The Columbian.

VOL. I.—NO. 33. BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 16, 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 land 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. So 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 the 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.

OMNIBUS LINE.

The undersigned would respectfully announce to the citizens of Bloomsburg and the public generally that he is running an
OMNIBUS LINE
between this place and the different railroad depots daily (Sundays excepted), to connect with the several trains going South and West on the Catawissa and Williamsport Railroad, and with those going North and South on the Lackawanna and Bloomsburg Railroad.

His Omnibusses are in good condition, commodious and comfortable, and charges reasonable.

Persons wishing to meet or see their friends depart, can be accomodated upon reasonable charge by leaving timely notice at any of the hotels.
JACOB L. GIRTON, Proprietor.

CARRIAGE MANUFACTORY,
Bloomsburg, Pa.
M. C. SLOAN & BROTHER
the successors of
WILLIAM SLOAN & SON
continue the business of making
CARRIAGES, BUGGIES,
and every style of
FANCY WAGONS,
which they have constantly on hand to suit customers. Never using any material but the best and employing the most experienced workmen, they hope to continue as heretofore to give entire satisfaction to every customer. An inspection of their work, and of the reasonable price asked for the same, is sure to insure a sale.

INSURANCE AGENCY.

Wyoming	$150,000
Ætna	4,000,000
Commerce	400,000
Fulton	300,000
Baltic	250,000
Putnam	550,000
Merchants	250,000
Springfield	450,000
Germania	500,000
Insurance Company of State Penn'a	650,000
Connecticut Mutual Life	10,000,000
North American Transit	500,000

FREAS BROWN, Agent,
mar6'67-ly.] Bloomsburg, Pa.

THE WEEKLY PATRIOT AND UNION.—THE CENTRAL DEMOCRATIC ORGAN OF THE STATE.—The Weekly Patriot and Union is published every Thursday by the Patriot and Union Printing and Publishing Association. It is a double sheet of eight pages, and contains forty-eight columns of matter, made up of Literary, Agricultural, News, Trade and Miscellaneous selections, Reports of Congressional and Legislative Proceedings, Speeches, Political Essays, Editorials, etc.

THE TERMS:
One copy, one year, cash $2 50
" " six months " 1 50
Ten copies, one year, and one to getter up of Club 20 00
Twenty copies, one year, and one to getter up of Club 35 00

THE "DAILY PATRIOT & UNION"
will be furnished to mail subscribers for $7.00 per annum.

Business letters should be addressed to the "Patriot and Union," Harrisburg, Pa.
WM. H. MILLER, Trustee.
WM. D. BOAS, Publisher.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

We respectfully invite attention to the following note from the able and popular Deputy State Superintendent of Schools for Pennsylvania:
Messrs. TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston, Mass.:
GENTLEMEN,—Permit me to congratulate you on the marked success of "Our Young Folks." From the issue of the first number I have watched with much solicitude its tone and character, well knowing the immense influence, for good or for evil, it would be likely to wield. Judging by the tone which has prevailed in much of our juvenile literature, both religious and secular, I feared that its contributors might lack that youngheartedness which can alone speak to the child-nature, or that the faith and ingenuousness of youth might be tampered with and displaced by a fancy for the vices and deceits of maturer years. Happily my fears have proved groundless, and the whole community have to thank you for producing a magazine so well adapted to the class for which it is intended, and so elevating and refining in its influences. SAMUEL P. BATES,
Deputy State Superintendent Schools, Pa.

TERMS OF OUR YOUNG FOLKS: $2 a year, in advance; three copies, $5; five copies, $8; ten copies, $15; and each additional copy $1.50. Twenty copies, $30, and a copy gratis to the person procuring the club.

Special inducements offered to teachers to act as agents. Special copy and circular sent to persons who wish to procure subscribers, for ten cents. TICKNOR & FIELDS, Publishers,
Boston, Mass.

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 2:18 A.M.
GOING SOUTH.—Philadelphia Mail at 11 A.M.; New York Express at 4 P.M.
GEORGE WEBB, Supt.

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. R. 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 up 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 modern 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.,
my11'67-6m.] Proprietors.

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, 1867-1m.

EXCHANGE SALOON,
The Proprietor of the Exchange Saloon has now on hand a large stock of
SUMMER REFRESHMENTS,
consisting of
SPICED OYSTERS, SARDINES, TRIPE, BOLOGNAS, SHEEP TONGUE, BOILED EGGS, SWEITZER CHEESE,
LAGER BEER, ALE, &C.
COME ONE, COME ALL AND SEE.
LAWSON CALMAN.
Bloomsburg, May 1, 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. REMLEY.
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 Everett, the Proprietor has put it in 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. [apr5'67.

SUSQUEHANNA HOTEL,
Catawissa, Pa.
The above Hotel has lately been purchased by HENRY J. CLARK, and has been thoroughly remodeled, 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,
13 NORTH FOURTH STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.
J. & W. G. M'KIBBIN, Proprietor.
May 10, 1867-1y.

To Hotel and Saloon keepers of Bloomsburg and Columbia County.—I have appointed Mr. B. Stohner agent for the sale of my ale, porter brown stout, and lager beer, who will supply you at the same price and with the same articles, as I would furnish you from the brewery. Knowing that he will be punctual and attentive to all who may favor him with their trade, I solicit for him your support. Very respectfully,
FRED LAUER,
Steam Brewery, Reading, Pa.

M. ARTMAN. C. B. DILLINGER. E. K. ARTMAN.
ARTMAN, DILLINGER & CO.,
NO. 226 NORTH THIRD STREET,
(Nearly opposite Jones, Keat, Sinder & Co.)
Wholesale Dealers in
YARNS, BATTING, WADDING, CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, SHADES, FLY NETS,
GRAIN BAGS, CORDAGE, &C. ALSO,
WILLOW AND WOODEN WARE,
BRUSHES, TRUNKS, LOOKING GLASSES, ETC.
May 10, 1867-1y.

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 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.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:—Two dollars a year if paid in advance. If not paid in advance two dollars and fifty cents will be invariably charged.

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. RHINE,
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. Jan1'67.

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.

J. B. PURSEL,
HARNESS, SADDLE, AND TRUNK MANUFACTURER,
and dealer in
CARPET-BAGS, VALISES, FLY-NETS, &c.,
Main Street, Bloomsburg, Pa.

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,
Over Walmayer & Jacoby's Ice Cream Saloon,
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. [apr5'67.

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

Choice Poetry.

ST. LEON'S TOAST.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The feast was o'er. Now brimming wine
In lordly cup was seen to shine
Before each eager guest;
And silence filled the crowded hall,
As deep as when the herald's call
Thrills in the loyal breast.

Then up rose the noble host,
And smiling, cried, "A toast! a toast!
To all our ladye's fair;
Here, before all, I pledge the name
Of Staunton's proud and beauteous dame,
The Lady Gundamere."

Quick to his feet each gallant sprang,
And joyous was the shout that rang,
As Stanley gave the word,
And every cup was raised on high,
Nor ceased the loud and gladsome cry
Till Stanley's voice was heard.

"Enough, enough," he smiling said,
And lowly bent his haughty head,
"That all may have their due,
Now each in turn must play his part,
And pledge the ladye of his heart,
Like gallant knight and true."

Then one by one each guest sprang up,
And drained in turn the brimming cup,
And named the loved one's name;
And each, as hand on high he raised,
His ladye's grace and beauty praised,
Her constancy and fame.

'Tis now St. Leon's turn to rise—
On him are fixed these countless eyes—
A gallant knight is he;
Envied by some, admired by all,
Far famed in ladye's bower and hall—
The flower of chivalry.

St. Leon raised his kindling eye,
And held the sparkling cup on high—
"I drink to one," he said,
"Whose image never may depart,
Deep graven on this grateful heart,
Till memory be dead;

To one whose love for me shall last
When lighter passions long have past,
So deep it is, and pure;
Whose love hath longer dwelt, I ween,
Than any yet that pledged hath been
By these brave knights before."

Each guest upstarted at the word,
And laid a hand upon his sword,
With fury-flashing eye;
And Stanley said, "We crave the name,
Proud knight, of this most peerless dame,
Whose love you count so high."

St. Leon paused, as if he would
Not breathe her name in careless mood,
Thus lightly to another;
Then bent his noble head, as tho'
To give that word the reverence due,
And gently said, "My Mother."

Select Tale.

IN A GOWT.

Look ominous, don't it, to see nearly every gate-post and dike-bridge made of old ships' timber? Easy enough to tell that, from its bend, and the treenail holes. Ours is a bad coast, you see; not rocky, but with long sloping sands; and with the sea's high, and there's a gale onshore, a vessel strikes, and there she lies with the waves lifting her bodily, and then letting her fall again upon the sand, shaking her all to pieces; first the mast go, then a seam opens somewhere in her sides, and as every wave lifts her and lets her down, she shivers and loosens, till she as good as falls to pieces, and the shore gets strewn with old wreck.

Good wrecks used to be little fortunes to the folk along shore, but that's all altered now; the coastguard look out too sharp. Things are wonderfully changed to what they were when I was a boy. Fine bit of smuggling going on in those days; hardly a farmer along the coast but had a finger in it, and ran cargoes right up to the little towns inland. The coast was not so well watched, and people were bribed easier, I suppose; but, at all events, that sort of thing has almost died out now.

Never had a brush with the coast-guard or the cutter in my time, for we were all on the hit-and-run system; but I had a narrow escape for my life once, when a boat's crew came down upon us, and I'll tell you how it was.

We were a strong party of up down on the shore of our point hereat Merthorpe, busy as could be; night calm and still and dark, and one of those fastsailing French boats—chasse-marees, they call them—landing a cargo. Carts and pack-horses and boats were all at it; and the kegs of brandy, and barrels of tobacco, and parcels of lace were coming ashore in fine style; I and another in a little boat kept making trips backwards and forwards between the shore and the chasse-maree, landing brandy-tubs, nice little brandy-kegs, you know, with a V. C., Vieux Cognac,—branded on each.

I don't know how many journeys I had made, when all at once there was an alarm given and as it were right out of the darkness. I could see a man-of-war's boat coming right down upon us, while, before I quite got over the first fright, there was another in sight.

Such a scrimmage,—such a scamper; boats scattering in all directions; the French boats getting up a sail or two, and all confusion; whips cracking, wheels ploughing through the soft sand, and horses galloping off to get to the other side of the sand-bank. We were close aside the long, low chasse-maree, in our bit of a skiff thing, when the word was given, and we pushed off hard for the shore, which was about two hundred yards distant, while on all sides there were other boats setting us the example, or following on our wake; in front of us there was a heavy cart backed as far out into the sea as she would stand, with the horses turned restive and jibbing, for there was a heavy load behind them, and the more the driver lashed them, the more the brutes backed out into the shallow water, while every moment the wheels kept sinking farther into the sand.

I saw all this as the revenue cutter's boat separated, on making for the chasse-maree, and the other dashing after the flying long-shore squadron; as I dragged at my oar, I had the pleasure of seeing that we must either be soon overhauled, or else leap out into the shallow water, and run for it, and I said so to my companion.

"O, hang it, no," he cried; "pull on. They'll stave in the boat, and we shall lose all the brandy."

I did pull on, for I was so far from being loyal, that I was ready to run any risk sooner that lose the littlecargo we had of a dozen brandy-kegs, and about the same number of packages; but there seemed not the slightest prospect of getting off, unless we happend to be unobserved in the darkness. However, I pulled on, and keeping off to the right, we had the satisfaction of seeing the revenue boat row straight on, as if not noticing us.

"Keep off a little now," I whispered, "or we shall be ashore."

"No, no,— it's all right," was the reply; "we are just over the swatch;" which is the local term given to the long channels washed out in the sand by the tide, here and there forming deep trenches along the coast, very dangerous for bathers.

"By jingo, they, see us," I whispered; when my companion backed water, and the consequence was, that the boat's head turned right in-shore, and we floated between the piles, and were next moment, with shipped oars, out of sight in the outlet of the gowt.

Now, I'm not prepared to give the derivation of the word "gowt," but I can describe what it is,—namely, the termination, at the sea-coast, of the long Lincolnshire land-drains, in the shape of a lock with gates, which are opened at certain times, to allow the drainage to flow under the sand into the sea, but carefully closed when the tide is up, to prevent flooding of the marsh-lands, protected by the high sea-bank, which runs along the coast, and acts the part of cliffs. From these lock-gates, a square woodwork tunnel is formed by means of piles driven into the shore, and crossed with stout planks; and this covered water-way in some cases runs for perhaps two hundred yards right beneath the sand-bank, then beneath the sand, and has its outlet some distance down the shore; while, to prevent the air blowing the tunnel up when the sea comes in, a couple of square wooden pipes descended at intervals of some fifty yards through the sand into tne water-way; at high water, when the mouth is covered, and the lock-gates closed, the air comes bellowing and roaring up these pipes as every wave comes in; and at times, when the tunnel is pretty full, the water will, after chasing the air, rush out after it, and form a spray fountain; while as the waves recede, the winds rush back with a strange whistling sound, and a draught that draws anything down into the tunnel with a fierce rush. But there was another peculiarity of the hollow way that was strangely impressed upon my memory that night,—namely, its power of acting as a vast speaking-tube, for if a person stood at one of the escape-pipes and whispered, his words were distinctly audible to another at the other pipe some fifty yards off, who could as easily respond.

Well, it was into the mouth of the gowt tunnel that we had now run the boat, where we were concealed from view certainly; and thrusting against the piles with his hands, my companion worked the boat farther into the darkness, until the keel touched the soft sand.

"That's snug," he whispered: "they'll never find us here."

"No," I said, as a strange fear came upon me. "But is n't the tide rising?"

"Fast," he said.

"Then we shall be stopped from getting out."

"Nonsense," he said. "It will take an hour to rise above the tunnel-mouth, and if it did, we could run her head up higher and higher. Plenty of fresh air through the pipes."

"If we're not drowned," I said.

"There, if you want to lose the cargo, we'll pull out at once, and give up," he said.

"But I don't," I replied; "I am stanch enough; only I don't want to risk my life."

"Well, who does?" he said. "Only keep still, and we shall be all right."

The few minutes we had been conversing had been long enough for the tide to float the boat once more, and this time I raised my hand to the roof, and thrusting against the tunnel-covered, weed-hung, slimy woodwork, soon had the boat's keel again in the sand, so as to prevent her being sucked out by the reflux of the tide.

At times we could hear shouts, twice pistol-shots, and then we were startled by the dull, heavy report of a small cannon.

"That's after the chasse-maree," whispered my companion; "but she sails like a witch. She's safe unless they knock a spar away."

"I wish we were," I said, for I did not feel at all comfortable in our dark hole, up which we were being forced farther and farther by the increasing tide; while more than once we had to hold on tightly by the horrible slimy spiles, to keep from being drawn back.

"Just the place to find dead bodies," whispered my companion, evidently to startle me.

"Just so," I said coldly. "Perhaps they'll find two to-morrow."

"Don't croak," was the polite rejoinder; and then he was silent; but I could hear a peculiar boring noise being made, and no further attempts at a joke issued from my friend's lips.

"Suppose we try and get out now?" I whispered, after another quarter of an hour's listening in the darkness, and hearing nothing but the soft rippling, and the "drip, drip" of water beyond us; while towards the mouth came the "lap, lap" of the waves against the sides of the tunnel, succeeded by a rushing noise, and the rattling of the mussels clustering to the woodwork, now loudly, now gently; while every light rustle of the seaweed seemed to send a shiver through me.

The noise as of boring had ceased some time, and my friend now drew my attention to one of the kegs, which he had made a hole through with his knife; and never before did spirits come so welcome as at that moment.

"Better try and get out now," whispered my companion.

"They must be somewhere handy, though one can't see even their boat," said a strange voice, which seemed hollow and echoed along the tunnel, while the rattling of the shells and lapping of the water grew louder.

All at once I raised my head, as if to feel for the hole down which the sound of the voice came, when, to my alarm, I struck it heavily against the top of the tunnel, making it bleed against the shelly surface.

"Wait a bit," said my companion, thickly; "they're on the look-out yet; it's madness to go out." And I then heard a noise which told me, that fearful or not, he was trying to drown consciousness in the liquor to which he had made his way.

However, it seemed to me madness to stay where we were, to be drowned like rats in a hole; and taking advantage of the next receding wave, I gave the boat a start, and she went down towards the mouth of the tunnel for a little way, a coming current would have driven her back, only I clung to the roof, now very low down, and rather close to which the boat now floated. Another thrust, and I pushed her some distance down; but with the next wave that came in, my hand was jammed against the slimy roof, and unnerved with horror, I gasped: "Rouse up, Harry! the mouth's under water!"

Hollowly sounded my voice as the wave sank, and I felt once more free, and in sheer despair forced the boat lower down the tunnel; but this time, when the tide came in again, I had to lie right back, the boat rose so high, and I felt the dripping sea-weed hanging from the roof sweep coldly and slimily over my face; when, before the next wave could raise us, I thrust eagerly at the side, forcing the boat inward again, but in the fear and darkness, got her across the tunnel, so that head and stern were wedged, and as the next rush of water came, it smote the boat heavily, and made her a fixture, so that, in spite of my efforts, I could not move her either way.

Wash came the water again and again, and at every dash a portion came into the boat, drenching me to the skin; while I now became aware that Harry Hodson, my companion, was lying stupified across the kegs, and breathing heavily.

I made one more effort to move the boat, but it was tighter than ever; and after conquering an insane desire to dive out, and try and swim to the mouth, I let myself cautiously down on the inner side and stood, with the water breast-high, clinging to the gunwale of the boat. The next moment it rose above my mouth, lifting me from my feet, and as it rushed back, sucked my legs beneath the boat; but I gained my feet again, and began to wade inward.

Yet strong upon me me as was the desire for life, I could not leave my companion to his fate in so cowardly a way; so I turned back, and this time swimming, I reached the boat, now nearly full of water; and half dragging, half lifting, I got his body over the side, and holding on by his collar, tried once more for bottom. But it was a horrible time there in the dense black darkness, —a darkness that, in my distempered brain, seemed to be peopled with hideous forms, swimming, crawling, and waiting to devour us, or fold us in their slimy coils. The dripping water sounded hollow and echoing; strange whispers and cries seemed floating around; the mussels rustled together; and ever louder came the "lap, lap, lapping" of the water as it rushed in and dashed against the sides and ceiling of the horrible place.

I was now clinging with one hand to the boat's side, while with the other I held tightly by Hodson's collar; but though I waited till the wave receded before I tried the bottom, it was not to be touched; so, shuddering and horror-stricken, I waited the coming wave, and struck off, swimming with all my might. It was only a minute's task; but when, after twice trying, my feet touched the bottom, I was panting heavily, and so nervous, that I had to lean, trembling and shaking, against the side. But I had a tight hold of Hodson, whose head I managed to keep above water; and it was not until warned of my danger by the rising tide, and the difficulty I found in keeping my feet, that I again essayed to press forward.

Just then, something cold and wet swept across my face, and dashing out my arms to keep off some monster of the deep, my hands came in contact with a round body which beat against my breast, and in my horror, as I dashed away, I was some paces ere the dragging at my limb told me that I had left my comrade to his fate. The next moment however, he was swept up to me; and once more clutching his collar, and keeping his head above water, I waded slowly along the tunnel, when again I nearly lost my hold, for the same wet slimy body swept across my face; but raising my hand, I only dashed away one of the long strands of bladder-weed which hung thickly from the cross timbers of the roof.

It was no hard matter to bear my companion along with me, for I had not only to keep his head up, his body floating along the surface, but my foothold was uncertain, for now the bottom was slimy, and my feet sunk in the ooze deeper and deeper, for I was nearing the gates through which the fresh water of the marshes was let in; and though the water was now only to my middle, I made my way with difficulty, for there was a perceptible current against me.

Breathing would have been easy, had it not been for my excitement; and now a horrid dread seemed to check the very act, for all at once I heard a heavy reverberating noise, and the thought struck me that they were opening the gates, and in another instant the fearful rush of fresh water would come bearing all before it,—even our lives.

In the agony of the moment, I uttered a wild unearthly shriek,—so fearful a cry, that I shrank against the side afterwards, and clung to a slimy post, trembling to hear the strange whispering echoes, as the cry reverberated along the place, and mingled with the lapping rush of the water, the dripping from the roof, and a loud sound as of a little waterfall in front.

Now came again the shape of something round swimming up against me, and as it struck my side, I beat at it savagely, though I smiled at my foolish fear the next moment, for it was one of the brandy kegs washed out of the boat. But horror still seemed to hold me, as I waded on farther and farther, till once more the water began to deepen, and the ooze at the bottom grew softer; so I stopped, listening to the heavy rushing of water in front, where the drainage escaped, and washed heavily down, deepening the tunnel at the foot of the doors; while in that hollow cavernous place, growing smaller moment by moment, the rushing sound was something hideous. Danger in front, for the great gates might at any time be opened; and danger behind, where the tide was coming in ceaselessly, and deepening the water around me with its regular beating throb, minute by minute. Thoughts of the past and present seemed to surge through my brain, so that I grew bewildered, and had any chance of escape presented itself, I could not have seized it, though I could not but tell myself that escape, was impossible. A few minutes,—ten, twenty, thirty perhaps, and the black darkness seemed to be growing blacker.

"I must be free," I muttered; and dragging Hodson's handkerchief from his neck, I bound it to my own, and then making them fast beneath his arms, felt among the woodwork till I could find a place where I could pass them through, so that I could secure him from slipping down, or being swept away by the ebbing and flowing of the water.

I was not long in finding a place; but then the handkerchiefs were not long enough, and I had to add one from my pocket; then I left the poor fellow quite and half-hanging from one of the timbers. And now I waded about, searching for the mouth of the air-pipe, in the hope of shouting up it for succor, since I felt convinced that the tide would effectually fill the tunnel, while the very thought of the gates being opened half maddened me; and heedless now of who might hear me, so that they brought succor, I hunted aimlessly about, yelling and shrieking for aid.

It was a fearful struggle between reason and dread; and forever dread kept getting the upper hand; now it was a floating keg again and again making me dash away; now one of the packages buried in by the tide; while the strange drippings and hollow whisperings were magnified into an infinity of horrors. Every monster with which imagination has peopled the sea seemed to be there to attack me, strange serpent or lizard-like beasts, slimy and scaled, thronging along the ceiling or up the sides, swimming around me, or burrowing through the sand. More than once I actually touched some swimming object, but the contact was momentary, and the stranger darted off. Then reason would gain supremacy for awhile; and trying to cool my throbbing brow with the water, I thought of my position, whispered a few prayers, and endeavored to compose myself. There was even now a doubt: the tide might not rise high enough to cover me; certainly it was now at my breast, and I was standing with difficulty in the shallowest place I could pick. The next moment, as the waves receded, it would fall to my waist; but again it was up to my chest, and in spite of gleams of hope, despair whispered truly that it was now higher up my chest than before. True; but one wave in so many always came higher than the others. The tide might still be at its height, and this be that particular wave.

Down again nearly to my waist; and then up, up, up, nearly to my chin, dashing away hope and reason. But stay, another gleam: I was standing upon the soft mud, for here there was no sand: my feet must have sunk in.

I moved again and again, but ever with the same result; and at last, despairingly, I was clinging to a shell-covered piece of timber at the side, with the water at my chin.

A noise, a clanking noise as of chains rattling and iron striking iron; and now hope fled, for I knew that this must be the opening of the doors of the gowt; but to my surprise, no rush of water followed; only a little came, which lapped against my lips, while a rush of air smote my forehead.

Voices, shouts, and Hodson's name uttered; but I could not shout in reply. Then my own name; and I gave some inarticulate cry by way of answer, while once more reason seemed to get the better of the dread, for I knew that the far doors of the gowt had not been opened, and that they kept up the drainage while the pair nearest to me had only had the pressure upon them of the water escaping from the first. And now a good bold swim, and I could have been in the big pit-like opening between the two pair of gates; but the spirit was gone, the nerve was absent, and still clinging to the shelly piece of timber, I closed my eyes, for I felt that, near as rescue seemed, I could do nothing to aid it. As for Hodson, in this time of dread, I had forgotten him, forgotten all but the great horror of the water lap, lap, lapping at my lip, and occasionally receding, its fizzing spray in my nostrils.

Higher and higher, covering my lip; but by a desperate effort I raised myself a few inches, but only to go through the same agonies again, as the water still crept up and up, slowly but surely, while in this my last struggle my head touched the top timbers, the weed washed and swept over it, and as I forced my fingers round the timbers to which I clung, my body floated in the water.

Another minute, and I felt that all was over, for the water covered my face once, twice; and half strangled, I waited gasping for the third time; but it came not. Half a minute passed, and then again it washed over my face, seeming as if it would never leave it; but at last it was gone, and too unnerved to hope, I awaited its return, but it came not.

I dared not hope yet, till I felt that the water was perceptibly lower, and then the reaction was so fearful that I could hardly retain my hold till the tide had sunk so that once more I could stand, when my shouts for help brought assistance to me through the gowt, for they lowered down a little skiff with ropes, and I was brought out as nearly dead as my poor companion.

That night's work sprinkled my hair with gray, and was my last experience with the smuggling business. The loss was heavy; but I had escaped with life, while poor Hodson was followed to the grave by some score the following Sunday.

JOSH BILLING'S GOOSE TALK.—The goose is a grass animal but don't chaw her cud.

They are good livers, about one aker to a goyse iz enuff, altho there iz sum folks who thinks that one goose tew 175 akers iz nearer rite.

These tew calculations are so far apart that it iz difficult to tell now which wil finally win.

But I don't think if I had a farm of 175 akers, awl paid for, that I would sell it for half that it iz wuz worth, just because it didn't have but one goose upon it.

Geese stay well; some of our best biographors say 70 years; and grow tuff to the last.

They lay one egg at once, about the size of a goose egg, in which the gosslin iz the goose's babe.

The goose don't suckle his young but turns him out tew pastur on sombody's vacant lot.

They seem tew lack wisdum, but are considered sound on the goose.

They are good eating, but not good chawing, the reason of this remains a profound secret tew this day.

When the female goose iz at work hatching, she iz a hard bird tew please; she riles clear up from the bottom in a minit, and will fight a yoke of oxen, if they show her the least bit of sass.

The geese iz excellent for feathers, which she sheds every year by the handful.

They are also amphibicusses besides several other kind of cuss.

But they are morally sure about one thing, they can haul one leg up into the body, and stand on tuther awl day, and not touch anything with their hands.

I take notis thar ain't but darn few men that kan do this.

WE commend the following article to all our young friends who have lately taken unto themselves a little sweetened calico and are setting themselves up as Benedicts. It is a description of an old musical instrument, one found in nearly every house, and how it is played upon:

Time—Night. Husband absent.

Wife and mother—Don't ty; sweetie yittie babie; daddie isie comie homie toie bringie sweetens yittie babens candie. Bes'e wasens you darling yitten babens. (Kiss, kiss.)

Baby—Y-a-a-a! Y-a-a-a!

Mother—Didi somie bodie duze'e drlie yittie one? Yes adidi and muzzie willie whippie 'emmie forie itie; don't ty, darlie. (Kiss.)

Baby—Y-a-a-a! Y-a-a-a Y-a-a-a!

Mother—don't ty, sweetie one! Wasie hungry? Yessie, sweetens yittie one, didie wantie somie to eatie? soied didie. And muzzie din't knowie itie.

Baby—Y-a-a-a! Y-a-a-a! Y-a-a-a-a.

Mother—Muzzie willie feedie darlie yittie one. Commie herie anie gettie somie toie eatie, bressie yittie heartie! (Feeds it.)

Baby—a-a-a! Y-a-a-a-a-!

Mother—Bressie yittie soul! Don't ty, my sweetie pittie babie. Listen, (Sings.)

By, oh, baby, by!
Baby, by; oh, baby, by,
Sweetie yittie baby, baby,
Sweetie yittie baby, by, oh, by.

Baby—Y-a-a-a-a! Y-a-a-a-a!

Mother—My child, do stop this crying. I won't have this any longer? You nasty cross little brat, I say!

Baby (still louder) Y-a-a-a! Y-a-a-aaa! Yaa-aaaa-aaaaa-aaaaaa!

Grand tableaux. Young mother holding "the beauteous babe" with one hand, while the other is making a rapid decent upon the said "beauteous babe's back, just below the waist-band of the night gown.

RULERS IN MEXICO SINCE 1821.—The following is a list of the rulers that have succeeded one another in Mexico since its independence in 1821:

1821. Iturbide, General-in chief.
1822. Iturbide, Emperor.
1823. Generals Guerrero, Bravo, and Negrete, Dictators.
1824. General Victoria, President.
1827. General Padraza, President.
1829. Guerrero, Dictator.
1830. Bustamente, President.
1832. Pedraza, President.
1835. Santa Anna, President.
1837. Bustamente, President.
1840. General Farinos, President.
1841. Santa Anna, President.
1843. Retirement of Santa Anna, successor not known.
1844. Santa Anna, Dictator.
1845. General Cavalyo, President.
1847. Jose Justo Caro, President.
1847. Paredes, President.
1848. Santa Anna, President.
1849. Herrera, President.
1850. Arista, President.
1852. Julian Cedados, President.
1853. Manuel Limbardini, President.
1853. Santa Anna, President, Apr. 20.
1853. Santa Anna, Dictator, Dec. 20.
1855. Alvarez, Dictator.
1856. Comonfort, President.
1856. Zuloago, President.
1858. Miramon, Vice President.
1859. Zuloago, President.
1861. Juarez, President.
1864. Maximillian, Emperor, and Juarez, President.
1867. Maximillian fallen, and Juarez President.

WHAT ARE YOU LIVING FOR.—A pastor walking out recently, met a little girl belonging to his flock. As they walked on together, he spoke to her of her studies, and was pleased to find her manifesting an interest amounting almost to enthusiasm in the cultivation of her mind.

"But why, Ellie," asked the pastor, "are you so anxious to succeed in your studies? What do you mean to do with your education after you get it?"

"Oh, sir," said the girl, "I want to learn that I may do some good in the world. I don't want to tell the Lord in the day of judgment that I have lived so long in the world without having done any good in it."

Noble purpose! Who of our young friends are studying and living to see so good an end? who of us are making an every day impress for good on the hearts and lives of those among whom we move.