THE COLUMBIAN

COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, STAR OF THE NORTH AND COLUMBIAN CONSOLIDATED.)

Issued weekly, every Friday morning, at BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA.

AT TWO DOLLARS per year, payable in advance, or during the year. After the expiration of the year, $2.50 will be charged. To subscribers out of the county the terms are $2 per year strictly in advance—$2.25 if not paid in advance and $2.50 if payment be delayed beyond the year.

No paper discontinued, except at the option of the Publisher, until all arrearages are paid, but long continued credits after the expiration of the first year will not be given.

All papers sent out of the State, or to distant post offices, must be paid for in advance, unless a responsible person in Columbia county assumes to pay the subscription due on demand.

POSTAGE is no longer exacted from subscribers in the county.

JOB PRINTING.

The Jobbing Department of the COLUMBIAN is very complete, and our Job Printing will compare favorably with that of the large cities. All work done on demand, neatly and at moderate prices.

The Columbian.

HENRY L. DIEFFENBACH, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, MAY 21, 1875.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. IX, NO. 20
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. XI, NO. 14

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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

SPACE.	1W.	2W.	3W.	4W.	1y
One inch	$3.50	$5.00	$4.00	$6.00	$10.00
Two inches	5.00	6.00	7.00	9.00	15.00
Three inches	6.00	7.00	9.00	12.00	18.00
Four inches	7.00	9.00	11.00	15.00	25.00
Quarter column	10.00	12.00	14.00	20.00	30.00
Half column	15.00	18.00	20.00	30.00	60.00
One column	30.00	35.00	40.00	60.00	100.00

Yearly advertisements payable quarterly. Transient advertisements must be paid before inserted except where parties have accounts.

Legal advertisements two dollars per inch for three insertions, and at that rate for additional insertions without reference to length.

Executor's, Administrator's and Auditor's Notices, three dollars.

Transient or Local notices, twenty cents a line. regular advertisements half rates.

Cards in the "Business Directory" column, one dollar per year for each line.

Columbia County Official Directory.

President Judge—William Elwell.
Associate Judges—Isaac Derr, Isaac S. Monroe.
Prothonotary, &c.—R. Frank Zarr.
Register & Recorder—Williamson H. Jacoby.
District Attorney—John M. Clark.
Sheriff—Michael Grover.
Surveyor—Isaac Dewitt.
Treasurer—John Sn der.
Commissioners—William Lawton, John Herner, John Ent.
Commissioners' Clerk—William Krickbaum.
Auditors—U. J. Campbell, S. E. Smith, David Yost.
Coroner—Charles G. Murphy.
Jury Commissioners—Jacob H. Fritz, William H. Utt.
Count Superintendent—William H. Snyder.
Bloom Poor Dist ct—Directors—D. P. Ent, Scott, Wm. Kramer, Bloomsburg and Thomas Creveling, Sec'y. O. P. Ent, Secretary.

Bloomsburg Official Directory.

Bloomsburg Banking Company—John A. Funston, President, H. H. Greer, Cashier.
First National Bank—Charles R. Paxton, President J. P. Tustin, Cashier.
Columbia County Mutual Saving Fund and Loan Association—E. H. Little, President, C. W. Miller, Secretary.
Bloomsburg Building and Saving Fund Association—Wm. Peacock, President, J. R. Robison, Secretary.
Bloomsburg Mutual Saving Fund Association—J. J. Brower, President, C. G. Barkley, Secretary.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

BAPTIST CHURCH.
Rev. J. P. Tustin, (supply.)
Sunday Services—10½ a. m. and 6½ p. m.
Sunday School—9 a. m.
Prayer Meeting—Every Wednesday evening at 6½ o'clock.
Seats free. The public are invited to attend.

ST. MATTHEW'S LUTHERAN CHURCH.
Minister—Rev. J. R. Williams.
Sunday Services—10½ a. m. and 6½ p. m.
Sunday School—9 a. m.
Prayer Meeting—Every Wednesday evening at 6½ o'clock.
Seats free. No pews rented. All are welcome.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.
Minister—Rev. Stuart Mitchell.
Sunday Services—10½ a. m. and 6½ p. m.
Sunday School—9 a. m.
Prayer Meeting—Every Wednesday evening at 6½ o'clock.
Seats free. No pews rented. Strangers welcome.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.
Presiding Elder—Rev. N. S. Buckingham.
Minister—Rev. J. H. McGarrah.
Sunday Services—10½ and 6½ p. m.
Sunday School—2 p. m.
Bible Class—Every Monday evening at 6½ o'clock.
Young Men's Prayer Meeting—Every Tuesday evening at 6½ o'clock.
General Prayer Meeting—Every Thursday evening at 7 o'clock.

REFORMED CHURCH.
Corner of Third and Iron streets.
Pastor—Rev. T. F. Hoffmeier.
Residence—East street, near Forks Hotel.
Sunday Services—10½ a. m. and 6½ p. m.
Sunday School—2 p. m.
Prayer Meeting—Saturday, 7 p. m.
All are invited. There is always room.
Services every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock at Heller's church, Madison township.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH.
Rector—Rev. John Hewitt.
Sunday Services—10½ a. m., 6½ p. m.
Sunday School—9 a. m.
First Sunday in the month, Holy Communion.
Services preparatory to Communion on Friday evening before the 4th Sunday in each month.
Pews rented; but everybody welcome.
Persons desiring to consult the Rector on religious matters will find him at the parsonage on Rock Street.

BLOOMSBURG DIRECTORY.

SCHOOL ORDERS, blank, ju printed and neatly bound in small books, n hand and for sale at the COLUMBIAN Office. —eb 19, 1875-tf

BLANK DEEDS, on Parchment and Linen Paper, common and for Administrators, Executors and trustees, for sale cheap at the COLUMBIAN office.

MARRIAGE CERTIFICATES just printed and for sale at the COLUMBIAN Office. Ministers of the Gospel and Justices should supply themselves with these necessary articles.

JUSTICES and Constables' Fee-Bills for sale at the COLUMBIAN office. They contain the corrected fees as established by the last Act of the Legislature upon the subject. Every Justice and Constable should have one.

VENDUE NOTES just printed and for sale cheap at the COLUMBIAN office.

CLOTHING, &C.

DAVID LOWENBERG, Merchant Tailor Main St., above Central Hotel.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

HENRY KLEIM, Manufacturer and dealer in boots and shoes, groceries, etc., Main st., East Bloomsburg.

E. M. KNOOR, Dealer in Boots and Shoes, latest and best styles, corner Main and Market streets, in the old post office.

CLOCKS, WATCHES, &C.

C. E. SAVAGE, Dealer in Clocks, Watches and Jewelry, Main st., just below the Central Hotel.

LOUIS BERNARD, Watch and Clock maker, near southeast corner Main and Iron.

MILLINERY & FANCY GOODS.

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

THE MISSES HARMAN, Millinery and Fancy Goods, Main street, below Central Hotel.

MERCHANTS AND GROCERS.

H. C. HOWER, Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, Main street, above Court House.

S. H. MILLER & SON, dealers in Dry Goods, groceries, queensware, flour, salt, shoes, notions, etc., Main street.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

C. G. BARKLEY, Attorney-at-Law. Rooms 4 and 5, Brower's building, 2d floor.

DR. WM. M. REBER, Surgeon and Physician. Office S. E. corner Rock and Market streets.

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

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

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

SAMUEL JACOBY, Marble and Brown stone Works, East Bloomsburg, Berwick road.

H. ROSENSTOCK, Photographer, over Clark & Wolf's Store, Main street.

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

J. H. MAIZE, Mammoth Grocery, fine Groceries, Fruits, Nuts, Provisions, &c., Main and Centre streets.

MISCELLANEOUS.

I. S. KUHN, dealer in Meat, Tallow, etc., centre street, between Second and Third.

C. M. CHRISTMAN, Saddle, Trunk and Harness maker, Shive's Block, Main street.

THOMAS WEBB, Confectionery and Bakery, wholesale and retail, Exchange Block.

G. W. CORELL, Furniture Rooms, three-story brick, Main street, west of Market st.

D. W. ROBBINS, Liquor dealer, second door from the northwest corner Main and Iron streets.

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

ORANGEVILLE DIRECTORY.

A. B. HERRING, Carpenter and builder, Main street below Pine.

DR. O. A. MEGARGEL, Physician and Surgeon, Main street, 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 street, below Pine.

LIGHT STREET.

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

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

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

ESPY.

T. W. EDGAR, Susquehanna Planing Mill

BUSINESS CARDS, VISITING CARDS, LETTER HEADS, BILL HEADS, PROGRAMMES, POSTERS, &C., &C. NEATLY AND CHEAPLY PRINTED, AT THE COLUMBIAN OFFICE.

CATAWISSA.

ST. JOHN'S (EPISCOPAL) CHURCH.
Rector—Rev. John Hewitt.
Sunday Services—8 o'clock p. m. every Sunday.
Sunday School—2½ p. m.
Holy Communion the second Sunday in the month.

DR. E. W. RUTTER, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, Office, on Main street, Mar.27,'74—y Catawissa, Pa.

WM. L. EYERLY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Catawissa, Pa.

Collections promptly made and remitted. Office opposite Catawissa Deposit Bank. 6m-38

WM. H. ABBOTT, Attorney-at-Law, Main street.

B. F. DALLMAN, Merchant Tailor, Second street, Dodson building.

BUCK HORN.

M. G. & W. H. SHOEMAKER, Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries and General Merchandise.

BUSINESS CARDS.

DR. A. L. TURNER, EXCHANGE HOTEL, BLOOMSBURG, Pa.
Office over Kleim's Drug Store. Office hours from 1 to 4 p. m. for treatment of diseases of the Eye, Ear and Throat.
All calls night or day promptly attended to. Apr.25'75-tf

DR. J. C. RUTTER, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, Office, North Market street, Mar.27, 74—y Bloomsburg, Pa.

DR. B. F. GARDNER, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Office above J. Schuyler & Son's Hardware Store. Apr.25'75-tf

C. W. MILLER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office in Brower's building, second floor, room No. 1. Bloomsburg, Pa. July1,'73—y

C. & W. J. RUCKALEW, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Bloomsburg, Pa.
Office on Main Street, first door below Court House Mar.6, 74—y

R. F. & J. M. CLARK, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Bloomsburg, Pa.
Office in Ent s Building. April 10,'74—y

A. CREVELING SMITH. HERVEY EWING SMITH.
A. CREVELING SMITH & SON, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Bloomsburg, Pa.
☞All business entrusted to our care will recieve prompt attention. July1,'73—y

C. E. BROCKWAY. GEORGE E. ELWELL.
BROCKWAY & ELWELL, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Bloomsburg, Pa.
☞All business entrusted to our care will receive prompt attention. Sept.11,'74—y

E. H. LITTLE. ROB'T. R. LITTLE.
E. H. & R. R. LITTLE, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Bloomsburg, Pa.
☞Business before the U. S. Patent Office attended to. Office in the Columbian Building. 1y—38

E. E. ORVIS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Will practice in all the courts of Columbia, Sullivan and Lycoming counties, in the Supreme court of Pennsylvania, and in the Circuit and District courts of the United States—held at Williamsport, Pa.
Will be in his office in the Columbian building, room No. 1, Bloomsburg, on Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays of each week; and in Benton on Mondays, Fridays and Saturdays, unless absent on professional business. Sept. 18,1875.

FREAS BROWN'S INSURANCE AGENCY, Exchange Hotel, Bloomsburg, Pa.

	Capital.
Ætna, ins Co., of Hartford, Connecticut	6,000,000
Liverpool, London and Globe	20,000,000
Royal of Liverpool	15,000,000
Lancashire	10,000,000
Fire Association, Philadelphia	2,100,000
American of Philadelphia	4,000,000
Atlas of Hartford	5,000,000
Wyoming, of Wilkes Barre	251,000
Farmers Mutual of Danville	1,000,000
Danville Mutual	75,000
Home, New York	5,600,000
	$61,958,000

March 26,74—y

MISCELLANEOUS.

WILLIAM MORRIS, MERCHANT TAILOR.
Cutting, cleaning and repairing promptly attended to. First floor over J. P. Wideman's Hardware Store, Bloomsburg, Pa. Jan. 6, 75—tf

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 FOUCHARD 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.
Office a few doors above the Court House, same side. July 1, '73

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, Main street, below Market. July1,'73

VULCAN IRON WORKS,

DANVILLE, MONTOUR COUNTY, PA.

WILLIAM H. LAW, Manufacturer of Wrought Iron Bridges, Boilers, Gasholder, 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.
July 1, 1875—tf

BLOOMSBURG TANNERY.

G. A. HERRING

RESPECTFULLY announces to the public that he has reopened

SNYDER'S TANNERY, (old stand) Bloomsburg, Pa., at the Forks of the Espy and Light Street roads, where all descriptions of leather will be made in the most substantial and workmanlike manner, and sold at prices to suit the times. The highest price in cash will at all times be paid for

GREEN HIDES

of every description in the country. The public patronage is respectfully solicited.
Bloomsburg, March 12, 1875-y

CARPETS! CARPETS!!

S. H. MILLER & SON

HAVE JUST RECEIVED and are offering for sale at very low prices one of the best assortments of CARPETS ever offered for sale of the town of Bloomsburg. They are all new and in the very latest styles. Prices vary from 25 cents to $1.50 per yard. Call and see them.
Oct. 25, '74—tf.

PHILADELPHIA ADV'S.

IRON FENCES. THE NEW IRON NAILED TO IRON. The Best Iron Fence in the World, for Lots, Cemeteries, &c. Send for circular to Wickersham & Bro., 1004 Ridge Avenue, Phila.

WATCHES & JEWELERY. At the old established stand of MOORE & BRO., 1021 Market Street, Philadelphia. 16-1y

CENTRAL STORE.

NEXT DOOR TO

HENDERSHOTT'S DRUG STORE.

Has just opened with a New, Fresh Stock of

TEAS, COFFEES, SUGARS, SPICES, PICKLES, SAUCES, FISH, HAM, SHOULDER, CANNED FRUITS VEGETABLES, &c., &c.,

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC

Fruits, Nuts and Confectionaries.

Our goods have been bought at BOTTOM PRICES, and will be sold at the VERY LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES

FOR CASH,

or exchanged for prime articles of

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

IT WILL PAY YOU TO

CALL AND EXAMINE GOODS AND PRICES

FOR YOURSELVES.

We keep no book—all purchases CASH at the time of sale. By this strict cash system a

Saving of 10 to 20 per cent. is assured to Our Customers.

A share of public patronage is respectfully solicited.

N. J. HENDERSHOTT.
Bloomsburg, March 19, 1875-y

NEW MUSIC STORE.

OPERA HOUSE, 3d ROOM, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

B. H. STRICKLAND

Respectfully informs the public that he has opened a New Music Store, in the Bloomsburg Opera House, on Centre Street, below Main, where he keeps a full assortment of
PIANOS,
ORGANS,
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS,
SHEET MUSIC,
MUSIC BOOKS, &c.,
always on hand and for sale at the lowest prices. He invites the patrons of music to call and examine his stock.

REPAIRING AND TUNING,
also attended to on demand. The public patronage is respectfully solicited. april 9 '75-1y

BLOOMSBURG

State Normal School.

THIS Institution affords to students preparing for the profession of TEACHING, excellent facilities for improvement in the most approved methods of instruction.

For the accommodation of students desiring preparation for College, or for the business relations of life, an Academic Department is organized, which affords the most ample facilities for so doing.

Each course of study is complete in itself.

Superior advantages are offered for instruction in MUSIC and LANGUAGES.

Fall Session commences Wednesday, August 26th
Fall Session closes Tuesday, December 22d.
Spring Session commences Wednesday, Dec. 30th.
Spring Session closes Tuesday, June 27th.
Spring Term commences Wednesday, March 31st

TERMS.

BOARD, including Fuel and Washing, FOUR DOLLARS per week.

TUITION ONE DOLLAR per week. In Model School forty to sixty cents per week.

Students are admitted at any time, and to any course of study for which they may be prepared. It is better, if possible, to be present at the commencement of a term, or a session.
Send for a Catalogue.

Applications for admission may be addressed to
DR. T. L. GRISWOLD, Principal.

COL. J. G. FREEZE, Secretary.

Aug. 14,'74—1y

KEYSTONE CARRIAGE WORKS!

BLOOMSBURG, PENN'A.

A. S. CROSSLEY has on hand and for sale cheaper than the cheapest, for cash, or will exchange for old Wagons on reasonable terms,

CARRIAGES,
BUGGIES,
AND
WAGONS

of every description both plain and fancy.

Portable Top Buggies, open Buggies, Platts and Fancy Platforms Spring Wagons all of the latest style and made of good material and fully warranted. Give me a call before purchasing elsewhere, as I cannot be undersold. I claim that I make the best wagons for the least money.

I also do painting, ironing and repair old work at the shortest notice, old springs welded and warranted to stand or no pay. I will exchange a portable top buggy for any kind of lumber, such as hemlock, pine, ash, elm hickory and poplar to be delivered at my shop by the first of February, 1876. Irondale orders taken and McKelvy, Neal & Co's for repairs as cash. A. S. CROSSLEY.
July 1tf

LIGHT STREET

BUGGY & CARRIAGE MANUFACTORY

H. F. OMAN hereby informs the public that he has entered into co-partnership with his brother, G. L. Oman, and that the business will hereafter be conducted under the firm name of

H. F. OMAN & BROTHER.

They will have on hand or manufacture to order
BUGGIES,
CARRIAGES,
SPRING WAGONS,
LIGHT WAGONS,
ROAD WAGONS,
and every thing in their line of business, of the best material and most complete workmanship, and at as low as can be afforded.

share of Public patronage is respectfully solicited.

H. F. OMAN & BROTHER.

Aug. 14,'74—1y.

PUBLIC SALE HAND BILLS Printed at this Office ON SHORTEST NOTICE AND AT THE MOST REASONABLE TERMS.

GRAND OPENING!

ELIAS MENDENHALL

HAVING resumed the business of Merchandising at his Old Store, on

MAIN STREET, BLOOMSBURG,

NEAR THE FORKS HOTEL,

Desires to call the attention of his Friends and the Public generally, to his

NEW, FULL AND VARIED

STOCK OF GOODS,

JUST OPENED,

And solicits a share of public patronage

HIS STOCK CONSISTS OF

DRY GOODS,
GROCERIES,
QUEENSWARE,
WOODENWARE,
WILLOWWARE,
BOOTS & SHOES,
HARDWARE,
FLOUR AND FEED.

In connection with his stock of Merchandise he constantly keeps on hand in his yard,

A FULL STOCK OF

Dressed and Undressed Lumber,

AND SHINGLES OF HIS MANUFACTURE.

Bill Lumber made a speciality.

CALL AND SEE.

Oct. 8, 1875—tf.

ROBERT ROAN

CABINET MAKER AND UNDERTAKER,

Iron Street, between Main and Third Streets

BLOOMSBURG, PA.

ALL kinds of Furniture made to order and broken furniture neatly repaired. The quality and prices of his work will compare with any that can be produced and he respectfully solicits a share of public patronage.

Undertaking

Will be carefully and promptly attended to. When called upon during any hour of the day or night he will at once respond and lay out the dead. When female help in such cases is desired he will furnish the same.

Ready Made Coffins

both of WOOD and METALLIC WARE always on hand. He is also the sole proprietor in Bloomsburg and surrounding districts for

Taylor's Patent Corpse Preserver

By which a corpse may be surely and carefully preserved free for any desirable length of time. The use of the Preserver may be obtained from him at any time. Searts, Shrouds, Crêpes and Mourning for Doors furnished when requested. Also, HEARSE and CONVEYANCES furnished.

☞*Remember he is a Regular Undertaker and thoroughly understands his business. He will not be undersold by any in Bloomsburg or in the county.*

ROBERT ROAN.

Dec. 11, 74—1y

A GREAT STRIDE!

Up and Over Old Methods found to be faulty, or objectionable, discarded!

A NEW AND VASTLY ADVANTAGEOUS PLAN HEREBY ADOPTED BY

G. M. & J. K. LOCKARD

At their Works in Bloomsburg,

Formerly Bloomsburg Iron and Manufacturing company, where will be kept constantly on hand a large assortment of

White and Red Ash Anthracite Coal,

FOR DOMESTIC PURPOSES, AND

CUPULO, BLACKSMITH AND BITUMINOUS COAL,

at prices to suit the trade. All Coal specially prepared before leaving the Yard. Also

Plows and Threshing Machines,

and all kinds of

Casting and Machine Work.

REPAIRING promptly attended to. They would respectfully solicit the Patronage of the Public.
G. M. & J. K. LOCKARD,
Jan. 8, '75—1y Bloomsburg, Pa.

PAINTING, GLAZING AND PAPERING.

WM. F. BODINE, Iron Street below second, Bloomsburg, Pa., is prepared to do all kinds of

PAINTING,
GLAZING,
and
PAPER HANGINGS,

in the best styles, at lowest prices, and at short notice.

Parties having such work to do will save money by

work warranted to give satisfaction. Order Red

WM. F. BODINE.

Mar. 6, '74—1y.

KELLER & HARTLEY,
dealers of
Notions, Hosiery, Fancy Goods, &c.
Correll's Building, Main Street, below Market,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
March 26, 1875—3m

WM. Y. KESTER, TAILOR.

BLOOMSBURG, PA.

HAS removed to Iron street, second door above the Reformed Church where he will be pleased to see all his old friends and new customers, and serve them with satisfaction. All work warranted. 16-y

Poetical.

ASPIRATION.

["As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings... He made him ride on high places."—Deuteronomy xxxii, 11-13.]

I.

The callow eaglet in its downy nest,
Peeping at the blue above and blue beneath,
Or wrapped swaddling clothes of mists and clouds,
Drops its weak wings and feels itself to rest,
But hardly is it settled ere its breast
Is pierced with anguish, which, as it fares of death,
Drives it to mount on the mightier breath
Of viewless winds upon an unknown quest.
Thou art a callow eaglet, O my soul!
Forth driven from the home of thy content,
And made to stretch towards some distant goal
Of glory, on time upward pinions sent,
By warning of the spirit, ere the whole
Frame of thy trust from under thee be rent.

II.

Free Spirit, nestling in my human breast!
I am a callow eaglet when not young
The pinions are strong, hovering, has flung
Her whole soul from the sunshine and is at rest.
I am a callow eaglet, having thy gleaming crest,
Burst in the dazzling flesh, and I have no tongue
To speak of thy behest, but heart has fitly sung.
The mountain top of the divine unrest
O spirit! [illegible] spreading wings
I should amazed be? What to be can my no
When I, in mounting with ye chariots or springs
Of light, from lack of strength or faith shall drop?
Will ye not leave me but in failing
Of flight? Ye are cool! I need no earthlier prop?

BETTER THAN GOLD.

Better than grandeur, better than gold,
Than rank and a title a titleless fool,
Is a healthy body, a mind at ease,
And simple pleasures that always please;
A heart that can feel for a neighbor's woe
And share his joys with a genial glow,
With sympathies large enough to infold
All men as brothers, is better than gold.

Better than gold is a conscience clear,
Though toiling for bread in an humble sphere:
Humble toil with contents and health,
Unlike by the race of grace or wealth,
Lowly living and lofty thought
Adorn and ennoble a poor man's cot;
For noon and morning, of Nature's gloss,
Are the opening feet of a good man's.

Better than gold is the sweet repose
Of the man of toil when its labors close;
Better than gold is the poor man's sleep,
And the balm that drops on his slumbers deep.
Bring sleeping draughts to the drowsy bed,
Where many pillows are aching head;
His simple opiate labor decms
A shorter road to the land of dreams.

Better than gold is a thinking mind
That in the realm of books can find
A treasure surpassing Australian ore,
And live with the great and good of yore.
The sage's lore and the poet's lay,
The glories of empires past away;
The world's great drama will thus unfold
And yield a pleasure better than gold.

Better than gold is a peaceful home,
Where all the fireside charities come;
The shrine of love and the heaven of life,
Cultivated by mother, or sister, or wife.
However humble the home may be,
Or tried by sorrow with disease's decree,
The blessings that never were bought or sold,
And centre there, are better than gold.

Miscellaneous.

STRANGE TRADITION.

It was a dreary winter night; the snow lay thick upon the ground, and the wind went wandering through the narrow city streets, now wailing lugubriously, then shrieking shrilly; rattling at the doors and windows, and thundering over the housetops, making the people tremble in their beds. The wild wind seemed to have some special business in the world this night, as it went careering and raging round and round, driving the good folks into their houses, hurling down chimney-tops, tearing up old trees, playing at hide-and-seek in the churchyards as though it would wake the dead, and falling that, flying up to the steeple, howling furiously, striking it on all sides, wrestling in a mad endeavor to send it crashing on the graves below. If it could only have woke up the spirit of justice, that lay bound in a trance-like sleep, it might have been content to rest, but it could not; having tired itself out, it sank down sobbing and wailing round a palace prison, where a doomed King lay sleeping his last earthly sleep. All the griefs, trials and vicissitudes that can befall humanity had been crowded into the life of of the unfortunate sovereign. He had been weighed down by political anxieties and military defeat, and at last with a brave unflinching spirit had undergone the terrible ordeal of a public trial—a mere mockery of justice—which resulted in his condemnation to death. He had already bid farewell to wife, children, friends and relations, and had now but a few hours to live. One wonder was rife among the people, one question had flown from lip to lip during the day, but night came and left it unanswered—"Who was to fulfill the ghastly office of headsman to the King?" It was not to be the common executioner—that was well known; but on whom, then, would devolve the responsible office? It must be a practiced hand who would strike one blow and have done. One thing alone was known—that at twelve o'clock on the morning of 30th of January the King's head was to fall.

The night that was to herald such a morrow was the dearkest of the dreary winter. The wind had pulled out the tiny oil lamps that lit the streets with its first breath, and they were dull, dark, and almost deserted. Still the snow fell and the wind wailed on. It was nearly midnight when a solitary pedestrian wended his way through the silent city. He was wrapped in a square regulace, and wore his hat pulled low over his eyes. He hurried along, looking neither to the right nor to the left, not even pausing for a second, till he reached a shabby, narrow street in the purlieus of Westminster, with ricketty, tumbledown houses on each side. He looked cautiously around him, laid his hand upon a latched door, and entered one of these miserable abodes of humanity. There was a low whispering of voices in the dark passage; then he ascended a steep flight of worm-eaten stairs, and was shown into a room occupied by one solitary man. The door closed behind him and they two were left alone. For a moment they gazed on each other's face; there was no handshaking, not a single word of greeting passed between them. The occupant of the room was a large, heavy-limbed man of the lowest order, with a bloated face and a ferocious cast of countenance. One huge hand lay clenched upon the table, as he leaned forward and scanned his visitor from beneath his bushy brows. He was the first to speak.

"Well, I don't suppose you have come here for the pleasure of looking at me," he said with a ghastly grin. "That's your writing and your signing, I suppose?" He held forth a crumpled bit of paper as he spoke.

His visitor bowed his head in token of assent, but said nothing.

"Well, what do you want?—folks don't seek out the likes o' me for nothing. Tell me quickly what you want; it is past midnight, and I've work to do to-morrow that needs a steady hand."

"It is on that matter I desire to speak to you," replied his visitor, in a cold, calculating tone. "You are hereby commanded of Oliver Cromwell to carry out the execution of Charles Stuart. What is your fee."

"You're curious, master; but I don't mind telling you. My price for the job is twenty golden pieces."

"Let me take your place and I'll make it ten times more," exclaimed his visitor. Richard, butcher though he was, and fresh from the shambles of St. Ives, recoiled before the voice of the eager speaker. Was he mad? or—he smiled grimly and shook his head.

"It is a plot to save the King," he said.

"Save the King!" echoed his visitor, with a low laugh of bitter hatred. "Though he had twenty heads, I would not rest till the last one had fallen. I fought at Naseby, strove with might and main to stand face to face with him, that we might cross swords and fight till one or both were slain, for I have sworn no hand but mine shall shed his blood!"

"I'm sorry for your oath," replied Brandon; "you might have kept it times enough without waiting until now."

"I tell you I have watched and waited——"

"Bah!" interrupted the man; "a blow in the dark would have served your purpose, and the country would have been saved much cost and trouble; no one would have asked who struck the blow——"

"Man! I would be his executioner, not his assassin!" exclaimed his visitor, fiercely.

"You gentlefolk draw nice distinctions," sneered Richard Brandon.

"Time flies," rejoined his visitor; "there are no moments to waste in quibling or useless argument. I make you an offer which will fill your purse and spare you an unpleasant task. It can be no pleasure to behead the King."

"But it would be an uncommonly unpleasant thing for me to put my head in his place."

"You run no risk," replied the other: "in case of any discovery or failure my head is in peril, not yours; but discovery is impossible. Your person is unknown to the prison authorities—unknown to the people outside—unknown even to Cromwell; in addition to which you are to be cloaked and masked. Who could tell what form or face is hidden by such disguise? It is but a few minutes work, then the execution is over, the executioner disappears; no man will care to look upon his face or clasp him by the hand; they will shrink from him as though he were a pestilence stalking through the land. Decide quickly. There is the money,"—he flung a bag of chinking coin upon the table as he spoke—"count it. Give me your credentials and disguise, and never fear but all will go well."

"How know I that?" said Brandon, irresolute and sorely tempted. "I was chosen for my skill: you are no professional, and may be but a bungler at the work. I am only a butcher, a slayer of innocent beasts, and I would not be the torturer of a king.

His visitor glanced keenly round the room; there was a large billet of wood lying in the corner. He took it up and placed it on the table.

"Give me an axe," he said, "and draw a chalk line where I shall strike."

Without a word Richard Brandon rose up, took a piece of chalk, and drew a line across the wood. This done he produced an axe, scrutinized it carefully, passed his finger over its keen, sharp edge, and smiled satisfied.

"It should be a rare tool for such fine work," he said. He balanced it for a moment in his hand, then lifting his arm and deviating not a hair's breadth either to the right or to the left! As the wood fell on either side with a heavy thud both started, drew a long breath, and looked on each other's faces. The professional slayer felt he was in the presence of a master hand.

The clock at Westminster Abbey was striking one as the mysterious stranger left the house, bearing with him the disguise, the credentials and the headman's axe.

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Time turned his hour glass and days and years fled past. The King's enemies had passed away, and generations of their children after them. More than one crowned King had laid his sceptre down at the door of mighty King Death.

The follies and the courtly vices of the Stuarts were fast fading into matters of history; and his Majesty King George II. occupied the English throne. The noble family of Stair had lost many of its valuable possessions during the political excitements of past times. At the present, the chief representatives of the house of Stair had fallen into disfavor with the King, and contemplated withdrawing himself from the Court. He came of a proud and haughty race, and could not brook the idea of a formal dismissal, which might any hour befall him. He knew too well the character of his sovereign.

As he was walking along the Oxford road making a mental arrangement of his affairs, before retiring to his estates in Scotland, which he intended to do forthwith, a man stepped suddenly in front of him, and placed a letter in his hand. In some surprise at this mode of proceeding, he opened it and read as follows:—"My Lord—your bravery is well known; but will you have the courage to go to-morrow night to the entrance of Somerset House, where you will find one who (if you dare follow him) will conduct you to a part of the town not much frequented, but where you will find a man who is impatient to see you, and to discover secrets which are of more importance than you imagine, and which cannot be disclosed in a letter? If you are afraid this should be a plot upon your purse, bring nothing valuable about you, and come armed."

Lord Stair's surprise at reading this strange requisition may be easily imagined. At first he took it for a trick of some secret enemy, or some affair of gallantry, the heroine of which had probably her own reasons for such a mysterious summons. However, he determined to go, let the risk be what it might. He buckled on his sword, and, providing himself with a pair of pistols, went to the place appointed. There he found a man evidently waiting for him, who, without speaking, made him a sign to follow. After walking for about an hour they came into a dilapidated and deserted street. His conductor knocked at the door of a small house; on its being opened he stood aside and said, "Walk in, my lord," and the door closed behind them. Holding his sword in one hand and a pistol in the other, Lord Stair followed his conductor, and was shown into a room the furniture of which was scanty and belonged to a by-gone age. At the far end of the apartment there was seated, or rather half buried, in a hugh leathern chair a very aged and decrepit man; so old, he seemed as though Time had forgotten him, though the passing years had left their mark upon his face, and scored and rescored it over and over until scarcely a vestige of Nature's original handiwork remained. Flowing down almost to his waist was a long white beard; a pair of unearthly eyes gleamed from beneath his frosted brows. On a table by his side was a small old-fashioned lamp. So soon as he found himself alone with this uninviting figure he advanced cautiously and, glancing suspiciously round him, grasped his sword. The old man's dull eyes became fixed upon his face, and a small faint voice inquired if he were Lord Stair.

Lord Stair answered in the affirmative, adding: "It is you, I presume, who have sent for me in this mysterious fashion."

"Kneel down that I may look upon your face."

Strangely impelled by his authoritative tone, as well as some irresistible feeling in his own heart, Lord Stair obeyed. The old man seized the lamp, and throwing the light full upon his visitor's face, gazed at it eagerly; he then stretched forth his yellow, skeleton hand, and touched his visitor's cheek. The young man almost recoiled from it; he felt as though the hand of death were writing his sign manual upon his brow.

"I see—I recognize the features of my race—it is my own lost youth come back again. Now, lift up your eyes and look on me."

Amazed, half stupified, and yet strangely affected, Lord Stair did as he was bidden; but he saw nothing there to stir his memory. It was a face of an utter stranger, seemingly belonging to another world.

"Your eyes do not recognize me," he said impatiently; "but your soul must, for it is akin to mine. Aye, you must start, but the blood that rushes flaming to your face now comes from the same fountain as that which stagnates and freezes in mine. For years, long years, I've yearned to look upon the face of mine own race and blood; a little while and I shall be content to die; but not yet—not yet. I have two things to do. I should not lie quiet in my grave if left undone."

Guided by his directions Lord Stair drew a heavy box from beneath a bed.

"There, there," continued the old man, "you will find papers which will repair the losses you and your family have sustained; deeds which will restore you to estates enjoyed wrongfully by others. With the aid of these you will easily recover property which is yours by descent; and you will read the story of my life, it is written there."

Lord Stair hastily scanned the documents and found that they were precisely what the old man hinted, and he raised his eyes to him in wondering gratitude. He would have taken his bony hand and pressed it to his lips, but the old man snatched it away, murmuring—