The Columbian
-AND-
Bloomsburg Democrat.

Published every Friday morning in the Columbian Building near the Court House, by

CHARLES B. BROCKWAY,
Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS.—Two dollars a year, payable in advance.

JOB PRINTING of all descriptions executed with neatness and dispatch, at reasonable rates.

The Columbian.

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Local Notices, twenty cents a line; by the year ten cents.

Cards in the "Directory" column, $2.00 per year for the first two lines, and $1.00 for each additional line.

BLOOMSBURG DIRECTORY.

STOVES AND TINWARE.

JACOB MEITZ, dealer in stoves & tinware, Main st., above court house. vl-n49

C. H. RUPERT, stoves and tinware, Iron st. Main st., west of Market. vl-n49

CLOTHING, &C.

D. LOWENBERG, merchant tailor, Main st., 2d door above Exchange house. vl-n49

J. W. CREMER, wholesale and retail clothier, or in clothing goods, Hartman's building, Main street. vl-n49

DRUGS, CHEMICALS, &C.

L. N. HOVER, druggist and apothecary, Exchange block Main st. vl-n49

E. P. LUTZ, druggist and apothecary, Hartman's block, Main st., west of Market. vl-n49

CLOCKS, WATCHES, &C.

J. OTTO BEISHARD, watch and clock maker, 1 door southeast corner Main and Iron sts. vl-n49

C. E. SAVAGE, dealer in clocks, watches and jewelry, Main st., just below American house. vl-n49

R. CATTRANT, watch and clock maker, Market st., below Main. vl-n49

BOOTS AND SHOES.

C. M. BROWN, boot and shoemaker, Main street, opposite Court House. vl-n49

A. SOLOMON, manufacturer and dealer in boots and shoes, Main st., opposite Episcopal church. vl-n49

HENRY KLEIN, manufacturer and dealer in boots and shoes, groceries etc., East Hemlock, Main st. vl-n49

DAVID HITZ, boot and shoemaker, Main st., below Harriman's store, west of Market street. vl-n49

PROFESSIONAL.

J. E. EVANS, M. D., surgeon and physician, south side Main st., below Market. vl-n49

R. R. P. KINSEY, surgeon dentist, (certificated) will visit town, Main st., nearly opposite Episcopal Church. vl-n49

J. B. MCKELVY, M. D., surgeon and physician, north side Main st., below Market. vl-n49

C. GUTTER, M. D., surgeon and physician, Market st., above Main. vl-n49

R. H. C. HOWER, surgeon dentist, Main st., above court house. vl-n49

J. B. ROBISON, Attorney-at-Law, Office Hartman's building, Main street. vl-n49

E. R. IKELER, Attorney-at-Law, Office, 2d floor in Exchange Block, near the "Exchange Hotel." v3n1

MILLINERY & FANCY GOODS.

MISS LIZZIE BARKLEY, milliner, Ramsey Building, Main st. vl-n49

MISS A. D. WEER, fancy goods, notions, books, stationery, north side Main street below Market. vl-n49

D. PETERMAN, millinery and fancy goods opposite Episcopal church, Main st. vl-n49

MRS. JULIA A. & SADIE BARKLEY, ladies cloaks and dress patterns, southeast corner Main and West sts. vl-n49

MISS M. DERRICKSON, millinery and fancy goods Main st., opposite Court House. vl-n49

MRS. M. E. FURMAN, milliner, Main st., below Harriman's store, west of Market st. vl-n49

MRS. MISSES HARMAN millinery and fancy goods, Main street, just below American house. vl-n49

HOTELS AND SALOONS.

LEACOCK, oyster and eating saloon, American house, Main st., Daniel Leacock superintendent. vl-n49

WIDMYER & JACOBY, confectionery, bakery, and oyster saloon, wholesale and retail, Exchange block, Main st. vl-n49

FOX & WEBB, confectionery, bakery, and oyster saloon, wholesale and retail, Main st., just below Iron. vl-n49

EXCHANGE HOTEL, by Koons & Clark, Main st., opposite court house. vl-n49

AMERICAN HOUSE, by JOHN LEACOCK, Main st., west of Iron street. vl-n49

FORKS HOTEL, by G. W. MAUGER, east end of Main st. vl-n49

B. STOHNER, refreshment saloon, Main st., just above court house. vl-n49

KOONS & CLARK, refreshment saloon, Exchange hotel. vl-n49

MERCHANTS AND GROCERS.

E. JACOBS, Confectionery, groceries etc Main st., above Court House, vl-n49

S. H. MILLER, dealer in dry goods, groceries, queensware, flour, salt, shoes, notions, etc. Exchange block, Main street, vl-n49

M'KELVY NEAL & Co., dealers in dry goods, groceries, flour, feed, salt, fish, iron, nails, etc., northeast corner Main and Market st. vl-n49

H. C. HOWER, hats and caps, boots and shoes, Main st., above Court House. vl-n49

C. MAUL, dry goods and notions, southwest corner Main and Iron sts. vl-n49

J. BROWER, dry goods, groceries, etc., northwest corner Main and Iron sts. vl-n49

A. BUCKLEY, Keystone shoe store, books and stationery, southwest corner Market and Main sts. vl-n49

WILLIAM ERASMUS, confectionaries, Main st., near the railroad. vl-n49

T. MENDENHALL, general stock of merchandise, dressed lumber, corner of Main street and Berwick road. vl-n49

J. J. ROBBINS, dealer in dry goods groceries etc. Shive's block, Main st., below Iron vl-n49

J. K. GIRTON, Groceries & Provisions, southeast corner Main and Iron Streets. vl-n49

A. J. SLOAN, dealer in choice dry goods, Honey & Keeping goods, fresh groceries, etc., etc. Main st., opposite court house. vl-n49

R. EYER, groceries and general merchandise Main st. above West. vl-n49

J. SHARPLESS, dry goods, groceries, boots, shoes, etc., Rupert block, Main st., west of Market. vl-n49

CRAMER & A. E. HAYHURST, Dealers in Groceries, Confectionaries and Notions, Main st., south side, two doors above Robbins' corner shop.

MISCELLANEOUS.

M. GUGEL, Sign, Ornamental and Decorative painter, Scott's row, cor 4th & R Rst. vl-n49

CORELL, furnished rooms, three story brick on Market st., west of Market st. vl-n49

WILSON, wall paper, window shades, Exchange block, Main st. vl-n49

[illegible] photographer, Exchange [illegible] court house. vl-n49

[illegible] photographer, Hartman's building, Main and Market st. vl-n49

E. BIDDLE, [illegible] Munson's Copper Tubular [illegible] v2-n19

J. B. PURSEL, [illegible] trunk and harness maker, Main st., [illegible] court house. vl-n49

C. FOSTER, Glue Maker, [illegible] and White and fancy Tanner, Scottown. vl-n49

BLOOMSBURG LUMBER [illegible] manufacturers and dealers in Lumber, of all kinds, planing mill near the rail-road. vl-n49

W. J. BIDLEMAN, saddle and harness maker, near southwest corner Main and Market st. vl-n49

A. WITMAN, marble works, near southwest corner Main and Market sts. vl-n49

R. HINGLER, dealer in pianos, organs and melodeons, at G. W. Creveling's furniture rooms vl-n49

D. W. ROBBINS, leather dealer second door from northwest corner Main and Iron sts. vl-n49

W. PEACOCK, Notary Public, northeast corner Main and Market st. vl-n49

JOHN A. FUNSTON, mutual and cash rates fire insurance company, northeast corner Main and West sts. vl-n49

SAMUEL JACOBY, Marble and Brown Stone Works, East Bloomsburg, Berwick road. vl-n49

N. WEBBERLY & Co. Blacksmiths, East Bloomsburg near the railroad. Horse shoeing a specialty. All work warranted. vl-n49

20 tons "Sanderson's" blacksmith coal for sale at the works. v1-n49

S. KUHN, dealer in meat tallow, etc. Obenderfer's alley, back of American house. vl-n49

ORANGEVILLE DIRECTORY.

DR. O. A. MERGARGEL, physician and surgeon, Main st., next door to Goss's Hotel. vl-n49

BRICK HOTEL and refreshment saloon, by Wm. Masteller cor. of Main and Pine st. vl-n49

SWAN HOTEL, the upper house by John Snyder, Main st., above Pine. vl-n49

HARMAN BROTHERS, Tanners and manufacturers of leather, on Main st., below Goods' hotel. vl-n49

DAVID HERRING, Flour and Grist Mill, and dealer in grain, Mill street. vl-n49

BOWER & HERRING, dealer in dry goods, groceries, hardware and general Merchandise Main st. vl-n49

GEORGE LAZARUS, saddle and harness maker Main st., above the Swan Hotel. vl-n49

W. H. SMITH, manufacturer of tin ware and dealer in stoves etc., Main st., above the Swan Hotel. vl-n49

A. & E. W. COLEMAN, Merchant tailor and dealers in clothing goods, Main st., next door to the brick hotel. vl-n49

M. S. HAYHURST, Clocks, Watches and Guns repaired. Guns and Watches for sale, Main st., below Pine. vl-n49

JAMES B. HARMAN, Cabinet Maker, and Undertaker, Main St., below Pine. vl-n49

MICHAEL KELLER, Confectionery, Groceries &c., on Pine St., between Main and Mill sts. vl-n49

H. & C. KELGINE, blacksmiths, on Mill Street, near Pine. vl-n49

WILLIAM BELONG, Shoemaker and manufacturer of Brick, Mill St., west of Pine. vl-n49

LEWIS H. SCHUYLER, Iron dealer, Machine Lists, and Manufacturer of plows, Mill St. vl-n49

MILES A. WILLIAMS & Co., Tanners and Manufacturers of leather, Mill street. vl-n49

JOHN KELLER, Boot and Shoemaker, Pine st., opposite the Academy. vl-n49

A. S. HERRING & BROTHER, Carpenters and Builders, Main street, below Pine. vl-n49

SAMUEL SHARPLESS, Maker of the Daylight Grain Cradle, Main St. v1n1

J. M. HARMAN, saddle and harness maker etc., Orangeville, opposite the Frame church. vl-n49

CATAWISSA DIRECTORY.

SUSQUEHANNA or Brick Hotel, S. Kostenbader 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-n12

DR. J. K. ROBBINS, Surgeon and Physician, Second St., below Main. v2-n12

J. B. KISTLER, "Catawissa House," North W. Corner Main and Second Streets. v2-n12

M. BROBST, dealer in General Merchandise, Dry Goods, Groceries &c. v2-n12

LIGHT STREET DIRECTORY.

PETER ENT, dealer in dry goods, groceries, flour, feed, salt, fish, iron, nails, etc., Light Street. vl-n49

J. PERWILLIGER, Cabinetmaker, Undertaker and Chairmaker. vl-n49

H. P. GMAN & Co., Wheelwrights, first door above school house. vl-n49

MRS. B. KLINE, millinery and fancy goods. vl-n49

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

WM. M. ENT, dealer in stoves and tin ware in all its branches. vl-n49

JOHN A. OMAN, manufacturer and dealer in boots and shoes. vl-n49

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-n16

ESPY STEAM FLOURING MILLS, C. S. Fowler, Proprietor. v2-n16

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

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.

JERSEYTOWN DIRECTORY.

JACOB A. SWISHER, dealer in Hides, Leather Liquors etc. Madison Township Columbia county Pa. v1-n49

HOTELS AND SALOONS.

EXCHANGE HOTEL,

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA CO., PA.

The undersigned having purchased this well-known and celebrated hotel, the Exchange, Brother, situated 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 the public, 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 promptly conveyed to and from the respective stations in time to meet the cars. KOONS & CLARK.

Bloomsburg, April 2, 1868.

FORK'S HOTEL,

GEORGE W. MAUGER, Proprietor.

The above well-known hotel has recently undergone radical changes in its internal arrangements, and the proprietor announces to his friends 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 for 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. BETTERLY.

Espy, Pa., April 17, 1867.

G. W. BLABON & CO.,

Manufacturers of

OIL CLOTHS AND WINDOW SHADES

Warehouse, No. 31 North Third Street

Philadelphia.

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOB PRINTING

Neatly executed at this Office.

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

C. W. MILLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office with R. H. Little, in brick building adjoining Post office. ☞ Bounties, Back-Pay and Pensions collected. [sep1867.

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. R. BROCKWAY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
All business promptly attended to. [Jan'1-'67.

AUCTIONEER.

HORSES GUTTMAN,
having followed the occupation 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 wishing his services should call or write to him in Bloomsburg, Pa. [jan'1-'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 the country. Examine for yourselves.
Shop 3rd door below the Post Office Main Street, Bloomsburg, Pa.
Nov. 15, 1867.

S. C. COLLINS,
FASHIONABLE
SHAVING, HAIR CUTTING
AND
SHAMPOOING SALOON,
Over Widmyer & 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. [apr1'67.

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 POWER'S ATTACHMENT 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, '67.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 customers 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-tf

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 in it permanent repairs and furnished FAR 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

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 Building, on West Main Street. Call and see her varied stock of Spring Goods.
May 1, '68.

C. R. HORNE. W. M. KING. J. B. SEYBERT.

HORNE, KING & SEYBERT,

WHOLESALE DRY GOODS,

No. 313 Market Street,

PHILADELPHIA.

Orders filled promptly at lowest [illegible]
January 1, 1868.

CHAS. G. BARKLEY,

Attorney at Law,

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA CO., PA.

Office in the Exchange Building, second story, over Widmyer & Jacoby's Confectionery. Second door above the Exchange Hotel.
Bloomsburg, Jan. 1, 1869.

C. E. SAVAGE,

PRACTICAL WATCH MAKER & JEWELER.

Main Street, (near the Court House,

BLOOMSBURG, PA.

Constantly on hand a fine assortment of American and Swiss Watches, clocks, jewelry, silverware of the best description plated on white metal, consisting of butter dishes, goblets, knives, forks, spoons, napkin rings etc.

Particular attention paid to repairing watches and jewelry. This department is under the supervision, of A. E. Savage a practical watchmaker and jeweler of twelve years experience in a large Wholesale and Manufacturing house.

Masonic marks made to order. All goods and work warranted. [Jan. 1, '69.

ESTABLISHED 1796.

JORDAN & BROTHER,

Wholesale Grocers, and Dealers in

SALTPETER AND BRIMSTONE,

No 242 North Third St.

Philadelphia.

MERCHANT'S HOTEL,

[illegible] STREET

PHILADELPHIA.

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

May 18, 1867.

Choice Poetry.

ARE THE CHILDREN AT HOME?

Each day when the glow of sunset
Fades in the western sky,
And the wee ones, tired of playing,
Go tripping lightly by,
I steal away from my husband,
Asleep in his easy chair,
And watch from the open doorway
Their faces fresh and fair.

Alone in that dear old homestead,
That once was full of life,
Ringing with girlish laughter,
Echoing girlish strife,
We two are waiting together,
And off as the shadows come,
With treasonous voice he calls me,
"It is night! are the children at home?"

"Yes, love," I answered him gently,
"They're all home long ago,"
And I sing in my quivering treble,
A song so soft and low,
Till the old man drops to slumber,
With his head upon his hand,
And I tell to myself the number
Home in a better land.

Home, where no care is slow
Shall dim their eyes with tears;
Where the smile of God is on them
Through all the summer years!
I know—yet my arms are empty,
That fondly folded caress,
And the mother heart within me
It almost starved for heaven.

Sometimes in the dusk of evening
I only shut my eyes,
And the children are all about me,
A vision from the skies;
The babes whose dimpled dingers
Lost the way to my breast,
And the beautiful ones, the angels,
Passed to the world of the blessed.

With never a cloud upon them,
I see their radiant brows;
My boys that I gave to freedom
The red sword sealed their vows!
In a tangled Southern forest,
Twin brothers bold and brave,
They fell, and the flag they died for,
Thank God! floats over their graves.

A minute, and the vision is fitted
Away on the wings of light,
And again we two are together,
All alone in the night.
They tell me his mind is failing,
But I smile at idle fears;
He is only back with the children,
In the dear and peaceful years.

And still as the summer sunset
Fades away in the west,
And the wee ones, tired of playing,
Go trooping home to rest,
My husband calls from his corner,
"Say, love, have the children come?"
And I answer, with eyes uplifted,
"Yes, dear, they are all at home!"

To heal the wound a bee had made
Upon my Nellie's face,
Its honey to the part she laid,
And bade me kiss the place.

Pleased, I obeyed, and from the wound
Sucked both the sweet and smart;
The honey on my lips I found—
The sting went through my heart.

Miscellaneous.

THE WALPURGIS-NIGHT.

H. ZSCHOKKE.

THE TEMPTER.

I FOUND myself far from home on business at Prague. It was in April. However agreeable the diversion, I could not suppress my home-sickness. I longed for our little town, where my young wife had been impatiently expecting my return already for seven weeks. Since our wedding-day we had never before been so long separated. It is true, Fanny sent me letters every week; but these lines, so full of love and fondness and melancholy, were only oil to the fire. I wished Prague and St. Nepomuc just four-and-thirty miles behind me to the north-east.

To him, who has not a lovely little wife of two-and-twenty, charming as love, with two little loves playing around her, and who is not, after five years of married life, five hundred times more in love than on the day before his wedding, in vain do I talk of my home-sickness.

Enough, I thanked heaven when all my business was finished; and taking leave of my few acquaintances and friends, told my host to make out my bill. I was to set off on the morrow with the post.

In the morning the landlord appeared with a pretty heavy account. I had not ready money enough to pay it and the expenses of the journey too. I wished to change a note. I felt for my pocket-book, and sought it in all my pockets, and in all corners. It was gone. I felt very uncomfortably, for there were more than fourteen hundred dollars in bills in it, and that is no trifle under the sun.

It was in vain that I turned the room topsy-turvy—the pocket-book was not forthcoming.

"I might have known it," said I to myself. "Let a man be happy for one moment in his life, the devil is sitting behind the hedge ready to play him a trick. One ought not to rejoice in any thing in this world, and then should we have less vexation and misery. How often have I found it so!"

The pocket-book was either stolen or lost. I had it in my hands only the day before; I was accustomed to carry it in the breast-pocket of my coat. Fanny's letters were there too. I was certain that I had felt it the night before when undressing. How now were my bank-notes to be recovered? Whoever had got them could easily change them into gold and silver.

I began to swear, which, by the way, is not my besetting sin. Had the evil one gone about still, as in the good old times, although as a roaring lion, I should have struck a bargain with him on the spot. As my thoughts took this turn, there suddenly occurred to me the recollection of a figure, that I had seen at billiards about a week before, in a close red coat, and that then seemed to me like a prince of darkness in human shape. My blood actually ran cold at the remembrance; and yet I was so desperate, that I thought to myself, "I don't care, for my part! Were he here now he would be right welcome, if he would only bring me my pocket-book.'

Just then some one knocked at the door. "Holla!" thought I; "the tempter is not going to take a joke in earnest." I ran to the door; my mind was full of the plausible red-coat, and I really believed the rat was in.

And lo!—wonderful surprise!—when I opened the door, in stepped, with a slight nod, the very tempter I was thinking of.

A MORE PARTICULAR DESCRIPTION.

I MUST relate how and where I had made the acquaintance of this apparition, that the reader may not consider me a mere victim of my imagination.

I had gone one evening to a coffee-house or casino, where an acquaintance had once before carried me to play billiards. I hoped to find the latest newspapers. At a small table sat two gentlemen, engaged at chess. Some young men were sitting at a window, in lively conversation about ghosts and the nature of the human soul. A little elderly man, in a scarlet cloak, was walking up and down the room with his hands behind him. I took a glass of Dantzic cordial and the newspaper.

No one attracted my attention so much as the gentleman in scarlet. I forgot the newspaper and the Spanish war. There was, in his figure, in his movements, and in his features, something striking and repulsive which corresponded with his evident want of taste in dress. He was something under the usual size, but large-boned and broad-shouldered. He seemed to be between fifty and sixty years of age, and had a stoop in his walk. His coal-black hair hung thick about his head. His tawny complexion and his hawk's-nose and high cheek-bones gave him a very repelling look. For, while his features were cold and iron, his large eye sparkled like the eye of a young man; and yet one read in it no inspiration, no soul. There thought I is a born executioner, or grand inquisitor, or robber-captain, or gipsy-king. For a mere jest that man could set cities on fire or see children stuck upon pikes. I would not like to travel alone in a wood with him He has never smiled in all his life.

There I was mistaken. He could smile. He listened to the young men at the window, and smiled. But, God be with us! what a smile! It chilled me like ice. The malice of the infernal regions seemed to mock one from every feature. "If that man there in the red coat is not Satan himself," thought I, "he must be Satan's brother." I looked involuntarily at his feet for the cloven foot, and, sure enough, he had one human foot like ours, but his left was a club foot in a laced boot: yet he did not limp with it, but walked softly about as if among egg-shells, which he did not care to break. He ought to have let himself be exhibited for ready money, to make all the Voltaires believers.

I entirely forgot the Spanish war. I held the newspaper before me, it is true but kept peeping over it at this remarkable figure.

As the red coat passed the chess-table one of the players said to his antagonist who seemed to be somewhat embarrassed, "You are lost now, beyond salvation." The red coat stopped a moment cast a glance upon the board, and remarked to the victor—"You are mistaken. In three moves you will be checkmated." The winner smiled haughtily; his opponent shook his head despairingly, and moved, at the third move the supposed victor was actually checkmated.

Whilst the chess-players were replacing their men, one of the young men at the window said warmly to the red-coat—"You smile, sir; our discussion appears to interest you; but your smile tells me that you are of a different opinion about the world and the Diety. Have you read Schelling?"

"Oh, yes!" said the red coat.

"And what does your smile mean?"

"Your Schelling is a sharp-minded poet who takes the tricks of his imagination for truth, because no one can oppose him, except with other fancy webs which only require still greater acuteness to weave them. It is with philosophers now-a-days as ever; the blind dispute about theory of colors, and the deaf about the laws of music. Alexander would willingly have been shipwrecked against the moon, in order to subdue it; and philosophers, dissatisfied in the sphere of reason, want to be superational."

So said the red coat; some disturbance arose. But he waited not, but took his hat and glided away.

I had not seen him since, but I did not forget the striking figure and the infernal physiognomy, and I was really frightened at the thought of dreaming about them.

And now he stood unexpectedly before me in my room!

THE TEMPTATION.

"Pardon, sir, if I disturb you," said he; "have I the honor to address Mr. Robert——?"

"I am that person," I replied.

"How do you prove it?"

"Strange questions," thought I; "a police spy, without doubt." A half-torn letter lay on the table. I showed him my address on the envelope.

"Very good," said he, "but the name is a very common one; you may find it in every corner of Germany, Hungary and Poland. You must give me better vouchers; I have some business with you and have been directed hither."

"Sir," said I, "pardon me, I cannot now attend to business; I am just upon the point of leaving, and have yet a thousand things to see about. You must be mistaken in the person, for I am neither politician nor merchant.

He stared at me, and said—"Indeed!" He was then silent for awhile, and appeared about to depart; but began again: "You have, however, been doing some business here in Prague? Is not your brother upon the point of becoming bankrupt?"

I must have grown fire-red, for, as I believed, that was known to no soul in the world except my brother and myself. Here the tempter gave one of his malicious smiles again.

"You are again mistaken, sir," said I; "I have a brother, it is true, and more than one, but none that fears bankruptcy."

"Indeed," murmured the tempter, and his features again became hard and stern.

"Sir," said I, somewhat sensitively, for I was not at all pleased that any one in Prague should know of my brother's circumstances, and I was afraid that the old fox would see into my play as he did into the game of chess at the coffee-house, "you have certainly been directed to the wrong person. I must beg pardon for requesting you to be brief; I have not a moment to lose."

"Have patience only a minute," replied he; "it is important for me that I should speak with you. You appear disquieted. Has anything disagreeable happened to you? You are a stranger here. I myself do not belong to Prague; and I see the city now for the first time for twelve years. But I have considerable experience. Confide in me. You look like an honest man. Do you need money?"

Then he smiled, or rather grinned again as if he wanted to buy my soul. His manner became ever more suspicious. Involuntarily I cast a glance at his club foot, and really I began to feel a superstitious dread. I was resolved in no case to commit myself with this suspicious gentleman, and said, "I need no money. Since you are so generous in your offers, sir, may I ask your name?"

"My name cannot be of much consequence to you," replied he; "that's nothing to the matter. I am a Mandeville. Does that name give more confidence?"

"A Man-devil," said I, in odd embarrassment, and knew not what to say or whether the whole thing were in jest or in earnest.

Just then some one knocked at the door. The landlord entered, and handed me a letter which had just come by post.

"Read your letter first," said the red coat, "and then we will talk further. The letter is, without doubt, from your lovely Fanny."

I was more startled than ever.

"Now do you know," continued the stranger with a grin: "do you not now know who I am, and what I want with you?"

It was upon my lips to say: "You are, sir, I verily believe, Satan himself and want my poor soul for a breakfast,' but I restrained myself.

"But further," added he, "you are going to Eger. Good! my way lies through that town. I start to-morrow. Will you take a place in my carriage?"

I thanked him, and said that I had already ordered a post-chaise.

At this he became disturbed, and said, "There is no getting at you,—but your Fanny, and the little Leopold and Augustus, I must get acquainted with in going through. Can you not guess who I am and what I want? The Deuce! Sir, I would render you a service. Do speak."

"Well," said I at last, "since you are a wizard, my pocket-book is missing. Advise me how I shall get it again."

"Boh! what signifies a pocket-book? Is there not something else——?"

"But in the pocket-book were important papers—more than fourteen hundred dollars in value. Advise me what I shall do if it is lost, and what, if stolen."

"How did the pocket-book look?"

"It had a silk cover, light green, with embroidery, and my initials wrought in flowers,—a piece of my wife's work.'

"Then the cover is worth more than the fourteen hundred dollars." With this he smiled upon me with his horrible familiarity, and then added, "we must see about it. What will you give me, if I supply your loss?"

At these words he looked at me as sharply and strangely as if he expected me to answer, I will make you a present of my soul; but as I remained embarrassed and silent, he plunged his hand into his pocket and drew out my pocket-book.

"There have you your jewel, the fourteen hundred dollars, and all," said he.

I was beside myself. "How came you by it?" cried I, tearing it open, and finding all safe.

"I found it yesterday afternoon, about four o'clock, upon the Moldau Bridge."

Right; just about that time I had crossed the bridge, had had the pocket-book in my hands, and had, as I tho't, put it into my pocket.

"It probably did not go into the pocket," said the red coat. "But I could not tell whether it had been lost by a person on foot or on horseback, before or behind me. I waited an hour upon the bridge, expecting to meet some one in search of it. As no one came, I went to my hotel. I read the contents of the letters, to discover the loser. An address gave me your name and residence here. So I have come now to you. I was here last evening but did not find you."

Good heavens! How one may be deceived by a man's physiognomy! I was ready to throw my arms around the neck of my Man-devil. I said the most obliging things to him. My joy was now as excessive as my previous vexation had been. But he would listen to none of my thanks. I vowed that as long as I lived I would never again trust to physiognomical impressions.

"Remember me to your beautiful Fanny,—a pleasant journey to you! we shall see each other again," said he, and departed.

(*Continued.*)

THIS YEAR AND THE METHODISTS.—The year 1869 is destined to be most important in the annals of American Methodism. During the year the people will be called upon to decide whether or no they will accept the measures proposed to them by the General Conference for the admission of lay representatives to that assembly and the Annual Conferences. It is also an important fact that a new constituency has been created by the late General Conference; all members of the Church over twenty-one years of age, whether men or women, will be eligible to vote upon this question.

MR. PHILIP B. LYON, late a Methodist Minister, has been recommended for orders in the Church, in Illinois.

Extraordinary Exodus of Honey Bees.

ONE of the most remarkable occurrences that has ever come to our knowledge was related to us yesterday. Mr. James Broil, a farmer, who resides about seven miles from the city, on the River road, has for sometime past, been engaged extensively in raising honey bees, and with almost unprecedented success. He has lately rejoiced in as many as forty-five hives. A few mornings ago, however, Mr. Broil woke up to find his bees *non est*. They had "lit out" between two days, leaving no trace whatever of the point or region of country to which they had so unceremoniously migrated. There was not a solitary bee left to keep his lonely watch over the forty-five hives. As might be expected, Farmer Broil was left in considerable of a dilemma, and immediately consulted all the authorities at his command in relation to the peculiar habits and freaks of the bee tribe.

After reading through many volumes, it occurred to him that some of his neighbours might be able to explain the whys and wherefores of this "bounty-jumping" move on the part of his army of honey-makers. He accordingly made "bee-lines" for the residence of his nearest neighbor, to consult him on the singular problem. To his utter surprise, he ascertained that his friend, who is also a "beelst," had met met with the same loss in the same sudden manner, and was in the same perplexity as to the cause. They at once resolved on examining the hives, and it revealed to them the fact that each stand contained from sixty to seventy-five pounds of honey. This development led the two bee-raisers to seek for further information, and in their rounds, for a circuit of twenty-five miles, they found that every hive had been deserted about the same time, and all of them were left full of honey. The farmers in that region are unable to account for this mysterious disappearance of their bees, and many theories have been advanced, but up to this time the problem remains unsolved. The opinion of most of them is that the mildness of the weather up to so late a season caused this singular migration.—*Louisville Democrat. Nov. 19.*

THE LARGEST BLAST ON RECORD.—A short distance below Barryville, on the line of the Delaware & Hudson Canal, a large mass of rock has been for some time regarded with anxious eyes by the company. Fears were entertained that it might during the season of navigation be precipitated into the canal, an event which could not cost the corporation less than half a million of dollars. It was finally determined to take time by the forelock, and dislodge the mass in the winter season, and accordingly on Friday last, the thing was accomplished. Twenty-five kegs of powder having been deposited in a fissure and well tamped with sand, the match was applied, and at one blast the immense body known as "Hanging Rock" was hurled from its foundation. About half of the mass lodged in the bed of the canal and the balance crushing the tow-path like an eg