The Columbian.

VOL. 2.....NO. 17. BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 24, 1868. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

BLOOMSBURG DIRECTORY.

STOVES AND TINWARE.

JACOB METZ, dealer in stoves & tinware, Main st., above court house. vl-n47

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

REV. A. HARTMAN, Stoves, Tinware of all kinds, Spouting etc. First store on West end of South Main Street. v2-n17

CLOTHING, &c.

D. LOWENBERG, merchant tailor, Main st., 3d door above American house. vl-n43

J. W. CHAMBERLIN, wholesale and retail dealer in clothing, etc.; Herriman'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.

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

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

BOOTS AND SHOES.

C. M. BROWN, boot and shoemaker, Main street opposite Court 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.

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

D. R. F. Kidney, surgeon dentist, teeth extracted without pain. Main st., nearly opposite Episcopal Church. vl-n46

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

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 & FANCY GOODS.

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

MISS A. D. 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

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

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

MRS. M. B. FURMAN, milliner, Main st., below Hartman's store, west of Market st. vl-43

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

HOTELS AND SALOONS.

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

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

FINN & 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 LEADGER, Main st., west of Iron street. vl-n43

FARMERS 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 AND GROCERS.

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

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

MCKELVY NEAL & Co., dealers in dry goods, groceries, drugs, flour, feed, salt, fish, iron, nails, etc., northeast corner Main and market st. vl-n43

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

C. C. MAIER, 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 Court House. vl-n43

H. H. HUNSBERGER, (agent,) groceries, tobacco, and confectionery, Main st., opposite Episcopal Church. vl-n43

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

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

E. MENDENHALL, 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. OBRTON, Groceries & Provisions, southeast corner Main and Iron Streets. vl-n43

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

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

J. E. EYER, grocories and general merchandise Main st., above West. vl-n43

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

MISCELLANEOUS.

G. W. CORELL, furniture rooms, three story brick on Main st., west of Market st. vl-n43

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

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

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

C. FOSTER, Glue Maker, and White and Spanish Tanner, Scottown. vl-n43

BLOOMSBURG LUMBER CO., manufacturers and dealers in Lumber, of all kinds, planing mill near the rail-road. vl-n43

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

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

R. RINGLER, dealer in pianos, organs and melodeons, at G. W. Corell's furniture rooms vl-n43

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

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

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

JOHN A. 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

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

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

ORANGEVILLE DIRECTORY.

DR. O. A. MEGARGEL, physician and surgeon, Main st., next door to Good's Hotel. vl-n47

BRICK HOTEL and refreshment saloon, by Daniel Everett, cor. of Main and Pine st. vl-n47

SWAN HOTEL, the upper house by John Snyder, Main st., above Pine. vl-n47

D. E. SLOAN, dealer in dry goods, groceries, lumber and general Merchandise Main st. vl-n47

GEORGE LAZARUS, saddle and harness maker Main st., above the Swan Hotel. vl-n47

W. H. SMITH, manufacturer of tin ware and dealer in stoves etc. Main st., above the Swan Hotel. vl-n47

A. & E. W. COLEMAN, Merchant tailor and Gents furnishing goods, Main St., next door to the brick hotel. vl-n47

M. S. HAYHURST, Clocks, Watches and Guns repaired. Guns and Watches for sale, Main St., below Pine. vl-n47

JAMES B. HARMAN, Cabinet Maker, and Undertaker. Main St., below Pine. vl-n47

MICHAEL C. KELLER, Confectionery, Oysters &c., &c., on Pine St., between Main and Mill. vl-n47

H. & C. KELCHNER, Blacksmiths, on Mill Street, near Pine. vl-n47

WILLIAM DELONG, shoemaker and manufacturer of Brick, Mill St., west of Pine vl-n49

ELIAS SNYDER, Flour and Grist Mill, and Dealer in grain, Mill Street. vl-n47

LEWIS H. SCHUYLER, Iron founder, Machinist, and Manufacturer of plows, Mill St. vl-n47

MILES A. WILLIAMS & Co, Tanners and Manufacturers of Leather, Mill Street. vl-n47

JOHN KELLER, Boot and Shoemaker, Pine Street, opposite the Academy vl-n47

A. H. HERRING & BROTHER, Carpenters and Builders, Main Street, below Pine. vl-n47

SAMUEL SHARPLESS, Maker of the Hayhurst Grain Cradle. Main St. v2n5.

J. M. HARMAN, saddle and harness maker Orangeville, opposite Frame church. v2n11

LIGHT STREET DIRECTORY.

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

J. TERWILLIGER, Cabinetmaker, Undertaker and Chairmaker. vl-n48

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

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

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

J. 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

PETER W. OMAN, manufacturer and dealer in boots and shoes. vl-n46.

CATAWISSA DIRECTORY.

SUSQUEHANNA or Brick Hotel, S. Kostenbander proprietor, south-east corner Main and Second Street. v2-n12

J. H. CREASY, dry goods, groceries, and general Merchandise, Main Street. v2-n12

S. D. RINARD, dealer in stoves and tin-ware, Main Street. v2-n12

WM. H. ABBETT, attorney at law, Main street. v2-n12

GILBERT & KLINE, dry goods, groceries, and general merchandise, Main Street. v2-n12

L. KIRLER, billiard saloon, oysters, and ice cream in season Main Street. v2-n12

ESPY DIRECTORY.

ESPY STEAM FLOURING MILLS, C. S. Fowler, Proprietor. v2n11

B. F. REIGHARD & BRO., dealers in dry goods, groceries, and general merchandise. v2n11

J. B. CALDWELL, dealer in dry goods, groceries, queensware, hardware, fish, salt, nails, etc., etc. v2n11

T. W. EDGAR, Susquehanna Planing Mill and Box Manufactory. v2n11

JERSEYTOWN 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

CAPT. SAMUEL RIMBY, Madison Hotel, Travelers and Strangers entertained. v2-n1

HOTELS AND SALOONS.

EXCHANGE HOTEL,

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA CO., 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 reach their cars. KOONS & CLARK.

Bloomsburg, April 3, 1868.

COLUMBIA HOUSE,

BY

BERNARD STORNER.

HAVING lately purchased and fitted up the well-known Robbins 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 sold

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. (my 17 '67-6m.

THE SWAN HOTEL,

[THE UPPER HOUSE.]

ORANGEVILLE, COLUMBIA CO., PA.

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

HE WILL KEEP A GOOD TABLE,

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

Orangeville, Pa., March 15, 1867-1m.

EXCHANGE SALOON,

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

SUMMER REFRESHMENTS,

consisting of

SPICED OYSTERS, SARDINES, TRIPE, BOLOGNAS SHEEP TONGUE, BOILED EGGS, SWEITZER CHEESE,

LAGER BEER, ALE, &C.

☞ COME ONE, COME ALL AND SEE. ☜

LAWSON CALMAN,
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. C. H. DIETTERICH.

Espy, Pa., April 12, 1867.

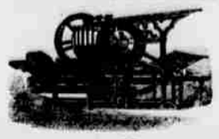
BRICK HOTEL,

ORANGEVILLE, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA.

EDWARD EVERETT, PROPRIETOR.

Having taken possession of this well-known house, so long kept by Samuel Everett, the Proprietor has put it in permanent repair and furnished BAR AND LARDER with the choicest liquors and newest delicacies. His stable is not excelled in the county; and no pains will be spared to accommodate guests (ap 3'68.

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. These principles will never be compromised, yet courtesy and kindess shall not be forgotten in discussing them, whether with individuals, or with contemporaries of the Press The unity, happiness, and prosperity of the country is our aim and object; and as the means to secure that, we shall labor honestly and earnestly for the harmony, success and growth of our organization.

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

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:—One square (ten lines or less) one or three insertions $1,50; each subsequent insertion 50 cents.

SPACE.	1M.	2M.	3M.	6M.	1Y
One square.....	$2,50	$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 Robison's Buildings, near the Court House, by

C. M. VANDERSLICE.

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOB PRINTING

Neatly executed at this Office.

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

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

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

C. W. MILLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office with E. H. Little, in brick building adjoining Post Office. ☞ Bounties, Back-Pay and Pensions collected. (sep 28'67.

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. Jan 18'67.

J. B. ROBISON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
BLOOMSBURG, PENN'A.
Office in Unangst's Building, Main Street, West of the American House. (my 24'67.

LOUIS BERNHARD
Would inform the citizens of Bloomsburg and vicinity that he is now prepared to do all kinds of plating, silver or gold. Dec 16'67.

AUCTIONEER.
MOSES COFFMAN,
Having followed the profession of Public Vendue Crier for many years, would inform his friends that he is still in the field, ready and willing to attend to all the duties of his calling. Persons desiring his services should call at or write to him at Bloomsburg, Pa. (mar 8'67.

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

J. B. PURSEL,
HARNESS, SADDLE, AND TRUNK MANUFACTURER,
and dealer in
CARPET-BAGS, VALISES, FLY-NETS, BUFFALO ROBES, HORSE-BLANKETS, &c.,
which he feels confident he can sell at lower rate than any other person in this county. Examine for yourselves.
Shop first door below the Post Office Main Street, Bloomsburg, Pa.
Nov. 15, 1867.

S. C. COLLINS,
FASHIONABLE
SHAVING, HAIR CUTTING
AND
SHAMPOOING SALOON,
Over Wilmayer & Jacoby's Ice Cream Saloon,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Hair Dyeing and Whiskers colored black or brown. Hair Tonic to destroy dandruff and beautify the hair; will restore hair to its original color without soiling the finest fabric, constantly on hand. (april 27.

DENTISTRY.
H. C. HOWER, DENTIST,
Respectfully offers his professional services to the ladies and gentlemen of Bloomsburg and vicinity. He is prepared to attend to all the various operations in the line of his profession, and is provided with the latest improved PORCELAIN TEETH which will be inserted on gold plating, silver and rubber base to look as well as the natural teeth. Teeth extracted by all the new and most approved methods, and all operations on the teeth carefully and properly attended to.
Residence and office a few doors above the Court House, same side.
Bloomsburg, Jan. 31, '68 tf

POWDER KEGS AND LUMBER.
W. M. MONROE & CO.,
Rupert, Pa.,
Manufacturers of
POWDER KEGS,
and dealers in all kinds of
LUMBER,
give notice that they are prepared to accomodate their custom with dispatch, and on the cheapest terms.

Choice Poetry.

FOR THE COLUMBIAN.

LOGIC!

'Tis said that to argue, with logic, a case,
Is not in a woman's dominion;
But on questions of all kinds, with very good grace,
She can readily give an opinion.

Injustice has doubtless been rendered her here,
As elsewhere when men have decided,
For a moment's reflection must make it appear
That her judgment should not be derided.

We think that she answers with logic and truth,
Being asked "if our future she'll bless?"
When, duly considering the facts and our youth,
Her final decision is "yes!" C.

Miscellaneous.

CORRY O'LANUS' EPISTLE.

A Ratiocination on Rats—Some Remedies for Rats, and How they Operate—Startling Effect of the Fried Sponge Species—How Traps Work—A Chapter of Domestic Affliction.

Were you ever troubled with rats?

Rats are now the affliction of our hearth; they mar the serenity of the household, and ruffle the current of the daily life of Mrs. O'Lanus.

Rats may have their uses, in China for instance, where they serve them up for game and devour them with a relish.

Remembering this, I have been tempted to invite the solitary Chinaman who sells pineapple rock candy on Fulton street, to come up to my house and board free of charge as long as there was a rat in the pantry.

I would be willing to supply him with salt and crackers to complete the banquet.

The case is getting rather desperate; these rats are doing an amount of damage, heartrending to contemplate. They eat any thing that comes handy; if ordinary articles of diet are not within reach they have no objection to soap, towels, boot tops or flatirons.

They have eat up a set of napkins, and ruined all of Mrs. O'Lanus' table cloths.

Perhaps you want to know why I don't try to get rid of them?

That's precisely what I am doing.

I got a dog and cat, both warranted to be rat-catchers. The cat has basely deserted; the dog has stood by me faithfully.

He carried on a vigorous campaign against the rats in the cellar and in the yard, and routed them with loss. The survivors took refuge in the house, effected a lodgment under the floor or in the walls, and from these secure retreats they smile sardonic defiance at their baffled canine foe.

I tried "pizen," the regular rat exterminator. They appeared to like it and it seems to improve their appetites.

Mrs. O'Lanus read in the papers a way to kill rats which was then tried.

It was to fry pieces of sponges in fat and lay them round loose. The rat eats the sponge, takes a drink, sponge absorbs and swells; rat swells, as long as there is any stretch in him, final result—explosion of rat.

It is a sure thing, but it is too dangerous. We tried it.

Mrs. O'Lanus laid out a dish of fried sponge every evening. One old rat took quite a fancy to it. He grew visibly day by day. All the holes had to be enlarged to let him through. He was as elastic as indiarubber, and swelled like an alderman. He was the fattest rat you ever saw. We kept him on sponge diet for three weeks and had begun to think it was a failure, when one evening, after the children had gone to bed and Mrs. O'Lanus was sitting quietly by the stove putting a new seat in Themistocles' pantaloons—and I was reading an interesting work on the moral condition and spiritual benighted ness of the population of Terra del-Fuego—we were startled by a terrific report. The house was shaken, accompanied by a grand crash of crockery and the sound of falling plaster.

In the suddeness of the emergency Mrs. O'Lanus couldn't make up her mind whether to faint away or rush out into the street and call for the police.

As soon as she had sufficiently recovered from the shock we went into the kitchen to prospect and take stock of the damage.

The closet wall had been blown in and a shelf demolished, with fearful destruction of crockery.

That rat had gone off. The sponge had wiped him out, and he would sponge on us no longer.

But when I came to calculate on the cost, I found that sponging out rats would't pay.

Beside the damage, there was danger. Estimating by its effects the explosive power of one rat charged with sponge, six rats going off all at once would blow a small house up.

So I threw up the sponge.

Then I bought a trap; one of those terrible machines that shut up with a spring and take a rat's head off, if he don't get out of the way.

The only thing caught was two of Themistocles' fingers. He wanted to see how it caught the rat. After that he left the trap alone without being told.

That boy has quite a retentive memory.

But the rats—they didn't care a snap for the trap.

They saw through it at once. They stole the bait from the very jaws of destruction.

Then I tied the bait fast, and what did they do but carry off trap and all.

I am worse off than Noah. I haven't been able to light on ary-rat.

Speaking of Noah, I wonder that he took a couple of rats into the Ark. He might, I think, have exercised some discretion in the selection of zoological specimens for his menagerie, and omitted rats.

I don't think that the gratification of Chinaman and black and tan terriers is a sufficient justification for the preservation of rats.

When I saw Mrs. O'Lanus last evening with tears in her eyes, contemplating the wreck of a damask table-cloth, I was moved.

Rallying her feelings, she turned to me with the air of a woman who had made up her mind, and wasn't to be trifled with any longer, and in a firm and resolute voice said:

"Something must be done."

But what is to be done?

I have heard of several remedies for rats, warranted to be effective.

One of which is to pour half a pint of nitro-glycerine down a rat's throat, then apply a match to his tail and blow him up. This is as dangerous as the sponge remedy.

Beside which it involves the necessity of first catching your rat, which is just the difficulty in my case.

I begin to feel desperate.

If you know of any sure way of getting the rats out without burning the house down, I will try it, and regard you as the benefactor of

Yours er-rat-ically,
CORRY O'LANUS.

A BABY SOLILOQUY.—I am here. And, if this is what they call the world I don't think much of it. It is a very flannelly world, and smells of paregoric awfully. It's a dreadful light world, too, and makes me blink, I tell you, And I don't know what to do with my hands; I think I'll dig my fists in my eyes. No I won't. I'll scramble at the corner of my blanket and chew it up; and then I'll holler. Whatever happens I'll holler, and the more paragoric they give me the louder I'll yell. That old nurse puts the spoon in the corner of my mouth in a very uneasy way, and keeps tasting my milk herself all the while. She spilled snuff in it last night, and when I hollered she trotted me. That comes of being a two days old baby. Never mind, when I'm a man I'll pay her back good. There's a pin sticking me now, and if I say a word about it I'll be trotted or fed, and I would rather have catnip tea. I'll tell you who I am. I found out to-day. I heard folks say, "Hush, don't wake up Emmeline's baby;" and I suppose that pretty white-faced woman over on the pillow is Emmeline.

No, I was mistaken, for a chap was in here just now and wanted to see Bob's baby, and looked at me, and said it "was a funny little toad, and looked just like Bob." He smelt of cigars, and I'm not used to them. I wonder who else I belong to. Yes, there's another one—that's "ganma." Emmeline told me, and she took me up and held me against her soft cheek and said, "It was ganma's baby, so it was." I declare I do not know who I do belong to; but I'll holler, and, may be, I'll find out.

There comes Snuffy with catnip tea. The idea of giving babies catnip tea when they are crying for information! I'm going to sleep. I wonder if I don't look pretty red in the face. I wonder why my hands won't go where I want them to.

HOMEOPATHY EXTRAORDINARY.—The homeopathic rule that "like cures like" receives a whimsical offset in the following specimens of opposite practice:

A lad swallowed a small lead bullet. His friends were very much alarmed about it, and his father and his mother determined that no means should be spared to save the darling boy's life, sent post-haste to a surgeon of skill, directing his messenger to tell him the circumstances and urge his coming without delay.

The doctor was found, heard the dismal tale, and with as much unconcern as he would manifest in a common headache wrote the following laconic reply:

Sir: don't alarm yourself. If after three weeks the bullet is not removed, give the boy a charge of powder.

Your, &c.

"P. S.—Don't point the boy at anybody."

This is much akin to the laconic prescription of the celebrated Dr. Abernethy,

An Irishman called in great haste upon the doctor stating that:

"Bejabers, my boy Tim has swallowed a mouse."

"Then be jabers," said Abernethy, "tell your boy Tim to swallow a cat."

A BOSOM PIN.—A young gentleman from the country stepped into a country store and informed the proprietor that his occupation was that of a carpenter, and that he desired to get a bosom pin emblematic of that profession. The obliging jeweler looked over his stock, and, finding nothing else, showed him a very gne Masonic pin. The young man looked at it carefully:

"Yes," said he "there is the compass and square; I use both of them; but why didn't they put a saw in it? It's first-rate as far as it goes. Hullo! there's G there—what does that stand for?"

The jeweler didn't know. The man studied it carefully for a moment, and then a bright idea struck him. His face flushed as if he had made a discovery.

"I have it," he said; "it's all right. G. stands for gimlet. Compass, square, and gimlet! That will do—I will take it.

There was a little touch of sadness in his voice as he pinned the emblem on his coat, and went away muttering:

"Compass, square and gimlet. I do wish there was a saw, though."

A HAPPY RESORT.—Few people were better known in the business and social circles of Boston, in his time, than "Old Ben Russell." He was a good joker, but once upon a time, was fairly caught in his own trap. Being met, one day, by his old friend Busby, he was familiarly saluted with a hearty shake of the hand, and "How do you do, Old Ben Russell?" "Come, now," said Ben, "I'll not take this from you; you are as old as I am, this minute." "Upon my word," said Busby, "you are my senior, by at least ten years." "Not at all, friend Busby; and, if you please, we will determine the matter at once. Just tell me what is the first thing you can remember?" "Well," said Busby, with an assumed deliberation, "the *very first* thing I remember was hearing people say, 'There goes old Ben Russell.'"

Who is the Bright Mason?

BY REV. DR. BAIRD.

WHO is the bright Mason? He who is deeply read in all its ancient lore, yet is reckless of his Masonic practice? His Masonry is but a jewel of gold in a swine's snout. Is he bright who can pronounce all its sacred lessons, and flippantly rehearse all its sublime teachings, and then grieve sober decency with his profanity and dissipation? He is but a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. He is the bright Mason whose life reflects back again the pure light that shines from the altar.

Allow me to close this part of my address by an allusion to that significant word in such common use in the Lodge, "Labor." How, where, and for what do you labor? You must study to know the design of the Great Master. You must take the working tools and go down into the great quarry of your own heart—take the light with you, and there faithfully put to the test each rising motive, thought, and intention. Gird up your loins with true courage, and make good proof of your workmanship. This is the way, time and place, to learn to subdue your passions and improve yourself in Masonry, and mightier is he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.

The trials and triumphs of the last few years should admonish us to watch and be sober. Never before was it the lot of this venerable Institution to weather a storm of such vast desolation. Many and great were the temptations to cut loose from its moorings, and drive upon the sea of universal confusion. Scarce an institution, civil, political, or ecclesiastical, that has survived the storm, and full many a wreck of past greatness is yet drifting upon the sullen and troubled billows. The genius of destruction even now seems to delight in the vast variety of the general catastrophe.

There is a gallant ship, new and strong, the name of its builder still bright upon its keel, freighted with the hopes of many millions, but dismantled by the tempest, and still floundering in a trough of the sea; and yonder are others, who sailed under the sacred ensign—some broken in twain, each half afloat and claiming to be the original—others shattered to fragments and become the sport of the spirit of change. Every American Mason, especially, ought to look up this day and be thankful, as he sees this highly favored old sea-beaten craft, still worthy from rudder to mast, and proudly riding the waves. Let Him who plants his footsteps in the sea and rides upon the storm, be her Helmsman evermore!

In all the fury and rage of evil passion and corruption, not a single voice charged this institution of abberrating from its true sphere. I could entertain you until another sun with living trophies of its worth. In the prison, on the field, and along the desolate and cindered walks of destroyed homes, full many a sufferer found rest, refreshment, shelter, and a friend beneath its old ivy-grown arch. Who does not rejoice to know that there is a bow of sympathy and hope too high to be reached by the evil thunders of human passion, or obscured by the gloom of the sins of men? "We speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen."

In our ardor to accomplish the noble ends of this institution, we must be fairly understood. We are not so dazzled with the splendors of its virtues, that we are blind to its misfortunes. Like all other associations, frailty and infirmity are a part of our earthly inheritance. We have no infinite prescience to guard us perfectly against imposition. We have much to encourage and cause us to rejoice, but we have our causes of grief and shame also. Earth produces no goodly tree that has not its deformed and distorted branches, and we have ours too. Many hold membership in our Fraternity whose lives make no part of an unsullied reputation. These we must endure as the Apostle did the buffetings, and use them as did he his thorn in the flesh. We have not time, on this occasion, to specify these afflictions, but simply acknowledge that they are many and grievous. Among the most hurtful of all, there is the man that leaves not his private and personal prejudices outside. He prevents many a better man from entering, and is to bring in many like himself; and one such is much, too much for any one lodge.

But with its frailties, Masonry is an asylum for the true man. It is the home and hearthstone of fraternity. There are many ties that bind together the hearts of men; and 'tis well, for without this there would be no society. Human selfishness would reign supreme and brevet itself beyond Satanic power, and out-devil the heroes of pandemonium. But it is true that

"Some feelings are to mortals given
With less of earth in them than heaven."

Every human being wants a friend—some bosom listener of his trials and woes—some welcome sharer of his joys.

Old soldiers in a common cause must sit down in the cool evening of old age, and then with friendly, faltering accents, fight their battles over again. Let them alone, for their ties were forged and drawn whilst shoulder to shoulder they faced the fiery storm. Those stewards of the cross of Christ, that toil and suffer on pagan shores, have a brotherhood all their own. Those humble heirs of God, and joint inheritors with His Son, whose tear-bedimmed eye is fixed upon the same guiding star, have their holy and blood-bought ties. And we, too, have our common and sacred bond, unbounded by national interests or political distinctions. Our principles girdle every interest of virtue and hope, and will culminate in the universal dominion of that charity that survives faith, and is greatest of all.—*National Freemason.*

A CINCINNATI bride picked her husband's pocket of $1,000 while he was sleeping off a drunk, as a lesson to him.

WHY is an author the most wonderful man in the world? Because his tale comes out of his head.

Public Plunder.

MR. EDWARD M'PHERSON, Clerk of the House, appears as the author of an octavo volume of 231 pages, which would be faultless in style if it were not so highly figurative. It's a statement of the contingent expenses of the House of Representatives, which Mr. M'Pherson communicates in obedience to a resolution of the House of Representatives passed on the 4th day of March, 1842, which requires "that the Clerk deliver to the postmaster of the House *such kind and quantities of stationary* as from time to time may be necessary for the use of the House, keeping an accurate account of the same, and also of the quantity and value of that used in the Clerk's office; and that, hereafter, in the annual reports now required by law to be made by the Clerk, showing the amount of expenditure from the contingent fund of the House, he be required to state accurately and distinctly the *quantity* and *cost of the stationery* used by the House and the Clerk's office separately." All this is stated in a very brief communication on the first page of Mr. M'Pherson's novel; and the remaining 230 pages are filled with figures which will convey to the tax-payers of the country a startling view of what Radicalism considers "Stationery." It would take a good accountant a week to add up this bill, and whether it amounts to millions, or only hundreds of thousands of dollars, the items show that full one-half, and probably two-thirds, of these charges are downright swindles upon the Treasury and the pockets of the people. Radicalism and robbery are synonymous terms.

The present bill of the House for the mere item of "stationery" is only for a single year. It does not include any of the larger legitimate expenses of the House—the pay of members, printing of public documents, and so on. But the mere cartage of documents, mostly Radical electioneering pamphlets printed at the expense of the people, amounts to $5,562 50 a year, this cartage covering 11,151 loads of trash, the bulk of which goes to wrap bundles in grocers' shops and to baser uses. Thomas H. Beaton and J. B. Clark, "trooly loil" of course, have the carting of these "loads." If the articles of what may properly be called stationery are really furnished to the members of the House, it is probable that nearly every member intends to set up a stationery shop at the close of his term as a Representative. In a single session 4,741,963 envelopes, costing $2,478.75 were furnished. This envelope business includes fancy note paper and envelopes to match, visiting cards, monograms, and paper collars and cuffs, not only for the members, but for their families for present use and for several years to come. It should be remembered that every member is presumed to purchase all the stationery he needs with money which he draws for the express purpose. There are now 194 members and delegates from Territories in the House. In a single year, according to M'Pherson's romance, these members used 726 gold pens, costing $2,537 84; 1,039 inkstands; 2,725 penknives, costing $5,520; and 527 portmonnaies, costing $1,044 39. Among other items of stationery are hair-brushes, nail-brushes, toilet soap, Martinique snuff by the dozen bottles, cork-screws and kid gloves. The kid-glove business is one of the sublimest of all the swindles. For instance, "on account of the death and burial" of a Representative, there are charged twenty-five and one-half dozen kid gloves, costing $772, or about four pair for each member to wear to a single funeral. Other "stationery" appears in round charges for coffee-urns, sauce-pans, broilers, flour-sifters, and fish-kettles. It may be remarked here that N. G. Ordway, Sergeant-at-Arms of the House, has a very fine thing of it. There is scarcely a week when his bill for two or three thousand dollars does not appear, and his "travelling expenses" alone would cover the entire cost of the British Abyssinian expedition. Columns could be filled from this one document to show the bare-faced swindling manifest in this list of the contingent expenses of the House. Prominent among these swindles is the outrageous one of summoning witnesses, before some committee or other, from New Orleans or Alaska, and paying them for their testimony at the rate of $200 or $300 each, under pretence that traveling expenses cover the bill. Every "loil" loafer in the South who went to Washington last year to beg for an office, or to lie about his neighbors, or as a Radical dirty-work agent, was summoned as a witness and was roundly paid out of the people's money. Remember, too, that this gigantic swindle is one of the least of those constantly perpetrated by the party in power. To support the Government, the old cant cry for Radicalism, means being supported by the country, at the