BLOOMSBURG STAR DEMOCRAT.

VOL. XXXII. BLOOMSBURG, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 19, 1868. NUMBER 26.

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. Freese.
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 Attorney—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.
HENRY CARVER, A. M., Principal and Proprietor,
Professor of Philosophy, &c.
Miss Sarah A. Carver, Preceptress,
Teacher of French, Botany and Ornamental Branches.
Isaac O. Best, A. B.,
Professor of Ancient Languages.
Charles E. Rice, A. B.,
Professor of Mathematics,
F. M. Bates,
Teacher of Book-keeping and English Branches.
Miss Alice M. Carver,
Teacher of Instrumental Music.
Mrs.————,
Teacher of Vocal Music.
Miss Julia Guest,
Teacher in Primary Department.
Spring term commences April 13th, 1868.
Bloomsburg, March 18, 1868.

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.

NATIONAL FOUNDRY.
BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA CO., PA.
THE subscriber, proprietor of the above named extensive establishment, is now prepared to receive orders for
All Kinds of Machinery,
for Collieries, Blast Furnaces, Stationary Engine MILLS, THRESHING MACHINES, &C., &C.
He is also prepared to make Stoves, all sizes and patterns, plow-irons, and everything usually made in *first-class Foundries.*
His extensive facilities and practical workmen, warrant him in receiving the largest contracts on the most reasonable terms.
☞ Grain of all kinds will be taken in exchange for castings.
☞ This establishment is located near the Lackawanna & Bloomsburg Railroad Depot.
PETER BILLMYER.
Bloomsburg, Sept. 12, 1863.

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.

OMNIBUS LINE.
THE undersigned would respectfully announce to the citizens of Bloomsburg, and the public generally, that he is running an OMNIBUS LINE, between this place and the different Rail Road Depots daily, (Sundays excepted) to connect with the several Trains going South & West on the Catawissa and Williamsport Rail Road, and with those going North and South on the Lack. & Bloomsburg Road,
His OMNIBUSSES are in good condition, commodious and comfortable, and charges reasonable.
☞ Persons wishing to meet or see their friends depart, can be accommodated, upon reasonable charges, by leaving timely notice at any of the Hotels.
JACOB L. GIRTON, Proprietor.
Bloomsburg, April 27, 1864.

New Millenary Goods
At the Fancy Store of
AMANDA WERKHEISER,
(SUCCESSOR TO MARY BARKLEY.)
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
The public are respectfully informed that they can be furnished with everything in the Millinary line *upon the most reasonable terms,* and in goods not surpassed for style, beauty, or durability in this town. Her Spring styles of hats, bonnets, and other articles for Women and Misses wear, are beautiful and well calculated to suit the tastes of the most fastidious. Give her a call Store on Main street (north side) below Market. [apr29'68-3m.

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.
April 3, 1867. J. F. FOX.

PHILADELPHIA, March 1st, 1868.
We beg to inform you that we are prepared to offer for your inspection our usual assortment of MILINERY GOODS.
Consisting of the newest shapes in Straw Silk and GIMP Hats, Bonnets, &c. Velvets, Silk Good Ribbons, Flowers, Feathers, Ruches, Crapes, Blondes, Braids, ornaments, &c. &c. We shall be happy to wait on you at our Store, or receive your orders.—Prices low for Cash. Yours, &c. H. WARD.
March 18.—1m. Nos. 103, 105 & 107 North Second Street Philadelphia.

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	60,00

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.

Col-and-Grant-fax Campaign Song.

BY GRANT-PERE.

AIR—"*Come Home.*"

O, Hiram Ulysses, come back to your dad,
For the clock on the steeple strikes two;
Impeachment's "gone up," and Ben Wade is stark mad,
And he swears it's all over with you;
The Chicago Convention will help you no more,
The Methodist Conference won't pray,
There's the ugliest news from the Oregon shore,
And in short there's the d—ickens to pay!
Come home! Come home! Come home!
Sweet Hiram Ulysses, come home.

Old Brownlow is going to Red Sulphur Springs,
And Stanton can't "stick" any more;
Old Thad in despair to his dusky bride clings,
While Sumner, the eunuch, feels sore;
Ben Butler is stealing a look on his spoons,
The bondholders quake for their gold;
The bands have stopped playing "those loil old tunes,"
And I fear me, sweet Hiram, you're sold.
Come home, etc.

I've a horse in the circus for you and Col-fax—
'Tis the horse that you rode in the South;
The monkey stands ready to leap on your backs,
And there's whisky to pour in your mouth.
So Hiram, sweet Hiram, don't feel very bad,
When you learn that my tidings are true;
You're better at home with cigars and your dad,
For the White House ain't waiting for you.
Come home, etc.

Soldier's Soliloquy.

Three white maimed soldiers visited our Borough one day this week, with their organ, endeavoring by the late popular John Brown airs that so warmed the hearts of our citizens towards the dear negroes, to gain the ears and a few pennies from the trooly loyal—the bondholder and the patriotic; but ears that were open to the claims of the negro, pockets that were unlocked for the purchase of bonds, and eyes that were wet when they or their sons were drafted, were all sealed; and when night came, these maimed soldiers had no where to lay their heads. Hotels demanded the dollar, but they could not pay; finally fortune threw them to John Carroll's White Hall, where they were kindly provided for. Finding no sympathetic friends here, among the "loyal," they shook the dust from their feet and left us by the early train, coming over the following soliloquy:

"Day after day—from morn till night! God knows this life is death. In a hand-cart this morning my wife and child drew me here, and they have gone while I stay. God knows they have a hard time of it, she over the wash-tub, earning money to support our three little ones—I, here on the street, trying to help her.

"Tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,
Cheer up comrades they will come!"

Yes, they come, but they pass by, caring nothing for a poor soldier, for he is of no use now!

It is hot here—but I cannot leave. It was hot in the Wilderness—at Fredericksburg. It was hot when I stood at the front till both legs were shot from under me, but I did not feel it then, for I was trying to save my country.

How our boys fell—like sheep murdered by wolves! My comrades went down never to rise again—we marched and fought, suffered and fell—*to save our Country!*

Once I had a nice home—a wife and three babes loved me dearly. I was poor, but I loved my country. I loved my wife and the babes, for on her bosom my head oft had rested when I was so tired, and in my arms, at close of day, my babes slept and wakened not as I kissed them.

I was a poor man, but I loved my country, for it was in *former days*, the best country in all the world for a poor man.

I had work, and pay for it. I had gold and silver, and was not strangled by taxation.

Look here! I am a maimed soldier. I enlisted to fight to save my country. I lost my legs in the heat of battle. I lay for hours on the bloody field—suffered for months in the hospital—all you see of *the man* is before you now, a poor, maimed wreck. I lost my support to save the government, and now I must pay ten dollars a year license to the government I saved, for the privilege of sitting here on these weary, aching stumps, and grinding national airs out of this organ!

And look here! Do you see that man riding by in his elegant carriage? He would not go to war said, he couldn't afford it! He was rich then—he is rich now!

He is a Bondholder!

He is exempt from taxation. I pay ten dollars a year to help support him—thousands of us poor soldiers who fought, pay for his support, and he pays nothing. He stole and speculated, and had fat contracts to fill while I fought. He drank wine while my lips were parched in the hospital! He listened to opera music while I was groaning in agony!

He could not afford to go to war, his business was too great! His dollars were dear to him—so were my babies and my wife! The government I shed blood for, thought too much of him to force him to go to the front, but it dragged me there, and emptied my blood into its coffers, and now, after the war is over, compels me to come home, work here in the hot sun to pay myself for being shot at, and charges me ten dollars a year towards supporting the man who never marched a step, lifted a musket or struck a blow to save the Union!

I am taxed on everything, from the bread I eat, the water I drink, the clothes I wear, the instrument I turn, the medicines I must buy for my family—the few pennies I earn, and worst of all, ten dollars a year directly to support the bondholder!

He has bonds. He pays no tax on them, and they bring him in gold while my organ brings in nickles! And my nickles are turned into gold, and emptied into his coffers as he cuts off his coupons, rides to the bank, draws his untaxed interest, then goes home cursing us men who ask for equal taxation, and one money for all!

I fought for my country, but am not exempt from taxation.

He stole from it, or robbed it by speculation contracts, and is rewarded for his selfishness, dishonesty, cowardice and indifference to the Union by being exempted from all taxation!

This is a pretty way to reward soldiers!

This is the American style of rewarding patriotism. He who fought pays to support those who were too mean to fight.—Was it to make this sort of a government I suffered? Why not exempt us who did our duty? Was that man's dollars dearer than our loved ones? If this is the way republics reward those who bleed, I say he is a fool who goes to war!

Better stay at home and speculate—better steal spoons—better rob houses—better legislate money into the pocket and make the poor soldiers pay the war debt!

Why not exempt us who *fought*? Why not exempt the widows of those who fell in battle? Why create an unlawful, cowardly, infamous aristocracy for the benefit of misers and spendthrifts, while brave men are fighting?

Better that I had died in battle than lived to support those who cared not for me then, nor now!

This inequality of taxation is altogether Republican. It makes the poor poorer—the rich richer! And this is Republican equality! And this is Republican justice! He is a fool who fights to create an aristocracy in violation to the constitution, which says taxation must be equal! That is the constitution I fought for—it was stolen by those we left in power, and one which protects the rich, and not the poor, was put in its place!

The man in the carriage has an easy time. He rides up town and down town. He has an office in wall street, a house up town, a club house to visit, a bank from which to draw gold on his coupons—a richly furnished house—a park to drive or walk in. It was my blood that made all these luxuries for him, but he cares not for me now.

He is going home to a big dinner, Champagne, ice, fruits, fish, confectionery, music, ice creams, delicacies and good things! His wife dresses in silks—his children in plaids—his daughters sport jeweled fingers and ear rings—his parlors are beautiful with articles confiscated in the South—he pays no taxes, and when my wife draws my cart in front of his door so that I can turn out a few tunes in hopes to get a few coppers back of the ten dollars I pay for his support, he tells me to begone, that my music is horrid! It is not as sweet as that which comes from his piano, but it is honest!

Never mind! There is a day of settlement coming! Thank God there are men in the country who dare speak out for the Right, and who dare denounce as robbers, those who steal from the poor, for it is stealing, no matter if legislation sanctions it! The time is coming when all that man's bonds will be repudiated, and then there will be no more license of ten dollars a year to pay for his suppers—no more taxing the poor to support the rich.

Talk about keeping faith with the government! Why did not the government keep faith with us who fought? Why did not the government keep faith with the poor—why does it not make taxation equal as it promised in years gone, when the poor men came here to help make America great.—The sun is hot, the pavement is hard, but not so hard as the justice the government shows to us who fought to preserve it, or the protection it gives those who are poor, but who are more patriotic and more terribly taxed than are the rich.

Thank God the heat of the day is well nigh over, and thank God that the race of those who oppress us who are poor is well nigh ended also!—*Ex.*

—Mosquitoes are just now in their glory. They are as fat as reed birds, and as saucy as newly-elected politicians.

—A man in New York bit off his wife's lip. She had give him too much of it.

Tragedy of Indian Life.

The following story from the Milwaukee *Wisconsin*, reads like a romance of Cooper's condensed, but is said to be a record of facts gathered by a gentleman who is collecting material for a history of the Upper Mississippi valley:

A party of thirty Winnebagoes came down from the scalp dance at which the tribe was gathered on the Trempeleau river, in the north, and encamped on French's Island, in the Mississippi river, just above the St. Paul's railroad depot at La Crosse.

The band was under the control of a well-known chief of the Winnebagoes named Wau-kee-se-hoong-er-er or Snake Chief, who had two wives, Se-es-ka and He-nee-kee, Se-es-ka was about thirty years of age, graceful in appearance, with a pleasant look and an interesting face. With whites she was a favorite, while with the Winnebagoes she was looked upon very kindly—indeed, adorned with all the ardor of Indian fervor. Snake Chief was a noted warrior of the Winnebagoes, and was very much liked by his tribe. He was a powerful and brawny fellow, and when sober was peaceful and good-natured; when drunk he was ugly and disagreeable. One of his favorite pastimes, when in this condition, was beating his wives.

On Friday last, Snake Chief returned to his wigwam, and the chief commenced beating her over the head and shoulders. Driven to desperation, and unable longer to stand his brutality, she drew her knife and stabbed the chief twice, the blade penetrating the heart of the warrior, who died instantly while the first notes of the death song were on his lips. The affair at once created a sensation among the Winnebagoes, who did not know how to act. They loved their chief, and their chieftain's wife. It is a well-known "regulation" among the Indians that when a man is slain, a relative must avenge his death by taking the life of the slayer. Se-es-ka knew this. Some of the Winnebagoes urgad her to fly, but she would not. With true Indian resignation she folded her blanket about her and sat down in her wigwam, facing the door, and awaiting her avenger. It was believed by many that He-nee-kee, the younger and favorite wife, would be the avenger, but she seems to have had no such intention. She mourned the loss of her husband, but took no steps further than to send a runner up the Trempeleau, where Snake Chief's relations were, to notify them of what had taken place. Meanwhile Se-es-ka sat in her cabin chanting the death song, stoically indifferent to what was going on about her, and only talking when questions were asked her.

On Saturday morning an Indian from Trempeleau made his appearance in camp. He was known as Chan-no-ne-ga, and had evidently traveled without halting since he learned of the death of Snake Chief. Entering the camp, without a word, he walked solemnly to the place where the body of Snake Chief lay, took a long look at it, and then turned sullenly away. Nobody spoke to him, yet all watched with interest his movements. Deliberately loading his gun with buckshot he uninterruptedly walked deliberately to the wigwam where Se-es-ka she having remained there since the murder, took one look at the woman, who loudly chanted the death song. Not a muscle of the woman's face moved to denote that she labored under any excitement, but she sat there quietly and calmly, her eyes moving upward, and her voice, as the uncouth song escaped her lips, steady and firm. She knew the avenger was before her—that in another moment her spirit would leave the frail tenement of clay and seek that of the Chief who had gone before her; yet no look or sign indicated that she feared the fate. Such is Indian stoicism and indifference.

The eyes of the two did not meet. In the face of Chan-no-ne-ga there was a look of mingled hate and revenge. Deliberately he raised his musket to his shoulder—deliberately he aimed at the woman's head—coolly he fired. The report rang out through the Indian camp—the smoke cleared away—Se-es-ka still sat there—her blanket about her—her arms folded, but one side of her head was blown completely away—her spirit had fled, and the code of Indian justice was satisfied—Wau-kee-se-hoong-er-er was avenged.

The murderer, with just a look to satify him that his work had been well done, shouldered his musket and walked deliberately out of the camp. Nobody spoke to him—nobody offered any interference, and stepping into his canoe he paddled to the shore, and disappeared in the woods, leaving the Winnebagoes stupified.

THE Manchester (N. H.) *Union* tells of a traveler, ragged, dirty and half seas over calling at a tavern, and on being asked if he was not a Seymour man, straightened himself up and replied: "From my present appearance, you would probably judge that I was a Democrat, but I ain't. I learnt my politics before I took to drink."

That was not the way with Grant; he took to drink before he learnt his politics.

—Donovan, the artist, has done Butler to the life in plaster. Butler bears a big spoon over one shoulder, and carries a carpet-bag, laden with forks, at his side.

—Greeley says "scratch a Democrat and you will find a rebel under his skin." The carpet-baggers are too infernal dirty to scratch.

—Horace Greeley was the first carpet-bagger. In 1860, at the Chicago convention, he was the delegate from Oregon.

Thrilling Adventure With a Rattlesnake.

Last Monday morning, Mr. Richard Bennett, a student, who is enjoying a summer vacation at his father's well-appointed mansion, a short distance southwest of Dubuque, took a volume of Tennyson's poems in his hand and wandered out to repose beneath some rocks which extended a greatful shade, and also feast his soul upon the poetical truths and beaties breathed forth by the poet laureate. He flung himself down upon the grass and was soon lost in contemplation of kings and princes, shady grottoes, summer bowers and enchanted land, until overcome by the themes presented and the warm weather he fell asleep.

How long he lay thus he knew not; it might have been for hours, but he was suddenly awakened by a peculiar rustling noise close beside him. Instinctively he turned his head to the point from whence the sound proceeded, when he beheld a sight which filled him with horror, and which he, if an ordinary man, will not be apt to forget until his dying day. There, not four feet from him, coiled up as if ready for a spring, with head erect, eyes darting fire, and tongue playing like the forked lightning from the bosom of the clouds, was an enormous rattlesnake, over eight feet in length. It would be hard to describe the feelings of Bennett at that moment. Fresh and vigorous, in the spring time of life, the world with its dazzling future before him, hardly a stones throw from his father's house, death, in its most terrible form, had apparently come upon him. His presence of mind did not desert him, however, and he lay perfectly motionless, fixing his eyes upon those of his snakeship, and waiting for new developements. This appeared to suit the latter. Gradually he relaxed his menacing attitude, and lowering his head, Bennett, at the same time emitting a murmuring, singing sound, which the impromptu hearer describes as having been really delightful. Nearer and nearer came the snake, Bennett remaining perfectly motionless not daring to move for fear of the terrible fangs, until finally the monster actually crawled over his legs and nestled down by his side like a pet kitten, as much as to say that he was well pleased with his new companion, and would forgo hostilities.

Here was a dilemma, and how to get out of it the difficulty. While Bennett was speculating as to how this could be done, and revolving over a thousand plans, a neighbor chanced to pass along, who comprehended the whole situation at a glance, and at a mute gesture from Bennett rushed to the house for assistance. He procured a rifle, and coming back, put the muzzle within two feet of the head of the serpent, and with a steady aim pulled the trigger. There was a deafening report, and the next instant the snake was writhing in his death agony, while Bennett bounded from the ground, and with the exclamation, "saved! saved!" fell fainting in the arms of his preserver.

We are aware that there are a few features connected with this snake story somewhat remarkable, but we received the same from reliable authority, and are not disposed to question its veracity. The snake doubtless had his den in the rocks near Bennett, and seeing an intruder resolved to cultivate a closer acquaintance. The skin was taken from the monster, and is now hanging up as a trophy where it can be witnessed by all the curious. But it is safe to say that Bennett will read Tennyson beneath the shadow of those rocks no more.—*Dubuque Times.*

An Editor out West

Thus talks to his non-paying subscribers and patrons: "Hear us for our debts, and get ready that you may pay; trust us, we are in need, and have regard for our need, as you have been long trusted; acknowledge your indebtedness, and dive into your pockets that you may promptly fork over. If there be any among you—one single patron—that don't owe us something, to him we say, step aside, consider yourself a gentleman. If the rest wish to know why we dun them, this is our answer; not that we care about ourselves, but our creditors do.—Would you rather that we went to jail, and you go free, than to pay your debts to keep us moving? As we agreed, we have worked for you; as contracted, we have furnished our paper to you; but as you don't pay, we dun you. Here are agreements for job work, contracts for subscriptions, promises for long credit, and duns for deferred payment. Who is there so green that he don't take a paper? If any, he need not speak, for we do not mean him. Who is there so green that he don't advertise? If any, let him slide; he ain't the chap neither. Who is there so mean that he don't pay the printer? If any, let him shout, for he's the man we're after. His name is Legion, and he's owing us for one, two, three, four, five, six years—long enough to make us poor, and him rich at our expense."

—An exchange says that small pieces of ice swallowed are a favorite and really valuable prescription in cases of internal fever, and of dysentery also. In many kinds of fever it is now almost the only remedial agent employed.

—A Prussian chemist has invented a new method of warfare on the battle-field; it is a powder that makes a whole regiment sneeze for half an hour.

—When the thief has no opportunity for stealing, he considers himself an honest man.

—For a good watering place go into the liars of some of our liquor dealers.

Speech of Frank Blair at St. Joseph, Mo.

Gen. Blair, on his recent visit to St. Joseph, Missouri, was serenaded, and called upon for a speech. He complied with the request, and spoke very briefly, in substance as follows:

Gentlemen of St. Joseph: In addressing the large and enthusiastic audience before me, I shall not insult you by calling you "fellows," or by advising you to throw a man in the river, who happens to differ in opinion regarding the sentiments expressed, as I understand has been done by a distinguished military gentleman in this place upon a recent occasion. I believe this to be a free country, and that the people will treat those with respect who respect the people. Our objections to the principles of our adversaries in this great political campaign is that they assume too dictorial a tone toward the people. They denounce me as a revolutionist—say that I wish to inaugurate another rebellion, because I say it is time for the rule of the bayonet to be checked. (Great applause.) The people of the State of Missouri, and the people of the whole country, are tired of being bound to obey the dictates of their military commanders. We believe it is time for the will of the people to be carried out. This will be done. (A voice, "We'll fix that in November.") Yes, we will settle that in November, and we will do it peaceably by the ballot. The people are now fully aroused, and none of these men will dare to defy the will of the people.—Those who attempt it will come to grief; and it is time they should come to grief.—Unless checked, they will go on until they establish negro suffrage over this State and the Northern States, as they already have in ten States in this Union. They will extend a military despotism over all the States, and negro supremacy, as far as the people will allow it. This fragmentery Congress, and the carpet-baggers that have got into the State under the auspices of this Rump, have already attempted to degrade the white men of all the States to a condition of inferiority to the negro. This is the main issue. The people have decided in all those States where they have enjoyed the privilege of a free vote, that this thing cannot be; and I tell you that the will of the people shall be carried out in spite of the designs of these ambitious men who have trampled the Constitution under their feet, and a republican form of government shall be guaranteed to the people of the Southern as well as of the Northern States. But we are told that even if the Democratic party elect their President and a majority of the House of Representatives, these carpet-baggers, who assume to constitute a majority of the Senate, will defeat legislation and will impose this ignorant and semi-barbarous race of negroes upon the country as the superior of the white man. Let them dare to do it, and they will find that more than one million majority of the voters who are opposed to *this scheme will make it impossible for them* to perpetuate such a contaminating outrage upon American citizens. The people have risen in their might everywhere, from Maine to California, and have by their votes said they will not have this negro supremacy kept up in the country. They will not be shaken in this purpose to turn aside the bayonet that is still kept pointed at the throats of the white men of the South.—Neither will the Radical party in its hopeless minority be able to defeat the will of the people. I feel an abiding confidence in the success of the Democratic party of to-day, because it is right. Thanking you, gentlemen, for your very kind and attentive audience, I bid you farewell.

"Bait him with a White Woman."

The terrible, shocking, nameless crimes of the Southern niggers, are a matter for grave reflection, not only of the leading minds of the country, but all Christendom. To speak out plainly, rapes upon white females by brutal negroes are of a daily occurrence.—Horace Greeley and Henry Ward Beecher, more then any other individuals in this country, are the authors of these rapes. Not long ago, Ward Beecher said in a speech, "the way to maintain a man in a position is to take one step before him; being crafty, I desire to capture him by guile; take a black man, bait him with a white woman, and I think you will catch the black man." Was there ever a more atrocious or horrible sentiment uttered by a human being, much less a clergyman? Pandering to the animal passions of a half brute, covertly inviting rapes and murders, has had its fruits. Nigger outrages upon white females are of weekly occurrence, and Beecher and Greeley continue to preach up the doctrine of bating the black man with a white woman, while Christendom looks on with horror, but nobody moves to stay the dreadful crimes. Democratic voters, shrink not from your duty. Let the consequences be what they may, Mongrelism must be crushed out at all hazards. The election of Seymour and Blair will do it.

WE Polked them once,
We Pierced them well,
And then we Bucked them sore;
And with Frank Blair
We'll make them stare,
That they may all Sey-mour.

—"This is a fast age," said a countryman, "I bought a new hat for my daughter on Saturday, and on Sunday it was *worn out.*"

—Colorado offers husbands to a thousand girls this spring if they will come and get them. Here's a chance, girls.

—Blessed is the bald-headed man, for his wife cannot pull his hair.

A Bloody Scheme.

As faithful historians of current events, we are called upon to place upon record a diabolical scheme, and one calculated to spread terror and excitement among a large portion of our people.

Our readers will remember that a few days since we copied from the Harrisburg *State Guard* (the Governor's organ), an item reciting that an enormous alligator had passed through that place on a special train, "consigned to a citizen of Williamsport." On the next day we received despatches stating that it was feared that foul play was intended.

Accordingly, for the last four days our entire force of reporters have been on the look out, but met with no success until last evening, when the dangerous animal was found on the premises of Dr. John P. McCollum, on Park avenue, in this city.

It appears that Dr. McCollum has for the past two years resided at Wapwallopin, in the State of Florida, and was H. C. N. G. C. of the Ku Klux Klan of the United States. Some of his emissaries had succeeded in training an immense alligator, twenty-six feet long, so that he was used as an instrument of vengeance upon all condemned negroes and radicals, who were sent to that place for execution, from all points.

Since the great success of the reconstruction measures, and the great unanimity displayed throughout the South in favor of Grant's proposed peace to be attained by the Congressional peace establishment of 218 thousand troops, the atmosphere of Florida has been too loyal, and the Klux compelled to disperse. The Doctor came to this point and brought his grim executioner with him.

Last night fourteen negroes and two other members of the Grant Club were missing, and there is no doubt that, they have been made away with in the manner indicated. A small son of the Doctor's said that "we don't feed the alligator anything, but he picks up his wittles in the night," which confirms us in our opinion. What is more diabolical is that the fierce animal is kept only half a square from the residence of the president of the Grant Club.

The president has a number of small children, as has the editor of the Daily Radical Handbill, who is especially marked out for destruction.

Our reporter, who has feelings of private friendship for many of the leading radicals, has endeavored to procure the services of the mayor and police force in order to preserve the lives of the "loil" people of the Fourth and neighboring wards, but has been unsuccessful. Let the people rise *en masse* and call upon the hero of Snickerville to send troops for the protection of his loyal subjects.—*Williamsport Standard.*

How Good Templars Initiate Candidates.

The following must have been written by a chap who got tight on lager without knowing it would intoxicate. It refers to a lodge of Good Templars. It is a graphic description of an "initiation ceremony," as the writer understands it:

In the first place, the victim for initiation is blindfolded, bound hands and feet, and thrown into a caldron of boiling hot rain water, and boiled for five minutes.

This is done for the purpose of cleaning his system of "old drunk." He is then taken out of the caldron, and by means of a force pump gorged with cistern water, after which a sailing plaster is put over his mouth and he is rolled in a barrel four or five times across the room.

The choir at the same time singing the cold water song.

He is now taken out of the barrel, and hung up by the heels till the water runs out through his ears.

He is then cut down, and a beautiful young lady hands him a glass of cistern water.

A cold-water bath is then furnished him, after which he is showered with cistern water.

He is then made to read the water works act ten times, drinking a glass of cistern water between each reading.

After which the "old oaken bucket" is hung around his neck, and fifteen sisters with squirt-guns deluge him with cistern water.

He is then forced to eat a peck of snow while the brethren stick his ears full of icicles.

He is then run through a clothes-wringer, after which he is handed a glass of cistern water by a beautiful young lady.

He is then gorged again with cistern water, his boots filled with the same, and he is laid away in a refrigerator.

The initiation is now almost concluded.

After remaining in the refrigerator for the space of a half an hour, he is taken out and given a glass of cistern water, run through the clothes-wringer again, and becomes a Good Templar.

—A Scotch editor apologizes for the lack of rhyme in his paper by saying that his marriage the week before took all the poetry out of him. Shouldn't wonder.

—A crusty old bachelor says that Adam's wife was called Eve because, when she appeared, man's day of happiness was drawing to a close.

—If this world is a free show, what is the price of admittance? Sin, sorrow, a small trifle of sunshine, and a good deal of shadow.

—A hindrance to marriage—The government tax on matches.

—A man who has the itch can always come up to the scratch.