BLOOMSBURG STAR DEMOCRAT.

VOL. XXXI. BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA CO., PA., WEDNESDAY, DEC. 25, 1867. NO. 43.

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. Hanson.
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.

DR. E. W. WELLS,
SUCCESSOR TO DR. F. C. HARRISON.
Has taken Rooms at the American House. All orders left there will be promptly attended to.
Bloomsburg, Oct. 30, 1867.

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

WESLEY WIRT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office in DEMOCRAT AND STAR Building, in
SHIVE'S BLOCK.
March 6, '67. BLOOMSBURG, PA.

E. R. IKELER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Office, 2nd floor, in Exchange Block, near the "Exchange Hotel."
All business placed in his hands will be attended to with promptness and care. Collections made with the least possible delay. [Sept. 26, 1867.

M. M. TRAUGH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
BLOOMSBURG, Pa.
Will practice in the several Courts of Columbia and adjoining counties.
All Collections promptly attended to.
June 29, 1866.

CHAS. G. BARKLEY,
Attorney at Law,
BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA CO., PA.
Office in the Exchange Building, second story, over Pitcher & Co's. Store, Second door above the Exchange Hotel.
Bloomsburg April 17, 1867.

O. C. KAHLER,
Counselor and Attorney at Law,
BLOOMSBURG, Pa.
Would announce to his friends and the public in general, that he has resumed the Practice of Law again. Conveyancing and all legal business promptly attended to.
OFFICE in the Exchange Building, second story, over Eyer & Moyer's Drug Store.
Bloomsburg, May 1, 1867.

C. E. SAVAGE,
Practical Watchmaker and Jeweler.
MAIN STREET, (near the Court House,)
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Constantly on hand a fine assortment of American and Swiss Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware and Spectacles.
Particular attention paid to the repairing of Clocks Watches and Jewelry. Masonic Marks made to order. All work Warranted.
Bloomsburg, April 17, 1867.

B. F. KINNEY,
Surgeon Dentist,
Extracts teeth without pain by a new method. It is perfectly harmless and is now used with good success. All branches of Dentistry attended to in the latest and most approved style.
Residence and office, one door east of Evans' Clothing Store. Bloomsburg, Nov. 13, 1867.

WELL DIGGING.
The undersigned gives notice to the public generally that he is a practical WELL DIGGER, and is prepared to dig wells on short notice upon the most reasonable terms. He has had in his long experience in the business remarkable success. Those wishing anything done in his line would do well to give him a trial.
WILLIAM ROGERS.
Bloomsburg June. 12, 1867.

SAMUEL M. PRENTISS,
VETERINARY SURGEON,
ORANGEVILLE, PA.
I WILL treat all kinds of diseases that horse flesh is heir to, and where there is no cure, no charge. Spavin cured in 48 hours or no pay.
August 7, 1867.

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

CANARY BIRDS AND FANCY CAGES FOR SALE.
The undersigned offers for sale a lot of handsome
Canary Birds and Fancy Cages
CAP FOR CASH. The Birds are of the best singing and for beauty they are not surpassed by their
ALSO, the subscriber is desirous of buying
Turkeys, Ducks and Chickens,
in small quantities, for the fall and winter, for which he will pay the most liberal
WILLIAM GILMORE,
Shive's Building, Main Street.
Nov 23, 1867. Bloomsburg.

FALLON HOUSE.
The subscriber having purchased the "Fallon House," in
ROCK HAVEN, Pa.,
of E. W. Digony, Esq., would say to the friends of the House, his acquaintances, and the public generally, that he intends to keep a First Class House. Accommodations and comforts of a home. Solicits their patronage.
P. O'CONNELL,
Late of the Madison House, Philadelphia.
Rock Haven, Dec. 26, 1866.

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.
Newspaper discontinued until all arrearages are paid except at the option of the editor.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.
TEN LINES CONSTITUTE A SQUARE.
One square one or three insertions.....$1 50
Every subsequent insertion less than 13.....50

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

Executor's and Administrator's Notice.....3.00
Auditor's Notice.....2.50
Other advertisements inserted according to special contract.
Business notices, without advertisement, twenty cents per line.
Transient advertisements payable in advance all others due after the first insertion.
OFFICE—In Shive's Block, Cor. of Main and Iron Streets.
Address, W. H. JACOBY,
Bloomsburg, Columbia County, Pa

CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME.

Judge not another—look within;
There you will find enough of sin;
Weeds luxuriant, rank and wild,
Many a thought by sin defiled;
Many a fretful peevish feeling
O'er our better nature stealing;
Many a cold, ungrateful look
Warm affection scarce can brook:
Many a harsh, unfeeling word,
Heart piercing as a sharpened sword.
Ah! look within, thou needst not roam,
For charity begins at home.

Judge not another, for you'll find
In dark recesses of the mind,
Hidden by self-esteem from view,
Seen by others—not by you—
Follies that make you blush when seen
By the light of conscience's beam.
Drag the intruders forth to light,
And judge them by that standard bright;
Banish the beam before you try
To force the mote from another's eye,
Ah! look within, thou needst not roam,
For charity begins at home.

Judge not another—keep in mind
The golden rule for all mankind;
Where'er you're tempted to expose
Another's follies, think of those
That lurk within; the wish repress
Your scorn of others to express,
When'er to ridicule inclined,
Ah, think how sensitive thy mind;
Perhaps that very moment, too,
Some one may be despising you.
Ah! look within, thou need'st not roam,
For charity begins at home.

Judge not another—keep in mind
The judgment you to others mete
Shall be returned to you complete;
Cease then all judging till you find
No trace of error in your mind;
Then will ye never judge again
For error ye shall still retain;
Till all your pulses cease to beat,
With error you'll be found replete.
Ah! look within, thou need'st not roam,
For charity begins at home.

[For the Democrat.]

BUCKWHEAT--CAKES.

BY RAVEN.

As one star differs from another star, so does one Buckwheat-cake differ from another Buckwheat-cake. And do you know, Mr. Editor, that Columbia County, but especially Fishingcreek Valley, can beat the Nation in Buckwheat-cakes? Yet it is so. We have had visitors from all parts of the United States, and they universally concede, that, no where, in all their travels have they eaten such Buckwheat-cakes as we give here. The very fact that, Bloomsburg Lawyers have sometimes parloined a cake, to carry home to show their wives, is an acknowledgement from the County seat, that we excel in this article of diet.

If experience leads to perfection, then, indeed, ought we to be able to get up a superior article of this kind, for, from the first settlement of the country until now, it has been, and is the principal bread, used, from six to nine months of the year. Some think it not conducive to health, but the health of our people will compare, favorably with any other section of the country. The superiority of our cakes, is not owing to any better quality of grain, than is raised elsewhere, but

The flour, our Millers know how to make it,
And then, our women know how to bake it.

Our Mills are provided with every facility for thoroughly cleaning and hulling the grain, and the most experienced Millers are employed to grind it, the result is, that instead of flour that is as soggy as sand, and the color of brickdust or blue plaster, we have an article, almost as white and lively, as the best wheat flour, hence, Fishingcreek Buckwheat flour, is noted in the markets as the very best, and commands a higher price than any other. But, however good the flour may be, it requires experience and culinary skill to produce the cakes in perfection.

Four things are necessary in a good Buckwheat-cake, they should be, light, sweet, brown, and crisp, for the first, good flour, good yeast, and properly mixed are essential, to have them sweet, they should be often renewed, and kept at a right temperature. It is almost impossible to have them nicely brown, unless mixed with buttermilk, and then bake them on a good thick griddle properly heated, and, with good butter and a little good honey or syrup, you have a dish good enough to sit before a king, and with such before a person with a good appetite, as old Dr. Jackson once said, it is no wonder if he should eat to much.

The way they weigh hogs in Kansas is as follows: They first tie the hog to one end of a rail on a fence with rocks tied on the end, and then guess how much the rocks weigh.

A BACKWOOD'S ADVENTURE.

A Virginia banker, who was the chairman of a noted Infidel Club, was once traveling through Kentucky, having with him bank bills of the value of twenty-five thousand dollars. When he came to a lonely forest, where robberies and murders were said to be frequent, he was soon lost, through taking a wrong road. The darkness of night came quickly over him, and how to escape from the threatened danger he knew not. In his alarm, he suddenly espies, in the distance, a dim light, and urging his horse onward, he at length came to a wretched looking cabin. He knocked and the door was opened by a woman, who said that her husband was out hunting, but would shortly return, and she was sure he would cheerfully give him shelter for the night. The gentleman put up his horse and entered the cabin, but with feelings that can be better imagined than described. Here he was, with a large sum of money, and perhaps in the house of one of the robbers whose name was a terror to the country.

In a short time, the man of the house returned. He had on a deer-skin shirt, a bear-skin cap, seemed much fatigued, and in no talkative mood. All this boded the infidel no good. He felt for his pistols in his pocket, and placed them so as to be ready for instant use. The man asked the stranger to retire to bed, but he declined saying that he would sit by the fire all night. The man urged, but the more he urged, the more the infidel was alarmed. He felt assured that this was his last night upon earth, but he determined to sell his life as dearly as he could. His infidel principles gave him no comfort. His fear grew into perfect agony. What was to be done?

At length the backwoodsman rose, and reaching to the wooden shelf, took down an old book, and said:

"Well stranger, if you won't go to bed I will; but it is my custome always to read a chapter of the Holy Scriptures before I go to bed."

What a change did these words produce! Alarm was at once removed from the skeptic's mind. Though an avowed infidel, he had new confidence in the Bible. He felt safe. He felt that a man who kept an old Bible in his house, and read it, and bent his knees in prayer, was no robber or murder. He listened to the simple prayer of the good man, at once dismissed all his fears and lay down in that rude cabin and slept as calmly as he did under his father's roof. From that night he ceased to revile the good old Bible. He became a sincere Christian, and often related the story of his eventful journey, to prove the folly of infidelity.

White Ants.

Travelers in the East have told some wonderful stories about the ravages committed by the white ants, but the following, from an English magazine, are the latest:

"An odd story is largely credited in India in regard to the voracity of the white ant. A gentleman having charge of a chest of money, placed it on the floor, where it was speedily attacked by these destructives, who soon annihilated the bottom of the bags containing the specie, which fell piece by piece into the hollows of the termites' burrow just underneath the floor where the box was placed. When the coin was to be demanded it was not to be found, but the attacks of the ants were incontestible, and the story got abroad that their teeth were capable of devouring metal. Some years after when the house was undergoing repairs, the whole sum was found several feet deep in the earth in the midst of an ant nest.—White ants once attacked a British ship of the line, the Albion. She was obliged to put it into port in consequence, and had to be broken up.

These creatures are much relished as food by the natives of the interior of India, as well as by those of Africa. In India, before the migration of the ants, two holes are bored in the nest opposite to each other, on the leeward side a pot is placed, which has been rubbed with aromatic herbs; on the wind side, a fire is made, the smoke of which drives the insects into the pots.—These captured victims are then securely fastened in, dried over the fire, and ground into flour, and made into a pastry which is sold to poor people, but which, if used abundantly, produces dysentery. At the time of the migration of the ants in Africa, myriads of them fall into the water, when the natives skim of the surface with calabashes, then grill them in iron cauldrons over a large fire, stirring them as coffee is stirred. The natives eat them by handfuls, without accompaniment or other preparation, and consider them very delicious. They are said to resemble in taste, sugared cream, or sweet almond paste. The Hottentots eat them very greedily when boiled, and grow plump and fat upon the food. They also consume the pupæ of the ants, which they call rice, on account of its resemblance to that grain. They cook these in a small quantity of water. A large nest will sometimes yield a bushel of the pupæ.

A juror having applied to the judge to be excused from serving on account of deafness, the judge said, "Could you hear my charge to the jury, sir?" "Yes, I heard your honor's charge," said the juror, "but I couldn't make any sense out of it." He was excused.

A dancer once said to Socrates, "You cannot stand on one leg so long as I can." "True," said the philosopher, "but a goose can."

Great Gatherings of the Germans.

The Germans in America are preparing for a vast International Festival, in which the Rifle Clubs, the Singing Societies and all the vast array of orchestral unions of the Old World and the New, are to be reunited in the city of New Yoak in one mammoth exhibition of skill and emulation, such as the world has never before witnessed. The details of this magnificent festival, which have already been decided upon, enable one to form some conception of the entertainment which is in preparation for the American public. The project, comprehensive and splendid as it is, originated about three years ago, at an immense meeting of Sharpshooters from almost every European country held in one of the famous free towns in Germany. To this nearly every Schutzen corps in the United States sent a delegation; and, after the usual rifle matches had ended, with satisfaction to the contestants some one started the idea of inviting the organizations of the Fatherland to visit America. The idea, however, could hardly take a practical form at that time, owing to the still unsettled condition of public affairs and the derangements of social life caused by late troubles; but since the United States have resumed that aspect of external tranquility, which, in spite of minor troubles it now really enjoys, our Teutonic friends on each side of the broad Atlantic, have bestirred themselves to bring the great scheme to a brilliant issue. It must be candidly admitted that the German element of society in the United States is one of the most valuable and order-loving possessed by any country on the face of the globe. Ordinarily intelligent, to a large extent well educated and well informed, attached to the forms and precedents of government, yet by no means inimical to progress and improvement, they form a class of citizens whom the descendants of older settlers may well receive with encouragement and welcome. And not alone in this respect is their presence among us to be viewed; for in receiving the benefits of American citizenship, they had communicated in return certain ideas connected with their minor morals of life—a taste for simple pleasures, the judicious cultivation of art, and a refinement in all the small but important economies of society, which Americans have not been slow to appreciate. Their example in this respect has been of value as an antidote to [illegible] extravagance and gloomy [illegible] character which has been [illegible] thought to have its origin in New England; but which in reality seems inherent in the Anglo Saxon race; and which four hundred years ago led the keen French observer to remark of our old ancestors that "they took their pleasures sadly." To this menial frame of the American element, the Germans exhibit a happy contrast, which has been valuable as a corrective.

They look upon the world as an enjoyable place; hunt after pleasures without inordinate excitement; and mixing the bubbles of hilarity with the dull waters of life, form a draught that stimulates and invigorates without inebriation. Their Liederkranz, their Arion Societies, their Schutzen festivals, their Choral unions, are all examples of this, and have been happy in their effect upon society in our cities.—*New York World.*

Finding Fault With Children.

It is at times necessary to censure and punish. But much more can be done by encouraging children when they do well. Be, therefore more careful to express your approbation of good conduct than your disapprobation of bad. Nothing can more discourage a child than a spirit of incessant fault finding on the part of its parent. And hardly anything can exert a more injurious influence upon the the disposition both of parent and child. There are two great motives influencing human actions—hope and fear. Both of these are at times necessary. But who would not prefer to have her child influenced to good conduct by a desire of pleasing rather than by fear of offending? If a mother never expresses her gratification when her children do well, and is always censuring them when she sees anything amiss, they are discouraged and unhappy. They feel that it is useless to try to please. There disposition become hardened and soured by this ceaseless fretting, and at last, finding that whether they do well or ill they are equally found fault with, they relinquish all efforts to please, and become headless of reproaches.

But let a mother approve of her child's conduct whenever she can. Let her reward him for his efforts to please by smiles and affection. In this way she will cherish in her child's heart some of the noblest and most desirable feelings of our nature. She will cultivate in him an amiable disposition and a cheersull spirit. Your child has been through the day very pleasant and obedient. Just before putting him to sleep for the night, you take his hand and say, "My son you have been very good to-day. It makes me very happy to see you so kind and obedient. God loves little boys who are dutiful to their parents, and He promises to make them happy." This approbation from his mother is to him a great reward. And when, with a more affectionate tone, you say, "Good-night, my dear son," he leaves the room with his little heart full of feeling. And when he closes his eyes for sleep he is happy, and always tries to do his duty."

Birds are the poor man's music; flowers the poor man's poetry; and the rich man is no better off.

Courteous Reply to an Infidel.

An American traveler being unexpectedly detained at the mole of quarantine in Odessa, was very civilly offered "half of his apartments and a sofa to lie on," by a young Englishman, who acted as translator to the mole. After they had formed an intimate acquaintance, and had one evening retired to rest, the traveler asked his friend how he could endure the blasphemy which was so constantly heard. The young Englishman replied, that "as a gentleman, these things were disagreeable to him, but as to their being intrinsically wrong, it was a matter of no concern to him, as he denied the truth of all revelation, and believed Jesus Christ to be an impostor."

The traveler, without supposing that the remark would be heeded except by courtesy replied, "Either Christ was an impostor or he was not. If he was an impostor, we have the inconceivable phenomenon of a base man practicing virtue, self-denial, charity, forgiveness of injuries through his whole life, in spite of scourging, contumely, and even crucifixion. Is it philosophical to suppose that a bad man would take so much pains to make men good? But if he was not an impostor, then he has told the truth, and we must believe him."

"Is it possible that I never saw that before?" was the only reply of the young Englishman, but the argument sunk deep into his heart, and when the traveler arrived at Alexandria, he received a letter from the former skeptic acknowledging him as the "best friend he ever had," encouraging him to be equally faithful to others, and, praying him not to forget "his Odessa convert."—*American Messenger.*

A Model Merchant.

"Business is business," "a contract is a contract." These are sound commercial maxims, but the following incident illustrates the nature of the busines Christianity which obeys the inspired injunction, "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others:"

A merchant in New York, during the late war made a contract with a mechanic to supply him with a number of tin cans. Not long after this the price of tin rose so much that the contractor must lose money by completing the ware at the price agreed upon. However, he said nothing, but went on delivering the cans. When the first bills for the pay of the cans was received, the [illegible] called upon him and said:

"I understand you are losing money on this job."

"Yes," replied the contractor, "but I can stand it; a contract is a contract, you know."

"How much will you lose?" asked the gentleman.

"O, no matter," was the reply; I don't complain, and you ought not to."

"I insist on knowing."

"Well since you desire it, I shall lose so much a hundred," naming the amount.

"Well sir," said the noble-hearted man, "you must not lose this—it would not be right. I shall add the amount to your bill, and, as the price of material may still rise, I will advance you the money for the whole contract, which, no doubt, you can use to advantage."

The difference thus paid, to which the contractor laid no claim, amounted to five hundred dollars. That was something more than business honesty; it was Christian principle carried out in business. The World needs just such examples to convince it of the truth of religion.

AN ANALYSIS OF FOOD.—It is stated that a hungry man who sits down before a pound of beefstake, tender, juicy, and an inch thick, and eats it, will find upon analysis that sixty-five per cent. of his steak was water; that eighteen per cent. will go to give him an aldermanic fleshness; and that fourteen per cent. is assigned to warm him, and make him feel comfortable on a cold day. Of the flesh-forming ingredients, according to Dr. Playfair, every one, on an average, requires ninety-two pounds annually to keep up a proper bodily condition. If it is not obtained from steaks, then it must be secured from something else. Cheese is a great flesh-former (30 per cent.), and, taken with beer, speedily conceals all traces of unsightly bones. Two ounces of flesh-formers per diem will keep a man alive if he is not forced to labor, but hard labor requires six, or the body will run short of starch and sugar, and go behind in health and strength. In 100 parts of wheat there are 10 pounds of flesh, but their is nearly double the amount in the same quantity of oatmeal.

HENRY CLAY POSED.—When Henry Clay was a young and brilliant member of the Legislature of Kentucky, one of the old Buckskins heard him quote the Common Law of England as decisive in the case then under discussion. The old fellow was astonished, and, jumping up, began:

"Mr. Speaker, I want to know, sir, if what that gentleman said is true? Are we all living under the old English law?"

The Speaker informed the anxious inquirer that the Common Law was recognized as a part of the law of the land.

"Well, sir," resumed the Buckskin, "when I remember that our forefathers, and some of *us*, fit, bled and died to be free from English law, I don't want to be under any of it any longer. And I make a motion that it be repealed right away."

The motion was seconded. The Kentucky blood was up. The Buckskins fired off speech after speech, and Mr. Clay had as much as he could do to explain the matter, and save the Legislature of Kentucky from repealing the Common Law of England.

NIGHT SONG.

Mother, now sing me to rest,
For the long, long, day is done;
Fold me to sleep on thy breast,
As the night fold's up the sun.

For my heart is heavy with fears,
And my feet are weary with play;
Hide me from life's lengthened years—
Fold me from weeping away.

These flowers, so blessed and sweet,
I've gathered from far and from near;
I lay them all down at thy feet—
They are sweet with many a tear.

But, mother, now sing me to rest,
Take back the lone child, tired with playing;
Fold me to sleep on thy breast—
All the day long vainly straying.

Frederick Gleason, Esq.

Frank Leslie in giving a portrait of that enterprising and most successful of publishers, F. Gleason, Esq., of Boston, in his Illustrated Newspaper, gives the following sketch of that gentleman:

"It is now about a quarter of a century, when Mr. Gleason, then quite a young man, first entered the field as a publisher. He was the originator, in a measure, of that class of publications generallly called "cheap publications;" being very successful in this, his next idea was to publish a weekly literary paper, which he commenced some twenty-three years ago, under the title of "The Flag of Our Union." This was the first real literary and most successful paper started in the United States. Nothing of the kind was then published either in Boston or New York. Being very successful with this paper, a number of imitations immediately sprung up. He next originated the idea of publishing an illustrated paper, which was entitled "Gleason's Pictorial; this was the first successful illustrated paper ever published in the United States. Soon after this, the artists of the United States presented Mr. Gleason with a most magnificent service of silver, in token of their esteem for what he had done for their art in this country.

Having realized a handsome fortune, Mr Gleason, in the spring of 1854, sailed for the second time on a pleasure tower through Europe, and on his return in the autumn, sold his publishing establishment and papers to his assistant, M. M. Ballou, for the sum of $200,000, which amount Mr. Gleason, however, never obtained entirely. In selling to Ballou, Mr. Gleason bound himself not to puplish any paper for fifteen years but being of very active mind, and "feeling like a fish out of water," he soon found finding that the papers under the management of Mr. Ballou were running down faster than Mr. Gleason had built them up, he proposed to Mr. Ballou to give up all the notes he then held against Ballou, some $75,000 we believe, for the simple right to enter the publishing business again. To this Mr. Ballou agreed. So in 1853, Mr. Gleason commenced a paper which he called the "Line-of-Battle-Ship, which title, after a year's publication, he changed to the title of "Gleason's Literary Companion." This paper he has published very successfully ever since."

A Joke on Senator Sumner.

A copy of the New York *Anti-Slavery Standard* created quite a sensation in the Senate. It contained a letter from its Washington correspondent, charging that two millions of dollars were used in passing the Russian treaty through the Senate, and that a Senator who was never burdened previously with much money, had since purchased a fine residence in Washington at a cost of $30,000. As Mr. Sumner is the only Senator who has lately invested in a residence here, there was a disposition to joke him as the Senator alluded to by the correspondent. He not only admitted the purchase, but said the other part of the description also fitted him, as he had never been burdened with cash. This slander upon the Senate, however, loses all interest in view of the fact that there were but two Senators opposed to the treaty on its first presentation to that body, and neither one of them voted against its ratification.

When Aaron Burr returned to New York city to practice law, after his voluntary exile in Europe, he found the late Rev. Jedediah Burchard, then a celebrated revivalist, holding a series of protracted meetings in his family church. He attended from habit, always went late, and disturbed the services by attracting the attention of the audience on account of his notoriety as the man who shot Alexander Hamilton, and who had been tried for treason. Mr. Burchard resolved to rebuke him openly. The next Sabbath, when he came in and got about half way up the aisle, the clergyman paused in his discourse, and pointing to Col. Burr, said in the most scathing manner: "You hoary-headed old sinner, I'll appear against you at the day of judgment!" The proud, defiant old man, standing as erect as ever, with that perfect composure which never deserted him, and fixing his fine grey eyes on the occupant of the pulpit, replied: "Mr. Burchard, I have observed through a long course of professional experience, that the very meanest class of criminals are those who turn State's evidence!"

"My dear Nellie," said a young man, "I have long wished for this opportunity, but I hardly dare trust myself to speak the deep emotions of my heart; but I declare to you my dear Nellie, that I love you most tenderly, and that your smiles would shed—would shed—" "Never mind the wood shed," said Nellie, "go on with your pretty talk."

The Story of a Turtle.

Some time since we published an account of a South Carolina turtle, whose only virtue seemed to be that he lived seven months without eating or drinking. But that turtle is no more to be compared with one that I had than a common cornfield negro is to an educated white man.

In the summer of 1862 my servant brought from near Rockaway a small turtle with a spotted shell, about the size of my hand minus the fingers. When we handled it it would draw in its head and legs and shut itself up as tight as a box; but it soon became familiar with those who practiced handling it, and would suffer its head and feet to be handled without apparent fear.

It was put in the yard back of the house and would crawl about amongst the shrubbery and grass, and when a rainy day came would come out and promenade the walks with as much apparent satisfaction as a modern belle promenades Broadway when she has got a new hat composed of two feathers, three straws, and one ribbon.

When the weather remained dry for a few days we used to take Jack into the kitchen, put him into the sink, give him a swim and a chance to pick up such crumbs as he liked (he was very fond of fresh fish offal,) then put him down on the floor; he would crawl to the top of the steps, shut up his box and tumble down, and over and over and over and over into the yard, and we would see no more of him for some days but in a short time found him at the lower step, with his head and front feet stretched up; waiting for some one to take him in and give him his bath. This went on all summer. When the weather began to get cold we found him working himself down into the dirt. We put him into a closet that opened into the hall between the kitchen and the dining room, covered him with some old clothes, and he staid there until the following spring. When the weather became warm he came crawling out, was allowed to go into the yard, and the same practices and ceremonies were gone through with as in the previous year. When cold weather came again we put him into his old corner in the closet, and he slept away the winter; and on the return of warm weather he waked up, came out, and went to his old haunts as before. In November 1864, the servant dug a hole in the ground about eight inches deep, put him in and buried him, filling the hole full, and smoothing the dirt over. Nothing more was thought about him until [illegible] where Alexander are do not appear, and we supposed he was dead, and thought no more of him until some time in October, (1865.) One day we found him at the steps leading to the kitchen, with a load of dirt baked on his back almost as hard as his shell, with head and feet up on the step waiting to be taken in; on searching we found the hole where he had lain for the last eleven months—he had worked himself up straight to the top. We took him in washed him, let him swim until he showed signs of wishing to come out. We put him on the floor, supposing he would go out as formerly, but no, he turned the other way, went into the hall, where his closet was, crawled slowly along through into the dining room, close to the base board, then back into the hall; and when he came to the door of the closet where he had formerly wintered (there were other closets there) he stopped. On the doors being opened he went in, crawled over several obstructions that lay in his way and finally snuggled down in his old corner; we covered him over and left him. On going to the closet some ten or twelve days afterwards we found, alas! poor Jack was dead.—*New York Express.*

New Hampshire Coming.

There seems to be but little doubt that the Democrats will carry New Hampshire at the coming election which takes place in March. All the municipal elections recently held in the principal cities and towns of that State have resulted in Democratic victories. In Portsmouth first, then in Dover, and now in Manchester the Radicals have been utterly routed. They carried al these places last year by large majorities. We have little doubt that the coming State election will result in an old fashioned Democratic triumph in the Granite State.

One is not sure that he gazes on a picture of perfection when he sees a well gotten up woman. A fine form, a heavy suit of hair, a transparent complexion—all are common now-a-days that they are no longer appreciated with the same intense enthusiastic emotions of admiration that they formerly excited. Not that they have ceased to be admired—O, no! But simply because any woman may have them. What with enamels, eye liquid, false hair, corsets, palpitators, false calves, bustles, plumpers, &c., how can a man tell when to admire? How can he distinguish between a skeleton and a genuine natural beauty. Here is a great risk to run. It beats lotteries or faro. Suppose a man wishes to marry—he finds a pretty girl, but can't go the chances. Why? There is no way in the world to find whether she is artifical or natural.

To-morrow may never come to us. We can not find it in any of our title deeds. The man who owns whole blocks of real estate, and great ships on the seas, does not own a single minute of to-morrow! It is a mysterious possibility not yet born. It is under the seal of midnight—behind the veil of glistening constellation.—*Champin.*

A lunatic in the Bellevue Hospital fancies he is the editor of the *New York World.*