The

VOLUME III......NO. 14.

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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.

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. E. 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

DR. H. F. Kinney surgeon dentist, teeth extracted without pain. Main st., nearly opposite Episcopal Church. v1-n46

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

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. 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-n44

MRS. M. B. FURMAN, milliner, Main st., below Hartman's store, west of Market st. v1-43

THE MISSES HARMAN millinery and fancy goods, Main street just below American house. v1-n44

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

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

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 Brobst's wagonmaker shop. v -n18.

MISCELLANEOUS.

J. 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

N. W. SAMPLE & CO. Machinists, East Bloomsburg near railroad. Castings made at short notice—machinery made and repaired. v2-n23

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

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

J. B. PURSELL, saddle, trunk and harness maker, Main st., below court, house. v1-n46

J. 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-n46

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

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

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 Goods' Hotel. v2-n47

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. v1-n47

JOHN FRYMIRE, saddle and harness maker 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-n47

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

JOHN KELLER, Boot and Shoemaker, Pine Street, opposite the Academy v1-n47

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, "Cattawisa 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-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-n56

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-n16

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

B. F. REIGHARD, & BRO., dealers in dry goods, groceries, and general merchandise. v12n11

T. W. EDGAR, Susquehanna Planing Mill and Box Manufactory. v12n11

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.

JERSEYTOWNDIRECTORY.

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

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 radical changes in its 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 *"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.

WE beg leave to inform you that we are prepared to offer for your inspection, our usual assortment of

MILLINERY GOODS,

Consisting of the *Newest Shapes* in Straw, Silk and Gimp Hats, Bonnets, &c., Velvets, Silk Goods, Ribbons, Flowers, Feathers, Ruches, Crapes, Blonds, Braids, Ornaments, &c. &c. We shall be happy to wait on you at our store or receive your order. Prices low for cash.

Yours, &c. H. WARD,
Nos. 103, 105 and 107 N. Second St. Philad'a.
Mar.26,'69-2t.

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. 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 Court-House Alley, below the COLUMBIAN Office Bloomsburg, Pa.

C. B. BROCKWAY,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.

☞ OFFICE—Court House Alley, below the *Columbian* Office. [Jan1'67.

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 accomodate their custom with dispatch, and on the cheapest erms.

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 choisest liquors and cigars, and the table furnished with the best the market affords. JAMES V. GILLASPIE.

July 3,'68-tf

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.

NEW COAL YARD.

THE undersigned respectfully inform the citizens of Bloomsburg and Columbia county, that they keep all the different numbers of stove coal and selected lump coal for smithing purposes, on their wharf, adjoining M'Kelvy, Neal & Co's Furnace; with a good pair of Buffalo scales on the wharf, to weigh coal, hay, and straw. Likewise a horse and wagon, to deliver coal to those who desire it. As they purchase a large amount of coal they intend to keep a superior article, and sell at the very lowest prices. Please call and examine for yourselves before purchasing elsewhere. J. W. HENDERSHOT,
AUGUSTUS MASON.

THE undersigned will take in exchange for Coal and Groceries, the following named articles:—Wheat, Rye, Corn, Oats, Potatoes, Lard, Ham, Shoulder, and side meat, Butter, Eggs, Hay, &c., at the highest cash prices, at his Grocery Store, adjoining their coal yard.

J. W. HENDERSHOT.

Bloomsburg Mar. 19,'69-1y.

C. H. HORNE. W. S. KING. J. B. 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 & Jacboy'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.

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

ESTABLISHED 1793.

JORDAN & BROTHER,
Wholesale Grocers, and Dealers in
SALTPETER AND BRIMSTONE,
No 249 North Third St.
Philadelphia.

MERCHANT'S HOTEL,

46 NORTH FOURTH STREET,
PHILADELPHIA
J. & W. G. M'KIBBIN, Proprietor.

May 10 1867-1y.

Columbian.

LOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 2,

Choice Poetry.

MORNING IN SPRING.

BY G. D. PRENTICE.

How sweet the landscape! Morning twines
Her tresses round the brow of Day,
And bright mists o'er the forest pines,
Like happy spirits float away
To revel on the mountain crown,
Whence the glad stream comes shouting down
Thro' woods and rocks, that hang on high,
Like clouds against the deep-blue sky.

The woven sounds of bird and stream
Are falling beautiful and deep
Upon the spirit, like a dream
Of music in the hour of sleep,
And from the wildwoods' dewy bowers,
Soft murmurs, like the breath of flowers,
Are winding through yon purple grove,
And blending with the notes of love.

The streams in veins of silver flow,
The sunrise gale, o'er flower and tree
So lightly breathes, it scarce would blow
A fairy bark upon the sea;
It comes so fresh, so calm, so sweet,
It draws the heart from its retreat
To mingle with the glories born
In the first holy light of morn.

A cloud is on the sky above,
And calmly o'er the young year's blue,
'Tis coming, like a thing of Love,
To gladden in the rising dew;
Its white waves with the sunlight blend,
And gentle spirits seem to bend
From its unrolling folds to hear
The glad sounds of our joyous sphere.

The lake, unruffled by the breeze,
Smiles sweetly in unbroken rest,
And if t'were dreaming of the trees
And blossoms pictured on its breast,
Its depths are glowing bright and fair,
And the blue skies seem hallowed there,
Soft trembling—as they felt the thrill
Of music echoed from the hill.

The living soul of Beauty fills
The air with glorious visions bright,
They linger round the sunny hills,
And wander to the clear, blue light;
Off to the breathing heavens they go,
Along the earth they live and glow,
Shed o'er the lake their happy smiles
A beacon too its glittering isles.

Oh that this hour when air or earth
Are gushing love, and joy and light,
And songs of gladness hail the birth,
Of all things beautiful and bright,
Each pulse beats high—each tho't is blown
To flame—the spirit drinks the tone
Of Eden worlds, and melts away
In visions of eternal day.

Miscellaneous.

THE METHODIST CONFERENCE.

BY MRS. M. ADELLE HAZLETT.

CHAPTER I.

" I tell you wife, it must not be. I had as soon see the arch-fiend himself in our pulpit as a Freemason."

"But he is an excellent preacher, and as the church is well satisfied with him, the Conference will, doubtless, return him to us for another year."

"No, Sarah, they shall not return him. I will take care that the brethren learn what a viper they are cherishing in their bosoms. It is fortunate that the next Conference is to be held here in our own place."

"Let me beg of you, husband, not to be hasty in this. Our minister, Bro. Fairbanks, appears to be really a worthy and pious man, and as the church is well pleased with him, why not allow the matter to rest as it is? I really cannot believe him to be so bad a man as you fear him to be."

"Can a man be a Freemason and not be a guilty, perjured wretch? And shall I, George Graham—class-leader for fifteen years—be so false to my duty, as to remain quiet when Satan sends his minions into our very midst? No, Mrs. Graham; if you would evade *your* duty I shall not evade *mine;* I am a poor sinner, it is true, but a willing servant of my Lord and Master, and this wolf in sheep's clothing shall be driven from the fold. I shall protest against his return to this church. Fortunately only a few weeks remain before the Conference meeting. I shall begin work at once," and the pious, earnest, but fanatical George Graham walked to his book-case, and, taking down a package of anti-Masonic almanacs, which had the appearance of being at least forty years of age and had only been preserved from the ravages of time by the reverent care they had received from their owner, who held them next to his Bible in value, he placed a broad-brimmed hat upon his head, and sallied forth under the scorching rays of an August sun.

"I declare," said the old man to himself, "this is a hot afternoon. I shall miss my map to-day, but, then, duty must not be sacrificed to the weakness of the flesh."

He called upon Bros. Jones, Keeler, Carson and several others, all of whom opened their eyes in holy horror when they found that their beloved minister—Bro. Fairbanks—was a Freemason, and they agreed at once to unite their influence with that of their class leader to secure a new minister the ensuing year. The sun was just sinking below the western horizon as Mr. Graham entered the office of Judge Winters—one of the oldest and most influential members of the church. There was a mischievous twinkle in the Judge's eye when Mr. Graham made his business known.

"Well, what do you propose to do, my friend? he inquired, at length, when Mr. Graham paused for breath.

"Complain of him, and have him expelled from the Conference—*silenced!*"

"But do you think that can be done?"

"Not a doubt of it—not a doubt of it; didn't the Masons murder Morgan?—Here is an account of the whole affair and trial of the murderers" (and Mr. Graham laid the package on the table); "how he was abducted from home, carried a prisoner to Fort Niagara and finally sunk in the river. The innocent blood of Wm. Morgan iscrying to heaven for vengeance to-day!"

"Do you think, Mr. Graham, that the evidence was clear against those who were arrested for the crime?"

"Clear as the sunlight, Judge."

"Then the criminals were of course, punished according to law?"

"Punished! no, not one of them!"

"Why, how was that? What do you mean?"

"I mean, sir, that Dewitt Clinton, the Governor of New York, was a Freemason. And he defeated the ends of justice, sir; he sacrificed the majesty of the law to his Freemasonry, sir."

"But," said the Judge, "if I understand the matter correctly, Governor Clinton, who was the first officer of the Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons of the State, offered a reward, first of $3,000, then of $5,000, and finally of $10,000, for any information which should lead to the conviction of the guilty parties."

"Well, well," interrupted Mr. Graham, "that was only a *ruse* to conceal his real feelings, and his sympathy with the perpetrators of the horrid deed. The murderers were arrested, the evidence was clear against them, but they escaped!"

"Bro. Graham," said Judge Winters, slowly but earnestly, "if nearly the entire legal strength of New York, after several years' trial, found it impossible to convict a single man charged with the crime of murdering Morgan, *I* who have made law the study of my life find much room for doubt of their guilt.—*You* believe in a God of justice who will cut off a tree that beareth not good fruit. Freemasonry has survived the wreck of ages—is to-day young and vigorous. Is not an institution which God in His infinite wisdom has seen fit thus to preserve worthy of your impartial study? Will you allow your reason, your good sense and judgment to be warped, nay, controlled by a set of anti-Masonic almanacs, which were spread over the country by misguided, excited men and unprincipled politicians? What would you say to the fact that a majority of the ministers in our Conference are Masons?"

Mr. Graham started to his feet as if a viper had stung him; for a moment he stared wildly upon Judge Winters, then noting a smile upon the Judge's lips, he seemed reassured and said:

"Bro. Winters, you are trifling. A lawyer is so fond of argument that he will neglect no opportunity of indulging in it, even at the expense of his" —— religion, he was going to say, but he checked himself.

"Be seated, Bro. Graham," said the Judge, "I have something more to say upon this subject; and now prepare to be surprised, but do not be hasty. *I am a Freemason*, and have been one for twenty years."

Mr. Graham turned pale and then flushed crimson, but he said nothing. The Judge continued: "I have never known Freemasonry to defeat the ends of justice. I have sentenced men to years of toil in the State prison whom I knew to be members—although *unworthy ones*—of the Masonic fraternity. The fact of their connection therewith did not save them from a single hour of imprisonment. The man who has been blessed with the sublime moral teachings of a Masonic Lodge is doubly culpable for an immoral act, a violation of his duty to his neighbor, his country or his God. You say you hope to see our minister, Bro. Fairbanks, dismissed from the Conference. It will not be done. You may prevent his return to us, but he will be sent to another congregation, while we shall, perhaps, receive in his place one inferior to him in both talent and piety."

Judge Winters paused, Mr. Graham who had again risen to his feet said: "I do not believe there are so many Masons as you say in the Methodist Conference of this State. You are a Freemason, and have an interest in defending your institution."

"Well, Bro. Graham," said the Judge, "I will make you a proposition. Make you no further effort at present to excite antagonistic feeling towards Bro. Fairbanks in the minds of members of his congregation, and if, before the close of the Conference meeting, to be held here in October, I do not prove to your entire satisfaction that a majority of its members are Masons, I will not *then* object to your plan of procedure against our minister."

Mr. Graham mused for a moment.

"Judge Winters," he said, at length, "I accept your proposition. If what you claim in regard to the ministers of our church be true, it must, of course, effect my prejudices somewhat, for I believe no church embodies more real piety than ours. But mind you, Judge, the evidence must be clear, and amount to positive knowledge."

"Yes, yes, Bro. Graham, it shall be entirely satisfactory. Meantime, here is a more reliable Masonic library than your's (and he glanced at the almanacs) which is entirely at your service. Here is Masonic history, jurisprudence and text-books, landmarks, 'Constitution' and 'ancient charges.' Take as many of them as you please, and return them when you have finished their perusal."

Mr. Graham did not know how he could consistently refuse to read some of the standard Masonic works, although he felt a great repugnance to doing so. He therefore, selected a history and text-book and, bidding the Judge good evening, left the office.

CHAPTER II.

The early October days were lovely in the thriving village of H——. Its streets presented a very unusual number of intelligent looking strangers in black broadcloth and high silk hats. The hotels were filled to overflowing, and private residences were thrown open by hospitable owners to receive the pious men who had devoted their lives to the service of God and the preaching of His will as revealed in Scripture. The large new Methodist church afforded ample accommodation for the transaction of the usual business of the Conference, but it was proposed on Sabbath morning to hold a love feast, to be followed by a sermon by the bishop. The church would be insufficient to accommodate the large number of people who would doubtless be in attendance, and the Agricultural Society tendered the Conference the use of their fair grounds, a part of which were covered by a grove of beautiful maples.

Sabbath morning dawned bright and beautiful; light fleecy clouds were floating in the sky, the birds were flitting about among the whispering leaves of the maples and singing anthems such as only those heaven-taught minstrels know how to sing.

Some two thousand people were collected in the grove. A temporary rostrum had been erected, some of the min

isters were upon it, others were seated around and in front of it; Judge Winters and Mr. Graham were seated beside each other and directly in front of the rostrum. The "love feast" had commenced, and one after another spoke eloquently and feelingly of the beauties of the Christian religion, the duties and responsibilities of a life in the ministry, and the pleasures of a reunion like this. An old man, whose white locks swept round his high intellectual forehead like mist clouds 'round a mountain's brow, spoke of the probability of this being his last meeting with his brethren as a body, exhorted all to be faithful to their high calling, and closed by saying.

"To my young brethren just entered upon the field of labor I would say, endeavor now to store your minds with useful knowledge, apply that knowledge to the faithful discharge of *your duty to your neighbor, your country and your God, and in old age you will enjoy the happy reflections consequent upon a well spent life and die in hope of a glorious immortality.*"

Judge Winters touched the arm of Mr. Graham and whispered, "He is a Mason, I think."

A young minister, who was much interested in the American Bible Society, now spoke. He thought that "the Bible-class and Sabbath school were the *Jachin* and Boaz upon which rested the liberties of the nation."

Another thought that "we, as ministers of the Gospel, should endeavor not only to teach others their duty, but first to divest our own minds and consciences of all their vices and superfluities, thereby fitting us, as *living stones*, for that *spiritual building*, that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

But the time alloted to this portion of the morning's exercise had passed; the choir sang a grand anthem of praise and thanksgiving; the old man with the silvery hair offered up a short but earnest prayer; and the Bishop S—— appeared upon the rostrum and announced the subject of his discourse. It was "Faith." Clearly and concisely he laid down the proposition to be discussed and the points to be proved. Then, with an eloquence which won and swayed all hearts, with illustrations drawn from the book of nature, and applied analogically to the subject under consideration, he passed to attack the strongholds of infidelity. His mind seemed a vast storehouse of knowledge, and very few in that large congregation had ever before listened to so able a sermon. The history of the world, its warriors, statesmen, and philosophers, seemed to pass in review before them. Through the planetary system he led them and the infinitude of space, studded with its countless worlds. Only before the Throne of the Living Deity did he pause. Then, stretching forth his hands, in a voice which thrilled every heart, he exclaimed. "Child of mortality! is not this enough?"

"Yes; yes, it is enough!" cried a hundred voices; "it is enough."

"Then," said the Bishop, and his voice sunk to a deep pathos, "let us believe that, when the scythe of time shall cut the brittle shred of human life, we shall be suddenly revived by the ever green and ever living sprig of faith in the merits of the Lion of the tribe of Judah, and doubt not that, in the morning of the resurrection, our bodies will rise and become as incorruptible as our souls. Let us welcome death as a kind messenger, sent to translate us from this imperfect to that all perfect, glorious and celestial world where the Supreme Architect of the Universe presides."

The Bishop had finished his discourse. The choir sang a hymn of praise, a benediction was pronounced, and the congregation dispersed. Mr. Graham and Judge Winters walked homeward together.

"What a holy man is our Bishop," said the former. "It seems as if the heavenly fire came down to consume his offering of praise and thanksgiving. But you have bewildered me by your frequent intimations that such or such were Masons. However, you must remember, Judge, the evidence was to be clear and amount to positive knowledge."

"Yes," returned the Judge, "I remember, and mean to prove all that I have affirmed. Will you come up to my office to-morrow evening, at six o'clock?"

"Yes, I will be there." And, bidding Judge Winters good day, Mr. Graham turned up the walk leading to his residence.

CHAPTER III.

Six o'clock of Monday evening came, and, prompt to his appointment, Mr. Graham entered the office of his friend.

"Well now for the evidence," said the Judge. "Take a seat here where, through the open door, you can command a view of the hall, and observe who pass up into the Masonic Lodge-room above." Mr. Graham took the position required, with a somewhat incredulous smile.

He had not long to wait, however, before one after another of the gentlemen in black broadcloth and high silk hats passed quietly through the hall and were heard ascending the staircase at the further end. Mr. Graham could scarcely credit the evidence of his own eyes. He noticed that the Judge appeared amused, and realized that his own position was uncomfortable. Was he, after all, in error? were the good, pious, self sacrificing men Masons?

Presently Bishop S——himself appeared, and pausing in the door way said:

"Are you not going up to the Lodge, Bro. Winters?

"Yes" replied the Judge, "in a few moments." The Bishop passed on.

Esquire King came into the room and said: "Cannot you go up and open the Lodge, Bro. Winters? My child is sick, and my wife has sent for me. Put Bro. Fairbanks in your place in the West, and ask the Bishop to act as Chaplain."

"Are there many of the ministers up to-night?" asked the Judge.

"Yes, some seventy-five or eighty,

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think, and there were not a less number on Friday evening. They are the best workers I ever saw."

During this little dialogue Mr. Graham had arisen and walked rapidly up and down the room, glancing now at Judge Winters, now at the broadcloth still filing past the door.

"Judge," he said, abruptly; "I will bid you good evening," and, taking his hat, he left the office, and walked slowly homeward.

"Proof, proof!" he said to himself, "I should think this *was proof* enough! Get Brother Fairbanks out of the Conference! I might as well attempt to turn an angel out of heaven! Am I a fool or a bigot!"

Thus soliloquizing, Mr. Graham reached his home to find his wife and Mrs. Fairbanks discussing the sermon of Bishop S——

"He cleared up many points that have always been dark to me," said Mrs. Graham.

"His sermons are always instructive," replied Mrs. Fairbanks, who was a lady of about thirty-five years of age—very intelligent and highly accomplished. "But how do you like the Bishop Bro. Graham."

"I scarcely know how to answer you, Sister Fairbanks," was the reply. "I am an anti-Mason, and the Bishop belongs to that fraternity. What think you of that institution?"

The minister's wife turned her fine dark eyes full upon Mr. Graham. "I think," she said, "Masonry is one of the most valuable agencies ever brought into existence by Providence to bless mankind. It is as a lofty mountain—grand majestic, beautiful; but between which and them mankind have placed the heavy mists of error; they have circled it with dark clouds of superstition, bigotry and ignorance. At times the clouds pass, the mists arise, and then bright glimpses are caught of rippling streams and verdant slopes. But the mists settle again, the clouds grow thicker than before, and the world looks on and says, "It is a dark unlovely prospect; the beauties we beheld were but the offspring of our excited fancies." But, Mr. Graham, I, in imagination, behold the misjudged mountain as it will be seen by the generations of a not distant future; the mists of error are all dissipated by the sun of truth, the clouds of bigotry and ignorance discharge their last thunder peals and float away forever, revealing the grand old mountain, based firmly in eternal truth, the hoary head covered with the crown of countless ages. And there are not only rippling streams and verdant slopes, but evergreen glades and fruitful vines and trees, and lower down broad patches of waving grain. Thousands of laborers are in its vineyards and fields; many toil up steep but flowery paths for higher fields of labor and a more extended view. And there are seven lovely goddesses, with brows of light, clad in snowy vestments of purity. Temperance, beside a crystal stream, presents her cup to every passer by; Fortitude, inspiring all with firmness and courage; Prudence is just beyond; and Justice with her golden scales, lifted to test the weight of motives as well as words. Higher up is Faith, with soft uplifted eye and finger pointing heavenward; Hope, cheering all with visions of immortal glory; while high above all, beside a copious reservoir, stands meek-eyed Charity, collecting all the heavenly dews to send them in fertilizing streams along the lower slopes and valleys and gather in their downward sweep a thousand sheaves of plenty. And all around the mountain's foot are seen the hosts of the aged, the widowed, the orphaned, who gather up their copious supplies and lift their hearts in thankfulness to Him who is the widows' God and the Father of the fatherless. You, Mr. Graham, are too good a man, too earnest a Christian to be an anti-Mason. Let me beg of you to investigate the matter calmly and impartially; do not be skeptical, do not stultify reason, do not wrestle against conscience, but consider that no institution can be corrupted that is honored and loved by so much nobleness and talent."

CHAPTER IV.

On the Wednesday evening preceding the full of the moon of December of the same year, Harmony Lodge, No. 10, met in regular communication. There was a full attendance of the brethren, and the prayer of the Chaplain, Bro. Fairbanks, was full of deep feeling as he besought God to cherish the Order, the vine of His own planting.

A candidate for the mysteries was announced, and as the door opened at the bidding of the Worshipful Master, George Graham was conducted into the hall, and as he passed through the solemn ceremonies of that hour his last distrust of Masonry was eradicated; and when all was over, and he was pronounced an Entered Apprentice, and stood clothed in the "emblem of Innocence and the badge of a Mason," it was with an earnest heart that he grasped the hands of his brethren and thanked them for bringing him from *"darkness to light."*

* * *

"DON'T you know me?" said a Kentucky soldier to his former commander.

"No, my friend, I don't."

"Why, sir, you once saved my life."

"Ah, how was that?"

"Why, sir, I served under you at the battle of Fort Donelson, and when you ran away at the beginning of the fight, I ran after you, else I might have been killed. God bless you, my preserver, my benefactor!"

* * *

COURT SCENE.—"Sir," said a fierce lawyer "do you, on your solemn oath, swear that this is not your handwriting?" "I reckon not," was the cool reply. "Does it resemble your writing?" "Yes, sir, I think it don't." "Do you swear that it don't resemble your writing?" "Well, I do, old head." "You take your solemn oath that this writing does not resemble yours in a single letter?" "Y-e-s, sir!" "Now, how do you know?" "Cause I can't write."

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An Expensive Breakfast.

THERE seems to be a diversity of opinion about one of Cleopatra's breakfasts. It was the *most* costly breakfast that has ever been served to a single human being. I will, therefore, tell what I know about it. After having partaken of Cleopatra's necklace, Mark Antony determined to devise the costliest breakfast ever given. After several days of gastronomical modifications, not having found what he was looking for, he summoned his cook to his presence, and told him that, if he could get up a dainty breakfast for a lady, which should be composed of as few and as small dishes as possible, and, at the same time, be most costly, he would reward him accordingly.

Several weeks afterwards, the cook entered Mark Antony's study, and told him that he was ready to serve the dainty breakfast asked of him, and that it was composed of one olive only. At the appointed hour the cook entered the dining room, followed by one hundred men carrying the olive (in its artificial envelope) on their shoulders. They deposited it on a table made for the occasion, and fifty carvers were set to work on it. After several hours of hard work the triumphant cook placed the olive before the Egyptian Queen, who looked at it with amazement, still with perfect delight.

The olive had been prepared in the following way: After having been stoned, it was stuffed with a rich custard, then put inside of a boned canary, which was used to stuff an ortolan. The latter was placed inside of a boned oriole, which was used to stuff a thrush, which thrush stuffed a boned lark. A boned snipe was stuffed with the lark and placed inside of a robin, which was used to stuff a plover, and which latter bird filled a quail, which was then placed inside of a pigeon. The pigeon filled a woodcock, the woodcock a partridge, the latter a grouse, the grouse a pheasant, the phasant a chicken, the chicken a guinea fowl, which was placed inside of a goose; the goose filled a turkey, the turkey a swan, the latter an ostrich, which was used to stuff a sheep, the sheep a calf, the calf an antelope, the latter a pig, the pig a deer, the deer a bear, the bear a heifer, the latter an elk, the elk an ox, the ox a hippopotamus, the latter an elephant. The olive was then roasted in its envelope, which envelope was thrown away and the olive only was served.—PIERRE BLOT, *in March Galaxy.*

* * *

THRILLING ADVENTURE.—"Jingle," of the New York Sunday News, tells a story, which has the air of probability. While with the army of the Potomac, in the summer of 1863, Dr. Walker visited the headquarters of Colonel, afterward Gen. Sam. Carroll, of the Second army corps. Failing in all her efforts to obtain a regular commission as surgeon in the army, and having only permission to remain with the troops in the capacity of nurse, the "Doctor" was frequently obliged to accept the hospitality of the officers. On the occasion referred to, she plainly stated to Gen. Carroll her intention of tarrying at his headquarters for a few days for the laudable purpose of looking after the sick. Of course the General consented, and being as gallant as he is brave, offered her the sole use of his tent, which she accepted. So far so good.

Early on the morning after her arrival, a field officer of the Seventh West Virginia of Carroll's brigade—a bluff, honest, brave, devil-may-care old backwoodsman—took a walk over to brigade headquarters, and noticing that the flies of Carroll's tent were still tied, thought it somewhat strange that his commanding officer, generally an early riser, should remain in bed at so late an hour. "I have it!" said he, thinking a moment—and approaching the tent, he quietly untied the canvass doors, winking at the same time to several staff officers who were near by endeavoring to control their risibilities. The face of the sleeper was hidden by the bed covering, and the officer quietly lifting the clothes at the foot of the couch, and encircling two warm ankles with his brawny paws, while he watched the head of the bed intently to see if the sleeper awoke, shouted at the top of his lungs as he dragged the body completely out of the bed to the floor, "Carroll, you lazy cuss get up here! It's eight o'—," The rest of the sentence was lost in a piercing scream, such as only a female in distress can furnish at short notice, and the jolly old officer, abashed and dumbfounded, bounded from the tent like a stag struck by a three-ounce bullet. The joke was altogether too good to keep, and the result was that every soldier in the Second Corps soon knew the story about Colonel—of the Seventh Virginia, pulling Dr. Mary Walker out of bed.

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IRISHMAN AND FIDDLE.—An Irishman, just come to this country, had never seen a fiddle. A man came into a hotel with one under his arm. He soon began to tune it up. One of the screws slipped, and he spit upon it to make it hold, and then began to draw the bow. The Irishman, who was watching him, could stand it no longer, but bolted across the street, into another hotel, exclaiming: "I thought this was a land of liberty and freedom, but the devil take such a land where ye abuse the childer so bad."

Landlord—Who is abusing the children?"

Irishman—Why a man came into the tavern just now, with a little boy under his arm, and he began to torment the dear little creature. First, he began to pull and twist his ears, then to provoke him more, he spit in his face, and then he draw'd a briar across his belly, and Holy Virgin, how he screamed!

* * *

S. C. HALL related the following anecdote at the dinner-table of a distinguished poet in London: 'A wordling was once visited, in his illness by a well meaning but dolorous clergyman, who disfigured his countenance and wore a face of perpetual mourning. As his sad visage appeared in the doorway, the sick man started up and exclaimed: 'Why, what's the matter? You look as if your religion *didn't agree with you!'*