The Columbian
-AND-
Bloomsburg Democrat.

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CHARLES B. BROCKWAY,
Editor and Proprietor.

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BLOOMSBURG DIRECTORY.

STOVES AND TINWARE.

JACOB METZ, dealer in stoves & tinware, Main st., above court house. v1-n43

A. M. RUPERT, stoves and tinware, Rupert block, Main st., west of Market. v1-n43

CLOTHING, &C.

D. LOWENBERG, merchant tailor, Main st., 2d door above American house. v1-n43

J. W. CHEMBERLIN, wholesale and retail dealer in clothing, etc.; Hartman's building, Main street. v1-n43

DRUGS, CHEMICALS, &C.

L. N. MOYER, druggist and apothecary, Exchange block Main st. v1-n43

E. P. LUTZ, druggist and apothecary, Rupert block, Main st., west of Market. v1-n43

CLOCKS, WATCHES, &C.

LOUIS BERNHARD, watch and clock maker, near southeast corner Main and Iron sts. v1-n43

C. F. SAVAGE, dealer in clocks, watches and jewelry, Main st., just below American House. v1-n43

R. CATHCART, watch and clock maker, Market st., below Main. v1-n43

BOOTS AND SHOES.

C. M. BROWN, boot and shoemaker, Main street opposite Court House. v1-n43

A. SOLLEDER, manufacturer and dealer in boots and shoes, Main st., opposite Episcopal church. v1-n43

HENRY KLEIM manufacturer and dealer in boots and shoes, groceries etc., East Bloomsburg Main st. v1-n43

DAVID BETZ, boot and shoemaker, Main st., below Hartman's store, west of Market street. v1-n43

PROFESSIONAL.

J. R. EVANS, M. D. surgeon and physician south side Main st., below Market. v1-n43

D. R. B. F. Kinney surgeon dentist, teeth extracted without pain. Main st., nearly opposite Episcopal Church. v1-n18

J. B. M'KELVY, M. D. surgeon and physician north side Main st., below Market. v1-n43

J. C. RUTTER, M. D. surgeon and Physician, Market st., above Main. v1-n43

DR. H. C. HOWER, surgeon dentist, Main st., above court house. v1-n43

J. B. ROBISON, Attorney-at-Law, Office Hartman's building, Main Street. v2-n20

MILLINERY & FANCY GOODS.

MISS LIZZIE BARKLEY, milliner, Ramsey building, Main st. v1-n43

MISS A. D. WEBB, fancy goods, notions, books, stationery, north side Main street below Market. v1-n43

E. PETERMAN, millinery and fancy goods opposite Episcopal church, Main st. v1-n43

MRS. JULIA A. & SADE BARKLEY, ladies cloaks and dress patterns, southeast corner Main and west st. v1-n43

MISS M. DERRICKSON, millinery and fancy goods Main st., opposite Court House. v1-n41

MRS. M. D. FURMAN, milliner, Main st., below Hartman's store, west of Market st. v1-n43

THE MISSES HARMAN millinery and fancy goods, Main street just below American house. v1-n41

HOTELS AND SALOONS.

J. LEACOCK, oyster and eating saloon, American House, Main st., Baltzer Leacock superintendent. v1-n45

WIDMYER & JACOBY, confectionry, bakery, and oyster saloon, wholesale and retail, Exchange block, Main st. v1-n43

FOX & WEBB, confectionery, bakery, and oyster saloon, wholesale and retail, Main st., just below Iron. v1-n43

EXCHANGE HOTEL, by Koons & Clark, Main st., opposite court house. v1-n43

AMERICAN HOUSE, by JOHN LEACOCK, Main st., west of Iron street. v1-n43

FORKS HOTEL, by G. W. MAUGER, east end of Main st. v1-n43

B. STOHNER, refreshment saloon, Main st., just above court house. v1-n43

KOONS & CLARK, refreshment saloon, Exchange hotel. v1-n43

MERCHANTS AND GROCERS.

E. JACOBS, Confectionery, groceries etc Main st., above Court House. v1-n46

S. H. MILLER, dealer in dry goods, groceries, queensware, flour, salt, shoes, notions, etc. Exchange block, Main street. v1-n43

M'KELVY NEAL & Co., dealers in dry goods, groceries, flour, feed, salt, fish, iron, nails, etc. northeast corner Main and Market st. v1-n43

H. C. HOWER, hats and caps, boots and shoes, Main st., above Court House. v1-n43

C. C. MARR, dry goods and notions, southwest corner Main and Iron sts. v1-n43

J. J. BROWER, dry goods, groceries, etc., northwest corner Main and Iron sts. v1-n43

D. A. BECKLEY, Keystone shoe store, books and stationery, southwest corner Market and Main sts. v1-n43

WILLIAM ERASMUS, confectioneries, Main st., near the railroad. v1-n43

E. MENDENHALL, general stock of merchandise and lumber, corner of Main street and Berwick road. v1-n43

J. J. ROBBINS, dealer in dry goods groceries etc. Shive's block, Main st., below Iron. v1-n43

J. R. GIRTON, Groceries & Provisions, southeast corner Main and Iron Streets. v1-n44

C. W. SNYDER, hardware, cutlery, guns, etc., Main st., below Iron. v1-n43

A. J. SLOAN, dealer in choice dry goods, Housekeeping goods, fresh groceries, etc., etc. Main st., opposite court house. v-1n43

J. K. EYER, groceries and general merchandise Main st., above West. v1-n43

L. T. SHARPLESS, dry goods, groceries, boots, shoes, etc., Rupert block, Main st., west of Market. v1-n43

S. CRAMER & A. E. HAYHURST, Dealers in Groceries, Confectioneries and Notions, Scottown, south side, two doors above Probst's wagonmaker shop. v-n18.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JOHN M GUGEL, Sign, Ornamental and Decorative painter Scottown, cor 4th & R R st. v1-42

G. W. CORELL, furniture rooms, three story brick on Main st., west of Market st. v1-n43

E. J. THORNTON, wall paper, window shades, and fixtures, Rupert block, Main st. v1-n43

H. ROSENSTOCK, photographer, Exchange block, Main st., opposite court house. v1-n43

J. F. BROADT, photographer, Hartman's building northeast corner Main and Market st. v1-n43

E. J. BIDLEMAN, Agent Munson's Copper Tubular Lightning Rod. v2-n19

J. R. PURSELL, saddle, trunk and harness maker, Main st., below court, house. v1-n43

C. FOSTER, Glue Maker, and White and fancy Tanner, Scottown. v1-n47

BLOOMSBURG LUMBER CO., manufacturers and dealers in Lumber, of all kinds, planing mill near the rail-road. v1-n49

W. J. BIDLEMAN, saddle and harness maker, near southwest corner Main and Market st. v1-n43

A. WITMAN, marble works, near southwest corner Main and Market sts. v1-n43

R. D. RINGLER, dealer in pianos, organs and melodeons, at G. W. Corell's furniture rooms v1-n43

T. H. MASTERS, agent for Grover & Baker's sewing machine, Main st., Hartman's building, up stairs. v1-n43

D. W. ROBBINS, liquor dealer second door from northwest corner Main and Iron sts. v1-n43

W. PEACOCK, Notary Public, northeast corner Main and Market st. v1-n43

JOHN A. FUNSTON, mutual and cash rates fire insurance company, northeast corner Main and West st. v1-n43

SAMUEL JACOBY, Marble and Brown Stone Works, East Bloomsburg, Berwick road. v1-n47

N. W. SAMPLE & CO. Machinists, East Bloomsburg near railroad. Castings made at short notice—machinery made and repaired. v2-n24

GEORGE HASSERT, manufacturer and repairer of threshing machines, Sample & Co's Machine Shop, East Bloomsburg. v1n41

I. S. KUHN, dealer in meat, tallow, etc. Chemberlin's alley, back of American House. v1-n43

ORANGEVILLE DIRECTORY.

DR. O. A. MEGARGEL, physician and surgeon, Main st., next door to Good's Hotel. v1-n47

BRICK HOTEL and refreshment saloon, by Wm. Masteller cor. of Main and Pine st. v1n47

SWAN HOTEL, the upper house by John Snyder, Main st., above Pine. v1-n47

HARMAN BROTHERS, Tanners and manufacturers of leather, on Main st., below Good's Hotel. v2-n

DAVID HERRING, Flour and Grist Mill, and Dealer in grain, Mill Street. v1-n47

BOWER & HERRING, dealer in dry goods, groceries, lumber and general Merchandise Main st. v1n47

GEORGE LAZARUS, saddle and harness maker Main st., above the Swan Hotel. v1-n47

W. H. SMITH, manufacturer of tin ware and dealer in stoves etc, Main st., above the Swan Hotel. v1-n47

A. & E. W. COLEMAN, Merchant tailor and Gent's furnishing goods, Main St., next door to the brick hotel. v1-n47

M. S. HAYHURST, Clocks, Watches and Guns repaired. Guns and Watches for sale, Main St., below Pine. v1-n47

JAMES B. HARMAN, Cabinet Maker, and Undertaker, Main St., below Pine. v1-n47

MICHAEL C. KELLER, Confectionery, Oysters &c., &c., on Pine St., between Main and Mill. v1-n47

H. H. & C. KELCHNER, Blacksmiths, on Mill Street, near Pine. v1-n47

WILLIAM DELONG, Shoemaker and manufacturer of Brick, Mill St., west of Pine v1n49

LEWIS H. SCHUYLER, Iron founder, Machinist, and Manufacturer of plows, Mill St. v1-n17

MILES A. WILLIAMS & Co., Tanners and Manufacturers of leather, Mill Street. v1-n17

JOHN KELLER, Boot and Shoemaker, Pine Street, opposite the Academy v1-n17

A. B. HERRING & BROTHER, Carpenters and Builders, Main Street, below Pine. v1-n47

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

J. M. HARMAN, saddle and harness maker Orangeville, opposite Frame church. v12n11

CATAWISSA DIRECTORY.

SUSQUEHANNA or Brick Hotel, S. Kostenbauder 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 cream 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, "Cattawissa House," North West Corner Main and Second Streets. v2-n18.

M. 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. v1-n45

J. TERWILLIGER, Cabinetmaker, Undertaker and Chairmaker. v1-n45

JOSEPH WALTER Blacksmith, opposite post office. v1-n46.

H. F. OMAN & Co., Wheelwrights, first door above school house. v1-n46

MRS. E. KLINE, millinery and fancy goods. v1-n46

J. W. SANKEY, dealer in Leather, Hides, Bark, etc. Cash paid for Hides. v1-n46

WM. M. ENT, dealer in stoves and tin ware in all its branches. v1-n46

JOHN A. OMAN, manufacturer and dealer in boots and shoes. v1-n64.

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

ESPY DIRECTORY.

J. D. WERKHEISER, Boot and Shoe Store and manfactory. Shop on Main street, opposite steam Mill. v2-n46

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

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

J. D. 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. v1-n16

JACOB A. SWISHER, dealer in Hides, Leather Bark etc. Madison township Columbia county Pa. v1-n46

CAPT. SAMUEL RIMBY, Madison Hotel, Drovers and Strangers entertained. v2-n4

BUCKHORN DIRECTORY.

M. G. & W. H. SHOEMAKER, dealers in dry goods, groceries and general merchandise. First store in south end of town. v2-n18.

JACOB & WM. HARRIS, dealers in dry goods, groceries, drugs and medicines. First store in north end of town. v-n18.

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 inform 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. Their house is spacious, and enjoys an excellent business location.

Omnibusses run at all times between the Exchange Hotel and the various railroad depots, by which travellers will be pleasantly conveyed to and from the respective stations in due time to meet the cars. KOONS & CLARK.
Bloomsburg, April 3, 1868.

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 "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.
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.

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOB PRINTING
Neatly executed at this Office.

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

C. W. MILLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office with E. H. Little, in brick building adjoining Post Office. Bounties, Back-Pay and Pensions collected. [sep20'67.

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. [Jan4'67.

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 or write to him at Bloomsburg, Pa. [mar8'67.

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 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 Widmayer & Jacoby's Ice Cream Saloon,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Hair Dyeing and Whiskers colored black or brown. Hair Tonic to destroy dandruff and beautifying the hair; will restore hair to its original color without soiling the finest fabric, constantly on hand. [apr12'67.

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

UNION HOTEL,
ROHRSBURG, PA.
The undersigned would respectfully inform the traveling public that he has purchased and refitted in the best manner the old stand formerly occupied by W. A. Kline, and that he is now prepared to accommodate his friends with all the comforts and conveniences of a first-class house. A fine new barn has been built and the surroundings placed in perfect order. The bar will always be stocked with the choicest liquors and cigars, and the table furnished with the best the market affords. JAMES V. GILLASPIE.
July 3, '68-1f

BRICK HOTEL,
ORANGEVILLE, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA.
WM. MASTELLER, 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 [apr3 '68

DOBBINS'
ELECTRIC BOOT POLISH
MAKES A LASTING SHINE.
Those who black their Boots on Saturday night with ordinary blacking, don't have much shine on Sunday, as the polish fades off; but the shine of
DOBBINS' BLACKING
Lasts Saturday Night and all day Sunday.
It beats any other Blacking made.
Manufactured only by J. B. Dobbins, at his immense Soap and Blacking Works, Sixth Street and Germantown Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.
For Sale by S. H. Miller & Son, Bloomsburg, Pa.
Nov. 27, '68-2m.

MISS LIZZIE BARKLEY
has just returned from Philadelphia, and has bought, and is now offering the best assortment of
FANCY GOODS,
TRIMMINGS,
BONNETS &c. &c.,
ever exhibited in Bloomsburg, and is prepared to make up dresses and all other articles of female wardrobe, at short notice, and in the best and
LATEST SPRING STYLES.
Rooms in the Ramsey Buildings, on West Mainstreet. Call and see her varied stock of Spring Goods.
May 1, '68.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY!
CAMPILLION CARPET!
A new, cheap, durable, healthy, and Beautiful
FLOOR COVERING!
A substitute for oil-cloth at one-third the cost.
This carpet is produced by a peculiar combination of strong, heavy paper, printed in ornamental colors, and coated with a tough, elastic, water proof enamel which receives the water, protects the colors and paper ensures washing, and renders the carpet bright and beautiful in the extreme. Its advantages are as follows:—
Its cost renders it available to all classes; it is exceedingly smooth and glossy, and it accumulates next to no dust; it does not require to be taken up and cleaned like other carpet, and thus saves much labor and trouble; by re-coating with the Campillion Enamel occasionally as the case may require, (which costs but a trifle,) it will last indefinitely, even an age, and always appear new and bright; in its use no reliance whatever is placed upon the paper for wear, but exclusively upon the water-proof coating, the figured paper being used only to secure the colors. Paper has recently been used for a variety of purposes, even for trunks, roofs, flour bags and wearing apparel, but the first attempt, either in Europe or America, to convert it into carpet or floor covering, all concede it to be an entire success!
We have purchased the right for columbia county and can furnish the carpet to merchants at manufacturers prices.
You are invited to call and examine the goods at our store. M'KELVY, NEAL & CO.
Bloomsburg, Dec. 11'68-1f.

GET THE BEST.
Munson's Copper Tubular Lightning Rod is the best protection against disaster by lightning ever invented. The subscriber is agent for the above invention, and all orders by mail or in person will be promptly attended to.
May 15, '68 E. B. BIDLEMAN.

Choice Poetry.

A REMARKABLE POEM.

[THE following striking poem was recited by Miss Lizzie Doten, a Spiritual trance speaker at the close of a recent lecture in Boston. She professed to give it impromptu, so far as she was concerned, and to speak under the direct influence of the spirit of Edgar A. Poe. Whatever may be the truth of its production, the poem is in several respects a remarkable one. Miss Doten is apparently incapable of originating such a poem. If it was written for her by some one else, and merely committed to memory and recited by her, the poem is nevertheless wonderful as a reproduction of the singular music and alliteration of Poe's style, and as manifesting the same intensity of feeling. Whoever wrote the poem must have been exceedingly familiar with Poe, and deeply in sympathy with his spirit. But if Miss Doten is honest, and the poem originated as she says it did, it is unquestionably the most astonishing thing that Spiritualism has produced. It does not follow, necessarily, in that case that Poe himself made the poem, although we are asked to believe a great many spiritual things on less cogent evidence—but it is in any view of it that may be taken, a very singular and mysterious production. There is in the second verse an allusion to a previous poem that purported to come from the spirit of Poe, which was published several years since and attracted much attention, but the following poem is of a higher order and much more like Poe than the other.—*Springfield Republican.*

From the throne of life eternal,
From the home of love supernal,
Where the angel feet make music over all the starry floor—
Mortals, I have come to meet you,
Come with words of peace to greet you,
And to tell you of the glory that is mine forevermore.

Once before I found a mortal
Waiting at the heavenly portal—
Waiting but to catch some echo from that ever-opening door;
Then I seized his quickened being,
And through all his inward seeing,
Caused my burning inspiration in a fiery flood to pour!

Now I come more meekly human,
And the weak lips of a woman
Touch with fire from off the altar, not with burnings as of yore;
But in holy love descending,
With her chastened being blending,
I would fill your souls with music from the bright celestial shore.

As one heart yearns for another,
As a child turns to its mother,
From the golden gates of glory turn I to the earth once more,
Where I drained the cup of sadness,
Where my soul was stung to madness,
And life's bitter, burning billows swept my burdened being o'er.

Here the harpies and the ravens
Human vampyres—sordid cravens,
Preyed upon my soul and substance till I writhed in anguish sore;
Life and I then seemed mismated
For I felt accursed and fated,
Like a restless, wrathful spirit, wandering on the Stygian shore.

Tortured by a nameless yearning,
Like a frost-fire, freezing, burning,
Did the purple, pulsing life-tide through its fevered channels pour,
Till the golden bowl—Life's token—
Into shining shards was broken,
And my chained and chafing spirit leapt from out its prison door.

But while living, striving, dying,
Never did my soul cease crying;
"Ye who guide the fates and furies, give! oh, give me, I implore,
From the myriad hosts of nations—
From the countless constellations,
One poor spirit that can love me—one that I, too, can adore!"

Through this fervent aspiration
Found my fainting soul salvation,
For, from out its blackened fire-crypts, did my quickened spirit soar;
And my beautiful ideal—
Not to saintly to be real—
Burst more brightly on my vision than the fancy-formed Lenore.

'Mid the surging seas she found me,
With the billows breaking round me,
And my saddened, sinking spirit in her arms of love uptore;
Like a lone one, weak and weary,
Wandering in the midnight dreary,
On her sinless, saintly bosom brought me to the heavenly shore.

Like the breath of blossoms blending,
Like the prayers of saints ascending,
Like the rainbow's seven-hued glory, blend our souls forevermore.
Earthly love and lust enslaved me,
But divinest love hath saved me
And I know now, first and only, how to love and to adore.

Oh, my mortal friends and brothers!
We are each and all another's,
And the soul that gives most freely from its treasure, hath the more.
Would you lose your life, you find it;
And in giving love you bind it,
Like an amulet of safety, to your heart forevermore.

Miscellaneous.

Fate of the Apostles.

Matthew is supposed to have suffered martyrdom, or was slain in the city of Ethiopia.

Mark was dragged through the streets of Alexandria till he expired.

Luke was hanged to an olive tree in Greece.

John was put in a boiling cauldron at Rome, but escaped death. Fled to the Isle of Patmos, in the Grecian Archipelago, where he "was in a vision on the Lord's day"—data of the book of "Revelations." He died a natural death at Ephesus, Asia.

James, the great, was beheaded at Jerusalem.

James, the less, was thrown from a pinnacle and beaten to death.

Philip was beheaded.

Bartholomew was skinned alive.

Andrew was crucified and pounded while dying. The cross was shaped like the letter X—hence "St. Andrew's cross."

Thomas was run through with a lance

Jude was shot with arrows.

Simon Peter was crucified with head downwards, because he did not feel worthy to be crucified like his Master. The Greek cross comes from this.

Matthias was stoned to death.

Barnabas was stoned.

Paul was beheaded by the tyrant Nero, at Rome.

IF you have a yoke of oxen don't be ashamed of them and give your note for a span of horses.

Don't buy patent rights to sell again.

Teach your boys to look upward and forward, never down or backward.

Don't leave to memory what should be written; it makes lawsuits.

When the labors of the day are past, get good books and invite the youngsters to the sitting room.

THE BEAN.

H. ZSCHOKKE.

Continued.

How I fared in Vienna, I have already told you. The lady Von Tarnau had vanished. The hotel had passed into new hands; and so there was no one to give me any information. My acquaintances knew as little of her and her whereabouts as I. They wrote at my request to Augsburg, whence she or her aunt had brought letters of credit and introduction. But the Augsburg correspondent had in the mean time died, and his heirs could give intelligence of no lady Von Tarnau.

Enough; I was in despair. I was most heartily vexed with myself. For was it not my own fault, that, during my first stay in Vienna, I had been so unpardonably negligent as not to inform myself of her family and residence? Indeed, then I never once thought that I was going to fall in love with her a year and a quarter afterwards.

In the midst of my trouble, what enlivened me the most, although it increased my passion, was—her room. That room I now occupied. I found the same furniture still there, the very chair on which she sat, and the table at which she wrote. The whole past lived so vividly before my eyes and around me, that I absolutely sprung up from my seat all in a flutter, upon the slightest noise at the door, thinking that it was she herself and her aunt coming in.

In the room itself nothing remained unsearched, for I still hoped to discover some trace of her. Twenty times did I examine the walls from the floor to the ceiling to find, among the signatures of travellers there, her name, or something that would lead to the discovery of her home. All in vain!

Odd—but trifling enough, the very first day I went into the room, I found in the drawer of the writing-table—let no one laugh—a beautiful, shining, brown *Bean*. You know what a sacred symbol this vegetable had become to me, and now I had found it in Josephine's room! I took up the bean with the greatest care. And as I now gave up the fond hope of ever finding the loveliest being upon earth, I took the bean to a jeweller, and had it set in gold, in order to wear it continually by a silken guard round my neck, as a memento of the loveliest of her sex and of my sad romance.

I then left Vienna. I was unhappy and comfortless. I swore never to marry. Ah, one swears many things in his haste!

* * * * * * * * *

I returned to my native city like a widower. All young ladies appeared to me intolerable, stale, common; I buried myself in business; I diverted my mind by engaging in large speculations; saw no company, made no visits. Josephine's image hovered continually around me like a guardian angel, and the bean upon my breast was as precious a possession as if it had been bestowed by her own hand. Let no one grudge the unhappy his dreams! I even at last imagined that the beautiful Tarnau had herself placed the bean in the drawer of the writing-table. A happy fancy is in the end as good as any philosophy by which one would fain console himself.

My outward man, indeed, was not indicative of this wonderful happiness; for all thought me melancholy, sick, and like to die. Aunts and cousins beset me with entreaties, invitations, and plans of pleasure; even physicians were sent to my house. I would have nothing to do with them.

To free myself from my tormentors, and to show that I was still like other men, I went now and then to some of the evening parties at the houses of my friends.

One evening I accepted an invitation to Councillor Hildebrand's. Now you shall hear the catastrophe of my story.

* * * * * * * * *

I went to the councillor's. The company were all known to me, with the exception of one person, who was introduced to me as a lieutenant-colonel in the Russian service, and who had lately come into possession of an estate about a league and a half from the city. To this, however, I did not pay much attention at the moment. I bowed silently, laid aside my hat and took my seat. Conversation was lively;—so much the better for me, I had no especial desire to talk.

The Russian officer, a large, stout man, of an agreeable and dignified figure, already past sixty, still full of animation, chiefly engaged my attention. He had a ribbon at his button-hole, and a couple of scars on his forehead and cheek. His voice was loud and authoritative; it was easy to see in him a commanding officer. The conversation turned now upon Persia, and now upon Moldau, where the lieutenant-colonel had made campaigns. The company listened to him with pleasure, and he told his stories well.

Ater supper the conversation grew still more lively. The old officer told of a battle, in which, wounded in the breast, he had fallen from his horse and been taken prisoner by the Turks. When in the excitement of his narrative he tore open his vest to show the wound, we remarked that he wore next to his heart a little golden locket fastened by a silken guard. He drew out the locket and exclaimed: "The Janissaries robbed me of every thing; but this jewel, the most precious of my possessions, I saved!"

Of course, all imagined that it must be a diamond of uncommon size, or a pearl of immense value, one of his Eastern spoils.

"Oh, not at all," cried he "it is only a *bean!*"

"A *bean!*" exclaimed every one.

At these words I became, I believe, red as fire or pale as death, or both by turns, for I could not command myself for surprise. "How comes the man by a bean which he wears set in gold like a sacred relic, just like me?" thought I. Let any one imagine himself in my situation, and he will know how I felt.

I longed to learn why he wore the bean. But I was confounded; I could not bring out a syllable. I tossed off a glass of punch to get courage to ask the question. But I was saved the trouble by all present.

"I will willingly tell you," said the old officer, and filled his pipe; "but I am afraid the story is not sufficiently interesting. Fill your pipes gentlemen."

Every one obeyed, even I, although I was no smoker. But I took the cold pipe between my lips, from pure fear that the colonel should refuse to proceed if he saw me without his favorite instrument.

* * * * * * * * *

Gentlemen, I was a cadet in my fifteenth year, and a lieutenant in my twentieth, said the old gentleman.—But in his five-and-twentieth one is something more than a mere lieutenant. He is a god, nota bene! if he is in love. And that was I.

Our colonel had a daughter, the most beautiful and bewitching maiden in the whole kingdom, and I had, along with two sound eyes, an extra sound heart. This explains everything. The young countess of Obendorf—but I love to call her to myself by her baptismal name of Sophia, for, nota bene! I was no count—Sophia then was sixteen years old, and I, as I said before, five and twenty; you can easily imagine what mischief arose therefrom. It was quite unavoidable, I assure you. You all see that plainly enough; but the colonel, who had the eye of a hawk in regimental matters, did not see it at all; but my love, nota bene! was no regimental matter: for the rest, I stood very high with him; he was as fond of me as a son. He had known my parents, who were no longer living; he stood to me as a father, and I would have given any thing in the world to have been his son. But that was not to be thought of. He was a colonel, I a lieutenant; he a count, I not; he rich as Crœsus, I poor as a church-mouse. Now you know all. The distance between us was too great.

The countess Sophia did not make such nice distinctions about titles and wealth as the old colonel, and yet in many things she was more prudent than he.

I remarked, indeed, that she treated me in a more friendly manner than any other of the officers; that she liked best to talk with me; liked best to dance with me; liked best to walk with me in the garden in summer, and to go sleighing with me in the winter,—however, I could not conclude from all this whether she loved me. But that I loved, adored, idolized her, that I knew, and that I knew only too well.

A thousand times was I ready to declare myself, and throw myself at her feet—but, good heavens! I have since gone with my battalion to storm a battery with a lighter heart than I was able then to advance a single step towards Sophia. It will not do said I.

But I will not detain you longer with the history of my love and sufferings, but proceeded directly to the main point.

One evening I had to carry a report to the colonel. He was not at home; that, indeed, was no great misfortune, for the countess Sophia was sitting all alone, and she permitted me to await her father's return in her company.

How curious it was! If we met at large parties, it seemed as if there would be no end to our talk; but when we were alone, tete-a-tete, as they say, we knew not what to say, nay, we knew well enough, but, nota bene! we could not say it! Whether you ever experienced such fatalities, gentlemen, in your young days, I know not.

On the table before the young countess lay a draught-board, upon which a certain game was played with a number of white and brown beans.

After a long pause in our conversation—but, nota bene! such pauses were any thing but tedious—the countess invited me to play. She gave me the brown beans and kept the white. They belonged to her, of course, on account of their color,—the emblem of innocence. We played. The countess won. That led to quarreling, and I liked to quarrel with her, for then I could say many things to her that I could never muster courage to say in cold blood.

And now it was just as if we were in a large party; that is we talked fast enough about the stakes. The countess Sophia had wit; she laughed and teased me, and drove me so with her sallies into a corner, that in my despair I knew not what to answer. In my vexation I took up one of my brown beans, and to punish the beautiful jester, who laughed at me so roguishly, threw it at her. The bean made a parabola and threatened the delicate nose of my opponent, but as she drew back her pretty head to avoid the light bomb—Ah, my shot fell through the folds of her neckerchief down into her bosom. Luckily it was no arrow.

I was terribly frightened, and was all in a glow in my agony. Sophia blushed, and cast her eyes modestly down. Jest, play, and quarrel were now all at an end. I could not speak, and she was silent. I feared that I had incurred her anger through my awkwardness. I looked timidly towards her, she raised her eyes and cast upon me rather a dark look—that I could not bear. I arose, and bent my knee before the adored one, pressed her hand to my lips and implored pardon. She answered not a syllable, yet she did not draw away her hand from me.

"O countess! O dear Sophia! don't be vexed with me. I should die," cried I, "if you were angry with me. For only for you, only through you do I live. Without you life is worthless. You are my life, my heaven, my all."

Enough; one word followed another. How much did I say to her with tears in my eyes, and with tears in her eyes how much did she listen to! I begged for an answer and yet gave her no time for an answer, and, nota bene! the colonel stood three steps from us in the room without either of us having seen or heard him enter. I believe he must have glided in like a ghost? God save him! he is now in Paradise.

His awful voice startled us like a clap of thunder, as he poured out upon us a whole string of regimental oaths, old and new. I sprang up before him. Sophia, without losing her presence of mind, did the same. We were on the point of excusing ourselves, if there really was any thing to be excused. But he would not allow us to utter a word.

"Silence!" shouted he, as if, instead of two poor sinners, he had to deal with a couple of regiments of cavalry. "You, Sophia, depart to-morrow—and you, M. Lieutenant, will please ask your dismissal, and quit the province or you are a dead man."

With this he turned upon his heel and left the room. I must confess, the prudence of the man in the midst of his fury was worthy of admiration; for I hold it was very prudent in him that he left us alone; we had still much to say to each other.

The countess Sophia stood there in the middle of the room with her pretty head sunk upon her breast, and her hands negligently folded before her like a statue.

"Oh Sophia!" said I, and rushed towards her, and, folding her in my arms, pressed her fervently to my heart: "Sophia, now I lose you forever!

"No," she replied firmly, "not forever: so long as I breathe shall your image live in my heart." And this was said in a tone—Oh, with a voice that thrilled every nerve in me.

"Am I really dear to you, Sophia?" I whispered, and pressed my burning lips to her rosy mouth. She did not say *yes*, she did not say *no*, but she returned my kiss, and the earth went from under my feet; my soul was no longer in the body; I touched the stars; I knew the happiness of the seraphim.

She wept; her sobs recalled me to myself.

"O Sophia," cried I, sinking at her feet and embracing her knees: "I swear it to you, I am yours alone as long as I breathe and wherever my fate shall bear me!"

A deathlike silence ensued. Our souls were silently swearing eternal fidelity. Suddenly something fell upon the floor. It was the unfortunate bean, to which we owed all our wretchedness. I took it up, arose, and held it out to Sophia, saying, "This is the work of Providence! I will keep it as a remembrancer of this evening."

"Yes, it is a providence!" whispered she, and turned and went into the next room.

The following morning, or rather in the night, she travelled off. The colonel treated me on parade with the most scornful coldness. I applied for my dismissal, received it and went off. Whither I cared not. Friends gave me letters to Petersburg and supplied me with traveling money.

"It is a providence!" thought I, and started for the rough North. Sophia was lost to me forever; nothing remained to me but the painful remembrance and the bean. This I had set in gold, and I have now faithfully worn it next my heart for two-and-forty years.

My letter soon obtained for me a lieutenant's commission. I was somewhat indifferent to life, and so was somewhat brave. I fought in Asia and Europe, got booty, honor, orders, and whatever else a soldier desires. After some twenty years I got to be a lieutenant-colonel. I had grown old! my early history was, indeed, forgotten, but, nota bene! the bean was still dear to me.

When I was taken prisoner by the Janissaries at the battle of Hinburn, in the year '88,—we had a hot day of it, the prince of Nassau made his cause good by the way,—they stripped me of everything; but the sacred bean they did not find; it was completely soaked in blood. I expected nothing but death. For two days I was dragged about by the infidels; but, incessantly pursued by our cavalry, they at last left me lying half dead. So our people found me. They took pity on me and carried me to the hospital, and, to complete my restoration I was sent at the head of a transport back to Moscow.

The repose pleased me. I had to live, and therefore life became dear to me. After twenty years' service and seven honorable wounds, I could reasonably look for an honorable dismission. I received it with a pension; that was all very well, but, nota bene! I was not long contented. Moscow is an agreeable city, but for one of us, who are no merchants, rather dull. Petersburg is a beautiful place, but all its splendor was not enough to make me forget the little town where I had been in garrison twenty years before with Colonel von Obendorf, and, nota bene! with Sophia.

There was nothing to delay me. "Do you not wish once more to see the little town, and, perhaps, also the beloved of thy youth, who is now either a grandmamma, or is—dead?" Blessed heaven! how much she must have changed in the meantime! thought I.

I received my passports and departed. I looked about me in all the cities through which I passed, for I had nothing to hasten me, and so I approached our former garrison town.

How my heart beat when I saw the black-pointed church-spire with its golden ball, rise behind the numerous gardens and orchards! but, nota bene! it was not the spire; but I thought of Sophia, and that her grave might not be far from the spire.

No one in the town knew me. It is very true, a quarter of a century is a long time. The regiment to which I formerly belonged was no longer there, and the station was occupied by dragoons; Colonel von Obendorf had died many years before, and his daughter had removed to her estates in Moravia, that is, not far from Brunn. Whether she were still living no one knew.

Shall I go there too? thought I: and if she be lying in her grave, then go to her grave and take from it some earth and have it enclosed in gold and wear it instead of the bean?

In Brunn I learned with joyful surprise that she was still alive, and resided five leagues from the city on a beautiful estate, and was still called the Countess von Obendorf.

A Hungry Tiger.

One night, after I had been six months on the island, I was seated by the fire, waiting for the plantans that were boiling in the pot. Joachin was not in the hut, and I was expecting him home to supper.

Suddenly I heard his shout outside, and the next instant he dashed into the hut, banged the door to, and threw the heavy bar across it. Just as he fixed it and had leaned his shoulder against the stout wood as an additional support, there was a shock so heavy that the whole hut quivered and made the door bend. Another followed, then all was still.

I sprang up at the first sight of Joachin, but the scene passed so quickly that no word had been spoken yet. But when, after the second blow on the door, the attempt seemed to be abandoned on that side, I took the native by the shoulder and shook him for he seemed wild with fear.

"Hallo, man!" I said, "what is this?" His appearance was ghastly. The old Guatamala jacket he wore, his leather breeches, even his boots of alligator hide were ripped and cut by the thorns of the acacias. His face streamed with blood from many deep scratches, and perspiration drenched his long hair.

"A black tiger," he whispered. "It has chased me across the savannah, for my horse tired out. It is after me. Oh, listen!"

Then in the silence, while we held our breath, and Joachin strained my hand backwards and forwards, I heard the hard snoring of a tiger just outside the door. No doubt of it? The beast had singled Joachin out, and let the horse go free.

While we listened, the direction of the sound moved about, now up and down, accompanied by raps against the door, as if the animal were resting his paws against it as he raised himself on his hind legs.

At length we heard the sound of scratching, and I drew my machette. In a few seconds a black paw, armed with terrible crooked claws was seen working on our side of the door. I gave a downright cut, which nearly severed it, and the animal, roaring savagely, threw himself against the wood again and again in rage.

Then another pause followed. Very soon a noise upon the roof showed, as we had expected, that the enemy was directing his attack in that direction, and I got my old gun ready. As soon as I saw the animal's fur I fired and wounded him, no doubt, for he rolled from the roof, and we heard him fall heavily. Again and again he returned to the attempt, and every time I caught a glimpse of his black and shining skin I fired.

His roaring was terrible to hear, and Joachin, who never had courage to spare, sat on the floor in a corner, striving to close his ears to the sound.

All night the struggle lasted at intervals, and every crack of the hut was tried by this untiring foe. He dashed upon the door, he bounded upon the roof, scratching that way, but never disturbed my fire; he tried the walls and door again and again. It was an awful night, that's a fact; and I, for my part, did not recover from the nervous strain for months.

With the dawn the tiger's efforts became fainter, and at length ceased. When the sun rose I took my gun and sallied out to meet the creature in a fair fight. I followed his trail for a mile or more, easily guided by the clots of blood which stained the grass and rocks He was wounded to the death I plainly saw. At last I found him dead beside the body of Joachin's horse, which he must have destroyed in the very last effort of his rage, dying in the act.

A MIRACLE OF HONESTY.—At a party one evening, several contending for the honor of having done the most wonderful thing, a reverend gentleman was appointed sole judge of their respective pretentions.

One produced his tailor's bill with a receipt attached to it. A buzz went through the room that this could not be outdone, when a second proved that he had just arrested his tailor for money lent to him.

"The palm is his," was the generous cry, when a third put in his claim.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I cannot boast of the feats of my predecessors, but I have returned to the owners two umbrellas that they left at my house."

"I'll hear no more," cried the astonished arbitrator. "This is the very acme of honesty, it is an act of virtue of which I never knew any one capable. The prize—"

"Hold," cried another, "I have done still better than that."

"Impossible," cried the whole company.

"Let us hear."

"I have been taking my paper for 20 years and paid for it every year in advance." He took the prize.

DO AS I DO.—A well known "fast" man recently entered a bar-room in a city in the west, where he seldom fails to meet some twenty friends in the "smiling hours." With his usual heartiness he calls up the company, who nothing loth, at once "faced the counter."

"You must all do as I do," said the liberal one.

"Oh, certainly—of course" was the unanimous reply, "What is yours going to be?"

"I shall take pure brandy," was his reply.

And then all called for P. B. After drinking, the wag laid down his lip on the counter, and then immediately retired, whispering, in a soft persuasive tone:

"Do as I do, gentlemen."

The party looked at one another with a comical stare, until one, who finally felt the force of the idea creeping powerfully through his hair, exclaimed:

"Sold by Jupiter!"

IT is said that the Siamese twins keep away from Chicago because they don't want to be separated.