The Columbian
—AND—
Bloomsburg Democrat.
Published every Friday morning in the Columbian Building near the Court House, by
CHARLES B. BROCKWAY,
Editor and Proprietor.

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

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

The Columbian.

VOLUME III.....NO. 24. BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JUNE 11, 1869. COL. DEM.--VOL. XXXIII.....NO. 17.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square, (ten lines or its equivalent in nonpareil type) one or two insertions, $1.50; three insertions, $2.00.

SPACE.	1M.	2M.	3M.	6M.	1Y.
One square	$2.50	$3.00	$4.00	$6.00	$10.00
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Cards in the "Directory" column, $2.00 per year for the first two lines, and 1.00 for each additional line.

BLOOMSBURG DIRECTORY.

STOVES AND TINWARE.

JACOB 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

DRUGS, CHEMICALS, &C.

MOYER BROS., druggists and apothecaries, Brower's block Main st. v1-n43

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

CLOCKS, WATCHES, &C.

HENRY ZUPPINGER, Watches, Spectacles and Jewelry &c. Main Street near West St. v3n15

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

J. R. 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. R. 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.

MRS. E. KLINE, Millinery and Fancy Goods, Main Street below Market. v1n19

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

MRS. A. D. WEBB, fancy goods, notions, books, stationery, Exchange block Main street. 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

MRS 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. vn43

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, confectionery, bakery, and oyster saloon, wholesale and retail, Exchange block, Main st. v1-n43

FOX & WEBB, confectionery, bakery, and oyster saloon, wholesale and retail, Exchange block. 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., below Iron 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., corner Main and Court House alley v1-n43

D. A. BECKLEY, Keystone shoe store, books and stationery, Main st. below Market v1-n43

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

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

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

J. K. GIRTON, Groceries & Provisions, Main Street below Market v1-n44

M. P. LUTZ dealer in choice dry goods, House-keeping 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

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

MISCELLANEOUS.

JAMES CADMAN, Cabinetmaker and Chairmaker rooms on Main street. v3-n24

J. M. CHRISTMAN, saddle, trunk and harness maker, opposite Episcopal church Main st. v3n16

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

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

I. 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-n28

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

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

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

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

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. 72n5.

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

CATAWISSA DIRECTORY.

SUSQUEHANNA or Brick Hotel, S. Kostebauder proprietor, south-east corner Main and Second 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

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

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

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

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

A. H. IRVINE, Medical Store Main St. and Briarcreek Road.

ESPY DIRECTORY.

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

ESPY STEAM FLOURING MILLS, C. S. Fowler, Proprietor. v2-n46

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.

JERSEYTOWN DIRECTORY.

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

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 LA
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
☞ OFFICE—Court House Alley, below the *Columbian* Office. [Jan4'67.

W. M. REBER M. D.
Late of the U. S. Navy,
Successor to Drs. Harrison and Wells, has permanently located in Bloomsburg for the practice of Medicine and Surgery. Special attention paid to Surgery. Can alwaysbe found, unless professionally engaged at the Exchange Hotel or at his office over Miss. Webb's book store, late Republican Printing office.
Apr. 9,'68-3m

J. B. PURSEL,
HARNESS, SADDLE, AND TRUNK
MANUFACTURER,
and dealer in
CARPET-BAGS, VALISES, FLY-NETS,
BUFFALO ROBES, HORSE-BLANKETS &C.,
which he feels confident he can sell at lower rate than any other person in the country. Examine for yourselves.
Shop 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. [april2'67.

A CLEAR, SMOOTH SKIN AND beautiful complexion follows the use of Helmbold's Concentrated Extract Sarsaparilla. It removes black spots, pimples and all eruptions of the skin.

MACHINERY.

COLUMBIA IRON WORKS.

N. W. SAMPLE & CO.,

CORNER OF MAIN ST. AND L. & B. R. R.
BLOOMSBURG, PA.

MACHINISTS, IRON AND BRASS FOUNDERS

BLACKSMITHS AND BOILER-MAKERS.

MANUFACTURERS
OF
STEAM ENGINES & WATERWHEELS,
GENERAL MACHINE WORK AND REPAIRS,
MILL GEARING,
SHAFTING,
PULLEYS,
HANGERS,
HEAD BLOCKS,
SAW MILL GEARING
Of all kinds.

CASTINGS FOR FURNACES AND ROLLING MILLS.

ALSO CAR WHEELS AND AXLES AND GENERAL MINING CASTINGS.

—O—

BRASS CASTINGS OF ALL KINDS,
CAR BOXES,
COMPOSITION CASTINGS,
AND BABBIT METAL
BELFIELD'S CELEBRATED
GLOBE VALVES.

STOP COCKS,
CHECK VALVES,
AIR COCKS,
OIL CUPS,
STEAM WHISTLES,

—O—

STEAM GUAGES, STEAM PIPE AND FITTINGS CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

BLACKSMITHING,
HEAVY OR LIGHT FORGINGS,

AGENTS FOR SHIVE'S GOVERNOR,
ACKNOWLEDGED TO BE THE SIMPLEST AND BEST IN THE WORLD.

—:O:—

REAMERS, TAPS AND DIES,
MADE TO ORDER.
BOLTS AND NUTS OF ALL SIZES.
ORDERS FOR
BRIDGE BOLTS AND IRONS,
SOLICITED AND ESTIMATES CHEERFULLY FURNISHED.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,
OF THE LATEST IMPROVED PATTERNS.

THRESHING MACHINES,
A SPECIALTY.

BUCKEYE REAPERS REPAIRED,
AND ALL EXTRA PARTS FURNISHED.

MANUFACTURERS AND PROPRIETORS OF HORTON'S PATENT HAY RAKE.

—:O:—

ALL ORDERS EXECUTED WITH PROMPTNESS.
AND SATISFACTION GIVEN
OR MONEY REFUNDED.
May 7,'69-tf

Choice Poetry.

THE BEGGAR AND THE CHRISTIAN.

BY DAVID PAUL BROWN.

'Twas high communion! And within the gate
Of a proud temple dedicated to God
A beggar stood—a wretched, way-worn man;
Aged and sick, ragged and wo-begone;
Scathed by the storms of more than eighty years,
And stretching forth his palsied, shriveled hand
In supplication, to the solemn throng
Bound for the altar of the living God,
For charitable alms. There! there he stood,
In the mute eloquence of pining want,
Appealing to a brother Christian's love
Within the portals of God's only house.
And still he stood, and hundreds passed him by
Gorgeously clad, and though devoutly bent,
Flaunting in silks and decked with nodding plumes,
Bedizen'd out with flowers and rich array
That might have put all quarters of the globe
In contribution and rich rivalry!
Not ONE in that bright throng—alas! not ONE,
Piously bent in sacrifice to God,
And meet commemoration of the blood
Shed by Almighty and Redeeming Grace—
Bestowed a tear, a thought, a passing glance,
On this poor, feeble, houseless, squalid wretch!
No liberal hand, moved by a feeling heart,
Administered relief! All seemed to shrink
From this sad remnant of mortality;
And oft, I feared, in the anxiety of warm devotion,
That some proud pharisee, in fancied virtue,
Might trample down this humble publican,
In eager haste to do his Master's bidding!

Who that beholds a touching scene like this
On the *Lord's* day—a day of *sacrifice*—
Of *Christian hope*—of *Christian penitence*—
But scorns his nature? Twenty thousand prayers,
Empty and formal, selfish and constrained,
Could not remove the blur on Christian virtue
Thus publicly, thus wantonly displayed
In the Lord's house, the refuge of His flock,
Against the very law that they profess—
Against the example of Redeeming Love,
The sacred bulwark of the Christian's faith.
Why do you break the bread and drink the wine
In memory of the Cross and Calvary,
And yet withhold a miserable mite
In your unbounded and superfluous wealth
From Lazarus—your *kind*, your *kin*, your *brother!*
For such, at least, is your meek Saviour's creed,
As will be found in the decrees of God,
Inscribed upon His book of final judgment
By a Redeemer's hand, and in His blood!
Your offerings and your sacrifice are vain;
Vain all your faith, unsanctified by forms,
While thus you trample o'er an outcast brother
And look with apathy on wretchedness
Enough to melt a heathen into tears.
How many of these saints that join'd the table,
Drank of the symbol wine, and broke the bread
In dear remembrance of the Saviour's body,
Did it unworthily!

Vainly you hope to merit Heaven's blessing
By trampling on its creatures or its laws;
The holiest sacrifice, the richest incense,
Is that which issues from a contrite heart
In double duty, both to Earth and Heaven.
Faith without works is dead; and prayer itself,
Though you should kneel away the altar-stone,
Is poor assurance of celestial hope
Unless thou "Lovest thy neighbor as thyself."

LINES.

TO A BIRD IN A LILAC.

Hail, lovely architect! that on a slender bough
Of fragrant lilac, build'st thy pensile nest!
Through greenest foliage balmy breezes blow,
And gentle zephyrs rock thee to thy rest.

From day to day there seated at thy ease,
Thou little reck'st if pleasure thrill my heart,
Or bitter sorrow plant its sting, and peace
From my wrung bosom evermore depart.

I for thy downy cradle still have cared—
Thy tiny labor from the first watch'd o'er,
Ah, little ingrate! could'st thou not have spar'd
One soothing song for me? I ask'd no more.

I know thou wilt not—for thy helpless brood
Thy fond maternal breast will only warm,
And for thy mate, who by thy side hast stood,
And sung to thee, and shielded thee from harm.

Miscellaneous.

THE VOLUNTEER COUNSEL.

A THRILLING STORY.

JOHN TAYLOR was licensed, when a youth of twenty-one, to practice at the bar. He was poor, but well educated, and possessed extraordinary genius. He married a beauty who afterward deserted him for another.

On the 9th of April, 1840, the court house in Clarksville, Texas, was crowded to overflowing. An exciting case was to be tried. George Hopkins, a wealthy planter, had offered a gross insult to Mary Ellison, the young and beautiful wife of his overseer. The husband threatened to chastise him for the outrage, when Hopkins went to Ellison's house and shot him in his own door. The murderer was arrested, and bailed to answer the charge. The occurrence produced great excitement, and Hopkins, in order to turn the tide of popular indignation, had circulated reports against her character, and she had sued him for slander. Both suits were pending—for murder and slander.

The interest became deeper, when it was known that Ashley and Pike, of Arkansas, and S. S. Prentiss, of New Orleans, by enormous fees, had been retained to defend Hopkins.

Hopkins was acquitted. The Texas lawyers were overwhelmed by their opponents. It was a fight of dwarfs against giants.

The slander suit was for the 9th, and the throng of spectators grew in numbers as in excitement. Public opinion was setting in for Hopkins; his money had procured witnesses who served his powerful advocates. When the slander case was called, Mary Elison was left without an attorney—all had withdrawn.

"Have you no counsel," inquired Judge Mills, looking kindly on the plaintiff.

"No, sir; they have deserted me, and I am too poor to employ any more" replied the beautiful Mary, bursting into tears.

"In such a case, will not some chivalrous member of the profession volunteer?" said the judge, glancing around the bar.

The thirty lawyers were silent.

"I will, your honor," said a voice from the thickest part of the crowd behind the bar.

At the sound of the voice many started—it was so unearthly, sweet, and mournful.

The first sensation was changed into laughter when a tall, gaunt, spectral figure elbowed his way through the crowd, and placed himself within the bar. His clothes looked so shabby that the court hesitated to let the case proceed under his management.

"Has your name been entered on the rolls of the State?" demanded the Judge.

"It is immaterial," answered the stranger, his thin, bloodless lips curling up with a sneer. "Here is my license from the highest tribunal in America!" and he handed the judge a broad parchment.

The trial went on.

He suffered the witnesses to tell their own story, and he allowed the defense to lead off. Ashley spoke first, followed by Pike and Prentiss. The latter brought the house down in cheers, in which the jury joined.

It was now the stranger's turn. He rose before the bar, not behind it, and so near the wondering jury that he might touch the foreman with his long, bony finger. He proceeded to tear to pieces the arguments of Ashley, which melted away at his touch like frost before a sunbeam. Every one looked surprised. Anon he came to the dazzling wit of the poet-lawyer, Pike. Then the curl on his lip grew sharper, his smooth face began to kindle up, and his eyes to open dim and dreary no longer, but vivid as lightning, red as fire-globes, and glaring as twin meteors. The whole soul was in his eye; the full heart streamed out of his face. Then, without bestowing an allusion to Prentiss, he turned short around on the perjured witnesses of Hopkins, tore their testimony into threads, and hurled in their faces such terrible invectives that all trembled like aspens, and two of them fled from the court-house. The excitement of the crowd was becoming tremendous. Their united life and soul seemed to hang upon the burning tongue of a stranger, and he inspired them with the power of his passions. He seemed to have stolen nature's long hidden secret of attraction. But his greatest triumph was to come.

His eyes began to glance at the assassin Hopkins, as his lean, taper fingers assumed the same direction. He hemmed the wretch within a wall of strong evidence and impregnable argument, cutting off all hope of escape. He dug beneath the murderer's feet ditches of dilemmas, and held up the slanderer to the scorn and contempt of the populace. Having thus girt him about with a circle of fire, he stripped himself to the work of massacre.

Oh! then it was a vision both glorious and dreadful to behold the orator. His actions became as impetuous as the motion of an oak in a hurricane. His voice became a trumpet filled with wild whirlpools, deafening the ears with crashes of power, and yet intermingled all the while with a sweet undersong of the softest cadence. His forehead glowed like a heated furnace, his countenance was haggard, like that of a maniac, and ever and anon he flung his long bony arm on high, as if grasping after thunderbolts.

He drew a picture of murder in such appalling colors that, in comparison, hell itself might seem beautiful; he painted the slanderer so black that the sun seemed dark at noonday, when shining on such a monster. And then, fixing both portraits on the shrinking Hopkins, fastened them there forever. The agitation of the audience amounted almost to madness.

All at once the speaker descended from the perilous height. His voice wailed out for the murdered dead, and living—the beautiful Mary, more beautiful every moment as her tears flowed faster and faster, till men wept and sobbed like children.

He closed by a strong exhortation to the jury, and through them to the bystanders; the panel, after they should bring in a verdict for the plaintiff, not to offer violence to the defendant, however richly he might deserve it—in other words, "not to lynch the villain, but leave his punishment to God." This was the most artful trick of all and calculated to insure vengeance.

The jury rendered a verdict of fifty thousand dollars; and the night afterward, Hopkins was taken out of his bed by the lynchers, and beaten almost to death. As the court adjourned, the stranger said:

"John Taylor will preach here this evening at early candle-light."

He did preach and the house was crowded. I have listened to Clay, Webster, and Calhoun—to Dwight, Bascom, and Beecher—but never heard any thing in the form of sublime words even approximating to the eloquence of John Taylor—massive as a mountain, and wildly rushing as a cataract of fire.

Josh Billings in the Editor's Chair.

HIS ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WHIP—You are rite; mules live to a lonla age; I've known them myself to live one hundred years, and not half tri. You are also rite about there being sure-footed; I've known them to kick a boy twice in a second, ten foot oph.

Gertrude—Yure inquiry stumps me. The more I think on it the more I can't tell. Az near as I can rekolek now I think I don't know. Much mite be sed both ways, and neether way be rite. Upon the whole, I think I rather think I wud, or I wouldent, jist as I think best or otherwise.

Plutark—Yu're mistaken; the Shakers don't marry. If young Shakers fall in luv tha ar sot to weeding onions, and it cures them forthwith. I kant tell you now how much it dus kost to jine the Shakers, but I believe the expenze used to be, inkluding having yure hair cut and larning how to danse, about $65.

Sportsman—Yure inquiry is not egzactly in mi line, but I haste to repli, as follers, to wit: The right length to cut oph a dog's tail has never yet bin fully discovered but is undoubtedly back of his ears, provided yu git the dog's consent.

N. B. It ain't absolutely necessary the dog's consent should be in writeing.

A YOUNG LADY ON BONNETS.—Oh, the bonnets of my girlhood—the kind I wore to school! I really thought them pretty—I must have been a fool. And yet I used to think myself on hats a jaunty miss; perhaps I was, as fashion went; but what was that to this? Oh, the lovely little pancake—the charming little mat! It makes my head so level, and so very, very flat. Oh, a sister's love is charming, as everybody knows; and a handsome cousin's love is nice (that is I suppose); and the love of a true lover is a love that cannot fail—but the love of a new bonnet is the dearest love of all.

On Going Surety.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Ought a man ever to go surety for another? Why not? It is a most friendly act. If prudently done, it may be of the most eminent benefit to a neighbor. It gives him the benefit of your good reputation when he is not known. It lends him your credit where his own is not sufficient. It puts him in funds which otherwise he could not command. Such service to a friend is generous, and sometimes even noble. No better use can be made of one's money than to help a true friend. We are commanded to remember those in bonds as bound with them. To be sure, this was originally applied to bonds of a different kind, but with not a whit more propriety than to pecuniary bonds. A man who, by a few thousand dollars, can save his friend, and perhaps his family, from bankruptcy and want, could hardly spend his money in a manner which, all his life long, he would remember with more satisfaction.

But, there are certain moral and prudential considerations which should always be borne in mind in going surety for a friend. You should make up your mind *how much property you have*, and *how much you are willing to give away*, absolutely, for that friend whom you indorse. For no blunder can be worse than to indorse on the supposition *that you will not have to pay*. Never indorse without without saying to yourself, "This may come round upon me. I *may* have to pay it; and, if it comes to that, I am able and willing." Nine out of ten of the fatal mistakes made by bondsmen arise from taking the opposite course to this. They consider the act of indorsing a friend's paper as a mere commercial form. "There is no risk. I shall not have it to pay. He is abundantly able to take care of his paper. I shall help him without harming myself, and he is a stingy man who will not do that." This is the calculation on which a man binds himself to pay a friend's debts in case the friend can not pay them himself. But how do these things turn out? One need not go far to ascertain! Every village has an illustration. The borrower was more involved than you suppose, or, perhaps, than he himself knew, and his creditors closed on him and wound him up, and were overjoyed to find such a good name as yours on his paper. Or, the sanguine scheme on which he had ventured, which seemed sure of success, almost without possibility of failure, suddenly, like a loaded wagon, slipped off a wheel and upset into the dirt!

Or, just as every thing was at the point of success, your friend sickened and could not look after his affairs, some critical matter was neglected, or some dishonest person stepped in and crooked matters; your friend died, the estate went to executors' hands for settlement, was badly managed, warped and crooked, and finally turned out insolvent.

And what became of you? Why, you were surety for the full amount of what you are worth! In an hour you find yourself confronted with a debt that sweeps away your house, your farm, your little sum in band, and leaves you just where you began twenty-five years ago, with this difference, that then you had only yourself to provide for, and now you have a wife and eight children. Then you were twenty-five years old and life was all before you, and now you are fifty years old, and life pretty much all behind you! You have given away your children's bread. You have not saved your friend, but have ruined yourself! Perhaps your friend had settled on his wife a small property. So much the better for her, if he had. Of course *she* will divide with you, since it was to save her husband, that you were ruined. But, if she will not, (and human nature is made up of shaky stuff,) and her children go to school, while yours stay at home; and if they live in a comfortable house, pleasantly furnished, while you are hiring a few rooms in the cheapest quarter of the town, then I suspect that you will chew the end of a great many bitter reflections.

When it is too late, you will be very wise. You will say to yourself, it may be, "A man is a fool who signs for any larger sum than he can conveniently pay." Amen, say I!

"Before a man puts his name down on another man's paper, he should ask himself, Am I willing to *give* this person as much money as I sign for?" Amen, say I!

"To sign a bond on the supposition that it is a mere form, and that you will have nothing to pay, is to put one's head into a fool's noose." Amen, again, say I!

There is no harm in signing for a neighbor if you have got the property; if you are able to pay the amount without harming your own household; and if you love the man for whom you sign enough to be willing to GIVE him outright the sum covered by your indorsement. Otherwise, to go surety for a neighbor is a folly, a sin and a shame.

A MAN OF NERVE.—A Washington letter-writer remarks of Mr. Greeley that "the control he has of his countenance is nearer what is related of Talleyrand than any man we wot of—it being said of the latter that if any man were to kick him behind, a man in front could not tell from the expression of his face that any thing unusual was occurring," This reminds a correspondent of an incident that occurred in Omaha: A gentleman who had received an insulting missive determined to resent it promptly. Next day, thinking he saw his man ahead, he hastily overtook him and administered several pedal salutations. The kick*ee* remaining passive, the kick*er* went round in front to see the effect, and discovered to his regret that he had kicked the wrong man. He apologized, and was answered:

"Don't mention it. From the frequency of such little episodes in my experience I was sensible of your demonstration, but was *not* aware you had made any mistake."

At which little M——, of the Omaha *Herald*, admiringly remarked, "Oh, *hasn't he got the nerve!*" *Drawer.—Harper's Magazine.*

Simon Short's Son Samuel.

Shrewd Simon Short sewed shoes. Seventeen summers, speeding storms, spreading sunshine, successfully saw Simon's small, shabby shop still standing staunch, saw Simon's self-same squeaking sign still swinging, silently specifying: "Simon Short Smithfield's sole surviving shoemaker. Shoes sewed, sold superfinely." Simon's spry, sedulous spouse, Sall Short, sewed shirts, stitched sheets, stuffed sofas. Simon's six stout, sturdy sons—Seth, Samuel, Stephen, Saul, Shadrach, Silas—sold sundries, Sober Seth sold sugar, starch, spice; sagacious Stephen sold silks, satins, shawls; skeptical Saul sold silver salvers, silver spoons; selfish Shadrach sold shoe strings, soap, saws, skates; slack Silas sold Sally Short's stuffed sofas.

Some seven summers since, Simon's second son, Samuel saw Sophia Sophronia Spriggs somewhere. Sweet, sensible, smart Sophia Sophronia Spriggs. Sam soon showed strange symptoms. Sam seldom stayed, storing, selling saddles. Sam sighed sorrowfully, sought Sophia Sophronia's society, sung several serenades slyly. Simon stormed, scolded, severely, said Sam seemed so silly singing such shameful, senseless songs.

"Strange Sam should slight such splendid summer sales!" said Simon. "Strutting spendthrift! shatter-brained simpleton!"

"Softly, softly, sir," said Sally, "Sam's smitten-Sam's spied some sweet heart."

"Sentimental school—boy!" snarled Simon. "Smitten! Stop such stuff!"

Simon sent Sally's snuff-box spinning, seized Sally's scissors, smashed Sally's spectacles, scattering several spools. "Sneaking scoundrel! Sam's shocking silliness shall surcease!" scowling Simon stopped speaking, starting swiftly shopward. Sally sighed sadly. Summoning Sam, she spoke sweet sympathy.

"Sam" said she, "sire seems singularly snappy; so, sonny, stop strolling streets, stop smoking segars, spending specie superfluously, stop sprucing so, stop singing serenades. stop short! Sell saddles, sonny; sell saddles sensibly; see Sophia Sophronia Spriggs soon; she's sprightly, she's staple, so solicit, sue; secure Sophia speedily, Sam."

"So soon? so soon?,' said Sam, standing stock still.

"So soon! surely," said Sally, smiling; "specially since sire shows such spirits."

So Sam, somewhat scared, sauntered slowly, shaking stupendously. Sam soliloquises:

"Sophia Sophronia Spriggs—Spriggs Short—Sophia Sophronia Short, Samuel Short's spouse—sounds splendid! Suppose she should say—She! she shan't! she shan't!"

Soon Sam spied Sophia starching shirts, singing softly. Seeing Sam, she stopped starching; saluted Sam smilingly. Sam stammered shockingly.

"Spl-spl—splendid summer season, Sophia."

"Somewhat sultry," suggested Sophia.

"Sar-sartain, Sophia," said Sam (Silence seventeen seconds.)

"Selling saddles still, Sam?"

"Sar-sar—sartain," said Sam, starting suddenly. "Season's somewhat sudorific," said Sam, stealthily staunching streaming sweat, shaking sensibly.

"Sartin,"said Sophia, smiling significantly. "Sip some sweet sherbet, Sam." (Silence sixty seconds.)

"Sire shot sixty sheldrakes Saturday," said Sophia.

"Sixty? sho!" said Sam. (Silence seventy-seven seconds.)

"See sister Susan's sunflowers" said Sophia, sociably scattering such stiff silence.

Sophia's sprightly sauciness stimulated Sam strangely; so Sam suddenly spoke sentimentally: "Sophia, Susan's sunflowers seem saying, 'Samuel Short, Sophia Sophronia Spriggs, stroll serenely, seek some sequestered spot, some sylvan shade. Sparkling springs shall sing soul-soothing strains; sweet songsters shall silence secret sighing; superangelic sylphs shall——.' "

Sophia snickered; so Sam stopped.

"Sophia," said Sam, solemnly.

"Sam," said Sophia.

"Sophia, stop smiling, Sam Short's sincere, Sam's seeking some sweet spouse, Sophia."

Sophia stood silent.

"Speak! Sophia, speak! such suspense speculates sorrow."

"Seek sire, Sam, seek sire."

So Sam sought sire Spriggs. Sire Spriggs said, "Sartin."

THE following purports to be told by a husband of his loving little wife and excellent housekeeper: One day the wife moved her low rocking-chair close to her husband's side. He was reading. She placed her dear little hand lovingly on his arm, and moved it along softly toward his coat-collar. He felt nice all over. He certainly expected a kiss. She moved her hand up and down his coat sleeve. "Husband," said she. "What, my dear?" "I was just thinking how nicely this suit of clothes you have on would work into a rag carpet." The husband felt cross all day, the disappointment was so very great.

—A man wearing a pair of spotted pantaloons took a noontide siesta under a tree in the neighborhood of Madison, Indiana. A German, who was out hunting, saw his leg hanging over a rock; and mistaking it for a huge boa constrictor, fired a charge of shot into it. The moral is obvious. Don't wear spotted pantloons when you take an out-of-doors nap in Indiana.

—A Jamaica negro fell asleep in the hold of a vessel just leaving Aspinwall, and remained there without food or water, until reaching New York, nine days. He had a hard and hungry time of it, as the hatches were fastened down so that his cries could not be heard, and the cargo consisting of wool, hides, mother-of-pearl and india-rubber, did not afford much sustenance.

A Good Sheep Story.

The following transaction is an actual fact, and occurred some years ago in the State of Connecticut.

A man in rather indifferent circumstances, surrounded by a large family, being entirely out of meat, had resource to the sheepfold of his neighbor, (a rich farmer) for relief. The neighbor having a flock of sheep, did not perceive he had lost any, until one of the finest in the flock, very large and fat, was missing—and counting his sheep, found he had lost several. Unable to account for this extraordinary loss, he resolved a few nights after to watch. About midnight he observed an uncommon disturbance among the sheep, by the sudden appearance of a man dressed in disguise. Curiosity, as well to observe the conduct of the person as to find him out, induced him to be still. In the flock there was a ram with whom, it seems, the man was in the habit of conversing as if he had been the actual owner of the sheep. "Well, Mr. Ram," says the nocturnal sheep stealer. "I am come to buy another sheep; have you any more to sell?" Upon which he replied himself, as in person of the ram, "Yes I have sheep to sell." By this time the owner of the sheep perceived him to be one of his neighbors. "What will you take for that large fat wether?" says the purchaser. "Four dollars," replied Mr. Ram. "That is a very high price," says the man; "but as you are so good as to wait on me for the pay, I think I will take him." "Well, Mr. Ram," continues the honest sheep buyer, "Let us see how many sheep I have bought of you." "If I am not mistaken," says Mr. Ram, "this makes the fifth; then went on to cast up the amount of the whole; and after giving Mr. Ram a polite invitation to call on him for his pay, and bidding him good night, the man led him home, while the owner lay laughing at the novelty of the scene, as highly gratified as if he had received ample pay for the whole. A few nights afterwards, when he supposed his neighbor was nearly out of mutton, he caught the old ram and tied a little bag under his neck, and placed a piece of paper between his horns, on which he wrote in large letters I HAVE COME AFTER MY PAY. Under this line he footed up the whole amount of the five sheep exactly as his neighbor had done, as before related; he then took the ram to his neighbor's house, where he tied him near his door and then went home. When the neighbor rose in the morning he was not a little surprised to find a sheep tied at his own door; but it is beyond words to express his astonishment when he found it was the old Ram with whom he had lately been dealing so much in mutton, with his errand on his forehead, and the amount of the five sheep accurately made out, as he had done a few nights before in the person of the ram. Suffice it to say, he obtained the money and after tying it up nicely in the little bag, and tearing the paper from his horns, set the ram at liberty, who immediately ran home, jingling his money, as if proud of having accomplished the object of his errand to the no small gratification of the owner.

What the Coming Girl Will Do.

Twenty years ago a young man who had paid attention to a bright, sweet girl for a long time without making anything that was even a second cousin to a proposal, was startled one evening by the question, "Robert, do you want to marry me?" He tried to evade the point by asking why she put such a question to him. "Because, if you do not want to marry me you must stop coming to see me. No mocking-bird around the red-breast's nest you know." Robert took the hint, and with a cool good night, walked home. What should he care for a girl so rude as that? Good company as hers elsewhere. He would join the club next day. He tried to sleep, but couldn't. He didn't quite like the turn things had taken. The figure plagued him. If he was a mocking-bird, who was the red-breast that he was keeping away from such a fitting partner? "At any rate, one thing is certain; Edna is smart as she is pretty," he said to himself, "and she means business." The next morning Robert went to the counting-room, when presently Joe Mason came in and said, "I tell you what it is, Bob, you were lucky in keeping out of the club. I have just paid another assessment of fifty dollars, and, what is worse, I meet such expensive friends there that it costs more than I can earn to keep it up." "I was just thinking of joining the club," said Robert. "It will be a cool five hundred a year out of pocket, and precious little satisfaction and no home feeling at that," replied his friend.

Robert hummed a tune when left to himself. It was a very long day. Business had dragged. Everybody was preoccupied, hurried, cross. Things went wrong. He was glad to go home, only it wasn't home. He took a book, but found himself trying to read the coals in the grate and find the figures on the wall instead of the page. He threw himself on the lounge, but it was dreadfully dull. He stood it for some time and then put on his hat and walked down to the widow Cragie's. He stepped up to the door as usual, but Edna was engaged. He asked to have her called. It seemed a month before she came down. At last she appeared. He arose from his seat and met her in the middle of the room, and said, "Edna, I have come to-night on business. I'm tired of being your mocking-bird, and want to be your red-breast; will you be my wife?" "When you say," said Edna, her face suffused with blushes.

"Soon as I can make a nest, dearest," Robert replied. "I believe both the red-breasts join in building the nest," said Edna, "and I want to do my part." This was twenty years ago. To-day one of the handsomest mansions in our cities is the nest of a wedded pair, whose life has been sweet as a bird's song, and whose hearts, like their affections, are as young as ever. There is a great deal more in putting a little straight-forward business at the beginning of life than is generally supposed.