BLOOMSBURG STAR DEMOCRAT.

VOL. XXXI. BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA CO., PA., WEDNESDAY, NOV. 13, 1867. NO. 37.

OFFICERS OF COLUMBIA CO.

President Judge—Hon. William Elwell.
Associate Judges— { Jos. Derr, Peter K. Herbein.
Prothonotary & Clk of Courts—Jesse Coleman.
Register and Recorder—John G. Freeze.
Commissioners— { Allen Mann, John F. Fowler, Montgomery Cole.
Sheriff—Samuel Snyder.
Treasurer—John J. Miles.
Auditors— { Daniel Snyder, Jos. B. Rogers, John F. Hannah.
Commissioner's Clerks—Wm. Knickbaum.
Commissioner's Attorney—E. H. Little.
Mercantile Appraiser—Capt. Geo. W. Utt.
County Surveyor—Isaac A. Hewitt.
District Attorney—Milton M. Waugh.
Coroner—William J. Ricker.
County Superintendent—Chas. G. Barclay.
Assessor Internal Revenue—B. F. Clark.
Assistant Assessors— { John Thomas, S. B. Brower, J. H. Reiry, J. S. Wesh.
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 the above place where he is prepared to make up, on the SHORTEST NOTICE, all kinds of tinware, and do repairing in his business, and deep cells, upon the most reasonable terms. He also keeps on hand STOVES of various patterns and styles, which he warrants upon the same terms.

He has also in his employ a good mechanic, and determined to sell cheap for cash or country produce.

JACOB MEITZ.

Bloomsburg, Sept. 7, 1867—1y.

PLASTER FOR SALE.

THE undersigned is now in receipt of a

PLASTER MILL,

of from ONE HUNDRED TONS per day.

Nova Scotia White Plaster

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

C. MENAGH, Jan. 23, 1867. J. S. MENAGH.

BOOT AND SHOE SHOP.

ONCE A. P. GIRTON,

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

BOOTS AND SHOES,

at the LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES,

in a workmanlike manner and in the very best and latest styles. Mr. Girton is well known to the people of Bloomsburg, and has had years of successful experience which ought to be a guarantee to those who may favor him with their patronage.

☞ Shop in Exchange Building, on South East Corner of Main and Iron Streets, over J. S. Mordan's Store.

Bloomsburg, Oct. 10, 1866—2m.

FORKS HOTEL.

GEO. W. MAUGER, Proprietor.

This well known Hotel has recently undergone a thorough change in the interest, accommodation and capacity for the comfort of the travelling public that it now ranks among the foremost in the county. The bar will always be found supplied with choicest liquors, and the table with the best the market affords. Every attention will be paid to the comfort of those who may favor the house with their patronage.

☞ Attached to the house is a large and commodious Stable, attended by careful hostlers.

Jan. 23, 1867—1y. GEORGE W. MAUGER.

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 Josephi Stroudsburg Foundry in Stroudsburg, where he has all the tools and facilities for doing the work in a workmanlike manner. Having Thirteen Machines and a lathe of Forty Feet. Also, CASTINGS AND FITTINGS OF ALL KINDS FOR MACHINERY, of the short notice and on as good and reasonable terms as any other establishment in the county.

☞ Thankful for the liberal patronage heretofore bestowed on the Stroudsburg Foundry, he hopes by strict attention to business to merit a share of the same.

GEORGE HASLAM.

Stroudsburg, Nov. 21, 1866.

FALLON HOUSE.

THE undersigned having purchased the Fallon House in

LOCK HAVEN, PA.,

respectfully invites the public to give him a share of their patronage. The house has been thoroughly refitted and refurnished throughout, and with the improvements and the experience of the proprietor in the business, he feels confident of being able to give satisfaction to those who may favor him with their patronage.

☞ Stages for all parts of the country leave the house daily.

JAMES LIZZIE PETERMAN.

Lock Haven, Aug. 22, 1866.

Ladies Will Please Remember

Would announce to the ladies of Bloomsburg and the surrounding country, that she has just received from the eastern cities her

Spring and Summer

Stock of

MILLINERY GOODS,

consisting of all articles usually found in a first class Millinery Store. Her goods are of the best quality and among the most fashionable and cheapest in the market. Call and examine them for yourselves. Nobody should purchase elsewhere without examining at Miss Peterman's stock of goods. Bonnets made to order, on the shortest notice, and warranted to give satisfaction.

☞ Store on Main street, third door below the store of Kimble & Rupert.

Bloomsburg, May 2, 1866—tf.

DRUGS, DRUGS, DRUGS.

Pure Medicines, at John F. Meyer's Drug Store, corner of Main and Market streets. A good assortment of

PURE DRUGS,

Herbs, Paints, Oils and Varnishes, always on hand, and will be sold cheaper than at any other Store in town.

QUALITY GUARANTEED.

Prescriptions carefully compounded at Meyer's Drug Store.

Dr. Wistar's Balsam, Baker's Cod Liver Oil, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, sold at Meyer's Drug Store.

Reliable patent medicines, cell at Meyer's Drug Store.

Wines of all kinds, wholesale and retail, at J. F. Meyer's Drug Store, Bloomsburg, Pa.

NATIONAL FOUNDRY.

BLOOMSBURG, CO. COLUMBIA CO., PA.

THE subscriber, proprietor of the above named establishment, is now prepared to fill all orders promptly.

Kinds of Machinery,

such as Furnaces, Forges, Engines, Castings of every description, &c., &c., required in such a foundry, Grist and Saw Mills, Threshers and Reapers, and everything else made in a first class foundry.

☞ Facilities and prices to suit the times, warranting the largest establishment on the Susquehanna.

☞ Orders will be promptly attended to, and work delivered at any station on the Railroad.

Bloomsburg, Aug. 12, 1863. JOHN FOWLER.

THE Bloomsburg Democrat.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY IN BLOOMSBURG, PA., BY

WILLIAM SON H. JACOBY.

TERMS.—$2 00 in Advance. If not paid within SIX MONTHS, $2 50 will be charged. ☞ Newspapers 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.	3w.	6w.	1y.
One square	$2 00	$3 00	$4 00	$6 00	$10 00
Two squares	3 00	4 50	6 00	9 00	14 00
Three "	4 00	6 00	7 50	11 00	18 00
Four squares	5 00	7 50	9 50	14 00	24 00
Half column	7 50	12 00	14 00	20 00	30 00
One column	12 00	18 00	20 00	30 00	50 00

Executor's and Administrator's Notices $3 00
Auditor's Notice 2 50

☞ Other advertisements inserted according to special contract.

Business notices, without advertisement, twenty cents a line.

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

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

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

The Wail of Sambo on the Defeat of the Amendment.

Oh, lab you heard the coloun news,
De 'mendment was beaten,
Oh, dear, it gibs a nig de blues
To see de Rads recreatin.

Dey said dey hilt dis berry much,
But dey could ain't neer see us;
Now I'm a cuse how dey can such
Our hilt de hearse to face us.

An Ole Ben Wade himself could not
Do anything to save us,
I don't care for de southern
Am better dan Jeff Davis.

I tell how de wites to day step roun,
They feel a great deal brisk;
I spose dey think dat day am now
As good as any niggah.

I was so lush dat I did vote,
And git de county offis,
I didn't think our own dear friends
So soon wud scorn and scoff us.

I thought dat all de rigs to-day
Wud shout to find bacuse
I gess I'll pack my traps and go
Right off to Alabama.

For dis dem dey gib de day,
An I do all de wuk,
Dey dilt a stump, no show down dair,
At least nun dat I wot notin

Pray in de morning and bye,
Don't come into de Heathen State,
De times I tell you this.

[Dunsmuth (Ohio) Times.

TOMMY TOLMER AND HIS FIDDLE.

There were but three persons in the car, a merchant, deep in the mercantile list of the Tribune, an old lady with two handfuls of, and a man in the corner with his hat pulled over his eyes.

Tommy opened the door, peeped in, hesitated, looked from another out, came back, gave his little fiddle a shove on his shoulders and walked in.

"Oh, dirty Tommy Tucker
Place for the supper."

shouted a young exquisite lounging on the platform in a tawny coloured coat and lavender kid gloves.

"O, kids, you're there, are you? Well, I'd rather play for it than loaf for it, I had," said Tommy, stoutly.

The merchant shot a careless glance over the top of his paper, at the sound of this *petit-vaudeville*, and the old lady sailed heavily, the man in the corner neither looked nor sailed.

Nobody would have thought, to look at that man in the corner, that he was at that very moment deserting a wife and five children. Yet that is precisely what he was doing.

A villain? O, no, that is not the word. A brute? Not by any means. Weak, unfortunate, discouraged and selfish—as weak, unfortunate and discouraged people are apt to be; that was the amount of it. His patrimony never paid him for the use of his halls. His travelling tin-type saloon had trundled him into a sheriff's hands. His petroleum speculations had crashed like a bubble. His black and gold sign, "J. Harmon, Photographer," had swung now for nearly a year over the dentist's rooms, and he had had the patronage of precisely six old women and three babies. He had drifted to the theatre in the evenings,—he did not care now to remember how many times, the fall he asked him, and it made him forget his troubles; the next morning his empty purse would gape at him, and Annie's mouth would quiver. A man must have life glass, too, on Sundays, and—well—perhaps a little oftener. He had not always been fit to work after it and Annie's mouth would quiver. It will be seen at once that it was exceedingly hard on a man that his wife's mouth should quiver. "Confound it! why couldn't she scold, or cry? These still women aggravate a fellow beyond reason."

Well, then, the children had been sick, measles, whooping cough, scarlatina, mumps he was sure he did not know what not, every one of them, from the baby up. There was medicine, and there were doctor's bills, and there was sitting up with them at night, their mother usually did that. Then she must needs pale down herself like a poorly finished photograph; all her color, and roundness, and sparkle gone, and if ever a man liked to have a pretty wife about it was he. Moreover, she had a cough, and her shoulders had grown round, stooping so much over the heavy baby, and her breath came short, and she had a way of being tired. Then she never stirred out of the house—he found out about that one day; she had no bonnet, and her shawl had been cut up into blankets for the crib. The children had stopped going to school; "they could not buy the new arithmetic," their mother said half under their breath. Yesterday their was nothing for dinner but johnny cake, not a large one at that. To-morrow the saloon rents were due. Annie talked about pawning one of the bureaus. Annie had had great purple rings under her eyes for six weeks.

He would not bear the purple rings and quivering mouth any longer. He hated the sight of her for the sight stung him. He hated the corn-cake and the untaught children. He hated the whole dreary, dragging, needy home. The ruin of it dodged him like a ghost, and he should be the ruin of it as long as he stayed in it. Once fairly rid of him, his scolding and drinking, his wasting and failing, Annie would send the children to work, and find ways to live.—She had energy and invention, and plenty of it in her young fresh days, before she came across her life to drag her down. Perhaps he should make a golden fortune, and come back to her some summer day with a silk dress and servants, and make it all up; in theory this was about what he expected to do. But if his luck went westward with him, and the silk dress never turned up, why, she would forget him, and be better off, and that would be the last of it.

So here he was, ticketed and started, fairly bound for Colorado, sitting with his hat over his eyes, thinking about it.

"Here-m. Asleep," pronounced Tommy, with his keen glance into the corner. "Guess I'd wake him up."

He laid his cheek down on his little fiddle—you don't know how Tommy loved that little fiddle—and struck up a gay, rollicking tune:

"I care for nobody, and nobody cares for me."

The man in the corner set quite still.—When it was over he shrugged his shoulders.

"When folks are asleep they don't hist their shoulders—as a general thing," observed Tommy. "We'll try another."

Tommy tried another. Nobody knows what possessed the little fellow, the little fellow himself least of all; but he tried this:

"We've lived and loved together
Through many a changeful year."

It was a new tune, and he wanted practice perhaps.

The train jarred and started slowly, the gloved exquisite, waiting backmen, baggage masters, coffee counter and station walls slid back; prison house, and prison tower, and blackened ranks of tenements slipped by; lumber and shipping took their place, with clear spaces between, where sun and sky shone through. The speed of the train increased with a sickening sway; old wharves shot past, with the green water sucking at their piles; the city shifted by and out of sight.

"We've lived and loved together"

played Tommy, in a little plaintive wail.

"Confound the boy!" Harmon pushed up his hat with a jerk and looked out of the window. The night was coming on. A dull sunset lay low on the water, burning like a bale-fire through the smoky trail of smoke that went writhing past the car windows. Against lonely signal houses and little deserted beaches the water was splashing dearily and playing monotonous bases to Tommy's wail:

"Through stormy or changing year."

It was a nuisance, this music in the cars. Why don't somebody stop it? What did the child mean by playing that? They had left the city far behind now. He wondered how far. He pushed up the window fiercely venting the passion of the music on the first thing that came in his way, as men will, and thrust his head out to look Look.—Through the undulating smoke, out in the pale alkanet from the sky he could see a low, red tongue of land, covered with the twinkle of lighted homes. Somewhere there, in among the quivering warmth, was our—

What was that boy about now? Not "Home, Sweet Home?" But that was what Tommy was about.

They were lighting the lamps now in the car. Harmon looked at the conductor's face, as the sickly yellow flare struck on it, with a curious emotion. He wondered if he had a wife and five children; if he ever thought of running away from them; what he would think of a man who did; what most people would think; what she would think. She—oh, she had it all to find out yet.

"There's no place like Home,"

said Tommy's little fiddle.

Now this fiddle of Tommy's may have had a crack or so in it, and I cannot assert that Tommy never struck a false note; but the man in the corner was not fastidious as a musical critic; the sickly light was flickering through the car, the quiver on the red flats was quite out of sight, the train was shrieking away into the west—the baleful, lonely west—which was dying fast now out there upon the sea; and it is a fact that his hat went slowly down over his face again, and that his face went slowly down upon his arm.

There, in the lighted home out upon the flats, that had drifted by forever, she sat waiting now. It was about time for him to be into supper, she was beginning to wonder a little where he was, she was keeping the tea hot, and telling the children not to touch their fathers pickles, she had set the table and drawn the chairs; his pipe lay filled on the shelf over the stove. The baby was fretting—the baby always fretted towards night—and she was walking about with him; walking very slowly and weakly, singing now and then. Her face in the light was worn and white, the dark rings very dark. She was trying to hush the boys, teasing for their supper; begging them to wait a few minutes, only a few minutes he would surely be here then. She would put the baby down presently and stand at the window, with her hands—Annie's hands were not once so thin—raised to shut out the light—watching, watching.

The children would eat their supper; the table would stand untouched, with his chair in its place; still she would go to the window and stand watching, wathing. O, the long night that she must stand watching, and the days, and the years!

"Home sweet home."

played Tommy.

By and by there was no more of "Sweet Home."

"How about that cove with his head lopped down over his arm?" speculated Tommy, with a business-like air.

He had only stirred once, then put his face down again; but he was awake, awake in every nerve, and listening, to the very curve of his fingers. Tommy knew that, it being part of his trade to learn how to use his eyes.

The sweet loyal passion of the music—it would take worse playing than Tommy's to drive the sweet, loyal passion out of Annie Laurie—grew above the din of the train.

"Twas there that Annie Laurie
Gave me her promise true."

She used to sing that, thought the man—this other Annie of his own. Why, she had been his own, and he had loved her once. How he had loved her! Yes, she used to sing that when he went to see her on Sunday nights before they were married, in her pink, plump, pretty days. Annie used to be very pretty.

"Gave me her promise true,"

hummed the little fiddle.

"That's a fact," said poor Annie's husband, jerking the words out under his hat, "and kept it, too, she did."

Ah! how Annie had kept it! The whole dark picture of her married years—the days of work and pain, the nights of watching, the patient voice, the quivering mouth the fast and the planning, and the trust for to-morrow; the love that had borne all things, uncomplaining—rose into outline to tell him how she had kept it.

"Her face is as the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on,"

suggested the little fiddle.

That it should be darkened forever, the sweet face! and that he should do it—he, sitting here, with his ticket bought, bound for Colorado.

"And never forget what I."

murmured the little fiddle.

He would have knocked the man down who had told him twenty years ago that he ever should forget; that he should be here to-night, with his ticket bought, bound for Colorado.

But it was better for her to be free from him. He and his cursed ill luck were a drag on her and the children, and would always be. What was that she had said once?—"Never mind, Jack, I can bear anything as long as I have you."

And here he was, with his ticket bought, bound for Colorado.

He wondered if it were ever too late in the day for a fellow to make a man of himself.

"And she's a world to me,
And for Annie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and die."

sang the little fiddle, triumphantly.

Harmon shook himself, and stood up.—The train was slackening; the lights of a way-station bright ahead. It was about time for supper and his mother, so Tommy put down his fiddle and handed around his faded cap.

The merchant threw him a penny, and returned to his tax list. The old lady was fast asleep with her mouth open.

"Come here," growled Harmon, with his eyes very bright. Tommy shrank back, almost afraid of him.

"Come here," softening; "I won't hurt you. I tell you, boy, you don't know what you've done to-night."

"Done, sir?" Tommy couldn't help laughing, though there was a twinge of pain at his stout little heart, as he fingered the solitary penny in the faded cap. "Done? Well, I guess I've waked you up, sir, which was about what I meant to do."

"Yes, that's it," said Harmon, very distinctly, pushing up his hat; "you've waked me up. Here, hold your cap."

They had puffed into the station now, and stopped. He emptied his purse into his little cap, shook it clean of paper and copper alike, was out of the car and off the train before Tommy could have said Jack Robinson.

"My eyes," gasped Tommy, "that cap had a ticket for New York, sure! Methuselah! Look a here! One, two, three—must have been crazy; that's it, crazy."

"He'll never find out," muttered Harmon, turning away from the station lights, and striking back through the night for the red flats and home. "He'll never find out what he has done, nor, please God, shall he."

It was late when he came in sight of the house, it had been a long tramp across the tracks, and hard; being stung by a bitter wind from the east all the way, tired with the monotonous treading of the sleepers, and with crouchin in perilous niches to let the trains go by. She stood watching at the window, as he had known that she would stand—her hand raised to her face—her figure cut out against the warm light of the room.

He stood still a moment, and looked at her, hidden in the shadow of the street, thinking his own thoughts. The publican, in the old story, hardly entered the beautiful temple with more humble step than he his home that night.

She sprang to meet him, paler with her watching and fear, and he felt her arms around his neck.

"Worried, Annie, were you? I haven't been drinking; don't be frightened—no, not the theatre, either, this time. Some business, dear—business that delayed me. I'm sorry you were worried, I am, Annie. I've had a long walk. It is pleasant here. I believe I'm tired, Annie."

He faltered and turned away his face.

"Dear me," said Annie, "why, you poor fellow, you are all tired out. Sit right up here by the fire, and I will bring the tea. I've tried so hard not to let it boil away, you don't know, Jack; and I was so afraid something had happened to you."

Her face, her voice, her touch, seemed more than he could bear, for a minute perhaps. He gulped down his tea, choking.

"Annie, look here!" He put down his cup trying to smile, and make a jest of the words. "Suppose a fellow had it in him to be a rascal, and nobody ever knew it, eh?"

"I should rather not know it, if I were his wife," said Annie, simply.

Jack coughed, took up his tea cup, sat it down hard, strode once or twice across the room, kissed the baby in the crib, kissed his wife, and sat down again, winking at the fire.

"I wonder if He had anything to do with sending him," he said, presently, under his breath.

"Sending whom?" asked puzzled Annie.

"Business, dear; just business. I was thinking of a boy who did a little job for me to-night; that's all."

And that is all that she knows to this day about the man sitting in the corner, with his hat over his eyes, bound for Colorado.

The Live Man.

A live man iz like a little pig he iz weaned young, and begins to root early.

He iz the pepper sass of creation—the allspice ov the world.

A man who kin draw New Orleans molasses in the month ov January, through a half inch anger hole, and sing "Home Sweet Home!" while the molasses iz running may be strictly honest, but he ain't sudden enough for this climate.

The live man iz full of business as the conductor of a street car—he iz often like the hornet, very lizzy, but about what, the Lord only knows.

He lights up like a cotton faktory, and haint got any more time tew spare than a skoolboy has Sturday afternoons.

He is like a dekoy duck, always alive water, and lives at least eighteen months during each year.

He iz like a runaway hoss, he gets the whole ov the road.

He trots when he walks, and lick down at night only because every body else haz. The wise man is not always a deep thinker; he jumps at conclusions just az the frog dus and don't always land at the spot he iz looking at.

He iz the American pet, a perfekt misery tew foreigners; but haz dun more (with charcoal) tew work out the greatness ov this country than enny other man in it.

He is just as necessary as the grease on an axeltree.

He don't alwaz die ritch, but alwaz dize blizzy, and meets death a good deal az an oyster duz, without enny fuss.

JOSH BILLINGS.

☞ The Pittsburg *Post*, after stating that a "pony purse" has been made up by the loyal League to contest the election of several of the county officers in this city, remarks: "The main effort will be to swear away nine hundred and twenty-two votes, so as to defeat Judge Sharswood. Perhaps these gentlemen imagine they can, as formerly attempted, treat elections as if they had not been held, but they will be fearfully mistaken. We indulge in no threats; we make none, but merely intimate they had better not try it on." The Democrats in all parts of the State are intensely excited with reference to this plot of the Radicals to nullify the verdict of the ballot-box, and the leaders of it will be held responsible for whatever may occur. The men who voted for and elected Sharswood, and Leech, and Mogary, and Ballier, will not be defrauded out of their rights, and the sooner the "Ring" understand this fact the better. What we honestly and fairly won at the ballot-box, we mean to have, despite the plots and machinations of professional election sharpers and their "loyal" associates and backers.

☞ A French journal tells the following strange pet story: Two ladies, leading a sucking pig by a string, entered the Agen railway station a few days since; but before they took their tickets, they asked whether they would be allowed to carry their pet into the carriage with them. This was refused, and the two intending travelers went away. Some time after, they returned, one of them carrying what appeared to be a baby, with its face carefully covered over. They took their tickets and were about to get into the train when the station-master who had not forgotten their previous request, advanced, and remarked, "Oh, what a beautiful child!" passed his hand over its head. A grunt of satisfaction was the reply to his caress.—The ladies, finding that their scheme was discovered, preferred to abandon their journey rather than to travel without their strange companion.

Man Was Framed Both for Society and Solitude.

BY J. W. YOUNGS.

How sweet, how passing sweet, is solitude!
But grant me still a friend in my retreat
Whom I may whisper solitude is sweet.
COWPER.

In perusing a work written by an author of considerable reputation, I met with this idea. Man was not framed for Solitude but for society Although we believe this is true in the sense the author intended, still, we propose evading the signification of the author, and showing that man was neither framed exclusively for the one, or the other; but both in their proper seasons.

Worcester says: "Man is a social being." This disposition will lead him to join in with society's convivial meetings, social amusements, and festal occasions, enjoying all the benefits that society brings to mankind.

We have little faith on the idea, that a person can bosom up his better feelings, and misor-like refuse all intercourse with mankind. This may be the case with some, but they are rare exceptions, and even such ones seldom remain in society, but go into hermitage; therefore they are not subject to the influences of society or they might be drawn into its circles and made subservient to its control; Exchanging ideas; making friends, in whom they repose confidence and pour out their troubles, trials and anxieties, feeling all will be safe from the ridicule of a merciless world; and improving our usefulness by co-mingling with those, whom years of practice and experience, have made sages in discharging the duties of life.

Again they may love to get ideas from those, who have gone before, but carved their names high on the monuments of fame; and drink deep draughts from the Historical, Scientific and social pages; or perhaps they may cram their mind or brain (if they have any) with this abominable, contemptable, peace destroying, Yellow covered trash, which is flooding our land, that is enough to nauseate the mind of any intelligent reader.

While it is commendable to make friends, and enjoy all the benefits that is to be derived from age and experience, and drink deeply from the page traced by the pen of the scientific man, or by the finger of Inspiration; we would deprecate even the thought of mixing in the company of those, who make sentimentalism their chief study, or squander the precious time God has given them by perusing the pernicious pages of the sentimental writer; thereby imbuing their minds with the contaminating disease of Novelism, until they have no time, or they are unfitted for the steamer duties of life; or perhaps they imagine that they have caught the spirit and betake themselves to writing novels.

Knox says: "They attack the heart more successfully because more cautiously." My young friend, allow me to warn you, that you may not be thus ensnared. I advise you to guard against it as you value your reputation, that you may not be taken captive at the will of the sentamentalist.

But, next we will notice, man is not able always to keep himself on the active discharge of the duties of Society, and answer well its demands.

He retires, then, that he can investigate the mass of thought that Society has advanced in his presence, thoroughly digesting the good and making it a part of his own intellectual system. Were it not for retirement our minds would become a heterogeneous chaos, from which the pot-scour could call forth nothing useful to himself or Society, but all must necessarily be a superficial confusion. Did you ever know any great thing planed, when the contriver was enjoying himself in the jovial circle, or at the social gathering? Methinks we hear you answering no, or very seldom at most. If so, we have the point, an you must admit that retirement is not only good but necessary.

Again we need retirement to recruit our minds, that we may be able to give an intellectual equivalent for all the benefits we derive from society, that we can claim to be one of its useful members. Society makes larger draughts on the store-house of knowledge, and would soon drain what is deposited there, unless by retirement and close and searching thought, we investigate the matter in this depository and root out everything stale and all corrupted matter, and at times replenish with a fresh stock of acquired wisdom.

And finally if you are a religious person, (and all persons ought to be religious) you will yearn for retirement for a time, that you may commune with your God; and pour fourth to Him the inmost recesses of your heart, that you may get your spiritual strength renewed, and with a fresh impetus from God join the busy throng again, having your minds not only stored with scientific but spiritual good things; that you may not only be able to feed the hungary, but bind up the broken hearted.

A NEGRO BIGAMIST.—In the Court of Criminal Correction, yesterday, Peter Driver, a negro was held to answer in the sum of $1,000 on the charge of bigamy. It is affirmed in the complaint that, on the 26th of August 1865, Peter under the name of Driver, married one Alice Miller, the marriage ceremony being performed by Rev. John A. Fouche, and that on the 17th of December last, under the name of Peter Somers, he took to wife one Delea Collins, the couple being maried by Rev. R. Warner, and in this act his sin consists. All the parties in this case are black.—*St. Louis Republican, Oct. 15.*

More Negro Outrages—The Soil of Pennsylvania Coming in for a Share.

The brutal outrages comited by Southern Negroes upon white women from time to time, seems to be spreading Northward.—The Lancaster *Intelligencer* of Monday has the following:

On last Monday morning a brutal outrage upon a young white girl was attempted by a negro near Penningtonville, Chester county. The particulars are about as follows:—A Miss McDonald, a young lady of the highest respectability, belonging to a good family, was engaged in teaching school at the village of Limeville. Owing to the sickness of a sister she had been in the habit of returning to her father's house at Penningtonville each evening, and going back to school in the morning. On Thursday morning, at a comparitively unfrequented part of the road, a negro sprang from behind a tree with a pistol in his hand. He seized her and threw her down, indulging in brutal threats as she struggled with him. When she was almost exhausted, some noise startled the negro and he sprang to his feet.—Miss McDonald immediately started towards home, but the negro met her with his pistol in hand, and swore he would blow her brains out if she ever mentioned the matter, even though it might be twenty years after. In her flight she turned towards Limeville, and proceeded to that place. On making known to some of her friends what had occurred, they at once sent her in a carriage to Penningtonville. The father and brothers of the young lady, with some others, started out in search of the negro, and arrested him at the house of a Miss Fulton, with whom he lived. On being brought before the young lady, she at once recognized him as the brute who had assaulted her. Her relatives would have taken summary vengeance upon him but for the interferance of other parties. The negro was committed to jail to await his trial by justice Rambo.—It is to be hoped his sentance may be made sufficiently severe to deter others of his class from acts which have come to be very common of late.

Lincoln Sheltered by Crinoline.

There is a story going the rounds of the papers which we find copied into the *Repository*, purporting to be an account of a duel between the late President and General Shields. Instead of giving it publicity the Republican press should suppress it.—It certainly does not furnish an exalted idea of the courage of "the late-lamented." We would be very slow to speak an unnecessary evil of the dead, but as this statement has been paraded before the public as characteristic of Mr. Lincoln, we cannot let it pass without a word of comment.

The story goes that Lincoln, Shields and Mary Todd were all residents of Springfield. Miss Todd was the affianced of Mr. Lincoln. General Shields had just returned from the Mexican war, and sought on one occasion to force the lady to accept his company, which gave her great offence. She wrote a severe and sarcastic article upon the General and handed it to Mr. Lincoln to have it published in a Springfield paper. This he had done. The General, very wrothy, demanded of the editor the name of the author and threatened him with immediate prosecution if he did not disclose it. The terified man of the quill sought counsel of Mr. Lincoln. With his characteristic coolness he said, "Tell Shields Abe Lincoln wrote that article." Shields immediately challenged him. Lincoln had the choice of weapons. He tells us himself (according to the story) that as Shields was a very small man, and has very long arms, he chose long swords as the weapons. Everything was arranged. The parties met. The final issue had come. Said Lincoln, "Shields, do you want to know who wrote that article?" "Did you write it?" said Shields. "No, Mary Todd wrote it," replied Lincoln, his valor oozing out at the tips of his finger nails. Of course this ended the duel, and the valian man repaired at once to his betrothed, to seek and find pardon for disclosing her name in such a trying emergency.

And thus another sprig of laurel is set in the wreath of immortality which belongs to the hero of the Scotch cap and military cloak.

We remember what shouts of derision and ridicule went up from loyal throats two years ago when the news was flashed all over the land that the Chief of the Southern Confederacy had been captured under very ludicious circumstances, clad in woman's attire.

Pray, gentlemen Radicals, admirers of the late President, what is the difference between Jeff Davis, adorned with his wife's petticoats to avoid capture, and Abraham Lincoln sheltered under Mary Todd's crinoline, to escape the glittering blade of General Shields?—*Valley Spirit.*

A COMPREHENSIVE PRAYER.—The following is an extract from Parson Harris's (negro) prayer, wherewith the late Mongrel mass meeting at Richmond, Va., was opened: "Oh, Lord God, bless our enemies—bless President Johnson. We would not even have him sent to hell. Come, oh, come, good Lord, and touch his heart, even while I am talking with you to-night. (Amen.) Show him the error of his ways. Have mercy upon our "Moses." (Sarcastic. Great laughter and amens:) Who, like Esau, has sold his birth-right for a morsel of pottage—took us in the wilderness and left us there. Come down upon him, oh Lord, with thy blessing. God bless us in our meeting to-night, and help us in what we do. God forbid that we should choose any Conservative that has the spirit of the devil in his heart, and whose feet take hold on hell. God bless our old friend—true and tried—Mr. Hunnicutt, who has stood a great many sorrows, and I think he can stand a great many more." (Laughter.)

☞ Makes out this column exactly.