The Columbian Bloomsburg Democrat. PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING

ORR COLUMBIAN BUILDING NEAR THE COUR HOUSE, BY CHARLES B. BROCKWAY. matter and Proprietor.

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COL. DEM .-- VOL. XXXIII NO. 40.

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undersigned having purchased this we nandcentrally located house, the Exchan-situate on MAIN STREET, in Bioomsbu

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA CO., PA.

Original Poetru.

The Statue of Virginius.

BY MARIAN BOSS. I'm sitting alone in my room to day.

A broken ray of light, that softly plays hundred fitful, wierd, fautastic ways; The while I sit; And watch its motion o'er the carpet bright, It seems to flit.

The figure with its arm upraised, and hand,-Which clasps the steel drawn from a daughter

beart, Defiant stands,), art, what agony is on that brow! What torture racks those sterp-cut features now And she, the loving, loved, and lovely one, All bleeding lies, A broken lily on the parent stalk

She droops and dies; Across her father's bended knee she lies; So fair, with streaming hair and death-o The glittering steel That's here uplifted, by that sinewy ar m, I seem to feel!

Virginius, somewhat of thy agony Hath art divine imparted now to me. Thy proud, unflin ching agony, that dared In thine own hand Take justice, and, rebuking thus the law, Deflant stand,

A father, who, in love, preferred his child; Her didst thou save, and yet, did not her groat Her dying grown, Ring sharply out a death knell unto thee, Doom of thy own? But ah, eternity hath set her seal,

And who shall dare to judge 'tween heart and ir who shail ever judge of hearts sore tried? The awful woe
That drives to deeds of darkness, sin and death
None ever know,
Save He, to whom alone all hearts are known,

Who mercy gives, with justice, to his own. Miscellaneous.

THE VOW.

A TALE OF LIFE IN SWITZERLAND.

(CONCLUBED.) Three years had elapsed, and to re ruit from severe duties, I was again on the road up the Rhine to Basie, thence to Berne. My trusty horse, the same one I had before, trotted nimbly over the steep and rocky pathway that led to the home of my friends of Wetter-

No, I had not forgotten them. Often I had thought of them-thought of the orave matron, of the sturdy Karl, of the angel form laid out for the grave. And when in sight of the snow-capped mountains, I could not help thinking of the spot where I had left so much sorrow, and so much true and simple-

hearted faith in God. It was noon when I reached the little village, a true specimen of ancient Swiss ed at the only inn, but which bore the impressive sign of Tell's Hoff. The hostler who took charge of my horse seemed pre occupied. It was a week day, yet he had on evidently his Sunday suit. He was polite as ever, and said white I got off, "Ach, der Herr kommt zum fesce!"(Ah, my Lord comes to the festival !)

A little astonished, I asked him what festival?

"Ach ja!" said he in a hurry, "you are a stranger; I forgot," and off he went. I entered the large apartment which served as a common reception room, in America called the bar-room, but there very different. Clean and well-ventilated, the smooth floor slightly sanded, the windows adorned with pretty flower-pots, here and there a picture of Tell's wonderful performance, the contral part occupied by the stately hans wirth, serving wine and beer to the neat and rather pretty looking waiter girls, as the guests called for them; two or three young men neatly dressed in their Oberland costume, carrying off the plates and glasses, now and then sweeping a corner clean, men and women in festival dress, seated here and there at small oaken tables, children running to and fro and playing hide-and seek; outside a crowd of young men and women sitting at small tables and pouring now and then a glass of foaming beer; such were the principal features that struck

It was evidently a gala-day, a fest tag,

as they call it. "What Saint's day is this?" I asked of a young damsel who smilingly stepped up to me with the usual question : Mit was kener Ich dienen f"

"No Saint's day but a great day, I asure you, sir stranger." "What then?" said I. "You must have come far not to

tnow." answered she. "From where?" "From Interlachen," said I. "Ah, that is far, indeed! Well, this is the Orphan's festival! Ach Gott! you come just in time. And did not know

"No," said I. "Tell me what is the Orphan's festival ?"

"Ach der frenden!" she cried with amazement. "Knowest nothing of it? Well, since a month we spoke of nothing of it? Well, since a month we spoke of nothing else. The Herr Land dreds of miles away from here. Tell me, Amman has built a large and beautiful house, where all the orphans are received that can be found in the Oberland. A beautiful house it is! And what a crowd of boys and girls neatly chen was dead and laid out to be buried, dressed and fed, and taught by Pfarrer Linden! And to-day there is a great much; we went so often to look at her. feast. It is the birthday of the Amman's wife. A dear lady she is! And all and |ed for her funeral to see her once more. every one is invited. Only think! By I sat down beside ner. I felt her hands; three o'clock we shut up house and haff and all go there. Not a soul will be them; it was all cold-but not so cold, here, Herr stranger. So thou must go

with us." I said I would, and soon perceived all around me that the topic of conversaion was the festival, the beautiful house, the generous, liberal Amman, who had become so rich in foreign lands, and was not proud, but just as kind and friend. and come from afar. y as before.

my hard ridden horse I would not use, as the following day I had a long journey before me. But not an animal could be had; all were engaged.

"Welcome to a seat in my wagon, stranger," said an elderly man who perceived my need. "Welcome, and an honor to me."

With these words he reached me his broad and calloused hand, smiling at at evening. No change. Only the the pleasure it afforded him to take a hands seemed less cold. I watche! stranger to the festival. I jumped into the proffesed scat and soon we were winding our way through the passes and glens of this magnificent wilderness. Visitors before us, visitors behind us, we formed a long file and a joyful party we were. Now and then a song would be started in one conveyance, and the chorus taken up by the whole line. Then there was a distant conversation, such as only mountaineers can hold, accustomed to hall one another a mile's distance, from mountain side to mountain side.

'there is life I tell you, life.'

mutter, Karl tie kommen !'

ring. How is it, mother?'

voice said:

old friend Herr Land Amman."

"Welcome, welcome, mein Herr, wel-

inward satisfaction :

doctor told thee."

"I know it," said I.

fortune."

of this; all, all, my dear friend."

Gott,' if Thou blesseth me with gold.

thick, and he mastered his emotion

and sobbed 'Trudchen! Trudchen!'

morning, just when the sun began to

rise above the Alps, I thought I could

at intervals. And the subject of the conversation? The Herr Land Amman, his riches, his here; Karl, go thou in the next room. kindness, his Trudchen-how sweet, When I say, speak! say in thy natural how careful of the aged and poorvoice at the open door : "Ist Trudchen

Trudchen! I hear I the name but once. well?" and repeat it.' For all the while it was: The Frau Land Ammania. But one said, "Oh, thro' the cottage window, the twitchhow he loves his Trudchen! how he ing increased, the pulsations increased, would do anything for her!" the warmth increased. At my warn-

I cannot express the feeling which tingled through my whole being, when I heard that name-Trudchen, the sweet, patient sufferer, whom I had seen stretched on her last couch, an image of sweet reposing love, sleeping in the arms of eternal rest.

"Trudchen?" I was going to ask my kind conductor, when an exclamation of general, joyful surprise withheld

"Ach wie schon!" (Ah, how beauti-

And beautiful it was. The narrow nountain pass opened at once upon a soft, sloping plain, covered with sweetsmelling turf, through which nicely gravelled pathways curved in all directions enclosing the most lovely group of evergreens, roses, Illies anemone and an endless variety of blooming

Far in the distance, slightly elevated, here came in view a large and spacious dwelling-it might be called a villa. Its light colored walls were adorned with climbing plants, its windows with tasteful balconies surrounded with flowers-while behind the villa loomed a high mountain peak, sheltering it from the northern winds. In front of the dwelling, on a large, neatly trimmed grass-plot, some fifty little boys and

girls were playing, laughing, running, jumping, and evidently in highest glee The view was so really magnificent, so sudden, so like fairy land, that I could not help gazing around; and be- that he was there, and towards noon fore I knew it the wagon stopped, my conductor alighted, offered me his strong got permission. hand to get out, and having performed the same service for those with us,drove all about Trudchen; and it I have been to pitch into me when the word 'go' shells into the fire box when the fire is off, leaving me surrounded by people long, forgive the medical man and the exclaiming, and evidently too much engaged with things around them to allow me to ask them any questions concerning that which had pre-occupied

me since I heard the name of Trudchen. I followed the stream of guests which py day; what a happy day!" soon arrived at the villa-for such it seemed—and dispersed in its spacious hall and rooms, with that freedom and gayety, that decorum and respect of persons and things, which characterize

hese people. In the corner of the large hall, which we would call the reception room, I saw a comfortable seat, inviting enough for one who felt physically and moral ly fatigued to rest awhile. I did so, and was soon looking around upon the increasing crowd of joyful Switzers, when gentleman came to me, whom I soon recognized as the good old doctor, whose acquaintance I made under such sorrowful circumstances.

"Ach, sind sie da?" he cried with hearty joy. "Sind sie wurklichdaf" Are you truly here? Is it possible?) That is herrlich ! herrlich !"

And he pressed me, Switzer fashion, n his arms. "When I recovered from the confusion which these hearty and impetuous de-

monstrations always occasion, to me at "And Karl-how is he?" "Karl ?" said he; "Karl ""-and as if his memory had received a sudden jerk.

"Ah, the Herr Land Amman, you mean! Ah, he is very well; very well, indeed. Soon he will be here."

"Tell me," said I, with an emotion which I tried in vain to conceal," "tell | in one week more gold than I had seen me who is his wife."

in my whole life. One night, half be-"His wife! Well, friend, thou ought wildered by my success, I thought of to know, to be sure. Well, Trudchen, Pastor Liebing's parting words, 'Karl ehre Gott!' (honor God) and rose from my rough couch and said, 'Du lieber

sweet Trudchen." "Trudchen!" I exclaimed. "What Trudchen ?"

and allowest me to see Prudchen alive, "Well, friend, thou art beside thyself! a tenth shall I give to build an Orphan Thou knowest Trudchen, I think. But, Home for the Berner Oberland." upon my word, perhaps thou knowest "Month after month I worked and nothing of all that happened. True hoarded, and within two years I reenough-thou art a stanger, though thou turned to New York, thence to my speakest our mountain talk almost as home. Good friends more knowing than well as one born here. Thou must live I in business, had taken charge of my far away not to have heard of it !" fortune. I came, and thou knowest "My good friend," said I, with a what happened. And when I received slight tone of impatience, "I know Trudehen again (here his voice became nothing. I know nothing. I live hun-

with great difficulty), I set to work, tell me." bought this land, built this house, gath-"And so I shall," said the doctor, ered the orphaus, and here they are. A pressing my hand and drawing a chair small token of thankfulness to the Alnear mine. "You left us when Trudmighty Lord of life and death." He stopped, unable to speak; and is it not so? Well, we loved her so was myself not a little moved. After I came the day before the one appoint-

a while I said : "And so you are Land Amman? He smiled. "Money does many things my friend. In this country, her cheeks, which had yet a blush on among the poor, hard working mountaineers, I am rich. They always it seemed to me, as corpses generally liked me, not less slace I am rich-and are. I put my hand under her backso I am Herr Land Amman. But there it was warm! I called Magdalen; I I see my Trudchen coming, leading the felt bewildered. I said, Magdalen, orphan girls. Come, let me introduce postpone the funeral, if it's but one day. " 'Herr doctor,' said she, 'that can not be-for all the people are invited

" 'She must not be buried to-morrow,' love with her; but Mrs. Thumb soon I looked around for a conveyance, for funeralfor two, for three days,

How Mike Rode The Bull.

"Magdalen looked at me with great amazement. But as I spoke with great determination she sent a messenger at Mike took a notion to go in swimonce to give warning of the delay of ming, and he had just got his ciethes two days. I rode away, having many off, when he saw Deacon Smith's bull visits to make but returned that day making at him. The buil was a vicand resumed my investigation. There lous animal, and had come near killing was no change. I slept that night at two or three persons, consequently Magdalen's. I went out and returned Mike felt rather "Jubus," He didn't want to call for help, for he was naked, and the nearest place from whence asanxiously. I felt the heart, the pulse. sistance could arrive, was the meeting I thought I perceived a very slight mohouse, which was at the time filled with tion. I called Magdalen; I called Karl. worshippers, among them was the "gal Both came, looking at me with a sort of Mike was paying his devours to." bewilderment. 'So help me God,' said he dodged the bull, as the animal came I in a whisper, as if she might hear me, at him, and managed to eatch him by the tail. He was dragged round till placed that the coal will remain on the "That whole night I watched her. The nearly dead, and when he thought he pulsations, though very slow, seemed could hold no longer, he made up his to increase in strength; and towards

we will let him tell his own story: "So, looking at the matter in all its perceive a twitching motion, repeated bearings, I cum to the conclusion that take is too large sized coal. A good I'd better let some one know whar I rule, where stoves or furnaces have a "Magdalen,' said I, 'do thou stay locomotive whistle, and it warn't long before I seed the deacon's two dogs a coming down like as if they war seeing which could get that first. I know'd "When the sunbeams began to dart who they were arter-they'd Jine the bull ag'in me. 'So,' sez I, 'old brindle, ing Karl said, 'Ist Trudchen well?' repeating it at intervals some three or yourn.' So I warn't very long gitting four times. There was a sort of convulastride of him. Then, if you'd been sive effort visible in the whole frame, thar, you'd have sworn thar warn't gard to the formation of clinkers. These the lips trembled, the hands opened and nothin human in that ar' mix the sile are nothing but vitrified, or partially closed, then a minute of perfect stillness, then I heard, like a faint whisper, ed round the field-one dog on one side Karl tis kommen, Karl tis kommen! and one on the other, trying to clinch And the whisper died away, succeeded my feet. I prayed and cussed, and cussed by stillness again. When the voice of ed and prayed, until I couldn't tell Karl repeated, 'Is Trudchen well?' the which I did at last—and neither warn't eyelids opened a little, the head began of no use, they were so orfully mixed

to turn in the direction of the voice, and there came a clear utterance : Mutter, "Well, I reckon I rid about half an hour that way, when old brindle "The mother pale with anxiety, apthought it was time to stop to take in a proached, knelt down, took her hand, supply of wind and cool off a little. So kissed it, kissed her half-opened lips, when we got round to a tree that stood thar, he naturally halted, s, sez I old "Mother,' she then said, slowly and boy, you'll lose one passenger sartin. So scarcely audibly,"where is Karl? Moth- I jist clum up a branch, kalkerlating to er, I heard the bells ring-'and then roost till I stary afore I'd be rid around she seemed to sleep again. After a few that ar' way any longer. I war a makminutes her breathing became louder, in' tracks for the top of the tree, when stronger, and heaving a deep sigh, and opening her eyes fully, looked upon I heard sumthin' a makin' an orful buzzin' overhead. I kinder looked up her, smiled, and said 'Not yet to bed, and if thar wasn't—well thar's no use a mother? It must be late. Then perl swearin'-but it war the biggest horceiving the sunlight, she said: 'Is it net's nest ever built. You'll gin in, Damp coal screenings are better, and day, mother; methinks I heard the belnow I reckon, Mike, 'cause thar is no he lp for you.' But an idea struck me "We had already removed all apthen that I stood a heap better chance pearance of the last tokens of love bea ridin' the bull that whar I was. Sez I stowed upon her, and said she had been old fellow, if you'll hold on I'll ride to under such circumstances, a little coal

degrees I informed her that Karl was whar it will. coming; then, that he had come; then "So I jist dropped aboard him again, and looked aloft to see what I had gainshe begged so hard to see him that she ed by changin' quarters, and, gentle-"And now, my dear friend, you know a bushel of the stingin' varmints ready cleaned by throwing oyster or clam was gin. Well, I reckin they got it, very hot, and allowing the fire to go for 'all hands' started for our company. out. The clinkers will generally cleave Here he was interrupted by two Some on' em hit the dogs-about a quart off without the use of much force the

strong arms which clasped him tight struck me, and the rest charged on brin- next morning. From two quarts to one from behind, while a well-remembered "This time the dogs led off fust, dead "Du lieber Herr Doctor; what a hapbent for the old deacon's, and as soon as old brindle and I could get under The doctor arose at once, and graspway we followed, and as I was only a ing the speaker's hand, said to me, "An deck passenger, I had nothin' to do with steerin' the craft; if I had, we Three years had made some change in shouldn't have run that channel any-Karl's appearance. Yet I recognized how. But as I said before, the dogs easily in the dignified magistrate the took the lead-brindle and I next, and weather-beaten Karl, conducted home the hornets dre'kly arter. The dogs

by his numerous friends. He, too, re | yellin'-brindle hollerin', and the hornembered me, and said with a smile of nets buzzin' and stingin.' "Well, we had got about two hundred yards from the house, and the come to the happiest day of my life." deacon heard us, and cum out. I seed "Herr Amman," said I, smiling, "was him hold up his hand, and turn white. there not one even happier than this ?" I reckon he was prayin' then for he "That was a day of God sent bliss,my didn't expect to be called for so soon, friend," said he, with solemn tone, "yes, and it warn't long neither afore the of God-sent bliss," and he looked up whole congregation-men, women and with his dark hazel eyes, as if his glance went direct to God. "That was ein children-cum out, and then all hands went to yellin." None of 'em had the selgans tag," (a day of blessing) contin- fust notion that brindle and I belonged ued he. "Happiness does not come up to this world. I just turned my to what I felt then, my friend. Ah, the head and passed the whole congregation. I seed the run would be up soon, "He did," said 1, "but left it to you for brindle couldn't turn an inch from a to explain the change I see; the whole fence that stood dead ahead. Well, we reached that fence, and I went ashore "Easy enough," said he, seating himover the old critter's head, landing on

elf, and holding my hand in both of the other side, and lay there stunned. his. "I went to America to make my "It warn't long afore some of them as was not seared, cum runnin' to see whar I war; for all hands kalkerlated "I heard of California; it was in 1848. that the bull and I belonged together. I went straight to the mining region; But when brindle walked off by himit was easier work then; I accumulated self, they seed how it war, and one of em said: "Mike Finck has the scrummage once

in his life!" "Gentlemen, from that day I dropped the courting bizness, and never spoke to a gal since, and when my hunt is up upon this yearth, there won't be any more Fincks, and its all owin' to Descon Smith's brindle bull."

SOMETHING TO BE THANKFUL FOR. -On one occasion Mr. Charles Dickens was upholding the theory that whatever trials or difficulties might stand in man's path, there is always something to be thankful for. "Let me, in proof thereof," said Dickens, "relate a story. Two men were to hang at Newgate for murder. The morning arrived; the hour approached; the bell of St. Sepulchre's began to toll; the convicts formed; it advanced to the fatsi beam; the ropes were adjusted around the poor men's necks; there were thousands of ages, men, women and children, in front of the scaffold; when just at that second of time, a bull which was being driven to Smithfield, broke its rope, and charged the mob right and left, scattering people everywhere with its horns. Whereupon one of the condemned men turned to his equally unfortunate companion, and quietly observed, I say, Jack, it's a good thing we ain't

An ex-Confederate, examining a pistol in a Mobile gun shop, remarked; her busband." "Ah! I see; you had for nia smaller than his wife, and fell in "Pil try it," put it to his breast and fired. "I reckon I'll die now." were his the misfortune to despatch him." "On When the appointed time approached said I, 'decidedly not. Postpone the broke in upon his dream and brought next words, and he wasn't out of his the contrary," replied the doctor, "I reckoning.

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.

Timely Mints on the Use of Coal The Scientific American, which is excellent authority on practical as well as scientific subjects, gives the following hints on the use of coal:

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A common fault is to use too coarse wood for kindling, and too much of it. This, while it generally succeeds in lighting the coal, leaves a bed of ashes below the coal which interferes with the draught unless raked out-an operation which always retards the combus tion of ignited coal. The wood should be of some rapidly burning variety which gives a quick and high heat, and should be split fine. It should be so top of it, and not fall through the grate, leaving the kindling on the top of any mind he had better holler. And now part of the coal. The amount of kindling wood required depends much upon the size of the coal. A common miswas. So I gin a yell, louder than a good draught, is to use coal as small as can be used without inconvenience from

its sifting too freely through the grate. Grates should have their bars closely set for stoves that are cleaned out daily, and have fires lighted in them each morning, while those which are intens ridin' is as cheap as walkin' on this ded to have fires kept in them continroute; if you've no objections, I'll take uously for days or weeks will not admit deck passage on that ar' back o' of fine grates, on account of the accumulation of ashes and small "clinkers." There is much difference in coal in reflew so orfully, as the critter and I roll. Vitrified, earthy matters, and only can they are apt to be troublesome when there is too great draught. A coal stove or furnace should be so constructed that its draught should admit of being closed airtight, as nearly as it is possible to make it, and there ought always to be provision made for a top draught. If, however, the draught of a chimney should be so strong that air in too great quantities is drawn in at the bottom when the dampers are closed, a damper in the pipe, which will close it partially, must be employed, though in sluggish chimneys such a damper is apt to force the gases of combustion into the

room, and therefore it ought always to be avoided when possible. The practice of putting ashes on the top of a fire to keep it, is very productive of clinkers, although it answers the purp ose very well in other respects. may be economically burned in this manner. If a coal fire gets very low. the quickest way to extinguish it is to rake it at the bottom. To preserve fire very ill, but was better now. And by the next station anyhow, let that be should be placed on the fire, and when it has caught more may be added, and the raking deferred until it has got well ignited. When the fire bricks have become burdened with clinkers which have fused and adhered, they may be half a peck will be sufficient for most stoves, and the operation can be repeat-

The Muptials of Mary Lincoln.

The preparations for Mrs. Lincoln's wedding are well advanced and the ceremony is expected to be solemnized early in December. The "happy dog," as our readers have already been advised, is Count Schneidenbutzen, grand chamberlain to the duke of Baden. Although this title is rather imposing, it does not in the count's own home im ply either an impressive weight of dignity or a purse noticeably heavy. The duke of Baden has small cash to spare and none to bestow on grand chamberlains, who have little to do about his court, and who "come cheap" in a land where every fourth Dutchman is a count or baron. Indeed a moderate belly full of kraut and pumper nickel every Sunday is the only kind of "government pap" that ever distends the shriveled skin of Schneldenbutzen, who is an uncommonly sorry specimen of the Teutonic nobility. The poor fellow is said to be in cestacles over his good fortune in securing an heiress for a wife, and to be especially joyous of falling into the vacant shirts, socks, breeches and shoes of the "late lamen ted," a large number of which have not yet followed his coats and hats to the junk shop. A pair of "the Martyr's" trowsers is being cut down for Schneidenbutzen by Count Cotzenbratzen, the grand duke's tailor, S. being a short-legged little fellow, while the late A. L., as everybody knows, strode the

land on a pair of natural stilts. It will be a funny sight, not however without some melancholy suggestivensss, to behold poor Schneidenbutzen leading "Mary, reliet of Abraham Lincoln, deceased," to the altar, clad in the veritable habitiments of his illustrious predecessor, his breeches shining with autographic grease spots left by White House dinners of the past-his little feet shaking about loose in a pair of Iilinois boots a mile too big for themand his tiny hands encased in a pair of those enormous yellow kids in which the fist of the Martyr was said to bear were pinioned; the procession was a striking resemblance to a canvassed Cincinnati ham. Poor little S.! For our part we don't begrudge him a stitch of the sacred wardrobe. He will have motley sight-seers of both sexes, of all earned it all before he is done with Mary L, and as she only reserved after her bereavement those garments which nobody would buy, her new husband will begin his matrimonial career by falling into uncommonly bad habits-

> A physician walking out with a friend of his said to him, "Let us avoid that pretty little woman you see there on the left. She knows me, and casts on me looks of indignation. I attended