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—AND—
Bloomsburg Democrat.
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Bloomsburg Directory.

TOVES AND TINWARE.

RUPERT, dealer in stoves & tinware, Iron block, Main st. west of Market. v1-n43

METZ, dealer in stoves and tinware street, above court house. v1-n43

CLOTHING, &c.

LOWENBERG, Merchant Tailor, Main door above American House. v1-n43

MORRIS, Merchant Tailor and Agent for New Perham Sewing Machine, corner of and Main st., over Miller's store. v3-n35

DRUGS, CHEMICALS, &c.

UTZ, Druggist and Apothecary. Main st., w the Post Office. v1-n43

R BROS., Druggists and Apothecaries, wer's block Main st. v1-n43

CLOCKS, WATCHES, &C.

AVAGE, dealer in Clocks, Watches and elry, Main st., just below the American v1-43

BERNHARD, Watch and Clock maker, southeast corner Main and Iron sts. v1-43

Y ZUPPINGER, Watches, Spectacles & lry &c., Main Street near West st. v3-n15

THCART, Watch and Clock Maker, Mar- street, below Main. v1-n43

BOOTS AND SHOES.

LLEDER, Manufacturer and dealer in s and Shoes. Main street, opposite Epis- urch. v1-n43

BROWN, Boot and Shoemaker, Main t, opposite the Court House. v1-n43

BETZ, Boot and Shoemaker, Main st., Hartman's store, west of Market. v1-43

Y KLEIM, Manufacturer and dealer in s and Shoes, Groceries, etc., Main street, omsburg. v1-n43

PROFESSIONAL.

C. HOWER, Surgeon Dentist, Main st., e the Court House. v1-n43

M. M. REBER, Surgeon and Physician, ange Block over Webb's book store v3-n3

F. KINNEY, Surgeon Dentist.—Teeth ted without pain: Main st., nearly op- piscopal Church. v1-n46

IKELER, Attorney-at-Law, Office, 2d in Exchange Block, near the "Exchange v3-n1

ARKLEY, Attorney-at-Law, Office, 2d in Exchange Block, near the "Exchange v4-n3

EKELVY, M. D., Surgeon and Physician, side Main st., below Market. v1n43

VANS, M. D., Surgeon and Physician, side Main street, below Market. v1-n43

UTTER, M. D. Surgeon and Physician et street, above Main. v1-n43

OBISON, Attorney-at-Law, Office Hart- 's building, Main street. v2-n20

LINERY & FANCY GOODS.

ERMAN, Millinery and Fancy Goods, ette Episcopal Church, Main st. v1-n43

LIZZIE BARKLEY, Milliner, Ramsey ling Main street, v1-n43

A. D. WEBB, Fancy Goods, Notions, , and Stationery, Exchange Block, Main v1-n43

. DERRICKSON, Millinery and Fancy , Main st., opposite Court House. v1-n44

. KLINE, Millinery and Fancy Goods, street below Market. v1-n46

LIA A. & SADE BARKLEY, Ladies' s and Dress Patterns, southeast corner West sts. v1-n43

ISSES HARMAN Millinery and Fancy Main st., below American House, v1n44

OTELS AND SALOONS.

UAN HOUSE, by John Lencock, Main , west of Iron street. v1-n43

BIA HOTEL, by B. Stohner, Main st., Court House. v1n43

NGE HOTEL, by Koons & Clark, Main , opposite the Court House. v1-n43

HOTEL, by Geo. W. Mauger, east end n street. v1-43

OCK, Oyster and Eating saloon, Ameri- ouse, Main st., Baltzer Lencock superin- v1-n43

& CLARK, Refreshment Saloon, Ex- ge Hotel. v1-n43

ER & JACOBY, Confectionery, Bakery Oyster Saloon, wholesale and retail, Ex- Block, Main street. v1-n43

RCHANTS AND GROCERS.

ARR, Dry Goods and Notions, south- corner Main and Iron sts. v1-n43

ESHOLTZ, dealer in Dry Goods, Gro- , Boots, Shoes, &c., corner Main and cts. v3-n30

ECKLEY, Boot and Shoe store, books tionery, Main st., below Market. v1-n43

OBS, Confectionery, groceries etc., Main elow Iron v1-46

IDENHALL, General Stock of Merchan- and Lumber, corner of Main street and road. v1-n43

WEBB, Confectionery and Bakery, sale and retail, Exchange Block. v1-n43

OWER, Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, n st., above Court House. v1-n43

ROWER, Dry Goods, Groceries, etc., cor- Main st. and Court House alley. v1-n43

SS & EYER, dealer in Dry Goods, Gro- etc., cor. Main and Centre sts. v1-n43

IRTON, Groceries & Provisions, Main below Market. v1-n44

YER, Groceries and General Merchan- Main st., above West. v1-43

UTZ dealer in Choice Dry Goods, and ons. Main Street, opposite the Court v1-n43

VY, NEAL & CO., dealers in Dry Goods, eries, Flour, Feed, Salt, Fish, Iron, Nails, , cor. Main and Market sts. v1-n43

MILLER & SON, dealer in Dry Goods, eries, Queensware, Flour, Salt, Shoes, etc., Exchange Block, Main st. v1-n43

MER & A. E. HAYHURST, Dealers in eries, Confectioneries and Notions, Scot- ath side, Main st. v2-n18

AM ERASMUS, Confectionerie, Main ear the railroad. v1-n43

MISCELLANEOUS.

MAN, Marble Works, one door below Office, Main Street. v1-n43

SBURG LUMBER CO., manufacturers dealers in Lumber of all kinds; Planing r the railroad. v1n46

TER, Glue Maker, and White and Fancy per, Scottown. v1n6

HRISTMAN, Saddle, Trunk & Harness- er, Shive's Block Main Street. v1n46

ROBBINS, liquor dealer second door from hwest corner Main and Iron sts. v1-n43

IDLEMAN, Agent for Munson's Copper lar Lightning Rod. v2n19

HORNTON, Wall Paper, Window Shades fixtures, Rupert block, Main st. v1-43

ORELL, Furniture Rooms, three story , Main Street, west of Market st. v1n43

ENSTOCK, Photographer, over Robbins yer's Store, Main st. v1-43

HN, dealer in Meat, Tallow, etc., Chem- 's alley, rear of American House. v1n43

A. FUNSTON & CO., mutual and cash re Insurance companies, Brower's Build- n Street. v1-n43

S CADMAN, Cabinetmaker and Chair- er; rooms Main street bel. Iron. v3-n24

SAMPLE & Co., Machinists, East Bloms- g near Lack. R. R. Castings made at short Machinery made and repaired. v2-n23

RINGLER, dealer in pianos, organs and odeons, at G. W. Corell's furniture rooms v1-n43

EL JACOBY, Marble and Brown Stone , East Bloomsburg, Berwick road. v1-n6

LACOCK, Notary Public, northeast corner in and Market st. v1-n43

Orangeville Directory.

A. & E. W. COLEMAN, Merchant Tailors and Gent's furnishing goods, Main St., next door to the Brick Hotel. v1-n47

A. B. HERRING & BROTHER, Carpenters and Builders, Main st., below Pine. v1-n47

BOWER & HERRING, dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Lumber and general Merchandise, Main st. v1-n47

BRICK HOTEL and refreshment Saloon, by Rohr M'Henry cor. of Main and Pine st., v1-n47

DR. O. A. MEGARGEL, Physician and Surgeon, Main st., next door to Good's Hotel v1-n47

DAVID HERRING, Flour and Grist Mill, and Dealer in grain, Mill Street. v1n47

H. H. & C. KELCHNER, Blacksmiths, on Mill Street, near Pine. v1-n47

JAMES B. HARMAN, Cabinet Maker and Undertaker, Main St., below Pine. v1-n47

J. M. HARMAN, Saddle and Harness maker, Main st., opposite Frame Church. v2n11

JOHN FRYMIRE, Saddle and Harness maker, Main st., above the Swan Hotel. v1-n47

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-n47

SAMUEL SHARPLESS, Maker of the Hayhurst Grain Cradle. Main St. v2n5.

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

Catawissa.

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

DR. J. K. ROBBINS, Surgeon and Physician Second St., below Main. v2-n18

GILBERT & KLINE, dry goods, groceries, and general merchandise, Main Street v2-n12

J. B. KISTLER, "Cattawissa House," North Corner Main and Second Streets. v2n18

L. KEILER, Billiard Saloon, Oysters, and Ice Cream in season Main St. v2n12

M. BROBST, dealer in General Merchandise Dry Goods, Groceries &c v2-n18

SUSQUEHANNA or Brick Hotel, S. Kostenbauder Proprietor, south-east corner Main and Second Street. v2n12

S. D. RINARD, dealer in Stoves and Tin-ware, Main Street. v2n12

WM. H. ABBOTT, Attorney at law, Main St. v2n12

Light Street.

A. H. IRVINE, Medical Store Main Street and Briarcreek Road. v3n19

H. F. OMAN & Co., Wheelwrights, first door above School House. v1n46

JOHN A. OMAN, Manufacturer and dealer in Boots and Shoes, v1n46

J. J. LEISER, M. D., Surgeon and Physician. Office at Keller's Hotel. v2n27

J. TERWILLIGER, Cabinemaker, Undertaker and Chairmaker, v1n46

PETER ENT, dealer in Dry Goods Groceries, Flour, Feed, Salt, Fish, Iron, Nails, etc., Main Street. v1n45

R. S. ENT, dealer in Stoves and Tin ware in all its branches. v1n46

Espy.

B. F. REIGHARD & BRO., dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, and general Merchandise. v2n11

ESPY STEAM FLOURING MILLS, C.S. Fowler, Proprietor. v2n16

J. SD. WERKHEISER, Boot and Shoe Store and manufactory. Shop on Main Street opposite the Steam Mill. v2n1

T. W. EDGAR, Susquehanna Planing Mill and Box Manufactory. v2n11

Buck Horn.

M. G. & W. H. SHOEMAKER, dealers in dry goods, groceries and general merchandise. First store in south end of town. v2-n18

Business Cards.

M. M. L'VELLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Ashland, Schuylkill County Pa.

C. W. MILLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office Court House Alley, below the COLUMBIAN Office. Bounties, Back-Pay and Pensions collected. Bloomsburg Pa. sep.30'67

ROBERT F. CLARK,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office Main Street below the Court House. Bloomsburg Penn'a.

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, in the COLUMBIAN building. [Jan1,'67.

E. J. THORNTON
would announce to the citizens of Bloomsburg and vicinity, that he has just received a full and complete assortment of
WALL PAPER, WINDOW SHADES,
FIXTURES, CORDS, TASSELS,
and all other goods in his line of business. All the newest and most approved patterns of the day are always to be found in his establishment, mar.5,'69-tf Main St. below Market.

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 county. Examine for yourselves.
Shop third door below the Court House, Main Street, Bloomsburg, Pa.
nov. 15,'67.

SENT FREE!
M. O'KEEFE, SON & CO.'S
SEED CATALOGUE
And GUIDE to the
FLOWER and VEGETABLE
Garden, For 1870.
Published in January. Every lover of flowers wishing this new and valuable work, free of charge, should address immediately M. O'Keefe Son & Co., Ellwanger & Barry's Block Rochester, N. Y. Dec. 3,'69.-6m

PIMPLES.
The undersigned will cheerfully mail (FREE) to all who wish it the Recipe and full directions for preparing and using a simple and Beautiful Vegetable Paint, that will immediately remove Tan, Freckles, Pimples, Blotches, and all eruptions and impurities of the skin, leaving the same soft, clear, smooth and beautiful.
He will also send (FREE) instructions for producing by very simple means, a luxuriant growth of hair on a baldhead or smooth face in less than thirty days from first application.
The above can be obtained by return mail by addressing THOS. F. CHAPMAN, Chemist. P. O. Box 5128, 195 Broadway, New York. Aug. 6,'69-1y.

ERRORS OF YOUTH.
A gentleman who suffered for years from Nervous debility, Premature Decay, and all the effects of youthful indiscretion, will, for sake of suffering humanity, send free to all who need it, the receipt and directions for making the simple remedy by which he was cured. Sufferers wishing to profit by the advertiser's experience, can do so by addressing with perfect confidence,
JOHN B. OGDEN,
No. 42 Cedar street, New York.
Nov. 20,'69-1y.

WANTED.—100 FARMERS' SONS and others out of employment, can make from $75 to $150 per month, from now till next Spring, by addressing BARCLAY & CO., 610 Arch Street, Philadelphia
Nos. 26,'69-3m.

Philadelphia Directory.

Major E. S. ARTMAN. C. H. DILLINGER. M. MORY
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.

EAGLE HOTEL.
227 NORTH THIRD STREET,
R. D. CUMMINGS, PROPRIETOR.

ESTABLISHED 1793.
JORDAN & BROTHER,
Wholesale Grocers, and Dealers in
SALTPETRE AND BRIMSTONE:
No 249 North Third St.
Philadelphia.

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.

C. H. HORNE. W. S. KING. J. B. SEYBERT.
HORNE, KING & SEYBERT,
WHOLESALE DRY GOODS,
No. 421 Market Street
PHILADELPHIA.
Orders filled promptly at lowest prices.
January 3, 1869.

H. W. RANK'S
WHOLESALE TOBACCO, SNUFF, AND CIGAR WAREHOUSE,
No. 146 North Third Street,
Between Cherry and Race, west side.
Philadelphia.

I. H. WALTER,
Late Walter & Kaub,
Importer and Dealer in
CHINA, GLASS, AND QUEENSWARE.
No. 234 N. Third Street,
Philadelphia.

J. M. KEPHEART,
WITH
BARNES, BRO. & HERRON,
HATS, CAPS, STRAW GOODS & FURS,
No. 502 Market Street,
(Above Fifth,)
PHILADELPHIA.

JOHN STROUP & CO.,
Successors to Stroup & Brother,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN FISH,
No. 24 North Wharves and 25 North Third St
Philadelphia.

RICHARDSON L. WRIGHT, JR.
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
NO. 128 SOUTH SIXTH STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.
oct. 22,'69-1y

SNYDER, HARRIS & BASSETT,
Manufacturers and Jobbers of
MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING,
Nos. 525 Market, and 522 Commerce Street,
Philadelphia.

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

WARTMAN & ENGELMAN,
TOBACCO, SNUFF & SEGAR MANUFACTORY.
No. 313 NORTH THIRD STREET,
Second Door below Wood,
PHILADELPHIA.
J. 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 19,67-1L

Hotels.

COLUMBIA HOTEL,
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
HOTEL AND 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-tf

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. The house is spacious, and enjoys an excellent business location.
Omnibuses run at all times between the Exchange Hotel and the various railroad depots, by which travelers will be pleasantly conveyed to and from the respective stations in due time to meet the cars. KOONS & CLARK.
Bloomsburg, April 3, 1868.

THE ESPY HOTEL.
ESPY, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA.
The undersigned would inform the travelling public that he has taken the above named establishment and thoroughly refitted the same for the perfect convenience of his guests. His larder will be stocked with the best the market affords. The choicest liquors, wines and cigars always to be found in his bar.
WILLIAM PETTIT,
Apr.23,69-tf Espy, Pa.

BRICK HOTEL,
ORANGEVILLE, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA.
ROHR M'HENRY, Proprietor.
This well known House, having been put in thorough repair, is now open to the travelling public. The bar is stocked with the choicest liquors and cigars, and the table will be, at all times, supplied with the delicacies of the season. No pains will be spared to insure the comfort of guests.
Orangeville, dec. 10,'69-tf.

Choice Poetry.

To-Morrow.

BY MARIAN ROSS.

It is not ours; 'tis Hope's own day,
Which we may never claim;
Day, ever dawning, never come,
Existing but in name.
And yet, what pictures, bright and fair,
Seen but with Fancy's eye,
And by her skilful fingers wrought,
Glow on to-morrow's sky.

Could we but rend the veil that hides
The future from our view,
And gaze upon the pictured scenes,
Portrayed in lovely hue,
Such joys, such griefs, such fears as ours,
No'er in our hearts, would stay,
Could we but learn, through life, to live
Within a single day.

Trust not the morrow's promise fair:
'Twill vanish from the sight,
As fades the cheering beam of day
Before the shades of night.
Let not the orb of day go down,
But then, each wrong retrieve,
Ere yet, the setting sun of life
Thy soul in darkness leave.

To-morrow! Will thou wait till then
E'er thou, in life, begin
To "walk by faith, and not by sight?"
To leave the path of sin?
O! Stupid Soul! Ere yet shall rise
To-morrow's glowing sun,
The sand that measures life's short day
Shall be forever run.

Miscellaneous.

UNPARALLELED ADVENTURE
OF ONE
HANS PFAALL.

[CONCLUDED.]

This consideration served to calm the perturbation of my mind, and I finally succeeded in regarding the phenomenon in its proper point of view. In fact, amazement must have fairly deprived me of my senses, when I could not see the vast difference, in appearance, between the surface below me, and the surface of my mother earth. The latter was indeed over my head, and completely hidden by the balloon, while the moon—the moon itself in all its glory—lay beneath me, and at my feet.

The stupor and surprise produced in my mind by this extraordinary change in the posture of affairs, was perhaps, after all, that part of the adventure least susceptible of explanation. For the *bouleversement* in itself was not only natural and inevitable, but had been long actually anticipated, as a circumstance to be expected whenever I should arrive at that exact point of my voyage where the attraction of the planet should be suppressed by the attraction of the satellite—or, more precisely, where the gravitation of the balloon towards the earth should be less powerful than its gravitation towards the moon. To be sure I arose from a sound slumber, with all my senses in confusion, to the contemplation of a very startling phenomenon, and one which, although expected, was not expected at that moment. The revolution itself must, of course, have taken place in an easy and gradual manner, and it is by no means clear that, had I even been awake at the time of the occurrence, I should have been made aware of it by any *internal* evidence of an inversion—that is to say, by any incovenience or disarrangement, either about my person or about my apparatus.

It is almost needless to say, that, upon coming to a due sense of my situation, and emerging from the terror which had absorbed every faculty of my soul, my attention was, in the first place, wholly directed to the contemplation of the general physical appearance of the moon. It lay beneath me like a chart—and although I judged it to be still at no inconsiderable distance, the indentures of its surface were defined to my vision with a most striking and altogether unaccountable distinctness. The entire absence of ocean or sea, and indeed of any lake or river, or body of water whatsoever, struck me, at the first glance, as the most extraordinary feature in its geological condition. Yet, strange to say, I beheld vast level regions of a character decidedly alluvial, although by far the greater portion of the hemisphere in sight was covered with innumerable volcanic mountains, conical in shape, and having more the appearance of artificial than of natural protuberances. The highest among them does not exceed three and three-quarter miles in perpendicular elevation; but a map of the volcanic districts of the Campi Phlegrei would afford to your Excellencies a better idea of their general surface than any unworthy description I might think proper to attempt. The greater part of them were in a state of evident eruption, and gave me fearfully to understand their fury and their power, by the repeated thunders of the mis-called meteoric stones, which now rushed upwards by the balloon with a frequency more and more appalling.

April 18th. To-day I found an enormous increase of the moon's apparent bulk—and the evidently accelerated velocity of my descent, began to fill me with alarm. It will be remembered, that, in the earliest stage of my speculations upon the possibility of a passage to the moon, the existence, in its vicinity, of an atmosphere dense in proportion to the bulk of the planet, had entered largely into my calculations; this too in spite of many theories to the contrary, and, it may added, in spite of a general disbelief in the existence of any lunar atmosphere at all. But, in addition to what I have already urged in regard to Encke's comet and the zodiacal light, I had been strengthened in my opinion by certain observations of Mr. Schroeter, of Lilienthal. He observed the moon, when two days and a half old, in the evening soon after sunset, before the dark part was visible, and continued to watch it until it became visible. The two cusps appeared tapering in a very sharp faint prolongation, each exhibiting its farthest extremity faintly illuminated by the solar rays, before any part of the dark hemisphere was visible. Soon afterwards, the whole dark limb became illuminated. This prolongation of the cusps beyond the semicircle, I thought, must have arisen from the refraction of the sun's rays by the moon's atmosphere. I computed, also, the height of the atmosphere (which could refract light enough into its dark hemisphere, to produce a twilight more luminous than the light reflected from the earth when the moon is about 35° from the new,) to be 1356 Paris feet; in this view, I supposed the greatest height capable of refracting the solar ray, to be 5376 feet. My ideas upon this topic had also received confirmation by a passage in the eighty-second volume of the Philosophical Transactions, in which it is stated, that at an occultation of Jupiter's satellites, the third disappeared after having been about 1″ or 2″ of time indistinct, and the fourth became indiscernible near the limb.

Upon the resistance, or more properly, upon the support of an atmosphere, existing in the state of density imagined, I had, of course, entirely depended for the safety of my ultimate descent. Should I then, after all, prove to have been mistaken, I had in consequence nothing better to expect, as a *finale* to my adventure, than being dashed into atoms against the rugged surface of the satellite. And, indeed, I had now every reason to be terrified. My distance from the moon was comparatively trifling, while the labor required by the condenser was diminished not at all, and I could discover no indication whatever of a decreasing rarity in the air.

April 19th. This morning, to my great joy, about nine o'clock the surface of the moon being frightfully near, and my apprehensions excited to the utmost, the pump of my condenser at length gave evident tokens of an alteration in the atmosphere. By ten, I had reason to believe its density considerably increased. By eleven, very little labor was necessary at the apparatus; and at twelve o'clock, with some hesitation, I ventured to unscrew the *tourniquet*, when, finding no inconvenience from having done so, I finally threw open the gum-elastic chamber, and unrigged it from around the car. As might have been expected, spasms and violent headache were the immediate consequences of an experiment so precipitate and full of danger. But these and other difficulties attending respiration, as they were by no means so great as to put me in peril of my life, I determined to endure as I best could, in consideration of my leaving them behind me momently in my approach to the denser *strata* near the moon. This approach, however, was still impetuous in the extreme; and it soon became alarmingly certain that, although I had probably not been deceived in the expectation of an atmosphere dense in proportion to the mass of the satellite, still I had been wrong in supposing this density, even at the surface, at all adequate to the support of the great weight contained in the car of my balloon. Yet this *should* have been the case, and in an equal degree as at the surface of the earth, the actual gravity of bodies at either planet supposed in the ratio of the atmospheric condensation. That it *was not* the case, however, my precipitous downfall gave testimony enough; *why* it was not so, can only be explained by a reference to those possible geological disturbances to which I have formerly alluded. At all events I was now close upon the planet, and coming down with the most terrible impetuosity. I lost not a moment, accordingly, in throwing overboard first my ballast, then my water-kegs, then my condensing apparatus and gum-elastic chamber, and finally every article within the car. But it was all to no purpose. I still fell with horrible rapidity, and was now not more than half a mile from the surface. As a last resource, therefore, having got rid of my coat, hat, and boots, I cut loose from the baloon *the car itself*, which was of no inconsiderable weight, and thus, clinging with both hands to the network, I had barely time to observe that the whole country, as far as the eye could reach, was thickly interspersed with diminutive habitations, ere I tumbled headlong into the very heart of a fantastical-looking city, and into the middle of a vast crowd of ugly little people, who none of them uttered a single syllable, or gave themselves the least trouble to render me assistance, but stood, like a parcel of idiots, grinning in a ludicrous manner, and eyeing me and my balloon askant, with their arms set a-kimbo. I turned from them in contempt, and, gazing upwards at the earth so lately left, and left perhaps for ever, beheld it like a huge, dull, copper shield, about two degrees in diameter, fixed immovably in the heavens overhead, and tipped on one of its edges with a crescent border of the most brilliant gold. No traces of land or water could be discovered, and the whole was clouded with variable spots, and belted with tropical and equatorial zones.

Thus may it please your Excellencies, after a series of great anxieties, unheard of dangers, and unparalleled escapes, I had, at length, on the nineteenth day of my departure from Rotterdam, arrived in safety at the conclusion of a voyage undoubtedly the most extraordinary, and the most momentous, ever accomplished, undertaken, or conceived by any denizen of earth. But my adventures yet remain to be related. And indeed your Excellencies may well imagine that, after a residence of five years upon a planet not only deeply interesting in its own peculiar character, but rendered doubly so by its intimate connection, in capacity of satellite, with the world inhabited by man, I may have intelligence for the private ear of the States' College of Astronomers of far more importance than the details, however wonderful, of the mere *voyage* which so happily concluded. This is, in fact, the case. I have much—very much which it would give me the greatest pleasure to communicate. I have much to say of the climate of the planet; of its wonderful alternations of heat and cold; of unmitigated and burning sunshine for one fortnight, and more than polar frigidity for the next; of a constant transfer of moisture, by distillation like that *in vacuo*, from the point beneath the sun to the point the farthest from it; of a variable zone of running water; of the people themselves; of their manners, customs, and political institutions; of their peculiar physical construction; of their ugliness; of their want of ears, those useless appendages in an atmosphere so peculiarly modified; of their consequent ignorance of the use and properties of speech; of their substitute for speech in a singular method of inter-communication; of the incompresible connection between each particular individual in the moon, with some particular individual on the earth—a connection analogous with, and depending upon that of the orbs of the planet and the satellite, and by means of which the lives and destinies of the inhabitants of the one are interwoven with the lives and destinies of the inhabitants of the other; and above all, if it so please your Excellencies—above all of those dark and hideous mysteries which lie in the outer regions of the moon,—regions which, owing to the almost miraculous accordance of the satellite's rotation on its own axis with its sidereal revolution about the earth, have never yet been turned, and, by God's mercy, never shall be turned, to the scrutiny of the telescopes of man. All this, and more—much more—would I most willingly detail. But, to be brief, I must have my reward. I am pining for a return to my family and to my home; and as the price of any farther communications on my part—in consideration of the light which I have it in my power to throw upon many very important branches of physical and metaphysical science—I must solicit, through the influence of your honorable body, a pardon for the crime of which I have been guilty in the death of the creditors upon my departure from Rotterdam. This, then, is the object of the present paper. Its bearer, an inhabitant of the moon, whom I have prevailed upon, and properly instructed, to be my messenger to the earth, will await your Excellencies' pleasure, and return to me with the pardon in question, if it can, in any manner, be obtained.

I have the honor to be, &c., your Excellencies' very humble servant,

HANS PFAALL.

Upon finishing the perusal of this very extraordinary document, Professor Rubadub, it is said, dropped his pipe upon the ground in the extremity of his surprise, and Mynheer Superbus Von Underduk having taken off his spectacles, wiped them, and deposited them in his pocket, so far forgot both himself and his dignity, as to turn round three times upon his heel in the quintessence of astonishment and admiration. There was no doubt about the matter—the pardon should be obtained. So at least swore, with a round oath, Professor Rubadub, and so finally thought the illustrious Von Underduk, as he took the arm of his brother in science, and without saying a word, began to make the best of his way home to deliberate upon the measures to be adopted. Having reached the door, however, of the burgomaster's dwelling the professor ventured to suggest that as the messenger had though proper to disappear—no doubt frightened to death by the savage appearance of the burghers of Rotterdam—the pardon would be of little use, as no one but a man of the moon would undertake a voyage to so vast a distance. To the truth of this observation the burgomaster assented, and the matter was therefore at an end. Not so, however, rumors and speculations. The letter, having been published, gave rise to a variety of gossip and opinion. Some of the over-wise even made themselves ridiculous by decrying the whole business as nothing better than a hoax. But hoax, with these sort of people, is, I believe, a gefferal term for all matters above their comprehension. For my part, I cannot conceive upon what data they have founded such an accusation. Let us see what they say:

Inprimis. That certain wags in Rotterdam have certain especial antipathies to certain burgomasters and astronomers.

Secondly. That an odd little dwarf and bottle conjurer, both of whose ears, for some misdemeanor, have been cut off close to his head, has been missing for several days from the neighboring city of Bruges.

Thirdly. That the newspapers which were stuck all over the little balloon, were newspapers of Holland, and therefore could not have been made in the moon. They were dirty papers—very dirty—and Gluck, the printer, would take his Bible oath to their having been printed in Rotterdam.

Fourthly. That Hans Pfaall himself, the drunken villain, and the three very idle gentlemen styled his creditors, were all seen, no longer than two or three days ago, in a tippling house in the suburbs, having just returned, with money in their pockets, from a trip beyond the sea.

Lastly. That it is an opinion very generally received, that the College of Astronomers in the city of Rotterdam, as well as all other colleges in all other parts of the world,—not to mention colleges and astronomers in general,—are, to say the least of the matter, not a whit better, nor greater, nor wiser than they ought to be.

WE overheard a queer thing from a little fellow about six years of age a short time ago. The subject of wedding cake had been introduced in the course of conversation, in which the father was taking a part.

"Father," said the little fellow, after having apparently reflected intently on something, "I shan't send you any of my wedding-cake when I get married.

"Why not?" was the inquiry.

"Because," answered the young hopeful, "*you didn't send me any of yours!*"

A girl in Wisconsin swallowed forty percussion caps. Her mother refrained from spanking her for fear of an explosion.

A Good Story Well Told.

HOW REV. J. HYATT SMITH CHASED A LOCOMOTIVE.

"WE stopped at Syracuse, N. Y., for dinner. You remember the railroad depot, centrally situated, with its eastern and western entrances exactly alike—as much so as the two ends of the car. After we had dined, the depot master informed us that we had seventeen minutes to spare before the departure of the eastern train. This, thought I, will give me an opportunity to see the city, and a glorious chance for a smoke, provided a clergyman could be tempted into such a piece of worldly and wasteful amusement. I sauntered forth, and after an absence of exactly thirteen minutes, having enjoyed a delightful and soothing stroll, I was returning, watch in hand, when, to my astonishment, I beheld the train slowly gliding out of the other end of the depot, and increasing its speed at every pull of its gigantic locomotive. Here, indeed, was a "call" that admitted neither correspondence nor delay; there was no time for "taking it into consideration." So, without conferring with flesh or blood, I put off like a sky-rocket with a double fuse. For a moment I thought I had it all my own way; I thought I was gaining ground, although I knew I was losing wind. I was encouraged in the race by sundry helpful fellows who kept crying out as I passed "Go it, gaiters!" "plucky boy!" "he aint left, O no!" and other well-meaning and benignant exhortations. Though they intended, perhaps, helping me over the course, I found that the more they shouted the less inclined I was to run, and the more decidedly did the locomotive make terrible headway against me. To give up the chase; to submit to the chagrin of being left; to lose my party and my passage; to meet with disappointment and not to meet with friends all this was bad enough; but the thought of encountering, all the way back to the depot, that line of interested individuals who with their cheering exclamations had so feelingly encouraged me on my outward journey, this was the bitterest pill in this unexpected dose. But it must be done, so tapering off gradually I gave up the contest and turned back to meet my fate, and—if I could find him—the depot master whose blundering statements were the cause of all my trouble. Without search that individual advanced to greet me with the bland recognition of a fact that no one could well deny, "Well, you got left, did you?" I replied only with a resentment of a "silencing eye." If I looked as I tried to look, my photograph taken at that instant would hardly be chosen to grace an album gallery of "eminent divines." Several bystanders seeking information, asked, with a show of confidential interest in my case on what wise the thing had happened? and others wishing "to point a moral," advised me to "be on hand a little earlier next time." With returning breath relief and words came together, and I squarely charged the railroad official with all the blame. I spoke of his incompetency, in no measured terms, recalling how that after I had placed my party in the car he had assured me that there were full seventeen minutes to spare before the train went out; "while here," said I, with a triumphant exhibition of my watch, "the seventeen minutes are even now barely up, and yet the train is gone and out of sight." After no little hot shot cast back and forth, with the usual variations and final perorations of "you did and you didn't," "you're another," etc., I asked him whether I would be risking another chance of being left if I depend upon him to give me the exact hour of the departure of the *next* Eastern train. "Eastern!" exclaimed he. "Yes, *Eastern*," replied I, with a decided upward and sarcastic inflection. "Why," quoth he, "the train you've just been chasing with such poor luck wasn't an Eastern train, but the *Western* Express!" With much and increasing confusion and excitement I stammered out. "Then where in Joppa *is* the Eastern train?" "Why, there it is," replied he, "just getting under way at the other end of the depot; leg it, or you'll lose *that*." If ever I did make Dexter time, I made it then. I passed right through that depot like the wind. I felt as if I was all legs. One glance, however, at the rear door of the last car, as I was nearing it, came near being too much for me. I discovered the group of my long lost friends, whose forms and faces seemed bursting with poorly-suppressed and ill-timed mirth. As I reached safely the platform, the fire that opened upon me could only be equalled for its merciless effect by the fire in the rear, from which I had providentially fled. I heard jibes, and jokes, and jeers; I heard the hoarse laughter of full-chested men, and the hysterical efforts of mirth-exhausted women. They had all witnessed my chase after the wrong train; now fearful lest indeed I should overtake it, and then rejoiced at my evident lack of what jockeys call "bottom," as