The Columbian
—AND—
Bloomsburg Democrat.

UBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING
THE COLUMBIAN BUILDING NEAR THE COURT HOUSE, BY
CHARLES B. BROCKWAY,
Editor and Proprietor.

ms--Two Dollars a Year, payable in Advance.

CIRCULATION 2500.

JOB PRINTING
ll descriptions executed with neatness and dispatch at reasonable rates.

Bloomsburg Directory.

STOVES AND TINWARE.

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

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

CLOTHING, &c.

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

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

DRUGS, CHEMICALS, &c.

P. LUTZ, Druggist and Apothecary. Main st., below the Post Office. v1-n43

OYER BROS., Druggists and Apothecaries, Brower's block Main st. v1-n43

CLOCKS, WATCHES, &C.

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

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

ENRY 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.

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

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

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

PROFESSIONAL.

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

R. WM. M. REBER, Surgeon and Physician, Exchange Block over Webb's book store v3-n28

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

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

G. BARKLEY, Attorney-at-Law, Office, 2d floor in Exchange Block, near the "Exchange tel." v4-n3

B. McKELVY, M. D., Surgeon and Physician north side Main st., below Market. v1n43

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

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

ILLINERY & FANCY GOODS.

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

SS LIZZIE BARKLEY, Milliner, Ramsey building Main street, v1-n43

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

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

ES. E. KLINE, Millinery and Fancy Goods, Main street below Market. v1-n49

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

HE MISSES HARMAN Millinery and Fancy Goods, Main st., below American House, v1n41

HOTELS AND SALOONS.

OLUMBIA HOTEL, by B. Stohner, Main s above Court House. v1n

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

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

MERCHANTS AND GROCERS.

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 n 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 rwick road. v1-n43

OX & 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

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

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

K. GIRTON, Groceries & Provisions, Main Street below Market. v1-n44

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

'KELVY, 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, tions, etc., Exchange Block, Main st. v1-n43

MISCELLANEOUS.

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

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

FOSTER, Glue Maker, and White and Fancy Tanner, 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

B. BIDLEMAN, 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. v1n43

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

S. KUHN, dealer in Meat, Tallow, etc., Chemberlin's alley, rear of American House v1n43

OHN A. FUNSTON & CO., mutual and cash rates fire Insurance companies, Brower's Building, Main Street. v1-n43

ACOB DIEFFENBACH, Broom Factory. Orders left at his residence or at Miller & Son's promptly filled. Best green Western brush ed. v4-n18.

AMES 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 otice. Machinery made and repaired. v2-n23

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

SAMUEL JACOBY, Marble and Brown Stone Works, East Bloomsburg, Berwick road. v1-n40

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

WM. RABB, dealer in furniture, trunks, cedar willow ware, near the Forks Hotel. v4-n15

Buck Horn.

M. G. & W. H. SHOEMAKER, dealers in dry goods, groceries and general merchandise, rst store in south end of town. v2-n15

The Columbian.

VOLUME IV - - - NO. 27. BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JULY 8, 1870. COL. DEM. - - - VOL. XXXIV - - NO. 20.

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

I. L. EDWARDS, Physician and Surgeon, Main st., first door above M'Henry's Hotel. v4-n23

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

SCHUYLER & LOW, Iron founders, Machinists, and Manufacturers of plows, Mill St. v1-n4

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, Billard Saloon, Oysters, and Ice Cream in season Main St. v2n12

M. 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.

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

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'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. [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.

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 5128, 155 Broadway, New Yckr.
Aug. 6,'69-ly.

THE SUBSCRIBER HEREBY gives notice that he still continues the

MANUFACTURE OF

WHEELER'S PATENT RAILWAY CHAIN HORSE POWERS,

and is again in the field for the Harvest of 1870, and is prepared to furnish Farmers with the most reliable Machines offered to the public.

I also build DOUBLE-GEARED JACKS, to attach to the rod of a four-horse Lever Power, to attach my Threshers to. Three horses will do the same amount of threshing with this arrangement, that four will with any other thresher.

I am also Agent to sell WHEELER'S COMBINED THRESHER and WINNOWERS.

For further particulars or for the purpose of ordering machines, address

J. M. HULSHIZER,
je10'70-1m Light Street, Col. Co., Pa.

$25—THE FOLSOM IMPROVED Twenty-Five Dollar Family Sewing Machine. The cheapest First Class Machine in the Market. *Agents wanted in every Town.* Liberal commission allowed. For terms and circular, address, A. S. HAMILTON, Gen. Agent, No. 700 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa. [apr15'70-3m.

$2,000 A YEAR AND EXPENSES to agents to sell the celebrated WILSON SEWING MACHINES. The best machine in the world. *Stitch alike on both sides.* ONE MACHINE WITHOUT MONEY. For further particulars, address 22 N. 9th St., Philad'a P
apr8'70-3m.

Philadelphia Directory.

EAGLE HOTEL.
247 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.

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, 1868.

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

FRANK & STRETCH,
(Successors to I. H. Walter,)
Importers and Dealers in
QUEENSWARE, CHINA, AND GLASS,
No. 234 N. Third Street,
Between Race and Vine Sts.
PHILADELPHIA.
S. FRANK, C. B. STRETCH, } Gen'l Partners.
I. H. WALTER. Special Partner.
je24'70-tf.

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.
PHILADELPHIA.
oct. 22,'69-ly

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

WAINWRIGHT & CO.,
WHOLESALE GROCERS,
N. E. Corner Second and Arch Streets,
PHILADELPHIA,
Dealers in
TEAS, SYRUPS, COFFEE, SUGAR, MOLASSES
RICE, SPICES, BI CARB SODA, &C., &C.
☞ Orders will receive prompt attention.
may 10,67-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. [my17'67-tf

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.

MONTOUR HOUSE
RUPERT, PA.
WILLIAM BUTLER, Proprietor,

This House having been put in thorough repair is now open for the reception of guests. No pains will be spared to ensure the perfect comfort of the travelers. The Proprietor solicits a share of public patronage. The bar will be stocked at all times with fine liquors and cigars.
mar11'70-tf.

BENTON HOTEL.
W. F. PIATT, Proprietor,
BENTON, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA.

This well known House having been put in thorough repair is now open for the reception of visitors. No pains have been spared to ensure the perfect comfort of guests. The proprietor also runs a Stage from the Hotel to Bloomsburg and intermediate points on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday of each week. [may6'70-tf

BOOTS AND SHOES.
CLARK M. BROWN,
CENTRE STREET, ADJOINING THE STORE OF ROBBINS & EYER.

A full and complete assortment of ready made boots and shoes for men, women and children just received and for sale at reasonable rates. Varieties to suit all classes of customers. The best of work done at short notice, as heretofore. Give him a call. [apr8'70-tf.

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST
HAY RAKE
IN THE MARKET.
MANUFACTURED AND FOR SALE BY
N. W. SAMPLE & CO.,
COLUMBIA IRON WORKS, BLOOMSBURG, PA.
CALL AND EXAMINE IT.
Bloomsburg, June 10, 1870-tf

WIDMYER & JACOBY EXCHANGE BLOCK, BLOOMSBURG, PA. are agents for the sale of "Brockway's" justly celebrated Cream and old stock Ales, which they will sell as cheap as country brewed ales; whole and half barrels constantly on hand. This ale is brewed by William E. Brockway, 315 to 325 East Eleventh Street, New York City.
Bloomsburg, June 10, 1870-tf.

NOTICE.

All persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the Estate of Jacob Eyer, deceased, are hereby notified to settle their accounts at once, otherwise they will be collected according to law.
S. H. MILLER,
Bloomsburg, May 6, 1870-tf Administrator

Choice Poetry.

John and Jane.

BY PETER PINDAR.

A gentleman handed us the other day a copy of "The Supporter," of October 20, 1809—sixty years ago—a paper formerly published in this city, containing the following piece of poetry, which he with other of our friends think too good to be lost, and therefore request its publication in the *Register*. We give it with the typographical peculiarity of that day:—*Ex.*

Hail, wedded love!—the bard thy beauty hails.
Tho' mix'd, at times, with cock and hen-like fparrings;
But calms are very pleafant after gales,
And dove-like peace much fweeter after warrings.

I've read, but I've forgot the page, indeed,
But folks may find it if they choofe to read—
"That marriage is too *sweet* without some four;
"*Variety* oft recommends a *flow'r*,
"Wedlock fhould be like *punch*—fome fweet, fome acid;
"Then life is nicely turbulent and *placid*.

John marries Jane; they frowned they fmiled—
Now parted, and now had a child;
Now tepil fhow'rs of love; now chilling fnows;
Much like the feafons of the year;
Or like a brook—now thick, now clear;
Now fcarce a rill, and now a torrent flews.

One day they had a defperate quarrel
About a little small-beer barrel,
Without John's knowledge flightly tapp'd by Jane;
For Jane to oblige her old friend Hodge,
Tho't asking leave of John was fudge:
And fo wifely let the leave alone.

It happen'd that John and Jane had not two beds,
To reft their angry, frowning brace of heads;
Ergo—they had but one
To reft their gentle jaws upon.
"I'll have a board between us," cry'd the man—
"With all my fpirit, John," reply'd the wife.
A board was plac'd, according to their plan:
Thus ended this barrier, at once, the ftrife.

On the firft night the hufband lay
Calm as a clock, nor once wink'd over,
Calm as a clock, too, let me fay,
Jane never fquinted on her lover.
Two, three, four nights, the fulky pair,
Like two ftill mice, devoid of care,
In philofophic filence fought repofe.
On the fifth morn, it chanced to pleafe
John's nofe to fneeze,
"God bless you, dear!" quoth Jane at John's loud noife:

At this John gave a fudden ftart,
And popping o'er the hedge his head—
"Jane, did you fay it from your *heart?*"
"Yes, John I *did* indeed, indeed!"
"You *did*?"—"Yes, John, upon my word!"
"Zounds, Jane! then take away the *board!*"

Pulling Hard Against the Stream.

In the world I've gained my knowledge
And for it have had to pay,
Though I never went to college,
Yet I've heard that poets say,
Life is like a mighty river,
Rolling on from day to day,
Men are vessels launch'd upon it,
Sometimes wreck'd and cast away.

CHORUS.
So then do your best for one another,
Making life a pleasant dream,
Help a worn and weary brother,
Pulling hard against the stream.

Many a bright, good hearted fellow,
Many a noble-minded man,
Finds himself in water shallow,
Then assist him if you can;
Some succeed at every turning,
Fortune favors every scheme,
Others too, tho' more deserving,
Have to pull against the stream.

If the wind is in your favor,
And you've weather'd ev'ry squall,
Think of those who luckless labor,
Neuer get fair winds at all.
Working hard, contented, willing,
Struggling through life's ocean wide,
Not a friend and not a shilling,
Pulling hard against the tide.

Don't give way to foolish sorrow,
Let this keep you in good cheer,
Brighter days may come to-morrow
If you try and persevere.
Darkest nights will have a morning,
Though the sky be overcast,
Longest lanes must have a turning,
And the tide will turn at last.

Miscellaneous.

LEGEND OF THE FATAL RING.

A GERMAN STORY.

We were three friends—Ferdinand W——, a celebrated lawyer; Auerbach, the court physician and myself.

Having no particular calling, I spent most of my time in reading the various publications that issued from the German press. I became of opinion that there was hardly one that made an effort to raise the public taste. With the intention of fulfilling, in a more effectual manner, the duties required of a journal, my friends and I established a periodical. Whether we ever realized our fond hopes, is not for me to say. Ferdinand was to contribute the learned leaves, Auerbach the elegant, and I, who could not boast of either learning or elegance, to attend to the minor departments.

We had our meetings as our more advanced cotemporaries. As soon as my companions had finished their professional avocations—one in distracting the minds of his clients, while the other performed the same charitable functions to their bodies—they usually met at my house; and with our tobacco-pipes, and over our glass of good Rhenish wine, we made our criticisms.

One evening, when Ferdinand was more than usually late, and had wearied our patience waiting, we resolved to commence proceedings without him. The two newest publications lay on the table—*Freidenker*, a favorite German periodical, *Wochentliche Zeitung*, then in its zenith. With the uncut leaves of these before us, we had no time to lose. I seized *Die Wochentliche Zeitung*. The first few pages contained an unfavorable review of a story in the *Freidenker*, called the "Gray Room." I read it with pleasure, as this very subject had been the cause of more than one dispute between me and my friend Auerbach; and I now hoped, with this ally, to shake his firm-rooted belief in the appearance of spirits. I commenced with the remark, 'That of all the periodicals I had the greatest respect for the *Freidenker*, and could not imagine how they had given their pages to such incredible stories as the 'Gray Room.' I was curious to see how they answered the objections, to my mind most reasonably urged against them by the *Wochentliche Zeitung*.

'How will they answer them?' cried Auerbach. 'With contemptuous silence as they deserve.'

I can see him now, with his head resting on the back of his chair, his pipe in his hands, his hair thrown back, and his deep, loving eyes looking fixedly before him, as if he was then holding communion with the invisible. 'But,' said I 'who can believe the nonsense that is put forward in that paper about the appearance of Gertrude?'

'Only account, then, for all that is related,' said my friend eagerly. 'Either the facts have taken place, or the author is guilty of falsehood; and I think even you would be slow to acknowledge that Gualfredo would state a thing for a fate, that had not occurred. Believe me, you cannot know, and have not the opportunity of knowing what we medical men learn, coming in contact as we do, with the caprices of nature. What she can or cannot do, is not for us to say.'

'I never met with any one,' said I, 'who had *himself* seen a spirit; and though, as you say, I have every confidence in Gualfredo, still he does not say that Gertrude ever appeared to him. It seems from the whole tenor of the story, to have been related to him; neither does he pledge himself for its veracity, except in the negative way of repeating the story. 'Now, be honest,' I continued, 'have you ever spoken face to face, with any one who saw a spirit?'

He remained silent for a time; and at last, having taken a turn up and down the room, and drawn a whiff from his pipe, and a sip from his glass, he turned full upon me, and said, 'I *have* seen a spirit. Mind, I don't pass for a Geisterscher; but I have indeed seen a spirit *once*—a time never to be forgotten, for it made a change in me that I have never recovered. And, strange enough, the room with which it was connected was called the 'black chamber.'

Much as I had vaunted my disbelief of ghost stories, I must confess that as we were then sitting in the dim twilight in that still summer evening, with the shadows lengthening through the deep recesses of the window, my companion's enthusiastic nature quite carried me with him; and with rapt attention, and an undefined feeling of pleasure mingled with fear, I prepared to hear the horrors of the 'black chamber' which I now relate in his own words.

I had concluded my university education, and to finish my studies in medicine, became, for some years, the indoor pupil of the famous Dr. W——, who at that time was in Blenheim. My progress in my profession was so great, that in a few years my old master made over a number of his remote country patients to my care; his advanced age rendered it impossible for him to take long journeys. One evening I was hastily summoned to the country residence of the Count Albrecht Von Silberstein, who had lately returned from Italy, with his second wife, a beautiful young heiress whom he had just married; his first, it was said, had died in Milan, only a few months before the second marriage. It was, however, to attend the Count's sister that I was summoned; she was dying of nervous fever. I could render but little assistance, as I saw she was beyond earthly help. But I ordered some sedatives and left written directions, to be followed till my return next day. I was preparing to take leave, when the Count rushed in, and begged of me, as I valued his friendship, not to leave the house that night. He was devotedly attached to his sister and, as I had no particular engagement I consented to remain. The Lady Von Silberstein gave orders to have a room prepared for me, and begged me to take rest while my patient slept, as she knew the Count would require my attendance the moment the Lady Theresa awoke. Saying this, she wished me good night and left the room.

When left alone, I could not help reflecting on the aspect of that gloomy castle, with its dark, heavy towers, frowning, as if in anger with its inmates. It had not even a cheerful prospect, situated as it was, in a barren flat country, more like the stronghold of a tribe of banditti than what one would expectto see as the dwelling of a nobleman. The interior was not one whit more inviting or cheerful. The room I was in was fearfully sombre; it was a long narrow chamber, only half lighted by the small loop-hole windows; the furniture and drapery old and faded.

What could have induced the Countess to marry that man, thought I—she so young and lovely, he so dark and gloomy. I also noticed, during the short time I saw them together, a shadow pass over her whenever her husband addressed her, indicative of more fear or dislike than love. In the midst of my reflections I was interrupted by the servant, announcing that my apartment was ready. Conducted to it, I found it even more dismal than that which I had just left. It was spacious; the old-fashioned heavy doors were of massive oak; the tables were covered with dark cloth; the hangings and curtains were black as ebony, as was also all the wood-work in the room. I lighted two pairs of candles to chase the gloom; but it was like the mere illumination of a vault, the narrow circles of radiance only making the darkness more visible.

I sat down at a small table near the fire, and placed my candles upon it, to impart some air of comfort to my black palace—but even that failed. I had determined at once to write down the particulars of the case I was attending and get to bed. I must mention, that one particular of Dr. W——'s was, that each of his pupils should give him in writing, a most circumstantial account of every case they attended; to accomplish this now, and resign myself to sleep, was all my desire.

I had just finished my medical technicalitities, when I was called to attend Lady Theresa; she had awakened much worse, and the Count sent to beg that I would go to her without delay. I dressed, and hastened after my attendant. We arrived, through various winding passages, at the chamber of the young lady. Never shall I forget the scene that there presented itself.

No one could doubt the Count's affection for his sister; yet now he seemed to be perfectly unconscious of her bodily sufferings, and only stood near her bed to listen with eagerness to the words she occasionally uttered. She herself, wretched creature, was sitting upright, staring as if her eyes would start from their sockets. I approached her; she turned from me, sheltering herself beside her brother, and pointing wildly at me she whispered—

'Did *he* see it?' 'Did he hear it cry?' 'Did he see the ring?'

I sought to calm her, having often seen people affected by visions in similar circumstances, but there was no quieting her. She sprang from her bed and clung to her brother, still uttering incoherent sentences till at length she cried out—

'I feel its little arms; there—there—it is climbing to me to save it. I cannot bear the glare of its eye. I cannot—I dare not touch it. That fatal ring.'

Then, exhausted, she fell senseless on the floor. I called the Count to assist me in replacing her in bed; but when I looked round he was leaning against the wall, pale and motionless.

I rang the bell violently. As footsteps approached, he started. 'For heaven's sake,' cried he, 'let no mortal enter here.'

'I must have assistance,' I said.

'I can do anything you require,' replied he, making an effort that I saw cost him a great deal. But his will seemed, nevertheless, so strong, that when he walked to the door and gave some orders, to account for the bell having been rung, I looked in astonishment. Turning to me he said:—'Doctor, it is so strange and fearful to hear the ravings of delirium. How invariably they lead the poor sufferer to imagine scenes they never witnessed. A medical man of great eminence told me that this was always the case.'

After a short interval, Lady Theresa revived; but no longer in her former state of excitement. She lay quiet, with her eyes closed. I tried to smooth her pillow, and bathe her hands. On a sudden she looked up, with a bright smile, and said softly, two or three times, 'Rudolph.' Then wandering among scenes afar off, gently fell asleep and from that passed into the sleep from which there is no awaking.

I turned to the Count and said:—'Lady Theresa is dead.'

'Dead!' he cried; 'dead; she cannot, she must not die, and leave me. I had but her in the world; she would not leave me alone.'

'It is no use,' said I, drawing him from the body.

Sobbing like a child, he caught her beautiful golden tresses, in a vain attempt to sever a lock; but his trembling fingers refused their office, and again sinking beside her lifeless body, her fair hair covering him as a vail, he lay motionless. Much as I disliked the Count, this outburst of genuine feeling completely overcame me, and with tears I looked at the heart-broken man, all his hardness and repulsiveness quite forgotten. He seemed as if clinging to the fair angel whose bright spirit had fled.

After some little time he recovered himself, and rose to leave the room. I was only too glad to follow. I felt sick at heart. The wretched death-bed that I witnessed, and the feeling of dislike I had felt to the Count, combined to make me long for a quiet hour in my own room.

We descended to the saloon; the Count, making some apology that he had letters to write, left me. I hastened back to my own chamber, but not to sleep. I piled wood on the fire, and sat down in a large chair opposite to it, recalling minutely every word that Lady Theresa had uttered, I could think of nothing else—what could have befallen that young girl? That she was implicated in some dark deed there could be no doubt; the awful visions that haunted her were not the raving fancies of delirium. Her brother—he too shared her secret. I had a dim recollection of a tale that I had heard when a child, of some heavy curse which hung over the Count's house. One of his ancestors had treated his wife with cruelty,and she on her death-bed left their wedding-ring, with a bitter curse attached to it, and that it should cling to the family till a dead bride claimed a husband with it; but what could that poor girl have to do with a child and a ring? It was all mystery, and the incoherent story furnished little solution to the problem. I thought again and again of all that I had ever heard about Lady Theresa, but that was not much. She was very young, had latterly not appeared abroad in the world. Some said her engagement to an officer had been suddenly broken off; others that she had become ascetic. Be this as it may, she certainly shunned all society, even her sister's; her only companion was her brother.

I tried to turn my thoughts into other channels, but to no purpose. I felt a great wish to see her again, and yielding to the temptation, crept back to her room and gazed once more on those features which had made so deep an impression upon me. All was hushed; everything had been arranged. Morning had just dawned, and the grey light streamed through the open casement. I turned to look on the beautiful creature before me. There she lay in the stillness of death; a smile seemed to rest upon her features. It may be that the recollection of some happy hour of childhood had visited her weary spirit before it went forth on its solitary journey. I felt I was polluting a sanctuary by harboring for a moment the thought that *she* could be implicated in any crime, and pressing a kiss on her cold cheek, I took away one of her bright curls.

The next day Lady Theresa was buried. The Count asked me to stay that night, which I gladly did, as I was worn out with my vigil of the night before. Just as I was about to consign myself to rest I was interrupted by the jager, who knocked at my door to inquire if I had any commands. He was a lively, pleasant fellow, and inclined to be communicative. We sat talking for a while, when he rose to leave the room, he looked around with a shudder and asked, 'If I felt lonely, or would wish him to remain all night.'

I smiled at the idea, for he seemed really afraid; and although I did not think the place cheerful, yet I had no fear. I was as skeptical then as you are now. My talkative companion related many stories connected with the chamber, to which I eagerly listened, in hopes I might find a clue to Lady Theresa's ravings, but all were connected with events that had occurred years before. However inclined I might have been to have kept this young man with me, I now determined to place no obstacle to my spending a night in a haunted chamber. The very idea gave me a thrill of pleasure. I left no portion of my apartment unsearched, so that I could not by possibility be played upon. I secured the door and the windows,and having made all my arrangements with the view of practically overthrowing the theory of apparitions, I went to bed, and much sooner than I expected fell asleep.

After some time I was aroused by hearing a sound like the dropping of a heavy weight, as it fell step by step. I could not account for the noise, for it seemed to proceed from the other side of the wall, which I knew was an outside wall, and there was neither room nor stairs beyond. I looked around, but all was dark. Thinking I must have been mistaken, I settled to sleep again, when the sound was repeated even more distinctly than before. I began now, indeed, to feel nervous,and sat up. A slight wind, like a breath, passed over me, but still I saw nothing. I strained my eyes as though I could penetrate the darkness.

The sound had greatly increased, yet I was conscious there was something,be it mortal or spirit, in the room with me. After watching with a beating heart, I argued myself into the idea that the noise must have been at the other side of the inside wall, and, that it was occasioned by some of the servants, who had perhaps been up late, and so, turning on my side, tried again to compose myself. I had not been settled many minutes, however, when I perceived a faint light, coming from the same direction in which I had heard the sound. I looked up, when, to my horror, I saw a tall female figure advancing steadily towards me. She had long black hair, falling over her shoulders, and her drapery was pure as snow. She stood still in the centre of the room, gazing about her. I was paralyzed with terror. I held my breath, dreading to make the least movement, least I should attract her attention, but I could not for one moment withdraw my eyes from the figure. At last it perceived me, for it hastily advanced towards me and extending its long icy arm, seized my hand.

[TO BE CONTINUED].

Dick Baker's Cat.

BY MARK TWAIN.

Speaking of sagacity reminds me of Dick Baker, pocket-miner of Deadhorse Gulch. Whenever he was out of luck and a little downhearted, he would fall to mourning over the loss of a wonderful cat he used to own (for where women and children are not, men of kindly impulses take up with pets, for they must love something.) And he always spoke of the strange sagacity of that cat, with the air of a man who believed in his secret heart that there was something human about it—may be even supernatural.

I heard him talking about this animal once. He said, "Gentlemen, I used to have a cat here by the name of Tom Quartz, which you'd a took an interest in, I reckon—most anybody would. I had him here 8 year—and he was the remarkablest cat I ever see. He was a large gray, one of the Tom specie, and he had more real nat'ral sense than any man in this camp—and a power of dignity—he wouldn't let the Guv'nor of California be familiar with him. He never ketched a rat in his life—'peared to be above it. He never cared for anything but mining. He knowed more about mining, that cat did, than any man I ever see. You couldn't tell him nothing about placer diggings—and as for pocket mining, why he was just born for it. He would dig out after me and Jim when we went over the hills prospecting, and he would trot along behind us for as much as five mile if we went so far. And he had the best judgment about mining ground—why you never see anything like it. When we went to work he'd scatter a glance around, and if he didn't think much of it, he'd sorter look as to say, 'well, I'll have to get you to excuse me,' and without another word he'd hyste his nose in the air and shove for home. But if the ground suited him he would lay low and keep dark till the last pan was washed,and then he would slide up and take a look, and if there was about six or seven grains of gold he was satisfied—he didn't want no better prospect'n than that—and then he would lay down on our coats and snore like a steamboat till we'd struck the pocket, and then get up and superintend.

Well, by and by, up comes this quartz excitement. Everybody was into it—everybody was picking and blasting instead of shoveling dirt on the hillside—everybody was putting down a shaft instead of scraping the surface. Nothing would do Jim but we must tackle the ledges, too, and so we did. We commenced putting down a shaft, and Tom Quartz, he began to wonder what in the dickens it was all about. He hadn't seen any mining like that before, and he was all upset, as you may say—he couldn't come to a right understanding of it no way—it was too many for him. He was down on it, too, you bet you—he was down on it powerful—and always appeared to consider it the cussedest foolishness out. But that cat, you know, he was always agin new fangled arrangements—somehow, he never could abide 'em. You know how it is with old habits. But by and by Tom Quartz begin to git sort of reconciled a little, though he never could al-

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together understand that eternal sinking of a shaft, and never planning out enything. At last he got to come down in the shaft hisself to try to cipher it out. And when he'd get the blues, and feel kind o' scuffy, aggravated and disgusted—knowing as he did, that the bills were running up all the time and he wasn't making a cent—he would curl up on a gunny sack in the corner and go to sleep. Well, one day when the shaft was down about eight feet, the rock got so hard that we had to put in a blast—the first blasting we had ever done since Tom Quartz was born. And then we lit the fuse and clumb up and clumb up and got off about fifty yards, and forgot and left Tom Quartz fast asleep on the gunny sack. In about a minute we seen a puff of smoke bust up out of the hole, and then everything let go with an awful crash, and about four million tons of rocks and dirt and smoke and splinters shot up about a mile into the air, and by George, right in the midst of it was old Tom Quartz going end over end, and a snorting and sneezing, and a clawing, and a reaching for things like all possessed. But it warn't no use, you know, it warn't no use. And that was the last we see of him for about two minutes and a half, and then all of a sudden it began to rain rocks and rubbage, and directly he came down ker whop about ten feet off from where we stood. Well, I reckon he was p'rhaps the orneriest looking beast you ever see. One ear was so back on his neck, and his tail was stove up, and his eye whiskers was singed off and he was all blacked up with powde and smoke, and all sloppy with mud and slush from one end to the other. Well, sir, it warn't no use to try to apologize—we couldn't say a word. He then took a sort of disgusted look at hisself, and then looked at us—and it was just exactly the same as if he had said: 'Gents, may be you think it's smart to take advantage of a cat that ain't had no experience at quartz mining, but I think different,' and then he turned on his heel and marched off home without ever saying another word.

That was jest his style. And maybe you won't believe it; but after that you never see a cat so prejudiced agin quartz mining as what he was. And by and by, when he did get to going down the shaft again, you'd been astonished at his sagacity. The minute we'd touch off a blast and the fuse'd begin to sizzle he'd give a look as much as to say, 'Well, I'll have to get you to excuse me,' and it was surprising the way he'd shin out of that hole and go for a tree.

Sagacity! It ain't no name for it. 'Twas inspiration!"

I said, "Well, Mr. Baker, his prejudice against quartz mining was remarkable, concerning how he came by it. Couldn't you ever cure him of it?"

"Cure him! No. When Tom Quartz was sot once, he was always sot, and you might a blowed him up as much as three million times and you'd never a broke him of his cussed prejudices agin quartz mining."

The affection and pride that lit up Baker's face when he delivered this tribute to the firmness of his humble friend of other days, will always be a vivid memory with me.

◆

AT Tarrytown, a few days ago, the actions of a bereaved husband at his wife's funeral created a town sympathy. At the grave he sobbed and cried bitterly, and hung to the coffin to keep the sexton from lowering it down. He had the lid removed for a last look, kissed the dead many times, and grabbed his son by the back of his neck to make him do the same. Now, ladies, dry your tears, and mark the result! In three days after, that man was living with his second wife, and had passed through the perilous scenes of a family fight because she insisted on having a new pair of shoes. Don't trust the men—especially those who give way to tears.

◆

THREE things a lady can not do—1. She cannot pass a millinery store without stopping. 2. She can not see a piece of lace without asking the price. 3. She cannot see a baby without kissing it.

◆

BLINDMAN'S buff is said to come nearer to genuine human sympathy, than any other amusement known to the children of men, because it is a fellow-feeling for a fellow creature.

◆

IN a recent lecture, Anna Dickinson demanded, "Why was I born?" A thrill, and the question was repeated, when a horrid boy in the gallery sang out, "I give it up."

◆

A MARRIED lady in St. Paul has been in a trance for weeks, and her husband refuses to send for a doctor. He says he intends to enjoy a quiet time as long as possible.

◆

A MEDICAL student says he has never been able to discover the bone of contention, and wants to know if it is not situated near the *jaw bone*.

◆

IT has been said there is no one so happy as a maiden in her teens. We have many old soldiers who were fully as happy in their canteens.

◆

IF a man and his wife go to France together what is the difference in their mode of traveling? He goes abroad, and she goes a long.

◆

THERE isn't a single member of the typographical profession in Mississippi who is either in the State Prison or the Legislature.

◆

WHEN a reporter wants a "harrowing case" for a sensation, he should search for it in an agricultural district.

◆

WHEN a woman tries to catch a rich man, it is evident that she cares less about husbanding him than his cash.

◆

SOME lawyers resemble folks who can sleep in any position. It is immaterial on which side they lie.