BLOOMSBURG STAR DEMOCRAT.

VOL. XXXI. BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA CO., PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 12, 1867. NO. 16.

OFFICERS OF COLUMBIA CO.

President Judge—Hon. William Elwell.
Associate Judges—Iram Derr, Peter K. Herbein.
Proth'y and Cl'k of Courts—Jesse Coleman.
Register and Recorder—John G. Freeze.
Commissioners—Allen Mann, John F. Fowler, Montgomery Cole.
Sheriff—Samuel Snyder.
Treasurer—John J. Stiles.
Auditors—Daniel Snyder, L. B Rupert, John P. Hannon.
Commissioner's Clerk—Wm. Krickbaum.
Commissioner's Attorney—E. H. Little.
Mercantile Appraiser—Capt. Geo. W. Utt.
County Surveyor—Isaac A. Dewitt.
District Attorney—Milton M. Traugh.
Coroner—William J. Ikeler.
County Superintendent—Chas. G. Barkley,
Assessor's Internal Revenue—R. F. Clark.
Assistant Assessor—John Thomas, S. B. Diener, J. H. Ikeler, J. S. Woods.
Collector—Benjamin F. Hartman.

NEW STOVE AND TIN SHOP.

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

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

STOVE AND TIN SHOP,

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

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

JACOB METZ.

Bloomsburg, Sept. 9, 1866.—1y.

PLASTER FOR SALE.

The undersigned is about fitting up a

PLASTER MILL

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

Nova Scotia White Plaster,

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

J. S. McNINCH.

Catawissa, Jan. 23, 1867.

BOOT AND SHOE SHOP.

OSCAR P. GIRTON,

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

BOOTS AND SHOES,

at the LOWEST Possible Prices;

at short notice and in the very best and latest style. Mr. Girton, (as is well-known in Bloomsburg,) has had many years of successful experience with a reputation for good work, integrity and honorable dealing unsurpassed.

☞ Place of business on South East Corner of Main and Iron Streets, over J. S. Girton's Store, Bloomsburg. Oct. 10, 1866.—2m

FORKS HOTEL,

GEO. W. MAUGER, Proprietor.

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

GEORGE W. MAUGER.

June 13, 1866.—tf.

MACHINE AND REPAIR SHOP.

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

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

GEORGE HASSERT.

Bloomsburg, Nov. 21, 1866.

FALLON HOUSE.

THE subscriber having purchased the "Fallon House," in

LOCK HAVEN, Pa.,

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

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

Lock Haven, Dec. 26, 1866.

MISS LIZZIE PETERMAN,

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

Spring and Summer

Stock of

MILLINERY GOODS,

consisting of all articles usually found in first class Millinery stores. Her goods are of the best quality and among the most handsome and cheapest in the market. Call and examine them for yourselves.

Nobody should purchase elsewhere before examining Miss Peterman's stock of goods. Bonnets made to order, on the shortest notice, or repaired.

Store on Main street, 3d door below the store of Mandenhall & Rupert.

Bloomsburg, May 2, 1866.—tf.

NEW TOBACCO STORE.

H. H. HUNSBERGER,

Iron Street, below the "American House,"

BLOOMSBURG, PA.,

keeps on hand, and furnishes to the home and country trade, at Philadelphia (lowest) prices,

FINE CUT AND PLUG TOBACCOS,

SEGARS AND IMPORTED CIGAR all kinds of

SMOKING TOBACCO,

Meerschaum and Briar Wood Pipes, and all articles belonging to his trade.

☞ Country small retail dealers in cigars and chewing tobacco, would do well to give him a call, instead of spending to the cities for every article they require in the line of these country peddlers.

Nov. 21, 1866.—3m.

DYES, DRUGS, DRUGS.

Pure Medicines, at John R. Moyer's Drug Store, Corner Main and Market Streets. A good assortment of

PURE DRUGS,

Medicines, 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 Moyer's Drug Store.

Ayers and Jaynes Medicines sold at Moyer's Drug Store.

Fishart's Tar Cordial, Baker's Cod Liver Oil, Winslow's Soothing Syrup, sold at Moyer's Drug Store.

Any reliable patent medicines, call at Moyer's Drug Store.

Dealer of all kinds, wholesale and retail, at J. R. Moyer's Drug Store, Bloomsburg, Pa.

Nov. 7, 1866.—tf.

THE Bloomsburg Democrat.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY IN BLOOMSBURG, PA., BY

WILLIAMSON H. JACOBY.

TERMS.—$2 00 in advance. If not paid within SIX MONTHS, 50 cents additional will be charged. ☞ No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid except at the option of the editor.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

TEN LINES CONSTITUTE A SQUARE.

One square one or three insertions.....$1 50
Every subsequent insertion less than 13.....50

SPACE.	1M.	2M.	3M.	6M.	1Y.
One square,	2.00	3.00	4.00	6.00	10.00
Two squares,	3.00	5.00	6.00	9.00	14.00
Three "	4.00	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 Notices.....3.00
Auditor's Notice.....2.50

Other advertisements inserted according to special contract.

Business notices, without advertisement, twenty cents per line.

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

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

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

[For the Democrat.]

Lyrics of the Susquehanna No. II.

DEATH OF JAMES BRADY, CONTINUED.

BY HAVEN.

Poor Brady all mangled and covered with gore,
Succeeded in reaching the old cabin door,
An old man, who, hid himself during the fight,
Here found the young captain in horrible plight.

This old man was known by the name of Vaness,
He tenderly cared for the young man's distress,
He bound up his wounds in the best way he could,
Yet hopeless that all would do any good.

Now leave me, said Brady, 'tis useless to stay,
My life you can't save, and may throw yours away,
For the blood-thirsty red-skins will surely return,
The crops to destroy and the cabin to burn.

The old man cast on him one pitying look,
And his white locks with meaning he gently shook,
"I'll fight o'er your body and die by your side,
But never will leave you" he nobly replied.

Then take me, said Brady, but thanks to you first,
I'm raging with fever, I'm burning with thirst,
The river's near by, take me down to its brink,
Then bring me a cup of cool water to drink.

The old man assisted him down to the bank,
Where large draughts of water he hastily drank,

"One favor I ask yet, and then I am done:
Now go to the cabin and bring me your gun.

"And see that it's loaded with powder and lead,
I may yet shoot an Indian, before I am dead,
I'll fight with the red-skins while God gives me breath,
And may, in some measure, avenge my own death."

Greeley Getting His Pay.

The French author of the play from which we obtain "the Serious Family" and the inimitable Aminida's Sleek has shown that philanthropy is not always unprofitable, but can be made, in some hands, exceedingly remunerative. We perceive that the *Tribune* has become the recipient of the immense advertising patronage of our copperhead city Corporation. This "plan" is worth fifty or sixty thousand dollars a year at the lowest calculation. The Corporation is at the present indebted to the HERALD to the amount of over twenty-five thousand dollars for past advertising; but although the bill was contracted some time ago we cannot get any money out of them. It seems to be different with the *Tribune*. The copperheads of the Corporation have been entirely won over by Greeley's straw bail bond for Jeff Davis, an old democrat and rebel, and are pouring their advertisements and patronage into his lap with profuse liberality. The bail bond signed by Greeley for Jeff Davis holds the former liable for five thousand dollars. If the chief of the rebellion should run away and leave his bail in the lurch, and if which is very unlikely, Chief Justice Chase should call upon him to appear, Greeley would probably have to pay five thousand dollars for his bond. The fifty or sixty thousand dollars bestowed upon him by the admiring copperhead Corporation would well remunerate him for his loss. So, after all, Greeley has made a good thing out of his bail bond and his philanthropy. He has taken upon himself the very distant chance of being held liable for five thousand dollars at some future day, and has secured the substantial reward of fifty or sixty thousand dollars in one year from the notorious Corporation of the city of New York. He can well afford, on these terms, to bully the "narrow minded blockheads" of the indignant Union League.—*New York Herald.*

ANY PRINTER CAN READ THIS.—We lee saw a young man gazing at the ʷry heavens with a † in 1 ☞ and a ~ of pistols in the other. We Ndeavored 2 attract his attention by pointing 2 a ¶ in a paper we held in our ☞, relating 2 a young man in that ¶ of the country, who had left home in a state of mental Drange M't. He dropped the † & pistol from his ☞ ☞, with the !' "It is I of whom U read. I left home b4 my friends NU of my design. I had so the ☞ of a girl who refused 2 lis10 2 me, but smiled b9ly on another. I ——ed madly from the house, uttering a wild ! 2 the God of love, & without replying 2 the ?? of my friends, came here with the † & ~ of pistols, 2 put a . 2 my Xis!0ce.

SHOULD THEY SING SAMBO A LULL-A-BY.

In tracing the history of Pennsylvania, it is a pleasing reflection to trace the long list of Democratic Governors who have filled the Executive chair of State, in the days of our prosperity. Since the days of Thomas Mifflin her first Governor, the people have come forward in support of Democratic principles, to establish the perpetuity of this glorious and progressive confederation. It is true, that from the period to which we refer, the democratic party has been at times defeated, but such calamities to the country were of seldom occurrence, and occaisoned by want of unity among Democrats. Not until within a few years, has the opposition succeeded in holding power for any considerable time, and those years have been years of war and blood and carnage. They have been years, through which the nation has struggled, through the darkest hours of its nationality. *Tory* was the original name of that party which now oppose us, under the name of Radicals and loyal Abolitionists. It opposed us then, as is doing now, because of its hostility to our institutions. It sympathized with King George III, during our revolutionary struggle for this reason, and to-day it opposes us, because it wants a concentration of power.

We say this party is identified with aristocratic tendencies. Much ado is made in favor of the laboring classes, when political favors are anticipated, but at other times the scoff and sneer at the laboring man, are of no uncommon occurrence. Some of its leaders have even cast the finger of scorn at the laborer, because he has not been able on public occasions to make his appearance in broad-cloth and fine linen. He has even been styled the "slop of the town," by these loyal lovers of "American citizens of African descent." And yet they would ask the poor honest Irishman and German to support them in power, and make the sons of Ethiopia a little better than the Gods.

Look at the legislative enactments of Massachusetts a few years ago. *Foreigners disfranchised for two years after they received their naturalization papers;* while negroes were elevated to more than an equality with the white man. Thus we see that nine years of citizenship, were actually required to give the foreigners a vote, while the black foreigner became a citizen as soon as he signified his intention to become such. This is the sentiment, the mistaken philanthropy taught by this party, which scorns to accept into full fellowship, the poor laboring classes, and opens its arms to receive with endearing embraces all the fraternity of Uncle Sambo and Mrs. Sambo. This strikes us as a little singular but so our *loyal* friends have it, and they are welcome to it.

They can sing the following lull-a-by which is no doubt in accordance with their musical term of mind.

Out Nigger by baby we'll do all we can,
Throw up a jimmy, and vote like a man;
We'll help you, and feed you, and make all the laws,
And shoot all the "cops" who support not the cause.

Yet persons who are disposed to listen to this Syren song of the duskyites take a look at the prosperity of Pennsylvania, and the prosperity of the nation, under the long list of Democratic rulers, and then put that and this from a speech of WENDELL PHILLIPS together—

"We have filled half a million of patriotic graves. We are surrounded by childless mothers and orphans. We have mortgaged the right hand of this generation and the next to pay $1,000,000,000, and have taken the comforts from every table!"

Then reflect that all this has been done to rock the little Sambos in the cradle of Abolition liberty. Let the loyal freedom seekers sing the song of "what they cost the nation," and the day of our Democratic redemption draweth nigh.—*Democratic Watchman.*

New Heads for the Ladies.

An effort is being made, on the part of certain leading ladies in fashionable circles, to bring in a new style of wearing the hair. They are proceeding on the principle that duty unadorned is adorned the most, and hence all chignons, rats waterfalls, hair pins, bands and other excrescences with which it is customary to lumber up the head and rot the hair, are to be discarded. The hair, in short, is to be worn just as nature made it, hanging loosely over the shoulders or flowing down gracefully behind. This *mode*, of course will be stoutly resisted by such of the dear creatures as nature has not given a beautiful supply of head covering; but, nevertheless, it is believed the experiment will be a success when once it has a fair trial. The chignon makers and the perukers are turning up their noses at the very suggestion, but the disinterestedness of their motives is perfectly understood. The feeling seems to be that, as our mothers, wives, sisters and daughters are absolutely compelled just now, to wear other people's hair or to be out of the fashion, it is about time that some of the sex had sufficient moral courage to show how their own hair can be worn, and how therefore, the feminine caput can be made to look, not the hideous humpy-dumpy it now is, but "a thing of beauty," if not a "joy forever."

☞ A lady about to marry was warned that her intended, although a good man, was very eccentric. "Well," she said, "if he is very unlike other men, he is more likely to make a good husband."

☞ "My dear young lady," exclaimed a gentleman, "I am astonished at your sentiments. You actually make me start—on my word you do." "Well, sir," replied the damsel, "I've been wanting you to start for the last hour."

☞ An English doctor sent in his bill to a disconsolate widow, "for curing her husband till he died."

An Effective Speech.

'A speech, a speech from Wilton!' cried the thoughtless fellows.

'He can't make a speech on cold water, I defy him,' said one of their number.

'My friends,' began Wilton.

'Hear, hear! he's really in for it now, pitiful signs of his devotion to the bottle.—'Wilton is on his feet.'

The comrade they called Wilton was a young man twenty three years of age. Upon his face, within his eyes, a settled melancholy rested. His manners were as grave as those of an old man. He was often called 'Wilton the steady,' on account of his quiet adherence to principle.

The head Partner in the firm in whose employ Wilton was, gave a great party once a year, and it was to this gathering Wilton had been persuaded to come.

In vain his companion tempted him with the wine that flowed freely. The 'firm considered themselves good Christians, as, indeed, did the world generally. They gave largely to charities and to their church, where their seats were seldom empty. They did a great deal of good with their money; yet in placing this fiery temptation before young men, some of whom were as yet without fixed principles, they committed a gross and almost fatal error. Looking about him Wilton saw already many flushed, almost to inebriation; many eyes that spite of their flash and sparkle, moved with difficulty, and that dire unsteadiness that marks the incipient stage of drunkenness.'

'My friends,' he said, and then paused as if to give greater emphasis to what might follow. I am going to make a confession.

Some of the company smiled at this, but sad, yet earnest tones of his voice.

'Five years ago I had a brother, a bright, beautiful lad, in whom the hopes of a large family centered. He was called a genius, and he was one. Sensitive, gentle-hearted, and generous to a fault, he also gave promise of extraordinary vigor of mind. One night several of the boys were I was born resolved to have a frolic. The party was to be a secret one, and we were each to carry from our home, if we could, provisions and wine. It came off with success. There was a good cheer, there were bright and flowing liquors; we were all young and buoyant. My brother had never tasted wine.—Whether it was a disinclination caused by natural dislike, or whether his institutions led him to avoid it as dangerous to him, I do not know. I only know—and the recollection is at this moment burning in my brain—that we all thought that if we could get him drunk, it would be fine fun. Fiends could not have set themselves more ingeniously at work to compass the object that we did. I was foremost in the attempt. I will not excuse myself nor in aught palliate my conduct. I knew he had a manuscript poem, that had been pronounced remarkable by competent critics; I knew he could improvise almost without mental effort, and expected that, under the stimulus of a fiery serpent—whose sting I dread more than I dread death—his brain would be quickened and we should be charmed, perhaps amazed, at the exhibition of his rare gifts.

'At last we prevailed, but instead of quickening, the wine stupefied his faculties. A few glasses reduced him to a state of utter inebriety.

'The party broke up. We were all wild with drunk and excitement; he alone was immovable and quite insensible. There was no rousing him from the state of deathly sleep into which he had fallen: I dared not take him home that night, fearing that our frolic might be found out in consequence of the trouble we should have in getting him to his room. So we left him there lying as comfortable as we could place him—his handsome face flushed and almost purple, his active brain, for once, completely stupefied.

'In the morning, I was awakened by the sounds of sobs. A white, sacred face stood over me; a trembling weak voice cried out, 'O, Phillip your poor brother!'

'I sprang from my bed. My friends, I knew the truth soon enough. Herbert had recovered consciousness in the night sufficient to mislead him. He had fallen from the window, a height of twenty feet. He was still living. In vain my prayers and tears, and anguish, his voice faltered.

'Young men, he is living yet, but an insurable idiot. Now, will you ask me to take the accursed stuff? Yes, the curse of the living God rests upon it. It has burdened my life—it has ruined as noble an intellect as ever was ready to do battle with the faults and follies of the world. Do you still jeer and laugh, because I will not be jovial? I tell you, if it was a living thing I would strangle it—and there is nothing upon earth I hate with such deadly hatred.'

There was a deep silence. Not one in all the company seemed inclined to drink again.—*Watchman and Reflector.*

☞ George Francis Train says our modern marriage service should read thus; Clergyman—Will you take this brown stone, this carriage and span, these diamonds, for thy wedded husband? Yes. Will you take unpaid milliner's bill, this high waterfall of foreign hair, these affectation accomplishments and feeble constitution for thy wedded wife? Yes. Then, what man has put together let the next best man run away with, so that the divorce court may tear them asunder.

☞ Capt. John G. Ryan, the "mysterious prisoner," who was arrested and confined in 1865 as the supposed John H. Suratt, is about to prosecute the Government for false imprisonment.

A Fearful Adventure.

A young man in Iona County, Michigan, last week decended a well to clean out the sand at the bottom. While he was thus engaged, the stones began to fall, and his father, hearing the rumbling, shouted to him "jump on the bucket," and immediately commenced drawing him up with all possible speed. The stillness of the next minute or two was intense, and the scene awful. He was kept in advance of the falling masses of stones and dirt that were filling the cavernous depths below him, till within fifteen feet of the surface. The caving in was too rapid, and the stones caught and instantly wedged him in. As soon as possible the neighbors were aroused, and in a short time a hundred or two were at the scene of the disaster. The young man was still alive, as they learned from time to time, by hearing his smothered groans and faint answers to their questions.

The work of rescuing him commenced at once, great care being used, as stone after stone was gently removed, least the treacherous and sandy earth around should be disturbed and cave in anew, and thus fill up the interstices which might otherwise afford air to sustain life for some hours at least. The anxiety of course, was most intense, and the suspense of his parents and friends fearful, while their hopes alternately rose and fell, as now they could distinguish a groan, or a feeble response to their questioning, and anon all would be still again.

Finally, after four hours labor, they reached the sufferer, and found him sitting upon the sharp edges of the bucket, with a large boulder in his lap; sitting erect, with his head thrown back against a portion of the circular wall, and two or three stones resting against his head, and so inclined as to rest against the wall and each other, and "wedge." He was securely held immovable in his position, and fortunately the stones were so arched and keyed that they did not again start during all the time that the men were engaged in digging him out. On being raised to the open air, the young man swooned, but soon revived. No bones were broken, and his bruises were so slight that after two or three days he was out, apparently in his usual health.

Learning a Trade.

It was a wise law of the ancient Jews, that the sons of even the wealthiest men should be made to serve an apprenticeship at some useful occupation, so that in case of reverse of fortune they might have something to "fall back upon." The same law still exists in Turkey, where every man, even the Sultan himself, must learn a trade. How fortunate would it be now had it been a law in this country! "Would to God that I had a trade?" is the cry of thousands of returned soldiers North and South, who find themselves ruined in pocket, with no immediate prospect of gaining a livelihood. It should teach parents that whatever else they may give their sons, they should give them a trade.

So far as the education of their children in the science of keeping proper accounts is concerned, the idea is a good one, as every man should have a sufficient knowledge to manage his own books, should he ever embark in business, but to make book keepers and clerks of all our boys is a grand mistake. Better place them in a workshop, mill, or foundry, where they can learn independent trades, which, at all times will secure for them employment at any time, and the pecuniary compensation for which will be at least as much, if not more, than the business of account.

We earnestly advise all parents to teach their sons trades, no matter what, so that it is an industrious pursuit, and let us in future be saved the pain of seeing so many stout able bodied young men out of employment, and seeking situations where the pen only can be used.

ELOQUENT PASSAGE.—The finest thing Geo. D. Prentice ever wrote is this inimitable passage:

"It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be that our life is a bubble cast up by the ocean of eternity to float a moment upon its waves, and sink into nothingness. Else why is its high and glorious aspirations which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts forever unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth; and then pass off to leave us to muse on their loveliness? Why is it that the stars which hold their festival around the midnight throne are set above the grasp of our limited faculties forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And finally, why is it that the bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in and Alpine torrent upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will be spread out before us like the islands that slumber upon the ocean and where the beautiful beings which pass before us like shadows will stay forever in our presence.

OHIO POLITICS.—The Republicans of Ohio have been hunting all over the State for a candidate for Governor, and have had no little trouble to find a man willing to run on their negro suffrage and negro equality platform. They have at last succeeded in inducing Feneral R. B. Hayes, of Cincinnatti, to concent to be beaten. The Democrats of that State are in high hopes, and are organizing for a grand struggle. They xpect to redeem the Buckey State.

TO MY OLD UMBRELLA.

When angry lightnings crossed the sky,
And floods of rain fell furiously,
'Twas thee that kept me snug and dry,
My new Umbrella.

But, ah! too soon a wire was snapped,
The cover fell and idly flapped,
The climax of my pain was capped.
Ill-stared umbrella.

And in an elemental rout,
Thou wert, alas! turned inside out,
While idle boys set up a shout,
At thee, umbrella.

And now thou rest in attic loft,
Thy whalebone ribs are limp and soft,
Thy handle's gone, thy beauty's lost,
My old umbrella.

A should a new one some day come,
I'll think of thee resting at home,
And prize thee for thy service done,
Faithful umbrella.

Gen. Lee and the Sherman Law.

It was stated a few weeks since that General Lee had written a letter favoring ratification of the Sherman requirements. It appears now that he has written no such letter. It has since been stated by a letter writer to the New York *Herald* and Cincinnatti *Commercial* that General Lee, in a conversation with the writer regretted that his views had been made public, but that he had no hesitation in saying to his friends (Yankee letter-writer?) that he recommended speedy restoration on the basis of the Military Law.

Unfortunately for those who were willing to drag General Lee from his dignified retirement, in order to obtain the weight of his great name upon a mere partisan question, it turns out that the reported letter and conversations have been manufactured out of whole cloth. The Richmond *Enquirer* has authority for declaring that General Lee neither spoke nor wrote the sentiments attributed to him, and, as a matter of course, the individual who started the report in such an emphatic manner has invented a romance without foundation in fact. It matters not what Gen. Lee's views are; he prefers to keep them from the world, and this attempt to drag him out is an exhibition of diplomacy suitable to the spirit of this tricky era, but unkind and offensive beyond comparison.—

The *Enquirer*, having branded the imposture concluded thus:

"We think General Lee is entitled to have his wishes respected in reference to such publications; and we think further, that the reticence which he has imposed upon himself—under all the circumstances of his position, and from the dedication of himself to duties and pursuits the least congenial with politics—is dignified, becoming and wise. We hope no journalist will hereafter, under any stress of difficulty in maintaining himself, undertake to drag out General Lee, and either knowingly or, as in the late case, unknowingly, declare his opinion."

AN ACT

TO PROVIDE FOR THE PAYMENT OF COSTS IN THE REMOVAL OF PAUPERS, IN CERTAIN CASES.

WHEREAS, It sometimes happens that a pauper, removed upon an order of removal from two magistrates, in pursuance of existing laws of this commonwealth, is accepted by the district to which he, or she, may be removed, without appeal:

And whereas, Doubts exist as to the rights under existing laws, of the district, so removing, to recover costs and charges in such cases; therefore,

SEC. 1. *Be it enacted*, &c., That it is the true intent and meaning of the existing laws of this commonwealth, that the district, so accepting said poor person, for costs and charges, in the same manner, and to the same extent, that they would have been, had the case been determined against said district, by the court of quarter sessions, upon an appeal from said order of removal.

JOHN P. GLASS,
Speaker of the House of Representatives

LOUIS W. HALL,
Speaker of the Senate.

APPROVED—The fifteenth day of April, Anno Domini one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven.

JOHN W. GEARY.

Previous Pardons.

When Geary was inaugurated Governor he endeavored to attract attention by making a grand flourish about the pardoning power. With much parade he announced certain rules by which he said he intended to be governed in all cases of the kind. Whether this was done to deceive the public as to his real intentions is not definitely known, but his conduct would lead to the supposition that it was. Since he has been governor he has made most reckless use of the pardoning power, not refusing in any instance to pardon numerous applicants of the Radical persuasion. In a number of counties Radical offenders arraigned for crimes and misdemeanors have produced previous and been discharged upon them. At the last criminal sessions for York county no less than four such pardons were exhibited and the accused thus sheltered from the punishment they deserved. One of the rules volunterily laid down for himself by Geary, if observed, would have prevented his granting any previous pardons. We argree with the *Age* in expressing a hope that a full history of all of that character will be given to the public, to show how Geary's preaheing and practice differ.—*Lancaster Intelligencer.*

☞ The Chicago Police last week found a drunken man in the gutter, in whose pockets, when he was searched at the station-house, were letters from Wendell Phillips and others, reccommending him as a temperance lecturer. His name was A. H. Davis.

An Original Income Tax.

The following is a copy of a return forwarded to an Assistant Assessor in the Seventh United States Internal Revenue District of Massachusetts:

"*Dear Sir*:—In acknowledging the receipt of the blanks which you were so kind that, however much I may regret the fact, it is nevertheless true, that my financial standing does not, and from all appearances will not allow me to assist in lubricating the wheels of the government. I cannot refrain, however, from filling the blanks as requested.

"I have some little property, and although not enumerated in the printed sheet, will you allow me, if for nothing else than my own gratification, to place them in my assets:

"One little boy mare named '——,' (sound and kind in all harness, stands without tying and eats anything,) and of but little value.

"A buggy, not yet paid for, though good for several years. (It is now repairing.)

"I have also a dog, five cats, and two pigs, and the taxes of the latter are equally represented.

"Judging from the past, I am free to say that if I keep the pigs through the summer, I shall be obliged to call upon the United States to assist me. I do not know how in the world I do get along, and am happy only when I know that a rich man cannot enter the kingdom of Heaven.

"My clothes are all second-hand, and my boots are about gone. No tailor has made me a suit for years; and since the publishing of Income Returns was commenced, my credit has been sadly shaken. But, being poor, I get hope and strive and work, and wish, and, better than all, I am happy. Find the man who pays his twenty thousand income, then come and visit me, and judge yourself of 'life among the lowly,' and which is the happier.

"When my boy grows up, I hope he may excel his father in financial ability, of which no one who knows me doubts, and that you, Mr.——, may live long enough to visit him for many years to collect his income tax.

"Yours, &c.,
(Signed) "——, — —."

Our Snobs.

We have feathered-bed knights and popinjay patricians among us, who send the measure of their didgits to Paris in order to have kid gloves that will fit without a wrinkle, and who, if they ever ate anything as vulgar as gingerbread, would insist on having it gilt. Some of our paledins of the Most Noble Order of the Silver Spoon were born with that article in their mouths, others have had it thrust between their teeth accidentally. Of the two classes, the latter are often the most intolerable; but from contact with either, may every saint of gentlemanly instincts protect all true gentlemen.

Of these last, thank the gods! there are more than enough in every walk of life in this country to counterbalance the fuss-and-feather "gents." We meet scores of them on the streets every day, and they may be found trapping beaver on the outer edge of civilization. Many of them can't dance and are equally "slow" at slang and small talk. They don't wear "nobby" hats, nor lavender kids, nor fancy coats, nor constellate their shirt fronts with daimonds nor proclaim themselves the helots of Foppery by wearing huge gold chains; but on their fronts is written man, and their calm and self-possessed bearing distinguishes them in society from the tailor pattern-cards and jeweller's showcases, to whom only their fellow-fools and fops accord the title gentle.

THE WILL OF THE DRUNKARD.—I die a wretched sinner, and I leave to the world a worthless reputation, a wicked example, and a memory only fit to perish.

I leave to my parents sorrow and bitterness of soul all the days of their lives.

I leave to my brothers and sisters shame, and grief, and reproach, of their acquaintance.

I leave to my wife a widowed and broken heart, and a life of lonely struggling, want and suffering.

I leave to my children a tainted name, a ruined position; a pitiful ignorance, and the mortifying recollection of a father, who, by his life disgraced humanity, and at his premature death joined the great company of those who are never to enter the kingdom of God.

☞ "Mother," asked a tall gawky, "what did you and dad used to do when he came courting you? "Good airth and seas, what put that into the boy's head? what do you mean, Jebadiah? "Well, I went over to see Peggy Haskins t'other night, and she told me I didn't know how to court.—I asked her to show me, and says she 'ax your maran.' What did you do, mother? "La, suz! why, Jeb. we used to sit in the corner and eat roast turkey." Good gracious, times aint as they used to be, mother, sartin—the only thing Peggy gin me was a raw pickle!

☞ A LAWYER'S TOAST.—Belonging, he said to the profession which had the reputation of being fond of fees, he would offer:

Fee simple, and a simple fee,
And all the fees in tail,
Are nothing, when compared to thee,
Thou best of fees—female.

☞ It is stated that the French troops in Mexico will be so delighted when their ships arrive to take them home, that they will unanimously go into transports.