The Columbian.

VOL. I.—NO. 29. BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JULY 19, 1867. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE PADDY RUN
COAL COMPANY
OF
SHICKSHINNY, PENNSYLVANIA.

CAPITAL $150,000.

JOHN M. STACKHOUSE, President.
CHAS. A. BOONE, Secretary and Treasurer.

DIRECTORS:
John M. Stackhouse, N. L. Campbell,
Chas. A. Boone, Cyrus Stackhouse,
A. M'Dowell.

OFFICE:
MAIN STREET, SHICKSHINNY, PA.

The lands held by this Company, consist of
FOUR HUNDRED AND FORTY-ONE ACRES,
and sixty-four perches, of carefully selected and lying southwest of Wilkes-Barre, Luzerne county, Pa., in the western part of the Great Northern or Wyoming Coal Basin.

A very careful and thorough examination recently made has proven these (for the above) lands to be the embodiment of a vast amount of the very best quality of anthracite coal, having every facility that could be desired for transportation in all directions. The above tract is crossed by a good road, and also directly in front, and joining are the Lackawanna & Bloomsburg railroad, and the Wyoming canal, thus affording the very best advantage of a carrying road and canal running to the very mouth of the mines without expense to the company.

The measurement of the different beds or seams already developed was carefully obtained and added together:—the thickness of these seams, including the celebrated "Red Ash," "Buck Mountain," or "Grand Tunnel" vein, is thirty-one and a half feet, (31½), every cubic yard of which will yield a ton, giving a large amount of the best quality of coal.

The location is such that all the veins may be cut and worked to the greatest possible advantage above water level, and at much less expense than can be done from collieries operating below water level.

The coal can be brought to the surface through drifts or tunnels which drain the water from the mines and saves the hoisting of the coal. The eligibility of these lands for cheap mining is unquestionable. Very lately the "Grand Tunnel" or "Red Ash" vein has been opened, and is now producing as fine a quality of coal as has ever been produced in the anthracite regions. The breaker now in operation is capable of preparing from 150 to 200 tons per day. The surface contains an abundant supply of wood and timber very valuable for mining purposes, which gives this tract the advantage of many other coal lands. The fact that almost all valuable coal lands are being rapidly taken up by heavy capitalists or large corporations, shows that they must steadily and greatly rise in the market value, while with the immense and constantly increasing demand for this coal, and the Railroad and North Branch canal, passing by the mouths of the mines, through the Great Iron making districts of Bloomsburg, Danville, Duncannon, Harrisburg, Middletown, Marietta, and Columbia, to tide-water at Havre de Grace, one can scarcely conceive of a more profitable or permanent source of wealth than may be found in lands like these.

In order to be able to open their works on a more extensive plan, this company has placed a portion of their capital stock in market on the following terms: Any person taking one or more shares of stock at
TEN DOLLARS EACH,
will be entitled annually to a ton of coal at cost at the mine per share, and any stockholders
NOT RECEIVING THE COAL
as aforesaid, to be credited on the books of the Company, with the difference between the cost and selling price for each share, to be paid before a dividend shall be declared.

C. F. KNAPP, Agent.

March 1, 1867.

GRAND CONCERTS
IN AID OF THE
MASONIC HALL AND ASYLUM FUND.

THE object of these Concerts is to raise funds to build a Masonic Hall in the city of New York, commensurate with the wants of the fraternity, and to erect an Asylum for decayed Masons and the indigent and infirm widows of Masons and their orphans. A large fund has been collected for this purpose, but more is needed, which it is believed will be generously and promptly given by the charitable public, and those immediately interested in the welfare of the Order.

The Management take great pleasure in announcing that their Sixth and last Grand Musical Entertainment will take place at Jones' Wood, on Tuesday, July 30th, commencing at 1 o'clock, p. m., and will be immediately followed by the Grand Distribution of Presents.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND MASTER OF MASONS, OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK, New York, January 10, 1867.

BRO. G. W. HOLMES,—My Dear Sir:—"Yours of the 9th instant has been received. In reply I can only state that any enterprise which may be honorably and conscientiously conducted, in aid of the Masonic Hall and Asylum Fund of the State of New York, will receive not only my unqualified approbation, but my zealous co-operation. That your enterprise will be conducted with fidelity to your promises I have no doubt, judging from the references which you have given. While I say this, I desire still to declare to you that any effort, no matter how sacred may be the end sought to be achieved, that leads to any violation of the laws of the State, should not be permitted. Let those laws be held in strict respect, a blessing will surely follow, and you will receive the thanks of thousands. Thanking you for your kind remembrance of the widows and orphans of our craft, I am Truly and fraternally yours.
ROBERT D. HOLMES, Grand Master.

☞ We have the highest legal authority for stating that no law of the State of New York is violated by our method of distribution.

1 Present, Residence in 53d street, [illegible]
1 Present, Country Residence located in the village of Woodbridge, N. J., one hour's ride by railroad from N. Y. and three minutes walk from railroad depot. The place consists of two large dwellings, store, barn, carriage house and other out-buildings; 7 acres of land in a high state of cultivation, and fine garden; 1 acre of Lawton Blackberries, with plenty of small fruit, besides standard fruit, [illegible]
1 Present, Residence at Brooklyn, N. Y. [illegible]
1 " Lot, " [illegible]
1 " " " [illegible]
1 " " " [illegible]
1 " $3,000 in Gold, [illegible]
1 " 2,000 " [illegible]
2 " Grand Pianos, $1,500 each [illegible]
25 " Gents' fine gold lever watches 250 " [illegible]
25 " Ladies' " " 200 " [illegible]
300 " Sewing Machines 75 " [illegible]
500 " Orders for suits of clothing, from the well-known establishment of L. T. Brownell, 503 Broadway, 75 " 37,5[illegible]
50 " Plated Tea Sets, 75 " [illegible]
500 " Orders for Silk Hats, 10 " [illegible]
1,000 " Chromo Lith. of Leutze Painting of Washington as a Mason, 10 " 10,[illegible]
1,000 " Masonic Emblems 5 " [illegible]
500 " Gold Pens, Pencils, and Sleeve Buttons, 3 " [illegible]
500 " Silver plated fruit knives and call bells, 2 " [illegible]
1,000 " Masonic charts, from original designs by R Macoy 3 " [illegible]
1,000 " Masonic Monitors, 1.50 [illegible]

The balance to consist of the following, viz: Photograph Albums, Opera Glasses, Works by eminent authors, Gents' fob chains, Ladies' gold watch chains, kid gloves, engravings, ladies' work boxes, music boxes, writing cases, musical instruments, breast pins and finger rings, etc., amounting to 25,[illegible]
Making in the aggregate 300,000 presents valued at $200,[illegible]

TICKETS, $1.00 EACH.

Parties from a distance sending money for tickets should either have their letters registered or send a post office order.

☞ Before the distribution takes place, a committee will be appointed to receive tickets from parties living at a distance from New York, who will select the sealed envelopes containing the orders for the presents for them, and return the same by mail.

Agents and others holding tickets for sale, are earnestly requested to make their returns promptly, and without delay, at the time named above for the last entertainment, in order that there may be no delay in the distribution.

GEO. W. HOLMES & CO., Managing Directors, Principal Office, 718 Broadway, New York.

June 14, 1867.

THE KEYSTONE CLOVER SEED STRIPPER.

PATENTED OCTOBER 2, 1866.

This simple, though effective machine is admitted by all scientific observers to be the most direct device for gathering clover seed yet discovered.

A mere glance at it is sufficient to convince the most obtuse mind of its practical utility.

It strips the clover head from the stalk leaving the straw standing upon the ground. It is easily drawn by one horse, and requires but one man or boy to work it.

It is compact, simple in structure, and not liable to get out of order, and can be cheaply got up.

The great advantage in this machine is, we have the seed gathered in the chaff, ready for the clover mill or huller, besides saving the great length of time and labor of mowing, handling and threshing it from the straw. It will also pay every farmer to gather his seed with this machine on account of the saving of the seed which is lost in the old way of gathering it.

Extraordinary inducements offered to energetic men who wish to purchase State or county Rights. For particulars address

WERTMAN & REINBOLD, CENTRALIA, Columbia County, Pa.

[Jan25'67.]

HOTELS AND SALOONS.

LONG POND HOTEL.

THE undersigned having leased and re-furnished in good style the above well-known House, situate

AMONG THE MOUNTAINS

in the borders of Columbia and Sullivan counties, in one of the most beautiful and healthful regions in the State; is fully prepared to accommodate visitors and sojourners

WITH THEIR FAMILIES.

The Pond and streams are well stocked with delicious fish of many kinds including

TROUT AND PIKE,

and boats in good order will be kept for the accommodation and amusement of guests, either for fishing or pleasure excursions upon this beautiful sheet of water which is

SEVERAL MILES IN EXTENT

Surrounded by an extensive forest, there is afforded to the huntsman a splendid field for his own peculiar sports, and exercise with his

DOG AND GUN.

His Larder will be always provided with the delicacies of the season; and his Bar stocked with PURE LIQUORS. The House is large and commodious; the Stabling extensive and safe.

The House is reached from several points on the Bloomsburg & Lackawanna Railroad; and is a splendid place to pass the hot months of Summer.

B. L. HAYHURST.

May 17, 1867–4m.

EXCHANGE HOTEL,
BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA.

The undersigned having purchased this well known and centrally-located house, the Exchange Hotel, situate on MAIN STREET, in Bloomsburg, immediately opposite the Columbia County Court House, respectfully informs his friends and the public in general that his house is now in order for the reception and entertainment of travellers who may be disposed to favor it with their custom. He has spared no expense in preparing the Exchange for the entertainment of his guests, neither shall there be anything wanting (on his part) to minister to their personal comfort. His house is spacious, and enjoys an excellent business location.

Omnibusses run at all times between the Exchange Hotel and the various railroad depots, by which travellers will be pleasantly conveyed to and from the respective stations in due time to meet the cars. JOHN F. CASLOW,

Bloomsburg, March 22, 1866.

COLUMBIA HOUSE,
BY
BERNARD STOHNER.

HAVING lately purchased and fitted up the well-known Robison Hotel Property, located a few doors above the court house, on the same side of the street, in the town of Bloomsburg: and having obtained a license for the same as a

RESTAURANT,

the Proprietor has determined to give to the people visiting the town on business or pleasure,

A LITTLE MORE ROOM.

His stabling also is extensive, and is fitted to put buggies and carriages in the dry. He promises that everything about his establishment shall be conducted in an orderly and lawful manner, and he respectfully solicits a share of the public patronage. [my17'67–6m.

STEVENS HOUSE,
21, 23, 25 & 27, BROADWAY, N. Y.
Opposite Bowling Green,
ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN.

THE STEVENS HOUSE is well and widely known to the traveling public. The location is especially suitable to merchants and business men; it is in close proximity to the business part of the city—is on the highway of Southern and Western travel—and adjacent to all the principal railroad and steamboat depots.

The Stevens House has liberal accommodation for over 300 guests—it is well furnished, and possesses every moderate improvement for the comfort and entertainment of its inmates. The rooms are spacious and well ventilated—provided with gas and water—the attendance is prompt and respectful—and the table is generously provided with every delicacy of the season—at moderate rates. GEO. K. CHASE & Co., Proprietors.

my11'67–6m.]

FORK'S HOTEL,
GEORGE 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 wines 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.

THE SWAN HOTEL,
[THE UPPER HOUSE]
ORANGEVILLE, COLUMBIA CO., PA.

The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has taken the above well known House of Entertainment, and will be pleased to receive the custom of all who will favor him with a call.

HE WILL KEEP A GOOD TABLE,

a Bar well stocked with the best of Liquors, and every effort will be made to render entire satisfaction. JOHN SNYDER.

Orangeville, Pa., March 15, 1867–6m.

EXCHANGE SALOON,

THE Proprietor of the Exchange Saloon has now on hand a large stock of

SUMMER REFRESHMENTS,
consisting of
SPICED OYSTERS, SARDINES, TRIPE, PIGS'S SHEEP TONGUE, BOILED EGGS, SWITZER CHEESE,
LAGER BEER, ALE, &C.

☞ COME ONE, COME ALL, AND SEE US.

LAWSON CALVAN.

Bloomsburg, May 3, 1867.

THE ESPY HOTEL,
ESPY, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has taken the above well known House of Entertainment, and will be pleased to receive the custom of all who will favor him with a call.

HE WILL KEEP A GOOD TABLE,

a Bar well stocked with the best of Liquors, and every effort will be made to render entire satisfaction. WM. FOLEY.

Espy, Pa., April 12, 1867.

BRICK HOTEL,
ORANGEVILLE, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA.
ISRAEL MUMMA, PROPRIETOR.

Having taken possession of this well-known house, so long kept by Samuel Evert, the Proprietor has put in it permanent repair and furnished BAR AND LARDER with the choicest liquors and newest delicacies. His stable is not excelled in the county; and no pains will be spared to accommodate guests. [April'67.

SUSQUEHANNA HOTEL
Catawissa, Pa.

The above Hotel has lately been purchased by HENRY J. CLARK, and has been thoroughly remodelled, repaired, and refurnished. It will be found now, in its arrangement and appointments, a first-class Hotel, and second to none in the country. Persons in cities wishing to spend the hot months in the country, will do well to give the proprietor a call.

THE UNION HOTEL,
Arch Street, between Third and Fourth Streets,
Philadelphia.
CHRIST & WEBER, Proprietors.

GIRARD HOUSE,
Corner of Ninth and Chestnut Streets.
Philadelphia.
H. W. KANAGA, Proprietor.

MERCHANT'S HOTEL
40 NORTH FOURTH ST. AT.
PHILADELPHIA.
J. & W. G. M'KIBBEN, Proprietors.

May 10, 1867–1y.

To Hotel and Saloon Keepers [illegible] Bloomsburg and Columbia County [illegible] appointed Mr. B. Stohner agent for the sale of [illegible] ale, porter brown stout, and lager beer [illegible] supply you at the same price (and with the [illegible] article), as I would furnish you from the [illegible] Knowing that he will be punctual and at[illegible] all who may favor him with their [illegible] for him your support. Very respectfully, [illegible] FREDERICK LAUER, Steam Brewery, Reading, Pa.

HARTMAN, C. H. DILLINGER, [illegible] HARTMAN.
HARTMAN, DILLINGER & CO.,
NO. 28 NORTH THIRD STREET,
(*Nearly opposite James* [illegible] *Co.*)
Wholesale Dealers in
YARNS, BATTING, WADDING, CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, [illegible]
GRAIN BAGS, CORDAGE, [illegible] ALSO,
WILLOW AND WOOD WARE,
[illegible] TRUNKS, [illegible] ETC.
[illegible]

THE COLUMBIAN,

A Democratic Newspaper,
IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING AT
BLOOMSBURG, PENN'A.

THE principles of this paper are of the Jeffersonian school of politics. Those principles will never be compromised, yet courtesy and kindness shall not be forgotten in discussing them, whether with individuals, or with contemporaries of the Press. The equality, 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.

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	20,00	30,00
One column	15,00	18,00	20,00	30,00	60,00

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.

☞ 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 Robison's Buildings, near the Court House, by CHAS. M. VANDERSLICE, FRANK R. SNYDER.

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOB PRINTING
Neatly executed at this Office.

M. M. L'VELLE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Ashland, Schuylkill County, Penn'a.

M. E. JACKSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Berwick, Columbia County, Penn'a.

M. M. TRAUGH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Berwick, Columbia County, Penn'a.

WILLIAM H. ABBOTT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
CENTRALIA, PA.

JOHN G. FREEZE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office in Register and Recorder's office, in the basement of the Court House, Bloomsburg, Pa.

ROBERT F. CLARK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Office corner of Main and Market streets, over First National Bank, Bloomsburg, Pa.

DR. L. B. KLINE,
A graduate of Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, having permanently located, offers his professional services to the citizens of Catawissa and vicinity. Office on Main street, second door east of Creasy & John's Building. [apr5'67–6m

E. H. LITTLE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office on Main street, in brick building below the Court House, Bloomsburg, Pa.

C. B. BROCKWAY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
☞ OFFICE—Court House Alley, below the *Columbian* Office. [Jan4'67.

J. B. ROBISON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
BLOOMSBURG, PENN'A.
Office in Unangst's Building, Main Street, West of the American House. [my24'67.

AUCTIONEER.
MOSES COFFMAN,
Having followed the profession of Public Vendue Crier for many years, would inform his friends that he is still in the field, ready and willing to attend to all the duties of his calling. Persons desiring his services should call or write to him at Bloomsburg, Pa. [mar8'67.

DR. W. H. BRADLEY,
(Late Assistant Medical Director U. S. Army,)
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
☞ Office at the house opposite Shive's Block, Bloomsburg, Pa.
Calls promptly attended to both night and day.
Bloomsburg, Jan. 18, 1867.

VETERINARY SURGEON.—THE undersigned takes this method of informing the citizens of Columbia County, that he is located in
LIGHT STREET, PENN'A.,
where he is prepared to attend to all calls made in the line of his business, and cures
RINGBONE, SPAVIN, SPLINT,
and all other ills that horse flesh is heir to, challenging competition in the treatment especially of the above mentioned diseases. JESSE D. RICE.
Light Street, April 26, 1867.

S. C. SHIVE,
CABINET MAKER,
AND MANUFACTURER BY STEAM OF
SASH, BLINDS, DOORS,
SHUTTERS, MOULDINGS,
WINDOW FRAMES, &C.
MAIN STREET,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
June 28, 1867.

S. C. COLLINS,
FASHIONABLE
SHAVING, HAIR CUTTING
AND
SHAMPOOING SALOON,
Court House Alley, next door to *Columbian* Office
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Hair Dyeing and Whiskers colored black or brown. Hair Tonic to destroy dandruff and beautifying the hair; will restore hair to its original color without soiling the finest fabric, constantly on hand. [apr12'67.

C. E. SAVAGE,
PRACTICAL
WATCHMAKER AND JEWELRY,
Main Street, near the Court House,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Constantly on hand a fine assortment of
AMERICAN AND SWISS WATCHES,
Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware and Spectacles
Particular attention paid to the repairing of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Spectacles.
☞ Masonic marks made to order. All work warranted. [apr19'67.

ALL KINDS OF JOB PRINTING neatly executed at THE COLUMBIAN Steam Printing Office.

Choice Poetry.

FOR THE COLUMBIAN.

AD EVAM.

BY SENEX.

I do not see among thy sighing train
Of full enamored youths, one weak or vain;
Though each fond boy is dressed with greatest care,
With beard well trimmed and curled and barbered hair,
And virtuous and well read they seem to be,
But, yet, dear Eva, scarcely worthy thee.

Thy neat attire unmarred by flounce or frill,
Thy light brown hair afloat at thy wild will,
Thy sculptured lip, brow neither low nor high,
That beauteous gem, thy calm and clear blue eye,
Tell us full well how fair, how pure thou art,
But do not tell us who shall win thy heart.

Safe at my hands this offering thou may'st take,
For though thy presence does my senses wake,
And oft the matchless beauty of thy charms,
The freezing current in my bosom warms,
Old time my folly does full well betray,
And sprinkles through my hair the tell-tale grey.
And yet I would not that it e'er could be,
Charms such as thine could have no charms for me.

In full blown beauty mid thy bridal band,
With trembling joy I see thee give thy hand;
But do not see what happy man shall sip
The honey from thy chaste and pouting lip.
No fopling, I am sure, shall taste such bliss,
A generous, whole-souled man should have that kiss.

Not e'en to thee has yet appeared, perchance,
The looked for hero of thy young romance,
But whose soe'er that bliss, I pray thy life
May thenceforth pass a well loved faithful wife.

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

THE following exquisite little poem was written by Miss MARIE LACOSTE, of Savannah, Ga., and originally published, we think, in the *Southern Churchman*. It will commend itself by its touching pathos to all readers.

Into a ward of the white-washed walls,
Where the dead and the dying lay—
Wounded by bayonets, shells and balls—
Somebody's darling was borne one day.
Somebody's darling! So young and so brave,
Wearing still, on his pale, sweet face,
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,
The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold
Kissing the snow of the fair young brow,
Pale are the lips of delicate mould—
Somebody's darling is dying now.
Back from the beautiful, blue veined face
Brush every wandering silken thread:
Cross his hands as a sign of grace—
Somebody's darling is still and dead.

Kiss him once for *somebody's sake*,
Murmur a prayer soft and low,
One bright curl from the cluster take—
They were somebody's pride, you know.
Somebody's hand had rested there,
Was it a mother's, soft and white?
And have the lips of a sister fair
Been baptised in those waves of light?

God knows best. He was somebody's love;
Somebody's heart enshrined him there,
Somebody wafted his name above,
Night and morn on the wings of prayer.
Somebody wept when he marched away,
Looking so handsome, brave, and grand;
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay;
Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's watching yet for him,
Yearning to hold him again to her heart;
There he lies—with the blue eyes dim,
And the smiling, child-like lips apart.
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear;
Carve on the wooden slab at his head—
"Somebody's darling lies buried here!"

Select Tale.

THE METEMPSYCHOSIS.

A GERMAN LEGEND.

CONTINUED.

IN order to cool my heated brain, I went out to the open air, and wandered about the streets. I was addressed by a number of persons whom I did not know; and several of my acquaintances, to whom I inadvertantly spoke, did not know me. With the former I was very short, answering their questions at random, and getting off as soon as possible. To the latter I could only apologize, assuring them that they had been mistaken by me for other persons. I felt my situation most unpleasant; for, besides the consciousness of no longer being myself, I was constantly running into the most perplexing blunders. For instance, after strolling about for a considerable period, I came, as it were, by a sort of instinct, to my own lodgings. For a time I forgot my situation, and knocked at the door. It was opened by my domestic, from whom I took the candle which he held in his hand, and according to wont, walked into the study. "Mr. Stadt is not in, sir," said the man following me, "perhaps you will sit till he comes: I expect him soon." This aroused me from my reverie, confirming too truly the fact that I was changed. I started up from the seat into which I had drooped, rushed past him with dismay, and gained the street. Here I made up my mind to return to Wolstang's lodgings, which I accordingly did, in a mood which a condemned criminal could hardly envy.

I kept the house for the whole of the next day, employing myself in writing, in order that the servants might at least see some cause for my confinement. Notwithstanding this, it was easy to observe that they perceived something unusual about me; and several remarks which escaped them, convinced me that they considered my head touched in no slight degree. Although I did all that I was able to compose myself, it was impossible that I could think like Wolstang, and still less than I could know a hundred private and household matters, on which the pert Louise or sapient Barnabas made a point of consulting me. Whenever I was spoken to concerning things that I knew, my answers were kind and condescending; but on any point about which I was ignorant, I utterly lost temper, and peremptorily forbade them to repeat it. Both shook their heads at such inconsistent behavior; and it was soon bruited among the neighbors, that Mr. Albert Wolstang had parted with his senses.

The second day arrived, and found me in the same state of mind. The amazement which succeeded the discovery of my metamorphosis had indeed given way; and I could look at my reflection in the mirror with less pain than at first; but my feelings were still embittered as ever, and I ardently longed for death to put and end to such intolerable misery. While brooding over these matters, the door of the study opened. Thinking it was one of the domestics, I paid no attention to it; but in a moment I heard a sneeze, which made my flesh to creep, and in another, the little man with the snuff-colored surtout, the scarlet waistcoat, and the wooden leg, made his appearance. Since I last saw this old fellow, I had conceived a mortal hatred against him. I thought, all though the idea was wild enough, that he had some hand in my Metempsychosis; and the affair of the scales and the marble busts, together with his Pythagorean opinions, his vast learning, his geomancy and astrology, gave to my idea a strong confirmation. On the present occasion, his politeness was excessive; he bowed almost to the ground, made fifty apologies for intruding, and inquired with the most *outre* affectation of tenderness into the state of my health. He then seated himself opposite to me, laid his cocked hat upon the table, took a pinch of snuff, and commenced his intolerable system of sneezing. I was never less in a humor to relish anything like foppery. So throwing myself back upon the chair putting on as commanding a look as I could, and looking at him fiercely, I said, "So, sir, you are back again; I suppose you know me?"

"Know you, my dear friend—eh—yes, I derived great pleasure in being made acquainted with you the day before yesterday. You are Mr. Frederick Stadt—that is to say, you are Mr. Albert Wolstang."—(*A sneeze.*)

"Then you know that I am not myself?"

"My dear friend," replied he, with a smile, "I hinted as much as the last time I saw you."

"And pray how did you ascertain that?"

"You don't ask me such a question," said he, with an air of surprise; "I knew it by your signature."

"My own signature! I know not what you mean by my signature."

"Eh—eh—the signature, you know—that is, the compact you made with Wolstang."

"I know of no compact," cried I, in a passion; "nor did I ever make one with any man living. I defy either you or Wolstang to produce any such instrument."

"I believe it is in my pocket at this very moment. Look here my dear sir." And he brought out a small manuscript book, and turning up the leaves, pointed to view the following words:—

"I hereby, in consideration of the sum of fifty gilders, give to Albert Wolstang the use of my body, at any time he is disposed, provided that, for the time being, he gives me the use of his.
FREDERICK STADT."

"It is forgery," said I, starting up with fury; "a *deceptio visus*, at least; something like your scales."

"What about the scales, my dear friend?" said he with a whining voice.

"Go," replied I; "into that room, and you shall see." He accordingly went, but returned immediately, saying that he observed nothing remarkable. "No!" said I, rising up; "then I shall take the trouble to point it out to you." My astonishment may be better conceived than described, when instead of the small apothecary's scales, I beheld the immense ones in which I had been weighed two days before. I felt confounded and mortified, and returned with him to the study, muttering something about *deceptio visus*, necromancy, and demonology.

"Well," continued I, after recovering a little, "what about this compact; when and where was it made?"

"It is made some three days ago, at the Devil's-hoof Tavern. You may remember that you and Wolstang were drinking there at that time."

"Yes, I remember it well enough; but I understood that I was putting m name to a receipt for fifty gilders which he paid me. I never read the writing; I merely subscribed it."

"That was a pity; for really you have bound yourself as firmly as signing with a person's own blood can do."

"Did I sign it with my own blood?" said I, alarmed.

"Exactly so. You may recollect cutting your finger. I had the pleasure of stanching the blood; a sufficient quantity of which was nevertheless collected to write this document."

"Then you were present," said I; "yes, I have a recollection of your face, now that you mention the circumstance. You were then dressed as a clergyman, if I mistake not."

"Precisely."

"And what," continued I, "are the conditions on which I hold this strange existence? Suppose Wolstang dies?"

"Then you keep his body till the natural period of your own death."

"Suppose I die?"

"He then keeps your body."

"Then if he dies, my body is buried and goes to decay, while I am clogged up in his body, till relieved from it by death?"

"Presisely."

This announcement struck me with terror. "And shall I never," said I, weeping, "see my dear body again?"

"You may see it, if ever Wolstang comes in your way."

"But shall I never possess it; shall I never be my self again?"

"Not unless he pleases."

"The villian!" exclaimed I, in an agony of grief: "I am then undone; the fool of a heartless, unprincipled miscreant. Is my case hopeless?"

"O no, my dear friend," said the little man, "not at all hopeless: there is nothing simpler than the remedy. Only put your name here, and you will be yourself in a minute. The fellow will then lose all power over your body." I seized with avidity the pen which he presented to me, dipped it in a vial of red ink, and was proceeding to do as he directed, when the writing above caught my eye. It ran thus:—

"I hereby engage, after my natural decease, to give over my soul to the owner of this book."

"Zounds!" said I, "what is this?"

"It is nothing at all; just a form, a mere form of business, of no intrinsic meaning. If you would just write your name: it is very easily done."

"Has any other person signed such deeds?" demanded I.

"Many a one. Here, for example, is Wolstang's name attached to a similar contract. It is, in fact, by virtue of this that he has the power over your body. The deed which you have signed would have availed him nothing without this one."

"Then," said I, "if you relieve me from my present condition, you break faith with Wolstang, seeing that you deprive him of his stipulated power."

"I deprive him of his power over you, but I give him in return a similar power over some other person, which will answer his purpose equally well. I think you had better sign."

"No, you old villain!" said I, wrought up to a pitch of fury at the infernal plan which I saw he was meditating; "I will never sign your compact. I have religion enough to know the value of my soul, and sufficient philosophy to bear with any wretchedness I may endure under my present form. You may play the Devil if you choose, but you shall never get me to act the part of Dr. Faustus." I pronounced these words in a voice of thunder; but, so far from being angry, he used every endeavour to soothe me; made a thousand apologies for having been the unwilling cause of such a commotion; then snatching up his hat, and making a profound bow, he left the room.

A glow of conscious virtue passed over me on his departure. I found that I had resisted evil, and gloried in the thought; but this triumphant feeling gave way to one of revenge against the author of my calamity. After reflecting for a short time, it occurred to me that the best way to punish him would be to commit some outrage which might stamp him with infamy, and render him miserable if he ever thought of resuming his body. "I shall at least have him expelled from the University. This shall be the first blow directed against his comfort. He will in time become weary of my body, and will find very little satisfaction in his own when he takes it into his head to make an exchange." Full of these ideas, I entered the college-court, where the first object that met my eyes was Doctor Dedimus Dunderhead coming towards me; the baton in his hand, the spectacles on his carbuncle nose, and his head thrown back as he strutted along *a la militaire*. Without a moment's hesitation, I advanced up to him, and knocked off his cocked hat; nor did I stop to see how he looked at this extraordinary salutation, but walked deliberately on. I heard him distinctly call after me, "You shall hear of this, sir, by to-morrow." "When you please, doctor," was my answer. "Now, Master Wolstang," said I to myself, "I have driven you from Gottingen College, and wish you much joy of your expulsion." Such were my thoughts, and the morrow verified them: for a meeting of the Senatus Academicus being summoned by the provost, that learned body declared Albert Wolstang unfit to be a member of the University, and he was accordingly placarded upon the gate and expelled, *in terrorem*.

This circumstance being just what I wanted gave me no uneasiness; but a few days thereafter an event arouse out of it, which subjected me to much inconvenience. Having unwittingly strolled into the college, I was rudely collared by one of the officers, which so enraged me that I knocked the fellow down with a blow of my fist. For this I was apprehended the same day by three gendarmes, and carried before the Syndic, who condemned me to suffer two week's close confinement, and to be fed on bread and water. The punishment, though perhaps not disproportioned to the offence, was, in my estimation, horribly severe; and now, for the first time, did I feel regret for the absurdity of my conduct. I found that in endeavouring to punish Wolstang I was in truth only punishing myself, and that it was a matter of doubt whether he would ever submit to a corporeal change, seeing that my fortune was much more considerable than his own, and that he would come at it in the course of six months. This I had no doubt was the chief consideration which could have induced the fellow to bring about such a metamorphosis.

On getting out of prison I was the most miserable wretch on earth. The fierce desire of vengeance had formerly kept up my spirits; but this was now gone, and they sunk to the lowest pitch. I found that I was spurned by those very persons who were before most anxious to cultivate my friendship. Barnabas and Louise had left me, resolving no longer to serve one who had undergone the punishment of a malefactor. In order to clear up matters, I frequently called at my own house to inquire if I myself was at home; for so was I obliged to speak of the miscreant who had possession of my body, but on every occasion I was answered in the negative. "I had gone out to see a friend in town." "I had gone to the country." "I was expected soon." Never by any possibility could I get a sight of myself. All this convinced me that the case was hopeless, and that I must make the best of my deplorable situation. Wolstang had evidently played my part much better than I did his, for he had an interest in doing so, and was (thanks to my simplicity) intimately acquainted with the state of my affairs. If any thing could add to this irritation, it was to notice the improvements, or rather changes, which the fellow was making in my house. Every thing was turned upside-down. Many or the most valuable books in my library were brought to the hammer, and replaced by more modern works. Some antique MSS. found among the ruins of Pompeii, and on which I set a high value, were disposed of in the same manner; together with my porphyry snuff-box, my mother's diamond ring, my illuminated missal, and the Arabic autograph of the Koran. The money produced by these valuable relics was laid out in new painting my study, and in fitting it up with Chinese Mandarins, silken pagodas, and other pieces of eastern trumpery.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

No prediction ever fell from our Savior's lips, which has not come to pass or will not come to pass. When a certain woman, as he sat at meat, poured a box of ointment on his head, he said, "It shall be told for a memorial of her wherever my gospel is preached." And it has been told. The deed is recorded in the Gospel, is read to-day in one hundred and fifty different languages, and is destined to be read in every part of the globe.

A SINGULAR STORY.

FIGHT BETWEEN A RAT TERRIER AND A SWARM OF RATS—THE DOG VANQUISHED AND DEVOURED—FUNERAL OF THE VICTIMS OF THE CONTEST.

THE Milwaukee *Sentinel* vouches for the following remarkable incident:

"Near one of our grain warehouses situate on the river bank, large swarms of rats have been in the habit of feasting on the wheat which has been scattered around. A few days ago a terrier getting wind of the rendezvous, made on attack upon a couple of rats that had ventured too far into the open air. Seizing one in its teeth, it shook it vigorously. The rat squealed piteously, attracting to the spot a dozen or more companions. These, on seeing the situation of affairs, joined in raising the alarm. In less time than it takes us to tell the story, the ice around was black with a swarm of rats, numbering several hundreds. The terrier, after dispatching the first victim, charged into the swarm with the evident determination of serving the remainder in like manner. But for once a terrier was doomed to meet with fight from the poor animals he had so long devoured at pleasure, and in a trice he was surrounded on all sides by a swarm of ferocious brutes anxious to be avenged for the death of their companion. Then ensued the most frightful scene imaginable. The rats swarmed around their adversary and fastened their claws and teeth into his flesh. The dog, enraged by the pain, fought bravely, killing scores of his enemies in his contest for life. But the odds against him were too great, and after a sharp conflict, which lasted for about five minutes, he was forced to succumb. His body was literally devoured by the rats, they seeming to take a savage pleasure in tearing their vanquished enemy to piece-meal. Scarcely a vestige of the animal remained behind. The terrier died game, however, for there were about half a hundred rats left upon the field, bleeding and mangled, and as many more, more or less injured.

"A singular instance of the kindliness of dumb animals to their fellows was noticed at the conclusion of the combat. A number of the combatants had been somewhat lacerated by the teeth of the dog. Their companions gathered in groups around them, licked the blood from their wounds, and then tenderly carried them in their teeth to their nest. The bodies of the slain were as tenderly cared for. One by one they were carried away to a hole in the ice near by, where they were piled up. When all the bodies had been gathered together, the turvivors grouped around them, and one of the number, mounting upon the pile of bodies, seemed to deliver a brief funeral oration over the remains of their companions. The utmost stillness reigned among the company during the address of their chief. The whole company then proceeded to tumble their dead companions into the water, where they soon sank from sight. In half an hour scarcely a vestige of the conflict remained. This burial service was the most extraordinary instance of the kind we have yet observed, and is well deserving of the study of naturalists. The fight as a whole would have delighted sporting men and dog fanciers. It was highly interesting to the few who observed it."

CALL ME GEORGE.—Ben. W. served in the Revolutionary War, and had been in the habit of repeating his long and tough yarns so often that at last he really believed them himself. Ben. would give a personal anecdote about every battle of the war, in which he himself always figured as a hero. On being asked if he was in the battle of Monmouth, he replied:

"I guess I was. I had my right hand pocket full of powder, my left hand pocket full of bullets, and I had father's double-barreled ducking-gun, seven feet long! I put in a handful of bullets, and every time I let her off I knocked down the British, sir, fifty at a time! General Washington rode up to me, and said, 'Ben. do stop! you'r doing them too bad!' I touched my hat at the Generul, and said, 'Well General if you say so I'll cease firing; but I think I ought to kill a few more of the scoundrels.' With that the General sprang from his horse, and, throwing his arms around me, exclaimed '*Ben! don't call me General—call me George!*'"

THE Tennessee Legislature was in session when Fort Donelson fell, leaving the Federals free to occupy Nashville. Hearing a great stir in the Governors's office below, a committee was sent to see what was going on. They found his Excellency packing up preparatory to leaving. He handed the committee a dispatch announcing the fall. When the committee returned, Mr. W. was in the chair, and just on the point of adjourning. Addressing the House, he said: "And now, gentlemen, God will take care of us, and if we do not meet again here, we shall meet in heaven." A member from East Tennessee, who had been dosing off the effects of the fluid to which he was addicted, hearing the last words of the speaker's remarks roused up and delivered himself thus: "Stop! Mr. Chairman, don't adjourn us to *that* place. *If you do we shall never get a quorum!*"

AN AWFUL DISEASE.—A Western exchange notices the prevalence of a new disease called the pipsynipsy, and thinks it peculiar to that section. We do not know that the exact disease has made its appearance here, but the remedy is in general use. The disease is described as follows: A sudden depression of the collipsis dinix, a caving in of the spinality of the backbonibus, and a feeling of slimness in the immediate vicinity of the diaphragm may be regarded as symytoms that the complaint is coming on. The following remedy will afford instant relief: Spirits vini Otard, z. i., sugarum whitum, q. r.; shakiske violentre; addus spriggus mintus duus, and suckite cum strawum. We have heard it said that it is worth while having the disease for the sake of the remedy.

OBITUARY.

ARCHDUKE MAXIMILIAN OF AUSTRIA, LATE EMPEROR OF MEXICO.

Ferdinand Maximilian Joseph, Archduke of Austria, and brother of the reigning Emperor Francis Joseph, was born July 6, 1832, and consequently was nearly thirty-five years of age at the time of his tragic death. Little known even outside of the European aristocratic circles, the people of this continent would have taken but slight interest in the career of this Austrian Prince, but for the exciting events which during the last four years, brought Maximilian so prominently before the American public as Emperor of Mexico. The troubles of that country are of too recent date, and are even continuing at this writing, that their successive recital in this instance would be entirely superfluous. As a matter of record, however, it should be stated here that it was under the direction of the French Commander, acting under especial orders of Napoleon, that the Assembly of Mexican notables sent, in 1863; a deputation of their number to offer the Mexican crown to the Archduke Maximilian, then chief in command of the Austrian navy. Their address was presented to him on the 3d of September, 1863, to which he replied on the 3d of the succeeding month, accepting the crown upon condition that the people of Mexico should express their willingness to acknowledge him as their Emperor by giving him a majority of their votes, which should be cast for that purpose. On the 10th of April, 1864, Prince Maximilian again received the Mexican deputation at Miramar, and formally accepted the crown of Mexico. Full of hope, and determined to raise the fallen fortunes of that unhappy country, Maximilian, and his wife Carlotta, Leopold II. King of Belgium, soon set sail for their new empire, and after a brief interval the fleet reached Vera Cruz towards the end of May. It was, however, not before the 2d of June that the Emperor formally made his entry into the capital of Mexico. The successes and reverses of the French army, while battling with the numerous bands of dissidents, who never ceased to oppose the new empire, are now matters of history, and would, no doubt, have culminated in their entire overthrow, but for the withdrawal of these French troops just at a time when Maximilian though with a depleted treasury, was doing his utmost to revive trade and commerce; and was applying all his energies to develope various resources which could not have failed in course of time to increase the material welfare of the Mexican people. Abandoned by France—or rather by Napoleon—Maximilian bravely, but recklessly, endeavored with his small band of warriors to oppose the constantly increasing Liberal army, until finally, through the treachery of a man named Lopez, whom he had ladened with honors, the city of Queratarо, which he was valiantly defending, fell into the hands of Escobedo, and he himself was made a prisoner of war, subsequently "tried" by court-martial, and, as the telegraph announces, found guilty, and executed on the 19th of June. His widow, Carlotta, now in Europe at latest dates, had been informed of the critical situation in which Maximilian found himself; and there can be but little doubt the sick and at times deranged ex-Empress, when made aware of the fate which has befallen her unfortunate husband, will be unable to withstand the shock to her nervous system, and perhaps succumb, even before the body of the executed Emperor reaches the shores of his native land.

NEGRO SUPERSTITION.—The Baton Rouge (La.) *Advertiser* says:

"A grand order seems to have been issued from the great Fetish of the Voodoos, and there is no end to the 'conjuring' going on. A friend of ours found in his pillow twenty-three Voodoo charms. They were inteded to put him out of the world, but they did not work well. As these Voodoo conjurors are spreading their 'conjure balls' in every direction, it would be well that the first conjuror caught should be dealt with according to law.

The Fetish superstition is most powerful among the colored community, and among the most depraved and ignorant of them it overrides all religious sentiment or scruple. In New Orleans it is stated that the assemblies of the Voodoo priests are now frequently held in secret. Their orgies are described as the most degrading and indecent. They all appear naked and dance around a large iron pot in which a compound of snake heads, toads and lizards is stewing. The charms are distributed by these priests, and are supposed to possess protective or destructive powers, according to the form in which they are made. They are composed generally of feathers interwoven in various forms, and the quills are saturated with some poisonous compound.

A LONG KICK.—Two Irishmen, engaged in peddling packages of linen, bought an old mule to aid in carrying the burdens. One would ride awhile, then the other, carrying the bales of linen on a mule. One day the Irishman, who was on foot, got close up to the mule's hip, when he received a kick on one of his shins. To be revenged, he picked up a stone and hurled it at the mule, but by accident struck his companion on the back of the head. Seeing what he had done, he stopped and began to groan and rub his shin. The one on the mule turned and asked what was the matter.

"The crater's kicked me," was the reply.

"Be jabers," said the other, "he's did the same thing to me on the back of the head."

A FELLOW in North Carolina had been imprisoned for having thirteen wives, and broke jail. A gentleman recognized him, and invited him to dinner, thinking to get the reward that was offered for his apprehension. After dinner the gentleman slipped out for a constable, and came back to find that the culprit had absconded with his own wife.