The Columbian.

VOL. I.—NO. 46. BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1867. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Bloomsburg Business Directory

STOVES AND TINWARE.

JACOB METZ, dealer in stoves & tinware, Main st., above court house. vl-n45

A. M. RUPERT, stoves and tinware, Rupert block, Main st., west of Market. vl-n46

CLOTHING, &c.

D. LOWENBERG, merchant tailor, Main st., 2d door above American house. vl-n44

J. W. CHAMBERLIN, wholesale and retail dealer in clothing, etc.; Hartman's building, Main street. vl-n43

DRUGS, CHEMICALS, &c.

L. N. MOYER, druggist and apothecary, Exchange block Main st. vl-n43

E. P. LUTZ, druggist and apothecary, Rupert block, Main st., west of Market. vl-n43

CLOCKS, WATCHES, &c.

R. CATHCART, watch and clock maker, Market st., below Main. vl-n43

LOUIS BERNHARD, watch and clock maker, near southeast corner Main and Iron sts. vl-n43

C. E. SAVAGE, dealer in clocks, watches and jewelry, Main st., nearly opposite American house. vl-n43

BOOTS AND SHOES.

C. M. BROWN, boot and shoemaker, Main street opposite American house. vl-n43

A. SOLLEDER, manufacturer and dealer in boots and shoes, Main st., opposite Episcopal church vl-n43

HENRY KLEIM, manufacturer and dealer in boots and shoes, groceries etc., East Bloomsburg Main st. vl-n43

DAVID BETZ, boot and shoemaker, Main st., below Hartman's store, west of Market street. vl-n43

PROFESSIONAL.

DR. B. F. Kinney surgeon dentist, teeth extracted without pain. Main st., nearly opposite Episcopal Church. vl-n46

J. B. M'KELVY, M. D. surgeon and physician south side Main st., below Market. vl-n43

J. R. EVANS, M. D. surgeon and physician south side Main st., below Market. vl-n43

J. C. RUTTER, M. D. surgeon and Physician, Market st., above Main. vl-n43

DR. H. C. HOWER, surgeon dentist, Main st., above court house. vl-n43

MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS.

MISS LIZZIE BARKLEY, milliner, Ramsey building, Main st. vl-n43

MISS A. D. WEBB, fancy goods, notions, books, stationery, north side Main street below Market. vl-n43

E. PETERMAN, millenery and fancy goods opposite Episcopal church, Main st. vl-n43

MRS. JULIA A. & SADE BARKLEY, ladies cloaks and dress pattern., southeast corner Main and west st. vl-n43

MRS. M. B. FURMAN, milliner, Main st., below Hartman's store, west of Market st. vl-n43

THE MISSES HARMAN, millenery and fancy goods, Main street just below American house. vl-n44

MISS M. DERRICKSON, millenery and fancy goods Main st., opposite Court House. vl-n44

HOTELS AND SALOONS.

J. LEACOCK, oyster and eating saloon, American House, Main st., Baltzer Leacock superintendent. vl-n45

WIDMYER & JACOBY, confectionery, bakery, and oyster saloon, wholesale and retail, Exchange block, Main st. vl-n42

FOX & WEBB, confectionery, bakery, and oyster saloon, wholesale and retail, Main st., just below Iron. vl-n43

EXCHANGE HOTEL, by J. F. CASLOW, Main st., opposite court house. vl-n43

AMERICAN HOUSE, by JOHN LEACOCK, Main st., west of Iron street. vl-n43

FORKS HOTEL, by G. W. MAUGER, east end of Main st. vl-n43

B. STOHNER, refreshment saloon, Main st., just above court house. vl-n43

J. F. CASLOW, refreshment saloon, Exchange hotel, Lawson Calman, superintendent vl-n43

W. W. GILLMORE, refreshment saloon, Shive's block south side Main st. vl-n43

MERCHANTS, GROCERS, &c.

E. JACOBS, Confectionery, groceries etc. Main st., above Court House. vl-n46

S. H. MILLER, dealer in dry goods, groceries, queensware, flour, salt, shoes, notions, etc. Exchange block, Main street. vl-n43

M'KELVY NEAL & Co., dealers in dry goods, groceries, flour, feed, salt, fish, iron, nails, etc., northeast corner Main and Market st. vl-n43

A. J. SLOAN, dealer in choice dry goods, Housekeeping goods, fresh groceries, etc., etc. Main st., opposite court house. vl-n43

J. K. EYER, groceries and general merchandise Main st., above West. vl-n43

H. C. HOWER, hats and caps, boots and shoes, Main st., above court house. vl-n43

L. T. SHARPLESS, dry goods, groceries, boots, shoes, etc., Rupert block, Main st., west of Market. vl-n43

C. C. MARR, dry goods and notions, southwest corner Main and Iron sts. vl-n43

J. J. BROWER, dry goods, groceries, etc., northwest corner Main and Iron sts. vl-n43

REV. A. HARTMAN, dry goods, notions, and groceries., Main st., opposite Episcopal church. vl-n43

H. H. HUNSBERGER, (agent,) groceries, tobacco, and confectionary, Main st., below American house. vl-n43

D. A. BECKLEY, Keystone shoe store, boots and stationery, southwest corner Market and Main sts. vl-n43

WILLIAM ERASSMUS, confectionerics, Main st., just above court house. vl-n43

E. MENDENAALL, general stock of merchandise and lumber, corner of Main street and Berwick road. vl-n43

J. J. ROBBINS, dealer in dry goods groceries etc. Shive's block, Main st., below Iron vl-n43

J. K. GIRTON, Groceries & Provisions, southeast corner Main and Iron Streets. vl-n44

MISCELLANEOUS.

BLOOMSBURG LUMBER CO., manufacturers and dealers in Lumber, of all kinds, planing mill near the rail-road. vl-n46

W. J. BIDLEMAN, saddle and harness maker, near southwest corner Main and Market st. vl-n43

C. W. SNYDER, hardware, cutlery, guns, etc., Main st., below Iron. vl-n43

A. WITMAN, marble works, near southwest corner Main and Market sts. vl-n43

G. W. CORELL, furniture rooms, three story brick no Main st., west of Market st. vl-n43

E. J. THORNTON, wall paper, window shades, and fixtures, Rupert block, Main st. vl-n43

T. H. MASTERS, agent for Grover & Baker's sewing machine, Main st., Hartman's building, up stairs. vl-n43

H. ROSENSTOCK, photographer, Exchange block, Main st., opposite court house. vl-n43

J. F. BROADT, photographer, Hartman's building northeast corner Main and Market st. vl-n43

D. W. ROBINS, liquor dealer second door from northwest corner Main and Iron sts. vl-n43

N. W. BARTON, tobacconist, and dealer in stove coal. Main st., opposite court house. vl-n43

W. PEACOCK, Notary Public, northeast corner Main and Market st. vl-n43

JOHN A. FUNSTON, mutual and cash notes fire insurance company, northeast corner Main and West st.

GEORGE HASSERT, manufacturer and repairer of threshing machines, Chemberlin's alley, near Sharpless' foundry. vl-n43

I. S. KUHN, dealer in meat tallow, etc., Chemberlin's alley, back of American house. vl-n43

J. B. PURSELL, saddle, trunk and harness maker, Main st., below court, house. vl-n36

Jersey Town Directory.

ANDREW MADISON, dealer in dry goods, groceries, grain, lumber etc., Jerseytown. vl-n46

JACOB A. SWISHER, dealer in Hides, Leather Bark etc. Madison township Columbia county Pa. vl-n46

Light Street Directory.

PETER ENT, dealer in dry goods, groceries, flour, feed, salt, fish, iron, nails, etc., Light Street. vl-n46

H. WHITMIRE, manufacturer and dealer in boots and shoes. vl-n46

I. TERWILLIGER, Cabinetmaker, Undertaker and Chairmaker. vl-n46

F. P. KELLEY, Blacksmith, opposite post office. vl-n46

H. P. OMAN & Co., Wheelwrights, first door above school house. vl-n46

MRS. E. KLINE, millenery and fancy goods. vl-n46

I. W. SANKEY, dealer in Leather, Hides, Bark, etc. Cash paid for Hides. vl-n46

WM. M. ENT, dealer in stoves and tin ware in all its branches. vl-n46

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.

R. R. HAYHURST.

May 17, 1867-1m.

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 baggage 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. [my17'67-1m.

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 "*Old Horse*") procured direct from the importing houses, are entirely pure, and free from all noxious 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.

This 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, Superintendent.

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. 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 Everetts, the Proprietor has put in it refreshments, repaired 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 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,

46 NORTH FOURTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

J. & W. G. M'KIBRIN, Proprietors.

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 article, 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,

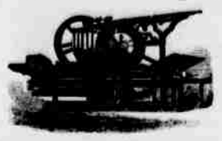
Steam Brewery, Reading, Pa.

GENTS Furnishing Goods at CHEMBERLIN'S Store. 6—3m.

ALL Garments made in the latest and most approved style at CHEMBERLIN'S Clothing Store. 6—3m.

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

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 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
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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 Boldson'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.

C. W. MILLER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Office with E. H. Little, in brick building adjoining Post office. ☞ Bounties, Back-Pay and Pensions collected. [sep9'67.

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.

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 Cryer 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.

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 Widmayer & 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.

H. ARTMAN. C. H. DILLINGER. E. R. RATMAN

ARTMAN, DILLINGER & CO.,

No. 22 NORTH THIRD STREET,

(*Nearly opposite Jones, Kost, Santer & Co.*)

Wholesale Dealers in

YARNS, BATTING, WADDING, CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, SHADES, FLY NETS,

GRAIN BAGS, CORDAGE, &C. ALSO,

WILLOW AND WOODEN WARE,

BRUSHES, TWINES, LOOKING GLASSES, ETC.

May 10, 1867-1y.

WARTMAN & ENGELMAN,

TOBACCO, SNUFF & SEGAR

MANUFACTORY,

NO. 313 NORTH THIRD STREET,

Second Door below Wood,

PHILADELPHIA.

J. W. WARTMAN. H. P. ENGELMAN.

ALL Kinds of Ready Made Clothing at low figures at CHEMBERLIN'S Clothing Store, Hartman's block, Bloomsburg, Pa. 6—3m.

EVERY Customer may be sure of a Good Fit or money at CHEMBERLIN'S Clothing store. 6—3m.

Choice Poetry.

The Ritter Von Schwarzenfels.

A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

In many a strife and many a fight
Had the Ritter Von Schwarzenfels fought,
And in dents and in scars on his helmet bars
Were the tales of his combats wrought.

He had slain more men, he had stolen more gold,
He had drank more sparkling wine,
And had utered more oaths and had broken more vows
Than did ever a knight on the Rhine.

He hated the church, and he hated the State,
And he swore by the power of might,
That he never would bow to Pope or the King
So long as his sword was bright.

Perched on a crag mid the drifting clouds,
The outlaw had builded his nest,
And he scanned the river from north to south,
And the valley from east to west.

Over the River he stretched a chain,
And the boats that passed each day,
Before they could sail either up or down,
Were forced a tribute to pay.

Once a year from his stronghold he sallied forth,
At the head of a hundred men,
And, laden with spoils from rich and poor,
Came back to his home again.

Not a pilgrim knocked at his castle gate,
Not a traveller asked to stay;
But each crossed himself when he saw the tower,
Then hastily sped on his way.

And more than a score of hardy knights,
Who had striven to rid the land
Of his fearful curse had fallen beneath
The stroke of the robber's hand.

Thus long had he lived and loud had he laughed
Both abbot and lord to scorn;
And declared with the fiercest of German oaths
That *he* a sovereign was born.

Bright burn the lights in the banquet hall
And loud groaned the tables with cheer,
And the wine was quaffed from golden cups,
That were stolen from altars near.

Then uprose the Ritter, and in his hand
Held a flagon of choice Moselle,
And rapping his sword on the oaken board.
Said I fain would something tell.

"Not one," cried he, "have I ever found
Who was stronger or braver than I;
There exists not a being on Earth or in Hell
Who would dare *my* challenge reply."

"It is false," said a figure till now unseen,
Who had entered the banquet room,
Then the lights grew dim, and the air grew cold,
The hall seemed wrapped in gloom.

"I come to avenge each pillaged shrine,"
Thus the stranger gravely spoke,
"And in answer to prayers from ruined homes,
That loudly my aid invoke."

"I have listened full oft to thy boastful speech,
And have followed thee home to the Rhine,
To dare thee to draw thy bloody sword,
And to measure thy strength with mine."

"Brave thou art, by my faith, I trow,"
The Ritter with rage began;
"Throw back thy cloak, and draw thy blade,
And show thyself a man.

In the deepening gloom the Ritter fought
And labored hard for breath.
"Tis no use," said the stranger, "to strive with me,
For I am thy conqueror—*Death!*

And the Barons within their castles' walls,
And the monks in their lonely cells,
Thanked Him who had sent his servant "Death,"
To vanquish bold Schwarzenfels.

Miscellaneous.

BROCKLEBANK'S TENT.

I.

IT is now nearly fifteen years ago since I was attacked by an epidemic disorder which prevailed extensively at that time among the young men of the United Kingdom. It was commonly styled the gold-fever, and the fit seized me very suddenly. I called one evening in Camden Town—it was a pleasant airy suburb at that time—to see two bachelor friends of mine who shared lodgings together. I found the floor of their sitting-room lumbered with boxes.

"What are you doing?" I asked in astonishment.

"We're off for the gold-diggings."

"By what ship?"

"The John Taylor; next Wednesday week."

I recklessly flung my hat to the other end of the room, gave such a leap that my head nearly bumped against the ceiling, and cried,—

"I will go with you."

"That's right, old boy," they responded. Go and secure your passage the first thing in the morning. She's filling up quick."

The London atmosphere was at that time surcharged with an auriferous insanity. The gray, sober light of morning did not induce me to swerve from my resolution of the previous night; on the contrary, as soon as the governor appeared at the counting-house I boldly walked into his private room, and discharged myself.

The governor was, and, I am thankful to say, is still,—for I am once more back in the old shop,—a very jolly fellow.

"You going too, Parker? Well, well, I'm sorry for it; but if you young men will insist on seeing the diggings, I suppose you must. Make out a check for your salary, and I'll sign it."

I next rushed off to the firm who were agents for the John Taylor. Dismal news: every berth on board of her was engaged. I had to take my passage by another vessel, and this accident probably led to the adventure which I have undertaken to relate.

I shall not describe the voyage on board the Coldstream, but shall merely say that we reached Hobson's Bay safely in the month of September. Melbourne was a queer place at that time. Emigrants were pouring in at the rate of three thousand a week; there were eighty thousand people in a town built to hold only twenty-five thousand; provisions were at famine prices and all social distinctions turned topsy-turvy. The John Taylor had arrived some time before the Coldstream, and her passengers had been scattered over the length and breadth of the colony. After waiting three days at the miserable little post-office window in Elizabeth St., now supplanted by a palatial edifice,—in the midst of an eager struggling crowd of letter-seekers, I got a communication from my London friends, saying that they were gone to Bendigo, and would let me know where they were as soon as they were settled.

I scarcely knew what to do. I had come to Australia solely and entirely for the purpose of going to the diggings, and to the diggings I was determined to go; but I did not care to go up the road all by myself. The hundred miles of bush which lay between Melbourne and Bendigo was swarming at that time with escaped convicts from Van Diemen's Land, who were making up for a lengthened period of enforced honesty by plundering and maltreating Her Majesty's lieges right and left. Terrific rumors of their outrages were circulated. It was of no protection to be poor. The man whose pockets were well lined was robbed and released; but the wretch who had nothing wherewith to satisfy the cupidity of his savage assailants, was pounded to a jelly; or, being tied naked to a tree in the lonely forest, was exposed to all the horrors of slow starvation. Moreover, the weather was extremely unfavorable for traveling: rain fell in torrents, and the roads were such hopeless quagmires that one hundred and twenty pounds sterling was gladly paid for the conveyance of a single ton of goods to the Bendigo Creek. I decided, therefore, to wait awhile, and took up my abode at a tavern called the Duke of York, which stood in those days at the corner of Stephen and Collins streets. The Duke of York had no doubt been a comfortable hostelry in the primitive days of the colony, but at the time of my sojourn there it was crowded to excess. Extra beds had been crammed into all the bedchambers, and were instantly secured at prices which would be thought exorbitant in an aristocratic West End hotel. Mattresses were laid at night on all the sitting-room tables, and a large shed in the yard, with rough stone walls and an earthen floor, was filled with iron bedsteads; but even this apartment—which we nicknamed the cholera hospital—was fully occupied, and I was fain to pay half a crown a night for the privilege of laying my own blankets on the dirty ground in the confined space between two of the aforesaid beds. There were some drawbacks to this mode of passing the night. As most of my room-mates indulged in the objectionable practice of smoking in bed, and as I lay on a lower level than they did, I was apt to become the unintentional target for some of the results of their tobacco-vapor. Again, it was not unusual for some jovial gentleman to enter the cholera hospital at two o'clock in the morning, with a bottle of champagne in his hand and a couple more under his arm; he would wake up everybody in turn, and insist that each of the sleepers so awakened should either drink his health or fight him on the spot. I have several times been aroused by the unwelcome apparition of this veritable "Champagne Charlie."

On the whole, however, we had very good fun at the Duke of York. As the weather was cold and wet, and as the streets after dark were full of foot-pads, we mostly stayed at home in the evening, and amused ourselves by assembling in the parlor under the guidance of an experienced chairman, and singing songs in the most approved Sons of Harmony fashion. Mr. Mills took the chair, a man whom we greenhorns looked upon with no small awe, for although only a twelvemonth in the colony, he was reported to have amassed a fortune in the diggings, and was now on the point of returning to England. Moreover, as Mr. Mills was thirty years of age, and had a prematurely bald forehead he assumed quite a fatherly air towards a youngster like me, for I was not yet out of my teens, and my beard was still all "underground."

"Why don't you go up, young man?" says Mr. Mills one morning, as we stood cleaning our boots in the yard. (The landlord kindly provided brushes and blacking.)

"Because I'm waiting to hear where my friends are."

"Pooh, sir; never wait for friends in this country. Every day in town is a day lost. Every day there is so much gold subtracted from the soil, and every day, consequently, there is so much less left for new-comers. Why not go up next Thursday in company with Baldwin and Fry? They are going to walk up to Bendigo, where your friends are."

I ventured to point out to Mr. Mills that I knew scarcely anything of Messrs. Baldwin and Fry.

"No more do I," he retorted. "Nobody knows anybody in this delightful country. Baldwin does n't know Fry, Fry does n't know Baldwin. I know neither of 'em, except as members of the Duke of York Harmonic Society. I have heard Baldwin say that he was first counterman to a grocer in the Kingsland Road,—on that topic I have no certain information; but I do know that he sings a good song. He throws a pathos into that popular ditty,—

"'I had a dream, a happy dream
I dreamt that I was free,'

which is worthy of a more refined atmosphere than that which usually exists in the parlor of the Duke of York. As for Fry, he is a Dickey Sam, as his tongue will inform you,—father reported to be one of the first horse-dealers in Liverpool. Though reserved, and almost sullen in private life, Fry comes out well in a chorus. I allude especially to 'Landlord, fill a flowing bowl,' and 'A hunting we will go,' Mr. Parker," said this antipodean patriarch of thirty, as he laid a friendly blacking-brush on my shoulder, "I recommend you to go up with Baldwin and Fry."

I think Mr. Mills was a good fellow, but too apt to judge human nature from the harmonic point of view. I shall not detail the history of that journey to Bendigo, which occupied nearly a week, and which was full of adventures much pleasanter to talk about afterwards than to endure at the time. It is enough for me to state that Messrs. Baldwin and Fry soon began to quarrel with each other, and before the end of the journey was reached displayed towards each other sentiments of the most deadly hostility. I managed to keep on pretty good terms with both; still, it was scarcely pleasant to sit down to breakfast with two men who never opened their mouths except to snarl, and on one occasion proceeded to the extremity of hurling pannikins at each other's heads. The hardships of bush-travelling lay bare weaknesses which a lengthened course of harmonic reunions might never discover. Upon the whole, I liked Baldwin better than Fry. To me he was exceedingly civil, whereas Fry was morose to both of us.

As soon as we arrived on the outskirts of the famous Bendigo gold-field, Mr. Baldwin announced his intention of parting from us, as he had friends in a gully hard by. He took me aside, and said that I (with an emphasis on the pronoun) had always respected his feelings and treated him like a gentleman, which it could be plainly seen I was myself, in spite of my blue serge shirt. Alone we should have been as cosey as could be together, away from that surly brute of a Liverpool horse-coper; and could I oblige him with the temporary loan of thirty shillings? he had miscalculated the expenses of the road, and his funds were in the Union Bank at Melbourne. I was such a confiding youth in those days that I lent Mr. Baldwin the money without a qualm. He copied an address which I gave him very carefully in his pocket-book; but though fifteen years have since elapsed I have never heard from him. Perhaps the perusal of this narative may recall the circumstance to his memory.

As for Fry, he was morose, horribly morose, but, I really believe, thoroughly honest. After the parting with Baldwin, which he characterized as a good riddance of bad rubbish, we traversed numerous gullies and ranges in search of a man whom Fry knew. I may here observe that the aspect of the diggings was very different to what I had expected. Except in the neighborhood of the Government Camp, where the storekeepers' tents, with their gay flags, presented the aspect of a country fair, there was none of the crowd and bustle which I had anticipated. The whole area of the gold-field was as large, perhaps, as the area of London, and the auriferous valleys or hollows, which lay parallel like streets, were separted by wide undulating tracts of forest country.

At length, just as it grew dark, we reached Iron Bark Gully, wearied and hungry. It was here that Fry's friend lived, and, after numerous inquiries at all the diggers' tents we passed, we learnt that Brocklebank kept the Royal Liver Store, near the head of the gully.

It was almost dark, and I had tumbled down several times among the tree-stumps from sheer fatigue and weariness, when we reached Brocklebank's establishment. It consisted of a large tent with boarded sides, and was quite a mammoth edifice compared with the tiny residential dwellings which lay scattered around it.

I felt very friendless and dispirited upon our arrival, for I could not reckon that Brocklebank would extend his hospitality to me as well as to Fry, and I had no fancy for sleeping alone out of doors wrapped in my blankets, though in company I had done so for several successive nights. On hearing Fry's voice, Brocklebank came to the door of his tent, and I was at once prepossessed by his quiet gentleman-like appearance. He was a young man of twenty-four, with a pale, handsome face, and large, dark, expressive eyes.

"This," says Fry, in the most ungracious way, pointing to me as if I was a cur-dog, "is a chap I came up the road with. I don't know anything about him," he added, in an audible whisper.

"Have you no friends on Bendigo?" asked Brocklebank, kindly.

"None that I can find to-night," I replied, blushing like a school-girl, "but I hope to find them in a day or two."

Some whispered conversation took place between Fry and Brocklebank after this.

"I must take the poor boy in," I heard the latter say.

"Well, don't hold me responsible," growled the former; "I know nothing of him."

I don't think Fry had any special animosity against me, it was merely his natural crustiness; but I felt so angry with him that I could have rushed upon him and assaulted him on the spot. My wrath, however, was dissipated by Brocklebank saying, in a pleasant voice,—

"Come in, Mr. Parker, don't be afraid; I can give you a shake-down, and as soon as I get a pot of tea ready you shall have some sardines and soft bread, which I dare say will be a treat after the rough fare of the road."

I slept that night like a dozen humming-tops. Only those who have lain for several successive nights under the cold sky of a Victorian September, and have woke up drenched, perhaps, with rain, can appreciate the delight of a roof overhead, albeit only a roof of canvas.

Next morning, after breakfast, Fry rose, and addressing his fellow-townsman in his usual curt, morose style, said,—

"I'm off to Eagle Hawk" (this was a gully some two miles distant) "to look after my mates. See you again to-morrow. You'd best find your mates too," he added, bestowing a parting glance on me.

After the departure of surly Fry I breathed more freely, and felt less like an interloper. Nothing could be kinder than Brocklebank's manner towards me; he could not have treated me with more consideration if I had come recommended by his most intimate friend, instead of being a mere waifand stray of the great Australian immigration. Although he was keeping a retail store, and selling glasses of lemonade, bottles of pickles, and diggers' boots to any chance passer-by, I learnt that he was a young man of highly respectable connections in Liverpool, the son of a Nonconformist minister, and that, like myself, he had been drawn out by a spirit of adventure. I presently asked him how I had better set about finding my friends. On hearing that I possessed no more special address than Bendigo, he shook his head, said that the diggings covered an enormous area, and that I might spend a month in visiting every gully in succession. I had better call at the post-office on the Camp, and ascertain if there was a letter awaiting me there.

I went to the Camp, and inquired at the post-office. There was no letter for "Mr. Frederick Parker, late of Watling Street, London." I returned to Iron Bark Gully in rather a desponding frame of mind. I was heartily ashamed of myself at the time for my low spirits, but, I am not surprised now that a lad of eighteen, who in London had been surrounded by attentive friends and relations, should feel rather lonely among the motley, self-seeking herd of gold-hunters. I told Brocklebank of my ill fortune, and asked him what I had better do.

"Do nothing to-day," he said, kindly, "You are tired with your week's travelling. Take it easy. You can make yourself useful by helping me in the store.

I was delighted at these words, and fell to work with alacrity. Before two hours had elapsed I found myself dispensing slices of bacon at three shillings a pound, and assisting sturdy diggers, seated on a tree-stump in front of the Royal Liver, to pull on refractory pairs of new boots. Our distinctive flag, bearing as its emblem the fabulous bird which forms the crest of the good town of Liverpool, waved gracefully overhead in the sunshine, and my spirits rose as I once more found myself of some use in the world.

In those primitive days there was little coin current on the diggings. Miners paid for their stores in virgin gold just dug from the soil. Storekeepers made large profits by these transactions, for, owing to the insecurity of the roads, the value of gold was from five shillings to ten shillings an ounce lower on the diggings than it was in Melbourne. I forget the exact price now, but I think tha gold purchased in Bendigo in 1852 at three pounds five shillings and three pounds ten shillings an ounce, was worth three pounds fifteen in Melbourne. In these systematic days, when the smallest margin of profit attracts speculators to the most distant goldfield, such a difference seems almost incredible. Some of the storekeepers were sad rogues, and, not content with their fair profits, cheated the hard-toiling miner who visited their establishments by means of false weights and other devices; but Brocklebank was, I am sure thoroughly u, right and honest in al his dealings. His plan of procedure when a gold transaction took place was at once business-like and simple. He weighed the gold carefully in his scales, and kept each parcel in a separate paper, with the name of the seller, the date of transaction, and the precise weight of the contents, marked legibly upon it. All these packets were kept in a tin box, which at night was deposited in a little secret chamber under the flooring of the tent. I soon discovered that Brocklebank was much liked and respected by the surrounding population. Men would come in, and sell several ounces of gold, take away only a few shillings' worth of goods in exchange, and leave the balance in his hands to cover future transactions. "I can trust you, Muster Brocklebank," I heard a rough old digger say, "and my gold's a deal safer in your big store than in my bit of a shanty yonder."

As for myself, I felt highly pleased that Brocklebank should trust me,—an entire stranger,—so implicitly, and I resolved to work as zealously as I could in his service while under his roof, as a practical proof of my gratitude.

After the sun had set, and all work had been suspended for the day, three or four of the inhabitants of the adjacent tents strolled across to the Royal Liver Store, and sitting down in front of that establishment on a gigantic prostrate log, in one end of which a perpetual fire was burning, lighted their pipes, and proceeded to discuss the news of the day. The conversation was mostly of a monotonous character, and referred chiefly to mining topics. How Tom's new windlass had given way, how Harry had picked a half-ounce nugget out of his "wash-dirt," how Dick had tumbled down a thirty-foot hole while out 'possuming the previous night. I was much impressed with the decency and respectability of our visitors. Before I left England, and even after my arrival in Melbourne, I had pictured life on the diggings as an existence of wild excitement, where the perpetual anticipation of fabulous gains, and the sight of lucky gamblers shovelling out the yellow metal, would keep the brain in a state of fever. In actual fact, Iron Bark Gully was a most prosaic, sober place. Men worked