The Columbian
—AND—
Bloomsburg Democrat.
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THE COLUMBIAN BUILDING NEAR THE COURT HOUSE, BY
CHARLES B. BROCKWAY,
Editor and Proprietor.
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Bloomsburg Directory.

STOVES AND TINWARE.

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

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

CLOTHING, &c.

DAVID LOWENBERG, Merchant Tailor, Main st., 2d door above American House. v1-n43

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

DRUGS, CHEMICALS, &c.

F. LUTZ, Druggist and Apothecary. Main st., below the Post Office. v1-n47

TYER BROS., Druggists and Apothecaries, Grower's block Main st. v1-n43

CLOCKS, WATCHES, &c.

J. SAVAGE, dealer in Clocks, Watches and Jewelry, Main st., just below the American hotel. v1-43

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

FRY ZUPPINGER, Watches, Spectacles & Jewelry &c., Main Street near West st. v3-n15

CATHCART, Watch and Clock Maker, Market street, below Main. v1-n43

BOOTS AND SHOES.

L. BROWN, Boot and Shoemaker, Centre street, rear of Robbins & Eyer's Store. v1-n43

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

FRY KLEIM, Manufacturer and dealer in Boots and Shoes, Groceries, etc., Main street, Bloomsburg. v1-n43

PROFESSIONAL.

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

WM. M. REBER, Surgeon and Physician, Exchange Block over Webb's bookstore v3-n38

B. F. KINNEY, Surgeon Dentist.—Teeth extracted without pain: Main st., nearly opposite Episcopal Church. v1-n46

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

B. BARKLEY, Attorney-at-Law. Office, 2d door in Exchange Block, near the "Exchange hotel." v4-n3

J. McKELVY, M. D., Surgeon and Physician. Northside Main st., below Market. v1-n43

R. EVANS, M. D., Surgeon and Physician, South side Main street, below Market. v1-n43

C. RUTTER, M. D. Surgeon and Physician Market street, above Main. v1-n43

A. ROBISON, Attorney-at-Law, Office Hartman's building, Main street. v2-n20

MILLINERY & FANCY GOODS.

PETERMAN, Millinery and Fancy Goods, Opposite Episcopal Church, Main st, v1-n43

MISS LIZZIE BARKLEY, Milliner, Ramsey Building Main street, v1-n43

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

MRS M. DERRICKSON, Millinery and Fancy Goods, Main st., below Market. v1-n44

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

MRS. JULIA A. & SADE BARKLEY, Ladies' Cloaks and Dress Patterns, southeast corner Main and West sts. v1-n43

THE MISSES HARMAN Millinery and Fancy Goods, Main st., below American House, v1n44

HOTELS AND SALOONS.

AMERICAN HOUSE, by John Leacock, Main street, west of Iron street. v1-n43

COLUMBIA HOTEL, by B. Stohner, Main st. above Court House. v1n

EAGLES HOTEL, by T. Bent. Taylor, east end Main street. v1-43

LEACOCK, Oyster and Eating saloon, American House, Main st., Baltzer Leacock superintent. v1-n45

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

MERCHANTS AND GROCERS.

J. C. MARR, Dry Goods and Notions, southwest corner Main and Iron sts. v1-n43

B. SEESHOLTZ, dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, &c., corner Main and Market streets. v3-n30

A. BECKLEY, Boot and Shoe store, books & stationery, Main st., below Market. v1-n43

JACOBS, Confectionery, groceries etc., Main st., below Iron v1-46

MENDENHALL, General Stock of Merchandise and Lumber, corner of Main street and Brick road. v1-n43

J. A. WEBB, Confectionery and Bakery, Wholesale and retail, Exchange Block. v1-n43

C. HOWER, Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, Main st., above Court House. v1-n43

E. BROWER, Dry Goods, Groceries, etc., corner Main st. and Court House alley. v1-n43

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

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

J. EYER, Groceries and General Merchandise. Main st., above West. v1-43

MCKELVY, NEAL & CO., dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Flour, Feed, Salt, Fish, Iron, Nails, N. E. cor. Main and Market sts. v1-n43

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

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

MISCELLANEOUS.

J. WITMAN, Marble Works, one door below Post Office, Main Street. v1-n43

BLOOMSBURG LUMBER CO., manufacturers and dealers in Lumber of all kinds; Planing near the railroad. v1n46

J. FOSTER, Glue Maker, and White and Fancy Planer, Scottown. v1n47

M. CHRISTMAN, Saddle, Trunk & Harness-maker, Shive's Block Main Street. v3n16

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

H. RIDLEMAN, Agent for Munson's Copper Tubular Lightning Rod. n2v19

J. THORNTON, Wall Paper, Window Shades and fixtures, Rupert block, Main st. v1-43

W. CORELL, Furniture Rooms, three story brick, Main Street, west of Market st. v1n49

ROSENSTOCK, Photographer, over Robbins & Eyer's Store, Main st. v1-43

J. KUHN, dealer in Meat, Tallow, etc., Chemical alley, rear of American House. v1n43

MRS A. FUNSTON & CO., mutual and cash agents for fire Insurance companies, Brower's Building, Main street. v1-n43

JACOB DIEFFENBACH, Broom Factory, Orders left at his residence or at Miller & Son's store promptly filled. Best green Western broom corn. v1-n18.

JAMES CADMAN, Cabinetmaker and Chairmaker; rooms Main street bel. Iron. v3-n24

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

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

DANIEL JACOBY, Marble and Brown Stone Works, East Bloomsburg, Berwick road. v1-n46

C. PEACOCK, Notary Public, northeast corner Main and Market st. v1-n43

M. RABB, dealer in furniture, trunks, ceder & willow ware, near the Forks Hotel. v1-n15

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

DOWER & 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., oppsite 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, "Catawissa House," North Corner Main and Second Streets. v2n18

L. KEILER, Billard 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

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. v2n46

J. D. WERKHEISER, Boot and Shoe Store and manufactory. Shop on Main Street opposite the Steam Mill. v2n4

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.29'67

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

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. [Jan4,'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 or preparing and using a simple and Beautiful Vegetable Balm, 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 5123, 195 Broadway, New York. Aug. 6,'69-1y.

POWDER KEGS AND LUMBER.
W. M. MONROE & CO.,
Rupert, Pa.,
Manufacturers of
POWDER KEGS,
and dealers in all kinds of
LUMBER,
give notice that they are prepared to accomodat their custom with dispatch, and on the cheapes terms.

Philadelphia Directory.

MAJOR E. S. ARTMAN. C. H. DILLINGER. M. MORY
ARTMAN, DILLINGER & CO.,
NO. 104 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. 811 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. 503 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.
PHILADELPHI
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, BICARB SODA, &C., &C.
Orders will receive prompt attention. may 10,67-tf.

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 RESTARANT,
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. [may17'67-1f

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.

FORKS HOTEL,
BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA.
The undersigned has taken this well known House, lately occupied by George W. Mauger, and has put it in thorough repair with entirely new furniture, &c. Every attention will be paid to the comfort and convenience of guests. The bar always supplied with the best of liquors and cigars. T. BENT. TAYLOR
mar11'70-3m.

BUSINESS CARDS,
VISITING CARDS,
LETTER HEADS,
BILL HEADS,
PROGRAMMES,
POSTERS,
&C., &C.
Neatly and Cheaply Printed
From the Latest Styles of Type at the
COLUMBIAN OFFICE.

Choice Poetry.

The Toast.

(The following is one of the finest productions of the late Sir Walter Scott, and we are inclined to believe that it can not be read without causing the blood to tingle.)

The feast is o'er! Now brimming wine
In lordly cup is seen to shine
Before each eager guest;
And silence fills the crowded hall,
As deep as when the herald's call
Thrills in the royal breast.

Then up arose the noble host
And smiling cried, 'A toast! a toast!
To all our ladyes fair.
Here, before all, I pledge the name
Of Staunton's proud and beauteous dame—
The Ladye Gundamere!'

Then to his feet each gallant sprung,
And joyous was the shout that rung
As Stanley gave the word:
And every cup was raised on high,
Nor ceased the loud and gladsome cry,
Till Stanley's voice was heard.

'Enough, enough,' he smiling said,
And lowly bent his haughty head,
'That all may have their due,
Now each in turn must play his part,
And pledge the ladye of his heart,
Like gallant knight and true!'

Then one by one each guest sprung up
And drained in turn the brimming cup,
And named the loved one's name;
And each, as hand on high he raised,
His ladye's grace or beauty praised,
Her constancy and fame.

'Tis now St. Leon's turn to rise;
On him are fixed those courtly eyes—
A gallant knight is he.
Envied by some, admired by all,
Far-famed in ladye's bower and hall,
The flower of chivalry.

St. Leon raised his kindling eye,
And lifts the sparkling cup on high:
'I drink to ONE,' he said,
'Whose image never may depart,
Deep graven on this grateful heart,
Till memory be dead.

'To one whose love for me shall last
When lighter passions long have passed,
So holy 'tis and true;
To one whose love hath longer dwelt,
More deeply fixed, more keenly felt,
Than any pledged by you.'

Each guest upstarted at the word,
And laid a hand upon his sword,
With fury flashing eye,
And Stanley said: 'We crave the name,
Proud knight, of this most peerless dame,
Whose love you count so high.'

St. Leon paused, as if he would
Not breathe her name in careless mood
Thus lightly to another:
Then bent his noble head as though
To give that word the reverence due,
And gently said, "MY MOTHER!"

Miscellaneous.

THE QUAKER AND THE ROBBER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY H. E. A. ATREE.

The most honest of all Quakers, Toby Simpton, lived in London, in a pleasant little dwelling graced by the presence of his daughter Mary. She was not quite seventeen years of age; was charmingly fair; had blue eyes, and possessed as much modesty as beauty. All the young men of her father's acquaintance were her suitors; all those of the neighborhood sought to gain her notice. Vain efforts! Mary was no coquette, and instead of enjoying the effect produced by her charms, she was vexed on account of the manners of all her admirers, except one Edward Weresford, a young artist, admitted to the intimacy of the family.

A very simple event had caused this friendship. A premature death had carried off the Quaker's wife. She was young and beautiful; and desiring to perpetuate the image of her who was so dear to him, he had caused the artist to come to the bed of death. It was there that Edward saw the desolate damsel; it was there a serious first love took place, amid the tears of one and the pious work of the other. The year which elapsed after this epoch had but strengthened the bond formed under these auspices, and the young man had showed to the father both his desire and hope.

The excellent Toby had no reason whatever for opposing the mutual inclinations of the two young persons. Without being rich, Edward earned, by means of his pencil, what suffered to support a family honorably. His father, Mr. Weresford, an old merchant of the city, had retired from business with a fortune increased more than ten fold. This was a rare example of rapid success in speculation—so rapid indeed that few were able to follow its progress. Yet Weresford, of so blunt and stern disposition, lived alone in a suburb of London, and without caring what his son was doing, left him entirely at liberty. He was one of those accommodating egotists who trouble no one, provided they trouble not them—persons of perfect complaisance if you ask nothing of them.

Edward, therefore, could without interruption, court his pretty Quakeress, well assured that his father would never think of opposing his marriage. The situation of the loving couple was, to all appearance, very prosperous; and honest Toby did not put off the day of their marriage longer than to collect the arrearages of his rents: he destined the money for the extraordinary expenses of the ceremony. For this purpose he went to his country seat, some miles from London, in order to regulate his affairs. He had passed but one day from home; and as he was about to put up his horse for the night, he perceived at some distance a horseman, who had barred the road. He stopped uncertain whether to go on or turn back. Meanwhile the horseman advanced towards him. The Quaker could not even think of escaping; he therefore put on a good face, and brought his horse to a walk. In approaching the man who caused his uneasiness, he perceived that he was masked, a grievous augury, which was soon confirmed. The unknown showed a pistol and directed the muzzle to the traveller, demanding his purse. The Quaker did not want courage, but calm by character, inoffensive by religion, and even unable, without arms, to resist an armed man, he pulled from his pocket very coolly, a purse containing twelve guineas. The robber took it, counted the pieces, and left the poor man whom he had stopped, to pass on, while he put his horse to the trot. But the robber, seeing the slight resistance he had opposed, and allured by the hope of a second booty, immediately rejoined honest Toby, placed himself anew in his way, and presenting his pistol as before, cried out to him, "Your Watch!"

The Quaker, surprised, was nevertheless unmoved. He coolly took his watch from the fob, looked at the hour, and put the costly article into the hand of the robber, saying:

"Now, I beseech thee, permit me to go to my dwelling—my daughter will be uneasy at my absence."

"A moment more," replied the masked cavalier, the more and more hardened by this docility; "swear to me that you have no other sum—"

"I never swear," said the Quaker.

"Very well. Affirm that you have no other money, and on the faith of an honest robber, incapable of taking by violence from a man who yields with so good a grace, I will let you continue on your journey."

The Quaker reflected a moment and shook his head.

"What thinkest thou," he said gravely, "thou hast discovered that I am a Quaker, and will not betray the truth, though at the peril of my life. Thus I declare to thee that I have under my saddle cloth a sum of two hundred pounds sterling."

"Two hundred pounds sterling!" cried the robber, while his eyes sparkled through his mask.

"But if thou art good as thou art kind," replied the Quaker, "thou wilt leave me this money. I wish to establish my daughter, and this sum is necessary; for a long time I shall not have a similar sum at my disposal. The dear child loveth her intended, and it will be cruel to delay this union. Thou hast loved, peradventure, and thou wouldst not commit this wicked act."

"What care I for your daughter, and her lover and their marriage? Less talk, and more promptitude of execution! I must have this money."

Toby, with a sigh, lifted the cloth, took a bag heavy enough, and passed it slowly to the masked man. His intention then was to gallop off.

"Stop again, friend Quaker," said the other laying his hand upon the bridle; "as soon as you arrive, you will denounce me to the magistrates. This is according to order. I have nothing to say; but I must have the advance of the process of to-night, at least. My mare is feeble, and is, besides, fatigued; your horse, on the contrary, appears vigorous, for the weight of this bag does not incommode him. Alight and give me your beast; you may take mine, if you will."

He was slow in beginning to comply, because these cross exigencies were of a nature to raise the choler of the most patient man. The good Toby, however, descended, and resignedly took the sorry jade which was left him in exchange. "If I had known," he contented himself in thinking, "I would have fled at the first encounter with this rogue, and certainly it is not with this courser that he would have gained in the race."

During this time the masked man ironically thanking him for his complaisance, applied both spurs and disappeared.

Before he reached London, Toby had time to reflect on his misfortune, on the chagrin of the two young persons who loved, and whose happiness would be put off. The sum taken from him was irrevocably lost. Not the least of it could be regained, nor could the audacious robber be recognized. Meanwhile as a sudden idea struck him, he stopped.

"Yes," said he, "this means may succeed. If this man liveth in London, I may peradventure meet him again. Heaven, no doubt, hath willed that he should have been so very imprudent."

Somewhat consoled, by I know not what hope, Toby went home without showing any trouble, or saying aught of his adventure. He did not go to the magistrate, but embraced his daughter, who suspected nothing, and lay down and slept. His faith was in God.

Next day he secretly thought of cooperating with Providence in making research. He let the mare out of the stable where she had passed the night, and threw the bridle over her neck, in hopes that the animal, led by habit, would naturally go to the house of her master. He therefore sent off the poor beast which had been fasting, to wander at large through the streets of London, and followed her. But he supposed her to have more instinct than she had: for a long time she went right and left, making a thousand turns and returns without aim, without direction, sometimes at a stand, then taking a contrary course. Toby despaired. "My robber," thought he "doth not live in London. What folly in me! instead of going to the magistrate when I had the time, to have suffered myself to be led away by this wretched animal."

Suddenly, however, the beast pricked up her ears and set off on a brisk trot, followed closely by the Quaker.

"Stop! stop!" was the cry on all hands.

"Detain me not!" cried the Quaker; "I entreat you, detain me not!"

And anxiously following with his eye the course of the animal, he saw her rapidly entering the gate of a dwelling in the suburb.

"Tis here," thought the Quaker, raising his eyes toward heaven, in thanks to Providence.

In reality, in passing the house, he perceived in the court a domestic, who patted the poor beast and conducted her to the stable. He demanded at once the name of the proprietor of the house.

"What, have you never been in these parts?" was the answer, "that you don't know that this is the dwelling of the rich merchant, Weresford?"

The Quaker stood petrified.

"Weresford," repeated the neighbor, who believed that he had not understood him, "the man who made so rapid a fortune."

"Excuse me, my friend, excuse me," replied Toby.

He could not recover from his stupor.

"Weresford, the father of Edward, a man of note, my robber!"

He believed he was dreaming, and desired to come to himself. Meantime many examples occurred to his memory of many respectable persons who were in league with banditti. Toby resolved to investigate the mystery.

He entered boldly into the court, and demanded to speak with the proprietor, who had just gone to bed, though it was near midday—a new indication of a night of fatigue! The Quaker insisted on being introduced, and soon found himself in Weresford's bedchamber. He not being used to being disturbed, rubbed his eyes and demanded with some impetience,

"Who are you, sir? What do you want with me?"

The sound of the voice was recognized by Toby, and thoroughly convinced him. He tranquilly drew a chair and seated himself at the bedside, his hat on his head.

"Do you remain covered?" cried the merchant, in surprise.

"I am a Quaker," answered the other, with much calmness, "and thou knowest that such is our usage."

At these words of the Quaker, Weresford sat up in bed and eyed the stranger. He doubtless recognized him, for he turned deadly pale.

"Well," demanded he, stammering, "what is it—if you please—the—the subject that you come about?"

"I ask thy allowance for appearing so pressing," answered Toby; "but between friends it matters not much, and I come without ceremony, to ask for the watch that thou borrowedest of me yesterday."

"The—watch?"

"I value it much; it belonged to my poor wife, and I cannot do without it. My excellent friend, the alderman, would never forgive me were I to fail for one day to return the jewel to his sister."

The name of an alderman appeared to make some impression upon Weresford. Without waiting an answer, Toby continued—

"Thou wilt do me the pleasure to return also the twelve guineas which I lent thee at the same time. Nevertheless if thou art in need of them, I consent to let thee have them for some time, on condition that thou givest me a receipt."

The scheme of the Quaker so disconcerted the old merchant that he could not deny the possession of the articles, but, not liking to acknowledge the crime, he hesitated to answer, when Toby added,

"I wish thee to participate at the approaching marriage of my daughter Mary. I had reserved the sum of two hundred pounds sterling for the bridal of the espoused, but an accident happened to me last night on the road to London—I was completely robbed, so I come to pray thee to give thy son a portion, which otherwise I would not have asked of thee."

"My son?"

"Yes. Dost thou not know that he is Mary's lover, and that 'tis he that is to marry her?"

"Edward!" exclaimed the merchant throwing himself from the bed.

"Edward Weresford," mildly replied the Quaker, while quietly taking a pinch of snuff. "Come, do this thing for him. I would not, verily, that he should know aught of what passed last night, and if thou dost not furnish him with the sum I promised, it will be well for me to tell him how I lost it."

Weresford ran to a bureau, and drew out a casket with a triple lock, opened it and returned successively to Toby his purse, his watch, and his bag of money.

"Very well," said the Quaker as he received them. "I see that I had reason to count on thee."

"Is this all that you see?" demanded the merchant with one of his blunt airs.

"Nay, I yet need something of thy friendship."

"Speak."

"Thou wilt disenherit him. I see not but that some one may say I have speculated on thy fortune."

In finishing these words the Quaker left the chamber.

"No," murmured he, when he found himself alone, "children are not answerable for the faults of their parents. Mary shall marry the son of this man, but the stolen money she shall never touch."

When he reached the court, he called out to Weresford, who had come to the window, "ho! my dear friend, I brought back thy mare, return my horse."

Some minutes afterwards, Toby, well mounted, carying by the top his bag of money, furnished with his watch and purse, reached home at a moderate trot.

"I" made a visit this morning to thy father, said he to Edward, whom he preceived entering with him; "I believe we shall now agree."

Two hours afterwards Weresford arrived at the house of Toby, and taking him apart, said:

"Honest Quaker, your proceedings have deeply affected my very soul! You might have dishonored me—dishonored my son; ruined me in his estimation, and caused the misfortune of refusing him your daughter. You have shown yourself a man in head and heart, I shall not again blush in your presence. Take these papers. Farewell! you will never see me again." And he departed.

The Quaker, left alone, opened the papers. They showed obligations of considerable value on the first bankers of London, with a long list of names, and opposite each name, in figures, the sum greater or less in amount. A billet was added wherein the Quaker read as follows:

"These are the names of persons who were robbed; the figures are the sums which ought to be restored; as to the money with the bankers, in my name, let it go to the strangers, but make the restitution secretly yourself. What remains will be my legitimate fortune, and your daughter will some day possess my estate."

The next day Weresford left London, and everybody was certain he had gone to spend his fortune in France.

On the day of the marriage, the Quaker brought together a company of merry friends, among whom were noticed a number of persons enchanted with the conduct of the robbers of London, who through the interposition of Toby, had made restitution of their lost capital with interest.

Bloody Chancellorsville.

A short time before his death the late Secretary Stanton said it pained him to see the opinion so prevalent that Mr. Lincoln was an habitual joker, and that he was never serious. Mr. Stanton said it was a great error, and related the following incident to prove the injustice of the popular impression:

Mr. Lincoln was very sensitive of the criticisms of the newspaper press, believing it, as he asserted, the true voice of the people. The failures of McDowell and McClellan and Barnside and Pope with the Army of the Potomac, and the accompanying criticisms of the newspapers, had almost crazed him. Time and again he would free himself from the White House, and seek Mr. Stanton's little office: the only place in Washington, he often remarked, where he was free from bores.

He often talked to Mr. Stanton of resigning, or of pressing upon Congress the propriety of giving to military or naval men the control of the army and navy. It was during this period that he conceived the idea of putting Hooker in command of the Army of the Potomac and have him make an effort for success. He had a good opinion of Hooker, thinking him to be an honest and sincere patriot and soldier. He put him in command, and did everything in his power to make him fight what he wanted to make the closing battle of the war. Accordingly, when Hooker got under way and news came that at Chancellorsville he would make his fight, Mr. Lincoln was in the greatest state of mental excitement. From the time that Hooker began to march, until the smoke of battle had fairly cleared from the fatal field of Chancellorsville, the President scarcely knew what it was to sleep. It will be remembered that the fight lasted three days. During the first two days it looked as if Hooker was about to accomplish what so many had failed to do, but early on the third day the usual half hour dispatches began to make matters look worse. That whole day Mr. Lincoln was miserable. He ate nothing, and would see no one but Mr. Stanton. As it grew dark the dispatches ceased coming. The President would walk from the White House to the War Department and anxiously inquire for Hooker. The night was dark and stormy—about as mean a night as was ever experienced in Washington. About seven o'clock the President ceased his visits to the War Department.

An hour afterward a despatch of an indefinite character was received, and Mr. Stanton hurried with it to the White House. He found Mr. Lincoln walking the room, and, as he entered, the agonizing appearance of the President so terrified the Secretary that it was with difficulty he could speak. Mr. Lincoln talked to him like a wild man, and seizing the dispatch from his hand, read it, and simply remarked: "Stanton there is no hope yet!" At Mr. Stanton's solicitation, the President accompanied him to the War Department where they agreed to spend the time together until something definite was heard from Hooker. For four hours, the longest and most wearisome of his life, said Mr. Stanton, they waited before the dispatch announcing the retreat of Hooker was received. When Mr. Lincoln had read it, he threw up his hands and exclaimed: "My God! Stanton our cause is lost. We are ruined! We are ruined! And such a fearful loss of life. My God! this is more than I can endure." He stood trembling like a leaf, the perspiration rolling from his brow. He put on his hat and coat, and began pacing the floor. For five minutes he was silent, and then turning to Stanton he said: "If I am not about to-morrow morning, don't feel alarmed. Defeated again, and so many killed! What will the people say?" As he made the remark he went to open the door to go out. His actions alarmed Mr. Stanton, and he stopped him, and entreated him to return, that they might talk and act like men. With difficulty he had him return, and Mr. Stanton began to try to cheer him. He finally got him to assent to retire to bed, and leave for the army the next morning—which he did. Lincoln afterwards told Mr. Stanton that when he told him about not being alarmed if he was not about the next morning, he had fully made up his mind to go to the Potomac and drown himself. Mr. Stanton says he thought at the time the President contemplated suicide, and never felt so frightened during his lifetime.

"G. W."—G. Washington was a great man. He came from poor but honest parents. He cut down a cherry tree, and when his father, who was fond of cherries, chased him into the barn to lick him, he cried, "Give me Liberty or give me Death." To which his father nobly replied, "I would rather you told ten thousand lies, than cut down one cherry tree." In early life G. Washington never played truant and never chewed tobacco, nor did he ever write for the New York *Led