

The Columbian.

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1867.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

VOL. I.—NO. 42.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE PADDY RUN COAL COMPANY,
OF SHIRSHUSSY, PENNSYLVANIA.
CAPITAL STOCK \$100,000.
JOHN STANLEY, President,
CHAS. A. STANLEY, Secretary and Treasurer.

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.
The battle of Gettysburg, fought July 1-3, 1863, was the decisive battle of the American Civil War. It resulted in a Union victory and the end of Confederate control over the southern states.

HOTELS AND SALOONS.

LONG FORD HOTEL,
The Long Ford Hotel is a first-class establishment with comfortable accommodations and excellent food. It is located in a quiet neighborhood and is a popular resort for tourists.

RESTAURANT.
A well-known restaurant offering a variety of dishes and a comfortable atmosphere. It is a favorite spot for dining out and socializing.

COLLEGE HOUSE.
A building used for educational purposes, housing classrooms and administrative offices. It is a central part of the university campus.

STEVENS HOUSE.
A large, well-appointed house, possibly a private residence or a public building. It features high-quality craftsmanship and a grand interior.

THE SWAN HOTEL.
A prominent hotel in the city, known for its service and amenities. It provides a comfortable and convenient stay for guests.

THE ISLIP HOTEL.
A hotel located in Islip, offering a peaceful and scenic environment. It is a popular choice for those seeking a quiet getaway.

SUSQUEHANNA HOTEL.
A hotel situated in a scenic location, offering a relaxing and enjoyable stay. It is a popular destination for those looking for a peaceful retreat.

THE UNION HOTEL.
A hotel located in a central area, providing easy access to city attractions. It offers comfortable accommodations and excellent service.

CHAIRMAN HOUSE.
A charming house, possibly a private residence or a small inn. It has a warm and inviting atmosphere.

MERCHANTS HOTEL.
A hotel frequented by business travelers, offering convenient facilities and services. It is a well-regarded establishment in the city.

ARTMAN & BROTHERS.
A business firm, possibly a retail or manufacturing company. It is known for its quality products and excellent customer service.

THE COLUMBIAN.

A Democratic Newspaper.
The Columbian is a leading Democratic newspaper, providing news, analysis, and commentary on local and national events. It is known for its editorial independence and commitment to the public interest.

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.
A detailed account of the Battle of Gettysburg, highlighting the strategic decisions and the bravery of the soldiers involved. It is a must-read for those interested in American history.

CHOICE POETRY.
A collection of poems, including works by famous poets and contemporary authors. The poems explore various themes and emotions, offering a rich literary experience.

THE PACE THAT EVER WEARS A SMILE.
A poem or short story that explores the complexities of human nature and the pursuit of happiness. It offers a thought-provoking and inspiring message.

MISCELLANEOUS.
A section containing various short pieces, including essays, letters, and news snippets. It provides a diverse range of perspectives and information.

BUSINESS CARDS.
A collection of business cards for various professionals and companies in the community. It serves as a useful directory for those seeking services or information.

THE AMERICAN BAY KNIFE.
An advertisement for high-quality American-made bay knives. It highlights the craftsmanship and durability of the products.

INSURANCE AGENCY.
An advertisement for an insurance agency, providing information about the services offered and the agents available.

CARRIAGE MANUFACTURER.
An advertisement for a carriage manufacturer, showcasing the quality and variety of their products.

FARMERS LOOK HERE!
An advertisement targeting farmers, offering products or services that are beneficial to agricultural operations.

ALL KINDS OF JOB PRINTING.
An advertisement for a printing service, offering a wide range of printing options for businesses and individuals.

CHOICE POETRY.

THE PACE THAT EVER WEARS A SMILE.
A poem that explores the idea of finding joy and peace in the face of adversity. It is a beautiful and uplifting piece of literature.

MISCELLANEOUS.
A collection of miscellaneous poems and short pieces, offering a diverse range of literary styles and themes.

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A collection of business cards for various professionals and companies in the community.

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AN ARTIFICIAL RACE HORSE.

A private letter to the Kingston (Canada) Whig gives the following interesting description of the iron saddle horse some Frenchman has invented: The iron horse bears no resemblance to its equine namesake. Imagine a trunk-shaped box about seven feet long, and wide enough for a man to sit on, and about five feet high, the whole concern mounted on five wheels; the wheels are arranged, however, under the machine. It is covered with leather, and has a saddle only the saddle's very high, front and back, so that there is no chance of being unseated. In front is a steering apparatus of the simplest kind—a pair of rods—and just before the saddle a steel bar, which regulates the speed. If you pull it up you start the machine; if you pull it down you stop it. It is a very simple machine, and you can see it until a point is reached when the apparatus stops.

The inventor, quite a young man, commenced winding up the machine with what seemed to be a crank motion and as it distinctly heard the click of the ratchet, I therefore supposed that it was worked by a coiled spring, but I have reasons since to think that I was mistaken. I suppose it took two minutes to wind it, when he mounted it and started it by pulling up the steel bar. It moved gradually, so that for the first twenty feet it kept along at a slow pace, but then it started at the speed of a fast horse, and in a moment more it was going round the curve of the circle. I suppose you know the grand Exposition has a series of concentric rings, each one devoted to a particular branch of industry. The one the machine was running on was the Numero Quatre section del Meccaniques, and is among the largest, and measuring some yards more than an English mile. It seems to be incredible that he should have performed the circuit in two minutes and twelve seconds. A heavy clanging of hands greeted the machine as it came careering on and gradually stopping without any apparent trouble.

I noticed the Emperor, generally taciturn, loud in his applause, clapping his hands, as I did, and I was assured by M. de M. that he had never seen His Majesty on any occasion before this the least sign of commendation. The inventor then said that he would put it up to its speed, but to do this he must give the machine a start. He then wheeled round, and, just like a jockey starting a horse, got it up to a walking pace. As he passed us, he seemed to be lying. The circuit was made in fifty-eight seconds. A new signal of applause met him as he brought the machine to where the Emperor was standing, and I must say I felt some emotion when the Emperor took the lion of honor from his inventor's hand and placed it on the young inventor's breast.

M. de M. told me his endurance, if I may use the term, was extraordinary; that at its highest speed it would keep on going for four hours. Under his feet, he said, the mechanical power was secondary to it, and that a galvanic battery was the real motive power. It was rumored that a battery of constantly increasing elements sustains the motion. Anyhow, the secret is well kept, the Emperor having, with the inventor, the only knowledge of it. M. de M. told me that in Vincennes, a battery of artillery was to move with it, instead of horses.

I may say I saw four persons mount it, and it moved more rapidly than would a carriage. An interesting experiment was made as to its capabilities in going over rough country. Several loads of dirt were shot on the floor and passed over it with apparent ease. One thing I remarked was that there was a perpendicular play in the wheels, and that as one difficulty was surmounted, one wheel would be higher than the other, whilst the body was on the same plane.

PRETTY GOOD. We heard of a pretty good joke which occurred recently not a thousand miles away from this city. A wag of the incorrigible school—a regular cuss in fact—was sitting in a company of gentlemen, one of whom was a lawyer of no mean reputation. The wag, talking to another individual but talking for the ear of the lawyer, addressed, stated that he desired the services of a good lawyer, that he had an important case, out of which, if successful, he could not fail to be, if the case was properly managed, a good thing could be realized for himself and a good fee made to the lawyer.

At this point the legal gentleman in question put in: "What's that you say—in need of a lawyer—good case—paying fee? The law is my profession—state your case." "Wag"—My case is undoubtedly an excellent one, and I am willing to pay a most liberal contingent fee—I can't afford my fee certain. I will give you one-half of the amount if you succeed—half is five hundred dollars. Do you undertake?" "Lawyer"—I do, state your case.

"Wag"—I want you to borrow five hundred dollars for me—and will divide it."

Exit wag, with a ponderous bow in dangerous proximity to his coat tail.

Liberty of the Press.
A note on the state of press freedom, discussing the challenges and opportunities it faces in the current political climate.

A DEEP FETTERED GERMAN PROFESSOR.
A commentary on a professor's views regarding political and social issues, highlighting the constraints of his position.

A GENTLEMAN.
A short story or anecdote about a gentleman's actions and character, offering a glimpse into the social norms of the time.

CARDS SPIRITUALIZED.

The following curious article taken from an English newspaper of the year 1771, and is there called "The Spiritualized Cards or Soldier's Praying Book."
BY RICHARD LANE.
A private soldier belonging to the 5th-ye-soned Regiment, who was taken before the Mayor of Glasgow, for playing at cards during Divine service.

The sergeant who commanded the soldiers to church, and when the parson read his prayers he took his text. Those who had a Bible took it out; but this soldier had neither a Bible nor Common Prayer Book, but pulling out a pack of cards, he spread them before him. He first looked at one card and then at the other. The sergeant of the company saw him and said: "Richard put up those cards, this is no place for them." "Never mind that," said Richard.

When the service was over, the constable took Richard prisoner and brought him before the Mayor. "Well," says the Mayor, "what have you brought that soldier here for?" "For playing cards in church."

"Well soldier, what have you to say for yourself?" "Meth, sir, I hope."

"Very good; if not, I will punish you more than you ever punished."

"I have been," said the soldier, "about six weeks on the march; I have neither Bible nor Common Prayer Book; I have nothing but a pack of cards, and I hope to satisfy your worship of the purity of my intention."

"Very good," said the Mayor. "Then spreading the cards before the Mayor, he began with the ace: "When I see the Ace, it reminds me there is but one God. When I see the Deuce, it reminds me of the Father and the Son. When I see the Three, it reminds me of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. When I see the Four, it reminds me of the four Evangelists who preached, viz: Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. When I see the Five, it reminds me of the five virgins that trimmed their lamps; here were ten, but five were fools, and were shut out. When I see the Six, it reminds me that in six days the Lord made the heaven and earth. When I see the Seven, it reminds me that on the seventh day God rested from his works. He made, and hallowed it. When I see the Eight, it reminds me of the eight righteous persons that were saved when God drowned the world; viz: Noah and his wife, his three sons and their wives. When I see the Nine, it reminds me of the nine lepers that were cleansed by our savior; there were ten, but nine never returned thanks. When I see the Ten, it reminds me of the ten commandments, while God handed down to Moses on a table of stone. When I see the King, it reminds me of the great King of Heaven, which is God Almighty. When I see the Queen, it reminds me of the Queen of Sheba, who went to hear the wisdom of Solomon, for she was as wise a woman as he was a man. She brought with her fifty boys and fifty girls all dressed in boys' apparel, for King Solomon to tell which Solomon sent for them to wash themselves in the girls washed to the elbows, and the boys to the wrist, so King Solomon told by this."

"Well," said the Mayor, "you have given a account of all the cards in the pack except one." "Which is that?" asked the soldier. "The Knave," said the Mayor. "I will give your honor a description of that, too, if you will not be angry."

"I will not," said the Mayor, "if you will not term me to be a knave."

"Well," said the soldier, the greatest knave I know, is the constable that brought me here."

"I do not know," said the Mayor, whether he is the greatest knave, but I know he is the greatest fool."

"When I count the number of cards in a pack, I find there are fifty-two as many weeks as there are in a year—and I find four suits, the number of weeks in a month. I find there are twelve picture cards in a pack, representing the number of months in a year; and on counting the tricks, I find thirteen—the number of weeks in a quarter. So you see, sir, the pack of cards serves for a Bible, Almanac, and Common Prayer Book to me."

NIGHT SCENE IN A BOARDING HOUSE.

A lady, whose husband is in California, (California, as Chicago, is habitually awakened from her sleep the other morning about 5 o'clock, and springing from her bed, screaming at the top of her voice, "Murder! Help! Murder! Man in my room etc. etc. Under the circumstances this was quite natural, inasmuch as more than one mistake of this kind has happened in the house recently. Now, it appeared that no less than three husbands were absent when they should have been there, and consequently there was more or less apprehension on the part of three wives each wondering whether it was her husband who had forgotten himself or the room.

"Oh come up quickly," shouted the terrified female, holding on to the outside door knob, "I've got him in."

"It's my Joey," said another disconsolate, "I'll learn him better. Confound these night suppers, how he's been! one of them and has mistaken the room, and here I've been alone all night."

"How he got whiskers?" anxiously asked the wife, upon reaching the landing on the upper floor.

"Yes, man, great big bushy whiskers, laying right along side of my cheek when I awoke. Dear me, if my Alexander was here, he'd learn him better, I'll warrant you."

"Joseph? Joseph? Joey?" shouted the wife at the door.

No answer came; not even a grunt, incident to inebriation.

"May he has jumped out of the window," suggested the four or five females, all at once, who made a splendid group of long white drapery.

"Help—help? bring a light—bring a light," shouted several of the females. Presently a light was brought, and several of the male boarders appeared, all armed to give the thief or robber such treatment as he had justly earned for himself.

The door was opened and in rushed the squad, and sure enough the fellow was still in bed, with the top of his head just peeping above the sheet.

"Come on down, so scoundrel!" said one of the men, at the same time grasping him by the hair.

The tableau was strikingly interesting and graphic. The resolute boarder almost fell from the impetus he had given himself, for instead of jerking out a man it was nothing more than a frizzed chignon, which the lovely occupant of the bed had forgotten to take off when she retired for the night. It had been fastened in her sleep, and grazing her cheek awakened her. The alarm of course was quite natural. The boarders had no better laugh, and all rushed to happy dreams.—Philadelphia Press.

HUMBUGGERY.

The following is a copy of the "Humbugger" (Wis.) Independent, edited by a genius well known throughout the Western States by the name of "Shanghai Chandler," whom we, the publisher heretofore, know personally, having labored for him in the capacity of printer's devil and proof, for over a year. We fully agree with him as to the duty of editors and publishers in regard to the prevalent humbug of the day, and hope that the general public will be able to look at the matter in a right light, and give such stiff out of their columns. We consider the editor or owner of a newspaper establishment personally responsible for everything—good, bad, or indifferent—that appears in his columns; and inasmuch as the newspaper is literally the educator of the masses, how important it is that the matter contained in it should be legitimate and truthful, as well as readable and entertaining. Listen to the voice from the West!

PUTTING OUT.—With this number of the Weekly Independent, we have been nominated for the last time with the appearance in our columns of a lot of humbug advertisements. They have been printed in our columns, and they have been put in force at the time we took the office. We can stand pretty heavy doses of some kinds of humbug; but generally, we do not like to see such stuff out of their columns. We consider the editor or owner of a newspaper establishment personally responsible for everything—good, bad, or indifferent—that appears in his columns; and inasmuch as the newspaper is literally the educator of the masses, how important it is that the matter contained in it should be legitimate and truthful, as well as readable and entertaining. Listen to the voice from the West!

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