

Published every Friday morning...

VOLUME III...NO. 13.

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, MAR. 26, 1869.

COL. DEM.--VOL. XXXIII...NO. 6.

ORANGEVILLE DIRECTORY.

D. O. G. MEGARDEL, physician and surgeon...

STOVES AND TINWARE.

ACORN STOVE, dealer in stoves & tinware...

CLOTHING, &C.

W. CHEMERS, wholesale and retail dealer...

DRUGS, CHEMICALS, &C.

N. MOYER, druggist and apothecary...

CLOCKS, WATCHES, &C.

ODD BERNHARD, watch and clock maker...

BOOTS AND SHOES.

M. BROWN, boot and shoemaker...

PROFESSIONAL.

R. F. EVANS, M. D. surgeon and physician...

MILLINERY & FANCY GOODS.

M. LIZZIE BARKLEY, milliner...

HOTELS AND SALOONS.

LEADOCK, oyster and eating saloon...

MERCHANTS AND GROCERS.

JACOBS, confectionery, groceries etc...

MISCELLANEOUS.

W. THORNTON, wall paper, window shades...

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOB PRINTING

M. M. L'VELLE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

C. W. MILLER, ATTORNEY AT LAW

JOHN F. FREZZE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

ROBERT F. CLARK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

E. LITTLE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

C. B. BROCKWAY, ATTORNEY AT LAW

A. C. COLLINS, FASHIONABLE SHAVING

D. H. C. HOWER, DENTIST

M. J. W. EDGAR, SUSSEXVILLE MILLING

BUCKHORN DIRECTORY

J. A. SWINNER, dealer in Hides, Leather

EXCHANGE HOTEL

MISS LIZZIE BARKLEY

FANCY GOODS

BRICK HOTEL

UNION HOTEL

POWDER KEGS AND LUMBER

ESPY DIRECTORY

J. W. BERKHEISER, Boot and Shoe Store

ESPY STEAM FLOURING MILLS

B. F. REGHARD, & BRO. dealers in dry goods

T. W. EDGAR, SUSSEXVILLE MILLING

BUCKHORN DIRECTORY

J. A. SWINNER, dealer in Hides, Leather

EXCHANGE HOTEL

MISS LIZZIE BARKLEY

FANCY GOODS

BRICK HOTEL

UNION HOTEL

POWDER KEGS AND LUMBER

ESPY DIRECTORY

J. W. BERKHEISER, Boot and Shoe Store

ESPY STEAM FLOURING MILLS

B. F. REGHARD, & BRO. dealers in dry goods

T. W. EDGAR, SUSSEXVILLE MILLING

BUCKHORN DIRECTORY

J. A. SWINNER, dealer in Hides, Leather

EXCHANGE HOTEL

MISS LIZZIE BARKLEY

FANCY GOODS

BRICK HOTEL

UNION HOTEL

POWDER KEGS AND LUMBER

ESPY DIRECTORY

J. W. BERKHEISER, Boot and Shoe Store

ESPY STEAM FLOURING MILLS

B. F. REGHARD, & BRO. dealers in dry goods

T. W. EDGAR, SUSSEXVILLE MILLING

BUCKHORN DIRECTORY

J. A. SWINNER, dealer in Hides, Leather

EXCHANGE HOTEL

MISS LIZZIE BARKLEY

FANCY GOODS

BRICK HOTEL

UNION HOTEL

POWDER KEGS AND LUMBER

Choice Poetry.

FOR THE COLUMBIAN.

BY HAVEN.

"The coming man" that man is here,

In the seat of the chair of State,

With mingled sense of hope and fear,

With anxious hearts we watch and wait,

To see what things the man will do,

We're heard the noble words he spoke,

And his "country" hear him through,

Or will he be the "progress" break?

Say, will he listen to the truth,

And dare to do what duty bids?

Will he regard his sacred oath,

And dare oppose what few forbids?

And will he boldly take his stand,

Like one whose head and heart are true—

On that great "charter" of the land,

In spite of all his friends can do?

O, will he dare, his manhood show,

And set for the whole people's good,

No North, no South, no section's good?

And stand where Andrew Johnson stood?

Or will he fear "impopular" force,

And shrink when any body's complaint?

Or dare to call his wisdom scarce,

And treat them with a proud disdain?

Reform, reform, will he avoid,

Economy in every thing?

And seek to pay the nation's debt,

And honor on the nation bring?

Will he regard the laboring poor,

And seek to make their burdens less?

Or will he care when any body's cry,

"That blessing" still the more to best?

We soon shall see what course he'll take;

And if he really has a plan,

And if a "President" he'll make,

And if he'll be the "man" we need,

Will he let people's prayers be said,

That God will guide him in the light,

If wisdom in the choice we make,

The country yet may all be right.

STYL. WATER, March 6, 1869.

Miscellaneous.

LOVE IN THE CLOUDS.

Fifty-four years ago I took a run

through France, because I had plenty of

money and nothing to do. I got through

the northern departments pretty fast;

but I made a rather lengthy stay in

Auvergne, among the hills; in fact, I

stayed there all of one summer.

I arrived there in the early days of

spring, when the wild blooms of the

commons were fresh and new, and the

leaves of the grape were silken and light

green. The country was so wildly beau-

Choice Poetry.

FOR THE COLUMBIAN.

BY HAVEN.

"The coming man" that man is here,

In the seat of the chair of State,

With mingled sense of hope and fear,

With anxious hearts we watch and wait,

To see what things the man will do,

We're heard the noble words he spoke,

And his "country" hear him through,

Or will he be the "progress" break?

Say, will he listen to the truth,

And dare to do what duty bids?

Will he regard his sacred oath,

And dare oppose what few forbids?

And will he boldly take his stand,

Like one whose head and heart are true—

On that great "charter" of the land,

In spite of all his friends can do?

O, will he dare, his manhood show,

And set for the whole people's good,

No North, no South, no section's good?

And stand where Andrew Johnson stood?

Or will he fear "impopular" force,

And shrink when any body's complaint?

Or dare to call his wisdom scarce,

And treat them with a proud disdain?

Reform, reform, will he avoid,

Economy in every thing?

And seek to pay the nation's debt,

And honor on the nation bring?

Will he regard the laboring poor,

And seek to make their burdens less?

Or will he care when any body's cry,

"That blessing" still the more to best?

We soon shall see what course he'll take;

And if he really has a plan,

And if a "President" he'll make,

And if he'll be the "man" we need,

Will he let people's prayers be said,

That God will guide him in the light,

If wisdom in the choice we make,

The country yet may all be right.

STYL. WATER, March 6, 1869.

Miscellaneous.

LOVE IN THE CLOUDS.

Fifty-four years ago I took a run

through France, because I had plenty of

money and nothing to do. I got through

the northern departments pretty fast;

but I made a rather lengthy stay in

Auvergne, among the hills; in fact, I

stayed there all of one summer.

I arrived there in the early days of

spring, when the wild blooms of the

commons were fresh and new, and the

leaves of the grape were silken and light

green. The country was so wildly beau-

Choice Poetry.

FOR THE COLUMBIAN.

BY HAVEN.

"The coming man" that man is here,

In the seat of the chair of State,

With mingled sense of hope and fear,

With anxious hearts we watch and wait,

To see what things the man will do,

We're heard the noble words he spoke,

And his "country" hear him through,

Or will he be the "progress" break?

Say, will he listen to the truth,

And dare to do what duty bids?

Will he regard his sacred oath,

And dare oppose what few forbids?

And will he boldly take his stand,

Like one whose head and heart are true—

On that great "charter" of the land,

In spite of all his friends can do?

O, will he dare, his manhood show,

And set for the whole people's good,

No North, no South, no section's good?

And stand where Andrew Johnson stood?

Or will he fear "impopular" force,

And shrink when any body's complaint?

Or dare to call his wisdom scarce,

And treat them with a proud disdain?

Reform, reform, will he avoid,

Economy in every thing?

And seek to pay the nation's debt,

And honor on the nation bring?

Will he regard the laboring poor,

And seek to make their burdens less?

Or will he care when any body's cry,

"That blessing" still the more to best?

We soon shall see what course he'll take;

And if he really has a plan,

And if a "President" he'll make,

And if he'll be the "man" we need,

Will he let people's prayers be said,

That God will guide him in the light,

If wisdom in the choice we make,

The country yet may all be right.

STYL. WATER, March 6, 1869.

Miscellaneous.

LOVE IN THE CLOUDS.

Fifty-four years ago I took a run

through France, because I had plenty of

money and nothing to do. I got through

the northern departments pretty fast;

but I made a rather lengthy stay in

Auvergne, among the hills; in fact, I

stayed there all of one summer.

I arrived there in the early days of

spring, when the wild blooms of the

commons were fresh and new, and the

leaves of the grape were silken and light

green. The country was so wildly beau-

Choice Poetry.

FOR THE COLUMBIAN.

BY HAVEN.

"The coming man" that man is here,

In the seat of the chair of State,

With mingled sense of hope and fear,

With anxious hearts we watch and wait,

To see what things the man will do,

We're heard the noble words he spoke,

And his "country" hear him through,

Or will he be the "progress" break?

Say, will he listen to the truth,

And dare to do what duty bids?

Will he regard his sacred oath,

And dare oppose what few forbids?

And will he boldly take his stand,

Like one whose head and heart are true—

On that great "charter" of the land,

In spite of all his friends can do?

O, will he dare, his manhood show,

And set for the whole people's good,

No North, no South, no section's good?

And stand where Andrew Johnson stood?

Or will he fear "impopular" force,

And shrink when any body's complaint?

Or dare to call his wisdom scarce,

And treat them with a proud disdain?

Reform, reform, will he avoid,

Economy in every thing?

And seek to pay the nation's debt,

And honor on the nation bring?

Will he regard the laboring poor,

And seek to make their burdens less?

Or will he care when any body's cry,

"That blessing" still the more to best?