

# BLOOMSBURG DEMOCRAT.



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 Spring term commences April 13th, 1868.  
 Bloomsburg, March 18, 1868.

**Bloomsburg Democrat.**

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 Would announce to his friends and the public in general, that he has resumed the Practice of Law again, conveying and all legal business promptly attended to.  
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 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. Machine Marks made to order. All work Warranted.  
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 HAVING located permanently on Main Street, BLOOMSBURG, Pa., would in form the public generally, that he is prepared to attend to all business faithfully and punctually that may be intrusted to his care, on terms commensurate with the times.  
 He pays strict attention to Surgery as well as medicine.  
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 (Late Assistant Medical Director U. S. Army.)  
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 Office at the Borka Hotel, Bloomsburg, Pa. Calls promptly attended to both night and day.  
 Bloomsburg, Nov. 31, 1866.

**DENTISTRY.**  
**H. C. HOWER,**  
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 Respectfully offers his professional services to the ladies and gentlemen of Bloomsburg and vicinity. He is prepared to attend to all the various operations in the line of his profession, and is provided with the latest improved **PAIN-KILLER**, which will be inserted on gold, silver and rubber teeth to make them as the natural teeth.  
 Mineral plate and block teeth manufactured by all the best artists, and inserted and properly attended to. Sentinal and office a few doors above the Court House, same side.  
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**NEW OYSTER SALOON,**  
 in the basement of the  
**AMERICAN HOUSE,**  
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 Everything in tip-top order about this Saloon. Brought up and delivered to your door, and sent in clean neat order.  
 Bloomsburg, Nov. 13, 1867-3m.

**Independence.**  
 We come with hearts of gladness,  
 To breathe our songs of praise,  
 Let not a note of sadness  
 Be blended in the lays;  
 For 'tis a hallowed story,  
 The theme of freedom's birth,  
 Our fathers' deeds of glory,  
 Are echoed around the earth.

The sound is waxing stronger,  
 And thrones and nations hear,  
 Kings may oppress no longer,  
 For Freedom's reign is near,  
 Her name will crush oppression,  
 And raise the humble mind,  
 And give the earth's possession,  
 Among the good and kind.

And thou shalt sink the mountains,  
 Where pride and power were crown'd,  
 And peace, like gentle fountains,  
 Shall shed its pureness round:  
 And then the world will hear us  
 And join our glorious lay,  
 And songs of millions cheer us,  
 On this our nation's day.

Soon freedom's loud hosannas  
 Shall burst from every voice,  
 Till mountains and savannas  
 Roll back the sound—rejoice;  
 Then raise the song of freedom,  
 The loudest sweetest strain,  
 The captive's chains are riven  
 And liberty shall reign.

**A KIND HEART.**  
 A TRUE FRENCH ROMANCE.

Knowing that the general class of readers are more interested in tales founded upon facts than fiction, we give the following sketch, which, although rivaling many of those romantic pictures drawn by fiction writers, is vouchsafed by an old English journal as being founded upon a real life occurrence, and merely polished by the pen of the writer. A newly-married couple had just come from the altar, and were about starting on a bridal tour as the following conversation took place:

"The newly-married husband took one of his bride's hands in his own. 'Allow me,' said he, 'to hold your hand, for I dread lest you should quit me. I tremble lest this should be an illusion. It seems to me that I am the hero of one of those fairy tales which amused me in my boyhood, and which, in the hour of happiness, some malignant fairy steps ever in to throw the victim into grief and despair!'

"Reassure yourself, my dear Frederick," said the lady. "I was yesterday the widow of Sir James Melton, and to-day I am Madame de la Tour, your wife. Banish from your mind the idea of the fairy. This is not a fiction, but a history."

Frederic de la Tour had, indeed, some reason to suppose that his fortunes were the work of a fairy's hand; for, in the course of one or two short months, by a seemingly inexplicable stroke of fortune, he had been raised to happiness and wealth beyond his desire. A friendless orphan, twenty-five years old, he had been the holder of a clerkship which brought him a scanty livelihood, when, one day, as he passed the Rue St. Honore, a rich equipage stopped suddenly before him, and a young and elegant woman called from it to him. "Monsieur, Monsieur," said she,

At the same time, at a given signal, the footman leaped down, opened the carriage door, and invited Frederick to enter. He did so, though with some hesitation and surprise, and the carriage started off at full speed.

"I have received your note, sir," said the lady to M. de la Tour, in a very soft and sweet voice; "and, in spite of refusal, I hope yet to see you to-morrow evening at my party."

"To see me, Madame!" cried Frederick. "Yes, sir, you—Ah! a thousand pardons," continued she, with an air of confusion. "I see my mistake. Forgive me sir! you are so like a particular friend! What can you think of me? Yet the resemblance is so striking that it would have deceived any one."

Of course Frederick replied politely to the apologies.

Just as they were terminated the carriage stopped at the door of a splendid mansion, and the young man could do no more than offer his arm to Lady Melton, as the fair stranger announced herself to be. Though English in name, the fair lady, nevertheless, was evidently of French origin. Her extreme beauty charmed M. de la Tour, and he congratulated himself upon the happy accident which had gained him such an acquaintance. Lady Melton loaded him with civilities, and he was not ill-looking certainly; but he had not the vanity to think his appearance was magnificent; and his plain and scanty wardrobe prevented him from doing credit to his tailor.

He accepted an invitation to the party

spoken of. Invitations to other parties followed; and, to be brief, the young man soon found himself an established visitor at the house of Lady Melton. She, a rich and beautiful widow, was encircled by admirers. One by one they disappeared, giving way to the poor clerk, who seemed to engross the lady's whole thoughts. Finally, almost by her own saking, they were betrothed. Frederick used to look sometimes at the glass which hung in his humble lodging, and wonder to what circumstance he owed his happy fortune. He used to conclude his meditations by the reflection that assuredly the lovely widow was fulfilling some unavoidable award of destiny. As for his own feelings the lady was lovely, young, rich, and virtuous, and he grasped his bride's hand as if to prevent her being spirited away from his view.

"My dear Frederick," said the lady, smiling, "sit down beside me and let me say something to you."

The young husband obeyed, but did not quit her hand. She began, "Once on a time"—Frederick started, and half-seriously exclaimed, "Heavens! it is a fairy tale!"—"Listen to me, foolish boy," resumed the lady. "There was once a young girl, the daughter of parents well-born, and at one time rich, but who had declined sadly in circumstances. Until her fifteenth year the family lived in Lyons, depending entirely for subsistence upon the labor of her father. Some better hopes sprung up and induced them to come to Paris; but it is difficult to stop in the descent down the path of misfortune. For three years the father struggled hard against poverty, and at last died in an hospital. The mother soon followed; and the young girl was left alone, the occupant of a garret of which the rent was not paid. If there were any fairy connected with the story this was the moment for her appearance; but none came. The young girl remained alone, without friends or protectors, harassed by debts which she could not pay, and seeking in vain for some species of employment. She found none; still it was necessary for her to have food. One day passed on which she tasted nothing. The night that followed was sleepless. Next day was again passed without food, and the poor girl was forced into the resolution of begging. She covered her head with her mother's veil, the only heritage she had received, and, stooping to simulate age, she held out her hand. Alas! the hand was white, and youthful, and delicate. She felt the necessity of covering it up in the folds of the veil, as if it had been leprosed.—Thus concealed, the poor girl held out her hand to a young woman who passed—oh more happily than herself—and asked, 'A sou—a single sou—to get bread!'

The petitioner was unheeded. An old man passed. The mendicant thought that experience of the distresses of life might have softened one like him, but she was in error. Experience had only hardened, not softened, his heart.

"The night was cold and rainy, and the hour had come when the night police appeared to keep the streets clear of all mendicants and suspicious characters. At this period the shrinking girl took courage once more to hold out her hand to a passer by. It was a young man. He stopped at the silent appeal, and diving into his pockets pulled out a piece of money, which he threw to her, being apparently afraid to touch a thing so miserable. Just as he did this, one of the police said to the girl:

"Ah, I have caught you, have I?—you are begging. To the office with you! come along!"

"The young man interposed. He took hold hastily of the mendicant, of her whom he had before seemed afraid to touch, and addressing himself to the policeman, said reprovingly: 'This woman is not a beggar. No; she is—she is one whom I know.' 'But sir,' said the officer—'I tell you that she is an acquaintance of mine,' repeated the young stranger. Then turning to the girl, whom he continued for an old and feeble woman, he continued:

"Come along, my good dame, and permit me to see you safely to the end of the street." Giving his wife to the unfortunate girl, he then led her away, saying: 'Here is a piece of a hundred sous. It is all I have—take it, poor woman.'

"The crown of a hundred sous passed from your hand to mine," continued the lady "and as you walked along, supporting my steps, I then, through my veil, distinctly saw your face and figure."

"My figure!" said Frederick, in amazement.

"Yes, my friend, your figure," returned his wife, "it was to me that you gave honor at that night. It was my life—my honor, perhaps—that you then saved!"

"You a mendicant—yes, so young, so beautiful, and now so rich," cried Frederick.

"Yes, my dearest husband," replied the lady, "I have in my life received alms—once only—and from you; and those alms have decided my fate for life."

"On the day following that miserable night an old woman, in whom I had inspired some sentiments of pity, enabled me to enter as seamstress in a respectable house.—Cheerfulness returned to me with labor. I had the good fortune to become a favorite

with the mistress whom I served, and, indeed, I did my best, by unwearied diligence and care, to merit her favor. She was often visited by people in high life. One day Sir James Melton, an Englishman of great property, came to the establishment along with a party of ladies. He returned again. He spoke with my mistress, and learnt that I was of good family; in short, learnt my whole history. The result was, that he sat down by my side one day and asked me plainly if I would marry him.

"Marry you!" cried I, in surprise.

"Sir James Melton was a man of sixty, tall, pale and feeble-looking. In answer to my exclamation of astonishment, he said: 'Yes, I ask if you will be my wife? I am rich, but have no comfort—no happiness.—My relatives seem to yearn to see me in my grave. I have silemments which require a degree of kindly care that is not to be bought from servants. I have heard your story, and believe you to be one who will support prosperity as well as you have adversity. I make my proposal sincerely, and hope that you will agree to it.'

"At that time, Frederick," continued the lady, "I loved you; I had seen you but once, but that once was too memorable for me ever to forget it, and something always insinuated to me that we were destined to pass through life together. At the bottom of my soul, I believed this. Yet every one around me pressed me to accept the offer made me, and the thought struck me that I might one day make you wealthy. At length my main objection to Sir James Melton's proposal lay in a disinclination to make myself the instrument of vengeance in Sir James's hands against relatives whom he might dislike without good grounds. The objection, when stated, only increased his anxiety for my consent and finally, under the impression that it would be, after all, carrying romance the length of folly to reject the advantageous settlement offered to me, I consented to Sir James's proposal.

"This part of the story, Frederick, is really like a fairy tale. I, a poor orphan, penniless, became the wife of one of the richest barons of England. Dressed in silks and sparkling with jewels. I could now pass in my carriage through the very streets where, a few months before, I had stood in the rain and darkness—a mendicant!"

"Happy Sir James!" cried M. de la Tour, at this part of the story; "he could prove his love by enriching you."

"He was happy," resumed the lady.—"Our marriage, so strangely assorted, proved much more conducive, it is probable, to my own comfort than if he had wedded one with whom all the parade of settlements, of pin money, would have been necessary.

"Never, I believe, did he for an instant repent of our union. I, on my part, conceived myself bound to do my best for the solace of his declining years; and he, on his part, thought it incumbent on him to provide for my future welfare. He died, leaving me a large part of his substance—as much indeed, as I could prevail upon myself to accept. I was now a widow, and from the hour to which I became so, I vowed never again to give my hand to man, excepting to him who had succored me in my hour of distress, and whose remembrance had ever been preserved in the recess of my heart. But how to discover that man? Ah, unconscious ingrate! to make no endeavor to come in the way of one who sought to love and enrich you! I knew not your name. In vain I looked for you at balls, assemblies and theatres. You went not there, Ah, how I longed to meet you!"

As the lady spoke she took from her neck a ribbon, to which was attached a piece of a hundred sous. "It is the same—the very same which you gave me," said she, presenting it to Frederick; "by pledging it I got a little bread from a neighbor, and I earned enough afterward in time to permit me to recover it. I vowed never to part from it."

"Ah, how happy I was Frederick when I saw you in the street! The excuse which I made for stopping you was the first that rose to my mind. But what tremors I felt even afterward, lest you should have been already married! In that case you would never have heard aught of this fairy tale, though I would have taken some means to serve and enrich you. I would have gone to England, and there passed my days in regret, perhaps, but still in peace. But, happily, it was to be otherwise. You were single."

Frederic de la Tour was now awakened, as it were, to the full certainty of his happiness. What he could but before look upon as a sort of freak of fancy in a young and wealthy woman, was now proved to be the result of deep and kindly feeling, most honorable to her who entertained it. The heart of the young husband overflowed with gratitude and affection to the lovely and noble hearted being who had given herself to him. He was too happy for some time to speak. His wife first broke silence.

"So, Frederick," said she gaily, "you see that if I am a fairy it is you, who has given me the wand—the talisman—that has effected all!"

GREKLEY is now for Grant, but he wasn't when he wrote the following: "More soldiers were uselessly slaughtered in the late war through the blunders of drunken officers than by the bullets of the foe."—When the editor of the Tribune dealt Grant this blow between the eyes he was for Chase.

SETTLE UP.—Tell me, ye angelic hosts, ye messengers of love, shall swindled printers here below have no redress above? The shining angel band replied, "To us is knowledge given; delinquents upon the printer's book can never enter heaven."

**A Thrilling Sketch.**  
 In the year 1836, the inhabitants living in a district bordering on Rock River, in the northern part of the State of Illinois were much incensed by the depredations of a band of horse thieves who infested that portion of the country. Every exertion had been made to discover the men engaged in the nefarious business, but hitherto, in vain, and valuable animals were stolen, and lost to their owners, in defiance of the utmost vigilance and care.

During such a state of affairs, the citizens residing in the region of the thieves became thoroughly excited, and were wound up to such a pitch of indignation, that a body of men were formed styled Rangers, whose explicit duty was to expunge the district of all suspicious characters, and endeavor to put a stop to their depredations.

Shortly after this band commenced operations word was conveyed to the leader of the Rangers that a valuable horse which had been stolen the night previous, could then be found on the premises of a man named Burt, locked up in the stable.

Although Burt, heretofore had been looked upon as an honest man and an upright citizen, yet the Captain deemed it his duty to at least examine his farm and learn the truth or falsity of the report.

Accordingly he summoned some half dozen of his Rangers to meet him at a spot not far from Burt's house, and before morning, set out for the same place himself.—Daylight was hardly discernible in the east, and the hazy light of coming dawn had not yet penetrated the bottom, where the suspicious man resided, as the Rangers, charged with the fearful mission of life or death, silently approached, and surrounded the dwelling. Leaving three of the band to guard the entrance, the Captain opened the door, and found the missing horse, as had been stated, safely stalled inside.

Not a lingering doubt now remained of Burt's guilt, and with a stern determination to make such an example of him as would deter others from a like transaction, the Rangers returned to the house. In the meantime, Burt had risen, and upon coming to the door, was seized by those in waiting, and upon demanding the reason was informed that a stolen animal was found in his stable, and that he was considered a thief. Muttering something about "he knew it would come to this at last," he quietly submitted to whatever his captors had in store for him.

A short consultation was held; and it was resolved to hang the criminal upon a large elm tree that grew in front of his own house which being thought that such an act would strike terror and dismay into the ranks of the horse thieves.

Burt had asked half an hour to prepare for his death, and the sun had risen in all its golden majesty, ere the fatal moment had arrived which would launch him into eternity. In vain his gray-headed father and mother pleaded for his life, with trembling tongues—they tottering forth from the dwelling, and kneeling in suppliant mood to his apparently merciless captors. In vain had the wife of his bosom knelt in tears of agony, and entreated them as husbands to spare his life, for each Ranger had suffered more or less in person, and they deemed the example absolutely necessary to deter others, and it seemed as though Burt must die.

The dreadful preparations were completed—the half hour had expired—and the criminal was arranged under the limb of a stout elm, over which a rope was thrown, one end being looped around the prisoner's neck, and the other held by three of the rangers.

Then came a moment of dreadful silence; that awful stillness which precludes the launching of a fellow-being into eternity—while the three strong men who held the ropes' end, gazed fixedly upon the Captain for the signal. It was given by raising the right arm; and already the noose was tightening around the doomed man's neck, when the wife of Burt issued forth from the house holding an infant, a little more than a year old, in her arms.

Rushing forward, she fell on her knees directly in front of the Captain, and raising the child with arms outstretched, towards him, she exclaimed, in tones that would have pierced a heart of steel—

"If you will not spare him for the sake of my grey haired sire, or the wife of his bosom, spare him in the name of God, for the sake of his infant boy!"

Another dead silence reigned like a pall over the spot; then, as though inspired by heaven itself, the child also stretched out its little arms towards its father, and exclaimed, in a voice heard by all, the single word—

"Father!"

And then, as though despairing of success, huddled into it's mother's bosom, and burst into a sobbing cry.

It was more than the Rangers could stand, and after a short consultation, the rope was taken from the criminal's neck, and the band left the spot; and Burt became a reformed man through the powerful effects of his "Infant's Appeal."—Great West.

WENDELL PHILLIPS calls Grant a "successful soldier for whom his warmest friends dare not claim any ideas—whose drunkenness in the streets of Washington is not denied—and has not yet condescended to let the country know which side of this great question of reconstruction his convictions (if he has any) lead him to take."

If you want to rise in the world, go up in a balloon.

**GONE.**  
 Oh! lay her gentle in the mold;  
 Cover her o'er;  
 She from her bed so dark and cold  
 Will come no more!  
 Hushed now forever in her song,  
 So touched with fire;  
 Fain would I still its strains prolong  
 On man's lyre.

Ye gentle gales, that breathe of spring  
 Fit o'er her grave,  
 Her grave come nigh,  
 Give as she gave,  
 Oh, nurse the willow-tree that weeps  
 O'er her sweet breast:  
 Oh, nourish each fond flower that keeps  
 Watch o'er her rest:

Then soft and fragrant summer breeze,  
 Fit o'er her grave,  
 And linger 'mong the cypress-trees  
 That o'er her sigh,  
 Ye brightest stars of shining spheres,  
 Smile from above:  
 Then rosy morn, thy dewy tears  
 Weep o'er my love.

Oh! weep then at thy dawning hour,  
 When none is near;  
 Oh! fill the chalice of each flower  
 With one pure tear.  
 So should they drop upon the ground  
 From flow'ers' eyes  
 They'll fitly consecrate the mound  
 'Neath which she lies.

**Look on this Picture.**  
 Wilmington is the chief city of North Carolina, and Charleston is the chief city of South Carolina. In the Legislatures of those States, recently elected under the radical reconstruction policy, those two cities are thus represented:

**WILMINGTON, N. C.**  
 SENATE.  
 A. H. Galloway, negro; Jos. C. Abbott, New Hampshire; L. G. Estes, U. S. A.; G. W. Price, negro.

**CHARLESTON, S. C.**  
 SENATE.  
 D. T. Corbin, unknown; R. H. Cabin, negro.

HOUSE.  
 R. C. De Jarge, negro; A. J. Ransier, unknown; W. W. H. Gray, negro; B. A. Roseman, negro; George Lee, negro; B. F. Jackson, negro; Jos. S. Jenks, Freedmen's Bureau; Wm. McKinlay, negro; F. J. Moses, Jr., S. C.; W. J. Brodie, negro; J. B. Dennis, negro; John B. Wright, negro; Wm. Jervey, negro; Abraham Smith, negro; Samuel Johnson, negro; Stephen Brown, negro.

Here is a picture for all to look upon; one which all should see and reflect upon. As the Cincinnati Enquirer well says, it is a mirror in which "Radicalism" can see its practical development! It is the great fruit of Radical speeches! It is the sweet particular blossom of its policy! It is a fragment of its statesmanship! It is what we have gained by the war, and about all we have gained, except the gigantic debt, and a loss of a million of lives! How do the people of the North like such rulers who selected United States Senators to vote on the rule not only the South, but the North also. What a progress we shall make in the South with "Cuffee" and "Sambo" thus leading the van in its principal cities—dishonored and degraded vagrants, who have crawled into the places that were once filled by genius, worth and talent? Who will not vote at the North to brush away, as we would the web of the spider, this shameful and infamous burlesque upon government in the South?

**Who is Grant?**  
 Who is Grant? The man who said he would "fight it out on this (the Wilderness) line, if it took all summer," but didn't; and was slain, in the end, to take Mc Clellan's line, on the James river. Who is Grant? The General who, before he took Richmond, lost nearly twice as many men as Lee had in his whole army when the opposing forces first met on the Rappahannock. Who is Grant? The man who "swung round the circle" with Andy Johnson in 1866, until he became giddy at Cleveland, and couldn't swing any further; the man who stood by Andy Johnson's side when the latter was presenting the resolutions of the Philadelphia Convention; the man who kicked out Stanton in August, and sneaked out of the War Office in order to let Stanton crawl back to it, in December; the man who broke his word with his friend, the President; the man who endorses the enfranchisement of 600,000 negroes, and at the same time, declares he will have "no policy" if elected to the Presidency. This is Grant. From such a President, good Lord, deliver us?—*Harriburg Patriot.*

"Miss NIPPERS, do you believe in a future state?" asked Rev. Mr. Seekwell at the sewing circle gathering at the South End the other night. The two sat in a corner, Miss N. having just finished an embroidered flannel waistcoat to be sent to the Baroese Indians in the far-off Lower Down Islands. "Dear me, Mr. Seekwell, how can you suppose I believe in anything else! I wouldn't live a single woman all my life for the whole world," was the innocent reply. Mr. Seekwell was observed to squeeze her right hand very decidedly, and immediately suggested a benediction to the society. Miss Nippers didn't have to go home alone that night—not very much.

At a late dinner in North Carolina, there sat down to the table three ex-Governors, an ex-Justice of the Supreme Court, two ex-Members of Congress, and some other men of honorable distinction in their State, and the only person in the room who could vote or hold office was the negro who waited on the table. Such is reconstruction.

**The Geography Lesson.**  
 "Class in Geography stand up. How many divisions of the earth are there?"  
 "Seven."  
 "What are they?"  
 "Europe, Asia, Africa, America, Long-Division, Short Division, the division in the Radical party."  
 "Right. How many races are there?"  
 "Eleventeen hundred."  
 "Nonsense. Let's hear you name them."  
 "White race, Black race, Indian race, boss race, race after the gals, mule race, wholl barrow race, human race, race after a debt, foot race, mill race."  
 "Hold on! Guess you're right, but we can't stay here all day. Now then, what are the principal elements?"  
 "Air, water, and the national debt."  
 "Is the national debt one of the elements?"  
 "Yes, one of the elements of discord."  
 "What is our globe divided into?"  
 "Land, water, and benzene."  
 "How much of it is dry land?"  
 "Saloon keepers can tell better than I can."  
 "What is a mountain?"  
 "You ain't."  
 "Ain't what?"  
 "Amountain—to much."  
 "You rascal you will catch it for this."  
 "I caught it last term of Bill Jenkins, and hain't got over it yet."  
 Boys get an intermission to scratch.

IS THIS GOD'S JUDGMENT?—Mrs. Surra was hung for being an accomplice in the murder of Lincoln. The testimony on which she was convicted was that of four men, Baker, Montgomery, Cleaver and Conover, precious scoundrels. Baker is now a fugitive from justice—Montgomery is in prison for embezzlement—Cleaver has been convicted of an infamous offence, while Conover is serving out a term in the penitentiary. Preston King, who prevented Mrs. Surra's daughter from seeing the President in behalf of her mother, committed suicide by drowning in the North river, while Lane, who supported King in his conduct towards Miss Surra, shot himself in St. Louis; and now Stanton, who kept all the records of that trial from the President, at last sneaks out of the War Office like a miserable hound that has been detected in stealing sheep. God's judgments are sometimes slow but they are very sure. The Radical party, that upheld this infamous crowd in their rascality, has yet its judgment to receive. That will be done in November next.—*Butler Herald.*

**Facts for the Farmers and Gardeners.**  
 Englishmen farmers believe that hilling up potatoes reduces their yield one fourth. They do not ripen as well.  
 Soft peapods will be found valuable for gardens and yards of sandy soil—and almost any other, for all that. Suds from bar soap are of less value.  
 Every farmer ought to know that cut nails, heated red hot and dropped into cold water will clinch as well as wrought nails.  
 Currants, to do their best, must be freely pruned and heavily mulched.  
 Beans are a most nutritious food for man or beast. For men and hogs they should be cooked, for sheep raw.  
 Many women are becoming bee-keepers and making money at it. They are not the kind, however, that squeal at the sight of spiders.  
 Sheep kept with cows are not so apt to be killed by dogs as when alone. The cows fight for them.  
 Potatoes can be grown much earlier by sprouting them in a warm bed, before planting. Place them on a layer of manure and cover them with sand. Transplant the middle of May.  
 It is said that the last cup of milk drawn from the cow—"the strippings" contains sixteen times as much cream as the first cup. We will not vouch for the exact figures, but the true ones are large.  
 It is just as easy to raise a bushel of good apples as a bushel of poor ones. What is a dollar or two of preliminary expenses in getting good trees?  
 The Department of Agriculture says that ten million bushels of wheat are wasted in this country annually by bad sowing—too deep, too shallow, too thick, too thin, too uneven.  
 Clean out the cellars, "about this time," and give them a thorough airing. It is about as safe to live over a gunpowder magazine as the filthy and poisonous odors of some cellars. But such stuff doesn't poison your land—use it there.

**The Geography Lesson.**  
 "Class in Geography stand up. How many divisions of the earth are there?"  
 "Seven."  
 "What are they?"  
 "Europe, Asia, Africa, America, Long-Division, Short Division, the division in the Radical party."  
 "Right. How many races are there?"  
 "Eleventeen hundred."  
 "Nonsense. Let's hear you name them."  
 "White race, Black race, Indian race, boss race, race after the gals, mule race, wholl barrow race, human race, race after a debt, foot race, mill race."  
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