The Columbian.

VOL. I.—NO. 49. BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1867. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Bloomsburg Business Directory

STOVES AND TINWARE.

JACOB METZ, dealer in stoves & tinware, Main st., above court house. vl-n43

A. M. RUPERT, stoves and tinware, Rupert block, Main st., west of Market. vl-n43

CLOTHING, &c.

D. LOWENBERG, merchant tailor, Main st., 2d door above American house. vl-n43

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-n43

J. B. McKELVY, 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, Ransey building, Main st. vl-n43

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

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

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

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

THE MISSES HARMAN, millinery and fancy goods, Main street, just below American house. vl-n43

MISS M. DERRICKSON, millinery and fancy goods Main st., opposite Court House. vl-n43

HOTELS AND SALOONS.

J. LEACOCK, oyster and eating saloon, American House, Main st., Daniel Leacock superintendent. vl-n43

WOLVER & JACOBY, confectionery, bakery, and oyster saloon, wholesale and retail, Exchange block, Main st. vl-n43

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

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

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

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

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

MERCHANTS, GROCERS, &c.

F. JACOBS, Confectionery, groceries etc. Main st., above Court House. vl-n43

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

McKELVY 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. MAHR, dry goods and notions, southwest corner Main and Iron sts. vl-n43

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, books and stationery, southwest corner Market and Main sts. vl-n43

WILLIAM ERASMUS, confectionaries, Main st., just above court house. vl-n43

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

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-n43

MISCELLANEOUS.

BLOOMSBURG LUMBER CO., manufacturers and dealers in lumber, of all kinds, planing mill near the railroad. vl-n43

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 on Main st., west of Market st. vl-n43

R. H. RINGLER, dealer in pianos, organs and melodeons, at G. W. Corell's furniture rooms 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. ROBBINS, 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 G. FUNSTON, mutual and cash rates fire insurance company, northeast corner Main and West st. vl-n43

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

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

J. H. PRITCHELL, saddle, trunk and harness maker, Main st., below court, house. vl-n43

SAMUEL JACOBY, Marble and Brown Stone Works, East Bloomsburg, Berwick road. vl-n43

STEPHEN ENOHS, Blacksmith, Northwest corner of Main and West Street. vl-n43

C. FOSTER, Glue Maker, and White and fancy Tinner, Scottown. vl-n43

Orangeville Directory.

DR. O. A. MEGARGEL, physician and surgeon, Main st., next door to Good's Hotel. vl-n43

BRICK HOTEL and refreshment saloon, by Israel Mumma, corner of Main and Pine st. vl-n43

SWAN HOTEL, the upper house by John Snyder, Main st., above Pine. vl-n43

D. K. SLOAN, dealer in dry goods, groceries, lumber and general Merchandise Main st. vl-n43

THOMAS BUCKLE, saddle and Harness maker Main st., above the Swan Hotel. vl-n43

H. SMITH, manufacturer of tin ware and dealer in stoves etc., Main st., above the Swan Hotel. vl-n43

SAMUEL EVERETT, Druggist & Apothecary, Main Street. vl-n43

A. & E. W. COLEMAN, Merchant tailor and Gent's furnishing goods, Main st., next door to the brick hotel. vl-n43

M. S. HAYHURST, Clocks, Watches and Guns repaired. Guns and Watches for sale, Main st., below Pine. vl-n43

JAMES R. HARMAN, Cabinet Maker, and Undertaker, Main St., below Pine. vl-n43

MICHAEL C. KELLER, Confectionery, Oysters &c., &c., on Pine st., between Main and Mill. vl-n43

H. & C. KELCHNER, Blacksmiths, on Mill Street, near Pine. vl-n43

WILLIAM DELONG, Shoemaker and manufacturer of Brick, Mill St., west of Pine vl-n43

ELIAS SNYDER, Flour and Grist Mill, and dealer in grain, Mill Street. vl-n43

ADAM SCHUYLER, Iron founder, Machinist, and Manufacturer of plows, Mill St. vl-n43

MILES A. WILLIAMS & Co., Tanners and Manufacturers of leather, Mill Street. vl-n43

JOHN KELLER, Boot and Shoemaker, Pine Street, opposite the Academy vl-n43

A. B. HERRING & BROTHER, Carpenters and Builders, Main Street, below Pine. vl-n43

SAMUEL M. PRENTISS, Veterinary Surgeon, at the Brick Hotel, corner of Main and Pine Sts. vl-n43

Light Street Directory.

PETER ENT, dealer in dry goods, groceries, flour, feed, salt, fish, iron, nails, etc., Light Street. vl-n43

H. WHITMIRE, manufacturer and dealer in boots and shoes. vl-n43

J. TERWILLIGER, Cabinetmaker, Undertaker and Chairmaker. vl-n43

F. P. KELLEY, Blacksmith, opposite post office. vl-n43

H. F. OMAN & Co., Wheelwrights, first door above school house. vl-n43

MISS. E. KLINE, millinery and fancy goods. vl-n43

J. W. SANKEY, dealer in Leather, Hides, Bark, etc. Cash paid for Hides. vl-n43

WM. M. ENT, dealer in stoves and tin ware in all its branches. vl-n43

Jersey Town Directory.

ANDREW MADISON, dealer in dry goods, groceries, grain, lumber etc., Jerseytown. vl-n43

JACOB A. SWISHER, dealer in Hides, Leather Bark etc. Madison township Columbia county Pa. vl-n43

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 use, convenience 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 lusty sportsman 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-tm.

EXCHANGE HOTEL,

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA.

The undersigned having purchased this well known and centrally situated 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.

Omnibuses 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 STORNER,

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, is now prepared to offer to the public 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. (may17'67-6m.

FORK'S HOTEL,

GEORGE W. MAUGER, Proprietor.

The above well-known hotel has recently undergone radical changes in its internal arrangements, and its proprietor announces to his former custom and the travelling public that his accommodations for the comfort of his guests are second to none in the country. His table will always be found supplied, not only with substantial food, but with all the delicacies of the season. His wines and liquors, except that popular beverage known as "McBrayer's," 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.

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.

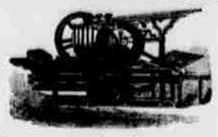
HE WILL KEEP A GOOD TABLE,

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

Espy, Pa., April 13, 1867.

EVERY Customer may be sure of a Good Fit or no sale at CHENERILLIS'S Clothing Store. 6—3m.

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 neve be compromised, yet courtesy and kindess shal. 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	9,00	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	40,00

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.

C. W. MILLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office with E. H. Little, in brick building adjoining Post Office. ☞ Bounties, Back-Pay and Pensions collected. (sep29'67.

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. (my2'67.

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 Wolfinger & 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. (april6'67.

M. ARYMAN. C. H. BILLINGER. E. R. HATMAN.
ARTMAN, BILLINGER & CO.,
NO. 529 NORTH THIRD STREET,
(Nearly opposite Jones, Ent, Sauber & Co.)
Wholesale Dealers in
YARNS, BATTING, WADDING, CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, SHADES, FLY NETS,
GRAIN BAGS, CORDAGE, &C. ALSO,
WILLOW AND WOODEN WARE,
BROOMS, TRUNKS, LOOKING GLASSES, ETC.
May 30, 1867-1y.

WARTMAN & ENGELMAN,
TOBACCO, SNUFF & SIGAR
MANUFACTORY,
NO. 513 NORTH THIRD STREET,
Second Door below Wood,
PHILADELPHIA.
J. W. WARTMAN. H. P. ENGELMAN.

ALL Kinds of Ready Made Clothing at low figures at CHENERILLIS'S Clothing Store, Hartman's block, Bloomsburg, Pa. 40—3m.

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

Choice Poetry.

UNDER THE SNOW.

The following beautiful poem we cut from one of our eastern exchanges. The reply, in brackets, has been written by Col. Freeze.

Sweet little loving thing, low, low, low,
Down in the cold, cold grave she lies,
Deep 'neath the daisy knoll, under the snow,
Silenced forever her carols and cries.

[Silenced forever her carols? no! no!
Singing with angels beyond the blue skies;
Waiting for you who remain here below,
Waiting, still waiting to see you arise.]

Sweet little dimpled chin, how she would dance!
Dear little laughing eyes, how she would smile!
Still are her tiny feet now, and her glance
Beams not on me for a weary long while.

[No—but it beams on a heavenly scene,
Watches and looks for your coming once more;
At last when you come, oh then will be seen
Her tiny feet skip o'er a diamond floor.]

"Dead!" do my neighbors say? Death is a dream
In the mid-Maytime she went out to play;
Daily I see her by meadow and stream,
Couched 'mid the golden cups, sunny as they.

[Now from her crown of gold flashes a beam
Now from her harp of gold issues a strain,
Would you replace her by meadow and stream
Couch her mid butter cups, sunny, again?]

Weep my eyes scalding tears, weep, weep, weep,
Bleed my soul, throb my heart, heavy with pain,
Longing still for her awake or asleep,
When shall I gaze on my beauty again?

[When your eyes open to Heavenly things,
When your heart pulses no longer with pain,
When with the blessed your thanksgiving rings,
Then will you gaze on your beauty again.]

Sweet little loving thing low, low, low,
Down in the cold, cold grave she lies,
Deep 'neath the daisy knoll under the snow,
Silenced forever her carols and cries.

[Silenced forever her carols? no, no,
Singing with angels beyond the blue skies,
Waiting for you who remain hear below,
Waiting and hoping to see you arise.

Miscellaneous.

THE HOTEL CLERK.

THE lively amusement correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* gets off the following, which will be appreciated by all who are in the habit of patronizing the hotels of that or any other city:

I approach you in a timid frame of mind to-day, with a few hesitating words on the subject of hotel clerks.

And I appeal to you, O, omniscience, is there a greater person on earth than the hotel clerk?

I have come to the conclusion that there is not.

Earthly potentates, philosophers, warriors and poets dwarf in comparison.

My eyes are open to the enormity of my ignorance and I freely own that I did wrong in asking that young man with the nice hair and stunning vest, if he would give me a room on the second floor. I do not blame him that he looked at me through his eye-glasses, with a tooth-pick in his mouth, for ten minutes; that he then said he would be back in a minute and went off to play billiards; that he was gone half an hour and came back and read half a dozen notes from widows in the house; that he then looked up and asked me what I wanted; and then he sent me to the fifth story. All this I ought to have expected.

But the look he gave me was cruel. The glance which commenced at the top of my hat and went to the toe of my boot, was too much. Was it not enough to evince his superiority by ordering me to the fifth story? Why expose me to that chilling look? I know that I should have begged that nice young man's pardon for speaking to him, but one cannot always remember hotel etiquette.

And I went up to my den in the fifth story thoroughly convinced that I had no rights a hotel clerk was bound to respect, and I did not dare to look at him after that, and I paid my bill through the proxy of a man and a brother who knew the hotel clerk better than I did.

Next to being Khan of Tartary, or Tycoon of Japan, I would be a hotel clerk. He is a subject of interest only second to Barnum's gorilla—a being so far elevated above the petty strifes and cares of the world that he can look down from his altitude upon us all and smilingly consign us to the devil if it so please him—a compound of arrogance, self-complacency, don't care-a-cussativeness, and utter disregard of ordinary human beings, so strongly compounded that it becomes sublime.

And I always revere sublimity of this description. When he sent me to the fifth story with a carpet bag in each hand, I did not complain. I kissed the hand that smote.

All that he does is done with an air of superiority. Do you desire to ascertain what time the train departs? He refers you to the office of the company, and don't know where it is. Do you want to know where Bangs & Co. do business? He waves you to the directory of some other city and replaces his whole mind on his tooth-pick. Ask him for some tickets to an evening's performance at the theatre, and he will crush you with a glance, as much as to say, do I look like a man in a box-office?

He is master of all he surveys, absolute in his sway, wonderful in his make up, express and admiral in his functions. He knows everybody, and has a front seat at the opera. When he puts his whole mind on a carpet bag he can tell at a glance whether it contains a shirt and a tooth-brush or a first-class trousseau, and he can grade men into their rooms by their coat buttons with the utmost ease.

Ordinary impudence usually gets snubbed, but there does not live a man with courage enough to snub the hotel clerk. His impudence is allied to genius. It has taken him years to reach it, and the painful hours of study he has given to the characteristics of the tooth-pick are something wonderful to think of.

When I retire from the pomps and vanities of this world, O, *Tribune*, and have no further interest in sublunary matters, I hope to be a hotel clerk. I can conceive of no epitaph more impressive than the touching words—"He was a hotel clerk."

A YOUNG man and a young woman got married for fun the other day in Detroit and are now vainly seeking to be divorced in earnest.

THE BIG SNAKE OF CANAAN, CONNECTICUT.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Poughkeepsie *Daily Eagle* denies the report recently published in the Amenia *Times*, that the big snake which has furnished a local sensation for Canaan, Conn., has been shot, or that any one attempted to shoot it, but declares that an ordinary shot gun would have no more effect upon it than a pop-gun on an iron-clad, and a man would be called crazy who attempted it. Of its history and appearance he gives the following graphic account:

"It has been seen every morning for the last fifteen years in nearly the same spot. It was seen but a short time ago by a gentleman of the highest respectability, who is well known and no one would think of doubting his statements. His name is A. Boardman, a skillful machinist, recently employed by Mr. Ames in, the manufacture of his celebrated wrought iron cannon at Falls Village. Mr. B. was passing along the highway where the snake had been generally seen, not thinking anything about it, when suddenly his eye caught something lying under a large elm tree, which looked like the shadow of a large limb. Its shining brilliancy and the real shadow of the tree being opposite from where from where the object lay, the thought instantly entered his mind that it was nothing less than the big snake he had heard so much about, and so it proved to be for it instantly started for the swamp. The animal having to cross a road, he had a fair view of his snakeship. A thrill of horror rushed through his veins as the monster crushed its way through the brush with almost the speed of lightning into the swamp, and was almost immediately lost to sight. Mr. Boardman thinks it would measure thirty inches around its body in the largest place. In fact, it appeared to be nearly of one size, except three feet from the end of the tail, which tapered considerably towards the end. Its length he should judge to be not far from twenty-eight or thirty feet. Its skin was so black and bright that it fairly dazzled. The farmers in the vicinity complain less of the depredations of the animal than formerly. On the borders of the swamp where it lives, graze large herds of cows, and it is among these that it gets its living. The owners of these cows have for some time, ast wondered why some of their best milkers had failed to give their usual quantity of milk; as it is only in the morning the owners miss it, they have come to the conclusion that the snake sucks them, and thus gets its living. It is well known that snakes are fond of warm milk, and it is this kind of food, no doubt, that has caused this one to grow to such immense proportions. There is a reward of one hundred dollars offered by a private citizen for its capture alive, and fifty if killed. There is a strong pressure bearing on the town authorities to offer a reward large enough to secure its capture or destruction, and the subject will be brought before our annual town meeting the first Monday in October. Hundre ls who attended the camp meeting lately held here came more for the purpose of seeing where this monster snake lived, than to seek for the straight and narrow way. Few could be induced to stay on the ground nights for fear it might make them a visit.

It was this one thing more than any other that made the meeting almost a failure. One man has determined to sell his farm and leave the place. His wife has already left and says she will never live on the place again until the snake is killed. There is a perfect panic among the people, and what will be the result time only can determine.

CASEY on "Tactics," and "Butterfield on Picket Duty," admirable and interesting as they are to men of blood-thirsty tastes and habits, have nevertheless been made the subject of criticism by subalterns whose practical experience in the field entitles their opinions to be received with respect. We were moved to say this by way of introducing an incident sent to us by a party who must be an excessive Quaker, as he signs himself "A Quaker Friend." The Friend says:

Before the army of the Potomac moved on its grand march across the Rapidan, and thence to Petersburg, a board of officers was in session examining into the merits of many officers. General Gibbon was President, Captain M'Anally—"Little Mac," of the Sixty-ninth Pennsylvania—was the "subject" under investigation, to whom General G. put this question:

"Captain, what think you of 'Casey on Tactics?"

"Kaysay, did ye say, Gineral?"

"Yes, Casey."

"Not Gineral Kaysay,"?" said Mac, with a merry twinkle in his eye.

"Yes General Casey."

"Well, Gineral, all I've got to say is, that I don't think much of him, for *I slumped him at Fair Oaks!*"—which was literally true. Mac being under Couch, who checked Casey's flying troops and encountered the General himself.

The General proceeded: Well, Captain, what do you think of 'Butterfield on Picket?"

"Not Gineral Butterfield, sure?" said Mac.

"Yes, General Butterfield."

"Then I don't think much of him, for he says: 'Shtick your vidette fifty yards in front of your picket;' and if I had done that, sure me men would be in the bottom of the Rappahannock!"

Mac was passed, but as he left the room General G. quietly remarked to the Board: "I would like to have had the Captain's opinion of Gibbon on Artillery,' but I'm afraid he would be too many guns for me!"

THE Republican Party are having a nice quarrel over Grant. Forney insists that he is as good a negro man as he is, while Raymond & Co. insist that he is mild as the *Times*. In the meantime Grant quietly smokes on, and will only talk "horse" to the anxious politicians.

WHAT is taken from you before you get it? Your photograph.

FRIGHTFUL ACCIDENT.

MIRACULOUS ESCAPE FROM INSTANT DEATH.

ONE of the most miraculous and frightful accidents we have ever been called upon to record occurred in this place, on Friday morning last. Below we give the full particulars:

No one of our town or neighborhood has heard, without pain, of the unfortunate death of George Shaffer, the circumstances of which were truly appalling. He had retired, it seems, to his room soon after the arrival of the late train from Pottsville, on Thursday night, on which he was engaged, and after undressing for bed, had gone to the window to close the shutters, and in reaching out to unfasten them, lost his balance and fell to the porch below, a distance of some forty feet. The room is on the fourth floor of the Repplier House and the window is very near the floor. The fall produced a fracture of the thigh and a compound fracture of the left leg, driving one of the fragments some distance through the flesh. This occurred about midnight, and he lay where he fell, partially conscious, but unable to move or give any alarm, until between five and six in the morning, when he was discovered by Capt. Leib who was on his way to the Post Office. He was carried to a room and physicians immediately summoned, who could find no other external evidences of injury, except those already mentioned. The most astonishing feature of the accident was that he was not instantly killed, but after receiving so severe injuries, and lying exposed to a cold night air, with no other clothing than a shirt, he was found after nearly six hours perfectly conscious and sensible of indescribable pain. He passed through Friday much in the same condition, the powers of life struggling but feebly for the mastery. On Saturday there seemed more of an attempt at reaction, and he rallied and seemed lively, and disposed to converse naturally with his friends. About noon the physicians thought it safe to administer chloroform and reduce the fractures, of the leg, which they did successfully. Through the remainder of Saturday he continue to improve apparently, until that night, when symptoms of concussion of the brain and spine began to develop themselves. These symptoms continued to increase through the night and on Sunday morning he became entirely unconscious, and continued so, rapidly sinking, until Monday morning at eight o'clock, when he expired.

By this truly appalling accident, our community has received a shock from which it will be long in recovering. Thus has passed from among us one of our most promising young men, a most amiable companion in the social circle, and a generous, energetic and popular business man. Of this the anxiety and unceasing attentions of his many friends, was a gratifying evidence, whilst the faithful and untiring devotion of the truly noble hostess of the Repplier House to the slightest wants of the sufferer, must ever command the respect and gratitude of a large circle of friends.—*Ashland Advocate.*

RITUALISM is not to be permitted to crush out, without a struggle, the noble spirit of Protestantism that pervades this country. The great West is coming up manfully to the contest. Illinois, through her city of Freeport, sends forth no uncertain sound. In that goodly city resides Mr. S——, a clever gentleman, brought up in the strictest rules of Presbyterianism—so much so that, until within a few years past, he had never listened to the Liturgy of "the Church." He is, besides, an active Radical politician. During the early part of Buchanan's administration Episcopal services were for the first time held in Freeport, in the Presbyterian Church, kindly tendered for that purpose by the trustees, one of whom was S——. In company with a friend he attended, deporting himself with becoming gravity until the prayer "For the President of the United States and all others in Authority" was read. This was too much for his Republicanism. Turning to his friend, he said: "Let's get out of this! that fellow's a Copperhead!"—and they left. Through the efforts of a Puseyite constable of the town he has since been induced to review his opinion, and is now regarded as "sound."

HARD ON THE OFFICERS.—The lying down anecdote below, comes to us from a re-*li*-able friend:

Trees, stumps and rocks, were sometimes in demand during the progress of a fight. A good lying place (not a lawyer's office) might often be turned into cash.

As for instance—a member of company F. Fourteenth N. C. I.—by the way, the company with which Governor Vance entered the war as captain—was giving his friends at home an account of a very fierce fight on the Peninsula. He said: "We were marching through a thick wood to flank a portion of the enemy, and just as we entered the edge of an old field, three or four Yankee batteries opened on us at short range, with grape and canister. Such a storm I never saw since I was born! The colonel shouted out, 'lie down,' and down we fell quick, but the dirt and gravel flew all over us, and there was not a thing in the world to shield us from the terrible storm, and we had to just lie still and take it."

"Why didn't you get behind a tree?" suggested a deeply interested listener.

"Tree, the devil," said company F. "there wasn't enough trees for the officers!"

ALL but one county official—from Minnesota makes the Radical majority 5,364—a loss of 4,844. The total poll was about 64,000, an increase over 1866 of about 22,000. Negro suffrage was defeated by 1,248 majority.

JONATHAN presented himself and his intended for the purpose of being married. Being questioned if they had been published, he said—"Oh, I guess so; for I told Uncle Ben, and he told his wife more'n a week ago."

A MATRIMONIAL INCIDENT.—The Lewistown *Democrat* says the following incident occurred in Juniata county a short time ago: A rather good looking stranger, engaged in peddling spectacles, visited the house of a farmer and exhibited his stock to the old lady. She tried several, and finally one suited her exactly, but she had "no money to buy with." Peddler pressed her to purchase. She reiterated the fact that she had no money, but jokingly remarked, "I'll trade one of my daughters for a pair of spectacles." Upon this the eldest of the two girls spoke up—"You needn't trade me, mother, for I won't have him." Thereupon the peddler turned to the younger and said, "Well, will you have me?" The answer was promptly, "Yes!" Accordingly the spectacles were handed over, and arrangements at once made for the wedding. That night the happy pair (who had never seen each other before that day), were united in the holy bands of matrimony by Esquire L. A short honeymoon of three days passed pleasantly enough, the peddler going out on a trading expedition each morning and returning faithfully in the evening. All seemed delighted, the old folks as well as the young, the new-made husband being exceedingly amiable and apparently a perfect gentleman. One or two nights he absented himself, but made satisfactory explanation of the circumstance, and besides made additional amends by presenting his wife with a sum of money sufficient to buy a new dress and pair of shoes, both of which she very much needed. Another night the family roof covered the gay spectacle man, but that was the last. He took his departure next morning as usual, but failed to return at even, and, (to make a long story short), has never been seen by the interested parties since. Who he is and where he came from, are alike mysteries, and as for the name he went by whilst making his interesting sojourn in Lost Creek Valley, that was probably assumed for the occasion, and will hardly help to discover whither he has gone.

ABEL PERKINS, of S——, had a spite against Squire B—— of the same town. Some one remarked in his hearing one day that the squire was a mean man. "Mean," said Abel, "guses he is, A yard of black tape would make him a suit of mourning, and then he'd have enough left for a weed on his hat,"

"What do you call this?" said Mr. Jones, gently tapping his breakfast with his fork.

"Call it?" snarled the landlady, "what do you call it?"

"Well, really," said Mr. Jones, reflectively, "I don't know. There is hardly hair enough in it for mortar, but there is too much if intended for hash."

A new style of hoop skirt is shortly to be introduced, which will enable a lady and gentleman to walk together more conveniently.

A little girl was very fond of preaching to her dolls. Her mother overheard her one day reproving one for being so wicked. "Oh, you naughty, sinfull child," she said, shaking the waxen limbs, "you'll just go to that lake of brimstone and molasses, and you won't burn up—you'll just sizzle!"

A DEN OF SNAKES.—On Friday, the 53d ult., D. T. Wise, of Trout Run, while in search of a flock of sheep, on the mountain, about one mile from the village, was startled by the rattling of a monster snake, and seeing, to his surprise, that he was surrounded by the poisonous reptiles, he commenced the massacre by shooting. He fired four times, which started them toward their den; then seizing a stout cudgel he finished the escaping snakes. Upon gathering together and counting them they amounted to fifty-two killed. He then left on his journey, and marked the spot to visit on his return, or at some future day. Two days afterwards he returned, accompanied by his brother and A. T. Bess. Arriving at the den they discovered a monstrous copperhead snake lying at his content over the entrance of the den. Killing him caused a buzzing