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By CHARLES B. BROCKWAY,
Editor and Proprietor.

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CIRCULATION 9500.

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All descriptions executed with neatness and
dispatch at reasonable rates.

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BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, MARCH 11, 1870.
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Bloomsburg Directory.

STOVES AND TINWARE.
H. RUPERT, dealer in stoves & tinware, No. 11-12
Market street, Main st., west of Market, Vt-11-12

CLOTHING, &c.
A. W. LOWENBERG, Merchant Tailor, Main st.,
2d door above American House, Vt-11-13

DRUGS, CHEMICALS, &c.
F. LUTZ, Druggist and Apothecary, Main st.,
below Post Office, Vt-11-14

CLOCKS, WATCHES, &c.
E. SAUVE, dealer in Clocks, Watches and
Jewelry, Main st., just below the American
Hotel, Vt-11-15

BOOTS AND SHOES.
S. H. KLEIN, Manufacturer and dealer in
Boots and Shoes, Groceries, etc., Main street,
Bloomsburg, Vt-11-16

PROFESSIONAL.
H. C. HOWE, Surgeon Dentist, Main st.,
above the Court House, Vt-11-17

HILLINERY & FANCY GOODS.
PETERMAN, Millinery and Fancy Goods,
opposite Episcopal Church, Main st., Vt-11-18

MISCELLANEOUS.
W. J. A. FURSON & CO., Mutual and cash
and insurance companies, Broder's build-
ing, Main street, Vt-11-19

Orangeville Directory.

A. & E. W. COLEMAN, Merchant Tailors and
Gent's Furnishing Goods, Main st., next door
to the Brick Hotel, Vt-11-20

DAVID HEERING, Flour and Grain Ml., and
Grist Mill, Main Street, Vt-11-21

JAMES H. HARMAN, Cabinet Maker and Tu-
mshaker, Main St., below Pine, Vt-11-22

WILLIAM DELONG, Shoemaker and manufac-
turer of Brick, Mill St., west of G. St., Vt-11-23

Light Street.
H. IRVINE, Millinery Store Main Street and
Harrisburg Road, Vt-11-24

Business Cards.
M. L. VELE, ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Ashland, Schuylkill County Pa.

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

E. J. LITTLE, ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office Court-House Alley, below the COLUM-
BIAN Office, Bloomsburg, Pa.

C. B. BROCKWAY, ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BLOOMSBURG, PA., in the COLUMBIAN
Building.

F. J. THORNTON, would announce to the citizens of Bloom-
sburg, Pa. that he has just received a full and
complete assortment of

J. B. PURSEL, HARNESSES, SADDLES, AND TRUNK
MANUFACTURER,
BEAUFORT HOUSE, BLOOMSBURG, PA.,
which he feels confident he can sell at lower
rates than any other person in the county. Ex-
tra price for early orders.

S. T. FREE, SEED CATALOGUE
AND GUIDE TO THE
FLOWER AND VEGETABLE
GARDEN, FOR 1870.

PIMPLES.
The undersigned will cheerfully mail (free) to
all who will fill the Receipt and full directions
of preparing and using a simple and beautiful
Vegetable Balm, that will immediately remove
all eruptions and impurities of the skin, leaving the
skin clear, smooth and beautiful.

ERRORS OF YOUTH.
A gentleman who suffered for years from Ner-
vous debility, Premature Emission, and all the
effects of youthful indiscretion, will, for sale of
the receipt and directions for making the same,
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.

JOB PRINTING
Not executed at this Office

Philadelphia Directory.

ARTMAN, C. H. BILLINGER, S. ROY
R. D. CUMMINGS, PHILADELPHIA,
NO. 101 NORTH THIRD ST., PHILADELPHIA,
Two doors above Arch, formerly 226,
MANUFACTURERS AND JOBBERS IN
CARPETS, COTTONS, YARNS, HATTING,
OIL, CLOTHS, CARPET CHAINS, CORDAGE,
OIL SHADES, GRAIN BAGS, THE YARN,
WICK YARNS, WINDOW PAPER, COVERLETS,
Etc., &c., &c.

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

ESTABLISHED 1778.
JORDAN & BROTHER,
Wholesale Grocers, and Dealers in
SALT-PETRE AND BRIMSTONE
No. 349 North Third St.
Philadelphia.

G. W. BLABON & CO.,
Manufacturers of
OIL, CLOTHS AND WINDOW SHADES,
Warehouse, No. 121 North Third Street
Philadelphia.

GEORGE H. ROBERTS,
Importer and Dealer in
HARDWARE, CUTLERY, GUNS, &c.,
No. 311 North Third Street, above Vine
Philadelphia.

HORNE, KING & SEYBERT,
WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS,
No. 421 Market Street
PHILADELPHIA.

H. W. RANK'S
WHOLESALE TOBACCO, SNUFF, AND
CHURCH WAREHOUSE,
No. 146 North Third Street,
Between Cherry and Race, west side,
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Late Walter & Kane,
Importer and Dealer in
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No. 231 N. Third Street,
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HATS, CAPS, STRAW GOODS & FURS,
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(Above Fifth),
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Successors to Stroup & Brother,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN FISH,
No. 24 North Wharves and 25 North Third St
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ATTORNEY AT LAW,
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PHILADELPHIA.

SNYDER, HARRIS & BASSETT,
Manufacturers and Jobbers of
MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING,
Nos. 523 Market, and 52 Commerce Street,
Philadelphia.

WILLIAM FISHER
WITH
THOMAS CARLSON & CO.,
DEALERS IN HOSIERY &
MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS,
LINENS & NOTIONS,
No. 18 SOUTH FOURTH STREET
Philadelphia.

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TOBACCO, SNUFF & SEAGAR
MANUFACTORY,
No. 312 NORTH THIRD STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.

WAINWRIGHT & CO.,
WHOLESALE GROCERIES,
N. E. Corner Second and Arch Streets,
Philadelphia.

DEALERS IN
TEAS, SYRUPS, COFFEES, SUGARS, MOLASSES
RICE, SPICES, & CIGAR SMOKE, &c., &c.
Orders will be received promptly,
may 10, 67-11.

HOTELS.
COLUMBIA HOTEL,
BY
BERNARD STÖHNER.
Having lately purchased and fitted up the
building and having obtained a license for
a few rooms above the Court House,
on the same side of the street, in the town of
Bloomsburg, Pa., he respectfully solicits the
patronage of his friends.

THE ESPY HOTEL,
ESPY, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA.
The undersigned would inform the travelling
public that he has taken the above named estab-
lishment and thoroughly fitted the same for
the perfect convenience of his guests. He has
the choicest liquors, wines and cigars always
on hand in his bar.

BRICK HOTEL,
GRANVILLE, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA.
ROHR M'HEERY, Proprietor.

OMNIBUS LINE.
The undersigned would respectfully announce to
the citizens of Bloomsburg and the vicinity gen-
erally that he is running an
OMNIBUS LINE
between this place and the different rail roads
passing through the county, to connect with the
several trains going South and West on the Cata-
wissa and Williamsport Railroad, and with those
going North and South on the Lackawanna and
Baltimore Railroad.

Original Poetry.

Sabbath Eve at "St. Mary's Hall."
BY MARY ROSS.
Welcome, thou holy hour!
Within this quiet hour,
Peace reigns supreme, and yonder little dome
In smiling form its rays of mellow light,
Like that which be the traveler of his home,
And guides his foot-steps in the gloomy night.

WILLOW AND WOODEN WARE
BROOMS, BRUSHES, LOOKING GLASSES, TRUNKS,
Feb. 5, 69.

WOULD it were ever so—
And life as sweet as now,
When these protecting walls no more shut in
Your youthful days from worldly strife and sin,
This vine-wreathed temple no more witness bear
Unto your morning praise and nightly prayer.

THE HORRORS OF MASONRY.
If our readers, and especially those
who have ever been initiated into
the mysteries of Masonry wish to enjoy a
good laugh, let them read the follow-
ing chapter which we take the liberty
of extracting from a very reliable and
amusing book, entitled "Walks about
Chicago."

THE noble, enterprising, and moral
Christian, who met in convention in
Chicago, for the purpose of kicking over
Masonry, have my profound sym-
pathies. Why I thus sympathize with
their efforts, I shall proceed to relate:

It was two years ago that this citizen
became possessed with the righteous
idea that Masonry is a blight, a wilt,
a pest. After carefully examining the
matter, he felt himself called upon to
undertake a crusade against the fillet-
ing organization. After consulting
with several of his friends he con-
cluded to join the order, get its secrets,
and then annihilate it by revealing them.

Bidding a tearful farewell to his lov-
ing wife, and clasping her in a fond, it
might be a last, embrace, he started on
his pilgrimage.

Going boldly to a lodge room, he
knocked loudly at the door, and was
bidden to enter. He went in.

At that precise moment, the air was
rent, and the earth shaken by a terrific
burst of thunder. His knees smote to-
gether, as this menacing roar tore thro'
his ear; but he pressed forward, nerved
by a high sense of duty.

It was noon of the following day. The
single street of the little village was
lined with anxious faces. Every man,
woman, and child had turned out to
discuss the fate of him who had gone
the night before to discover and reveal
the secrets of Masonry. His frenzied
wife, clasping an infant in her arm,
tearing her disheveled hair with her
hands, ran hither and thither, like a
maniac, in search of her loved and lost.

Since the time of his departure, he
had not been seen or heard of. It was
believed that he had fallen a victim to
the fury of the conspirators whom he
had undertaken to expose.

Gradually the women, and the chil-
dren and the men, gathered in front of
the gloomy pile which was believed to
contain the penetralia in which met the
dread Masonic order. With upturned
faces, and anxious hearts, they gazed at
its closed shutters, each of which seem-
ed the repository of some awful secret.

Suddenly the front doors opened, and
there, propped by a tremendous kick,
there shot into the streets a horrid
form!

It was that of the lost husband; but
oh! how changed! He was neither
naked nor clad, for upon his left foot
was a slipper; upon his right, a stocking;
around his neck, a noose with a dang-
ling cord!

He came down the steps at a head
long pace. His eyes were bloodshot,
and were lighted with a glance of mor-
tal terror. As he reached the sidewalk
he recovered himself, and looked wildly
around.

Thus he stood for five minutes, and
then a woman covered her face with
her apron, and the other women, a few
minutes later, loathed her example,
and charged through the crowd. Up the
street the tore like a maddened bull, yell-
ing at every jump, as though punched
with a red hot iron.

The entire population started in pur-
suit. He kept on for three days, and
then ran himself into the ground, and
was captured. He was found to be an
idiot. He asserted that his name was
Solomon Abif, and he wanted an ac-
cused out in his ear.

To-day this victim of Masonic cruelty
wanders about, aimless and hopeless.
He often takes somebody else's wife
and children for his own. He is a
melancholy wreck, and his friends have
determined, as a last resort, to secure
him a consularship to some foreign na-
tion.

Does not this "fictitious incident prove
the nefarious character of Masonry be-
yond all dispute?"

Some years ago I knew of a most
foul murder being committed. A Mason
was arrested for the crime. He was
not convicted.

THE AMERICAN TROPPMANN.

Next Tuesday is to witness the hang-
ing of John A. Munroe, tried for and
convicted of the murder of Sarah Mar-
garet Vail and his her child. The
circumstances attending the crime, the
youth and social standing of the mur-
derer, the chain of evidence by which
he has been surrounded and which has
gradually, but surely, narrowed upon
him, now it is about to crush him; the
youth and beauty of the woman who,
in a double sense was his victim, and
the infernal brutality which could thus
do to death an innocent babe and incite
a father to murder his child, make this
case one of the most harrowing which
the Province has ever known.

Told briefly as possible the history of
the crime is as follows:

Last September, as some negroes
were gathering berries in a thicket sit-
uated about one hundred yards from
the Black River Road, ten miles from
the City of St. John, they came upon
some human remains, but after seeing
what they were they were struck with
superstitious awe, and returned to the
city, but said nothing of what they had
seen. A few days afterwards it came
to the knowledge of persons less easily
affected by terror and superstition than
the negroes, that dead bodies were lying
in the neighboring woods; the place was
visited and the coroner notified, but
not until a week after the original dis-
covery of the remains had been made,
did that officer set about to examine
the bodies and hold an inquest. The
place was inspected: it was a lonely
spot by a nearly unfrequented road;
no houses were near, except a farm-
house and a tavern. No better place
could have been engaged for a murder
than this. Like Eugene Aram, wished to
hide from all but the eye of God every
trace of his fearful and dastardly crime.
Had a murder been committed? This
was the question to be solved. How
had the bodies been disposed of, or did
they die without violence?

Search in the thicket brought to light
the skull, ribs, and thigh bones of an
adult and the skull of an infant, which
fell in pieces on being taken from the
ground. In addition to these, a roll of
hair, portions of a woman's dress, a
woolen jacket, and pieces of under-
clothing were found, which probably—
certainly, as the jury afterwards said—
had once belonged to her whose body
was there decayed and utterly unrecog-
nizable. At some distance from the
place was discovered a hole in a little
stocking and a piece of lead, fat, and
about the size of a silver half dollar.
This was all that the utmost scrutiny of
the place and its vicinity could detect
which could throw any light upon the
identity of the dead. Thus far, no
trace of murder committed had been
found.

But the disposition of the bodies was
shown as showed plainly that death had
not been accidental or natural. Limbs
had been torn from the surrounding
trees and placed upon the corpses to
conceal them; and moss had also been
gathered and scattered above them, evi-
dently with the design of hiding all
evidence of the crime. Murder had
been committed, and henceforth it was
the duty of the coroner to discover the
criminal, not less appalling and heart-
rending than that done by the miscreant
Troppmann.

At first no clue to the mystery could
be obtained. No woman and child had
been missed from the neighborhood, and
inquiries made at the city of St. John
were equally barren of results. The
whole horrible affair apparently was to
baffle inquiry, the victims to be un-
avenged, and the law unvindicated.

A man named Kane, whose wife was
said to have disappeared in an unac-
counted way, was arrested and exam-
ined by Coroner Kane, but success had
become important to fix him promptly.
It is therefore necessary, at times,
to cut a hole in the ice to perform the
solemn ceremony of baptism. On one
of these occasions a convert, who had
felt the necessity of that rite, was im-
mersed, and on coming out was asked
by the minister, "How do you feel now?"
"But me in again. The request was
complied with, and after the second
dip, the question was repeated, "How
do you feel now?" "Better! better!"
Such is the plucky spirit of the Chi-
cago convert!—Editor's Drawer, in
Harper's Magazine for March.

"Did you ever see one of those here
hoop-snakes?" asked Mr. Ferguson.—
"Me and my hired man was down there
in the home lot, by the side of the road,
and we see something rolling down the
hill, and says I, 'I guess that is one of
them hoop-snakes coming along.' My
hired man, he was afeard, and climb up
a tree, but I took my hoe in my hand,
and went out and stood side of a tree in
the road, and as he came along I stuck
out my hoe handle, and he bit it a slap,
and he made a noise just like a pistol!
and sir, it wasn't nor a' minute after
that my hoe-handle was swelled up as
big as my leg!"

THE DILATORY RESPONDER.

You know the individual who is always
dilatatory in making the responses? He
is usually to be found in every Epis-
copal parish, much to the annoyance of
the quiet, orderly people who unfortu-
nately are compelled to sit near him.
A man of this sort was one of the most
regular students here as regular attend-
ants at St. —, Philadelphia, and so
"worrying" had his drawing habit be-
come, that several of the parishioners called
upon the rector and requested a prac-
tice to "interview" the laggard, and request
him to make the responses in unison
with the rest of the brethren. "You see,
my dear sir," said the rector, "it is yes-
sured to be prompt, if you will but
fix your mind upon it. If you begin
the General Confession promptly, you
will easily end with the others. Then,
again, if, by the Creed you commence: 'I
believe,' etc., promptly, why, at the
proper time, you will be able to 'decend
into hell' with the rest of the congrega-
tion!' Now my dear Sir, pray be a
little more prompt and do this!"—
EDITOR'S DRAWER, in Harper's Magazine
for March.

MONKEYS are scarce in Michigan. A
saddler in Detroit kept one for a pet,
who usually sat upon the counter. A
countryman came in one day, who prob-
ably had never seen a monkey. The pro-
rietor being in the back room, the
customer seeing a saddle that suited
him, asked the price. The monkey
said nothing. Customer said: "I'll
give you twenty dollars for it," which
being laid on the counter the monkey
shoved into the drawer. The man then
took the saddle, but monkey mounted
the man, tore his hair, scratched his face,
and the frightened customer screamed
for dear life. Proprietor rushes in, and
wants to know what's the fuss. "Fus!"
said the customer, "fus! I bought a
saddle from your son sittin' there, and
when I went to take it he wouldn't let
me have it. The saddler apologized for
the monkey, but assured him he was
no relation of his."

RESIGNED.—It is certainly gratifying
to know that in —, Illinois, the Young
Men's Christian Association is doing
a good work. One of its most active
members is Mr. —, a young gentle-
man of position and means, who has
done much in aiding the poor and un-
fortunate. At one time he became quite
interested in a German family in in-
digent circumstances. The wife was
quite sick, and he visited her very of-
ten, doing all he could to prepare her
mind for the worst, if it should come to
that. He had not seen her for a few
days when he met the husband, and the
following conversation took place:
"How do you do, Mr. —? How is
your wife?"
"Mein frau?—mein frau is dead."
"Dead! Is it possible? Was she resig-
ned?"
"Resigned? resigined! Mein Gott! she
had to be!" Harper's Magazine for
March.

HOW FREEMASONS TAKE CARE OF
EACH OTHER.—Some young men in
the town of —, having "sent up" one
night to the detriment of certain win-
dows and bell-pulls were lodged in the
calaboose, and in due time next morn-
ing confronted before a police magis-
trate, who fined them \$5 each, and an
admonition. One of the three foolishly
remarked:
"Judge, I was in hopes you would
remember me. I belong to the same
lodge with you!"
The Judge, apparently surprised, re-
plied with brotherly sympathy:
"Ah! is it so? Truly, this is Brother
—! I did not recognize you. Excuse
me for my dullness. Yes, we are
Brother Masons, and I should have
thought of that. Mr. Clerk, fine our
Brother — ten dollars. Being a Mas-
on, he knows better the rules of pro-
prietary than other men! Fine him ten
dollars. You will pay the clerk, Broth-
er —! Good morning Brother! Call
me the next time."

IN SEASON.—While the advertising
agent for Helmbold was putting up his
mammoth posters in New Haven, Ct.,
on a large board near a book store, a
young lady very richly dressed in silks
and satins, but evidently one of the
"shoddy," seeing the advertisement,
supposing it to be a concert or circus,
stepped into a book store where tickets
are usually sold to such entertainments
and asked the clerk for "Two tickets
to Helmbold's Buchu." Of course the
polite clerk excused the matter as well
as possible, and the lady retired amid
the suppressed laughter of several
"bloods" who were present.

"WHAT does the minister say of our
new cemetery?" asked Mr. Hines.
"He don't like it at all; he says he won't
be buried there as long as he lives."
"Well," said Hines, "if the Lord spares
my life, I will."