

J. W. Beck

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THE PROPHECY. BY CLARA CLYDE. "DRAW nearer, little Alice, The dark and cold without, And through the pine-tree branches, The North winds shriek and shout;

which were once glowing realities for him, in whose ravishing illusions he soon lost the remembrance that he was Toffi's prisoner.

A wisp of straw which he had carelessly thrown against the preceding day, as he paced to and fro, remained where he had cast it, though it must have been displaced by the slightest motion of either the doors.

arms! Lord God! look down upon me, and in mercy strike me with instant death! Oh, fiend! Oh, devil! is this your revenge?"

proached when Vivenzio imagined he might expect the signs, he stood fixed and silent as a statue. He feared to breathe, almost, lest he might lose any sound which would warn him of their coming.

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THE IRON SHROUD. BY WILLIAM MURFORD. THE castle of the Prince of Toffi was built on the summit of the towering and precipitous rock of Seylla, and commanded a magnificent view of Sicily in all its grandeur.

When he grew more calm, he surveyed his gloomy dungeon. Ah! the stronger light of day only served to confirm what the gloomy indistinctness of the preceding evening had partially disclosed.

With intense anxiety Vivenzio looked forward to the return of night; and as it approached he resolved that no treacherous sleep should again betray him.

He slept, but his slumbers were not tranquil. He rested, as long as he could, their approach; and when at last enfeebled nature yielded to their influence, he found no oblivion from his cares.

Another morning dawned upon the wretched captive, and the fatal index of his doom met his eyes. Two windows; and two days—and all would be over! Fresh food—fresh water!

PUZZLES IN ANCIENT PHILOSOPHY. AMONG the numerous ancient dialectic problems are the following dilemmas, which are framed with wonderful ingenuity.

Even the intrepid soul of Vivenzio shrunk with dismay as he entered this abode, and heard the ponderous doors tripple-locked by the silent ruffians who conducted him to it.

The first approaches of the morning were visible through the grated windows, breaking with faint divisions of light, the darkness that pervaded every other part, long before Vivenzio was enabled to distinguish any object in his dungeon.

Still lost in wonder at the means, Vivenzio could not but be amazed by his reason as to the end. By what horrible ingenuity it was contrived that walls and roofs and windows should thus silently and imperceptibly, without noise and without motion, almost fold, as it were, within each other, he knew not.

Gladly would he have clung even to this possibility, if his heart would have let him; but he felt a dreadful assurance of its fallacy. And what matterless inhumanity it was to doom the sufferer to such lingering torments; to lead him day by day to so appalling a death, unsupported by the consolations of religion, unvisited by any human being, abandoned to himself, deserted of all, and denied even the sad privilege of knowing that his cruel destiny would awaken pity!

The tolling of an enormous bell struck upon the ears of Vivenzio! He started. It beat but once. The sound was so close and stunning that it seemed to shatter his very brain, while it echoed through the rocky passages like reverberating peals of thunder.

A BABY SAVED BY A DOG. REFERRING from a visit to New Orleans, we were fortunate enough to secure a passage in a steamboat with but few passengers.

It was evening when Vivenzio entered his dungeon; and the approaching shades of night wrapped it in total darkness, as he passed up and down, revolving in his mind these horrible forebodings.

The night came, and Vivenzio watched. Morning came, and Vivenzio was confounded! He must have slumbered without having known it. Sleep must have stolen over him when exhausted by fatigue; and in that interval of feverish repose he had been baffled: for there stood his repelent-pitcher of water, and there his day's meal! Nor was this all.

Oppressed with this belief, and distracted more by the dreadful uncertainty of whatever fate impended than he could be dismayed, he thought, by the knowledge of the worst, he sat ruminating hour after hour, yielding his fears in succession to every hazardous fancy. At last a horrible suspicion flashed suddenly across his mind, and he started up with a frantic air.

As he gazed, long and earnestly, it seemed as if the windows had lowered sufficient for him to reach them. With one bound he was beneath them; with one wild spring he clung to the bars. Whether it was so contrived purposely to madden with delight the wretch who looked, he knew not; but, at the extremity of a long vista out through the soft rocks, there came, the setting sun, the olive groves, the shady walks, and, in the farthest distance, delicious glimpses of an unobscured sky, burst upon his sight.

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How is that morning, said a man in a coat-yard to an Englishman, Black as liver, he says, said Pat.