BLOOMSBURG DEMOCRAT.

VOL. XXXI. BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA CO., PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 21, 1867. NO. 25.

OFFICERS OF COLUMBIA CO.

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

NEW STOVE AND TIN SHOP.

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

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

STOVE AND TIN SHOP,

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

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

JACOB METZ.

Bloomsburg, Sept. 9, 1866.—1y.

PLASTER FOR SALE.

The undersigned is about fitting up a

PLASTER MILL

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

Novia Scotia White Plaster,

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

J. S. McKINCH.

Catawissa, Jan. 23, 1867.

BOOT AND SHOE SHOP.

OSCAR P. GIRTON,

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

BOOTS AND SHOES,

at the LOWEST Possible Prices;

at short notice and in the very best and latest 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. K. Girton's Store.

Bloomsburg, Oct. 10, 1866.—2m.

FORKS HOTEL,

GEO. W. MAUGER, Proprietor.

The above well-known hotel has recently undergone radical changes in its internal arrangements, and its proprietor announces to his former custom 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 'McHenry,') purchased direct from the importing houses, are entirely pure, and free from all poisonous drugs. He is thankful for a liberal patronage in the past, and will continue to deserve it in the future.

GEORGE W. MAUGER.

June 13, 1866.—tf.

MACHINE AND REPAIR SHOP.

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

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

GEORGE HASSERT.

Bloomsburg, Nov. 21, 1866.

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. GITENKIRK,
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 Mendenhall & Rupert,

Bloomsburg, May 2, 1866.—tf.

NEW TOBACCO STORE.

H. H. HUNSBERGER,

Main Street, below the "American House,"

BLOOMSBURG, PA.,

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

FINE CUT AND PLUG TOBACCOS,

DOMESTIC AND IMPORTED CIGAR all kinds of

SMOKING TOBACCO,

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

Those small retail dealers in cigars and chewing tobaccos, would do well to give him a call, in stead of sending to the cities for every article they need, purchasing of these country pedlars.

November 21, 1866.—3m.

DRUGS, DRUGS, DRUGS.

Pure Medicines, at John R. Moyer's Drug Store corner of 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 Drug Store in town.

QUALITY GUARANTEED.

Prescriptions carefully compounded at Moyer's Drug Store.

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

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

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

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

May 9, 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 "	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

A Touching Poem.

The following beautiful and home-circle poem is intended for the family circle. It is founded upon an incident, where a rich neighbor offered to make a poor family comfortable, and provide for the child, if one of seven was given to him. Some one who has felt the pangs of poverty, and yet been a father with all the deep and holy feelings of a parent has clothed it in poetical attire, and breathed into it a spirit of love, devotion and faith, that will find a holy response in the breast of every father and mother who are blessed with pledges of affections be they one or seven.

WHICH?

"Which shall it be? which shall it be?"
I looked at John—John looked at me,
(Dear, patient John, who loves me yet
As well as though my locks were jet.)
And when I found that I must speak,
My voice seemed strangely low and weak;
"Tell me again what Robert said?"
And then I list'ning bent my head.
"This is his letter:—

"I will give
A house and land while you shall live,
If, in return, from out your seven
One child to me for aye is given."

I looked at John's old garments worn,
I thought of all that John had born
Of poverty and work and care,
Which I, though willing, could not spare,
I thought of seven mouths to feed,
Of seven little children's need,
And then of this

"Come, John," said I,
"We'll choose among them as they lie
Asleep;" so walking hand in hand,
Dear John and I surveyed our band.

First to the cradle lightly stepped
Where Lillian the baby slept,
A glory gainst the pillow white.
Softly her father stooped to lay
His rough hand down in loving way,
When dream or whisper made her stir,
And huskily he said, "Not her—not her."

We stooped beside the trundle-bed
And one long ray of lamp-light shed
Athwart the boyish faces there
In sleep so pitiful and fair;
I saw on Jamie's rough red cheek
A tear undried. Ere John could speak.
"He's but a baby too," said I,
And kissed him as we hurried by,
Pale, patient Robbie's angel face
Still in his sleep bore suffering's trace.
"No, for a thousand crowns, not him,"
He whispered while our eyes were dim.
Poor Dick! bad Dick! our wayward son,
Turbulent, reckless, idle one—
Could he be spared? "Nay he who gave
Bids us befriend him to the grave;
Only a mother's heart can be
Patient enough for such as he;
And so," said John, "I would not dare
To send him from her bedside prayer."
Then stole we softly up above
And knelt by Mary, child of love.
"Perhaps for her 'twould better be,"
He lifted up a curl that lay
Accross her cheek in wilful way,
And shook his head. "Nay, love not thee,"
The while my heart beat audibly,
Only one more, our eldest lad,
Trusty and truthful, good and glad—
So like his father. "No, John, no—
I cannot, will not let him go."

And so he wrote in corteous way
We could not drive one child away;
And afterward toil lighter seemed,
Thinking of that of which we dreamed,
Happy in truth that not one face
We missed from its accustomed place;
Thankful to work for all the seven,
Trusting the rest to ONE in Heaven!

☞ There have been seventeen Presidents and thus far no "impeachments." The subjoined scrap—the work of some unknown hand—will inform you all who have been Presidents, and the order in which they occupied the chair;

Great Washington was number one;
Then Senator Adams next came on.
Jefferson made the number three—
Then Madison, the fourth was he,
Monroe, the fifth, to him succeeds;
And sixth, the Junior Adams leads.
Then Seventh, Andrew Jackson Came:
And eighth we count Van Buren's name,
Then Harrison made number nine—
And tenth, John Tyler filled the line.
Polk was the eleventh, as we know.
Then twelfth was Taylor in the row,
Fillmore, the thirteenth, took his place—
And Pierce was fourteenth in the race,
Buchanan, the fifteenth is seen;
Then Lincoln, as sixteenth, next comes in.
Johnson, the seventeenth and last,
Still lives to close the illustrious past.
Now let us stop until we see
Who our next President will be.

☞ In some parish churches it is the custom to seperate the men from the women. A clergymen being interrupted with loud talking, stopped short, when a woman eager for the honor of her sex, arose and said, "Your reverence, it is not among us." "So much the better," he replied "it will be the sooner over then."

☞ "Aunty," said a three-year-old one day. "I don't like my aprons to be starched so much. So much starchness makes the stiffness scratch my bareness."

ADDRESS OF THE DEMOCRATIC STATE COMMITTEE.

DEMOCRATIC STATE COMMITTEE ROOMS, CLEARFIELD, PA., August 7, 1867.

To the People of Pennsylvania:

The Democratic organization, devoted to the maintenance of its immortal principles; conscious of its duty to them, and to the Republic; proud of its years, its triumphs and its heroism in disaster, and remembering that in the face of persecution, of official frowns, of corrupt appliances and of successive defeats, its numbers have steadily increased; again presents to you its candidate for your suffrages.

The Republican party has controlled the government for six years, and we accuse it before you, because:

In the sacred name of Union, it has perpetuated disunion;

In the room of the blessings of peace, it has given us hate, discord and misery;

It has violated the plainest principles of free government, broken the written Constitution, and only yielded obedience to the behests of party;

The people are denied the attribute of sovereignty; the military subverts the civil power; generals remove governors elected by the people, and a despotism reigns in ten States;

Congress assumes the right to say that negroes shall vote in Pennsylvania, and denies to us the right to regulate our own rule of suffrage;

The negroe is, by law, made the equal of the white man in all public places, and authorized to hold office and sit on juries in the Capital;

The destinies of ten States, and of ten millions of white people therein, are, by Congress and the military power, placed under the control of four millions of blacks;

Their reckless expenditure of the public money in their conduct of the government, in the support and organization of hundreds of thousands of idle negroes, in the employment of hordes of unnecessary spies and officials, and in maintaining military power over the submissive South, endangers and delays the payment of the public debt of twenty-seven hundred millions of dollars—to which the public faith is pledged;

Their gross mismanagement causes taxation to bear heavily upon the people. In 1860, one dollar and sixty cents per head were paid by the people through the customs; in 1866, fourteen dollars per head were drawn, mainly from the consumption and business of the poorest classes, through the customs and internal revenue. In 1860, each individual owed two dollars and six cents of the public debt; in 1867, each owes seventy-nine dollars and fifty cents thereof. In 1860, the expenses of the government were sixty-two millions; in 1867, the Treasury estimates them at two hundred and twenty-five millions, *independent of interest on the debt, both being periods of peace.* Pennsylvania's share of the public lie debt is two hundred and seventy-five millions, her own debt thirty-five and a half millions, and her city and county indebtedness will swell the total to four hundred millions. Twenty-five millions annually come from your earnings to pay the interest thereon. In 1860, your State government cost you four hundred and two thousand dollars; whilst in 1866, it cost you six hundred and sixty-nine thousand dollars;

The pressure of these exhausting burthens and the suicidal policy of Congress, have caused uncertainty and depression to prevade all branches of trade and manufactures;

Our commerce is suffering, the enterprise of our people is repressed and business interests languish;

The revenues of the government are less than its interest and expenses, and the financial officer foreshadows an increase of the public debt;

They plot the destruction of our form of government, by destroying the independence of the Executive, attempting to subordinate the judiciary and by concentrating all power in the legislative branch;

Robbing the people of sovereign power, they have united it with the government in Congress, and dealt a fatal blow at our liberties, for tyranny may be as absolute in a number of persons as in an individual.

Unblushing corruption stalks thro' every department of the government under their control.

For these and kindred wrongs we arraign them, and as the representative of antagonism to each of them, we present to you our candidate for the Supreme Bench:

GEORGE SHARSWOOD—a Pennsylvanian, a man of pure morals, a profound thinker, a sound lawyer and a jurist of national reputation. It has been the rule of his official conduct to yield obedience to written law, and neither party necessity nor corrupting influence can sway him from his duty to fearlessly proclaim it.

His opponent, HENRY W. WILLIAMS, is a native of New England, and is comparatively unknown to our people. Prior to his nomination he was said to be a worthy gentleman and an able lawyer. He has accepted a nomination upon a platform by which he is pledged "TO PLACE THE SUPREME COURT IN HARMONY WITH THE POLITICAL OPINIONS OF THE MAJORITY OF THE PEOPLE." This destroys his independence and "holds the Judge accountable to a political party "for his construction of the law, and inevitably tempts him to sacrifice his integrity; to become the meanest of all creatures—a sworn minister of justice obedient "to the dictates of politicians."

The independent and fearless judge protects you life, your liberty and your property. With which of these men will you trust them?

DEMOCRATS OF PENNSYLVANIA:

We call upon you to organize in every section of the State. Act for yourselves, promptly and vigorously. Wait for no man. The government you love is in danger, its great cardinal doctrines are daily attacked, and "treason in peace may prove more deadly than treason in war." Individual exertion is the duty of every man. Canvass your school districts. Form clubs. Circulate your local papers. Teach the people. Counsel with the aged. Encourage the timid. Arouse the sluggish. Stop talking and go to work. The enemy are vulnerable at every point; attack them for their misdeeds.

Your PRINCIPLES ARE ETERNAL AND MUST PREVAIL.

By order of the Democratic State Committee.

WILLIAM A. WALLACE,
Chairman.

NONSENSE.—Immediately after the assassination of Old Abe the radicals declared the removal of Mr. Lincoln to be an interposition of Providence, because, as they said, Lincoln was too easy towards the rebels.—Johnson was designated as a special instrument in the hands of God to punish the South. They wanted a man of "backbone" and they said Johnson was just the man.—If this was true, why then do they now so bitterly oppose God's minister? But if God designed the removal of Old Abe because he was too easy, why did he allow Seward to escape, who is just as bad a man now as Johnson? In the Surratt trial the other day, Carrington said of Seward:—"By a miraculous interposition of Providence his life is spared." Now, if it was a sin to kill Lincoln why did not Providence interfere in his case and save him as Seward was saved? On the other hand, if God was really the author and instigator of the conspiracy and death of that "good man" Lincoln, why then punish those who were merely his obedient and innocent instruments? There is a contradiction involved in this case somewhere, and it is a question of importance to know whether God or the Republicans are the authors of it. They generally pretend to know more about God's business than their own and they ought to be able to make this matter clear. If they can't, we must set them known as "narrow-minded block-heads."—*Selinsgrove Times.*

A VERY HASTY WEDDING.—A somewhat novel and romantic marriage took place in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, recently, which may interest the lady portion of our readers. A wedding was announced to take place in the evening at one of the churches, and of course the seats were crowded—for there are thousands of persons who will go to see a man married or hanged who would not venture on any other ordinary or extraordinary occasion. Among the spectators were a widower and widow, both in the noonday of life, who happened to sit together in the same pew. They had a slight acquaintance, and very naturally whispered together upon the appearance of the bride and bridegroom at the altar. At about the conclusion of the ceremony the gentleman sighed very audibly and whispered to his companion, "Poor things! I hate to see them start out in the world alone; I'd like to keep the poor creatures company to-night." "So would I," sighed the widow. "Say we do," said the widower, a bright idea striking him, "Agreed," responded the widow. The first ceremony was no sooner through, accordingly, than up marched the hero and heroine of our story to the altar, and in less time than a thrice were made one flesh, to the utter bewilderment of the assemblage.

☞ We are informed that, on Tuesday of last week, a little boy named Duck, in Dry Valley, *North'd County* was killed in attempting to creep under a gate. The gate, which was heavy, was standing upright off its hinges; and while attempting to pass under, the boy threw it down upon himself, breaking his neck.—*North'd County Democrat.*

☞ Some children were watching the process of popping corn, when one, delighted by the magical transformation of the kernels, exclaimed, "Oh! now I know what snow is, it is popped rain."

The Freedmen's Lament.

The condition of the negro in many sections of this once prosperous land is well set forth in the following paragraph which falls under our eye:

A negro sat on the curbstone bare, brooding over his woes; sad was his heart and kinkly his hair, his gizzard feet were exposto the air, and exceedingly seedy his clothes. And as he sat in the cutting blast, we had to pity the cuss: he wishfully looked at each person that passed and we heard him soliloquise thus: "Oh! why did Old Abe wid de hatchet face, go get dis darkey free? I was happy at home wid de odder nigs, and ole Dinah was happy wid me. Ole massa was kind, and when I was sick he fed me and kep me at home; but now I feel sick, I'se got nuffin to eat, and has to sit here and freeze in the street. Oh why did the buro cum? In de winter time I sot by de fire, wid de young ones huskin corn; but now I'se got no huskin to do, and no good fire or house to go to, an my clo's is all tattered an torn. In de summer time, when day's work's done and we danced away to the good ole music I used to play, but I feel like dancin' no more. Oh! if ole massa wond take me back to de ole plantation agin, I'd never leave for sich freedom as dis: but I'd work mighty hard, and jis' to show 'em how foolish I'se bin.' When the darkey ceased, the big tears from his eyes rolled down o'er his cheeks very fast, and we left him there on the curbstone bare, exposed to the cutting blast. And we could but think as we passed along, what has the 'bureau' done? It fed the negro all summer and spring when he could get work at almost anything, but now lets him starve around town.

So the negro starves, and the white man steals, and the country to the devil goes, and poverty stalks all over the South, the land of ashes and woes.—*Lacrosse Democrat.*

REVENGE.

"Father, forgive them." Go, proud infidel, search the ponderous domes of heathen learning, explore the works of Confuscius, examine the precepts of Seneca and the writings of Socrates—collect all the excellencies of ancient and modern moralists, and point to a sentence equal to this simple prayer of our Saviour.

Reviled and insulted—suffering the grossest indignities, crowned with thorns, and led away to die! no annihilating curse breaks from his torturing heart. Sweet and placid as the aspirations of a mother for her nurslings, ascends the prayer for mercy on his persecutors,—"Father, forgive them." Oh, it is worthy of its origion, and stamps with the brightest seal of truth that his mission was from heaven.

Acquaintances, have you quarrelled? Friends, have you differed? If He who was pure and perfect forgave his bitterest enemies, do you well to cherish your anger? Brothers, to you the precept is imperative! You must forgive, not seven times, but seventy times seventy times seven. Revenge is as incompatible with happiness as it is hostile to reason and religion. Let him whose heart is black with malace and studious of revenge, walk through the fields while clad in verdure and adorned with flowers; to his eye there is no beauty, the flowers to him exale no fragrance.

Dark as his soul, nature is robed in deepest sable. The smiles of beauty illumine not his bosom with joy—but the furies of hell rage in his breast, and render him as miserable as he could wish the object of his hate. But let him lay his hand upon his heart and say, "revenge, I cast thee from me; Father, forgive me, as I forgive my enemies," and nature will assume a new and delightful character. Then, indeed, are the meadows verdant and flowers fragrant; then is the music of the grove delightful to the ear and the smiles of virtuous beauty lovely to the soul.—*Exchange.*

A NOVEL ADVERTISEMENT.—The novel matrimonial advertisement recently appeared in a Western paper:

"I am eighteen years of age, have a good set of teeth, and believe in Andy Johnson, the star spangled banner and the 4th of July. I have taken up a State lot, cleared up eighteen acres last year, and seeded ten of it down. My buckwheat looks first rate, and the oats and potatoes are bully. I have got nine sheep, a two year old bull and two heifers, besides a house and barn. I want to buy bread and butter, hoopskirts and waterfalls for some persons of the female persuasion during my life. That's what's the matter with me. But I don't know how to do it."

☞ Gen. Grant no longer conceals his wish to be President—or, as he says it, that he "would like to be President some time or other." In speaking to a friend the other day he said if he was sure of it ten years hence he would rather wait. "As it is," said he, "if I am elect now I shall be an ex-President while I am yet a young man. My present position suits me and pays me liberally, nearly $20,000. I can't be President more than eight year's, and probably not more than four, and at the end of that time I will be out of office with nothing to do and no private fortune to live on."—Should the Democrats nominate him the Republicans will undoubtedly unite upon Chase, and the result will be one of the most interesting political battles ever fought in this country.

☞ President Johnson has received from a citizen of Richmond the present of a comfortable arm chair made of straw. It was constructed entirely by colored men in the employ of the donor.

THE STRANGER ON THE SILL.

BY T. B. READ.

Between broad fields of wheat and corn
Is the lovely home where I was born;
The peach tree leans against the wall,
And the woodbine wanders over all;
There is the shaded doorway still—
But a stranger's foot has crossed the sill.

There is the barn—and, as of yore,
I can smell the hay from the open door,
And see the buisy swallows throng,
And hear the pewees' mournful song;
But the stranger comes, oh! painful proof—
His sheaves are piled to the heated roof.

There is the orchard—the very trees
That knew my childhood so well to please,
Where I watched the shadowy moments run,
Till my life imbibed more of shade than sun;
The swing from the bough still sweeps the air,
But the strangers children are swinging there

It bubbles, the shady spring below,
With its bulrush brook where the hazels grow
'Twas there I found the calamus root,
And watched the minnows poise and shoot,
And heard the robin lave his wing—
But the stranger's bucket is at the spring.

Oh, ye who daily cross the sill,
Step lightly, for I love it still;
And when you crowd the old barn eaves,
Then think what countless harvest sheaves
Have passed within that scented door
To gladden eyes that are no more.

Deal kindly with these orchard trees,
And when your children crowd your knees,
Their sweetest fruit they shall impart,
As if old memories stirred the heart;
To youthful sport still leave the swing,
And in sweet reverence hold the spring.

Another Letter from Ex-Commissioner Ould.

General Robert Ould has written the following letter to one of the editors of the *National Intelligencer:*

RICHMOND, July 18, 1867.

MY DEAR SIR: I have read the remarkable discussion in the House. Mr. Eldridge is substantially right in what he said. I offered early in August to deliver all the sick and wounded prisoners we had without requiring equivalents for them. I would have made the offer earlier, but for the fact that some considerable time before I had made an offer of exchange, man for man, to which I could get no response. I waited for a response until early in August, and failing to receive one, I then made the offer above named, at the same time urging haste on the part of the United States government, as the mortality among the Federal prisoners was very great. During the fall I again and again urged haste, giving the same reason. I informed the Federal authorities that if they would send transportation for 15,000 men to the mouth of the Savannah River I would furnish that number of sick and wounded, and that I would fill up any deficiency with well prisoners. I did not require a corresponding delivery of our prisoners, though I expressed the desire that they might be sent. From early in August we were not only ready, but anxious to make this delivery. It was our purpose as well as our offer, to continue the delivery of the sick and wounded at all the depots of prisoners, and upon the terms mentioned; that is, without requiring equivalents.—Transportation was not sent until December. The United States authorities brought in that month some 3,000 prisoners to the mouth of the Savannah River, and received over 13,000 in return many of whom were well men. The 3,000 delivered presented as melancholy spectacle as Andersonville ever disclosed. Most, it not all of them, had been brought from Elmira. Some died between Elmira and Baltimore, many between Baltimore and Savannah. I do not believe ten per cent. of the number are now alive. All these facts are known to Federal officers. Rebels, may lie, but yet the fact is fully established by other evidence that the Federa authorities sent 3,000 and received 13,000. They would have received more if there had been accommodations. Why was transportation sent to Savannah for the prisoners unless I had agreed to deliver them. Why were 13,000 delivered and only 3,000 received if I insisted on receiving equivalents? There is nothing in the published correspondence referred to by General Butler which, in any manner, contests any one of the facts I have mentioned. General Mulford will sustain everything I have herein written. He is a man of honor and courage, and, I do not think, will hesitate to tell the truth. I think it would be well for you to make an appeal to him, as it has become a question of veracity. General Butler says the proposition was made in the fall, and that 7,000 prisoners were delivered It was in August, and over 13,000 were delivered. If you will get Pollard's "Lost Cause," and refer to the chapter on exchange there you will find the whole question accurately stated. Every word of the chapter is true, so far as it pertends to give facts. You can make public any portion of this letter. I defy contradiction as to any statement I have made, and challenge scrutiny I will prove every word by Federal testimony. Who, then, is responsible for the suffering of Andersonville during the period of its most deadly mortality, from August to January? Yours truly,

R. OULD.

☞ In a Western Sabbath School a boy was asked to give an account of Moses.

"Moses," said the boy, "was born on the banks of the Nile in a basket. As the infant lay concealed in the bushes, a huge crocodile came swimming along, and approaching him said:—"Moses, almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian!" whereupon the infant stretched out his little arms toward the crocodile, and said, "Verily, thou art the man!"

The Mote and the Beam.

The Boston *Post* produces proof to show that while the Puritan orators are spitting venom at the South, there were committed in Boston and vicinity, an the 4th of July, more crimes than the telegraph and newspapers have credited to any similar area, any where in the country on that day:

One young woman was murdered in Purchase street; another young woman was murdered in Cambridge street; there was a mob in Kneeland street; and a man shot; there was another mob in Castle street, and an attempt to rob a hotel in the same locality; the mob was so serious that the officers fired on it; a young man in West Roxbury, returning home with his sisters, perhaps from the Boston orators' tirade against the South, was murdered. To all these must be added the attempts to destroy hundreds of lives in Massachusetts on that day by placing obstructions on the Western Railroad track. These are the crimes committed in open day. What unusual license the national festival may have given to the commission of these nameless horrors for which that section has an infamou noteriety, may possibly appear hereafter in the caucus proceedings of thl Legislature, or in Dr. Storer's suplimentary volume. But the local record makes public enough of what happened in Boston and vicinity on the 4th of July, to show that the whole South on that day was a very Arcadia in comparison.

Terrible Struggle With a Snake.

A few days since the wife of Mr. William Richardson, of Waldo Township, Ohio, missing her little boy, went out in the garden to hunt him. To her horror, she saw the little felllow (eigteen months old) literally enveloped in the folds of a monster snake. Her cries did not reach the father who was at work in the neighboring field, and seing her boy black with strangulation, she heroically seized the snake in her hands and tore it loose. No sooner was it loose, however, than it made for the mother ferociously, and coiled himself about her person, attemting to strangle her, as he did the boy. She again seized him, and disengaged herself from him and killed him with an axe.—The little child swelled up for several days, but he fully recovered. The snake was what is called the "blue racer," which does not bite but strangles, and measured ten feet.—*Exchange.*

THE DOOM OF THE WORLD.—What this change is to be we dare not even conjecture but we see in the heavens themselves some traces of destructive elements, and some indications of their power. The fragments of broken planets, the descent of the meteoric stones upon the globe, the wheeling comets, wielding their loose materials in our sattellite the appearance of new stars, and the disappearance of others, are as the solar furnace, the volcanic eruptions, all the foreshadow of that impetding convulsion to which the system of the world is doomed. Thus placed on a plannet which is to be burned up, and under heavens which are to pass away, thus treading, as it were, on the cemetries, and dweling upon the mausoleums of former worlds, let us learn the lesson of humanity and wisdom, if we have not already been taught in the school of revelation.—*North British Review.*

☞ As one of the Dover, (England) volunteers was passing along, rifle in hand, he was accosted by a precocious urchin who cried out:

"Who shot the dog?"

This saying our friend appeared by no means to relish. So turning he said:

"If you are not off very soon, I'll shoot a donkey."

Whereupon the boy, calling out to one of his companions, rejoined:

"I say, Bill, look here; this fellow is going to commit suicide."

BEAUTIFUL AND TRUE.—Education does not commence with the alphabet. It begins with a mother's love—with a father's smile of abbrobation, or a sign of reproof—with a sister's gentle forbearance—with a handful of flowers in a green and dainty meadow—with bird's nests admired, but untouched—with creeping ants, and almost imperceptible emmets—with pleasant walks in shady lanes, and with thoughts directed in sweet and kindly tones and words to nature, to acts of benevolence, to deeds of virtue and to the source of all good—to God himself.

☞ A young lady bought a new basket in St. Louis the other evening for pic-nic purposes the next day. Before she left the store, the basket, with a card bearing her name attached, was stolen. The next morning the basket with a baby in it was found at the door of a respectable citizen with the card still appended, and the young lady was called upon for an explanation, which she readily gave and was dismissed from the awkward position.

A New Hampshire bachelor, after several unsuccessful attempts to enter the benedictine ranks, finally persuaded an old maid to marry him, the considerrtion being a fifteen dolla watch. The ceremony over, he urged an immediate return home. "Home!" exclaimed the bride who had been married in her father's house, 'home, this is my home, and you had better go to your'n. I agreed to marry you for the watch, but I wouldn't live with you for the town clock!'

☞ The machinery of the National Banking system costs the people twenty million dollars annually.

☞ We do not forward ourselves by keeping others back.