The Columbian,

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, AT

Bloomsburg, Columbia County, Pa.

TERMS.

Two Dollars a year, in advance. If not paid in advance, Two Dollars and Fifty Cents.

Address all letters to

GEORGE H. MOORE,

Editor of the COLUMBIAN,

Bloomsburg, Columbia County, Pa.

The Columbian.

VOL. I.—NO. 30. BLOOMSBURG, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1866. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Terms of Advertising.

One Square, one or three insertions	$1 50
Each subsequent insertion less than thirteen	50
One Square one month	2 00
Two " "	3 00
Three " "	5 00
Four " "	6 00
Half column "	10 00
One column "	15 00
Executor's and Administrator's Notices	2 50
Auditor's Notices	2 50

Editorial Notices twenty cents per line.

Other advertisements inserted according to special contract.

AN OLD HAND.

BLUE-VEINED and wrinkled, knuckly and brown,
This good old hand is clasping mine;
I bend above it, and looking down,
I study its aspect line by line.

This hand has clasped a thousand hands
That long have known no answering thrill;
Some have mouldered in foreign lands—
Some in the graveyard on the hill.

Clasped a mother's hand, in the day
When it was little and soft and white—
Mother, who kissed it, and went away,
To rest till the waking in God's good light.

Clasped a lover's hand, years agone,
Who sailed away and left her in tears;
Under Sahara's torrid sun
Its bones have whitened years and years.

Clasped the hand of a good man true,
Who held it softly and fell asleep,
And woke no more, and never knew
How long that impress this would keep.

Clasped so many, so many!—so few
That still respond to the living will,
Or can answer this pressure so kind and true!
So many that lie unmoved and still!

Clasped, at last, this hand my own;
And mine will moulder, too, in turn.
Will any clasp it when I am gone?
Is vain I study this hand to learn!

EFFIE'S TRIAL.

FROM dawn to dusk you might have heard the clang of Merrick Masters's hammer on the anvil of Hammersly. Often long after the dusk of the Winter's day have I watched the golden sparks as they flew away into outer darkness, through the wide open door, like so many long imprisoned spirits, just set free after years of bottling up. And ever and always, while work was doing under the sloping roof, I could hear a sort of anvil chorus, either whistled or sung by the rich voice of Merrick Masters.

If it had only so happened that some musical enthusiast had come across Merrick Masters in his boyhood, as such a one is said to have met Jenny Lind, singing by the wayside, there need have been no anvil work for him, and instead of toiling for pence and shillings, fortunes might have been showered upon him, and critics might have talked about his "chest notes," and beautiful members of upper tendom have flung bouquets at him, and even penned him love letters on the sly, as they are fond of doing too well, to no matter whom, at the opera.

No musical enthusiast, however, came to Hammersly, and it is doubtful if any body suspected Merrick of being a musical genius, unless, indeed, it was the old parson, who had requested him to make one of the church choir, where he bellowed as gloriously as any basso profundo who ever shook the walls of the Academy of Music, and apologized for it to the owner of the shrill soprano (rather cracked) yclept Miss Spriggs.

"He didn't mean to go a drowning ladies' voices, but when he got a going he couldn't help getting too loud. It was the fault, he reckoned, of the blacksmithing."

The deep snow was white on the ground one December eve, and the golden sparks rushed from the clanging anvil faster than ever, and the song to which the strokes kept time were louder and clearer, when somebody leading a horse stopped at the forge door and looked through with an eye that took in the picturesque scene at a glance.

"By Jove, it's like some of those old Dutch pictures," muttered a voice under a golden moustache. "I'd paint it if I was an artist."

Then in a louder tone:

"Hallo, young fellow, my horse has lost a shoe, and I want it looked to immediately."

The "young fellow" dropped his hammer and strode toward the door, and in another moment horse and master stood beneath the forge roof. Then as Merrick Masters bent down to look at the foot of the splendid animal, the rider, as splendid a personage in his way, sauntered to the fire and stood basking in its genial warmth, and shaking off the feathery flakes that clung to his shoulders. A light-haired, blue-eyed exquisite, as great a contrast to the brown Hercules of the forge as can well be imagined, though in his way Merrick was very handsome.

Just as the blacksmith's whistle began to play about the hoof he was shoeing, and while the stranger was standing with his back toward the fire, admiring the light and shadow on the wall, steps came tripping through the snow, and a girl with a shawl over her head came dancing in from the shadow.

"Tea will be cold, Merrick," she said, "and your mother says—"

There she stopped, covered with confusion at the sight of a stranger—one too who stood looking at her as unconcernedly as he might at a picture.

Certainly she was well worth looking at, a pure brunette, with large brown eyes and cheeks like a rose, with lashes long, curling like a child's, and a buxom form where not an angle was visible. It was only a moment that she stood with her red shawl slipping from her black hair, in the full glow of the firelight—the next moment she was gone, and the stranger turned to the blacksmith.

"A pretty girl, that, your sister?"

"No, I'm glad to say," replied the blacksmith.

"Glad? Why?"

"Because she's something better than a sister to me," replied Merrick. "We are to be married in May."

Then out rung the whistle again, shrill and clear, and the stranger asked no more questions. He paid Merrick for his work, and rode away a few moments afterward, and for all the blacksmith knew or cared they had seen the last of each other.

He washed his hands and went into the great kitchen, where at the tea table sat his mother and the girl who summoned him—an orphan who had lived with the old woman for years, ever since she was a child in fact; and had grown into his heart somehow, before he knew it. The old woman was quite displeased when she found it out, for Effie was only "the help," and the blacksmith's widow and the blacksmith's mother felt proud to say that "none of our people ever hired out."

"But for all that there are people in this village who look down on us because I shoe their horses and mend their wagons."

"More fools they to take on airs," said the old woman.

"So say I," said Merrick, "and we would be as bad as they to look down on Effie for washing our dishes. She's as good as you, and a good deal better than me, rich or poor."

And Merrick Masters had his way, and the whole place knew they were engaged in a fortnight.

Now when he went into tea the first question both asked him was about his customer.

"Effie says he is the handsomest man she ever saw," says the old woman.

"So he is," said Merrick, not one whit jealous, "but who he is I don't know. He came and went, and had his horse shod, that's all I know, and he asked me who you were, Effie."

"And I had this dreadful old apron on, too," said Effie.

"He didn't notice that, I guess," said Merrick.

"Why not?"

Merrick laughed.

"Oh, do tell me?"

"Well, he asked who that pretty girl was."

Effie hid her face in her apron, and Mrs. Masters turned her head. She never quite admitted Effie's beauty.

"What notions to put in the girl's head," she thought; and it was a pity, for Effie was vain enough already. A greater pity, too, because whenever a horseman galloped up to the forge thereafter, she ran out, under some pretext, hoping it was the handsome gentleman who had asked "who that pretty girl was." Not that she meant any harm, but to be called a pretty girl by such a man was something glorious.

She saw him at last, and there was a look, a smile, and a bow, and after that, somehow they kept meeting.

Still no harm in it at all, only Effie did not mention the fact to Merrick or to his mother; and Effie learned that he was a Mr. Noreland, stopping at the great hotel in the village, and guessed that he was rich and fashionable.

Often she saw him riding with elegantly dressed ladies and gentlemen, but he always seemed the most elegant of all to her; and by and by she fell to contrasting Merrick with him, and wishing that Heaven had made him like Mr. Noreland.

From that she went on to wish that she was a lady herself, and that somebody else was in her place, and to feel above the forge, and the cottage kitchen, and the blacksmith, and his mother, who had thought her below her son, because she was the "help."

One day Mr. Noreland found her shedding tears in a quiet little spot where they were in the habit of meeting by accident, and would have the reason.

"It's nothing—only I'm tired," said Effie.

Mr. Noreland drew close to her.

"Tired," said he, "no wonder; you are too good for that sort of thing; too good to work in the kitchen and wear cotton gowns—and too good to be a blacksmith's wife. It's no use in denying it—you know you are."

"Oh, hush," said Effie, "Merrick is the best man in the world; I'm sure I'm not tired of Merrick."

"Oh, of course not," said Noreland, "and we can't help our feelings," and he sighed.

Then he whispered a good deal that Effie could not understand entirely, but she knew it was very fine and sentimental, as he quoted poetry and made great eyes at her. Out of a hovel, the girl was sure no one ever was so charming, and she went home with the firm conviction that if she chose she might jilt the blacksmith's son, and marry the fine young gentleman.

From feeling sure she could, she began to wonder whether Merrick cared much about her, and to feel sure that Noreland loved her better than his life—and a sharp word from Mrs. Masters finished it.

Something had gone to waste in the store-room, and the old lady fussed and fumed about it as she always did.

"Them as has nothing is allers the most wasteful," said she; "you'd orter remember that you're to be married to a man that has something to manage and to take care of. There's Peggy Grey, never lets a bit spoil, and darns and patches, and makes and mends year in and year out. But she's got three thousand dollars in the bank, besides what will come to her when the old man dies; and she wasn't took in on charity. I wish Merrick had took a fancy to her."

"Say good-by, and let him do so now," said Noreland when the girl had told him her new trouble.

"Ah, but I have no other friends, and no other home to go to," sighed Effie.

"You have," said Noreland, "a friend who will never cease to love you, and a home such as you deserve. Share my home and my life, Effie."

Then he put his arms around her and kissed her, and called her loving names, and she promised him all that he asked of her.

She was to meet him on Monday evening at a milliner's shop in the village, and there they were to take a carriage and go to meet the train. The first practicable moment they were to be married, and after that their bliss was to have no end.

"And as for the blacksmith," sneered Noreland, "he can have Peggy, you know, so you need not fret about him, Effie."

For all that, Effie's conscience smote her when Merrick was kinder than usual, and so full of joy, as the time was now near at hand when she was to be his wife, as they sat together on the porch on that Sunday, and when Monday came she broke china and made more blunders generally than had ever been laid to her charge in years before.

Tea was on the table and Mrs. Masters busy with some dish she prided herself upon, and the sound of Merrick's whistle grew louder every instant as he tripped homeward from the forge, when she slipped up to her room, and putting on her things, slipped down the back stairway, and away toward the village.

If Mrs. Masters missed her, she knew that she would be only too glad to have her son to herself for a little while, and there was no probability of Merrick's following her.

But it was hard to choke the tears down as she plodded through the long green—for the snow had gone long ago, and it was Summer now—and she only made herself brave by the thought that Noreland would die if she did not keep her promise.

"I couldn't break his heart," she said to herself, "even if I could bear to marry another."

She reached the milliner's shop at last, and went to talk to one of the girls. The plan was that when Noreland was ready he was to show himself at the door for a moment, and she was to go out to meet him and say "good-by," just as if she was going home.

Effie sat with one eye on the glass door which opened from the work-room to the shop, while she tried to chat carelessly; in a few moments she saw a man enter from the street—not Noreland, but of all the people in the world, Merrick Masters. Her first thought was that he had followed her, but in an instant she saw that he had business of his own. He spoke some words to the mistress of the shop, and she brought a bandbox.

Of course the bonnet was a surprise for her, and it smote her to the heart to remember that she should be miles away before her birthday dawned. Poor Merrick! would he feel badly? and it was cruel of her.

As she thought thus, the door opened again, letting Merrick out with two bundles in his hand, and two ladies in from the hotel, whom she had often seen riding with Noreland. They asked for ribbons, and went on with their talk while examining them.

"Who was that person standing before the door?"

"Oh, Noreland."

"I thought so. How oddly he behaved. He didn't seem to want us to see him."

"Perhaps he didn't, he has his secrets, I expect. One of them is that flirtation with the blacksmith's girl."

"Shocking! Some one ought to write to Mrs. Noreland."

"Poor thing, she is used to it. You know she's quite middle aged and plain, and he married her for her money. Actually, my dear, he ran away with a girl last Summer. The brother tried to shoot him, and she drowned herself. It was a shocking scrape. If I had such a husband as Noreland, I'd have a divorce."

"So would I. I hope it won't come to that with the blacksmith's girl, she's a very pretty creature."

"Mrs. Print, I'll take four yards of the blue."

The ribbon was cut off, and the ladies took their departure.

Effie was thunderstruck. They had been talking of Noreland. He was married already, and so could never mean to marry her. What did he mean then. And as she asked herself the question, the truth flashed over her mind, and she saw the pit of shame and dishonor at her feet.

Love her! oh no, no, thought Effie. It is hate, not love, or he would not wish to wrong me so. Then as she shrank from the memory of his false words and falser smiles, the honest face of the blacksmith rose before her, and in truth and tenderness it grew plain to her, and she was saved.

She left the girl with whom she had been chatting, abruptly, and ran out of the store. All she prayed was not to meet Noreland, and fear lent wings to her feet. She turned her face toward the forge, and had reached the cross road when a wagon stood across her path—Merrick's wagon—and he was hard by chatting to a farmer over a gate. She heard his voice, and saw the dusky outline of his form, but she dared not speak to him yet. She clambered up into the wagon and hid there, crying softly. The handbox he had been to get was there on the seat, and she kissed it as she crouched behind it, thinking of his kindness.

Then peeping out she saw some one sauntering up the road to the milliner's. It was Noreland; but the sight only made her shudder.

Ten minutes after Merrick was driving on again, and heard a little noise behind him. He gave a sudden start.

"What's that?" he cried.

"Only me—Effie," said a voice. Then she crept up to him.

"How did you come here?" he inquired.

"I saw the wagon on the road and got in," she said. "Oh Merrick, I'm so frightened. It's so lonesome and dark and wretched there. I'm so glad we are going back to the forge."

So she was. He never knew how glad, for she never told him all, nor why, until years after, when they had been married for years, and the strong love that comes with married life had grown up between them, she used to start up from her sleep, sometimes, in terror, and clinging to him sobbing, "Thank God, I'm back again at the forge."

YANKEE INQUISITIVENESS.

BY HOWARD PAUL.

HILL! poor Yankee Hill! He was the very incarnation of drollery and *esprit*. We loved to see his smiling, good-natured phiz before the lights, for it was sure to impregnate the very atmosphere with a sense of merriment. He possessed a genius for the impersonation of Down East character, which no actor before nor since his time has approached. He was natural, captivating, easy, and brilliant. With what genial unction he related a pleasantry!—with how much sparkling zest he bantered the follies of mankind! The witticisms flashed from his lips as flakes of light along the orient. A gay, glorious fellow was he, in every sense of the expression.

His store of anecdotes seemed to be inexhaustible; and he was one of those few gifted creatures who could talk all day, and still have something left worth listening to. One never wearied of hearing him. Age did not tarnish,

"——nor custom stale,
His infinite variety."

His whimsical stories yet range the length and breadth of the United States, as unowned oddities. They have been passed from one to another, till the label of identity has fallen from them in the the vortex of narration. We recognize them here and there, as one will find polished pebbles on the sea-beach. What a grotesque medley his portfolio would present! Spirit of Momus! we invoke thee to assist, by thy potent influence, the finding of this rare legacy!

We remember a scrap of adventure that Hill used to relate, illustrative of the trait of inquisitiveness, so noticeable among the primitive home-spun Yankees. It appears that the comedian was travelling in a stage-coach, and sat next to a gawky, slab-sided Vermonter, who opened the conversation with the usual platitudes touching "weather—crops—and gineral matters of intr's."

"You're travelling, I guess, Mister?" said Vermont.

"If being in a stage-coach behind four fleet roans is any evidence of it, I should think I was," coolly replied Hill.

"Ya-as—you're right. E-e-h!"

A brief pause.

"Travellin' for your health?"

"Not exactly, responded Hill.

"Oh! then, *on biz-ness*, I reckon, eh?"

"Yes—no; that is to say, not precisely."

"E-eh! I perceive—half *biz-ness* and half pleasure"—rolling his large eyes about like bewildered bagatelle balls.

"Something in that way."

And not caring to be deluged with interrogatives, as he could see the breed of his friend, the comedian took from his pocket a copy of "Humphey Clinker," and soon his mind was psychologically with that notable personage.

"Umph!" grunted Vermont, "I beg your pardon, Mister, but is it fur to——"

Hill affected not to hear him. He repeated the question.

"Don't know," replied he, without taking his eyes from the book.

"Well, should yeou think it wuz, considerin' what we've come?"

"Can't say."

Another "slight" silence.

"Like this part of the country?"

"Yes"—in a gruff tone.

"So do I"—edging still closer to Hill.

A moment's intermission.

"Yeou live abeout here, *pre*-haps?"

"No."

"Nuther dew I."

"Umph!"

"That's a strange coincidence."

Vermont here adjusted his cravat—a flowered velvet of a strong gamboge tint—the bow of which, terminating into a resemblance of a tipsy letter X, had imperceptibly jogged round and got under his ear. Bringing the bow back to its original position under his chin, he remarked:

"Excuse me, Mister, do you ever expect tew come this way agin?"

"Have no positive knowledge," laconically replied Hill.

"I spose yeou don't like coach riding?"

"No."

"Not half so nice as steamboat or cars, is't?"

"Quite agree with you."

Here he eased off for a moment or two, and then renewed the attack. Nudging his victim, he said:

"I'm an American, I am."

"Shouldn't have taken you for a Frenchman or a Spaniard," drily remarked the comedian.

"No? I'm glad to hear you say so. I've been told afore now that I had a real Russian mouth, and that my nose was on the Greek style, but I recken they ain't if the truth wuz told."

What possible affinity there could exist between his mouth and Russia, unless it was its extent, would be hard to conjecture. If Greek noses are of that long sort that hasten down to a red point, then *his* nose was Grecian in the extreme. If not, we will avoid a rash classification of the organ, which at a glance happily reminded one of a platina shell, with which lightning rods are tipped, to guard against meteorological disasters.

Hill saw it was no use to thwart the fellow, for talk he would, "come what, come may." The words bubbled through his lips as will-o'-the-wisps swell to the surface of a marsh. The comedian laid down his book, and the Yankee's eyes sparkled in anticipation of a long, gossipy, old-fashioned chat.

"You're an American, I spose?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Du yew know I thought you wuz?"

"Indeed!"

"Great country this, eh?" after a moment's hesitation.

"Extraordinary country."

"Good kind of land tew be born in."

"True."

"Our mountains tower up as if they knew what they were about, eh?"

"Unquestionably."

"Our rivers *ain't no* puddles, nuther."

"Quite right."

"And I guess our lakes would make folks look if they were hard pushed."

"To be sure."

"I'm glad you agree with me on them pints, I am"—then relapsing for a moment into a blank silence, he started up again with—

"What teown were you born in, if it's not an extravagant question?"

"Boston."

"Crinky, how odd!—I've often been there."

"Ah, indeed!"

Pause of at least fifty-five seconds.

"Dew yeou knew—now don't say it's curiosity—but since we *have* got to talkin', mister, dew yeou know I should like to know yeour name."

"Would you?" said the comedian, laughing.

"It runs in my head I've seen you somewhere."

"Very possible."

"And yeour name is ——?"

"Hill."

"O, indeed! I know a good many Hills living in Varmount; our head thresher's name is Hill, I swow. How odd! There's a goodish sprinklin' of Hills all over Varmount."

The comedian fancied for an instant, but only for an instant, that his name had "given rise" to a pun, but a glance at the hard features of his friend convinced him that the play on the word was grossly unintentional.

"Well, how very strange I should know so very many of yeour name! I shouldn't wonder if I knew people with your full name. What might yeour Christian—?"

Hill saw what was coming, and replied—

"George."

"Is that a fact? Oh, you're certainly joking. Why my name's George, too. Wheeler—George Weeler's my name."

"Oh!"

"Yes. Naow yeou were born—?"

"In Boston—."

"Ya-as, 'zactly so. Boston, *Massachusetts*, of course."

"Certainly; Boston, Massachusetts—New England—North America," said Hill, who, bored to death by this time with inquiries, placidly settled down in the corner of the coach and shut his eyes. Vermont was not to be thrown aside so easily, however; and contracting his sharp features—every angle of which seemed to ask a question—he stretched his neck, and said—

"S'kuse me, but what *part* of Boston were yeou born in?"

Hill's patience evaporated at that moment, and determining to tie up in a packet every interrogatory, replied—

"Near the centre, close by the 'Old South,' about four o'clock in the morning, in the dead of Winter, in Milk Street."

Hill thought he had left the fellow no margin now, and judge his surprise when he leaned over and said—

"If it's not troublin' yeou too much, *what side of Milk Street was yeou born on*, AND WHAT WUZ THE NUMBER?"

The comedian avows that after that "last stroke" he got out of the coach, and pursued the balance of the journey on the box with the driver.

FOR THE LADIES.

THE Empress Eugenie (it may interest our lady readers to know) has worn two different styles of dress at Biarritz, this season, both of which are worth a special description. The first is a wide Sultane dress, with wide lilac stripes on it, and the skirt opens at each side over a lilac silk petticoat. The Sultane skirt is gored so effectually that there is not a single pleat at the waist, and it is trimmed round the lower part with three cross-cut bands of lilac silk, bordered with lilac fringe, beaded with crystal. The body is composed entirely of lilac silk. It has wide, flat pleats, both at the front and back, and the pleats are covered with an insertion of binche guipure. A small Watteau-hat, with a wreath of delicate lilac flowers round it, complete the toilette. The second is a white muslin dress worn over a bright light blue silk petticoat; the skirt is ornamented with large arabesques of rich binche guipure, and at the extreme edge there are imbricated vandykes, likewise of binche guipure (by imbricated I mean that the vandykes overlap each other like the slates on a roof); a small satin rouleau of the same shade of blue as the petticoat forms a heading to the vandykes. The bodice is trimmed with a berthe of binche guipure arranged in vandykes to match the skirt, and lined with blue silk; the sleeves are ornamented at the epaulettes and cuffs to correspond, likewise the ends of the blue sash, which is tied at the back. These imbricated scollops and vandykes are used for ornamenting a variety of costumes; the youthful Marchioness d'And wore, a few days ago, a costume of silver gray poplin over a green silk petticoat; the shade was that called in France "spring green;" the petticoat was trimmed with imbricated scollops of gray poplin, piped with green silk, and headed with a cross-cut band of green silk, studded with conical jet buttons. The skirt was, on the contrary, ornamented with green scollops, piped with gray, and they were arranged in longitudinal and not inlatitudinal lines as on the petticoat. A gray poplin *peplum*, fitting the figure closely, bordered with similar scollops to those on the skirt; cross-cut bands, studded with jet buttons, on the epaulettes and cuffs of the sleeves. A pale gray felt hat, with a low crown, the brim bordered with green velvet, and the front ornamented with a black wing, completed this toilette. A young Spanish lady, a friend of the Marchioness, wore a costume in the same style, in black silk and silk the color of straw; the cross-cut bands being further ornamented with small straw bell-buttons.

BEST DRESSED MAN IN PARIS.

A YOUNG English barrister has succeeded in marrying M'lle R——, the wealthiest heiress in Paris, and connected with one of the highest families. The young lady was known to possess an unextinguishable weakness for a well-dressed man, and, by loudly expressing this opinion, had been of more service to the tailors of Paris within the last year than Count d'Orsay in double the space of time. The barrister had many rivals, but the most formidable was a gentleman acknowledged to be the most approved dandy in Paris. The lady selected these two to decide from, and invited them both to her *chateau*. The Frenchman declared to his friends that he meant to cut the matter short at once by so outshining the Englishman by his dress that the latter would retire from the field crushed to atoms by the superior skill he was determined to manifest on the occasion. The Englishman said nothing, made no boast, but accepted the invitation, and together, by the same train, the two rivals left Paris for the seat of war. It so happened that the French dandy had furnished himself with a regular *trousseau* for the occasion at the great English tailors in the Rue de Helder, and the English tailor, out of sheer compatriotism, had told Mr. H —— of what it was composed. A sudden idea flashed across the brain of the barrister. His servant, one of the sanctified, hypocritical *roue* valets, for whom London is always famous, is something about the height and size of the French *pretendu*. Mr. H—— immediately ordered for this ally the exact counterpart of every suit already ordered by the Marquis de la B——. The first day, at dinner, the poor young Marquis was rather disconcerted, when, upon entering the dining-room, his glance alighted upon the very counterpart of himself, standing stiff and self-centred behind the Englishman's chair; and he looked angrily at his rival to see if any insult was intended; but the Englishman was too intent upon making himself agreeable to the lady to notice his ruffled temper. The second day the same scene was enacted, although our hero had completely changed even the style of his white *tournure;* and again was the same ill humor displayed during the whole of dinner, while Mr. —— was profiting by the silence of his witty rival. The third and fourth repetitions were too ridiculous. The young Marquis, too clever and too much the man of the world not to feel the absurdity of his position, prudently withdrew.

WHO PAYS?

THE newspapers recently recorded the fact that a Massachusetts manufacturing company had just declared a dividend of one hundred per cent. on a year's profits, after reserving surplus enough to enlarge and improve their mill. Another important fact, bearing upon this point, is the announcement of a woolen manufacturer in the same State, that before the war it cost him three dollars and fifty cents to make a yard of cloth which he sold for four dollars, and that now he sells at eight dollars per yard what only costs him four dollars to produce. These manufacturers make goods for the million, and their enormous profits account, in some measure, for the present extraordinary high prices of the fabrics used by the masses. In the face of this state of things, the Radicals of New England are loudly clamoring for more protection, and want a higher tariff solely as a means of increasing their profits. The wants and necessities of the poorer classes are unheeded by these cormorants, and the actual cost of living is advanced to a standard which calls for immediate reform. How long will the people be satisfied with Radical rule?—*Philadelphia Age.*

BY a recent storm, four vessels belonging to the little fishing town of Barrington, Nova Scotia, were lost, with most of their crews. The number of men drowned was thirty-eight, and this calamity makes twenty-three widows and sixty-five orphans.

CYRUS W. FIELD.

WE hope we do not violate confidence in stating a fact to the honor of a New York merchant, which, though a private transaction, ought to be known. Our fellow-citizen, Cyrus W. Field, whose name will always be connected with the Atlantic telegraph, has twice nearly ruined himself by his devotion to that enterprise. Though a man of independent fortune when he began, he embarked in it so large a portion of his capital as nearly to make shipwreck of the whole. While in England, engaged in the expedition of 1857, a financial storm swept over this country, and his house suspended; but on his return he asked only for time, and paid all in full with interest. But the stoppage was a heavy blow, and being followed by a fire in 1859, which burned his store to the ground, and by the panic of December, 1860, just before the breaking out of the war, he was finally obliged to compromise with his creditors. Thus released, he devoted himself to the work of his life, which he has at last carried through. The success of the Atlantic telegraph, we are happy to learn, has brought back a portion of his lost wealth, and his first care has been to make good all losses to others. He has addressed a letter to every creditor who suffered by the failure of his house in 1860, requesting him to send a statement of the amount compromised, adding the interest for nearly six years, and as fast as presented returns a check in full. The whole amount will be about two hundred thousand dollars. Such a fact, however he may wish to keep it a secret, ought to be known to his honor, and the honor of the merchants of New York.—*New York Evening Post.*

WHEN you are in danger of eternal enemies, look *out*. When the peril is from your own unbridled passions look *in*.

AN old lady, being asked to subscribe to a newspaper, declined, on the ground that when she wanted news she manufactured it.

THE tears of beauty are like light clouds floating over a heaven of stars, bedimming them for a moment that they may shine with greater lustre than before.

A COUNTRY editor who with a single boy does all the work of his office, says he does not know how he can shorten his expenses unless he cuts off his devil's legs.

BROWN was asked by a young lady who had been dancing the "German," whether "he saw her feet?" "No, madam," he said, with a solemn shake of the head—"far from it!"

MR. M'CLURE, of the Vancouver's Island Legislature, recently spoke for seventeen consecutive hours, in order to defeat a bill. He kept the floor up to the hour of adjournment.

"WHEN was Rome built?" inquired a "competative" examiner. "In the night, sir!" "In the night? how do you make that out?" "Why, sir, you know Rome wasn't built in a day!"

A NEGRO woman of Lexington, Virginia, wishing to make way with her child, left it in bed and placed a wash-tub of water by the side of the bed, and then left home. On her return the child was drowned.

BOOKS of devotion and those of love are alike bought. The only difference is, that there are more who read books of love than buy them; and there are more who buy books of devotion than read them.

A MAN who was boasting that there never was any rope or cord, whether made of hemp, wire, or anything else, in which he could not tie a double bow-knot, was summarily put down by being requested to tie a knot in a cord of wood.

As the bosom of earth blooms again and again, having buried out of sight the leaves of Autumn and loosed the frosty bands of Winter, so does the heart, in spite of all that melancholy poets write, feel many renewed springs and summers.

A FASHIONABLE friend on taking leave of a young ensign who was living in a small apartment said, "Well, Charles, and how much longer do you intend to stop in this nutshell?" To which he wittily replied, "Until I become a kernel."

A MAN in Randolph County, Indiana, supports eight sets of children—one set by his present wife, three by former wives, and one set belonging to the husband of one of his former wives by a previous wife—eighteen children in all. That man is certainly entitled to the sympathy of the community.

AN Irish servant having carried a basket of game from his master to a friend, waited a considerable time for the customary fee; but not finding it likely to appear, scratched his head, and said, "Sir, if my master should say, 'Mike, what did the gentleman give you?' what would your honor have me to tell him?"

A GOOD anecdote is told of a house-painter's son, who used the brush dexterously, but had acquired the habit of putting it on too thick. One day his father, after having frequently scolded him for his lavish daubing, and all to no purpose, gave him a severe flagellation. "There, you young rascal," after performing the painful duty, "how do you like that?" "Well, I don't know, dad," whined the boy in reply, "but it seems to me that you put it on a thunderin' sight thicker than I did!"