The Columbian.

VOL. I.—NO. 12. BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, MARCH 22, 1867. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

THE COLUMBIAN,

A Democratic Newspaper,

IS PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS BY

BROCKWAY & FREEZE,

EVERY FRIDAY MORNING AT

Bloomsburg, Columbia County, Pa.

THE principles of this paper are of the Jeffersonian School of politics. Those principles will never be compromised, yet courtesy and kindess shall not be forgotten in discussing them, whether with individuals, or with contemporaries of the Press. The unity, happiness, and prosperity of the country is our aim and object; and as the means to secure that, we shall labor honestly and earnestly for the harmony, success and growth of our organization.

It has seemed to the Proprietors that the requirements of a County newspaper have not been heretofore fully met by their predecessors or contemporaries; and they have determined to, if possible, supply the deficiency. In a literary point of view also this paper will aim at a high standard, and hopes to cultivate in its readers a correct taste and sound judgment on merely literary, as well as on political questions.

The news, Foreign and Domestic, will be carefully collated and succinctly given; while to that of our own State and section of the State, particular attention will be directed. Important Congressional and Legislative matters will be furnished weekly to our readers in a readable and reliable form; and votes and opinions on important and leading measures will be always published; so that our paper will form a complete record of current political events.

The Local interests, news and business of Columbia County will receive special attention; and we will endeavor to make the paper a necessity to the farmer, mechanic and laboring man, upon whom at last all business interests depend. The fireside and family circle will be diligently considered in making up the paper. No advertisements of an improper character will ever, under any pretext, be admitted into its columns. Its Conductors are determined that it shall be entirely free in all respects from any deleterious doctrine or allusion, so that every man can place it in the hands of his children, not only without fear, but with confidence in its teachings and tendencies. Promising to use their very best endeavors to fulfill in letter and spirit the announcement above set forth, the Publishers of THE COLUMBIAN trustfully places it before the people believing that it will answer a want in the community hitherto unsupplied.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In order to make THE COLUMBIAN as complete a record as possible of all facts and events, accidents, improvements and discoveries relating to Columbia County, we respectfully invite correspondence, accompanied with responsible names, from all points. If facts, dates and names are carefully given the Editors will put the information in proper form.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:—Two Dollars for one year when payment is made in advance; and all subscriptions not paid in advance, or by the first day of April, 1867, will invariably be charged Two Dollars and Fifty Cents. All contracts of subscription and for advertising will be made with the Publishers and all payments therefor enforced in their names.

*** THE COLUMBIAN will be delivered through the mails, to subscribers in Columbia County, free of postage. To those outside of the County, five cents per quarter in advance, paid at the office where received.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:—One square (ten lines or less) one or three insertions $1,50; each subsequent insertion 50 cents.

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 squares	5,00	7,00	8,00	12,00	18,00
Four squares	6,00	8,00	10,00	14,00	20,00
Half column	10,00	12,00	15,00	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.

NEWSPAPER LAWS.—1. A postmaster is required to give notice by letter (returning the paper does not answer the requirement of the law) when a subscriber does not take his paper from the office; and to state the reasons for its not being taken. A neglect to do so makes the postmaster responsible to the publisher for the payment.

2. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the post office whether directed to his name or another—or whether he has subscribed or not, is responsible for the payment of the subscription

3. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay up all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount whether it is taken from the office or not. There can be no legal discontinuance until the payment is made.

4. If a subscriber who is in arrears orders his paper to be stopped at a certain time, and the publisher continues to send it, the subscriber is bound to pay for it if he takes it out of the post office. The law proceeds on the ground that a man must pay for what he uses.

5. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the post office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

☞ It is, in *all cases*, more likely to be satisfactory, both to subscribers and to the Publishers, that remittances and all communications respecting the business of the paper, be sent direct to the office of publication. All letters, whether relating to the editorial or business concerns of the paper, and all payments for subscriptions, advertising, or jobbing, are to be made to and addressed

BROCKWAY & FREEZE,
"Columbian Office,"
BLOOMSBURG, PA.

Printed at Roblson's Buildings, near the Court House, by CHAS. M. VANDERSLICE, FRANK R. SNYDER.

CATAWISSA RAILROAD.
From and after October 2, 1865, the trains will pass Rupert as follows:
GOING NORTH.—Elmira Mail at 4 P.M.; Erie Express at 2:48 A.M.
GOING SOUTH.—Philadelphia Mail at 11 A.M.; New York Express at 1 P.M.
GEORGE WEBB, Supt.

C. B. BROCKWAY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
☞ OFFICE—Court House Alley, below the Col-umbian office. Authorized agent for the collection of Bounties, Back Pay, Pensions, and all other demands against the State and National Government. Jan 12.

POETRY.

DIRGE.

To the memory of Miss Ellen Gee of Kew, who died in consequence of being stung in the eye:

Peerless, yet hapless maid of Q!
Accomplish'd I, N G!
Never again shall I and U
Together sip our T.

For ah! the Fates, I knew not Y,
Sent 'midst the flowers a B,
Which ven'mous stung her in the I,
So that she could not C.

L N exclaimed, "Vile, spiteful B!
If ever I catch U,
On jess'mine, rosebud, or Sweet P,
I'll change your stinging Q.

"I'll send you, like a lamb or U,
Across th' Atlantic C,
From out delightful village Q,
To distant OYE.

"A stream runs from my wounded I,
Salt as the briny C,
As rapid as the X or Y,
The OIO, or D.

"Then fare thee ill, insensate B!
Who stung, nor yet knew Y,
Since not for wealthy Durham's C,
Would I have lost my I."

Thy bier with tears fair L N O
In funeral RA,
A clay-cold corse now doomed to B,
While I mourn her DK.

Ye nymphs of Q, then slum each B,
List to the reason Y!
For should A H O U at T,
H'll surely sting your I.

Now in a grave I, deep in Q,
She's cold as cold can B;
While robins sing upon A, U,
Her dirge and I, E G.

—*New Monthly Magazine.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE QUEEN OF THE ARENA.

It was a strange scene. The wagon was close to the circus, formed indeed part of it—the poor woman was lying on the low shelf, called the bed, of the travelling caravan; two or three of the wives of the men attached to the exhibition were round her, endeavoring by their exertations to relieve momentarily increasing pain, and helping her to bear it patiently by their sympathy.

"He ought to have been here half an hourago," said one of the women. "Jim started for him on the piebald two hours since?"

"Did he take the piebald?" said another. "Why I thought he was in the *Italian Lovers?*"

"No, he wouldn't run with the spotted mare, so they've put the blind gray with her, and took the piebald in the quadrill for Dick Gravel to bottom couple with."

The explination seemed satisfactory, for silence ensued.

Presently a roor of such laughter as is only heard in a circus at a country village—fresh, genuine, hearty—shook the sides of the frail vehichle.

"What's that?" said the apparantly dying woman.

"Only your Bill's Quaker story," said one.

"O, then he'll soon be here, won't he?" said she.

"Yes he's only got three more points, and then he'll come; he don't go in the Sylph scene."

Three fainter peals of laughter told that the three points had *hit*, but not as well as the Quaker story; and then he came in.

"Well," said he, "how is she now?" in a voce whose anxiety contrasted most strangely with his tawdy dress, that of tumbling circus. "How is she now?"

"I'm better Bill," said the woman. "Can you stop a little?"

"Yes; I don't go in next, it's chapman's turn;" and so saying, the man seated himself by the side of the woman.

She was still young, and, far as the dim light hung from the roof would enable a judgment to be formed, good-looking; the cork-grimed eyebrows, cracked lips and dry checks, told that she too had appeared before the public for its amusement; indeed the traces of rogue were still on parts of the face, and told too truly that she had lain there but a short time, only since the last evening's performance; indeed, when, daring one of her jumps through the hoop, a man's putting on his hat startled the horse, and so caused a false step, which brought her heavily to the ground. The experienced ring-master saw she could scarcely stand, and handed her out, kissing her hand in the usual style, and few, if any, of the spectators knew that when rapturously applauding the most unparalleled feat, the leap from the horse's back through the hoop to the ground, their applause was unheard by their intended object. She had fainted immediately on reaching the dressing-room, and was at once carried to the moving chamber where she now lay.

But to return she took his hand in hers, saying: "Bill, I don't think I shall go round any more."

"Don't say so, lass, it'll be all right when the doctor comes."

"No, Bill; I feel better, but something tells me I've put on the togs for the last time."

"No, lass, no! was all the utterance he could find. "Don't say so!"

After a pause, she said: "you recollect that London chap with the French name, that came down to the Doncaster races?"

"O, yes I know," said the man, half angrily, as if wishing to avoid the subject.

"Well, you know you said that time that you thought there was something between me and him."

"Well, I know it," said the man, "but don' think of that now; don't trouble about that now."

"But I must, Bill. I think I'm dying Bill, dear, and I should like you to to think of me when I'm gone, as I am truly, Bill."

The man made no answer.

"Bill," said the woman, with increasing vehemence of manner, "do you believe I'd tell you a lie now?"

No answer still.

"Bill! Do you think I'd tell you a lie *now?*" said she, as though her life depended on his answer.

"No, no lass," said he at last, "I don't think you'd tell a lie any time—but now—" and he hesitated.

"Where's Jenny?" interrupted the woman.

"Here said one of the youngest women, standing up, so that she might be seen." "What do you want?"

"Jenny, you'll find the key, of the green trunk in the china mug with 'Nelly' on it. I wish you'd look in the box, and get me my old Bible out."

The girl found the key, and asked where the box was.

"O dear, I forgot, its under me," said the woman,

"There, never mind," said he, "I don't want any fuss about it."

"O, Bill dear, I wish you'd lift me up a little, and pull it out. You can put the broken chair under to keep me up then."

"No, never mind," said he, "it'll pain you so."

"O, Bill, dear, I don't mind, I wish you would."

He did it at last; and, after some trouble and a few suppressed groans, the box was pulled out to the middle of the floor opened, and there, wrapped up in paper and neatly hid, was the Bible; the paper greasy, from contact with disused head-dresses, garlands, bands, and other small accessories of the Queen of the Arena. They gave it to the woman, who soon asked, "Where's Mary?"

"O, she is here now," said one of the women; and a girl about five came running in, she had only the part of a little fairy in the just finished scene; her wand was still in her hand, and the guaze wings on her shoulders; she took them off, laid down the silvered stick, and came to the bed.

"Mary, dear are you there?

"Yes, mother, I'm just done, and the people clapped so when Julia took me on her shoulde."

"Put her on the box, she can't see her," suggested someone; it was pushed to where the child stood, and then the mother said:

"Mary, I'm going away."

"O, mother, where to?"

"But before I go, I want you to see me and father's friends again." The child stared with wonder; but the woman, not heeding her, continued: "Bill, dear, have you got the paper off the Bible? Well, open it at the New Testament."

"Here one of you women find it. Jenny, will you?" said the man.

Jenny did it, and gave it back.

"Now, Bill, raise me up a little."

"O, never mind," said he, "I know you'll get hurt."

She only looked a repetition of her request; and taking the open book from his hands, said: Bill, dear, you know you said there was something wrong between that London chap and me. I told you at the time there was not, and you didn't believe me, though you didn't say so; and you don't believe it now," she said with increased energy. "Now, Bill hear me swear that, as I believe I'm a dying woman, there was nothing, between us, and this child's your own, as much as Mary there is." She kissed the book and said: "Do you believe me now?"

"Yes, yes," said the man, "I do, I do!" as though some spell over him had broken. "I do, Nell, I do! O, Nell! what a fool I've been, and what a coward not to believe it before! O, Nell! forgive me, forgive me, I've done you wrong!"

The woman raised herself by a great effort, to reach his hand and kissing it, said: "I do, Bill." I knew you'd do me justice some day."

"O, Nell, it's not too late—not too late! You'll get better, and we'll be as happy as we were before this."

The woman only drew his head to her, and kissed him; while he, roused, kissed her again and again. "You do believe me, don't you, dear?"

"O, forgive me, Nell! O, forgive me!" were the only words he could find in the rush of his newly found trust.

"Bill's wanted," shouted some one at the door. "Old Whip's called you three times."

"Here's the white, Bill," said Jenny, "you want touching;" and she brought it, and with the lamp while he painted out the traces of tears on his checks in front of a broken looking-glass.

"The red will do, Bill; go on, or you will have him in here, and *she* won't like that."

Bill went out, and the doctor arrived a few minutes afterward. He was a short, stout good-humored looking man with a brisk way of speaking, that at once secured obedience.

"Now, then," said he "what's amiss? I could make nothing of that fellow you sent after me. Ah!" said he, altering his tone as his eyes, growing used to the light, look in the woman's face on the bed.

"What do they call you?" turning to the youngest of the assembled women.

"Jenny, Sir."

"Will you stop. All the rest go."

The women grumblingly obeyed, and he stooped down to examine his patient.

"When did this happen, Jenny?"

"Last night, Sir."

"Why did'nt you send before?"

"We did send to one here in the village, but he wouldn't come because she belonged to the circus. He sent her this," handing him a paper.

"Umph! 'The World and its Amusements on the Broad Way.' Just like that sanctimonious Jennings. Sends the woman a tract, and lets her suffer all day long."

"Doctor," said the sick woman, "how long can I live?"

"Live, woman! why, you're good for forty years yet."

"No, Doctor, I'm not—I feel I'm not long for this world."

"Oh! all nonsense!" said he, "you'll soon get over this." And with like comforting assurances he sought to raise her from her depressed condition. In about ten minutes he went to the door and said, "Come in here, one of you, while I go to the gig." He soon came back, and the woman remained with him.

In a little while the clown came up to the group of women outside the door, and leaning in all attitudes against the sides and steps of the wagon.

"Well has he come?"

"Yes, he's been in this quarter of an hour."

"What dose he say?"

"'Oh! she'll do,' he says, didn't he?" said one of them, turning to another for confirmation.

He soon left, and his voice was heard shouting some old wittieism of the ring as though there were no such things as sick wives and doctors in the world. In a few minutes more he came again quite out of breath from a last summersault, the approbation of which was still heard. Seeing the door partially open he entered, and his face looked joyous, as the wail of a child greeted him.

"Which is it? A boy?"

"Yes," said Jenny.

The answer was unheard by him, for there—streached out in death—was the mother. Contrary to the doctor's expectation, the accident and premature delivery had caused her death.

Yes! There she lay; the hollow sunken eyes—made unnaturally bright by the traces of rogue upon her cheeks—the jaw fallen. Death was evidently there, and he saw it.

She with whom he had adopted to share all the cares and joys of life; now that the only difference they had ever had was removed. She was dead! The man was stunned. A strange pair they looked;—he in the motely and paint of his calling; she—dead!

"Bear up, Bill," said Jenny, approaching him with the child; "it's a *boy*, Bill; and she wanted it to be called after you.

The man seemed not to hear, but, walking up to the bed, and taking one of the dead hands in his, kissed it gently, as though afraid of waking her; and then, as though his loss had just been realized, muttered, "Dead! dead!" and lay down, his face close to hers, kissing the fast cooling lips with frantic earnestness.

"Dead—dead—dead!" still came between his choking sobs. To him the woman, moving to and fro in offices about the child, were not: to him, useless was the doctor's farewell. "Dead—dead—dead!" and the heaving chest and bursting eyeballs found relief in tears.

"There don't take on so, Bill," said one, trying to raise him; "don't take on so hard, Bill!"

She might as well have spoken to the box on which he half sat, half leaned, as he hung over his dead wife. They then tried to get to close the staring eyes; but a look which appalled them shook their nerves too much to allow of a second trial. A noise outside now attracted them to the door.

"What's the matter, now?"

"Matter enough!" said a harsh, grating voice. "Here's Chapman so drunk he can't go in, and Bill's skulking because his wife's sick; there never was a fellow in the ring worse treated than I am.

"She is dead, Whips," said one, pointing with her thumb back to the wagon.

"Dead!" said he.

"Yes and he's there, too."

"Well, if that ain't to bad," said he; "here's the last scene before the quadrille, and no clown—it'll ruin the circus. The *second* night, too; her last night's jump has filled the place—there ain't standing room—and they've been calling for her all the evening. Dead," said he again, as though his loss were caused by her neglect. "Who'd have thought it? What's to be done?"

"Can't you make Chapman do?"

"No, he's a fool any time to Bill, and now he's drunk he's no use at all. What's to be done. I don't know."

Here he was obliged to leave, for the uproar in the circus was deafening. "Clown! Clown!" was the only cry they could make. In vain did Whips drive the horses faster and faster till the "Corsican Brothers were nearly in a horizontal position with their speed; nothing would appease the now excited people.

Whips came out again. "Where's Bill?" said he.

"Here Bill," said Jenny, "Whips wants you."

"Who wants me?" said the man.

"Here, Bill, I do," said the voice at the door.

Jenny gave the child to one of the women, took him by the arm, and led him to the door.

"Bill," said Whips, "here's Chapman as drunk as a beast, and the people crying out for you like mad. *Can't* you go?"

"Go!" said he, pointing to the body. "How can I go? No, I can't go."

"Well, Bill, you must; It's only the second night, here's the queen away and no clown."

"Well, there's only the Indian warrior to go in," said Bill.

"Well, I know that, but what's the good of him without somebody to give him his things? What's the good of my giving him his club or bow, or the paddle either? No, bill, you must go: it won't do to send in any one else now, they'd pull the place down."

Here another and louder cry reached them.

"There now," said Whips, that's it; there's the 'Corsican Brothers' has been agoing round this quarter of an hour, till they're sick of it, and the grey'll be so lame to-morrow she won't stir a peg. It's no use, Bill, you must go."

"I can't Whips; it'll be no use if I do."

"Oh, yes, you will; you must go, or I'll have to throw up the agreement, and you know you've overdrawed your money this last two weeks."

"Well, I know it," said the man, evidently irresolute at this threat.

"Well, then, go in if it's only five minutes. Here, take a drink of this, it will give you heart."

The man took the proffered flask and drank deeply.

"Well," said Whips, "you'll go Bill, won't you?"

"Oh, yes, I'll go," said the man; "go on."

They left the wagon, and the repeated rounds of applause showed that the public was satisfied. The clown was never more witty, never more agile. Somersault after somersault, leap after leap was taken with a recklessness that nothing could equal; again and again the encores of the elite, and the bravos of the vulgar, spurred his exertions. At last it ended, and the quadrille came on. The clown left the ring, with the plaudits ringing in his ears, and came to the wagon to find—Alas! What?

At the conclusion of the quadrille those in the wagon heard a cry.

"What is it?" said the man, now in his old position, close to the body, with her hand locked in his, and his eyes fixed on her face. "What's that?"

"They're calling for her," said Jenny pointing to the form in the bed.

There was a lull, and then a long thunder of clapping hands and stamping feet, rose and died away.

"What's that last?" asked the woman holding the child, of a person entering.

"Oh! they called for the queen, and old Whips made a speech, and said she was rather unwell and could not appear but would most likely be better to-morrow, when she would again perform her celebrated feat of leaping through the hoop to the ground.

"Well, my dears," said the doctor at the supper table, to his children, "how did you like it?"

"Oh! we didn't see the queen, father."

"No?"

"No, not at all; the man in the ring said she was not well, but would be there to-morrow, and the clown was so good father, in the scene with the savage."

"Was he, my dear. Do you know why you didn't see the queen?"

"No."

"Well, then, I'll tell you. Because she was dead. That clown was her husband. I left him kissing her dead lips, and I dare say he is there now. It's a strange world this! Such a sight as that I never saw before, and hope never to see again."

GOSSIP WITH CONTRIBUTORS.—No notis will be took—from this date hereafterwards—ov letters that hain't got a postage-stamp onto them.

Don't write only on one side of manuskript, and don't write much into that.

Don't send a manuskript unless you can read it yourselz, after it gets dry.

We pay, all the way up the hill, from ten cents to one dollar for contribushons, according tew heft.

Aul settlements made promptly at the end of the next ensueing year.

Poetry and prose pieces respectfively serlicited.

The highest market price paid for awful railroad smashes, and elopements with an other man's wife.

No swearin' allowed in our paper.

Isaac—Yure article on "frogs" iz received.

It made me laff like lightning.

Yure idee that "frogs might be increased by propagation" iz bully.

Yure idee that "frogs were diskovered by Christopher Columbus in the year 1492" had slipped my memory.

You also say "that frogs grow more bobtailed as they grow older." This iz too cussed good to be entire lost.

Noah—We very humbly decline your essa on the flood.

Yure remarks might possibly lead one more man to think as you do, and we don't want our columns to be held responsibel for the increasing number of phools.

The world has already got maor phools thae there is any need of.

There ain't no doubt in mi mind but what the flood was a perfect success, and I have thought that another just such an one would pay well now in sum sections ov the country.

JOSH BILLINGS.

"OH dear," exclaimed an urchin, who had been chewing green apples, "I've swallowed an odd fellow;" Yes, he's giving me the GRIP!"

FOR THE YOUNG.

The Golden Goose.

There was a man who had three sons. The youngest was called Dummling—which is much the same as Dunderhead, for all thought he was more than half a fool—and he was at all times mocked and ill-treated by the whole household.

It happened that the eldest son took it into his head one day to go into the wood to cut fuel; and his mother gave him a nice pasty and a bottle of wine to take with him, that he might refresh himself at his work. As he went into the wood, a little old man bid him good day, and said, "give me a little piece of meat from your place, and a little wine out of your bottle, for I am very hungry and thirsty." But this clever young man said, "Give you my meat and wine? No, I thank you, I should not have enough left for myself;" and away he went. He soon began to cut down a tree; but he had not worked long before he missed his stroke, and cut himself, and was forced to go home to have the wound dressed. Now it was the little old man that sent him this mischief.

Next went out the second son to work and his mother gave him too a pasty and a bottle of wine. And the same little old man met him also, and asked him for something to eat and drink. But he too thought himself very clever and said, "The more you eat the less there would be for me: so go your way!" The little man took care that he too should have his reward, and the second stroke that he aimed against a tree hit him on the leg; so, that he too was forced to go home.

Then Dummling said, "Father, I should like to go and cut wood too." But his father said, "Your brothers have both lamed themselves; you had better stay at home, for you know nothing about the business of wood-cutting." But Dummling was very pressing; and at last his father said, "Go your way! you will be wiser when you have smarted for your folly." And his mother gave him only some dry bread and a bottle of sour beer. But when he went into the wood, he met the little old man, who said, "Give me some meat and drink, for I am very hungry and thirsty." Dummling said, "I have only dry bread and sour beer; if that will suit you we will sit down and eat it, such as it is, together." So they sat down; and when the lad pulled out his bread, behold it was turned into a rich pasty; and his sour beer, when they tasted it, was delightful wine. They ate and drank heartily; and when they had done the little man said, "As you have a kind heart and have been willing to share everything with me, I will send a blessing upon you. There stands an old tree; cut it down, and you will find something at the root." Then he took his leave and went his way.

Dummling set to work, and cut down the tree; and when it fell, he found in a hollow under the roots, a goose with feathers of pure gold. He took it up, and went on to a little inn by the roadside, where he thought to sleep for the night on his way home. Now the landlord had three daughters; and when they saw the goose they were very eager to look what this wonderful bird could be, and wished very much to pluck one of the feathers out of its tail. At last the eldest said, "I must and will have a feather." So she waited till Dummling was gone to bed, and then seized the goose by the wing; but to her great wonder there she stuck, for neither hand nor finger could she get away again. Then in came the second sister, and thought to have a feather too; but the moment she touched her sister, there she too hung fast. At last came the third, and she also wanted a feather; but the other two cried out, "Keep away! for Heaven's sake, keep away!" However, she did not understand what they meant. "If they are there," thought she, "I may as well be there too." So she went up to them; but the moment she touched her sisters she stuck fast, and hung to the goose, as they did. And so they kept company with the goose all night in the cold.

The next morning Dummling got up and carried off the goose under his arm. He took no notice at all of the three girls, but when out with them sticking fast behind. So wherever he traveled, they too were forced to follow, whether they would or no, as fast as their legs would carry them.

In the middle of a field the parson met them; and when he saw the train, he said, "are you not ashamed of yourselves, you bold girls, to run after a young man in that way over the fields? Is that good behaviour?" Then he took the youngest by the hand to lead her away; but as soon as he touched her he too hung fast, and followed in the train; though sorely against his will, for he was not only in rather too good plight for running fast, just then he had a little touch of the gout in the great toe of the right foot. By and bye up came the clerk; and when he saw his master, the parson, running after the three girls, he wondered greatly, and said, "Holla! holla! your reverence! whither so fast? There is a christening to-day." Then he ran up and took him by the gown; when, lo and behold, he stuck fast too. As the five were thus trudging along, one behind another, they met two labourers with their mattocks coming from work; and the parson cried out lustily to them to help him. But scarcely had they laid hands on him, when they too fell into the rank; and so they made seven, all running together after Dummling and his goose.

Now Dummling thought he would see a little of the world before he went home; so he and his train journeyed on till at last they came to a city where there was a king who had an only daughter. The princess was of so thoughtful and moody a turn of mind that no one could make her laugh; and the king had made known to all the world, that whoever could make her laugh should have her for his wife. When the young man heard this, he went to her, with his goose and all its train; and as soon as she saw the seven all hanging together, and running along treading on each other's heels, she could not help bursting into a long and loud laugh. Then Dummling claimed her for his wife, and married her; and he was heir to the kingdom, and lived long and happily with his wife.

But what became of the goose and the goose's tail, I never could hear.

A SINGULAR TRADITION.—Among the Seminole Indians there is a singular tradition regarding the white man's origin and superiority. They say that when the Great Spirit made the earth, he also made three men, all of whom were fair complexioned; and that after making them he led them to the margin of a small lake, and bade them leap in and wash. One obeyed, and came out of the water purer and whiter than before; the second hesitated a moment, during which time the water, agitated by the first, had become muddied and when he bathed he came up copper-colored; the third did not leap until the water became black with mud, and he came out with its own color. Then the Great Spirit laid before them three packages, and out of pity for his misfortune in color, gave the black man the first choice. He took hold of each package, and having felt the weight, he chose the heaviest; the copper-colored man then chose the next heaviest, leaving the white man the lightest. When the packages were opened, the first was found to contain spades, hoes and all the implements of labor; the second unwrapped hunting, fishing, and warlike apparatus; the third gave the white man pens, ink, and paper—the engines of the mind and the real foundation of the white man's superiority.

A DEFENSE FOR A SHOOTING PARSON.—"Ah," said the vicar, "that reminds me of a little incident that occurred in the early life of my worthy Diocesan. He was a shooting parson. When he was visiting Lady Hadley—she is very evangelical, you know—he proposed to join her son on a little shooting expedition. The old lady remonstrated mildly, but at length sought consolation in the belief that out of evil would come good. Thomson, her keeper, was not at all up to her religious standard; so she charged the Bishop to say a few good words of exhortation to the man when they were in the fields together. His lordship took an opportunity on the return homewards to advise Thompson to go to church regularly and read his Bible. "Why, I do read my Bible," said the man; but I don't find in it any mention of the Apostles going a shooting.', "No, my good man; you are right; the shooting was very bad about Palestine, and they went fishing instead"

A WESTERN Judge full of fun and frolic, and a widower with five children was lately bantered by a pretty miss of five and twenty for not taking a wife. The Judge cofessed his remissness, and ended in offering himself to the lady, who had so handsomely pointed out his short comings. She was willing, but there was one—to her—serious obstacle.

"Well," said the Judge, "have it My profession is to surmount such obstacles."

"Ah! Judge, this is beyond your power; I have vowed if ever I married awidower he must have ten children."

"Ten children! O, that's nothing," said the Judge, "I'll give you five now, and my notes on demand in yearly instalments, for the balance."

AN Irishman was going along a road, when an angry bull rushed down upon him and, with his horns tossed him over a fence. The Irishman recovering from his fall, upon looking up saw the bull pawing and tearing the ground, as is the custom of the animal when irritaed: whereupon Pat, smiling at him said: If it was not for your bowing and scraping, and your humble apologies, you brute, faix, should think you had thrown me over this fence on purpose"

AT a show in Portland, England, "The Wild Men of Jesso" were the chief attraction. They were visited by some of the seamen of the channel fleet lying in the roads, and Jack took it into his head to poke fun at one of the wild men in the cage by stirring him up with a stick. The fellow turned round, shook his fist, swore in very unmistakable English, and said, "You darstn't do that, you blackguard, if I were outside the bars."

ONE of the saddest things about human nature is, that a man may guide others in the path of life without walking in it himself; that he may be a pilot and yet a castaway.

No man ever did an injury designedly to another who did not injure himself the most.