The Columbian
AND
[illegible]omsburg Democrat.
[illegible] EVERY FRIDAY MORNING
[illegible] COLUMBIAN BUILDING NEAR THE
[illegible] HOUSE, BLOOMSBURG, PA., BY
CHARLES B. BROCKWAY,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Terms—Two Dollars a Year payable in advance,

JOB PRINTING
[illegible] executed with neatness and dispatch at reasonable rates.

The Columbian.

VOLUME VI.---NO. 51. BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1872. COL. DEM.---VOL. XXXVI--NO. 44.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One inch, (twelve lines or its equivalent in Nonpareil type) one or two insertions, $1.50 three insertions, $2.00

SPACE.	1M.	2M.	3M.	6	1Y
One inch	$2.50	$3.00	$4.00	$6.00	$10.00
Two inches	3.50	5.00	7.00	9.00	15.00
Three inches	5.00	7.00	9.00	12.00	18.00
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Half column	15.00	18.00	20.00	30.00	60.00
One column	30.00	35.00	40.00	60.00	100.00

Executor's or Administrator's Notice, $3.00 Auditor's or Assignee's Notice, $2.50.

Local notices, twenty cents a line.

Cards in the "Business Directory" column $2.00 per year for the first two lines, and $1.00 for each additional line.

Columbia County Official Directory.

[illegible]—WILLIAM ELWELL.
[illegible]—IRAM DERR, ISAAC S. MONTGOMERY.
[illegible]—RUDOLPH H. RINGLER.
[illegible]—WILLIAMSON H. JACOBY.
[illegible]—JAMES BRYSON, JR.
[illegible] SMITH.
[illegible] DEWITT.
[illegible] WILLIAM LAMON.
[illegible] ROBBINS, HIRAM J. [illegible] SHAFFER.
Clerk—WILLIAM KRICKBAUM.
[illegible] CAMPBELL, DANIEL LEE.
[illegible] G. MURPHY.
[illegible]—ISAAC MCBRIDE, JOHN MC[illegible]
[illegible]—WM. H. SNYDER.
[illegible]—Directors, S. H. MILLER [illegible], Bloomsburg, and JOHNSON [illegible], CHARLES CONNER, Sec'y.

[Bloo]msburg Official Directory.

[illegible] Banking Co.—JOHN A. FUNSTON [illegible] GROTZ, Cashier.
[illegible] Bank—CHAS. R. PAXTON, Pres't, [illegible] Cashier.
[illegible] Mutual Saving Fund and Loan Association—[illegible] LITTLE, Pres't., C. W. MILLER, [illegible]
[illegible] Building and Saving Fund Association—[illegible], Pres't., J. B. ROBISON, Sec.
[illegible] Mutual Saving Fund Association—[illegible] President, C. G. BARKLEY, Sec'y.

[C]hurch Directory.

[illegible] PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.
[illegible] Stuart Mitchell.
[illegible] A. M.; 7 P. M.
[illegible] A. M.
[illegible] Wednesday, 7 P. M.
[illegible] pews rented; strangers welcome.

[Bloom]sburg Directory.

[illegible] received and for sale at the [illegible] Office.

[CLO]THING, &c.

[illegible]BERG, Merchant Tailor, Main [illegible] American House.

[CLOCK]S, WATCHES, &C.

[illegible] dealer in Clocks, Watches and [illegible] st., just below the American [illegible]

[illegible]HARD, Watch and Clock maker [illegible] corner Main and Iron sts.

[illegible] Watch and Clock Maker, Mar[illegible] below Main.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

E. M. KNORR, Dealer in Boots and Shoes, latest and best styles, corner Main and Market Streets, in the old Post Office.

HENRY KLEIM, Manufacturer and dealer in Boots and Shoes, Groceries, etc., Main street, E. Bloomsburg.

PROFESSIONAL.

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

DR. WM. M. [illegible]BER, Surgeon and Physician. Office over the First National Bank.

C. G. BARKLEY Attorney-at-Law. Office, 2d floor in the Columbian building.

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

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

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

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

J. R. EVANS, M. D., Surgeon and Physician north side of Main street above J. K. Eyer's.

DR. A. J. TURNER, Physician and Surgeon, office over Kleim's Drug Store, residence one door below Rev. D. J. Waller.

MILLINERY & FANCY GOODS.

[illegible] PETERMAN, Millinery and Fancy Goods, opposite Episcopal Church, Main st.

MISS LIZZIE BARKLEY, Milliner, Ramsey building Main street.

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

MRS. JULIA A. & SADE BARKLEY, Ladies' [illegible] and Dress Patterns, southeast corner [illegible]

[illegible] HARMAN Millinery and Fancy [illegible] below American House.

HOTELS AND SALOONS.

[illegible] by T. Bent. Taylor, east end [illegible]

MERCHANTS AND GROCERS.

[illegible] Dry Goods and Notions, south[illegible] Main and Iron sts.

[illegible] Confectionery and Bakery, [illegible] retail, Exchange Block.

[illegible] Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, [illegible] Court House.

[illegible] Mammoth Grocery, fine Gro[illegible] Nuts, Provision, &c., Main [illegible]

[illegible] & CO., dealers in Dry Goods, [illegible] Flour, Feed, Salt, Fish, Iron, Nails, [illegible] Main and Market sts.

[illegible] SON, dealers in Dry Goods, [illegible] Queensware, Flour, Salt, Shoes, [illegible]

MISCELLANEOUS.

[illegible]MAN, Saddle, Trunk & Harness [illegible]'s Block Main Street.

[illegible] liquor dealer second door from [illegible] corner Main and Iron sts.

[illegible] Wall Paper, Window Shades [illegible] Hupert block, Main st.

[illegible] Furniture Rooms, three story [illegible] street, west of Market st.

[illegible]OCK, Photographer, over Robbins [illegible], Main st.

[illegible] dealer in Meat, Tallow, etc., Chem[illegible] rear of American House.

[illegible] Marble and Brown Stone [illegible] Bloomsburg, Berwick road.

W[illegible] dealer in furniture, trunks, cedar [illegible] near the Forks Hotel.

F. [illegible]MAN, Agent for Munson's Copper [illegible] Lightning Rod.

[illegible] White and Fancy Tanner, and [illegible] Scottown.

NOTE BOOKS, and blank NOTES, with or without exemption, for sale at the COLUMBIAN Office.

Catawissa.

[illegible]LMAN, Merchant Tailor, Second St. [illegible] Building.

[illegible] ROBBINS, Surgeon and Physician [illegible] below Main.

[illegible] KLINE, dry goods, groceries, and [illegible] merchandise, Main Street

[illegible] KISTLER "[C]attawissa House," North [illegible] Main and Second Streets.

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

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

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

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

Light Street.

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

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

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

PETER ENT, Miller, and dealer in all kinds of Grain, Flour, Feed, &c. All kinds of Grain purchased.

Espy.

C. W. EDGAR, Susquehanna Planing Mill and Box Manufacturing.

Buck Horn.

M. & G. W. H. SHOEMAKER, dealers in dry goods, groceries and general merchandise

Orangeville Directory.

D. B. HERRING & BROTHER, Carpenters and Builders, Main st., below Pine.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Philadelphia Directory.

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.

HARVEY B. WALKER,
WITH
MEAR, SCHROPP & CO.,
IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF
CHINA, GLASS AND QUEENSWARE,
No. 1[illegible] NORTH SECOND ST.,
PHILADELPHIA.
☞ Original assorted packages of Queensware constantly on hand. feb23'72-tf.

Business Cards.

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.

C. W. MILLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office Court House Alley, below the COLUMBIAN Office. Bounties, Back-Pay and Pensions collected. Bloomsburg Pa. sep.20'67

JOHN M. CLARK,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
At R. F. Clark's late office, Main street, Bloomsburg, Pa.

M. F. EYERLY
Has entered into the Law and Collection business with John G. Freeze, Esq., Attorney at Law, office in Brower's Building, Main Street BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Nov. 15th, 1872. tf.

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 [illegible] is requested.
Jan 1'71

BLOOMSBURG
MARBLE WORKS.
MAIN STREET, BELOW MARKET,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Monuments, Tombs, Headstones, &c. Work neatly executed. Orders by mail will receive special attention. N. B. Work delivered free of charge.
T. L. GUNTON, Proprietor.
oct18'71-tf. P. O. Box 297.

BARGAINS—BARGAINS.
QUICK SALES AND SMALL PROFITS.
SAVE YOUR MONEY.
Go to
HENRY YOST,
East Bloomsburg Pa., for all kinds of the best home and city made
FURNITURE.
Prices reasonable and the best work done.
Jan 1'71—tf

VULCAN WORKS,
DANVILLE PA.
WILLIAM H. LAW,
Manufacturer of Wrought Iron Bridges, Boilers, Gasholders, Fireproof Buildings, Wrought Iron Roofing, Roofing Frames, Flooring and Doors, Farm Gates and fencing, also Wrought iron piping, Stacks and all kinds of Smith Work, &c. Repairs promptly attended to.
N. B. Drawings and Estimates supplied.
oct27'71-1y.

BERNHARD STOHNER
Would inform his friends and the public that he has taken possession of
THE OLD STAND,
in the Exchange Block, so long occupied by him and will carry on the business of a
FIRST-CLASS BAKERY,
He brings to the business an experience of many years and assures the community that he will furnish the best of bread, cakes, rolls, biscuit, &c. fresh every day. He proposes also to keep on hand a large and well assorted stock of
FINE CONFECTIONERY,
of all grades. French candies and those of domestic manufacture, always to be had, wholesale and retail at lowest rates. Adjoining the Bakery and Confectionery is a well established
RESTAURANT,
where may be found Ale and Lager, and Refreshments, Oysters in season and the various little delicacies which suit the public taste. There is also a
FINE ICE CREAM SALOON,
over the confectionery store, where ladies and gentlemen can obtain the best of Ice Cream in season.
A fair share of the public custom is requested and no pains will be spared to ensure satisfaction. april 26,'72-tf

NEW DRUG STORE.
CHRIS. A. KLEIM
Having purchased the business of E. P. Lutz now offers at the old stand, a choice assortment of
DRUGS,
CHEMICALS,
PATENT MEDICINES,
TOILET ARTICLES,
FANCY SOAPS,
BRUSHES, &c., &c.
And a general assortment of the choicest goods usually found in first class establishments.
Physicians' Prescriptions and Family Recipes Carefully Compounded.
On Sundays, open from 8 a. m., to 10 a. m., and from 2 p. m., to 4 p. m.
GERMAN AND ENGLISH SPOKEN.
feb 9'72-tf

FASHIONABLE DRESS MAKING.
Mrs. L. Hawley, Milton, Fashionable Dress Maker and Teacher of Brigg's unrivalled system of fitting by measure in the speediest, most stylish and perfect manner, Dresses, Polonaise and all ladies' and misses' garments, invites a call from all wishing to learn the diagram, or to have cutting and fitting of suits done as well as in Philadelphia, and at moderate rates. Suits made to order. Call, third door above Mrs. Brobst's store, Main street, below Railroad, west end.
Oct. 11, 1872.—2m. MRS. L. HAWLEY MILTON.

Miscellaneous.

DENTISTRY.
H. C. HOWER, DENTIST,
Respectfully offers his professional services to the ladies and gentlemen of Bloomsburg and vicinity. He is prepared to attend to all the various operations in the line of his profession, and is provided with the latest improved PORCELAIN TEETH which will be inserted on gold plating silver and rubber base to look as well as the natural teeth. Teeth extracted by all the new and most approved methods, and all operations on the teeth carefully and properly attended to.
Residence and office a few doors above the Court House, same side.
Bloomsburg, Jan.1'71—1y

INSURANCE AGENCY.

Wyoming	$200,000
Ætna	4,000,000
Orient	500,000
Royal of Liverpool	13,000,000
Danville Mutual	50,000
Springfield	570,000
Germania, N. Y.	500,000
International N.Y.	1,[illegible]
Farmers' Danville	800,000
Lancaster City	200,500
Home	2,000,000

FREAS BROWN, Agent.
mar24'71—1y. BLOOMSBURG Pa.

H. C. HOWER,
has opened a first-class
BOOT, SHOE, HAT CAP, AND FUR STORE.
at the old stand on Main Street, Bloomsburg, a few doors above the Court House. His stock is composed of the very latest and best styles ever offered to the citizens of Columbia County. He can accommodate the public with the following goods at the lowest rates. Men's heavy double soled stoga boots, men's double and single tap soled kip boots, men's heavy stoga shoes of all kinds, men's fine boots and shoes of all grades, boy's double soled boots and shoes of all kinds, men's glove kid Balmoral shoes, men's, women's, boys's and misses' lasting gaiters, women's glove kid Polish very fine, women's morocco Balmorals and calf shoes, women's very fine kid buttoned gaiters. In short boots of all descriptions both pegged and sewed.
He would also call attention to his fine assortment of
[H]ATS, CAPS, FURS AND NOTIONS.
which comprises all the new and popular varieties at prices which cannot fail to suit all. These goods are offered at the lowest cash rates and will be guaranteed to give satisfaction. A call is solicited before purchasing elsewhere as it is believed that better bargains are to be found than at any other place in the county.
Jan 1'71

THE ORANGEVILLE MANUFACTURING COMPANY.
MANUFACTURERS OF
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS
of the most Approved Patterns.
Mill Gearing,
Jobbing,
and Castings
of all descriptions.
DEALERS IN
General Merchandise, Lumber, &c., &c.
ORANGEVILLE, PA.
We would announce to the public in general that we have taken the well known Agricultural Works of this place and shall make it our aim to manufacture First Class Agricultural Implements equal to any other makers in the State, such as
Threshing Machines,
Both Lever and Tread Power.
Plows of every Description,
among which will be the celebrated
KNOB MOUNTAIN HERO,
acknowledged by all to be the best plow extant for the farmer. Also the
Champion, Sterns' Patent and
The Montrose.
ALSO, DOUBLE CORN PLOWS,
Cultivators,
Iron Kettles,
and Castings
of every description. We shall use none but the best materials and employ none but competent and experienced mechanics and our prices will compare favorably with any other manufacturers.
Country Produce, Lumber, Old Iron, taken in exchange. We also have a store in connection with our Agricultural Works, where may be found a full assortment of MERCHANDISE which will be sold at small profits. Give us a call before purchasing elsewhere and we guarantee satisfaction.
march22'72-1y.

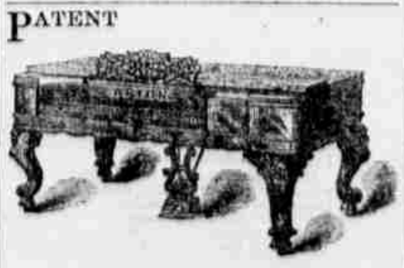
Hotels.

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,
Espy, Pa.

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.

WHITE STAR LINE
CARRYING THE
UNITED STATES MAIL
BETWEEN
New York, Cork and Liverpool.
NEW AND FULL-POWERED STEAMSHIPS,
OCEANIC, REPUBLIC, BALTIC, CELTIC, GERMANIC, BRITTANIC, ADRIATIC, ATLANTIC,
Sailing from New York on SATURDAYS, from Liverpool on THURSDAYS, calling at Cork Harbor each way. From the White Star Dock, Pavonia Ferry, Jersey City.
Passenger accommodations (for all classes) unrivalled, combining
SAFETY, SPEED, AND COMFORT.
Saloons, state-rooms, smoking-room and bath rooms in midship section, where least motion is felt.
Surgeons and stewardesses accompany these steamers.
RATES—Saloon, $80 gold. Steerage, $30 currency. Those wishing to send for friends from the Old Country can now obtain steerage prepaid certificates, $30 currency.
Passengers booked to or from all parts of America, Paris, Hamburgh, Norway, Sweden, India, Australia, China, &c.
Drafts from £1 upwards,
For inspection of plans and other information, apply at the Company's Offices, No. 19 Broadway, New York.
Jan 12, 1872. J. H. SPARKS, Agent,

PATENT



ARION PIANO.

The only *perfect* Instrument in the world. And is *unequaled* in Richness, Power, Brilliancy and Durability. Special terms to Teachers. Marked favors to Clergymen. Send for Illustrated Arion Pamphlet.
C. W. FOSTER, General Agent.
mar 10'71—tf.] MAUCH CHUNK, PA.

Poetical.

Annie and Willie's Prayer.

The following poem, written by Mrs. Sophiah P. Snow, is one of the most exquisitely touching and beautiful that we have ever read. It cannot fail to reach the hearts of all who peruse it, besides being peculiarly appropriate to the holidays:

'Twas the eve before Christmas; "Good-night" had been said,
And Annie and Willie had crept into bed;
There were tears on their pillows, and tears in their eyes,
And each little bosom was heavy with sighs—
For to-night their stern father's command had been given,
That they should retire precisely at seven,
Instead of at eight; for they troubled him more
With questions unheard of than ever before;
He had told them he thought this delusion a sin,
No such being as "Santa Claus" ever had been,
And he hoped after this he should never more hear
How he scrambled down chimneys with presents each year.
And this is the reason that two little heads
So restlessly tossed on their soft, downy beds,
Eight, nine, and the clock on the steeple tolled ten;
Not a word had been spoken by either till then,
When Willie's sad face from the blanket did peep,
And whispered, "Dear Annie, is you fast asleep?"
"Why, no, brother Willie," a sweet voice replies,
"I've tried it in vain, but I can't shut my eyes;
For, somehow, it makes me so sorry because
Dear papa has said there is no 'Santa Claus;'
Now we know there is, and it can't be denied,
For he came every year before mamma died;
But then, I've been thinking that she used to pray,
And God would hear everything mamma would say,
And perhaps she asked Him to send Santa Claus here,
With the sacks full of presents he brought every year."
"Well, why tan't we pay dest as mamma did then,
And ask Him to send him with presents aden?"
"I've been thinking so, too." And without a word more
Four little bare feet bounded out on the floor,
And four little knees the soft carpet pressed,
And two tiny hands were clasped close to each breast,
"Now, Willie, you know we must firmly believe
That the presents we ask for we're sure to receive;
You must wait just as still till I say the 'Amen,'
And by that you will know that your turn has come then,"
"Dear Jesus look down on my brother and me
And grant us the favor we are asking of Thee;
I want a wax dolly, a tea set and ring,
And an ebony work box that shuts with a spring;
Bless papa, dear Jesus, and cause him to see,
That Santa Claus loves us far better than he,
Don't let him get fretful and angry again
At dear brother Willie and Annie, Amen!",
"Please, Desus, 'et Santa Taus tum down to-night,
And bring us some presents before it is light,
I want he should dive me a nice little sed,
With bright, shiny runners, and all painted yed;
A box full of tandy, a book and a toy,
Amen, and then, Desus, I'll be a good boy."
Their prayers being ended, they raised up their heads,
And with hearts light and cheerful again sought their beds;
They were soon lost in slumber, both peaceful and deep
And with fairies in Dreamland were roaming in sleep.
Eight, nine, and the little French clock had struck ten,
Ere the father had thought of his children again;
He seemed now to hear Annie's half-suppressed sighs,
And to see the big tears stand in Willie's blue eyes.
"I was harsh with my darlings," he mentally said,
"And should not have sent them so early to bed,
But then I was troubled—my feelings found vent,
For bank-stock to-day has gone down ten per cent.
But of course they've forgotten their troubles ere this
And that I denied them the thrice-asked-for kiss;
But, just to make sure, I'll step up to their door,
For I never spoke harsh to my darlings before."
So saying, he softly ascended the stairs,
And arrived at the door to hear both of their prayers.
His Annie's 'bless papa' draws forth the big tears,
"Strange, strange I'd forgotten," said he with a sigh,
"How I longed, when a child, to have Christmas draw nigh.
I'll atone for my harshness," he inwardly said,
"By answering their prayers ere I sleep in my bed."
Then he turned to the stairs and softly went down.
Threw off velvet slippers and silk dressing-gown—
Donned hat, coat and boots, and was out in the street,
A millionare facing the cold, driving sleet.
Nor stopped he until he had brought everything,
From the box full of candy to the tiny gold ring;
Indeed, he kept adding so much to his store,
That the various presents outnumbered a score,
Then homeward he turned with his holiday load,
And with Aunt Mary's aid in the nursery 'twas stewed;
Miss dolly was seated beneath a pine tree,
By the side of a table spread out for her tea;
A work-box well filled in the centre was laid,
And on it a ring, for which Annie had prayed.
A soldier in uniform stood by a sled,
"With bright shining runners all painted red."
There were balls, dogs and horses, books pleasing to see,
And birds of all colors were perched in the tree;
While Santa Claus, laughing stood up in the top
As if getting ready more presents to drop.
And as the fond father the picture surveyed,
He thought for his trouble he had amply been paid,
And he said to himself, as he brushed off a tear
"I'm happier to-night than I've been for a year,
I've enjoyed more true pleasure than ever before,
What care I if bank-stock falls ten per cent. more!
Hereafter I'll make it a rule, I believe,
To have Santa Claus visit us each Christmas Eve."
So thinking, he gently extinguished the light
And tripped down the stairs to retire for the night.
As soon as the beams of the bright morning sun
Put the darkness to flight, and the stars, one by one,
Four little blue eyes out of sleep opened wide,
And at the same moment the presents espied,
Then out of their beds they sprang with a bound
And the very gifts prayed for were all of them found.
They laughed and they cried in their innocent glee,
And shouted for "papa" to come quick and see
What presents old Santa Claus brought in the night,
(Just the things that they wanted,) and left before light.
"And now," added Annie, in a voice soft and low,
"You'll believe there's a Santa Claus, papa, I know;
While dear little Willie climbed up on his knee,
Determined no secret between them should be
And told in soft whispers, how Annie had said
That their dear, blessed mamma so long ago dead,
Used to kneel down and pray by the side of her chair,
And that God up in heaven had answered her prayer
'Then we dot up and prayed dust as well as we tould,
And Dod answered our prayers, now wasn't he dood?"
"I should say that He was, if He sent you all these,
And knew just what presents my children would please.
'Well, well, let him think so, the dear little elf,
(Twould be cruel to tell him I did it myself.")
'Blind father! who caused your stern heart to relent?
And the hasty word spoken so soon to repent?
'Twas the Being who bade you steal softly up stairs,
And made you His agent to answer their prayers.

Miscellaneous.

Gambling in Washington.

Washington for many years had been a hot-bed for gamblers of high and low degree. There were a dozen faro-banks on the Avenue within a stone's-throw of Gadsby's, on the corner of Sixth Street. Many of these establishments had club rooms attached, where members of Congress and others amused themselves with brag, vingt-et-un, and whist. Draw-poker came into vogue at a later day. Gambling, and for large sums, was common, particularly among Southern and Western members. Scores of them from Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, Tennessee, and the Gulf States squandered their modest per diem, then eight dollars only, at the gaming table, and some impaired their private fortunes by the same indulgence. S. S. Prentiss was reported to have lost thirty thousand dollars the first winter he was in Congress.

The most notorious and dashing gambler of the day was Edward Pendleton. He came from Virginia, where he was well connected, his family being of the best blood in the State, and he married a most respectable and accomplished lady, whose father held a responsible office under the government. Pendleton gave sumptuous entertainments at his club-house, which were well attended by some of the most eminent public men in the district. Mr. Mangum, then President of the Senate, John J. Crittenden, John M. Botts, John B. Thompson, of Kentucky, and Linn Boyd, afterward Speaker of the House, and others of lesser note, were frequently his guests. Congress had enacted stringent penal laws to prevent gambling, but they were a dead letter, unless some poor devil made a complaint of foul play, or some fleeced blackleg sought vengeance through the aid of the Grand Jury; and then the matter was usually compounded by the payment of money.

Whist was a favorite game with the foreign ministers and the elder statesmen. Mr. Clay, General Scott, Mr. Bodisco, and Mr. Fox—nephew of Charles James Fox—who represented William the Fourth and Queen Victoria, often played together, a hundred dollars being the usual stake. They generally played well, as Hoyle taught the game; but many of the members of the fashionable clubs of New York play with more skill than was dreamed of forty years ago. Governor Marcy was a great lover of whist, but he would never bet money on the game. There were always inveterate whisters in the Senate. A story was current at one time of a protracted sitting at the card table, at which Governor Stokes, of North Carolina, and Mountjoy Bailey, sergeant-at-arms of the Senate, were two of the players. It ran in this wise: the Senate adjourned from Thursday over to Monday. The party sat down to cards after dinner Thursday evening. They played all night and all the next day, only stopping occasionally for refreshments. The game was continued Friday night and Saturday, through Saturday night and all day Sunday and Sunday night, the players resting for a snatch of sleep as nature became exhausted. Monday morning the game was in full blast; but at ten o'clock Bailey moved an adjournment, alleging that his official duties required his presence in the Senate-chamber. Stokes remonstrated, but the sergeant-at-arms persisted, and rose from the table. The Governor grumbled and scolded, but finally gave it up, swearing that if he had suspected Bailey would break up the game thus prematurely, he would not have invited him to join the party.

Mr. Webster played whist, but indifferently only. The Virginians were addicted to that stupid game known as shoemaker loo. President Tyler was fond of loo, and on a rainy day, when there was no great pressure of public business, he has been known to make up a game at the White House, and play all day, having dinner in his chamber. His companions usually were William Selden, Treasurer of the United States, Cary Selden, his brother, store keeper at the navy-yard, and sometimes Governor Gilmer, of Virginia, with now and then another favorite. The amount played for was always small, but Mr. Tyler was as much delighted at taking a pool as if he had won hundreds.

Public opinion was not so averse to gaming in Washington as in most of the Northern cities. Probably the tone of public morals is no more elevated now than it was then, but there was then less pretense and ostentation of purity. At a large party given by the wife of a cabinet minister, Mrs. Clay, chaperoning a young lady from the North, passed through a room where gentlemen were playing cards, Mr. Clay among the number.

"Is this a common practice?" inquired the young lady.

"Yes," said Mrs. Clay; "they always play when they get together"

"Don't it distress you to have Mr. Clay gamble?"

"No, my dear," said the good old lady, composedly: "he 'most always wins."

In the winter of 1841 General Scott, Mr. Clay, Mr. Fox, and Mr. Bodisco played whist once a week for some time, the stake, as usual, being a hundred dollars. They played a match game, Scott and Bodisco against Clay and Fox. They were well matched, and for a long time the game was pretty even. At length fortune favored Messrs. Clay and Fox, and they were ten or twelve games ahead. "Gentlemen," said the Russian minister, rising from the table, "the game has closed for the season. The appropriation is exhaust." And sure enough not another game would he play, much to the disgust and vexation of General Scott, who, of course, was a considerable loser.—*Harper's Magazine for December.*

The "Sponsible Editor."

Don Piatt edited a campaign paper in Western New York, some twenty-nine years ago. Here is one of the reminiscences:

The talented editors were especially objects of vituperation and assault, and had rather a hard time of it. The office was broken into and the limited assortment of type knocked into pi. The infuriated mob, instigated by that fiend, Saxton, as the paper asserted, seemed, however, to respect that sacred relict of the great Franklin for that was not damaged. It may be that it frightened them. The editors had their eyes in a chronic state of mourning. But they were game and kept up the war, until one day a long-bodied, broad-shouldered, double-fisted Democrat, named Jim Moore, stalked into the editorial sanctum and made the novel proposition of being published as the responsible editor.

"You ain't up to these Whig fellers, you ain't. Just turn 'em over to me—say I'm the 'sponsible editor, will you?"

This was novel but pleasing, and James was duly installed in the post he solicited. Not long after an inspired blacksmith or eloquent thinker, addressed the hard ciderites. Our notice of this event reads to the effect that our quiet town was startled and alarmed by a strange noise that broke out with great violence, on Saturday last, near the church. On repairing to the spot, we discovered that the unhealthy bellowing came from a stray long ears that had wandered into our town. The owner of this disagreeable beast would do well to capture and stable him.

The paper was scarcely distributed before the eloquent blacksmith bounded into the office, followed by a crowd of curious friends.

"Where's the editor of this nigger baby's dip?" roared the stumper.

"Don't allow no profane language on these premises," responded the ad interim editor, turning over the exchanges and scarcely looking at the indignant intruder.

"You be——! I want the editor I say."

"Well, well, well," cried Jim, with dignity, as if his precious time was being intruded upon by a fellow beneath his notice, "I'm the 'sponsible editor."

"No you ain't!" chorused the crowd, "you're only Jim Moore."

"Don't try to fool me," foamed the orator; "I want the feller that writ that!" pointing at the somewhat personal paragraph.

"If you say I'm not the 'sponsible editor," exclaimed Jim, getting up—and it seemed as if he never would get done doing that—"you are a liar! You're a liar anyhow!"—and in the twinkling of a telegraph, the injured orator found himself standing on the curb stones, with his lately sympathizing friends regarding him curiously from behind corners.

It is not necessary to say that we were not again disturbed.

AN INDIAN'S REVENGE.—The following incident is related to have recently occurred, by the Richland county (Wisconsin) Independent: An Indian trapper and hunter has been operating in one of the northern towns of that county, and near his camp lived a farmer. The Indian had a box filled with rattlesnakes, covered over with grass. Last August the Indian came to the farmer's house one day, intoxicated, and asked the farmer to give him a certain sheep that he was preparing for exhibition at the county fair, saying that he was hungry. This the farmer refused, but offered him a hen if he would shoot it. The Indian declared he would have the sheep, and fired at it, but missed it. The farmer then set his dog on the Indian and drove him away. A few nights since, the farmer was awakened from his sleep by something cold crawling over him, and seizing the object, he hurled it across the room. He was horrified to hear the noise of rattles in every direction. Telling his wife to lie quiet for her life, he raised up and turned up the light, when he saw a huge rattlesnake coiled up at the foot of the bed, ready for a spring. Seizing his revolver, he fired, and shot off its head. The noise of the pistol aroused the hired man, who hastened to the room, and, before reaching it (the door was open), killed two rattlesnakes. Two more were killed in the bedroom, making five in all. At the foot of the bed was the Indian's box. It is supposed that he entered the open window and emptied the snakes out on the bed.

Another Slow Railroad.

A correspondent tells the following of a slow railroad: "A railroad runs from Oswego to Syracuse. It is thirty-six miles long. I rode on it, and those cars move so slow that if you want the draught in your face you have to ride backward to get it. They never have hot journals on that road; the great danger is that the stuffing and gravy around the axles will freeze.—The screech of the locomotive is very faint, kind o' like the warble of a four-year-old boy blowing through a knot-hole in a board fence. It is capable of giving a grasshopper a thrill of alarm, but won't scare a crow worth a leather cuss. The conductor, engineer and fireman always walk ahead of the train to look for broken rails, and the cows always run on ahead of them to keep out of the dust. I tried an experiment. Two trains were passing, and I stuck a match out of the window and let the head of it rub against a passenger car. It went so slow I couldn't strike a light. If you ever take a trip from Oswego to Syracuse over that road you want to take lots of clothes, a whole ham and a barrel of corned-beef along with you."

SHOEING A MULE.—The New York *Herald's* correspondent, with Andrew Johnson and the other Congressional candidates in Tennessee, writes:

"If there had been any sanguinary ill-feeling among those who came to attend the meeting, a scene that took place before its assembling must have routed it completely. That scene will last, in the memory of those who saw it, as long as life remains. It occurred on the verge of the town, and came near spoiling all interest in our own circus. Six negroes, on the common road, opposite a blacksmith's shop, for over an hour were trying to persuade a young, tall, robust country mule to allow himself to be shod. They put a rope collar round his neck, and to that attached a line which, thrown out between his hind-legs was intended to trip up each in turn, and hold it in position while the blacksmith—Sam by name—operated on the hoof. For over an hour this extraordinary mule fought the six men, kicking away the trap laid for his enslavement as easily as he might a cobweb, and describing, high up in the air, forked lightning diagrams with his heels—a sight fearful to behold. Panting, yet patient, their hats kicked off their heads, their shins bruised, and their pants torn, the six gallant darkeys stuck to their supernatural mule until finally they secured his right hind-leg, and had his hoof laid on Sam the blacksmith's lap, ready for the sacrifice. By this time all the surrounding points of vantage were occupied by spectators, wrought up to the most intense pitch of excitement—Johnson men cheering on the mule, Maynard men cheering on the darkeys. Sam the blacksmith was a tall, well-built fellow. He had his back to the mule's head, and was in a stooping position over the hoof. In front of him, about six feet from the mule's tail (a perilous distance), was a circle of about twenty darkeys, awaiting the operation of putting the she on, with the most solemn interest. Never did mule draw such pious reverence from a like audience.

"'I'd ha' let him be,' said one; 'dar's no use a-fussin' with such a good-for-nuffin meule as dat.'

"'Fo' Gad!' exclaimed another, in a low and cautious tone, 'I do b'lieve in my so' de ole debbel hisself is in dat dar meule.'

"'Wot you speaks alike dat fo'?' said a third, turning on the previous speaker. 'Dat meule hears every tin' you say, and tinks it insultin.' Don't know wedder de debbel is in him, but I do consequentially b'lieve dar's heap o'kick in his hind-legs still. Guess whoever gets him will tink so too. I wants my head insured when I'se axed to nurse him.'

"In the meantime, Sam had his implements ready, and an assistant farrier approached and laid the shoe tenderly upon the virgin hoof. A nail was inserted, while Sam elevated his hammer to deliver the pregnant blow that was to drive it safely home. It was a moment of breathless and agonizing suspense with whites and blacks alike. The latter anticipated a triumph for their race; the former prepared to keep their sides from splitting asunder. Sam's legs shook, but he brought down the hammer with all his might; and at the same moment an explosion occurred that fairly baffles description. A trip hammer falling on a ton-weight of nitro-glycerine, immured in a tin box, could hardly have produced any more sudden and bewildering results. Quicker than thought the mule drew his hind leg forward, and, springing it back with incredible force, struck the still stooping Sam square in the bulbous centre of his hind section, projecting him forward in the air like a cannon-ball from a catapult. As Sam disappeared in space, he knocked all the darkeys down in front of him like ninepins, scattering them over the road in all directions, and landed himself on top of a snake-fence twenty feet away. The roar that went up from the assembled multitude might have been heard in the next county. The mule grew alarmed, took to his heels, and, amid the cheers of the Johnson party, crossed the country for home and freedom. Poor Sam had no shape to him when he came to, and it will be many a long day before the terminus of his spinal column forgets that visitation of mule-power."

THE editor of the Monticello *Watchman*, who has just been elected a member of Assembly, is in doubt as to whether or no he will be enabled to take his seat at the opening of the next session. Hear him:

WE WANT MONEY!!!—That's what's the matter. We haven't seen a two dollar bill since election. Our subscribers must be under the impression that we feed on glory; for since our election to the lofty office of Member of Assembly they have stopped paying their subscriptions. This won't do. What use is our election if we can't get to Albany? and *How* can we get to Albany without money? Might as well send a deaf and dumb woman to a quilting. Next week we hope to favor our *dear* delinquents with "dose leetle bills."—Come now, be liberal with us. We *ought* to raise money enough to buy a *new* shirt to go to Albany with—we *must* raise enough to get *this* one washed any way. Then too, the instincts of self-defense admonish us that we ought to buy a fine tooth comb, before daring to venture into an Assembly so largely composed of Radicals. Come, subscribers, won't you send us a few couples of dollarses?

A BELIGERENT youngster, aged eighty-three, applied to the county clerk of Evansville, Indiana, for a marriage license. The clerk remonstrated, saying that a man of his age should turn his thoughts toward the other world, instead of matrimony. "I'm of age, ain't I?" asked the old chap. "Well rather," answered the clerk. Off came the old man's coat and taking the attitude of a pugilist, he said: "I kin jist knock fits out of any man who doesn't approve of this here matrimonial venture of mine. I want the license or there'll be somebody licked quicker than thunder." He got it.

Humorous.

It has been demonstrated in New York that plate glass windows are ineffectual in stopping runaway oxen.

It is said there are two reasons why some people do not mind their own business. One is that they have no business, and the other is that they have no mind.

Indiana is excited over the birth of a pig with a countenance as much like a Christian as any other inhabitant of the town in which its parents live.

A Buffalo paper announces that by the recent burning of an ice-house there 20,000 tons of ice were "reduced to ashes."

The latest definition of a gentleman is "a man who can put on a clean collar without being conspicuous."

An amateur editor in Indianapolis has made a fortune by his pen. His father died of grief after reading one of his editorials, and left him $130,000.

A county paper speaks of an "aged lady of sixty-five." The place is so heathy that all of the other sixty-fivers are young ladies.

The beautiful snow, after being a few hours on the streets of Pittsburg, looks, as if its original color might be obtained by a good coat of whitewash.

What is the difference between a crushed hat and the intoxicated son of wealthy parents? One is a cylinder stove and the other is an heirtight.

An original Pennsylvania editor comes out fairly and squarely. He calls his paper "An airy old sheet, devoted to wind, whisky, wickedness and other religious matters. Vox Populus, Vox Belzebub."

The editor of a Western paper writes: "My wife and I have separated. As we both wanted to be boss, and as she was likely to *beat* me, I left her. She says she will nail me yet, and I believe her."

A young lady of this city has just sent to Europe an order for fifty yards of Brussels carpet, twenty-five feet wide. She is going to work a pair of slippers for the editor of the St. Louis *Globe*.

An Irishman, describing the growth of potatoes in his native island, said, as a clincher, "And sure a bushel of them will fill a barrel."

A young man who went West from Danbury a few months ago, has sent only one letter home. It came on Friday. It said: "Send me a wig." And his fond parents don't know whether he is scalped or married.

A Mrs. Day, of Springfield, Ill., lately gave birth to quadruplets, weighed ten pounds each in their stocking feet. The bereaved father says Shakespeare was quite right when he said we do not know "what a day may bring forth."

Mary had a little lamb,
She asked a man to shoot it,
And when he went to kill that lamb,
It had the epizootic.

The following questions are proposed for discussion in a debating society: "How many is five? and why? "What is ducks? and how?" "Is it or is it not? and whence?"

In a country churchyard we find this epitaph: "Here lies the body of John Robinson, and Ruth his wife;" and underneath, this text: "their warfare is accomplished!"

The famine-stricken editor of the Titusville *Press* tearfully remarks: "25 cents each is the price asked for California pears in town, and yet we are told that civilization advances, and that Providence tempers the shorn lamb who cannot raise the wind."

The St. Louis *Globe* says: The lazy man of this establishment snores occasionally. He took a nap in the press room, day before yesterday, and the neighbors rushed in to know why the press was working on Sunday.

A Savannah gentleman, having set a steel-trap to discover what became of his chickens, found his mother-in-law grievously lacerated next morning. Since then the demand for steel-traps is said to be something unprecedented in the hardware trade of Georgia.

The *Courier-Journal* is hard on Susan when it says: "We shall never know the age of Niagara Falls, because Susan B. Anthony is the only person now living who was alive when the Falls were built, and she has forgotten the date."

An Illinois woman went into the river on suicide intent, the other day. A lot of sordid boys on the bank threw mud at her. Old Adam rose in her despairing bosom. She waded ashore, had the boys arrested, and will see them put through before she tries suicide again.

An inebriated stranger precipitated himself down the depot stairs, and, on striking the landing, reproachfully apostrophized himself with: "If you'd been a wantin to come down stairs, why'n thunder didn't you say so, you wooden-headed old fool, an' I'd come with you an' showed you the way."—*Danbury News.*

A man at the Clearfield fair asserted that he had vines which in an ordinary season produced grapes so large that the skins were turned to account by cutting them in two and covering old umbrellas, and just because he hadn't the grapes or umbrellas on exhibition the *Journal* calls him a diabolical liar.

A sad-minded "mountain editor" says: "The one dollar gold pieces are to be withdrawn from circulation. They are a great nuisance. We have searched for one of them in vain many times in the depths of a small pocket-book. And we have lost, probably, dozens of them every day for years."

A judge of Milesian extraction, charged a jury as follows: "Gentlemen of the jury, you must find that the defendant is guilty beyond a reasonable doubt. A reasonable doubt is such a doubt as will convince a reasonable man that the defendant is not guilty.

A Lockport barber the other day pocketed his razors and decamped. Just as he was leaving he presented his wife with an old pair of pantaloons, with the remark that she had "always worn the breeches," and she might keep these as a souvenir of their family difficulties. The woman wasn't very sorry for his loss, and she did not weep inconsolably, but she hung up the old pantaloons and labelled them:—"Wanted—a man to fill these pants. There has never been a man in them." The deserted wife is a peg ahead now.

An elderly Detroit man startled a car load of passengers recently while the train was under full headway, by suddenly rushing to the platform and jumping off, turning about forty summersaults before he brought up against the fence. He appeared at the nearest depot in a short time, looked all around and then exclaimed: "What an old fool; I thought I had left my umbrella here and jumped off the cars to get it, and now hang me if I don't remember chucking it under the seat."

Punch's idea of family government: Mother—Where's baby, Mary? Mary—In the other room. Mother—Go directly and see what she's doing, and tell her she mustn't.