BLOOMSBURG STAR DEMOCRAT.

VOL. XXXII. BLOOMSBURG, PA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 8, 1868. NUMBER 20.

OFFICERS OF COLUMBIA CO.

President Judge—Hon. William Elwell.
Associate Judges— Irm Derr. Peter K. Herbein.
Proth'y and Cl'k of Courts—Jesse Coleman.
Register and Recorder—John G. Freeze.
Commissioners— John F. Fowler, Montgomery Cole. David Yeager,
Sheriff—Mordecai Millard.
Treasurer—Jacob Yohe.
Auditors— L. B Rupert, John P. Hannon. Jacob Harris.
Commissioner's Clerk—Wm. Krickbaum.
Commissioner's Attorney—E. H. Little.
Mercantile Appraiser—W. H. Jacoby.
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, Daniel McHenry.
Collector—Benjamin F. Hartman.

Bloomsburg Literary Institute.

BOARD OF INSTRUCTION.
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Miss Julia Guest, Teacher in Primary Department.
Spring term commences April 13th, 1868.
Bloomsburg, March 18, 1868.

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, nea 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 Stoiner & 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 general, that he has resumed the Practice of Law. Conveyancing and all legal business promptly attended to.
OFFICE in the Exchange Building, second story over Eyer & Moyer's Drug Store.
Bloomsburg, May 1, 1867.

SAMUEL EVERETT
WITH
HERTZLER & GUOIN,
IMPORTERS
AND DEALERS IN
WINES AND LIQUORS,
NO. 124 WALNUT STREET,
AND NO. 19 GRANITE STREET.
HARRY HERTZLER,
GEO. A. GUION.
August 7, 1867.

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.

DR. J. R. EVANS,
Physician and Surgeon,
HAVING located permanently on Main Street, BLOOMSBURG, Pa., would inform the public generally, that he is prepared to attend to all business faithfully and punctually that may be intrusted to his care, on terms commensurate with the times.
He pays strict attention to Surgery as well as Medicine.
Dec. 5, 1863.—ly.

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

DENTISTRY.
C. HOWER,
SURGEON DENTIST.
RESPECTFULLY offers his professional services to the ladies and gentlemen of Bloomsburgand vicinity. He is prepared to attend to all the various branches in the line of his profession and is provided with the latest improved *PORCELAIN TEETH*; which inserted on gold, platina, silver and rubber bases, as well as the natural teeth.
Gold plate and block teeth manufactured and all persons on teeth carefully and properly attended to.
Office and office a few doors above the Court House on the same side.
Bloomsburg, June 6 1863

OYSTER SALOON,
in the basement of the
AMERICAN HOUSE,
BALTZER LEACOCK, SUPT.
Fresh Oysters served up in every style and at all hours; with all the other "fixins" found in first class Restaurants.
Ale constantly on hand, together with choice Liquors of every brand.
Everything in tip-top order about this Saloon. Profanity not tolerated. Step in and find my Saloon in neat order.
Bloomsburg, Nov. 13, 1867.

NOTICE.

All persons having subscribed Stock in the Bloomsburg Literary Institute, are hereby notified that the last Installment was due and payable April 1st, 1868. Those who have not paid up in full are requested to do so forthwith, and get their certificates, by order of the Board of Trustees.

E. MENDENHALL, Treasurer.

June 10 '68—2m.

ITCH! ITCH!! ITCH!!!
SCRATCH! SCRATCH!! SCRATCH!!!
in from 10 to 48 hours.

Wehaton's Ointment	cures	The Itch.
Wheaton's Ointment	cures	Salt Rheum
Wheaton's Ointment	cures	Tetter.
Wheaton's Ointment	cures	Barbers' Itch
Wheaton's Ointment	cures	Old Sores.
Wheaton's Ointment	cures	Every kind of Humor like Magic.

Price, 50 cents a box; by mail, 60 cents. Address WEEKS & POTTER, No. 170 Washington Street Boston, Mass. For sale by all Druggists.
Sept. 25, 1867.—1 yr.

LADIES' DRESS MAKING.
NEW AND FASHIONABLE
SPRING GOODS.
THE undersigned would respectfully invite the attention of the citizens of this place and vicinity, to their new and fancy goods, at their store on Main street, second door east of Joseph Barkley's Cabinet and Chair Rooms, where they are prepared to *Furnish Goods & Make Up Dresses, Coats,* &c., in the latest style. Also sell patterns for Ladies' Dresses and Coats, and for Children's wear. Give them a call. They have everything of the best in their line, and cheap for cash.
JULIA A. & SADIE M. BARKLEY.
Bloomsburg, April 22, 1868-1m.

ORANGEVILLE HOTEL,
COLUMBIA COUNTY, PENN'A.
EDWARD EVERETT, Proprietor.
Would respectfully inform his friends and the public in general, that he has lately taken charge of this well-known and conveniently located House, long kept by Samuel Everett, Esq., and that this House is *in complete order for the accommodation of boarders,* and for the entertainment of travelers who may feel disposed to favor him with their custom. No pains and expense have been spared in repairing and refurnishing this Hotel for the entertainment of guests, and nothing on the part of the Proprietor will be left undone to minister to their personal wants. His Bar will always be furnished with the best and most choice liquors, and his table with the best the market affords. [my13'68.

EXCHANGE RESTAURANT.
The Proprietors having renovated and refitted their RESTAURANT, in the basement of the
EXCHANGE HOTEL,
they would most respectfully solicit a continuance of the patronage of their old customers, and cordially invite the attention of new ones to their refreshments as follows:
SHELL OYSTERS,
CANNED OYSTERS
SPICED OYSTERS, FRESH FISH, three times per week, HAM AND EGGS, TRIPE, BOLOGNA, best of
LIQUORS AND CIGARS.
☞ Oysters can be served up to customers at a moments notice, in
VARIOUS STYLES,
STEWED, CHAFED FRIED, OR RAW, to suit the tastes of the epicurian.
KOONS & CLARK.
Bloomsburg, April 29 1868.

LATELY OPENED.
THE undersigned would respectfully inform the citizens of Bloomsburg and vicinity, that he has just opened a Shop on Iron street, between Main and Third, where he will follow the cabinet making business in all its branches. Orders for
Metalic or Other Coffins,
filled with promptness and despatch. Repairs cheaply made to all kinds of furniture, including the replaining of cane-bottomed chairs, upholstering, sofas, and sofa bottom chairs. Patterns for castings made neatly and expeditiously, and orders are solicited either in person or by mail. Picture frames made to order at short notice.
ROBERT ROAN.
Bloomsburg, April 15, 1868.

OWEN HOUSE.
BERWICK, PA.
T. Bent. Taylor, Proprietor.
The proprietor begs leave to inform the public that he has taken charge of this well-known House, which has of late undergone a complete change in both its exterior and interior appearance, making the House in every respect more comfortable and inviting to the traveling public as well as its local patronage. The present proprietor will spare no pains to continue this House what it has been, viz A well conducted House of entertainment for the traveling public and all others whose business transactions have made them guests. [April 15, 1868.

SELLERS & FOLWELL,
WHOLESALE
CONFECTIONERS
AND FRUITERERS,
No. 161 *North Third Street,*
PHILADELPHIA.
☞ Orders promptly attended to.
Feb. 19, 1868.—3m.

EXCHANGE HOTEL,
BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA.
The undersigned having purchased and lately refitted this well-known House, situated on MAIN ST., immediately opposite the Court House, respectfully informs their friends and the public generally, that their House is now in order for the accommodation and entertainment of travelers.
They have spared no pains in preparing the Exchange for the entertainment and comfort of their guests. Their House is spacious, and enjoys a good business location.
OMNIBUSSES run at all times between this House and the different railroad Depots, by which travelers will be conveyed to and from the respective Stations in due time to meet the cars.
KOONS & CLARK.
April 29, 1868.

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

PLASTER FOR SALE.
THE undersigned have 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 April.
McKINCH & SHUMAN
Catawissa, April 1, 1868.

NEW MILLINERY GOODS AND FANCY TRIMMINGS.
The undersigned most respectfully informs her Lady customers, and the public in general, that she has just added to her already large and varied assortment of
FANCY MILLINERY GOODS
A NEW SUPPLY, well and tastefully selected for the present and coming season. Her NEW BONNETS AND HATS are calculated to take the lead in this place and vicinity. She has everything found in first-class
Millinery & Fancy Stores,
and makes up and sells her goods upon the most reasonable terms. Give her a call and examine her new stock of goods. LIZZIE BARKLEY.
STORE, Main Street, (Ramsey Building.)
October 23, 1867. Bloomsburg.

GO TO BROWER'S TO BUY YOUR
GOODS.

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.	1w.	2w.	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,	6.50	9.00	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.

Pretty Stanzas.

Leaf by leaf the roses fall;
Drop by drop the spring runs dry;
One by one beyond recall,
Summer beauties fade and die,
But the roses bloom again,
And the springs gush anew,
In the pleasant April rain
And the summer sun and dew.

So, in hours of deepest gloom,
When the springs of gladness fall,
And the roses in the bloom
Droop like maidens wan and pale,
We shall find some hope that lies
Like a silent gem apart,
Hidden far from careless eyes
In the garden of the heart.

Some sweet hope to gladness wed,
That will spring afresh and new,
When grief's winter shall have fled,
Giving place to rain and dew—
Some sweet hope that breathes of spring
Through the weary, weary time,
Budding forth its blossoming.
In the spirit's glorious clime.

PEACE.

Fierce was the wild billow,
Dark was the night;
Oars labored heavily,
Foam glimered white—
Mariner's trembled,
Peril was nigh;
Then said the God of God,
"Peace! It is I."

Ridge of the mountain-wave,
Lower her crest!
Wail of Euroclydon,
Be thou at rest!
Peril can none be,
Sorrow must fly,
When saith the Light of Light,
"Peace! it is I!"

Jesus, Deliverer!
Come Thou to me;
Soothe Thou my voyageing
Over Life's sea!
Thou when the storm of Death
Roars, sweeping by
Whisper, O Truth of Truth!—
"Peace! It is I,"

Little Girls in a Home.

We cannot imagine a home more incomplete than the one where there is no little girl to stand in the void of the domestic circle which boys can never fill, and draw all hearts within the magic ring of her presence. There is something about the little girls which is especially loveable; even their wild naughty ways seemed utterly void of evil, when they are so soon followed by the sweet penitence, that overflows in such gracious showers. Your boys are great noble fellows; generous, living, and full of good impulses; but they are noisy and demonstrative; dearly as you love them, you are glad their places are out of doors; but the little girl with light steps is always beside you; she brings the slippers for papa, and with prety dimpled fingers unfolds the paper for him to read! she puts on a thimble not biger than a fairy's and with some very mysterious combination of "doll rags" fills up a small rocker by mama, with a wonderful assumption of womanly dignity. And who shall tell how the little thread of speech that flows with sweet silvery lightness from those innocent lips, twines itself around the mother's heart, never to rust; not even when the dear little face is hid among the daises, as so many motherr know.

Her young heart in after years has not been filled by the pernicious nonsense which results in so many unhappy marriages and hasty divorces. Dear girl she thinks all the time of what a good home she has had, and she does not know how far, very far, for the time and eternity. her own pure example *will radiate as a blessing into other homes,* where a sister's memory will be consecrated grounds of the past.

Cherish then the little girls, dimpled darlings, who tear their aprons, cut the table cloths and eat the sugar and salt of life!—Let them dress and undress their doll-babies to their heart's content, and dont tell them Tomb Thumb and Red Riding Hood are fictions, but leave them alone till they find it out, which they will do all to soon. Answer all the funny questions they ask; and do not make fun of their baby theology, and when you must whip them, do it so that if you should remember it, it should not be with tears, for a great many little girls lose their hold suddenly before the room door from which they just escaped is shut, and find their way back to the angels. So, be gentle with the darlings, and see what a track of sunshine will follow in the wake of the little bobbing heads that daily find a great many hard problems to solve.

A preacher, in a funeral sermon on a lady, after summing up her good qualities, added, "that she always reached her husband his hat, when he called for it, without muttering.

[From the La Crosse Democrat.]

What Paper Shall I Take.

BY JUNIUS, JR.

As the great Presidential campaign approaches, this question suggests itself to Democrats. Extraordinary efforts are being made to foist upon you the New York *World*, but before you take stock in the concern, let us review its history for a few moments.—Its editor, Manton Marble, graduated from the office of the New York Evening *Post*, a journal known for its abolitionism and opposition to Democracy, whose editor he was for a number of years. The *World* was started as a religious daily, but like all former attempts in the same direction, this one met with a poor success. It then threw up the advocacy of religion, and appeared as an abolition political newspaper. It continued for several months to advocate abolitionism, when it became bankrupt. Its proprietor, Marble, then went to ex-Mayor Opdyke and stated such to be the fact, and that unless he, (Opdyke,) and other "Republican" politicians furnished him means to "resuscitate the paper," that he "would be compelled to go over to the opposition," "which would be the most mortifying event of his life, but as the presses were to be sold in a few days to Democratic politicians, the money must be forthcoming, or his principles would have to follow his presses." The conversation was sworn by Mr. George Opdyke while under oath, and will be found in the proceedings of the "Weed-Opdyke slander case," which I think was tried in 1864. The presses were sold to the bondholders, and of course the editor's principles, for did he not say the one must follow the other? The *World* was then announced as the "leading Democratic journal of the country." It has since well earned that reputation *in one sense.* It has led every other Democratic paper in the advocacy of negro suffrage, and everything else anti-Democratic. It has led in its abuse of every prominent Democrat whom the people love. But the fact that a good share of the expenses of its publication have to be paid from the pockets of the bondholders, as a result of its almost gratuitous circulation, in order to gain for it any readers, shows that it has never led itself to glory, or even to a paying subscription list. Dean Richmond, a New York bondholder, just before his death, was bled to the amount of $50,000 to make up some of its losses. The *World* is an abolition journal sailing under Democratic colors. Its negro doctrines are repudiated by the masses of the people, as are also its financial ones. Its course in the latter instance is frowned upon at home, even by the N. Y. Legislature, which lately voted in favor of paying off the bonds in greenbacks, and taking them also.

Now, my Democratic friends, let me ask you a simple question, viz: What kind of champions do we need in the present crisis? Do we want abolitionists, whose hearts are not in the work—who do not believe what *they print, and have to be paid to advocate* our cause the same as a lawyer does to defend a client. Rather, do we not need *Democrat-brave men, and true,* who believe in the justice of the cause they champion, and therefore throw their whole soul into the work? If you do believe with me that the latter class are the kind of editors the times demand, allow me to recommend for your support the "La Cross Democrat" and the "New York Day Book." I have enjoyed the perusal of the Democrat for three years, and have no hesitation in saying that for soundness and reliability it is not surpassed by any other paper. It unites with a brave advocacy of the people's rights, a cutting sarcasm. It furnishes the argument and the "pictures to match" I have *enjoyed* the acquaintance of the Day Book since its management under its present proprietors, and can fully recommend it to all as a faithful exponent of the principles of old fashioned Jeffersonian Democracy. It has proved faithful under all circumstances, even when to do so its editors threw their all—even life itself, in the balance against mob law and Lincoln tyranny. These journals, unlike the World, entail no losses on their proprietors, as the people are yielding them an immense support. Democrats, I would advise you to shun the "World," the flesh (Herald) and the devil (Tribune), and that those of you receiving Marble's circulars, burn them, then write him a reply similar to the folling, which was mailed from this place:

BRONSON, *Mich.*, April 27, 1868.
M. Marble, Editor N. Y. World:

SIR:—Your letter asking my assistance in circulating the "World" is received, and in reply, would state that I have always regarded the "World" a pirate sheet—an abolition journal, sailing under Democratic colors. I am glad to learn from you there are no copies coming to this office, but had long suspected as much, as there never but one person subscribed for it, and he, after a few week's perusal, informed me he had been "sold," and should discontinue at the end of the year. There was, however, a strong effort made here some time since to form a club for the "World" but Democrats interpreting your system of "Liberal, Progressive Democracy" to signify our dollars when the sun shines—desertion, and rolling at the feet of the greasy negro, at the approach of danger, gave the movement a "cold shoulder" instead of dollars, and the movers in the club soon becoming heartily ashamed of the part they had acted, reported by sending for the Day Book and La Crosse Democrat. J. F. R.

Artemas Ward said that the man who wrote, "I saddest when I sing," was a fool to sing much.

Wanted—A Boy With Ten Points.

1, Honest. 2, Pure. 3, Intelligent. 4, Active. 5, Industrious. 6, Obedient. 7, Steady. 8, Obliging. 9, Polite. 10, Neat. *One thousand first-rate places are open for* one thousand boys who can come up to the standard. Each boy can suit his taste as to the kind of business he would prefer. The places are ready for every kind of occupation. Many of them are already filled by boys who lack some of the most important points, but they will soon be vacant. One is in an office not far from where we write. The lad who has the situation is losing his first point. He likes to attend the circus and the theatre. This costs more money than he can afford, but somehow he manages to be there frequently. His employers are quietly watching to learn how he gets so much extra spending money; they will soon discover a leak in the money drawer, detect the dishonest boy, and his place will be ready for some one who is now getting ready for it by observing point No. 1, and being truthful in all his ways. Some situations will soon be vacant, because the boys have been poisoned by readinfi bad books, such as they would not dare to show to their fathers, and would be ashamed to have their mothers see. The impure thoughts suggested by thase books will lead to vicious acts; the boys will be ruined, and their places must be filled. Who will be ready for one of these vacancies? Distinguished lawyers, useful ministors, skillful physicians, successful merchants, must all soon leave their places for somebody else to fill. One by one thy are removed by death. Mind your ten points, boys, they will prepare you to step into the vacancies in the front ranks. Every man who is worthy to employ a boy is looking for you, if you have the points. Do not fear that you will be overlooked. A young person having these qualities will shine as plainly as a star at night. We have named ten points that go toward making up the character of a successful boy, so that they can be easily remembered. You can imagine one on each finger, and so keep them in mind—they will be worth more than diamond rings, and you will then never be ashamed to "show your hand."

Western Ideas of Fun.

A Wisconsin paper gives the following graphic but not flattering illustration of society in Oshkosh, in the same State. A minister from a neighboring town started to go, one day last week, on a kind of missionary enterprise. He drove his own team, and when within about six miles of the end of his journey, he met a man limping along, with the blood running down the side of his face. The minister asked him if that was the road to Oshkosh. "Yes you are on the right road. I just came from there. I have been up there having a little fun with the boys." About two miles further on he met another man, one arm in a sling; one eye badly bunged, and his clothing in a dilapidated condition. "How far *is it to* Oshkosh?" asked the minister. "Only (h-i-c) five miles," answered the pitiable object. "Oshkosh is a live town. I've been up there having fun with the boys." With a sad heart the minister drove on falling into revery on the depravity of man in general, and the Oshkoshions in particular, when suddenly he came upon a man sitting by the side of the road. One arm was sprained, one ear had been bitten off, and, seated by the side of a puddle of water, he was seeking relief by bathing the part affected. The minister was perfectly awe rtricken. Stopping his horse, he inquired of the man wat terrible accident had befallen him. "O, not any at all," faintly responded the bleeding wreck; "I have only been *up to Oshkosh, having a little fun with the* boys." "I suppose you mean by that that you having engaged in some brutalizing fight," said the minister. "Yes," said the man. "I have heard that's what they call it down at Found du Lac, where they are civilized; but they don't call it by that name up at Oshkosh. There they call it have a little fun with the boys." "What do you suppose your wife will say when she sees you?" asked the reverend gentleman. At this time the man looked up with a sardonic smile. Putting his remaining well hand in his pocket, he pulled out a piece of nose, a large lock of hair, to whtch a part of the scalp was attached, and a piece of flesh he had bitten from the cheek of his opponent, and holding them out for the minister's in*spection, growled out,* "*There, what do* you suppose his wife will say when she sees him?" This was a squelcher. As anxious as the minister was to overcome sin and do good, he was not yet prepared to invade the devil's stronghold; and, turning around, he returned home. The next time he starts on a missionary enterprise to the frontier of Oshkosh, he will take good care not to go alone. He likes a little fun now and then, but he don't care about having it with the boys.

"The Lower Orders."

If the Mongrel party hold on to power, if the chains of taxation which the working classes, the great ninety-five per cent. of the people, are now badly galled by, but which the *small* five per cent. the wealthy, do not wear and are not smarting therefrom, if these chains of taxation are kept on limbs of the wealth producers ten years longer, we shall see in this once happy land a fixed, hopeless, stolid, pauperized state of society, which will at once become the "lower orders" of America. God forbid that this nation should ever be degraded to that extent. Whenever the term "lower orders" becomes as stereotyped a phrase here as it has in Europe, the liberties of the masses are gone, and that horrible picture, "white slavery," will stand out prominently.

To show the working classes that the Mongrels who met at Chicago the other day have no sympathy with them, care nothing for the weight of taxation put upon their shoulders, feel no regret at the present prostrate condition of trade and commerce, there is not a single resolution in the platform, gotten up at the Grant and Colfax Convention, which recognizes an industrial population at all. The fearful struggle now making by the great million to live, the fact that this great million, or rather four millions, of working men, create the wealth upon which that horde of corrupt scoundrels *now fatten, was not even alluded to; the* honest, crushed and over-ridden sons of toil were passed by in silent contempt; nothing was said concerning labor; not the shadow of a recognition of the dependence of the government upon the bone and sinew and muscle of the people, for the means to keep up its expenditures; but, on the contrary, the sweat and toil of white industrial classes were ignored as they sweat and toil of cattle; while the beastly, filthy negroe's ears were filled with the most flattering promises in honied accents.

Laboring men! wealth producers! will you, can you, so degrade yourselves, as to replace a party in power which stamps you already as "the lower orders," and which will shackle you and your children in the *galling chains of white slavery?* Rebuke these despots at the November polls:

Colfax on Free Speech.

In his letter of acceptance Schuyler Colfax says:

"If there had been no Republican party, a free press and free speech would be as unknown from the Potomac to the Rio Grande as ten years ago."

Perhaps Schuyler has not heard of the doings of the military Satraps in the South during the past year. Undoubtedly he is ignorent that an editor in Tennessee and another in South Carolina were lately imprisoned for strictures published upon military government; that several others have been compelled to relinquish their positions upon notice of the military authorities that free speech is a crime; that scores of newspapers have been warned to cease opposition to the "reconstruction" acts or be closed up. He does not know, probably, that Judges have been dragged to prison for refusing to empanel negro juries; that all public officers have been debarred from the right to speak in opposition to the Africanization acts of the Rump, that thousands of white men have been rejected from the registry list for electioneering for a white man's government, and that negroes have been mobed, beaten and muadered by "loyal" mobs for daring to speak for and vote the Democratic ticket. Of course he has forgotten (Radicals have short memories, you know) the reign of terror which existed during 1862-3-4, during which more than one hundred Democratic newspaper offices were mobbed and destroyed, ond scores of editors thrown into prison and their papers superpressed, excluded from the mails, &c., because they dared to publish truth. He never heard the tinkle of the little bell, which sent hundreds of honest and guiltless men to dungeons for the "crime" of telling the Radical despots and plunders that *they were hypocrites and scoundrels* and that they were dragging the country down to the ruin and degradation which it is now so rapidly nearing. Certainly Mr. Colfax never knew or heard of these circumstances or he would not attempt to impose upon the American people so palpable an untruth as the above.—*Patriot and Union.*

THE REASON.—A Bishop who heard that the sun always shun on the cottage of a poor man in a certain valley in his diocese, determined to find out the cause of the wonder.

"It is true," he asked of the poor man to whom the cottage belonged, "that the sun always shines on your roof?"

"It is true," said the peasant.

"But what is the reason?" inquired the Bishop. And none could answer.

"Do you pray more than others?"

"I live by the labor of my hands and have but little time for prayer."

The Bishop thought again. "Do you fast more than others?"

"My work is hard and I can fast but little."

"Well," *he replied,* "*but perhaps you* give more alms than others?"

"I have but enough for family, and can scarcely find any poorer than myself to whom I may give."

So the Bishop turned and went away, sorely greived that he could not explain the wonder. But before he had gone far, a thought came into his mind and he returned. "One question more. Do you love your Lord Jesus Christ more than others?"

The poor man cast his eyes to the ground and answered, "I trust I do."

"Ah!" replied the Bishop, "now I know why the sun always shines on this house."

An unmarried lady on the side of fifty, hearing of the marriage of a very young friend, observed with a deep sigh—"Well, as soon as all the infants are disposed of, I suppose the women will have a chance."

My son would you suppose that the Lord's prayer could be engraved in a small space no larger than a nickel cent? "Well, yes, father, if a cent would be as large in every*body's eyes as it is in yours,* I think no difficulty would be experienced in putting it on about four times."

A Masonic Biblical Legend.

The following is said to be the explanation of the text: "The stone which the builders refused, the same is become the headstone *of the corner.*" *It is said that when Solo*mon's Temple was building, all the stones were brought from the quarry, ready cut and fashioned, and they were marked on all the blocks the places where they were to be put. Among the stones was a curious one; it seemed of no desirable shape, it appeared unfit for any portion of the building. They tried it at this wall, but it would not be accommodated; so, vexed and angry, they threw it away. The Temple was so many years building that the stone became covered with moss, and grass grew around it. Everybody passing by laughed at the stone; they said Solamon was wise, and doubtless all the other stones were right; but as for that block, they might as well send it back to the quarry, for they were quite sure it was meant for nothing. Year after year rolled on, and the poor stone was still despised; the builders constantly refused it.—The eventful day came when the Temple was to be finished and opened, and the multitude was assembled to see the grand sight. The builders said "Where is the top stone? Where is the pinnacle?" They little thought where the crowning marble was, until some one said, "Perhaps that stone which the builders refused is meant to be the top stone." They then took it and hoisted it to the top of the house; and as it reached the top of the summit they found it well adapted to the place. Loud husannahs made the welkin ring, as the stone which the builders refused thus became the headstone of the corner.

WHAT IS RADICAL.—A little boy asked his father the question, what is a Radical? The old gentleman undertook to explain the conundrum, as follows;

"A Radical is a rapacious animal of the *genus homo*; a native of the New England States, but occasionally found in the Middle and Western States; a satanic spawn of Puritan parentage, conceived in sin, born in iniquity, nursed at the breast of jealousy and self-esteem, rocked in the cradle of prejudice and intolerance, educated in the *school of low cunning,* and foul play, and lives by public and private plunder. Now, my son, since I have defined it, let me hear you parse it."

Son—"Radical is a compound unconstitutional noun, black in person, declining in number. African gender and desperate case, governed by the negro according to Puritan—one ignormous governs another."

"That will do, my son; catch your pony and take a ride."

IN 1863 the Unioners caught an old countryman near the Madison Court House, and informed him thot he must do one of two things—either take the oath of allegiance to the United States Government, or prepare to be buried alive. He declined taking *the oath, when his captors deliberately* proceeded in his presence to dig a grave, and when it was finished they led him to it, and said: "Will you take the oath?" "No!" responded the prisoner. "You had better." "I won't!" "If you don't take the oath, you will be buried alive in the grave in the next five minutes." The old fellow approached nearer, looked with attention at the pit yawning before him, and then turning round, with his hands in his pocket, replied calmly, "Well, go on with your darned old funeral."

THERE dwelt in Maine a good Methodist brother who was blessed with a wife of fretful disposition. Being at camp-meeting, they on one occasion knelt together in the tent prayer-meeting. The husband felt called upon to pray, when he did in a devout manner. He was followed by his wife, who, among other things, said:

"Thou knowest, Lord, that I am *somewhat* fretful and cross at home," but before she could announce to the Lord another statement, the husband exclaimed:

"Amen! *truth, Lord, every word of it.*" It would be revealing the secrets of domestic life to disclose as to the manner and spirit in which the conversation was resumed and ended at the home circle.

A NOBLE SENTIMENT.—Some true heart has given expression to its generous nature in the following beautiful sentiment.—Never desert a friend when enemies gather around him. When sickness falls on the heart, when the world is dark and cheerless, is the time to try a true friend. They who turn from a scene of distress betray their hypocrisy, and prove that interest moves them. If you have a friend who loves you and studies your interest and happiness, be sure and sustain him in adversity. Let him feel that his former kindness is appreciated, and that his love is not thrown away. Real fidelity may be rare, but it exists in the heart. Who has nyt seen and felt its powers? They deny its worth who never loved a friend or labored to make a friend happy."

SENSIBILITY.—To delicate minds, the unfortunate are always objects of respect, as the ancients held sacred those places which had been scathed by lightning. Thus the feeling heart considers the afflicted as touched by the hand of Deity himself.

Two gentleman were conversing about wealth, when one observed "I don't care to be rich, but I would like enough so that I could live on four percent. of my property." "Well," said the other, "I am not so ambitious; I should be satisfied with sufficient for two per cent. to maintain me."