The Columbian

—AND—

Bloomsburg Democrat.

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

CHARLES B. BROCKWAY,

Editor and Proprietor.

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The Columbian.

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One square	$2.50	$3.00	$4.00	$6.00	$10.00
Two squares	3.50	5.00	7.00	9.00	15.00
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Four squares	7.00	9.00	11.00	17.00	25.00
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One column	30.00	35.00	40.00	60.00	100.00

Executor's or Administrator's Notice, $3.00; Auditor's or Assignee's Notice, $2.50.

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

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

BLOOMSBURG DIRECTORY.

STOVES AND TINWARE.

JACOB 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-n4

CLOTHING, &C.

D. LOWENBERG, merchant tailor, Main st., 2d door above American house. v1-n43

WM. MORRIS, Merchant Tailor and Agent for the New Parham sewing Machine, corner of Centre and Main street above Miller's store. v3-n35.

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

DR. Wm. M. Reber, Surgeon and Physician, Exchange Block over Webb's Book store. v3-n28

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.

MRS. E. KLINE, Millinery and Fancy Goods Main Street below Market. v1n46

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

MISS 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-n43

MRS. M. B. FURMAN, milliner, Main st., below Hartman's store, west of Market st. v1-n43

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-n43

WIDMYER & JACOBY, confectionary, 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-n4

MERCHANTS AND GROCERS.

E. JACOBS, Confectionery, groceries etc. Main st., below Iron v1-n43

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

C. B. SEESHOLTZ, dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots shoes, &c., corner Main and Iron streets. 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 groceries 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, and notions. Main st., opposite court house. v-1n45

J. K. EYER, groceries and general merchandise Main st., above West. v1-n43

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

MISCELLANEOUS.

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

C. M. CHRISTMAN, saddle, trunk and harness maker, opposite Episcopal church Main st., v1n18

G. 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-n28

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

E. J. BIDLEMAN, Agent Munson's Copper Tubular Lightning Rod. v2-n18

C. 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

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.

ORANGEVILLE DIRECTORY.

DR. O. A. MEGARGEL, physician and surgeon Main st., next door to Good's Hotel. v-n17

BRICK HOTEL and refreshment saloon, by Wm. Masteller cor. of Main and Pine st. v-1n17

HARMAN BROTHERS, Tanners and manufacturers of leather, on Main st., below Good's Hotel. v2-n17

DAVID HERRING, Flour and Grist Mill, and Dealer in grain, Mill Street. v1-n17

BOWER & HERRING, dealer in dry goods, groceries, lumber and general Merchandise Main st. v1-n17

JOHN FRYMIRE, saddle and harness maker Main st., above the Swan Hotel. v1-n17

A. & E. W. COLEMAN, Merchant tailor and Gent's furnishing goods, Main st., next door to the brick hotel. v1-n17

JAMES B. HARMAN, Cabinet Maker and Undertaker, Main st., below Pine. v1-n17

H. H. & C. KELCHNER, Blacksmiths, on Mill Street, near Pine. v1-n17

WILLIAM DELONG Shoemaker and manufacturer of Brick, Mill St., west of Pine v1n49

LEWIS B. SCHUYLER, Iron founder, Machinist, and Manufacturer of plows, Mill St. v1-n17

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

A. B. HERRING & BROTHER, Carpenters and Builders, Main Street, below Pine. v1-n17

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-n17

S. D. RINARD, dealer in stoves and tin-ware, Main Street. v2-n17

WM. H. ABBETT, attorney at law, Main Street. v2-n17

GILBERT & KLINE, dry goods, groceries, and general merchandise, Main Street v2-n17

L. KEILER, billiard saloon, oysters, and ice cream in season Main Street. v2-n17

B. F. DALLMAN, Merchant Tailor, Second St. Robbins' Building. v2-n18.

DR. J. K. ROBBINS, Surgeon and Physician, Second St., below Main. v2-n16

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-n43

J. TERWILLIGER, Cabinetmaker, Undertaker and Chairmaker. v1-n43

H. F. OMAN & Co., Wheelwrights, first door above school house. v1-n43

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

R. S. 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 Keiler'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—n1

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

B. F. REIGHARD, & BRO., dealers in dry goods, groceries, and general merchandise. v12n1

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

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOB PRINTING

Neatly executed at this Office.

CHAS. G. BARKLEY,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

BLOOMSBURG, PA.

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

Bloomsburg, Jan. 1, 1869.

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. [sep29'67.

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 the country. Examine for yourselves.

Shop first door below the Post Office Main Street, Bloomsburg, Pa.

Nov. 15, 1867.

BOOK STORE.

The undersigned, having taken the rooms lately occupied by Dr. P. John next door above the Exchange Hotel, would notify the citizens of the County that there will be constantly on hand a full assortment of

BOOKS, STATIONERY, AND WALL PAPER

Also the various Magazines and Newspapers published in this country, orders for which will be promptly attended to.

THE CIRCULATING LIBRARY

which has been in existence for a year, calls for the stronger support of the community. The terms are reasonable, and additional subscribers are needed to justify an increase in the number of volumes.

The usual large stock of

NOTIONS AND FANCY GOODS,

will be kept up and no pains spared to satisfy the wants of purchasers.

May 14,'69-tf A. D. WEBB, Bloomsburg Pa.

DEAFNESS, BLINDNESS AND Catarrh treated with the utmost success, by J. ISAACS, M. D., and Professor of Diseases of the Eye and Ear, (his specialty) in the Medical College of Pennsylvania, 12 years experience, (formerly of Leyden, Holland.) No. 805 Arch Street, Phila. Testimonials can be seen at his office. The medical faculty are invited to accompany their patients, as he has no secrets in his practice. Artificial eyes inserted without pain. No charge for examination.

Jan. 19, '69-1y

LADIES' FANCY FURS!

JOHN FAREIRA,

718 Arch Street, Middle of the block, between 7th and 8th Street South Side, Philadelphia. Importer, Manufacturer and Dealer in all kinds and quality of

FANCY FURS FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN'S WEAR.

Having enlarged, remodeled and improved my old and favorably known FUR EMPORIUM, and having imported a very large and splendid assortment of all the different kinds of Furs from first hands in Europe, and have had them made up by the most skillful workmen, I would respectfully invite my friends of Columbia and adjacent Counties, to call and examine my very large and beautiful assortment of Fancy Furs, for Ladies and Children. I am determined to sell at as low prices as any other respectable House in this city. All Furs Warranted. No misrepresentations to effect sales.

Oct. 1,'69-4m. JOHN FAREIRA, 718 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA DIRECTORY

WILLIAM FISHER

WITH

THOMAS CARSON & CO.

WHOLESALE

DEALERS IN HOSIERY,

MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS,

LINENS & NOTIONS,

NO. 18 NORTH FOURTH STREET

PHILADELPHIA.

June 4,'69-6m

RICHARDSON L. WRIGHT, JR.

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

NO. 128 SOUTH SIXTH STREET.

PHILADELPHIA.

Oct. 22,'69-1y

JOHN STROUP & CO.,

Successors to Stroup & Brother,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN FISH

No. 24 North Wharves, and 25 North Water st., Philadelphia.

SIEVES AND WIRE CLOTH,

MANUFACTURED BY

SELLERS BROTHERS

623 Market Street, Philadelphia.

Sept. 24,'69-3m.

G. W. BLABON & CO.,

Manufacturers of

OIL CLOTHS AND WINDOW SHADES

Warehouse, No. 124 North Third street Philadelphia.

GEORGE H. ROBERTS,

Importer and Dealer in

HARDWARE, CUTLERY, GUNS, &c.

No. 311 North Third Street, above Vine Philadelphia.

SNYDER, HARRIS & BASSETT,

Manufacturers and Jobbers of

MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING

Nos. 525 Market, and 522 Commerce Street Philadelphia

JOHN C. YEAGER & CO.,

Wholesale Dealers in

HATS, CAPS, STRAW GOODS, AND LADIES' FURS

No. 257 North Third Street,

Mar 19,'69-1y Philadelphia.

ESTABLISHED 1793.

JORDAN & BROTHER,

Wholesale Grocers, and Dealers in

SALTPETER AND BRIMSTONE

No 209 North Third St.

Philadelphia.

I. H. WALTER,

Late Walter & Kaub,

Importer and Dealer in

CHINA, GLASS AND QUEENSWARE,

No. 231 N. Third Street.

Philadelphia.

H. W. RANK'S

WHOLESALE TOBACCO, SNUFF, AND CIGAR WAREHOUSE.

No. 146 North Third Street,

between Cherry and Race, west side Philadelphia.

WARTMAN & ENGELMAN,

TOBACCO, SNUFF & SEGAR MANUFACTORY,

NO. 318 NORTH THIRD STREET,

Second Door below Wood,

PHILADELPHIA.

I. W. WARTMAN P. ENGELMAN

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.

C. H. HORNE. W. S. KING. J. R. SEYBERT.

HORNE, KING & SEYBERT,

WHOLESALE DRY GOODS.

No. 313 Market Street

PHILADELPHIA.

Orders filled promptly at lowest

January 3, 1868.

Major E. B. ARTMAN. C. H. DILLINGER. N. BORY

ARTMAN, DILLINGER & CO.,

NO. 101 NORTH THIRD ST. PHILADELPHIA

Two Doors above Arch formerly 226.

MANUFACTURERS AND JOBBERS IN CARPETS, COTTONS YARNS, BATTING, OIL CLOTHS, CARPET CHAINS, CORDAGE OIL SHADES, GRAIN BAGS, TIE YARN, WICK YARN, WINDOW PAPER, COVERLETS,

—ALSO,—

WILLOW AND WOODEN WARE

BROOMS, BRUSHES, LOOKING GLASSES, TRUNKS

Feb. 5,'69

HOTELS, &C.

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.

COLUMBIA HOUSE,

BY

BERNARD STOHNER.

HAVING lately purchased and fitted up the well-known Robison Hotel Property, located a FEW DOORS ABOVE THE COURT HOUSE, on the same side of the street, in the town of Bloomsburg, and having obtained a license for the same as a

RESTAURANT,

the Proprietor has determined to give to the people visiting the town on business or pleasure,

A LITTLE MORE ROOM.

His stabling also is extensive, and is fitted up to put buggies and carriages in the dry. He promises that everything about his establishment shall be conducted in an orderly and lawful manner and he respectfully solicits a share of the public patronage. [my17'67-6m.

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. Their house is spacious, and enjoys an excellent business location.

Omnibusses 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.

Choice Poetry.

SHAMUS O'BRIEN'S HANGING.

The following celebrated poem is too good to pass by. As historical in character, and illustrative of the tyranny of officials and government at the time it is valuable; and then written in such peculiar style, with its wit, humor and eloquence, it has few if any equals. Read it and you will want to read it again.

Just afther the war, in the year '69,
As soon as the boys were all scattered and bate,
'Twas the custom whenever a pisant was got,
To hang him by thrial harrin' sich as was shot.
There was thrial by jury goin' on by daylight,
And the martial law hangin' the lavies by night.
It's thim was hard times for an honest gossoon;
If he missed in the judge—he'd meet a dragoon;
An' whether the sojers or judges gev sentence,
The divil a much time they allowed fur repentance.
An' its many's the fine boy was thin for his keepin',
Wid small share of restin', or atin', or sleepin',
An' because they loved Erin, an' scorned to sell it,
A prey for the blood hound, a mark for the bullet—
Unsheltered by night, and unrested by day,
With the heath for their barracks revenge for their pay;
An' the bravest and hardiest boy iv them all
Was SHAMUS O'BRIEN, from the town iv Glingall.
His limbs were well set, an' his body was light,
An' the keen-fanged hound had not teeth half so white;
But his face was as pale as the face of the dead,
And his cheek never warmed with the blush of the red;
An' for all that he wasn't an ugly young bye,
For the divil himself couldn't blaze with his eye,
So droll an' so wicked, so dark an' so bright,
Like a fire flash that crosses the depths of the night;
An' he was the best mower that ever has been,
And the illigantest hurler that ever was seen.
In fencin' he gev Patrick Mooney a cut,
An' in jumpin' he bate Tom Malowney a fut;
For lightness iv fut there was not his peer,
For, by gorra, he'd almost outrun the red deer,
An' his dancin' was sich that the men used to stare,
An' the women turned crazy, he done it so square;
An' by gorra the whole world gev it into him there.
An' it's he was the boy that was hard to be caught,
An' it's many's the one can remember quite well
The quare things he done; an' its oft I heerd tell,
How he freckened the magistrates in Cahirbally,
An' escaped through the sojers in Aherloe Valley;
An' lathered the yeomen, himself agin' four,
An' stretched the two strongest on auld Galtimore.
But the fox must sleep sometimes, the wild deer must rest,
An' treachery prey on the blood iv the best.
Afther many a brave action of power and pride,
An' many a hard night on the mountain's bleak side,
An' a thousand great dangers and toils overpast,
In the darkness of night he was taken at last.
Now, Shamus, look back on the beautiful moon,
For the door of the prison must close on you soon,
An' take your last look at her dim lovely light,
That falls on the mountain and valley this night—
One look at the village, one look at the flood,
An' one at the sheltering, far distant wood,
Farewell to the forest, farewell to the hill,
An' farewell to the friends that will think of you still,
Farewell to the pathern, the hurlin' an' wake,
An' farewell to the girl that would die for your sake.
An' twelve sodgers brought him to the Mary borough jail;
An' the turnkey resaved him, refusin all bail,
The fleet limbs wor chained, and the sthrong hands wor bound,
An' he laid down his length on the cold prison ground,
An' the dreams of his childhood kem over him there,
As gentle an' soft as the sweet summer air;
An' happy remembrances crowding on ever,
As fast as the foam flakes drift down on the river,
Bringing fresh to his heart merry days long gone by,
Till the tears gathered heavy and thick in his eye.
But the tears didn't fall, for the pride at his heart
Would not suffer one drop down his pale cheek to start;
An' he sprang to his feet in the dark prison cave,
By the hopes of the good, an' the cause of the brave,
An' he swore with the fierceness that misery gave
That when he was mouldering in the cold grave
His enemies never should have it to boast,
His scorn for their vengeance one moment was lost;
His bosom might bleed, but his cheek would be dhry,
For undaunted he lived, and undaunted he'd die.
As soon as a few were over and gone,
The terrible day iv the thrial kem on;
There was sich a crowd there was scarce room to stand,
An' sodgers on guard, an' dragoons sword in hand;
An' the court house so full that the people were bothered,
An' attorneys, an' criers an the point of bein' smothered;
An' counsellors almost gave over for dead,
An' the jury sittin' up in their box overhead;
An' the judge settled out so determined an' big,
With his gown on his back and an illigant new wig;
An' silence was called, an' the minit was said
The court was as still as the heart of the dead,
An' they heard but the openin' of one prison lock,
An' Shamus O'Brien came into the dock.
For one minute he turned his eye round on the throng,
An' he looked at the bars so firm and so strong,
An' he saw that he had not a hope or a friend,
A chance to escape nor a word to defend;
An' he folded his arms as he stood there alone,
As calm and as cold as a statue of stone;
An' they read a big writin', a yard long at laste,
An' Jim didn't understand it, nor mind it a taste,
An' the Judge took a pinch iv snuff, an' he says,
"Are you guilty or not, Jim O'Brien av you plase?"
An' all held their breath in the silence of dhread,
An' Shamus O'Brien made answer and said:
"My lord, if you ask me, if in my life-time
I thought any treason, or did any crime
That should call to my cheek, as I stand alone here,
The hot blush of shame, or the coldness of fear,
Though I stood at the grave to receive my death blow,
Before God and the world I would answer you no;
But if you would ask me, as I think it like,
If in the rebellion I carried a pike,
An' fought for ould Ireland from the first to the close,
An' shed the heart's blood of her bitterest foes,
I answer you, yes, and I tell you again,
Though I stand here to perish, it's my glory then
In her cause I was willing my veins should run dhry,
An' now for her sake I am ready to die."
The silence was great and the jury smiled bright,
An' the judge wasn't sorry the job was made light;
By my sowl, its himself was the crabbed ould chap,
In a twinklin' he pulled on his ugly black cap,
Then Shamus' mother in the crowd standin' by,
Called out to the judge with a pitiful cry:
"O! Judge darlin,' don't, oh! don't say the word,
The crathur is young, have mercy, my lord;
He was foolish, he didn't know what he was doin;'
You don't know him, my lord, oh! don't give him to ruin;
He's the kindliest crathur, the tenderest hearted;
Don't part us forever, we that's so long parted.
Judge, mavourneen, forgive him, forgive him, my lord,
An' God will forgive you, oh! don't say the word!"
Thar was the first minute that O'Brien was shaken,
When he saw that he was not quite forgot or forsaken,
An' down his pale cheek at the word of his mother,
The big tears wor runnin' fast, one afther th' other;
An' two or three times he endeavored to speak,
But the sthrong, manly voice used to falthur and break;
But at last by the strength of his high mounting pride,
He conquered and masthered his grief's swellin' tide,
An', says he "mother darlin,' don't break your poor heart,
For sooner or later, the dearest must part;
An' God knows it's better than wandering in fear,
On the bleak, trackless mountain among the wild deer,
To lie in the grave, where the head, heart and breast
From thought, labor and sorrow forever shall rest.
Then mother, my darlin' don't cry any more,
Don't make me seem broken, in this, my last hour,
For I wish when my head's lyin' under the raven,
No true man can say that I died like a craven!"
Then towards the judge Shamus bent down his head,
An' that minute the solemn death sentence was said.
The mornin' was bright, an' the mist rose on high,
An' the lark whistled merrily in the sky,
But, why are the men standing idle so late?
An' why do the crowds gather fast in the street?
What come they to talk of? what come they to see?
An' why does the long rope hang from the cross tree?
O, Shamus O'Brien! pray fervent and fast,
May the saints take your soul, for this day is your last:
Pray fast an' pray sthrong, for the moment is nigh,
When sthrong, proud an' great as you are you must die.
An' faster an' faster the crowd gathered there,
Boys, horses, and gingerbread just like a fair:
An' whiskey was sellin' an' cussamuck too,
An' ould men and young women enjoying the view.
An' ould Tim Mulvaney, he med the remark,
There wasn't sich a sight since the time of Noah's ark;
An' be gorry, 'twas thrue for him, for divil sich a scourge,
Sich divarshin and crowds was known since the deluge,
For thousands were gathered there, if there was one,
Waitin' till such time as the hangin' id come on;
At last they threw open the big prison gate,
An' out came the sheriffs and sodgers in state,
An' a cart in the middle, an' Shamus was in it:
Not paler, but prouder than ever, that minute.
An' as soon as the people saw Shamus O'Brien,
Wid prayin' and blessin', and all the girls cryin;
A wild wailin' sound kem on by degrees,
Like the sound of the lonesome wind blowin' through trees.
On, to the gallows the sheriffs are gone,
An' the cart an' the sodgers go steadily on;
An' at every side swellin' around of the cart,
A wild sorrowful sound that id open your heart.
Now under the gallows the cart takes its stand,
An' the hangman gets up with the rope in his hand:
An' the priest havin' blest him, goes down on the ground,
An' Shamus O'Brien throws one last look around.
Then the hangman drew near, an' the people grew still,
Young faces turned sickly, and warm hearts turned chill:
An' the rope bein' ready his neck was made bare,
For the gripe of the life strangling rope to prepare;
But the good priest done more, for his hands he unbound,
An' with one daring spring Jim has leaped on the ground;
Bang! bang! goes the carbines, and clash goes the sabres,
He's not down! he's alive still! now stand to him, neighbors;
Through the smoke and horses he's into the crowd,
By the heavens he's free, than thunder more loud,
By one shout from the people the heavens were shaken—
One shout that the dead of the world might awaken.
But if you want hangin, 'its yourself you must hang;
To-night he'll be sleepin' in Aherloe Glin,
An' the divils in the dice if you catch him agin,
The sodgers ran this way, the sheriffs ran that,
An' the sheriffs were both of them punished severely,
An' fined like the divil, because Jim done them so fairly.
A week after this time—without firin' a cannon,
A sharp Yankee schooner sailed out of the Shannon,
An' the captain left word he was goin to Cork.
But the devil a bit—he was bound to New York;
An' that very night she ran so near land,
That some thought she would strike up on Galtimore strand;
But before the daylight, like a winged sea mew,
As swift and as fleet to the westward she flew.
"Bad luck," said the police—"bad luck," said the sojer,
"We thot that we had him"—but Jim proved a dodger.
The very next Spring—a bright mornin' in May,
Just six months after the great 'hanging' day,'
A letter was brought to the town of Kildare,
And on the outside was written out fair,
"To ould Mrs. O'Brien in Ireland or elsewhere,"
An' in the inside began: "My dear good auld mother,
I'm safe, an' happy—and not wishin' to bother
You in the radin'—with the help of the priest)
I send you enclosed in this lether at laist
Enuf—to pay him an' fetch ye away,
To this 'land of the free and brave'—Merrika.
Here you'll be happy, an' niver nade cryin'
So long as you're mother of Shamus O'Brien;
Give my love to swate Biddy, and tell her beware,
Of that spalpeen, who calls himself Lord of Kildare,'
And just say to the judge, I don't now care a rap
For him or his wig, or his dirty black cap;
An' as for the dragoons—them paid men of slaughther—
Say I love them, as the divil loves holy wather.
An' now, my good mother, one word of advice:
Take a bag o' peratees an' oat meal an' rice,
Ax Father O'Conner when you pass thro Derry
To give you a line to his friend Captain Murray,
An' if he's not at Cork, then find Captain Skiddy,
They are both the right men to take care of a widdy,
For their hearts are so warm an' so kind my dear mother,
They will trate you exactly as if each was your brother;
An' wen ye start from auld Ireland take passage to Cork,
An' come strate over to the town of New York.
An' there ax the mayer the best way to go
To the State of Cincinnati, in the town of Ohio,
For 'tis there you will find me, without much thryin.'
At the 'Harp an' the Eagle'—kept by Shamus O'Brien.'

Miscellaneous.

An Awkard Predicament.

Out in Missouri lives a Mrs. Hempdale, who has or had a daughter named Laura, who loved a man named Jack. This man Jack she didn't like, but was informed by a neighbor that Jack and Laura had arranged a plan of elopement.

Her mind was quickly made up. She announced to Laura the next morning that she was going to Bellville on a visit, to be gone three days, and that she must be a good girl, and not tear the house down while she was gone.

That night Jack knew of it, and as he read that nice little note that bade him come over and stay until mother comes home, and what a splendid time we will have, he smiled, knocked the ashes off his cigar, and resolved on the course he would pursue.

Jack went over, but there is no earthly use in attempting to describe the delectable things he enjoyed; it was a sugar season at that plantation, sure.

Just before dusk, while Jack was running over full of the occasion, in rushes Laura's waiting woman with,

"Lor bress me, chil'n, of yer aint misses at de gate."

"My God! Dinah, what shall we do with Jack?"

"Pop him in de closet, Miss Laura," and Jack was popped in the closet in a twinkling of an eye.

In stalked the old lady, who sharply scrutinizing the disconcerted and blushing countenance of Laura, felt sure that Jack had been there.

"Come here, Laura. Now you can't deceive me. That abominable Planie has been here, and you and he have fixed upon a runaway match to come off to-night; I know you see."

Laura was silent, and the old lady continued.

"But you'll find your mother is no fool, and too sharp for you my lady. Sooner than you should marry that miserable Jack Plaine, I'd see you laid in your grave. He is not going to squander my money I assure you."

The old lady rose, and going to a clothes press returned with several comforts and a pillow.

Then walking up to the closet where Jack was concealed, threw them in and said to Laura.

"Now march in here Miss, step along; I'll look out that you don't see that low-born mechanic this night."

Laura protested that she did not want to, declaring that her mother might be sorry for it some day.

But without paying any attention, her mother gave her a push, shut the door and locked it put the key in her pocket and went to bed.

Early in the morning the old lady arose, and without waiting to dress took the key from her pocket and opened the closet door to bid Laura come forth, gazed wildly for an instant and utterred a most piercing scream.

Recovering very rapidly, she started away from the door and called faintly to Laura:

"Laura, deer, go into the kitchen and see about breakfast."

Then presently:

"Jack, I say Jack."

Jack came forth with a son-in-law looking air, and answered:

"Well, madame, what is it?"

"Do you know anything about a farm?" said she.

"Nothing to brag of, ma'am," said Jack humbly.

"Well, at any rate, Jack, I think that after breakfast you and Laura may as well go down to the city and get married, for I am tired of watching you that's a fact."

'FRAID 'TWOULDN'T HOLD OUT.—A passenger on the Little Miami Railroad Lightning Express relates that one night an old negro, in droll alarm about the shortening of his through ticket, accosted him as follows:

"Look here, boss, I want to ax you a question. I's a good way from home, and wants to know if I's on the right track?"

"Where do you want to go, uncle?" we asked.

"To Fort Gibson, way down in Arkinsaw, sah. Now, boss, I's ignorant, and wants to know if I's on the right kear for Cincernati."

We assured our negro friend he was all right for Cincinnati, when he broke loose as follows:—

"Look a here, boss, I doesn't know nothing when I's away from home—clean fact, sah. When I started out from Washington city I had a powerful long string of dese hear"—exhibiting that portion of his through ticket which had not been taken up. "Ebery now and then a gentleman comes 'round and tars off a little piece. Tell you, sah, it's gitten mighty short. 'Fraid it aint gwine to hold out until I gets through."

This last remark created quite a laugh, in which the negro joined heartly.

THERE was not long since a devout but ignorant papist, dwelling in Spain. He perceived the necessity of his own private prayers to God, besides the paternosters, but so simple was he, that how to pray he knew not. Only every morning, humbly bending his knees and lifting up his hands and eyes to heaven, he would deliberately repeat the alphabet, "And now," he would say, "O good God, put these letters together to spell syllables, to spell words, to make such sense as may be most to thy glory and to my good."

FEEDING CHILDREN.—Children, who, while growing, must form more tissue than they waste, consume more food in proportion to their weight, and possess more active digestions than adults. They should have their meals with shorter intervals, and care should be taken to avoid all influences that may disturb digestion. Prominent among these is a deficiency of clothing. The human body, like any other thing of greater warmth than the surrounding air, has a constant tendency to part with its excess of heat by radiation, and to check this cooling process we envelop ourselves in non-conducting fabrics. It stands to reason that the greater the surface exposed the more rapidly will radiation occur; and yet we frequently see children with chest, arms, and legs bared by fashion, in the coldest weather, without regard to the general depression of temperature, which must also involve that of the digestive organs.

The diet of children should be regulated by a consideration of their functional capacities. In infancy, nature furnishes in the mother's milk all requisite elements in a condition requiring no mechanical treatment, but merely simple chemical action. A little later, as the first teeth begin to make their appearance, food easily separable may be allowed, and as the masticating apparatus advances towards perfection, articles requiring more tearing and grinding may be gradually added to the catalogue. The activity of the digesting secretions increases in proportion to dental development, so that many substances (such as potatoes) which are easy to masticate are not digestible in early childhood.

The milks of different animals vary in constitution as regards the proportion of their constituents, human milk containing more water and sugar than that of the cow. For this reason, when an infant is "brought up by hand," or in the process of weaning, it is usual to dilute and sweeten cow's milk in order to bring it nearer the human standard. Goat's milk for the same purpose would require more dilution but no sweetening—its percentage of sugar exceeding even that of the cow. It is extremely doubtful, however, whether the addition of water to cow's milk serves any good purpose; and it is certain that far too much is usually added. Human milk contains about 89 parts of water in 100; cow's milk about 86—or three parts less in 100; yet to compensate for this slight difference the latter is commonly diluted with double its bulk of water before giving it to a hungry baby. Be it always remembered that an infant's properest food is its own mother's milk, and that she who can suckle her child and does it not, is guilty of a serious offense against God's law.—A. L. CARROLL, in *Harpers Magazine for November*.

A ROMANTIC COPARTNERSHIP.—A correspondent of the Boston *Traveller*, writing from Indianapolis, tells the following anecdote: A fellow by the name of Mr. Charles Catherton was capturred at Wilson's Creek when General Lyon was killed, and placed under a Confederate guard. Whenever a prisoner wished to leave the lines to get a drink at the spring, a Confederate went with him. A fellow named Billings went with Catherton to the spring, and Catherton bargained with him to let him get away, and he would pay him. The arrangement was that the Confederate was to let Catherton run, and fire his gun in another direction, and pretend to pursue. If Catherton got away he was to send Billings one hundred dollars by his brother, who was a prisoner in the Federal hands, and would doubtless soon be exchanged. The plan worked. Catherton ran, the Confederate Billings fired his gun and shouted, but it did not avail anything, of course. Catherton got back to St. Louis, found Billings' brother and sent the one hundred dollars as he agreed. After the war Catherton and Billings accidentally met, and coming to Indianapolis have set up a grocery and produce store together.

CORA MOWATT, who is writing foreign letters for the San Francisco *Chronicle*, tells a story of a bridal pair, making the tour of Switzerland, who recently came to a crowded hotel, and were informed by the landlord that there was one unoccupied room in the house, the bath room, and that a couple of beds might be made in the two baths which it contained. The youthful couple were well pleased to secure even this shelter even after a fatiguing journey, and retired to rest. An hour or two later the stillness of the night was suddenly broken by shrieks of distress issuing from the bath-room. The lady, wishing to summon a servant, had pulled what she presumed was a bell-rope suspended over her bed in the bath, when suddenly she was inundated by a shower of cold water. The gentleman, roused by her cries, and not quite comprehending the position, pulled a supposed bell-rope which he felt dangling over his bathbed, to bring him a domestic, but brought, in stead, a shower of hot water over himself. It was quite dark, and neither bride nor bridegroom could grope their way to the door. By the time succor came they were up to their knees in water.

AN EQUIVOCAL ANSWER.—A certain literary gentleman, wishing to be undisturbed one day, instructed his Irish servant to admit no one, and if any one inquired for him to give them an "equivocal answer." Night came, and the gentleman proceeded to interrogate Pat as to his callers:

"Did any one call."

"Yes, sir, wan gintleman."

"What did he say?"

"He axed was yer honor in."

"Well what did you tell him?"

"Sure, I gave him a quivvikle answer, jist."

"How was that?"

"I axed him was his grandmother a monkey."

—The people of Texas are packing beef instead of pork, as the latter is six cents a pound more.