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 MEYZ, dealer in stoves & tinware, Main st., above court house. vl-n3

A. M. RUPERT, stoves and tinware, Rupert block, Main st., west of Market. vl-n3

CLOTHING, &C.

D. LOWENBERG, merchant tailor, Main st., 2d door above American house. vl-n3

J. W. CHAMBERLIN, wholesale and retail dealer in clothing, etc.; Hartman's building, Main street. vl-n3

DRUGS, CHEMICALS, &C.

L. N. MOYER, druggist and apothecary, Exchange block Main st. vl-n3

E. P. LUTZ, druggist and apothecary, Rupert block, Main st., west of Market. vl-n3

CLOCKS, WATCHES, &C.

LOUIS BERNHARD, watch and clock maker, near southeast corner Main and Iron sts. vl-n3

C. E. SAVAGE, dealer in clocks, watches and jewelry, Main st., just below American House. vl-n3

R. CATHCART, watch and clock maker, Market st., below Main. vl-n3

BOOTS AND SHOES.

C. M. BROWN, boot and shoemaker, Main street opposite Court House. vl-n3

A. SOLLEDER, manufacturer and dealer in boots and shoes, Main st., opposite Episcopal church vl-n3

HENRY KLEIM, manufacturer and dealer in boots and shoes, groceries etc., East Bloomsburg Main st. vl-n3

DAVID BETZ, boot and shoemaker, Main st., below Hartman's store, west of Market street. vl-n3

PROFESSIONAL.

J. R. EVANS, M. D. surgeon and physician south side Main st., below Market. vl-n3

D. R. B. F. Kinney surgeon dentist, teeth extracted without pain. Main st., nearly opposite Episcopal Church. vl-n3

J. R. M'KELVY, M. D, surgeon and physician north side Main st., below Market. vl-n3

J. C. RUTTER, M. D. surgeon and Physician, Market st., above Main. vl-n3

D. R. H. C. HOWER, surgeon dentist, Main st., above court house. vl-n3

J. B. ROBISON, Attorney-at-Law, Office Hartman's building, Main Street. v2-n29

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-n3

MISS A. D. WEIR, fancy goods, notions, books, stationery, north side Main street below Market. vl-n3

E. PETERMAN, millinery and fancy goods opposite Episcopal church, Main st. vl-n3

MISS JULIA A. & SADE BARKLEY, ladies cloaks and dress patterns, southeast corner Main and west st. vl-n3

MISS M. DERRICKSON, millinery and fancy goods Main st., opposite Court House. vl-n3

MISS M. B. FURMAN, milliner, Main st., below Hartman's store, west of Market st. vl-n3

THE MISSES HARMAN millinery and fancy goods, Main street, just below American house. vl-n3

HOTELS AND SALOONS.

J. LEACOCK, oyster and eating saloon, American House, Main st., Dalziel Leacock superintendent. vl-n3

WIDMYER & JACOBY, confectionery, bakery, and oyster saloon, wholesale and retail, Exchange block, Main st. vl-n3

FOX & WEBB, confectionery, bakery, and oyster saloon, wholesale and retail, Main st., just below Iron. vl-n3

EXCHANGE HOTEL, by Koons & Clark, Main st., opposite court house. vl-n3

AMERICAN HOUSE, by JOHN LEACOCK, Main st., west of Iron street. vl-n3

FORKS HOTEL, by G. W. MAUGER, east end of Main st. vl-n3

B. STOHNER, refreshment saloon, Main st., just above court house. vl-n3

KOONS & CLARK, refreshment saloon, Exchange hotel. vl-n3

MERCHANTS AND GROCERS.

E. JACOBS, Confectionery, groceries etc Main st., above Court House, vl-n3

S. H. MILLER, dealer in dry goods, groceries, queensware, flour, salt, shoes, notions, etc, Exchange block, Main street, vl-n3

M'KELVY NEAL & Co., dealers in dry goods, groceries, flour, feed, salt, fish, iron, nails, etc., northeast corner Main and Market st. vl-n3

H. C. HOWER, hats and caps, boots and shoes, Main st., above Court House. vl-n3

C. C. MARR, dry goods and notions, southwest corner Main and Iron sts. vl-n3

J. J. BROWER, dry goods, groceries, etc., northwest corner Main and Iron sts. vl-n3

D. A. BECKLEY, Keystone shoe store, books and stationery, southwest corner Market and Main sts. vl-n3

WILLIAM ERASMUS, confectionerie, Main st., near the railroad. vl-n3

E. MENDENHALL, general stock of merchandise and lumber, corner of Main street and Berwick road. vl-n3

J. J. ROBBINS, dealer in dry goods groceries etc. Shive's block, Main st., below Iron vl-n3

J. K. GIRTON, Groceries & Provisions, southeast corner Main and Iron Streets. vl-n3

A. J. SLOAN, dealer in choice dry goods, Housekeeping goods, fresh groceries, etc., etc. Main st., opposite court house. v-n3

J. K. EYER, groceries and general merchandise Main st., above West. vl-n3

T. P. SHARPLESS, dry goods, groceries, boots, shoes, etc., Rupert block, Main st., west of Market. vl-n3

S. CRAMER & A. E. HAYHURST, Dealers in Groceries, Confectioneries and Notions, Scottown, south side, two doors above Brobst's wagonmaker shop. v -n3

MISCELLANEOUS.

JOHN M GUGEL, Sign, Ornamental and Decorative painter Scottown, cor 4th & R R St. vl-n3

C. W. CORELL, furniture rooms, three story brick on Main st., west of Market st. vl-n3

J. THORNTON, wall paper, window shades, and fixtures, Rupert block, Main st. vl-n3

ROSENSTOCK, photographer, Exchange block, Main st., opposite court house. vl-n3

F. BROADT, photographer, Hartman's building northeast corner Main and Market st. vl-n3

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

J. B. PURSELL, saddle, trunk and harness maker, Main st., below court, house. vl-n3

C. FOSTER, Glue Maker, and White and fancy Tanner, Scottown. vl-n3

BLOOMSBURG LUMBER CO., manufacturers and dealers in Lumber, of all kinds, planing mill near the rail-road. vl-n3

J. RIDLEMAN, saddle and harness maker, near southwest corner Main and Market st. vl-n3

A. WITMAN, marble works, near southwest corner Main and Market sts. vl-n3

R. H. RINGLER, dealer in pianos, organs and melodeons, at G. W. Corell's furniture rooms vl-n3

D. W. ROBBINS, liquor dealer second door from southwest corner Main and Iron sts. vl-n3

W. PEACOCK, Notary Public, northeast corner Main and Market st. vl-n3

JOHN A. FUNSTON, mutual and cash mutual fire insurance company, northeast corner Main and West sts. vl-n3

S. MUSH, TACOBY, Marble and Brown Stone Works, East Bloomsburg Berwick road. v1n47

N. WHARTLE & CO., Manufacturers, East Bloomsburg near railroad. castings made at short notice—machinery made and repaired. v2-n3

E. KUHN, dealer in meat tallow, etc., Chemberlin's alley, back of American hotel. vl-n3

ORANGEVILLE DIRECTORY.

DR. O. A. MEGARGEL, physician and surgeon, Main st., next door to Good's Hotel. vl-n7

BRICK HOTEL and refreshment saloon, by Wm. Mastellar sor. of Main and Pine st. vl n7

SWAN HOTEL, the upper house by John Snyder, Main st., above Pine. vl-n7

HARMAN BROTHERS, Tanners and manufacturers of leather, on Main st., below Goods' Hotel. v2-n7

DAVID HERRING, Flour and Grist Mill, and Dealer in grain, Mill Street. vl-n7

BOWER & HERRING, dealer in dry goods, groceries, lumber and general Merchandise, Main st. vl-n7

GEORGE LAZARUS, saddle and harness maker Main st., above the Swan Hotel. vl-n7

A. & E. W. COLEMAN, Merchant tailor and Gent's furnishing goods, Main St., next door to the brick hotel. vl-n7

M. S. HAYHURST, Clocks, Watches and Guns repaired, Guns and Watches for sale, Main St., below Pine. vl-n7

JAMES B. HARMAN, Cabinet Maker, and Undertaker, Main St., below Pine. vl-n7

MICHAEL C. KELLER, Confectionery, Oysters &c., &c., on Pine St., between Main and Mill. vl-n7

H. & C. KELCHNER, Blacksmiths, on Mill Street, near Pine. vl-n7

WILLIAM DELONG, Shoemaker and manufacturer of Brick, Mill St., west of Pine vl n3

LEWIS R. SCHUYLER, Iron founder, Machinist, and Manufacturer of plows, Mill St. vl-n7

MILES A. WILLIAMS & Co., Tanners and Manufacturers of leather, Mill Street. vl-n7

JOHN KELLER, Boot and Shoemaker, Pine Street, opposite the Academy vl-n7

A. B. HERRING & BROTHER, Carpenters and Builders, Main Street, below Pine. vl-n7

SAMUEL SHARPLESS, Maker of the Rayhurst Grain Cradle, Main St. v2n8.

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

CATAWISSA DIRECTORY.

SUSQUEHANNA or Brick Hotel, S. Kostebander 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. H. KISTLER, "Catawissa 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. vl-n3

J. TERWILLIGER, Cabinetmaker, Undertaker and Chairmaker. vl-n3

H. F. OMAN & Co., Wheelwrights, first door above school house. vl-n3

MRS. E. KLINE, millinery and fancy goods. vl-n3

J. W. SANKEY, dealer in Leather, Hides, Bark, etc. Cash paid for Hides. vl-n3

WM. M. ENT, dealer in stoves and tin ware in all its branches. vl-n3

JOHN A. OMAN, manufacturer and dealer in boots and shoes. vl-n3

J. J. LEISER, M. D. Surgeon and Physician, Office at Keller's Hotel. v2-n7

ESPY DIRECTORY.

J. D. WERKHEISER, Boot and Shoe Store and manfactory. Shop on Main street, opposite steam Mill. v2-n3

ESPY STEAM FLOURING MILLS, C. S. Fowler, Proprietor. v2-n3

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 Bark etc. Madison township Columbia county Pa. vl-n3

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. They 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, 1868.

FORK'S HOTEL,
GEORGE W. MAUGER, Proprietor.
The above well-known hotel has recently undergone full and thorough repair in the internal arrangements, and its proprietor announces to his former custom and the travelling public that his accomodations 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 "McElheny") 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.

WAINWRIGHT & CO.,
WHOLESALE GROCERS,
N. E. Corner Second and Arch Streets.
PHILADELPHIA.
Dealers in
TEAS, SYRUPS, COFFEE, SUGAR, MOLASSES, RICE, SPICES, BI CARB SODA, &C., &C.
☞ Orders will receive prompt attention.
May 10, 1867-1y

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 E. H. Little, in brick building adjoining Post Office. ☞ Bounties, Back-Pay and Pensions collected. [sept.1'67.

JOHN G. FREEZE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office in Register and Recorder's office, in the basement of the Court House, Bloomsburg, Pa.

ROBERT F. CLARK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Office corner of Main and Market streets, over First National Bank, Bloomsburg, Pa.

E. H. LITTLE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office on Main street, in brick building below the Court House, Bloomsburg, Pa.

C. B. BROCKWAY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
☞ OFFICE—Court House Alley, below the Columbian Office. [Jan'r 67.

AUCTIONEER.
MOSES COFFMAN,
Having followed the profession of Public Vendue Cryer for many years, would inform his friends that he is still in the field, ready and willing to attend to all the duties of his calling. Persons desiring his services should call or write to him at Bloomsburg, Pa. [mar6'67.

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

S. C. COLLINS,
FASHIONABLE
SHAVING, HAIR CUTTING
AND
SHAMPOOING SALOON,
Over 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. [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 PONCELAIN 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, Jan31,'67

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

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 convenience 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 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

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

C. H. HORNE. W. S. KING. J. S. SEYBERT.
HORNE, KING & SEYBERT,
WHOLESALE DRY GOODS,
No. 313 Market Street,
PHILADELPHIA.
Orders filled promptly at lowest
January 3, 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,'68.

ESTABLISHED 1793.
JORDAN & BROTHER,
Wholesale Grocers, and Dealers in
SALTPETER AND BRIMSTONE,
No 242 North Third St.
Philadelphia.

MERCHANTS HOTEL,
S. E. CORNER FOURTH AND ARCH STREETS,
PHILADELPHIA.
J. & W. G. M'CURDIN, Proprietors.
May 10, 1867-1y.

Choice Poetry.

THE WHISTLER.

"You have heard," said a youth to his sweetheart,
who stood
While he sat on a corn sheaf at daylight's decline—
"You have heard of the Danish boy's whistle of
wood;
I wish that the Danish boy's whistle were
mine."

"And what would you do with it? Tell" me she
said,
While an arch smile played over her beautiful
face.
"I would blow it," he answered," "and then my
fair maid
Would fly to my side and there take her place."

"Is that all you wish it for? That may be yours,
Without any magic," the fair maiden cried;
"A favor so slight one's good nature secures!"
And she playfully seated herself by his side.

"I would blow it again," said the youth," and the
charm
Would work so that not even Modesty's cheek
Would be able to keep from my neck your fine
arm!"
She smiled and she laid her fine arm around
his neck.

"Yet once more would I blow, and the music divine
Would bring me a third time an exquisite bliss,
You would lay your fair cheek to this brown one
of mine,
And your lips stealing past it would give me a
kiss."

The maiden laughed out in her innocent glee—
"What a fool of yourself with the whistle you'd
make
For only consider how silly 'twould be
To sit there and whistle for what you might
take."

Miscellaneous.

THE WALPURGIS-NIGHT.

H. SCHOEKE.

THE TEMPTER.

RETURN HOME.

(*Continued.*)

I WAS now resolved to be off. I had paid mine host; and my servant with my trunk on his back was going before me, when on the steps of the hotel I met my brother on whose account I had come to Prague.

Of course all thoughts of starting immediately were at an end. We went back to my chamber. There I heard with pleasure that the embarrassed circumstances of my brother had been relieved greatly to his advantage. Instead of suffering an immense loss he had made a large profit on a speculation in cotton and coffee; and he had now hastened to Prague to attend to his affairs himself. "I have got my sheep out of the pit, now," said he, "but I have had worry enough. I will bid good-by to business. I will put my money out at moderate interest, and so run no risk of being to-day a millionaire, and to-morrow a beggar and swindler. I have come now to thank you for your brotherly kindness, and to bring my business connections forever to a close."

I had to accompany my brother to different houses. But he saw my impatience and home-sickness, and therefore after a few days advised me to return home without him. I resolved to do so the more readily, as his stay in Prague would be prolonged several weeks. I took an extra post, and flew towards my dear home.

On the way the strange Mandeville continually arose before my imagination. I could not forget the odd figure with the red coat, the club foot, and the ill-omened features. I could not help thinking too of the bushel of black hair which stood about his brow. Perhaps there was a little horn under it, and then was he Beelzebub complete from top to toe.

It is true, he had brought back my pocket-book; no man in the world could have acted more honestly. He had read Fanny's letters and my brother's instructions to me and so, naturally enough, had become acquainted with my secrets. But—his face—no, nature could not have written so illigibly!—Enough, had I ever believed in the existence of a Mephistophiles, I should have had no doubt of it now for a single moment.

I followed this train of thought, and will not deny that I gave myself up right willingly to the play of my imagination; for it beguiled the time. I concluded that my honest Man-devil might be the real devil, and his honesty a mere trick to snap up my poor soul on the way to heaven. And if he really were the devil, what had he to offer me?—Gold and goods?—I was never avaricious. A throne? Yes, that I would have been glad to have for a week, in order to give peace to the world; but then I should want to go back again to my own simple dwelling to cultivate turnips with my own hand, like a second Cincinnatus. Pretty women?—A harem full of the most beautiful Helens, Armidas, and Armandas? No, when I thought of Fanny, the loveliest Circassians seemed to be but old women. I would not have given a straw to be Dr. Faust. And why? I was happy! Happy? No, not quite so, even because I was so happy. I trembled a little at the thought of the Skeleton, who with his terrible scythe might so easily mow down my Fanny, my two sons, and even myself. And then there was always the great question, Whether and how we should ever come together again in paradise?—I should have liked to have thrown a look into the future life, just to quiet myself. But suppose my devil had granted me my pious wish, and let me peep through a crack in heaven's gate, what else could a subject of Adramelech have been able to show but his own dark abode?

But enough of this nonsense.

I had been two days and a night on my way home, and it was getting late on the second day. In vain did I scold the driver, and urge him on with words and money. It was growing late and darker, and I was becoming more and more impatient. Ah, I had not seen Fanny for almost three months, nor my children, who bloomed at the sides of their young mother like two rosebuds near a hardly blown rose! I fairly trembled with delight, when I though that my wife, the loveliest of her sex, would be in my arms that day.

It is true that I had loved before ever I had become acquainted with Fanny. I had once had a Julia, who had been torn from me by the pride of her parents, and wedded to a rich Polish nobleman. It was our first love—to both bordering on mutual idolatry and distraction. At the moment of separation, we had sworn eternal love, and kisses and tears had sealed the oath. But all the world knows how it goes with such things. She became the Countess St. ——, and I saw Fanny. My love for Fanny was holier, riper, more tender. Julia was once the idol of imagination, but Fanny was now the adored of my heart.

The clock of our little town struck one as we drove into the sleeping streets. I got out at the post-house, and leaving my servant behind me with my trunk, as I intended, in case all were asleep at home, to return and pass the night there, I walked out to the suburb, where the windows of my dear home, under the high nut-trees, glimmered in the moonlight.

HATEFUL VISIT.

AND all slept!—Oh, Fanny, Fanny, had you only been awake, how much grief and terror you would have saved me!—They slept—my wife, my children, the domestics; nowhere any light! A dozen times did I walk around the house—all was fast; I would not disturb any one. Better the rapture of meeting in the morning hour, when one is refreshed by sleep, than in the feverish midnight.

Fortunately, I found my beautiful new summer house open. I entered. There stood my Fanny's work-basket on a little table; and I saw, by the moonlight, on the table and seats the drums and whips of my children. They had probably spent the afternoon there. These trifles made me feel almost as if I were with my loved ones. I stretched myself upon the sofa, and determined to pass the night there. The night was mild and balmy, and the fragrance of flowers and garden-plants filled my apartment.

One who has not slept for forty hours finds every bed soft. In my weariness I soon fell asleep. But I had hardly closed my eyes, when the creaking of the summer-house door awakened me. I sprang up; I saw a man enter, I thought it was a thief. But imagine my astonishment: it was friend Red-coat!

"Where do you come from?,' said I.

"From Prague. In half an hour I must set out again. I was determined to keep my word, and to see you and your Fanny as I passed through. I heard from your servant that you had gone on before, and I expected to find all awake at your house. You do not mean to pass the night here in the cold, damp air, and get sick?"

I went out into the garden with him and quaked in every limb. In my secret heart indeed, I laughed at this superstitious fear, and yet I could not rid myself of it. Such is human nature. The hard features of my Prague friend appeared by the pale moonlight even more terrible, and his eyes glittered even more brightly.

"You have really frightened me like a ghost," said I; "I tremble all over. How came you to seek me in my summer-house? You seem to know every thing."

He smiled maliciously, and said—"Don't you now know me, and what I want with you?"

"I don't know you now any better than I did at Prague. But just for the joke, I will tell you how you appeared to me,—you will not take it amiss: I thought that if you were not a wizard you must be Satan himself."

He grinned again, and replied—"What if I were Satan, would you make a bargain with me?"

"You will have to offer me much before I should give you my hand upon it. For truly, Mr. Satan—permit me to call you so in a joke—my happiness is complete."

"Oho!·I shall offer you nothing, give you nothing. That was the custom in old times, when people believed in the devil, and so were on the guard against him; then one of them had to bribe them. But now-a-days when no one believes in the devil and every thing is carried on by reason, the children of men are as cheap as dirt."

"I hope it otherwise with me, although I do not believe in Beelzebub. A drachm of reason is worth more to me than a bushel of faith in the devil."

"Just so!—Your proud security, ye mortals—permit me to speak in the character you have assigned me—your proud security supplies me with more recruits than a legion of recruiting officers in Satan's uniform. Since you have begun to consider eternity as a problem, and hell as an Eastern fable; since honesty and stupidity have come to be considered as virtues of equal value; since licentiousness is held to be an amiable weakness, selfishness magnanimity, public spirit a folly, and mere trickery prudence,—you give the devil no trouble to catch you. You come to me of your own accord. You have reason upon your lips, and the might of a hundred passions in your hearts. The best among you, corrupted creatures, is he who has the least opportunity to sin."

"This is talking like the devil indeed," cried I.

"Certainly!" cried the red gentleman and grinned. "But I speak the truth because you people do not any longer believe it. So long as the truth was yet sacred among men, Satan must needs be the father of lies. But now the case is reversed. We poor devils are always the antipodes of mankind."

"Then, in the present case at least, you are not my opponent; for I think just as you do, my philosophical Mr. Devil."

"Good! then you belong to me already. Let a man give me hold of a single hair, and I will have his whole head; and—but it's cool here—my carriage is, I guess, all ready. I must start. So good-by."

He went. I accompanied him back to the post-house, where indeed his carriage stood waiting.

"I thought you would come in and drink a parting glass of punch with me, which I ordered before I went after you."

I accepted the invitation. The warm room was very agreeable.

THE TEMPTATION.

The punch was standing on the table when we entered. A stranger was walking, moody and tired, up and down the room. He was a tall, meagre, elderly man. Baggage was lying around on the chairs. I noticed a lady's shawl, bonnet, and gloves.

As we were drinking together, the stranger said to a servant who brought in some baggage—"Tell my lady, when she comes, that I have gone to bed. We must start early."

I determined not to return to the cool summer-house, but ordered a bed for the night. The stranger retired. The red gentleman and I chatted together, and drank the punch-bowl empty. The brandy warmed and exhilarated me. The Red-coat hastened to his carriage, and as I helped him in, he said—"We shall see each other again." With this the carriage rolled away.

When I went back into the room, there was a lady there taking away the bonnet and shawl. As she turned towards me, I lost all self-possession. It was Julia! my first love, upon an excursion to Italy, as I afterwards learned. She was no less startled than I.

"For heaven's sake, Robert, it is your spirit?"

"Julia!" stammered I, and all the rapture of first love awoke in me at this unexpected meeting.

I turned respectfully towards her. Her eyes were full of tears. I drew her to my heart.

"This is not my room," said she, drawing the shawl around her. "Come, Robert we have much to say to each other."

She went; I followed her to her room. "Here we can talk freely" said she, and we sat down upon the sofa. How we talked! Again I lived in all the fever-tumult of an old love, which I had supposed was long ago extinguished. Julia, unhappy in her marriage, treated me with all her former tenderness. She was more beautiful, more blooming than ever. She found me handsomer too, as she was pleased to say.

There was a magic, which I cannot describe, in Julia's words and in her manner. All the past rose vividly before me. Our first acquaintance at her sister's wedding-ball; the emotions which filled us then; our meeting again in the garden of the ducal castle; then the excursion upon the water with our parents; then—but enough.

Suddenly the door opened. The tall, lank man entered, with the question—"Who is this with you, Julia?"

We sprang up, terrified. The count stood for a moment speechless, and pale as a corpse. Then, with three steps, he strode towards Julia, wound her long chestnut locks around his hand, hurled her shrieking to the floor, and dragged her about exclaiming—"Faithless woman! false wretch!"

I rushed to her aid. He pushed me away with such force, that I tumbled back upon the floor. As I rose to my feet again, he let go the unhappy Julia, and cried out to me—"You I'll throttle!" In my desperation I caught up a knife from the table, and threatened to plunge it into him if he did not keep still. But the frantic man threw himself upon me and seized me by the throat. I lost breath, and brandished the knife in all directions. I thrust it repeatedly at him. Suddenly, the unhappy man fell. The knife was in his heart.

Julia lay sobbing on the floor beside her murdered husband. I stood there like a statue. "Oh!" thought I, "were it only a dream, and I lay waking on the sofa in my summer-house! A curse upon the Red-coat! A curse upon my pocket-book!—Oh, my poor children! Oh, my dear, unfortunate Fanny!—upon the very threshold of my domestic paradise, here am I hurled back into hell, such as I have never dreamed of!—I am a murderer!"

The noise in the room awakened the people in the house. I heard them stirring and calling. Nothing was left to me but flight, to escape discovery. I sicced the candle to light myself out of the house.

CONSUMMATION OF HORROR.

As I rushed down the steps, I resolved to hasten to my house, awaken my wife and children, press them once more to my heart, and then, like a second Cain, wander forth in the world, a fugitive from justice. But on the stairs I saw that my clothes were sprinkled with blood. I trembled at the thought of being seen.

The street-door was locked. As I turned to escape through the yard, I heard people crying and calling after me from above. I ran across the yard to the barn; I knew that thence I could get out into the gardens and fields outside the town. But my pursuers were close behind me. I had scarcely reached the barn when some one seized me by the coat, With fearful desperation I tore myself away, and hurled the burning candle into a large haystack near by. It suddenly caught fire; so I hoped to save myself. I succeeded. They let me go, their attention being diverted by the fire; I escaped into the open country.

I rushed blindly forward over hedges and hillocks. The idea of seeing my Fanny, and Augustus and Leopold, was no more to be thought of. The instinct of self-preservation took precedence of every thing else. When I thought of my return home yesterday, and of my expectations of the coming morning, I could not believe what had happened. But my bloody and clotted clothes and the cool morning air, which chilled me through, convinced me only too truly of the reality. I ran, almost breathless, until I could run no longer. Had I had any weapon of death about me, or had a stream been near, I should have ceased to live.

Intriguing with sweat and utterly exhausted, with trembling knees I continued my flight at a slower pace. I was obliged at times to stop and recover myself. Several times I was on the point of fainting away.

Thus I succeeded in reaching the next village. While I stood hesitating, whether to go round it or go boldly through it,—for it was bright moonlight and the sun had not yet risen,—the village bells began to ring, and soon I heard bells from more distant quarters. There was a general alarm.

Every stroke harrowed me. I looked round. O Heaven! behind me appeared a dark-red glow; a huge pillar of flame licked the very clouds! The whole town was on fire. I—I was the incendiary!—Oh, my Fanny! oh, my children! what a horrible awakening has your father prepared for you!

Then it seemed to me as if I were lifted up by the hair, and my feet were light as feathers. I ran, leaping furiously, round the village to a pine wood. The flames of my home shone like the day, and the moaning alarm-bells rang with heart-rending tones through my distracted soul.

As soon as I had reached the depth of the wood, and had got so far in that I could no longer see the light of the conflagration, which had hitherto caused my shadow to dance before me like a ghost, I could go no farther. I threw myself on the earth and cried like a child. I beat my head against the ground, and tore up the grass and roots in my frenzy. I would gladly have died, but knew not how.

A faithless husband, a murderer and incendiary, all in one short hour! Oh, the Red-coat was right; there are none innocent among us, except those who lack opportunity to sin. Offer the devil a hair, he has your whole head. What accursed fate led Satan to me in the summer-house? Had I not taken his punch, I should have seen Julia without forgetting Fanny; I should not have murdered the count; I should not have lain here in utter despair, a horror to myself, and cursed of mankind.

In the mean time, the alarm-bells boomed most fearfully, and frightened me to my feet again. I rejoiced that it was not yet day, I could still hope to get a good start without being known, But I sank down again, weeping, when I recollected that it wast the first of May, my Fanny's birthday. How had we always kept the blessed day in the circle of our friends! And to-day! what a day! what a night!—Then it suddenly occurred to me, it is WALPURGIS-NIGHT!—Strange! the old superstition had ever made this night the night of horror, in which bad spirits keep festival, and the evil one assembles his witches on the top of the Black Mountain. I could almost have believed in the truth of the silly fable. The horrible Red-coat now occurred to me more vividly than ever, with his strange speeches. Now—why should I deny it!—now would I have given my soul, were he really the personage whom he had pretended in jest to be, that he might save me, take from me all memory of the past, and give me my wife and children, in some corner of the earth where we might spend our days undiscovered.

But the alarm-bells sounded still louder. I discerned the gray of morning. I sprang from the ground, and continued my flight through the bushes, and came upon the highway.

CAIN.

HERE I took breath. All that happened was so horrible, so sudden, I could not believe it. I looked around me; the reflection of the conflagration glowed through the pine-trees. I felt that my clothes and my fingers were all wet with the blood of the count.

"This will betray me to the first that meets me!" thought I; and I tore off my spotted clothes, and hid them in the thick bushes, and washed my hands in the dew on the grass. Thus, half-clad, I ran out on the highway.

"What am I now?" said I to myself; "whoever sees me, will pursue me. Only crazy people or murderers run through the woods half-naked; or I must