The Columbian

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HENRY L. DIEFFENBACH,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Columbia County Official Directory.

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Associate Judges—IRAM DERR, ISAAC S. MONROE.
Prothonotary, &c.—WELLINGTON H. ENT.
Register & Recorder—WILLIAMSON H. JACOBY.
District Attorney—E. B. IKELER.
Sheriff—AARON SMITH.
Surveyor—ISAAC DEWITT.
Treasurer—DAVID LOWENBERG.
Commissioners—WILLIAM G. QUICK, CYRUS ROBBINS, HIRAM J. REEDER.
Commissioners' Clerk—WILLIAM KRICKBAUM.
Auditors—U. J. CAMPBELL, A. J. ALBERTSON, DANIEL LEE.
Coroner—JOHN D. HOUCK.
Jury Commissioners—ISAAC McBRIDE, JOHN McASKILL.
County Superintendent—CHARLES G. BARKLEY.

Bloomsburg Official Directory.

First National Bank—CHAS. R. PAXTON, Pres't., J. P. TUSTIN, Cashier.
Columbia County Mutual Saving Fund and Loan Association—E. H. LITTLE, Pres't., C. W. MILLER, Sec'y.
Bloomsburg Building and Saving Fund Association—JOHN THOMAS, Pres't., J. M. ROBISON, Sec.
Bloomsburg Mutual Saving Fund Association——— President, M. WHITMOYER, Sec'y.

Bloomsburg Directory.

STOVES AND TINWARE.

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

JACOB 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

WM. MORRIS, Merchant Tailor corner of Centre and Main st., over Miller's store. v3-n35

DRUGS, CHEMICALS, &c.

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

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

CLOCKS, WATCHES, &c.

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

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

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

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

BOOTS AND SHOES.

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

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

C. M. BROWN, Boot and Shoemaker, Main street, under Brown's Hotel. v1-n43

PROFESSIONAL.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MILLINERY & FANCY GOODS.

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

MISS LIZZIE BARKLEY, Milliner, Rupert building, Main Street. v1-n43

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

MISS M. DERRICKSON, Millinery and Fancy Goods, Main st., below Market. v1-n41

MRS. E. KLINE, Millinery and Fancy Goods Main street below Market. v1-n3

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. v1n41

HOTELS AND SALOONS.

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

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

MERCHANTS AND GROCERS.

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

C. E. SEESHOLTZ, dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, &c., corner Main and Iron streets. v3-n30

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

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

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

FOX & WEBB, Confectionery and Bakery, wholesale and retail, Exchange Block. v1-n43

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

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

J. H. MAIZE, Mammoth Grocery, fine Groceries, Fruits, Nuts, Provision, &c., Main and Iron Streets. v4-n30

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

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

MISCELLANEOUS.

C. M. CHRISTMAN, Saddle, Trunk & Harness-maker, Shive's Block Main Street. v3n15

D. W. ROBBINS, liquor dealer second door iron northwest corner Main and Iron sts. v1-n43

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

G. W. CORELL, Furniture Rooms, three story brick, Main Street, west of Market st. v1n43

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

I. S. KUHN, dealer in Meat, Tallow, etc., Cherry alley, rear of American House. v1n43

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

R. 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-n16

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

C. FOSTER, Glue Maker, and White and Fancy Tanner, Scottown. v1n47

E. B. BIDLEMAN, Agent for Munson's Copper Tubular Lightning Rod. v2n19

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

JAMES CADMAN, Cabinetmaker and Chairmaker; rooms Main street bel. Iron. v3-n34

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. EDG R, Susquehanna Planing Mill and Box Manufactory. v2n1

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-n17

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-n17

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

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., opposite Frame Church. v2n11

SCHUYLER & CO., Iron founders, Machinists, and Manufacturers of plows, Mill St. v1-n1

SAMUEL SHARPLESS, Maker of the Hayhurst Grain Cradle. Main St. v2n3.

WILLIAM DELONG Shoemaker and manufacturer of Brick, Mill St., west of Pine v1n9

Catawissa.

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

DR. J. K. ROBBINS, Surgeon and Physician Second St., below Main. v2-n13

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. KEELER, 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. Kostenbander 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. v1n49

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

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

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

Buck Horn.

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

Hotels.

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. 16,'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

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 when 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, 1870-1y.

SHARPLESS & HARMAN,

EAGLE FOUNDRY AND MANUFACTURING SHOP.

STOVES & PLOWS WHOLESALE & RETAIL

THE CELEBRATED MONTROSE IRON BEAM AND THE HUTTON WOODEN BEAM PLOWS.

Castings and Fire Brick for repairing city Stoves All kinds of Brass or Iron casting made to order upon short notice.

B. F. SHARPLESS & P. S. HARMAN,
Bloomsburg, Pa. Proprietors
Mar.19,'69-tf.

BLOOMSBURG MARBLE WORKS.

GUNTON & STEES,
(Successors to A. Witman.)

Respectfully inform the public that they are now fully prepared to do all kinds of work in their line of business, upon reasonable terms and short notice. Satisfaction warranted in all cases. [jan.13,'71-1y

Stoves and Tinware.

NEW STOVE AND TIN SHOP.

ISAIAH HAGENBUCH,
Main Street one door above E. Mendenhall's Store,

A large assortment of Stoves, Heaters and Ranges constantly on hand, and for sale at the lowest rates.

Tinning in all its branches carefully attended to, and satisfaction guaranteed.

Tin work of all kinds wholesale and retail. A tial is requested.
\apr.9,69-tf

STOVES AND TINWARE.

A. M. RUPERT

announces to his friends and customers that he continues the above business at his old place on MAIN STREET, BLOOMSBURG.

Customers can be accomodated with FANCY STOVES of all kinds, Stovepipes, Tinware and every variety of article found in a Stove and Tinware Establishment in the cities, and on the most reasonable terms. Repairing done at the shortest notice.

25 DOZEN MILK-PANS on hand for sale.

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.

ICE! ICE! ICE!

The undersigned having built the largest ice house in the county, (of 800 tons capacity) will be prepared to furnish clear, pure Frozen Creek Ice during the ensuing summer, at the lowest market rates. Ice delivered to any part of the town. Picnics supplied. All orders promptly filled.

CHARLES FOSTER.
Bloomsburg, Dec, 20, 1870-1m.

A REMINDER.

To Debilitated Persons,
To Dyspeptics,
To Sufferers from Liver Complaint,
To those having no Appetite,
To those with Broken Down Constitutions,
To Nervous People,
To Children Wasting away,
To any with Debilitated Digestive Organs.

Or suffering with any of the following Symptoms, which indicate Disordered Liver or Stomach, such as Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness or Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fullness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried and Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a Lying Posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs &c., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil, and Great Depression of Spirits.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS,

A bitters without Alcohol or Spirits of any kind, is different from all others. It is composed of the pure Juices, or VITAL PRINCIPLE OF ROOTS, HERBS, and BARKS, (or as medicinally termed Extracts,) the worthless or insert portions of the ingredients not being used. Therefore in one Bottle of this Bitters there is contained as much medicinal virtue as will be found in several gallons of ordinary mixtures. The Roots, &c., used in this Bitters are grown in Germany, their vital principles extracted in that country by a scientific Chemist, and forwarded to the manufactory in this city, where they are compounded and bottled. Containing no spirituous ingredients, this Bitters is free from the objections urged against all others; no desire for stimulants can be induced from their use, they cannot make drunkards, and cannot under any circumstances, have any but a beneficial effect.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC,

Was compounded for those not inclined to extreme bitters, and is intended for use in cases when some alcoholic stimulant is required in connection with the Tonic properties of the Bitters. Each bottle of the Tonic contains one bottle of the Bitters, combined with pure SANTA CRUZ RUM, and flavored in such a manner that the extreme bitterness of the bitters is overcome, forming a preparation highly agreeable and pleasant to the palate, and containing the medicinal virtues of the Bitters. The price of the Tonic is $1.50 per Bottle, which many persons think too high. They must take into consideration that the stimulant used is guaranteed to be of a pure quality. A poor article could be furnished at a cheaper price, but is it not better to pay a little more and have a good article? A medicinal preparation should contain none but the best ingredients; and they who expect to obtain a cheaper compound, and be benefited by it will most certainly be cheated.

HOOFLAND'S
GERMAN BITTERS,
OR
HOOFLAND'S
GERMAN TONIC,
WITH
HOOFLAND'S
PODOPHYLLIN PILL,
WILL CURE YOU.
They are the Greatest
BLOOD PURIFIERS

Known to the Medical world, and will eradicate diseases arising from impure blood, Debility of the Digestive Organs, or Diseased Liver, in a shorter time than any other known remedies.

THE WHOLE SUPREME COURT OF PENNSYLVANIA SPEAK FOR THESE REMEDIES.

Who would ask for more Dignified and Stronger Testimony?

HON. GEORGE W. WOODWARD, *formerly Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, at present Member of Congress from Pennsylvania, writes:*
PHILADELPHIA, March 16th, 1867.

I find "Hoofland's German Bitters" is a good tonic, useful in diseases of the digestive organs, and of great benefit in cases of debility and want of nervous action in the system. Yours, truly,
GEORGE W. WOODWARD.

HON. JAMES THOMPSON, *Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.*
PHILADELPHIA, April 28 1867.

I consider "Hoofland's German Bitters" a valuable medicine in case of attacks of Indigestion or Dyspepsia. I can certify this from my experience of it. Yours, with respect,
JAMES THOMPSON.

HON. GEORGE SHARSWOOD, *Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.*
PHILADELPHIA, June 1, 1868.

I have found by experience that "Hoofland's German Bitters" is a very good tonic, relieving dyspeptic symptoms almost directly.
GEORGE SHARSWOOD.

Hon. Wm. F. Rogers, *Mayor of the City of Buffalo, N. Y.*

Mayor's Office, Buffalo, June 22, 1869.

I have used "Hoofland's German Bitters and Tonic" in my family during the past year, and can recommend them as an excellent tonic, imparting tone and vigor to the system. Their use has been productive of decidedly beneficial effects. WM. F. ROGERS.

Hon. James M. Wood, *Ex-Mayor of Williamsport, Pa.*

I take great pleasure in recommending "Hoofland's German Tonic" to any one who may be afflicted with Dyspepsia. I had the Dyspepsia so badly it was impossible to keep any food on my stomach, and I become so weak as not to be able to walk half a mile. Two bottles of Tonic effected a perfect cure. JAMES M. WOOD.

REMEMBER
THAT
HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS,
AND
HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC
Will cure every Case of
MARASMUS,
Or Wasting away of the Body.
REMEMBER
THAT
HOOFLAND'S GERMAN REMEDIES

Are the medicines you require to purify the Blood, excite the torpid Liver to healthy action, and to enable you to pass safely through any hardships or exposure.

DR. HOOFLAND'S
PODOPHYLLIN,
OR
Substitute for Mercury Pills.
TWO PILLS A DOSE.
The most Powerful, Yet Innocent, Vegetable Cathartic known.

It is not necessary to take a handful of these Pills to produce the desired effect; two of them act quickly and powerfully, cleansing the Liver, Stomach and Bowels of all impurities. The principal ingredient is Podophyllin, or the Alcoholic Extract of Mandrake, which is by many times more powerful, acting and searching than the Mandrake itself. Its peculiar action is upon the Liver, cleaning it speedily from all obstructions with all the power of Mercury, yet free from the injurious results attached to the use of that mineral.

For all diseases, in which the use of a cathartic is indicated, these pills will give entire satisfaction in every case. They NEVER FAIL.

In cases of Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia and extreme costiveness, Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters or Tonic should be used in connection with the Pills. The tonic effect of the Bitters or Tonic builds up the system, The Bitters or Tonic purifies the Blood, strengthens the Nerves, REGULATES the Liver, and gives strength, energy and vigor.

Keep your Bowels active with the Pills, and tone up the system with Bitters or Tonic, and no diseases can retain the hold, or even assail you.

Recollect that it is DR. HOOFLAND'S GERMAN Remedies that are so universally used and highly recommended; and do not allow the Druggist to induce you to take anything else that he may say is just as good, because he makes a large profit on it. These Remedies will be sent by Express to any locality, upon application to the PRINCIPAL OFFICE, at the GERMAN MEDICINE STORE, 631 Arch St., Philadelphia.

CHAS. M. EVANS, Proprietor.

Formerly C. M. JACKSON & CO.

These Remedies are for Sale by Druggists, Storekeepers and Medicine Dealers everywhere. [jan27-1y

Choice Poetry.

Self-delusion.

[*Translated from the German of Goethe.*]

BY MARIAN ROSS.

The curtain swayeth to and fro
Within my neighbor's room;
'Tis she, who watcheth then, to know,
If I am yet at home.

And if, for her, the jealous wrath
I cherished all the day,
As though the lonely hours it hath,
Still in my heart doth stay.

Yet pain like this comes not, I ween
To her across the way;
Ah! 'tis, I see, the breath of e'en,
That with the curtain plays.

December 21, 1869.

For the Columbian.

Ode to Happiness.

O, thou, the nymph with facetious eye,
O seldom found beneath the sky,
I solemnly declare,
Not all the storms that shake the poll,
Can e're disturb thy blissful soul,
And brave secure from care.

O, come in glittering heaps of wealth,
All clad in robes of vestal health,
To bless my weary sour.
O, guide me to thy hermit cell,
O, teach to me the enchanted spell,
From whence thy pleasures roll.

O, come if but in humblest array,
Thy pure untroubled heart display,
To gratify my sight.
Thy even visionary walk,
Thy cadence law attide thy princely talk,
And rapturous delight.

Content, fair servant, next to thee,
Sweet innocence and simplicity,
All follow in thy train,
And hope who points through future years,
Fair silken lace that wipes our tears,
And bids us smile again.

O, tell me in what propitious hour,
Thou'lt come, that I may hail thy power,
And learn thy blissful art,
Lo, to thy feet I'll humbly hold,
While thou thy wisdom dost unfold,
And ne'er let thee depart.

L. I.

The Old Monk in the Belfry.

Hark! the mournful numbers rolling
Where the hooded monk is tolling,
Ever and anon his forehead
Bending o'er the hempen coil;
To and fro his shadow swinging
With the refrain he is ringing—
Ah! the woeful refrain bringing
To an end all human toil.

Through the lyled loophole slender,
Like an aureole of splendor,
Poised amid those sounds abhorred
O'er the swaying cowl of serge,
Streams the day's departing glory,
Down the ample beard and hoary
Timing with the chiming dirge.

Sidelong to that lonely mortal
Through the sanctuary portal,
Glimpses from the great cathedral
Steal upon his ravished sight;
Glimmering from the oriel painted
With angelic forms and sainted
Seen where incense clouds have fainted
Softly in the holy light.

Twinklings from the waxen tapers
Shining through those sacred vapors,
Silvery flames float like a bede-roll
Circle the celestial place,
Hyacinths to purple glooming,
Lilies virginantly blooming,
Clustering in ambrosial grace.

Pouring from the cells above him
Soaring to the souls that love him,
Still the monotones of sorrow
Crown the monk's dejected head
With a nimbus of vibrations,
Like a thorn-wreath's emanations,
Earth's sunshine reverberations
Mourning for her holy dead.

Though dumb grief to weeping urges
Yon grey ringer of the dirges,
Yet his trembling hand can borrow
Solace from the belfry rope,
Drawing forth those notes of wailing
That to heaven, like prayers prevailing,
Seem to rise, not unvailing,
Sounds whose echoes breathe of hope.

Lo! in the vast minister only—
Summoned to this labor lonely,
When the evening sun declining
Sheds a glory over all—
Tolls the monk, and tolling prayeth,
Though no whispered prayer he sayeth
To the God his heart obeyeth,
Whom its like-tong throbs recall.

Radiant shines the gorgeous building,
Day's departing beams are gilding,
Each minutest grace defining
In one glare divinely bright;
Loftiest trefoil, lowliest basement,
Daintiest mullion of rich essement,
Scatheless smiles through Time's defacement
Rathed in the celestial light.

Loud and clear the tongue of iron
That metallic thrills environ
In the ancient belfry swinging,
Where the echoes ebb and flow,
Make, with mystic power abounding,
Vocal all the fane surrounding
As with clarion peal resounding
In the sundown's golden glow;

Bid from view, the inner splendor,
Save what glimpse the porch can render
To the silent Watcher ringing
Calmly on the checkered floor—
He, as with his eyes beholding,
Sees, from memory's shores unfolding,
All the pillared pomp upholding
Groined roof fretted o'er and o'er.

Sees the arched clerest'ries pointed,
As with heaven's own chrism anointed,
Filled with rainbow-dyes resplendent—
Gleamings from the bliss above,
Sees where, down the nave, in showers,
Scattered petals of sweet flowers
Trailed befor the host's veiled powers
Blossom types of awe and love.

Hears, though hushed, the organ sounding
Forth its trumpet-clang astounding,
Dulcet treble notes attendant
On the pedals' thunderous bass;
Hears, in thought, the choral voices—
Till his very soul rejoices—
Lift the vibrant song that poises,
Eddying round the sacred place.

Yet, alone, the bell-note pealing
Sounds; til hark! from graveyard stealing
Softly through the chiming pauses
Of the solemn dirge he rings—
Rex tremendæ majestatis,
Qui servandos servas gratis,
Salva me, fons pietatis,
Some fair choir angelic sings.—

Dying down in dim recession,
While the sorrowing procession,
Gathers round the tomb that causes
These lamenting words to rise:
'Mid the vigil he is keeping,
See you not the old monk weeping,
Scalding drops from heart front leaping,
Trembling, raining from his eyes.

(*The Bell Ceases.*)

Ah! from whom tears so wild?
Whisper close! Hear the truth!—
For the child of the child
Of the love of his youth.

—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

LAZY BOYS.—An exchange says a lazy boy will make a lazy man as sure as a crooked sapling will make a crooked tree. Who ever saw a boy grow up in idleness that did not make a shiftless vagabond when he became a man, unless he had a fortune to keep up the appearances? The mass of thieves, criminals and paupers have come to what they are, by being brought up in idleness. Those who compose the business part of the community, who make our great useful men, were taught in their boyhood to be industrious. Boys, take those pipes out of your mouths and think of this.

Miscellaneous.

SLANDERED NEIGHBORS.

Animals like men, are often sadly misjudged. Some are praised and honored for imaginary virtues, which they never possessed; and others are hated and persecuted, who are far better than their reputation. This is especially the case with animals which are not directly useful to man. He sees every virtue in those he has domesticated, because they render him manifold services; but the poor, nocturnal animals, which are forced to go in search of their food under shelter of darkness, whose life is unknown to him, and whose form is not pleasing to his eye—these he views with disgust and persecutes with unrelenting severity. Popular legends connect them with evil spirits; superstition endows them with marvellous but malignant powers, and gross ignorance ascribes to them a thousand misdeeds and grievous crimes of which they are not only innocent, but utterly incapable.

And yet it is not only the duty of man, but all-important to his success in garden, field and forest, that he should know which are his friends and which his foes among the countless hosts by which he is constantly surrounded. He may kill his best friends, thinking them his enemies, as the Indians do, when they slaughter mercilessly the little birds, which we import at considerable cost and entertain with lavish hospitality, or he may admire and cherish beautiful creatures, which in reality are either utterly useless, or actually his worst enemies. Nor can he ever hope to be as successful in his crusades against really dangerous foes as the agents are which nature herself has appointed for the purpose. All the professional rat-catchers of England do not destroy as many rats in a year as the owls of a single county do in a month; to say nothing of the fee they demand, while the owls do their work without charge. The difficulty becomes still greater, when the enemy is almost invisible, as is the case with many worms and maggots, which escape our observation, while the marvellously sharp eye of the bird or the insect, that feeds on them, sees them at a glance. Thus a renowned naturalist, Fabre, of Avignon, noticing that a certain wasp always chose a large black beetle, in order to use its fat body as a depository for its eggs, was very desirous to procure two of these unlucky creatures. To make quite sure of the species, he managed first to rob the wasp several times of its prey on its return to the nest; but in ten minutes, on an average, the indefatigable wasp invariably brought a new victim home. Then the professor himself went on his hunt, armed with his supreme intelligence and all the ingenious contrivances devised by man's wit for the purpose. What was the result? After two day's incessant work in vineyards and clover fields, searching through meadows and hedge-rows, stone-heaps and waste strips of land, he returned, crestfallen, with three wretched specimens in such a state of mutilation that no wasp would have thought them worth catching!

Men speak much of the calm peace which reigns in Nature! Peace, forsooth! It is all war, incessant, merciless warfare, throughout all the realms of Nature. Men lie on the soft, green moss, under the dim shadow of wide-spreading branches, near the bank of a purling brook, at the hour when the great Pan is asleep, and all seems peace and harmony to them. But nothing is more treacherous than this impression. That tiny, bright-colored bird, which the eye follows with delight as it flits from branch to branch, ever and anon uttering a sweet, low note, is bent upon murder, and is all eagerness to catch the golden flies sunning themselves on the green leaves. The wood-pecker, whose busy, merry knocking is heard from afar, feasts upon worms and beetles which he tears ruthlessly from their dark homes; and the beautiful dragon-flies, which dash merrily, and as if in mere wanton sport, across the bright water, are even then pursuing their own brethren with hideous voracity. Is the ibis, whom the old Egyptians worshiped as a deity, is the stork, viewed by thousands with a feeling of almost sacred awe; is the swallow, to whom we grant a home under our own roof-tree, less of a murderer than the buzzard whom we nail ignominiously to our barn-door, or the mole whom we kill without remorse, whenever we meet him on his nightly wanderings?

Among the prejudices cherished by the masses against harmless animals, few are stronger than that felt almost universally against bats, arising probably from the simple fact that they are children of the night, and forced to carry on their search after food in darkness. It may be, however, that their peculiar hideousness has given additional strength to this feeling, for the Jewish legislation already declared them unclean and accursed, and the Greeks borrowed their wings for the harpies, as Christians have done for the devil. A poor, lost bat need but fly into a room filled with company, and everybody is frightened. Superstitious people tremble at their mere presence as an evil omen, and the stronger-minded among the fair excuse their terror by a pretended fear for their hair—an apprehension which could be well founded only, if the accounts of insects being harbored in their chignons should be verified. It is true, these children of darkness are neither fair in form nor amiable in temper. The naked, black skin of their wings, stretched out between their enormously lengthened fingers, like the silk of an umbrella between the whalebone of the frame, the ugly claws of their hind feet, the bare appendages which frequently adorn their noses and ears in the most eccentric manner, and their perfectly noiseless, almost mysterious flight by touch, and not by sight—all these peculiarities combine to make them unwelcome guests among men.

And yet they are real public benefactors. When the first warm sun of spring arouses them from their long winter sleep, which they enjoy hanging by their hind-feet, head down, and the whole body carefully wrapped up in the wide cloak of their wings, they begin their night hunts. A dozen fat beetles barely suffice for the supper of a hungry member of one variety, and sixty to seventy house-flies for one of another kind. All night long they pursue with indefatigable energy every variety of beetle and moth, fly and bug and enjoy most of all those which do the greatest injury to our fruit-trees and cereals. Even the only really formidable member of their race, the vampire, is much maligned; a gigantic bat, accused of sucking the blood of man and beast, it is strictly confined to a small district in the tropics, and even there occurs but rarely.

As bats are the indefatigable hunters of the air, so moles are incessantly at work underground. At the first glance they show their admirable adaption for a life beneath the turf. Their thick, round body, with its close, silky fur-coat; their sharp pointed snout, with a long, exquisitely-sensitive trunk, like that of a miniature elephant; their broad, spade-like feet; their almost invisible eye, hid under a forest of thick hairs, and the absence of an external ear—all fit them for their active life and fierce warfare in utter darkness. They move in sandy soil at least as swiftly as a fish in water, and they are true Ishmaelites, having no friends among other animals, nor, their mates alone excepted, among their own kindred. The common prejudice, however, that they injure gardens and fields by gnawing roots, is utterly unfounded. This is easily proved, for, as of men, Brillat Savarin could say: "Show me what you eat, and I will tell you who you are!" so of animals we can say: "Show us their teeth, and we will tell you what they eat!" The mole has not less than twenty-four good sized teeth; some eye-teeth, shaped like sharp daggers; others, molar teeth, resembling a combination of formidable saws. Such destructive instruments are not given to vegetarians. Nevertheless, farmers and gardeners assert almost univeasally that moles are granivorous—another proof of the utter falseness of the old saying, "*Vox populi, vox Dei.*" For, next, naturalists have examined the stomachs of moles, and what did they find? Not a trace of vegetable food, but an abundance of half-digested earth-worms, large quantities of hard, brown scales, and horny shields, and remnants of caterpillars and worms innumerable. In order to demonstrate the fallacy of the common prejudice beyond all doubt, Flourens, the Secretary of the Academy of Sciences, in Paris, put two moles into a cage, with an ample supply of roots and beets for their food. The next morning he found the roots untouched, but only one mole; The other had been devoured by the survivor! A few hours later, the poor mole showed signs of weakness and exhaustion; a bird was put into his cage, and instantly the mole rushed upon the poor sparrow, disembowlled him, and did not rest until he had eaten more than half of his body. After his repast he appeared once more plump, and became quite lively. The same experiment was several times repeated, till one night the mole was left in its cage with a large supply of lettuce, cabbage and beet-roots. The next morning it was found dead; it had died of starvation! The only injury which moles really do is caused by their long passages and frequent mole-hills, by which roots are loosened and meadows disfigured; but this stands in no proportion to the incalculable benefit they bestow upon man by destroying the numerous enemies of plants in gardens and fields, which dwell under ground, and are invisible to human eyes, especially worms, maggots, and so-called mole-crickets. Of these they consume daily more than half their own weight! Hence it is that skilful gardeners, after having overcome the old-fashioned prejudice against toads, which now are carefully kept as the best protection of the most valuable plants, also begin to appreciate the merits of moles, and actually purchase them in early spring, to make them useful in cleaning their gardens and fields both thoroughly and promptly.

The Land of Fire and Ice.

Was there ever such an anomaly as the island of Iceland? Geographically it belongs to the Western Continent, and yet, historically and politically, it is a member of the Eastern. It lies close under the Artic circle, where Winter prevails during three quarters of the year, and is surrounded by seas filled with icebergs; and yet boiling geysers and fountains of heated steam burst everywhere from its surface, while great volcanoes pour down into its valleys and upon its plains streams of molten lava. The nearest neighbors of the Icelanders are the Esquimaux of Greenland; while the Esquimaux are sunk to the nether level of ignorance, the Icelanders have raised themselves to an elevated plane of enlightment. And so the wonderful island lies there, a link between the two hemispheres; a site where the most opposite of elements, heat and cold, are constantly contending for sovereignty; the seat of a race of the highest civilization in close contact with a race of the lowest barbarism. Nor does this end the chapter of contrarieties. Lying almost beyond the range of other animal or vegetable production, the island still yields commodities which many more favored localities cannot furnish. It rivals semi-tropical Italy in the value of its sulphur mines, temperate