BLOOMSBURG DEMOCRAT.

VOL. XXXI. BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA CO., PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 27, 1867. NO. 5.

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— Allen Mann, John F. Fowler, Montgomery Cole.
Sheriff—Samuel Snyder.
Treasurer—John J. Stiles.
Auditors— Daniel Snyder, L. B Rupert, John P. Hannon.
Commissioner's Clerk—Wm. Krickbaum.
Commissioner's Attorney—E. H. Little.
Mercantile Appraiser—Capt. Geo. W. Utt.
County Surveyor—Isaac A. Dewitt.
District Attorney—Milton M. Traugh.
Coroner—William J. Ikeler.
County Superintendent—Chas. G. Barkley,
Assessor Internal Revenue—R. F. Clark.
Assistant Assessor— John Thomas, S. B. Diemer, J. H. Ikeler, J. S. Woods.
Collector—Benjamin F. Hartman.

NEW STOVE AND TIN SHOP.

ON MAIN STREET, (NEARLY OPPOSITE MILLER'S STORE,) BLOOMSBURG, PA.

THE undersigned has just fitted up, and opened, his new

STOVE AND TIN SHOP,

in this place, where he is prepared to make up new TIN WARE of all kinds in his line, and do repairing with neatness and dispatch, upon the most reasonable terms. He also keeps on hand STOVES of various patterns and styles, which he will sell upon terms to suit purchasers.

Give him a call. He is a good mechanic, and deserving of the public patronage.

JACOB METZ.

Bloomsburg, Sept. 9, 1866.—1y.

ESPY HOTEL,
Espy, Columbia Co. Pa.

The undersigned having become sole proprietor of this well known and conveniently located stand, respectfully informs his friends, and the public in general, that he has put his house in complete order for the accommodation of boarders, and for the reception and entertainment of travellers who may feel disposed to favor it with their custom. No expense has been spared in preparing this Hotel for the entertainment of guests, and nothing shall be wanting, on his part, to administer to their personal comfort. The location, as well as the building, is a good one, and all together is amply arranged to please the public.

ISRAEL MUMEY.

Espy, April 11, 1866.—tf.

PLASTER FOR SALE.

The undersigned is about fitting up a

PLASTER MILL

at the PENN FURNACE MILLS, and will offer to the public ONE HUNDRED TONS BEST

Novia Scotia White Plaster,

prepared ready for use in quantities to suit purchasers, at any time from the first of March next.

J. S. McKINCH.

Catawissa, Jan. 23, 1867.

BOOT AND SHOE SHOP.

OSCAR P. GIRTON,

Respectfully informs the public that he is now prepared to manufacture all kinds of

BOOTS AND SHOES,

at the LOWEST Possible Prices;

at short notice and in the very best and latest styles.

Mr. Girton, (as is well-known in Bloomsburg,) has had many years of successful experience with a reputation for good work, integrity and honorable dealing unsurpassed.

☞ Place of business on South East Corner of Main and Iron streets, over J. K. Girton's Store.

Bloomsburg, Oct. 10, 1866.—2m

FORKS HOTEL.

GEO. W. MAUGER, Proprietor.

The above well known hotel has recently undergone radical changes in its internal arrangements, and its proprietor announces to his former customers and the travelling public that his accommodations for the comfort of his guests are second to none in the country. His table will always be found supplied, not only with substantial food, but with all the delicacies of the season. His wine and liquors (except that popular beverage known as '*McElroy's*') purchased direct from the importing houses, are entirely pure, and free from all poisonous drugs. He is thankful for a liberal patronage in the past, and will continue to deserve it in the future.

GEORGE W. MAUGER.

June 13, 1866.—tf.

MACHINE AND REPAIR SHOP.

THE undersigned would most respectfully announce to the public generally, that he is prepared to execute all kinds of MACHINERY, at JOSEPH SHARPLESS' FOUNDRY, in Bloomsburg, where he can always be found ready to do all kinds of repairing, including Threshing Machines, and in short, all kinds of Farming Utensils. ALSO, TURNING AND FITTING UP OF CASTING AND MACHINERY, done on short notice, in a good workmanlike manner, upon the most reasonable terms.

His long experience in the business, as foreman in the shop of Lewis H. Maus of this place, for over nine years, warrants him in saying that he can give entire satisfaction to all who may favor him with their work.

GEORGE HASSERT.

Bloomsburg, Nov. 21, 1866.

INVENTORS' OFFICES.

D'EPINEUIL & EVANS,

Engineers and Patent Solicitors,
WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

Solicited—Consultations on Engineering Drawing and Sketches, Models and Machinery made and skilfully attended to. Special attention given to REJECTED CASES and INTERFERENCES. Authentic Copies of all Documents on file in Patent Office procured.

N. B.—Save yourselves useless trouble and traveling expenses as there is no actual need for personal interview with us. All business with these Offices can be transacted in Writing. For further information direct as above, with stamp enclosed for Circular with references.

April 18, 1866.—1y.—J W.

FALLON HOUSE.

THE subscriber having purchased the "Fallon House," in

LOCK HAVEN, Pa.,

property of E. W. Bigony, Esq., would say to the friends of the House, his acquaintances, and the public generally, that he intends to keep a House, with the accommodations and comforts of a House, and humbly solicits their patronage.

J. OTTENKIRK,
Late of the Madison House, Philadelphia.

Lock Haven, Dec. 26, 1866.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Leah Pohe, late of Centre Township, deceased.

Letters of administration on the estate of Leah Pohe, late of Centre Township, Columbia County, dec'd, have been granted by the Register of said county, to Joseph Pohe, residing in the township and county aforesaid. All persons having claims on the estate are requested to present themselves for settlement, and those indebted to the estate will make payment forthwith to the administrator.

JOSEPH POHE,
Jan. 23, 1867—6w. Adm'r.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Alexander Yaple, deceased.

Letters of Administration on the estate of Alex Yaple, late of Fishingcreek township, Columbia County, dec'd, have been granted by the Register of said county, to E. P. Bender, who resides in Fishingcreek twp., said county. All persons having claims upon the estate of the decedent are requested to make them known to the administrator, and those knowing themselves indebted to make payment forthwith.

E. P. BENDER,
Feb 27, '67—6w Adm'r.

THE

Bloomsburg Democrat.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY IN BLOOMSBURG, PA., BY

WILLIAMSON H. JACOBY.

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

☞ 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,	2.50	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.

☞ OFFICE—In Shive's Block, Cor. of Main and Iron Streets.

Address, W. H. JACOBY,
Bloomsburg, Columbia County, Pa

[For the Democrat.]

WINTER 'S DYING.

BY RAVEN.

Winter 's dying! winter 's dying,
His frosty glory must forego,
Hear it, in the south-wind sighing,
See it, in the melting snow.
Hear it, in the waters roaring
As on the swollen river rides,
And in the rushing torrents pouring,
Down the rugged mountain sides.

Winter 's dying! winter's dying,
All his struggles are in vain,
Like all despots he is trying
Still his sceptre to retain;
Though sometimes he in strength arises
And shakes his frosty locks and beard,
Yet none who know him he surprises,
His threatning looks shouldn't be fear'd.

Winter 's dying! winter 's dying,
Cold and cruel was his reign,
None among the poor are crying,
Nor for him do sorrow feign;
When he from lordly mansions driven,
Broke, *piercing*, thro' the poor man's door
And many a *cold* insult has given,
Through the shaky hovel floor.

Winter 's dying! winter 's dying,
Many hearts will sing for joy,
Those who sat in sorrow sighing,
Out of money and employ.
Mothers, who their children pressing,
Closer to their shivering forms,
Though with mother's love caressing,
Scarce could shield them from the storms.

But he 's dying, yes! he 's dying,
Warmer breezes now have come
And the summer birds are flying
Cheerily to their northern home;
In the warmth of sunshine, gladness,
Wipes the tears from many an eye,
Many hearts relieves from sadness,
Therefore, let Old Winter die!

New Way Paying Subscriptions.

The following is an amusing account of the way a farmer was taught how cheaply he could take the paper. The lesson is worth pondering by a good many men "we wot of:"

"You have hens at home, of course.—Well, I will send you my paper for one year, for the products of a single hen for one season; and the proceeds. It seems trifling, preposterous, to imagine the products of a single hen will pay a subscription; perhaps it won't but I make the offer."

"Done," exclaimed farmer B. "I agree to it," and appealed to me as witness of the affair.

The farmer went off apparently much elated with his conquest. The editor went on his way rejoicing.

Time rolled around, the world revolved on its axis, and the sun no its orbit as it formerly did: the farmer received his paper regularly, and regaled himself with the information from it, and said he was surprised at the progress of himself and family in general information.

Some time in the month of September, I happened to be up again in the office, when who should enter but our friend farmer B.

"How do you do, Mr. B?" said the editor, extending his hand, his countenance lit up with a bland smile; take a chair and be seated, fine weather we have.

"Yes, sir, quite fine indeed," he answered, and then a short silence ensued, during which our friend B. hitched his chair backward and forward, twirled his thumbs abstractly, and spit profusely, starting up quickly, he said addressing the editor, "I have brought you the proceeds of that hen."

It was amusing to see the peculiar expression of the editor, as he followed the farmer down to the wagon. I could hardly keep my risables down.

When at the wagon the farmer commenced handing over to the editor the products amounting to eighteen pullets, worth twelve and a half cents each, and a number of dozens of eggs, making in the aggregate at the least calculation, one dollar and fifty cents more than the price of the paper.

"No need," said he, "of men not taking a family newspaper, and paying for it too.—I don't miss this from my roost, yet I have paid for a year's subscription and over. All folly, sir; there's no man but what can take a newspaper, it's charity, you know, commenced at home."

"But," said the editor, "I will pay you for what is over the subscription, I did not intend this as a means of profit but rather to convince you. I will pay—"

"Not a bit of it, sir; a bargain is a bargain, and I am already paid, sir, doubly paid, sir. And whenever a neighbor makes the complaint I did, I will relate to him the hen story. Good day, gentlemen."—*Agricultural Review.*

THE BANKRUPT LAW.

By the law just passed, jurisdiction in bankruptcy is given to the several United States District Courts with the United States Circuit Courts acting in a supervisory capacity as Courts of Equity, and Judges of the District Courts will be assisted by Registers in Bankruptcy, whose powers are limited, and provision is made for reference of disputed questions to the District Court Judges, and for appeals from the District Courts to the Circuit Courts, and from the latter, in cases where the matter in dispute shall exceed $2,000, to the United States Supreme Court.

There are two kinds of bankruptcy, voluntary and involuntary. In the former any person residing within the United States jurisdiction, owing over $300, and finding himself insolvent, may apply by petition to the Judge of the district in which he has resided for the six months preceding the date of the petition, or for the longest period during such six months, and shall thereupon be declared a bankrupt. The creditors having been properly notified by the Court may appoint one or more assignees of the estate of the debtor, the choice to be made by the greater part in value and in number of the creditors who have proved their debts, or in case of failure to agree, then by the district Judge, or where there are no opposing creditors by the Register. The whole affairs of the bankrupt pass into the hands of the assignees, who have full power granted them necessary for the collection of all debts, and the final adjustment and closing up of the estate; and where delay is likely to occur from litigation in the final distribution of the assets, the court is empowered to direct their temporary investment. The bankrupt is liable at all times to be called up for examination on oath upon matters relating to the disposal or condition of his property or business transactions, and for good cause his wife may in like manner be compelled to attend as a witness in the case.

In the distribution of the bankrupt's estate dividends are to be paid as agreed upon by a majority in value of the creditors, from time to time, at three months' intervals but the following claims are first to be paid in full: First, the fees, costs and expenses under the act; second, debts, taxes and assessments; fourth, wages to any operative, clerk or house servant to an amount not exceeding $50 for labor performed within six months preceding the bankruptcy; fifth, debts due to any persons who are or may be entitled to preference by the laws of the United States. The voluntary bankrupt is entitled to his discharge provided no fraud is proved against him, at any time, from sixty days to one year after the adjudication of bankruptcy, but the proof or discovery of any fraud or concealment deprives him of the right to discharge. No person who has once received his discharge is to be entitled again to become a voluntary bankrupt, unless his estate is sufficient to pay seventy per cent. of his debts, or unless three-fourths of his creditors assent in writing to his bankruptcy.

Preferences and fraudulent conveyances are declared void by the act, and suitable provisions are made for the voluntary bankruptcy of partnership and corporations.

The exemptions are as follows:

"The necessary household and kitchen furniture, and such other articles and necessaries of such bankrupt as the assignee shall designate and set apart, having reference in the amount to the family, condition and circumstances of the bankrupt but altogether not to exceed in value, in any case, the sum of $500; and also the wearing apparel of such bankrupt, and that of his wife and children, and the uniform, arms and equipments of any person who is or has been a soldier in the militia or in the service of the United States; and such other property, not included in the foregoing exceptions, as is exempted from levy and sale upon execution or other process or order of court, by the laws of the State in which the bankrupt has his domicile at the time of the commencement of the proceedings in bankruptcy to an amount not exceeding that allowed by such State exemption laws in force in the year 1864."

Acts of involuntary bankruptcy under the law are classified as follows: Departure or absence from the State where debts are owed, with intent to defraud creditors; concealment to avoid service of process for the recovery of debt; concealment of property to avoid seizure on legal process; assignment designed to delay, defraud, or hinder creditors, arrest and detention for seven days, under execution for a debt exceeding one hundred dollars; actual imprisonment for seven days in a civil action founded on contract for one hundred dollars; assignment, gift, confession of judgment, or any other act by which preference is given to any creditor, endorser or surety; dishonoring commercial paper, or suspending and not resuming payment for fourteen days. The petition for an adjudication of bankruptcy in such cases may come from one or more creditors whose debts reach two hundred and fifty dollars, but the petition must be brought within six months after the act of bankruptcy has been committed. In involuntary bankruptcy the proceedings are more stringent than in other cases. The penalty for any fraud or concealment, direct or indirect, under the act, is imprisonment, with or without hard labor, for a term not exceeding three years.

☞ Malice scorned, puts out itself; but argued, gives a kind of credit to a false accusation.

☞ It has been ascertained that the man who held on to the *last* was a shoemaker.

"The Situation."

We observe in the *True Index*, published at Petersburg, Va., the article given below on the situation of things in the country. It appears to us to contain a vast amount of truth and it will no doubt strike many others in the same way. The following is the article in question:

WHAT IS TO BE THE RESULT?

This is a question asked us every day, and as difficult of solution as was supposed to be the riddle of the Sphynx. The more strenuous and rapid the efforts of the destructionists in Congress to tear down the pillars of constitutional liberty, the more complicated do their schemes become, and speculation is lost in doubt and uncertainty, and nothing seems assured beyond "a fearful looking for" of some dire national calamity which threatens utter destruction to the prosperity of the country. Apart from the action now being taken upon Stevens' military force bill we can get but a general view of feeling and sentiment at the National Capital, derived from the opinions of those who profess to be posted as to the complications of the situation. There seems but little doubt in the minds of Southern men who have been in Washington in a psuedo representative capacity, that terms, however degrading, may be had of the party in power, and that it is hopeless to look for help to the Democratic party of the North. It is furthermore asserted to be the opinion of the little band of Democrats and Conservatives in Congress and out of Congress, together with influential papers not Democratic, but which are battling with the Democracy in behalf of Conservatism, that the South can place no reliance whatever upon the promises and pledges of the Republicans, and if she does, she will not only be deceived, but will be deserting the only party which even pretends to uphold and stand by the Constitution. The rapid disintegration which the Constitution is now undergoing at the hands of Republican fanaticism, it is thought by clear thinking Conservatives, must inevitably lead to strife and civil war. The excitable class think it will be precipitated at an early day in all probability by the impeachment of the President, whilst cooler heads believe that no resistance will be made, until the new form of government begins to bear oppressively upon the people at large, and that the day will not be far distant when such is the case. Dodge, of New York, together with many of the leading journals of the North, even including Republican ones of a milder stamp, agree that the commercial interests of the country are now on the brink of ruin, that a crash is imminent, nay almost inevitable, which has no parallel; and yet in such a crisis, and at the moment when the Supreme Court is seriously threatened, there seems to be no tendency to a rise in the price of gold such as would be supposed to result from an anticipated panic.

And a strange feature of the times is that whilst Democratic and Conservative Members profess to believe that the Republicans are destroying the Constitution and undermining the liberty of the country—erecting an odious despotism and paving the way to untold civil troubles, they are, both upon the floor of the House and socially, on terms, not only of courtesy but of intimacy and personal friendship with these same would-be assassins of public liberty. This is an anomaly in the present state of affairs, from which our readers will have to draw their own conclusions. The Democrats are at the same time said to be an earnest and determined set of men, and fully alive to the perils which menace the Republic, and in the last degree anxious to preserve the Constitution without the shedding of blood, by combining the Conservative forces of the whole country. This combination, however, the Republicans are bent upon preventing, cost what it may.

With regard to the position of the President the most reliable accounts we have, state that he is not alarmed nor shaken, but full of hope and sanguine of the ultimate peaceful solution of national affairs. His immediate followers are equally sanguine, but the party which has hitherto and still sustains him, seem to have but little trust in him, and none of that warmth which should recognise in him a great and fearless leader. They do not look upon him as a leader, and what is worse have no one upon whom they can rely as the Moses of the age to lead them through the wilderness to the promised land of national peace and prosperity.

To sum up in a word, what apart from the struggles in Congress over the prostrate body of the South seems to be now the popular tendency of Northern feeling, every one is paying court to General Grant, as court was never before paid any military chieftain of the United States. What the result of it all may be, time alone can decide. As for ourselves we can make no speculation, nor suggest a solution which may not be destroyed by the unanticipated developments of a day.

☞ While yet we were enemies, Christ died for us. Did you ever attempt to imagine what must have been the state of mind that God was in when he looked upon those who were not repentant, that were his enemies still, and that were so vagrant as to reject his long life services, as to cause his passion, and as to work out his death? Did you ever attempt to imagine what must have been the state of mind by which, after having toiled for them, he could in the act of dying pray for them, saying, "They know not what they do? Do you get any idea of what the divine feeling is toward a wicked, hating, and hateful being, which manifests itself in dying for him as the means of restoration.

Solid Sport.

I know a darkey once, who, unlike most of his race, was industrious and economical. The result was that he had a "house and lot" near a little village in western Pennsylvania. He soon concluded that it would not do to own property of this kind without keeping domestic animals on it, and determined to stock it. His first acquisition was an old sheep, of the male persuasion, which he was very proud of. He spent many leisure moments playing with the animal, teaching it various pranks. His chief amusement was to get down on all fours on the grass, and nod defiance at the animal. Seeing which, the latter would make a savage plunge at him to try and see whose head was the hardest. (It is a question.) But as the savage creature came forward like a battering-ram, nig would incline his head suddenly and drop his face to the earth.—The consequence was, that the sheep, missing his mark, would tumble over and over, for a rod or two. One day, Dark called a couple of his neighbors to witness this achievement. They came to the fence and looked over, while he got down on his hands and knees, as usual, and began to nod at his property. The sheep did not seem to see him at first, but presently raised his head from the grass on which he had been grazing, and frowned upon him.

"Oh, jis' watch him now!" said Sambo, in glee.

Old Buckey made a rush, as was his wont, and Sambo suddenly dropped his face to the ground. But, as the fiends would have it, his flat nose came in contact with a sharp snag, he jerked back just in time to receive the full shock of the sheep's hard head between his own nose and wool. There was such rolling and tumbling over and over for the next quarter of a minute, that the neighbors could not tell which was the sheep and which was the nigger. They soon got separated, though, and Mr. Nig. got slowly up, grinned foolishly, and said:

"Pun my word, he neber done dat afore! Gettin' too smart for dis nigger. I'se a gwine to stop foolin' with sich a fellah as dat!"

There was plenty of mutton in the neighborhood the next day, but the sheep was never seen again.

Educate Yourself.

To the mechanic, the worker, the man with sleeves rolled up to the elbow, who stands day by day over the forge or bench, we now speak a word. We often hear expressed among mechanics an ardent wish for improvement and for further knowledge; but suggest to them that they educate themselves, and they will laugh at the idea.—What! a mechanic educate himself! the thing is too absurd. Suggest that he attend the public schools. No; his pride won't let him do that. What then? He wishes for the education that is necessary to success in his labors, and if he only had it, he then could be enabled to take a much more elevated position than he now occupies. Although he would reap the advantages of education with his labor, he has not the energy or perseverance to obtain the possession that he so much covets. He looks to his acquirements as he would wish to have it, and shrinks from the task. He opens some treatise upon abstruse science—for it is abstruse to him—and, puzzled and confounded by terms that are new and unknown, he closes the volume in despair and wishes he knew it all. He lives on, labors on, and the acquirement is never attained.

But, mechanics, rouse yourselves. The day of sleep and lethargy is past. The age demands that you work with head and brains as well as with hands and tools. Bestir yourself, then, and begin now—now at the present time. If you are a worker in iron, learn its history and properties. Trace it from the mine, from the ore, through all its manipulations, until it comes to you in the workshop, and then as it leaves your hands, let a thought go with it, and be not satisfied until you learn its destination and its purpose. Learn the use to which it is put. If chemistry is connected with it, there are books that are lonely written, and you can readily learn the chemics that are connected with it. But all this takes time. To be sure it does. It takes, perhaps, the time that is idly spent; the time that, perhaps you spend in loitering at the corner after supper is ended; the leisure half hour that you idle away at noon. Put your text book in your pocket and learn a fact, and digest that and your dinner at the same time. Sit down with your book and family—and we suppose every mechanic of good sense has one—sit down, we say, and be cheered by the smiles of wife and the prattle of children, and learn the lesson with their presence and their help. Learn but one simple fact in science or the arts each day, and then count each day's gain by weeks and years, and you will store up an amount of useful knowledge that will surprise you, not only by its amount, but at the ease with which you will attain it all. Books, periodicals and papers are cheap and easy to be obtained, and it is your own application that must lay hold of this knowledge that is so frely presented to you, and appropriate and apply it to your own use and for your benefit.

☞ An unfortunate Kentucky editor thus addresses his delinquent subscribers:

"Friends, we are penniless. Job's turkey was a millionaire compared with our present treasury. To-day if salt was two cents a barrel, we could not buy enough to pickle a jay-bird."

☞ A woman in Ohio, quarreling with her husband crammed a hot potato down his throat which caused his death.

Fight With a Maniac.

Yesterday afternoon a tragedy occurred in the lower portion of the city, or probably just outside of the city limits, in the settlement known as Boonville, which will probably result in the death of a man whose name is unknown, and who will, in all probability, be laid beneath the sod without any one to shed a tear over his grave, and without his relatives knowing where he is laid. The facts in the case, as near as we have been able to learn them, are about these: A few days since the wounded man took possession of one of the houses in Boonville, where he held complete sway, and so violent did he become in his actions that persons feared to pass the house. Tuesday the policemen were sent for, but it being late in the afternoon, they did not go to the place until yesterday afternoon, when Officers Joseph Harman, Enoch Arnold, and A. Planz were dispatched to the place to quiet the excitement or arrest the party. When they reached the house they endeavored by persuasion to induce him to come from the house, promising not to harm him if he would; but he not only refused to do so, but threatened to kill any one who would enter the house. The officers, however, did not regard his threats, and they attempted to enter by the way of the window, when they were met by a shower of bricks, hurled at them by the maniac. One of these missiles struck and came near killing Officer Harman. The officers, seeing that they could do nothing else, fired upon the man, one of the shots taking effect just over the left eye, inflicting a fatal wound. Coroner Dick Moore was sent for, it being thought that the man was dead, but this not being the fact, he was removed to the hospital.

Who the man is, or where he came from, is not known, and his presence in the neighborhood, as well as his actions, is something that cannot be accounted for. He has been in the neighborhood for several days, on last Sunday being on the road in all the hard storm which prevailed that day. That he is a maniac no one will doubt.—*Louisville Democrat, 7th.*

Hold the Radicals Responsible.

For a week past the air of Washington has been full of rumors that some sort of a compromise was about to be patched up between the Radicals and President Johnson. How much or how little truth there may be in these reports we do not know, but of one thing we are perfectly well assured. Any compromise which will relieve the Radicals from a particle of the enormous weight of responsibility which rests upon them, ought not to be countenanced for a single moment. Better that the South should remain unrepresented in Congress for years to come; better that it should temporarily be subjected to military rule, outrageous as this would be; better that the next Presidential election should be put to the hazard of a decision in the Northern States alone, than to make any compromise by which even a portion of the dread responsibility to the future should be shifted from the shoulders of the Radicals. *They* refused to compromise at one time when the least concession would have averted war and saved all the lives lost and all the treasure wasted during the blood stained administration of President Johnson's immediate predecessor. During the progress of the war they forced upon the country, they utterly refused to listen to any suggestions of statesmanship, and they still stubbornly insist upon carrying out their extreme views. Any compromise that they might now pretend a willingness to make, would only be a delusion and a snare. No bargain would bind them, for they recognize neither moral nor legal obligations, save only such as make a favor of the negro. Nothing short of universal negro suffrage will satisfy them. This is what they aimed at from the beginning, though they denied it with so much apparent earnestness that the people were deceived, and this is what they will untiringly labor to accomplish, till they succeed or are overthrown beyond the power to raise again. Let no man who wishes to preserve the character of our government as "a government of white men," commit himself to any proposal of compromise that embraces negro suffrage in any shape.—*Lancaster Intelligencer.*

Encounter Between an Elephant and a Rat.

A very extraordinary encounter between a rat and an elephant has recently taken place in the Garden of Plants, London, which was witnessed with interest by hundreds of persons.

The keepers were engaged in destroying a great many rats, when one of them escaped and ran to the spot allotted to the elephant. Seeing no other refuge, in the twinkling of an eye the rat snugly ensconced himself in the trunk of the elephant, very much to the elephant's dissatisfaction. He stamped his feet and twisted his trunk round like the sails of a windmill. After these evolutions he stood perfectly still, evidently reflecting on what was best to do.—He then ran to the trough where he was accustomed to drink, and plunged in his trunk, then returned to his den, and raised his trunk; with the water he absorbed, he dashed out the unfortunate rat, which was in a sheet of water like that issuing out of a fire engine. When the rat fell to the ground the elephant seized him and made him undergo the immersion and projection four times. At the fourth throw it fell dead. The elephant with a majestic air, but cool and placid, crushed his annoying little enemy with his foot, and then went round to the spectators to make his usual collection of cakes, sugar, and other dainties. The feat was received with vociferous applause, which the elephant seemed fully to appreciate.

A TURKISH BATH.

I am almost ashamed to say, considering how long Turkish baths have been an institution in this country, that my experience of them only dates back to about a fortnight ago, when having involuntarily taken a cold, some one suggested that I had better voluntarily take a Turkish bath to cure it.

No sooner was the idea firmly fixed in my mind, than I resolved to execute it, notwithstanding very serious doubts as to how I should like the operation.

My friend had urged me to be at the proper place at 10 A. M., *sharp*, from ten to twelve being the hours devoted to ladies and, as the process occupies nearly the two hours, only one batch can be provided for in one morning.

The term "batch" will not seem inapplicable to any of my readers who have ever enjoyed the delights of the Turkish bath.—In the low dark heated room, into which one is ushered, after disrobing and being enveloped in a sheet, the rows of women seated in low wicker chairs look like nothing so much as lines of tall white loves, in a brick oven.

It would seem at the outset as if this must be rather a dismal proceeding, but it did not prove to be so. The hot air is not felt as oppressive, because the top of the head is kept covered with a thick cloth, dipped every few moments in cold water.

Then, the whole affair seems, somehow, to strike all the women as a great joke; they are more sociable, and get better acquainted, than they would at a watering place, or rather at any other watering place, in three years. There are neither good looks nor nice clothes to be jealous of, for, in the twilight of the place, wrapped in thin sheets, and compelled to absorb heat, until the perspiration runs down in streams, everybody looks alike, and the natural amiability and humor of the sex break out in all sorts of drolleries and funny speeches.

The principal wit on the occasion was also the greatest subject of our mirth. She was a very fat woman, with an enormous waterfall, which she had obstinately refused to take off, and, in one of her fits of laughter, insensibly sliding down upon her chair, her waterfall had pressed through the wicker-work, and all her efforts were vain to release it. There were difficulties in the way of any of the ladies assisting her, so she had to remain in her predicament until an attendant came and relieved her.

These attendants, by the way, are not ordinary servants, but female medical students. One was very nice looking, with a figure which was universally admired, and which, shortly afterwards, to my great astonishment, was abundantly displayed in a single gladiatorial sort of tunic, of scarlet flannel. Talk of the "Black Crook," the "French Spy," and other half-dressed sensations, they will not any of them compare with that scarlet tunic, which left one arm bare, and was draped low over the other shoulder.

This picturesque costume was adopted for the purposes of convenience and utility, in transferring the patients to the scrubbing and showering room, where they are taken one at a time, laid on a marble slab, *lathered* literally with fine soap and warm water, rubbed and *kneaded*, until you feel that, if you were a turkey you would be in a fine condition for boning.

Then, in an instant, you are set bolt upright, and a stream of tepid water, which however, gradually gets colder, is turned upon you, until you cry enough. There is a cold plunge bath after that, for those who are courageous enough to try it, and then there is a warm dry sheet, dry towels, and the Venus in the scarlet tunic to assist in restoring you to consciousness and comfort.

Then there is a heaven of soft warm blankets and an easy chair, one which you would like to keep possession of and dream in, but, unfortunately, either the supply of blankets or easy chairs, or both, was limited, and my delicious embryo nap was disturbed by the fat lady of the water-fall, whose turn it was after mine. With the single regret that I did not achieve my nap, under circumstances that can never occur in a lifetime, the remembrance of my Turkish bath is a source of unalloyed pleasure. My cold disappeared as if by magic; in fact, I forgot all about it until I got home, and found a nauseous mixture which some good soul had sent me, who does not believe in purgatory, and thinks we ought to take all our punishment in this world.

Undoubtedly, the Turkish bath is the finest remedial agent in the world for colds, fevers, eruptions and skin diseases. It is moreover, so positive a luxury, that one would almost be willing to be sick, for the sake of getting well by such means. The only drawback is haste in leaving, a nice nap in the blankets ought to be part of the regular programme, and then a cup of Turkish coffee or Chinese tea to finish off with. This would make the Turkish bath a glimpse of Paradise.

☞ Education does not alone consist in the knowledge of science and books. There is an education of the heart, which is essential to our well being, as the most erudite scholarship. Educate the sentiments of the young properly, and it will be like "bread cast upon the waters."

☞ Men's lives should be like the day, more beautiful in the evening; or like the summer, aglow with promise; and the autumn rich with the golden sheaves where good works and deeds have ripened on the field.

☞ The Captain of a vessel is not governed by his mate, but a married man generally is.