The Columbian.

VOL. 2.....NO. 29. BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JULY 17, 1868. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

BLOOMSBURG DIRECTORY.

STOVES AND TINWARE.

JACOB METZ, dealer in stoves & Ilaware, Main st., above court house. vl-n42

A. M. RUPERT, 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-n47

CLOTHING, &c.

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

J. W. CHEMBERLIN, 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.

LOUIS BERNHARD, watch and clock maker, near southeast corner Main and Ironsts, vl-n43

C. E. SAVAGE, dealer in clocks, watches and jewelry, Main st., just below American House. vl-n43

RCATHCART, 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

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. 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 north 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

J. B. ROBISON, Attorney-at-Law, Office Hartman's building, Main Street. v2-n39

DR. S. P. CHALEANT, Dentist, Main St., below Market. Next door to Dr. Evans v2-27

MILLINERY & 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, millinery and fancy goods opposite Episcopal church, Main st. vl-n43

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

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

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-n44

HOTELS AND SALOONS.

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

WIDMYER & 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.

EXCHANGE HOTEL, by Koons & Clark, 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

KOONS & CLARK, refreshment saloon, Exchange Hotel. vl-n43

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

MERCHANTS AND GROCERS.

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

C. 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

C. HOWER, hats and caps, boots and shoes, Main st., above Court House. vl-n43

C. C. MARR, 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 Corell's Furniture Rooms. v2-n43

H. HUNSBERGER, (agent,) groceries, tobacco, and confectionary, 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, confectioneries, Main st., near the railroad. vl-n43

E. MENDENHALL, general stock of merchandise and lumber, 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

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

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

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

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

S. CRAMER & A. E. HAYHURST, Dealers in Groceries, Confectionaries and Notions, Scottown, sside side, two doors above Driesbach wagonmaker shop. v2-n48

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

E. J. RIDLEMAN, Agent Munson's Copper Tubular Lightning Rod. v2-n47

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

C. FOSTER, Glue Maker, and White and fancy Tanner, Scottown, vl-n47

BLOOMSBURG LUMBER CO., manufacturers and dealers in Lumber, of all kinds, planing mill near the rail-road. vl-n40

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

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

R. H. 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, Sample & Co's Machine Shop, East Bloomsburg. vl-n43

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

SAMUEL JACOBY, Marble and Brown Stone Works, East Bloomsburg, Berwick road. vl-n47

N. W. SAMPLE & CO, Machinists, East Bloomsburg near railroad. Castings made at short notice for which any needs may be required. v2-n23 [apr26.

ORANGEVILLE DIRECTORY.

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

BRICK HOTEL and refreshment saloon, by E. L. Everitt, cor. of Main and Pine st. vl-n47

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

D. K. 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 dealers in 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. 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

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

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

M. HARMAN, saddle and harness maker Orangeville, opposite Frame church. v2n41

CATAWISSA DIRECTORY.

SUSQUEHANNA or Brick Hotel, S. Keefelsander 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. KEILER, billiard saloon, oysters, and ice creams in season Main Street. v2-n12

B. F. DALLMAN, Merchant Tailor, Second St., Robbins' Building. v2-n18.

DR. J. K. ROBBINS, Surgeon and Physician, Second St., below Main. v2-n18.

J. B. KISTLER, "Cattawisa House," North West Corner Main and Second Streets. v2-n18.

M. BROBST, dealer in General Merchandise, Dry Goods, Groceries &c. v2-n18.

LIGHT STREET DIRECTORY.

PETER ENT, dealer in dry goods, groceries, flour, feed, salt, fish, iron, nails, etc., Light Street. vl-n45

J. ERWILLIGER, Cabinetmaker, Undertaker and Chairmaker. vl-n46

JOSEPH WALTER Blacksmith, opposite wagon office. vl-n46

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

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

J. W. SANKEY, dealer in Leather, Hides, Bark, etc, Cash paid for Hides. vl-n49

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

JOHN A. OMAN, manufacturer and dealer in boots and shoes. vl-n46.

J. LEISER, M. D. Surgeon and Physician. Office at Keller's Hotel. v2-n27

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, Drovers and strangers entertained. v2-n1

BUCKHORN DIRECTORY.

M. G. & W. H. SHOEMAKER, dealers in dry goods, groceries and general merchandise, Fresh store in south end of town. v2-n48.

JACOB & WM. HARRIS, dealers in dry goods, groceries, drugs and medicines. First store in north end of town. v2-n48.

HOTELS AND SALOONS.

EXCHANGE HOTEL,

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA CO., 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 their friends and the public in general that their house is now in order for the reception and entertainment of travellers who may be disposed to favor it with their custom. They have spared no expense in preparing the Exchange for the entertainment of their guests neither shall there be anything wanting on their part to minister to their personal comfort. The 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. KOONS & CLARK.

Bloomsburg, April 3, 1865.

FORK'S HOTEL,

GEORGE W. MAUGER, Proprietor.

The above well-known hotel has recently undergone sundry changes in its internal arrangements, and is now prepared to accommodate former patrons and the travelling public that his accommodations for the comfort of his guests are second to none in the country. His table will always be found supplied not only with substantial food, but with all the delicacies of the season. His wines and liquors (except that popular beverage known as "McHenry"), purchased direct from the importing houses, are entirely pure, and free from all poisonous drugs. He is thankful for a liberal patronage in the past, and will continue to deserve it in the future. GEORGE W. MAUGER.

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.

Ice COME ONE, COME ALL AND SEE 'EM

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 Hotess 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.

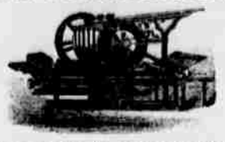
BRICK HOTEL,

ORANGEVILLE, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA.

EDWARD EVERETT, PROPRIETOR.

Having taken possession of this well-known house, so long kept by Samuel Everitt, the Proprietor has put in it permanent repair and furnishing BAR and TABLE with the choicest liquors and newest delicacies. His stable is not excelled in the county; and no pains will be spared to serve complete guests. [apr26.

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	$2,50	$3,00	$4,00	$6,00	$10,00
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Four square	6,00	8,00	10,00	14,00	20,00
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One column	15,00	18,00	25,00	35,00	60,00

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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. VANDERSLICK.

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. [apr26.

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 to the Court House, Bloomsburg, Pa.

C. B. BROCKWAY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
☞ OFFICE—Court House Alley, in the Columbian Office. [Jan 65.

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'1867.

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. [nov67.

DR. W. H. BRADLEY,

(Late Assistant Medical Director U. S. Army.)

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

☞ Office at the house opposite Sheets' Hotel, Bloomsburg, Pa.

Calls promptly attended to both night and day. Bloomsburg, Jan. 25, 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 the country. 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 Widmeyer & Jacoby's Ice Cream Saloon,

BLOOMSBURG, PA.

Hair Dyeing and Wickers 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. [apr12'67.

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 in such a manner as 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, 1867.

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 accommodate their custom with dispatch, and on the cheapest terms.

HOWE'S STANDARD SCALES

Every description of scale warranted to give entire satisfaction. Send for Catalogue and Circular; second hand scales of other makers, taken in part pay for ours, for sale Cheap.

HOWE SCALE CO.

2 Park Place, New York 59 Federal St. Boston.

April 24, 68-3m.

Choice Poetry.

RAIN DROPS.

The silver rain, the golden rain, the rippling, dancing, laughing rain!
Stringing its pearls on the green leaf's edge,
Fringing with gems the brown rock's ledge,
Spinning a veil for the water-fall,
And building an amber-colored wall
Across the West where the sunbeams fall:
The gentle rain, in the shaded lane—the pattering, peering, winning rain!

The noisy rain, the marching rain, the rushing tread of the heavy rain!
Pouring its rivers from out the blue,
Down on the grass where the daisies grew,
Darting in clouds of angry drops
Across the hills and green tree-tops,
And kissing at last in its giant glee,
The foaming lips of the great green sea;
The fierce, wild rain, the riotous rain, the boisterous dashing, shouting rain!

The still night rain, the solemn rain, the soldier-step of the midnight rain!
With its measured beat on the roof o'er head,
With its tidings sweet of the faithful dead,
Whispers from loves who are laid asleep
Under the sod where the myrtles creep,
Calling bouquets from the sun-lit past,
Of flowers too sweet, too fair to last:
The faithful rain, the untiring rain, the cooling, sobbing, weeping rain!

The sulky rain, the spiteful rain, the bothering, pilfering, thieving rain!
Creeping so lazily over the sky,
A leaden mask o'er a bright blue eye,
And shutting in with its damp, strong bands,
The rosy faces in curls a nd bands
Of girls who think with unwonted frown
Of the charming laces and things down town,
That might as well for the tiresome rain,
Be in the rose-land of Alnashain.
The horrid rain, the tedious rain, the never-ending, dingy rain!

"KNICKERBOCKER."

Miscellaneous.

MINNOWS WITH SILVER TAILS.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

THERE was a cuckoo clock hanging in Tom Turner's cottage. When it struck one, Tom's wife laid the baby in the cradle and took the sauce pan off the fire, from which came a very savory smell.

Her two little children, who had been playing in the open door-way, ran to the table and began softly to drum upon it with their pewter spoons, looking eagerly at their mother, as she turned a nice little piece of pork into a dish and set greens and potatoes around it. They brought the salt, then set a chair for their father, brought their own stools, and pulled their mother's rocking chair close to the table.

"Run to the door, Billy," said the mother, "and see if father is coming." Billy ran to the door, and after the fashion of little children, looked first the right way and then the wrong way, but no father was seen.

Presently his mother followed him, and shaded her eyes with her hand, for the sun was hot. "If father doesn't come soon," she observed, "the apple dumplings will be too much done by a deal."

"There he is," cried the little boy, "he is coming round by the wood; and now he is going over the bridge. Oh, father, make haste, and have some apple dumplings."

"Tom," said his wife as he came near, "art thou tired to-day?"

"Uncommon tired," said Tom, and he threw himself on the bench in the shadow of the thatch,

"Has anything gone wrong?" said his wife. "What's the matter?"

"Matter?" said Tom. "Is anything the matter? The matter is this, mother, that I'm a miserable, hard worked slave!" and he clasped his hands upon his knees, and muttered, in a deep voice which frightened the children—"a miserable slave."

"Bless us!" said his wife who could not make out what he meant.

"A miserable, ill-used slave," continued Tom, "and always have been."

"Always have been?" said his wife; "why, father, I thought thou used to say, at the election time, thou was a free-born Briton."

"Women have no business with politics," said Tom, getting up rather sulkily. And whether it was the force of habit, or the smell of the dinner, that made him do so, has not been ascertained; but it is certain that he walked into the house, ate plenty of pork and greens, and then took a tolerable share in demolishing the apple dumplings."

When the children were gone out to play, his wife said to him:

Tom, I hope thou and master have'nt had words to day?"

"Master!" said Tom; "yes, a pretty master he has been; and a pretty slave I have been. Don't talk to me of masters!"

"Oh, Tom, Tom," cried his wife; "but he's been a good master to you; fourteen shillings a week, regular wages—that's not a thing to make a sneer at; and think how warm the children are lapped up o' winter nights, and you with as good shoes to your feet as ever kept one out of the mud."

"What of that?" said Tom; "isn't my labor worth the money? I'm not beholden to my employer. He gets as good from me as he gives."

"Very like, Tom. There's not a man for miles round that can match you for a graft; and as to early peas—but if master can't do without you, I'm sure you can't do without him. Oh, dear, to think you and he should have hard words!"

"We've had 'no words'" said Tom, impatiently; "but I'm sick of being at another's beck and call. It's 'Tom, do this,' and 'Tom, do that,' and nothing but work, work, from Monday morning till Saturday night; and I was thinking as I walked over to Squire Morton's to ask for the turnip seed for master, I was thinking, Sally, that I am nothing but a poor working man after all. In short, I'm a slave, and my spirit won't stand it."

So saying, Tom flung himself out at the cottage door, and his wife thought he was going back to his work as usual. But she was mistaken; he walked to the wood, and there, when he came to the border of a little tinkling stream, he sat down and began to brood over his grievances. It was a very hot day.

"Now, I'll tell you what," said Tom to himself, "it's a great deal pleasanter sitting here in the shade than broiling over celery trenches; and then thinning of wall fruit, with a baking sun at one's back, and a hot wall before one's eyes. But I'm a miserable slave. I must either work or see 'em starve; a very hard lot it is to be a working man."

"But it is not only the work that I complain of, but being obliged to work as he pleases. Is enough to spoil any man's temper to be told to dig up those asparagus beds just when they were getting to be the very pride of the parish. And for what? Why, to make room for Madam's new gravel walk, that she may not wet her feet going over the grass. Now, I ask you," continued Tom, still talking to himself, "whether that isn't enough to spoil any man's temper."

"Ahem!" said a voice close to him.

Tom started, and, to his great surprise, saw a small man, about the size of his own baby, sitting composedly at his elbow. He was dressed in green—green hat, green coat, and green shoes. He had very bright black eyes, and they twinkled very much as he looked at Tom and smiled.

"Servant sir," said Tom, edging himself a little farther off.

"Miserable slave," said the small man, "art thou so far lost to the noble sense of freedom as that thy very salutation acknowledges a mere stranger as thy master?"

"What are you?" said Tom, "and how dare you call me a slave?"

"Tom," said the small man with a knowing look, "don't speak roughly. Keep your rough words for your wife, my man; she is bound to bear them—what else is she for, in fact!"

"I'll thank you to let my affairs alone," interrupted Tom, shortly.

"Tom, I'm your friend; I think I can help you out of your difficulty. I admire your spirit. Would I demean myself to work for a master, and attend to all his whims?"

As he said this the small man stooped and looked very earnestly into the stream. Drip, drip, drip, went the water over a little fall in the stones, and wet the cresses till they shone in the night, while the leaves fluttered overhead and chequered the moss with glittering spots of its sunshine. Tom watched the small man with earnest attention as he turned over the leaves of the cresses. At last he saw him snatch something which looked like a little fish out of the water and put it in his pocket.

"It's my belief, Tom," he said, resuming the conversation, "that you have been puzzling your head with what people call Political Economy."

"Never heard of such a thing," said Tom. "But I've been thinking that I don't see why I'm to work any more than those that employ me."

"Why, you see, Tom, you must have money. Now it seems to me that there are but four ways of getting money. There's stealing money—"

"Which don't suit me," interrupted Tom.

"Very good. Then there's borrowing—"

"Which I don't want to do."

"And There's begging—"

"No, thank you," said Tom stoutly.

"And there's giving money's worth for the money, that is to say, work, labor."

"Your words are as fine as a sermon," said Tom.

"But look here, Tom," proceeded the man in green drawing his hand out of his pocket, and showing a little dripping fish in his palm, "what do you call this?"

"I call it a very small minnow," said Tom.

"And do you see anything particular about its tail?"

"It looks uncommon bright," said Tom, stooping to look at it.

"It does," said the man in green, "and now I'll tell you a secret, for I'm resolved to be your friend. Every minnow in this stream, they are very scarce, mind you—but every one of them has a silver tail."

"You don't say so," exclaimed Tom, opening his eyes very wide; "fishing for minnows and being one's own master would be a great deal pleasanter than the sort of life I've been leading this many a day."

"Well, the secret as to where you get them, is yours and much good may it do you," said the man in green. "Farewell, I wish you joy of your freedom." So saying, he walked away, leaving Tom on the brink of the stream, full of joy and pride. He went to his master, and told him that he had an opportunity for bettering himself, and rose with the dawn and went to work to search for minnows. But of all the minnows in the world never were any so nimble as those with silver tails. They were very shy, too, and had as many turns and doubles as a hare; what a life they led him! They made him troll up the stream for miles; then, just as he thought his chase was at an end, and he was sure of them they would leap quite out of the water and dart down the stream again like little silver arrows. Miles and miles he went, tired and wet and hungry. He came home late in the evening completely wearied and foot-sore, with only three minnows in his pocket, each with a silver tail.

"But at any rate," he said to himself, as he lay down in his bed, "though they led me a pretty life, and I have to work harder than ever, yet I certainly am free; no man can order me about now."

This went on for a whole week; he worked very hard, but on Sunday afternoon he had caught fourteen minnows.

"If it wasn't for the pride of the thing," he said to himself, "I'd have no more to do with fishing for minnows. This is the hardest work I ever did. I am quite a slave to them. I rush up and down, I dodge in and out, I splash myself in the sun, and all for the sake of a dumb thing that gets the better of me with a wag of its fins. But it's no use standing here talking; I must set off to the town and sell them, or Sally will wonder why I don't bring her the week's money." So he walked to the town, and offered his fish for sale as great curiosities.

"Very pretty," said the first people he showed them to; "but they never bought anything that was not useful."

"Were they good to eat?" asked the woman at the next house.

"No!"

Then they would not have them.

"Much too dear," said a third.

"And not so very curious," said a fourth; "but they hoped he had come by them honestly."

At the fifth house they said:

"No, no; they were not quite so silly as to believe there were fish in the world with silver tails; if there had been they should often have heard of them before."

At the sixth house they were such a very long time in turning over his fish, in pinching their tails, bargaining and dressing them, that he ventured to remonstrate and requested that they would make some haste. Thereupon they said if he did not choose to wait their pleasure they would not purchase at all. So they shut the door upon him, and this roused his temper, he spoke rather roughly at the next two houses, and was dismissed at once as a very rude, uncivil person.

But after all his fish were really great curiosities; and when he had exhibitted them all over the town, set them out in all lights, praised their perfections, and taken immense pains to conceal his patience and temper, he at length contrived to sell them, and receive exactly fourteen shillings for them and no more.

"Now, I tell you what, Tom Turner," he said to himself, in my opinion you've been making a fool of yourself, and I only hope Sally will not find it out. You was tired of being a working man, that man in green has cheated you into doing the hardest week's work you ever done, by making you believe it was more freelike and easier. Well, you said you didn't mind it, because you had no master; but I've found out this afternoon, Tom, and I don't mind your knowing it, that every one of those customers of yours was your master just the same. Why! you were at the beck of every man, woman and child that came near you—obliged to be in a good temper, too, which was aggravating."

"Look, Tom," said the man in green, starting up in his path, "I know you were all working men, and you must all please your customers. Your master was your customer; what he bought of you was your work. Well, you must let the work be such as will please the customer."

"All workingmen? how do you make that out? said Tom, thinking of the fourteen shillings in his hand. "Is my master a working man? and has he got a master of his own? Nonsense?"

"No nonsense at all—he works with his head; he keeps his books and manages his great works. He has many masters, else why was he nearly ruined last year?"

"He was nearly ruined because he made some new fangled kind of patterns at his works, and people would not buy them," said Tom.

"Well, in a way of speaking then, he works to please his masters, poor fellow! He is, as one may say, a fellow-servant, and plagued with very awkward masters. So I should not mind his being my master, and I think I'll go and tell him so."

"I would, Tom," said the man in green. "Tell him you have not been able to better yourself, and you have no objection now to dig up the asparagus bed."

So Tom trudged home to his wife, gave her the money he had earned, got his old master to take him back, and kept a profound secret his adventure with the man in green, and the fish with silver tails.

EXTRAORDINARY MATCH OF PISTOL AGAINST SHOT GUN.—On the 25th of May, Captain Travis, the celebrated "pistol shot," shot at birds on the rise from the trap, with a pistol, against a shot gun. The day was windy and not favorable to good shooting. The captain's opponent was Henry Crosthwaite, who used a shot-gun, muzzle loading, cartridges each one ounce and a quarter. He was allowed 35 yards rise, and 10 yards boundary. Mr. Crosthwaite opened the match, killing the first 4 birds in succession, missing the 5th, the 6th falling 15 yards from the trap, the 7th killed, the 8th a miss, and the 9th and 10th killed, making in all 7 killed out of 10 birds. When Capt. Travis took his position the betting was 100 to 20 on the shot-gun. The 1st bird he missed, 2d, 3d and 4th killed, the 5th a miss, the 6th killed, the 7th a miss. The case was desperate. The captain could not win, but by killing the remaining 5 birds, he could make the match a draw. The word is given, the pigeon rises from the trap, wings made swifter and stronger by the hope of freedom. Whiz! bang! a little cloud of smoke, a thud on the ground of a falling body, and the eighth bird is added to the score of the killed. The ninth rises, the sharp report of the pistol is again heard, and another bird drops like a stone to the ground. No time for faltering now. Pull the string. The captive is free. It is leaving its prison-house behind. Frightened, desperate, it springs into the air with the swiftness of an arrow speeding from the bow tightly sprung by athletic hands. The eye flashes along the short barrel. Hark! the report—and the winged flight of fear is suddenly arrested. The aim true, and the ball has performed its mission well! The bird falls within the boundary dying—dead; and the wind keeps on its course, but now freighted with hundreds of cheers, for Capt Travis has killed his seven birds, tied his opponent, and the judges pronounce the match a draw.—*N. Y. Sunday News.*

WHO WINS?—Two Dutchmen once got in a dispute about the English language, each contending that he could use it the best. They made a bet, at length, of a barrel of Lager and forty pounds of Sweitzer cheese, and appointed a judge to decide between them, and accordingly they began:

"Vell, Chon," said the first, "did it rain to-morrow?"

"I shall think it vash," said John.

Wasn't that Judge in a quandary?

Letter from John Quill.

GENERAL BUTLER'S INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE.

WASHINGTON, June 5th.—It will be perceived from the following report of the proceedings of the investigating committee to-day, that General Butler is pushing his inquiry vigorously, and with a prospect of success. It is evident from the following examination, that some startling disclosures will be made concerning the means used to secure the votes of the renegade Senators for the President's acquittal.

Mr. Joseph Pidgeon was placed upon the stand to-day and examined by Mr. Butler.

Mr. Pidgeon having been sworn, Mr. Butler produced a telegraphic dispatch, and said:

"Joseph do you recognize that?"

"Yes sir."

"It is in your handwriting, is it not?"

"It is."

"Oblige me by reading it to the committee."

"I'd rather not," said Joseph blushing.

"Sirrah! you must. You admit of having sent it?"

"Yes sir; but I don't like to read it. It don't concern anybody."

"We'll see about that. Are you going to read it or ain't you?"

Pshaw! that's got nothing to with impeachment, I tell you."

"Caitiff! remember where you are. Don't answer back. I will read to the Committee and expose your villainy."

"Oh look here now, don't go to reading that thing out loud here, you know I——"

"Silence ser-lave! Gentlemen this dispatch reads as follows: 'Be Wary Smith Pres't Johnson's all right.'"

"O Pshaw!" said Mr. Pidgeon, "that ain't there. You don't know how to read writing. You ought to spell all the hard words. That says: 'Miss Mary Smith—Staid at Johnson's all night.' Johnson keeps a grocery and lives on C street. He's a friend of mine."

"S'death! Pidgeon, remember you're on oath. If you don't tell the truth I'll have you manacled and placed in the dungeon beneath the capitol meat!"

"But I tell you, you don't read it right. 'Be Wary Smith?' Ha, ha! Why that's ridiculous; yes it is."

"Young man, I am not to be trifled with. On your oath now, who is Smith?"

"Never you mind now who Smith is."

"See here, Pidgeon, I'm dangerous when I get mad. If you don't answer my questions, I'll confine you in Vinnie Beam's room, and get her to make a statue of you; I will, upon my sacred word of honor," said Butler with a fiendish scowl.

Joe Pidgeon shuddered, and the cold sweat stood upon his br