the Bowery Theatre, reaching my apartment, on returning, about half-past twelve o'clock at night.

When about stepping into bed, I observed the wicket open, and a thought struck me to take a look into the adjoining apartment. Why it was I know not; perhaps a sense of my cold insecurity actuated me.

I got upon a chair, and gazed through the window into the chamber. No one was there. It was furnished like my own. A lamp was burning upon the table, and upon the latter was lying a bolster, a whetstone, and a pair of large false whiskers.

Well, thought I, these are rather queer articles of wardrobe. After a glance at the premises. I felt anything but easy. I finally got into bed, first placing the lamp upon the floor at the foot; and examining my pistol, I laid it carefully under my head. At first, though quite fatigued, I could not sleep; and when I did doze, my dreams were uneasy and troubled. "Macbeth" had been the play at the theatre, and witches and black whiskers, Banquo's ghost, with pistol, bolsters, and the like interesting visitors, were the companions of my dreamy thoughts.

About three o'clock, it might have been, I was aroused by a somewhat singular noise. On listening, it evidently proceeded from the next room. It could be likened to nothing I had ever heard; it was low, but regular and metallic in its sound—so to express it, such a sound, for instance, as might be made it cutting glass with a diamond. Suddenly I thought of the whetstone on the table, and at the same moment became convinced the noise was that of a knife being sharpened. My bed was placed in the diagonal corner of the room from the wicket, and I had been lying with my back to the latter. I turned in the bed as noiclessly as possible, so as to face the wicket, grasping my pistol. The lamp was burning dimly, and all was as still as death.

As my eye fell upon the window, it encountered first a hand placed upon the sill; then rose by degrees a head, with a pair of *glittering black eyes, great heavy whiskers,* and a long, sharp knife between his teeth! I think I possess the ordinary courage of a man, but I must confess the blood in my veins seemed to curdle as I viewed the apparation. Quick as lightning, I sprang up in bed, and pointing my pistol, cried out, "If you move a muscle from your position, you're a dead man." The eyes glared, the head remaining, however, as described, the man not uttering a syllable. I got out of bed, and with pistol still presented and eyes fixed on his, I backed to the bell-rope and pulled it violently. In a few moments a servant came up. I called to him to bring a police officer; there is something serious going on here. In a moment the passage was filled with the inmates of the house. In a short time a "star" made his appearance, and took the man into custody. The landlord said he had arrived that evening without baggage.

The next day a gentleman claimed the supposed assassin as his brother, a *maniac,* whom he had been conducting to the insane asylum in Philadelphia, and who had escaped from him while in that city. He had made his way to New York, and with the well-known cunning of a madman, had managed to avoid detection. I suppose the "power of the eye"—for I kept mine fixed on his—had restrained him, otherwise he could easily have mastered me in a moment.

Since then, whilst in a strange place, I have been careful to examine and secure my chamber before retiring.

AFTER the terrible powder explosion in China in December, which blew half the town of Hankow to pieces, one of the most curious sights was the great number of bullocks standing around among the bedries where their stalls had been, alive and quiet, but denuded of all their hair, and in some cases literally skinned.

THE following is recommended as a receipe for making Bologna sausage:—Take eel skin and stuff it with ground cat; season it with Scotch snuff and parsimmon oil; lay it on a hog pen to dry, and then hang it up by the tail in a grocery for three months for flies to give the trade mark, then it is ready for use.

Character of a True Odd Fellow.

In a literal matter of-fact age, like the present, institutions and individual members of such bodies are scanned with a closeness, of scrutiny that places their pretensions upon a proper level. High professions will not cover up moral delinquencies; nor will the mere declarations of adhesion to the principles of Benevolence, Philanthropy, and Brotherly Love, be accepted by the world as substitutes for the absence of all practical action, in accordance with these principles.

We have never held any visionary opinions regarding the influence of our Order; we are not beleivers in the Utopian theories sometimes promulgated by zealous, but mistaken members of the Order on this subject. We do not anticipate any perfectibility of man, to be achieved by the agency of Odd Fellowship, for we know how deficient must be every means employed by human energies. But while thus divesting Odd Fellowship, of any indentification with transcendental notions or ultraism, we claim for it a world—renovating mission, that places it among the foremost of the Philanthropic Institutions of the age. The *practical* character of our Order entitles it to this preeminence. In its corporate capacity, the great governing principle of charity, on which it is based, is carried out with systematic and well ordered action. On this fundamental point of our Order, we stand impregnable against all the shafts of our opponents.

It is, indeed, a spectacle to command admiration, to see an association, comprising over two hundred thousand members, scattered over every portion of the vast, extended continent, all guided by one mainspring of action, and that the heaven—directed principle of CHARITY! The amount of human suffering that has been alleviated by this consolidated effort, could it be known, would astonish even ourselves, familiar as we are with the practical operations of the Order. Go—existent with our main design of Charity, Fraternization. These to great objects from the fundamental basis of our organization and collectively as a body we have faithfully and efficiently performed the duties enjoined upon us in our affiliated connection; and have heretofore stood before the world invulnerable, on these leading principles of Odd Fellowship.

Such is the character of our Order, and its results, when viewed in its aggregated form. Our enemies and opponents now yield to us all we have assumed on this broad ground of *collective* usefulness and high-toned principle. But while conceding this, they point with bitter sarcasm to the unworthy acts of individual members, and sneer at the dissensions and differences which are occasionally exhibited in our councils. It is worse than folly to deny that these charges have no foundation in truth. We can not disguise facts as they exist among us. We may lament the existence of all these defects in our individual members; we may deplore the want of unanimity in our councils: nay, we may palliate our defections, by asserting that our Institutions is but a human invention—that its members are now subjected to the common infirmities of humanity, and that Odd Fellowship, as an institution, is not justly, chargeable with defects, which are alike common to all human societies, either collectively or individually; and we shall, to a certain extent, be warranted in making such a defense. And yet when we return to the great fundamental principles, which should govern us as a body, and can adequately realize that CHARITY and the cultivation of THE FRATERNIZING SPIRIT, are the governing laws of Odd Fellowship, we must place our hands upon our mouths, and remain *dumb* before the accusations to which we are justly exposed, for we must feel the consciousness that every individual member of the Order might act up to the true character of an Odd Fellow, as well in his private relations, as in his affiliated position with the Order. What would be the character of such a member acting upon the principles enjoined by Odd Fellows?

The leading traits of such a character may be better described by negatives than by affirmatives; for the vast extent of individual duties and responsibilities devolving upon a faithful and worthy member of our Order cannot be definitely laid down.

We say then that the *true Odd Fellow* is not a man who allows the natural selfishness of his nature to predominate in every movement he takes in the Order. He is not the carping, irritable opponent of any act of generosity and benevolence left discretionary in the powers of the members. He is not the petty leader of trifles in his lodge. He is not governed by feelings of personal excitement toward his brother members; for such feelings are incompatible with our pretensions, and might be assuaged by a simple regard for our characters as Odd Fellows. He is not an ambitious and an intriguing aspirant for office and honors, for charity and brotherly regards are merged in these contests. He values and estimates these distinctions, but he will not be desirous of obtaining them by the loss of principle. If they are awarded to him, he will not assume undue airs of superiority on account of his elevation, for he has learned the true lesson of equality, conveyed in the sacred character of Brother. Nor will he be arbitrary and despotic in his acts, for the law of CHARITY is his regulator.

The true Odd Fellow is not the prescriber and denouncer of his brother, for opinion's sake. The broad platform of Odd Fellowship guarantees the largest liberty of individual thought, and the most unlimited freedom of individual right. Whenever our legislature has invaded this fundamental privilege of the member, it is a departure from the true spirit of Odd Fellowship. We consider the correct understanding of the vested rights of members, to form one of the constituents of the true Odd Fellow. Such a man will never, under any pretext, either of expediency or undefined powers vested in the laws of the executive authority, trench one atom on the guaranteed rights of his brother members. These are sacred with him as is the personal property or the individual characters of our members. They are inalienable—they are consecrated by the governing law of Charity, and the principle of Fraternization, which binds us together.

We need not add that the true Odd Fellow must be a benevolent man—not only within the precints of his own lodge-room, but he must carry his philanthropic spirit into general practice. The Odd Fellow that is a cold, calculating, avaricious, heartless man in his intercourse with the world, is a living libel upon the Order he has falsely identified himself with.

We will not enlarge the picture we have endeavored to sketch of the true Odd Fellow. It is not an imaginary one; there are hundreds of our members who might set for the portrait; men who ate governed in all their actions as Odd Fellows by the great principles we profess, and are rendered thereby more valuable citizens and better men. The application we would draw from our remarks is to enforce a closer study of the real obligations we have assumed by becoming members of our Order, and by this process avoid the disgrace attached to those who do not act up to "*the character* OF A TRUE ODD FELLOW."—*The American Odd Fellow:*

NOT LOTTERIES, BUT SWINDLES.—Judge Piere in his charge to the Grand Jury said: "He was happy to say that such things as the Gettysburg and Washington Library schemes, which were nothing more than lotteries, were passing away, vanishing from sight by the action of the Legislature in repealing the acts creating them. The community had reasons for congratulation that the pernicious system of lotteries was thus suppressed." The happiness of this Judge will be shared by all honest citizens; but in this matter, the language of his charge might have been even stronger, without transcending truth. To speak of the two schemes named as "things," and as "nothing more than lotteries," is to fail to fitly characterize them. Lotteries are bad enough but there is some show of honsty about them sufficient to secure them legal recognition, in some of the States. But schemes, in which all the valuable prizes exist only on paper, and in which the drawings if they ever do take place, take place by stealth, are clearly unalloyed swindlers, as many of our simple-minded citizens have discovered by experience.

EFFECTS OF TEA ON THE SYSTEM.—The Boston *Journal of Chemistry* publishes a lengthy article on the proprieties of tea in the course of which the writer says it is no matter of wonder with him that the brain-workers, in all the years since tea was introduced, have regarded it with the highest favor. It has a power to subdue irritability, refresh the spirits and renew the energies, such as is possessed by no other agent.—When the system is exhausted by labor or study a cup of tea invigorates as no other form of food or beverage can. He thinks it promotive of longevity, and adds: "Tea saves food by lessening the waste of the body, soothes the vascular system and affords stimulus to the brain. The young do not need it, and it is worthy of note that they do not crave or like it. Children will frequently ask for coffee, but seldom for tea. To aged people whose powers of digestion and whose bodily substance have begun to fail together, it is almost a necessity."

THE credit system of busines has some few advantages, but none to compensate for the mischief it entails. It is to the system of mercantile credits that we owe all the bankruptcies that occur—amounting to from ninety to ninety-five per cent. of all persons engaged in mercantile pursuits. The existence of credits compels good customers to pay for losses incurred by bad ones. It makes it possible for swindling to become a branch of busines, by the opportunity it affords for the unprincipled to prey upon the industrous. It taxes labor to the amount of many millions annually, no man being able to sell as low for credit as for cash.—This additional tax, occasioned by bad debts, delay in payment, and expense in collecting contingent and doubtful debts, is finally paid by the consumer.

SMOKE.—The short pipe of the hod-carrier is just as good to him as the regalias could be that cost $200 a thousand in Havana, and sixty cents each in New York. If you were to give him one of those regalias he would prefer to cut it up and smoke it in his pipe, and then he would not find it as good as the tobacco he usually smokes. The poor laborer's pipe is a potent equalizer. To the enjoyment of pleasures purely luxurious there is a limit which is soon reached; and I maintain that a poor man gets as much of this kind of pleasure out of his pipe as a prince or a railroad king can extract from all the costly wines and viands of a table. If there is a man in the world who ought to smoke, that ancient hod-carrier is the man. A stronger case for smoking cannot be selected from ordinary life.

A HUNTER'S PERILS.—Last week, two men, whose names were not ascertained, were deer hunting on the southern branch of the Cass river, in Sanilac county, Michigan, and meeting two deer fired at them, and wounding one—when the deer ran in opposite directions, each hunter taking after one of them. He that took after the wounded deer was not long in overtaking and killing him, when he proceeded to the starting point, but before arriving there, he noticed that a bear had crossed his path.—Leaving his venison, he took after the bear, and in about one hundred rods travel came within twenty feet of him in a small cedar marsh. He now attempted to shoot him, but his rifle hung fire, when the bear rushed furiously at him, and a fierce encounter ensused, resulting in the hunter severely wounding bruin and his voluntarily leaving off the engagement. An hour afterward, when found by his companion, the hunter was in an extremely enfeebled state from the loss of blood, being frightfully lacerated on the chest and lower extremities. He was carried a distance of two miles to a shanty, and lived but four hours. His rifle barrel was bent nine inches from a direct line.

A MRS. CARM, of St. Joseph, Missouri, recently eloped with a physicia, and rubbed in the insult by leaving this touching epistle for her husband's perusal: "Dear Hubby, you are played out. I like the Docter so well that I prefer going with him rather than staying with you—you good-for-nothing degenerate cuss. It's none of your business where we are going to. It won't do you a bit of good to follow us, for I wouldn't live another day with you to save your life. You made a mistake in thinking I loved you. I never did. I married you merely for convenience sake. I take the baby along, and I'll take good care of it. You can sue for a divorce, or get married as soon as you please. The woman who gets you next will have a healthy old prize. Be virtuous and you will be happy."

YOUR LATE WIFE.

JOHN RANDOLPH.—Randolph was in a tavern, lying on a sofa in the parlor, waiting for the stage to come to the door. A dandified chap stepped into the room with a whip in hand, just come from a drive, and, standing before the mirror arranged his hair and collar, quite unconscious of the presence of the gentleman on the sofa.—After attitudinizing for awhile, he turned to go out, when Mr. Randolph asked him;

"Has the stage come?"

"Stage, sir, stage?" cried the fop; "I've nothing to do with it, sir!"

"Oh, beg your pardon," said Randolph abruptly; "I thought you were the driver!"

A FATAL disease among the swine is reported in several parts of Ohio. In Hocking county some farmers are loosing from fifteen to twenty hogs a day. The disease is said to be an affection of the throat. It has also prevailed to some extent among the turkeys in that region.

LETTERS from the Abyssian captives describe King Theodore as a savage monster who punishes offenders by burning them alive in their cabins, or driving his baggage wagons over their bodies till all so semblance of humanity is crushed out of them.

"Is this what the ladies wear around their waists?" asked a country youth of a friend who was a clerk in a dry goods store in the city. "Of corset is," returned the counter jumper, with a mischievous wink.

"WHAT is that?" asked a Sunday School teacher pointing to the letter O.

"Dunno," said the urchin.

"What do you say when you stub your toe?"

"D—n it," was the precocious reply.

MR. *Tree* if you are about to *leave,* I shall detain your *trunk,* exclaimed an incensed lady to her lodger, who was slightly in arrears. What for? asked Mr. Tree indignantly. For *board* replied the widow.

IN describing a new organ, a country editor says,—"The swell died away in a delicious suffocation, like one singing a sweet song under the bed clothes."

A SPECIFIC against falling on ice may be found in the old penitential recipe: Sackcloth and ashes; sackcloth for the souls and ashes for the streets.

IF a man is without enemies I wouldn't give ten cents for his friends. The man who can please everybody hasn't got sense enough to displease anybody.

WE should round every day of stirring action with an evening of thought. We learn nothing from our experience unless we muse upon it.

A SHREWD landlord in England hangs out a sign with the inscription, "Good beer sold here, but don't take my word for it."

"I AM passionately fond of paintings," as a young man said when he kissed the rough cheek of his sweetheart.

AN Irish sailor once visited a city where he said "they copper-bottomed the tops of their houses with sheet-lead."

WHEN is a young man's arm like the gospel? When it maketh glad the waist places.

A SWEET thing on ice—teaching a sixteen year old bundle of calico how to skate.

A WORK OF ART—A widow trying to get a husband.