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 $3.00 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, AUGUST 13, 1875.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. IX, NO. 32
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. XL, NO. 28

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.	6M.	1Y.
One inch	$2.50	$3.00	$4.00	$6.00	$10.00
Two inches	[illegible]	5.00	[illegible]	[illegible]	15.00
Three inches	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	18.00
Four inches	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	25.00
Quarter column	10.00	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	30.00
Half column	15.00	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	60.00
One column	[illegible]	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—Iram Derr, Isaac S. Monroe.
Prothonotary, &c.—B. Frank Zarr.
Register & Recorder—Williamson H. Jacoby.
District Attorney—John M. Clark.
Sheriff—Michael Grover.
Surveyor—Isaac Dewitt.
Treasurer—John Snyder.
Commissioners—William Lawton, John Herner, John Fisk.
Commissioner's Clerk—William Krickbaum.
Auditors—E. J. Campbell, S. B. Smith, David Yost.
Coroner—Charles G. Murphy.
Jury Commissioners—Jacob H. Fritz, William H. Utt.
County Superintendent—William H. Snyder.
Bloom Poor District—Directors—R. S. Ent, Scott, Wm. Kramer, Bloomsburg and Thomas Creveling, Scott, C. P. Ent, Secretary.

Bloomsburg Official Directory.

Bloomsburg Banking Company—John A. Funston, President, H. H. Grotz, 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. B. 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 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—9 a. m.
Prayer Meeting—Saturday, 7 p. m.
All are invited. There is always room.
Services every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock at Seidler'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 1st 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.

EVANGELICAL CHURCH.

Presiding Elder—Rev. A. L. Reeser.
Minister—Rev. J. A. Irvine.
Sunday Service—3 p. m., in the Iron Street Church.
Prayer Meeting—Every Sabbath at 2 p. m.
All are invited. All are welcome.

BLOOMSBURG DIRECTORY.

SCHOOL ORDERS, blank, just printed and neatly bound in small books, on hand and for sale at the COLUMBIAN Office. Feb. 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. KNORR, 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. ROSNESTOCK, 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.

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

ATTORNEY'S BLANKS, Common and Judgment Bonds, just printed and for sale at the COLUMBIAN Office. All kinds of Attorney's blanks either kept on hand or printed to order.

CATAWISSA.

ST. JOHN'S (EPISCOPAL) CHURCH.
Rector—Rev. John Hewitt.
Sunday Services—3 o'clock p. m. every Sunday.
Sunday School—1:30 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, Robbins' 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.23'75-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.23'75-tf

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

C. B. & W. J. BUCKALEW,
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 receive prompt attention. July1,'73—y

C. B. 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—35

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. 18,1873.

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

	Capital.
Ætna, Ins Co., of Hartford, Connecticut	6,500,000
Liverpool, London and Globe	20,000,000
Royal of Liverpool	13,500,000
Lancashire	10,000,000
Fire Association, Philadelphia	3,100,000
American of Philadelphia	1,100,000
Atlas of Hartford	500,000
Wyoming, of Wilkes Barre	231,000
Farmers Mutual of Danville	1,000,000
Danville Mutual	75,000
Home, New York	5,000,000
	$61,958,000

March 26,'74—y

MISCELLANEOUS.

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

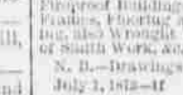
R. M. TUBBS,
WHOLESALE DEALER IN
BURNING AND LUBRICATING OILS.
Office in Maize's Building, corner Main and Centre streets,
BLOOMSBURG, PENNA.
☞Orders solicited and promptly filled.
May, 28,'75-ly

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.
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

BROWN'S HOTEL,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.,
B. STOHNER, Proprietor.
Accommodations First Class—$1.25 to $1.50 per day,
RESTAURANT ATTACHED.
Large, Airy Sample Rooms on 1st Floor.
Bloomsburg, July 2, 1875-tf.

VULCAN IRON WORKS,
DANVILLE, MONTOUR COUNTY, 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.
July 1, 1873—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

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-ly

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 29th.
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—ly

GREENWOOD SEMINARY.
THE Greenwood Seminary will open the Fall Term of School
8TH MONTH 16TH, 1875,
under the care of Friends, with A. W. Potter, B. E., Principal.
The desirable location of this school and the high standing of the principal amongst educators and students are seldom found. Students from a distance can reach the Seminary by public conveyance at a trifling cost from Bloomsburg, Pa. Boarding can be had at the Seminary or private houses on reasonable terms. For particulars inquiry may be made of Ellis Eves, Aaron Kester, or R. S. Eves, Millville, Pa., or T. E. Eves, Canville, Pa.
Millville, 7 mo., 5, 1875. tf.

CARRIAGE

MANUFACTORY
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
M. C. SLOAN & BROTHER
HAVE on hand and for sale at the most reasonable rates a splendid stock of
CARRIAGES, BUGGIES,
and every description of Wagons both PLAIN and FANCY,
Warranted to be made of the best and most durable materials, and by the most experienced workmen. All work sent out from the establishment will be found to be of the highest class and sure to give perfect satisfaction. They have also a fine assortment of
SLEIGHS
of all the newest and most fashionable styles well and carefully made and of the best material.
An inspection of their work is asked as it is believed that none superior can be found in the country.
July 1, 1873—tf.

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, Plain and Fancy Platform 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, trimming 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, hickory and poplar to be delivered at my shop by the first of February, 1875. Irondale orders taken and McKelvy, Neal & Co's for repairs and cash. A. S. CROSSLEY.
July tf

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 prices as low as can be afforded.
share of Public patronage is respectfully solicited.
H. F. OMAN & BROTHER.
Aug. 14,'74—ly.

THIS PAPER IS ON FILE WITH
ROWELL & CHESMAN Advertising Agents,
THIRD & CHESTNUT STS., ST. LOUIS, MO

Poetical.

THE GRAVE'S VOICE.

Sunk as in dreams, and lost in anxious thought,
My footsteps brought me to this lonely spot,
To whom belongs the field? this flowery bed?
"The dead."

Enter thou in, my soul; why should'st thou fear
Naught but sweet trees and flowers are blooming here.
Whence comes the essence for these sweet perfumes?
"From tombs."

See here, O man! where all thy paths must end,
However varied be the way they wend.
Listen! the dead leaves speak; aye, hear thou must:
"To dust."

Where are the mighty who take life by storm?
Who even to Heaven's heights wild wishes form.
What croak the ravens on yon moss-grown wall?
"Started all."

Where are the dear ones, in death's cold sleep lying,
To whom love swore a memory undying?
What wail you cypress tree?—Oh, hear'st thou not?
"Forgot."

To see where those once passed, did no eye crave?
May no wild longing pierce beyond the grave?
The fir trees shake their wrestled heads one by one.
"None, none."

The evening wind amid the trees is sighing;
Fettered dreams, my saddened soul is lying;
The twilight fails, the red glow pales fast—
"'Tis past."

DEATH.

Out of the shadow of sadness,
Into the sunlight of gladness,
Into the light of the blest;
Out of the day very dreary,
Out of the world of the weary,
Into the rapture of rest.

Out of to-day's sin and sorrow,
Into a blissful to-morrow,
Into a land without a gloom;
Out of a land filled with sighing,
Land of the dead and the dying,
Into a land without a tomb.

Out of a land of commotion,
Tempest-swept as the mad ocean,
Dire with the wreck drifting o'er—
Into a land calm and quiet;
Never a storm cometh nigh it,
Never a wreck on its shore.

Out of the land in whose bowers
Perish and fade all the flowers—
Out of land of decay,
Into the Eden where fairest
Of flowers, and sweetest and rarest,
Never shall wither away.

Out of the world of the wailing,
Thronged with the anguish and ailing,
Out of the world of the sad,
Into the world that rejoices,
World of bright visions and voices—
Into the world of the glad.

Out of a life ever lonely,
Out of a land ever mournful,
Where in bleak exile we roam,
Into a joyland above us,
Where there's a Father to love us—
Into "Our home, sweet, sweet home."

Miscellaneous.

JUDY, THE CAPTIVE.

At dawn on a February morning some fifty years since, the look-out on board of the sloop-of-war Rosebud, engaged in repressing the slave trade on the African coast, reported a suspicious sail about eight miles to leeward. Chase being made the vessel was quickly identified by her very delightful pursuers as the Arrow, a noted slaver, whose capture had hitherto proved impossible; her captain and mate, both English, being men distinguished alike for skill and hardihood, and possessing a more accurate knowledge of the coast than was furnished to those newly arrived by the imperfect chart of that time.

The keen Arrow had not been slow to discover her danger. Up went helm and away she flew, with studding sails set—despite the greatly increased wind—shaping her course for a small but secure cove (very little known and probably unknown to the Rosebud's commander,) situated about one hundred miles northward of Loango.

The chase had commenced about seven o'clock in the morning, and by three the lookout reported land, something about twenty miles distant; chase five miles to leeward and apparently running straight for the nearest headland.

As they approached, the land rose up high, and shelving towards the shore, displayed small clumps, marking itself as that kind of coast which generally terminates in rocks.

"Strange," remarked Captain Henderson of the Rosebud. "The fellow is now heading straight for that beach. If he escapes drowning he should hang for at least a hundred murders. They say he never ships less congos than a hundred a trip."

"Perhaps they'll raft it or try their boats," said the first lieutenant, Mr. H. "Wind's refreshing, sir. Had we not better shorten sails and close-reef-top sails?"

"Yes. Turn the hands up at once. Bend cables, and have all ready to come to an anchor. If this gale lasts, I doubt whether we could weather the shore. Send me the charts."

In vain did he, with the master, examine these documents. The surveys had been evidently incomplete, and only a dubious mark indicated the possibility of a cove at hand. The captain gave orders to reef courses and not to bear up after the chase, but to keep a good lookout upon her, and get a cast of the deep sea land.

"Thirty fathoms, sir; fine hard sand," reported a quartermaster. "Chase still continues to run for the shore, although shortening sail."

"How far is she from land, do you think?"

"About four miles, sir—standing end on."

"How far from us?"

"About the same, sir."

"I think, sir," Mr. Hall said, as he saw his chief glance anxiously at the immense sea rolling in, "we had better get off. We must not lose sight of her, and can anchor also should she do so."

"You are right, Hall, still I fear to beat out against this sea is impossible, and as to anchoring, you hear that we've a sandy bottom. Nothing would hold here."

"Shall we try the other thing, sir?"

"Yes, try. Set the courses. Down your top-gallant yard and masts on deck. Cap on preventer braces, and keep her a half-point off the wind so as to forereach."

In this not very pleasant situation, by no means sure of escaping wreck, and to see the ship that had lured them into the danger of standing in as coolly as though entering a familiar haven, we leave the Rosebud for a moment and board the chase.

"'Twill be touch and go," observed the mate Rawley, to the burley captain of the slaver.

The person addressed was a short and thick-set, small-eyed vagabond, dressed in a round jacket, a glazed hat with a small brim, large, rough trowsers, an old, weather-worn glass stuck under his arm. He seemed perfectly unconcerned, though the vessel under him was apparently rushing on to inevitable destruction.

"Touch and go! If we had kept out to sea it would have been touch and take!"

"We've been in here before. Why not again? Is all ready to anchor there?"

"All ready, sir."

"In foretopsail. Don't be nice in the furling. There's the entrance. Starboard, you, Jones."

"Starboard it is, sir," replied Jones, not quite so cheerily as was his wont, as he knew that if the Arrow touched, then every soul was lost; and was, perhaps, booking up the log of his memory, and seeing how the dead reckoning of his misdoings tallied with the observation.

"There, meet her, now—and keep that clump of trees on with the bluff point. Steady, so. Jump forward, Rawley, and see the anchor is clear. We must be soon where we clear the first ledge, or—," he made a significant sign.

The Arrow had now got the passage (at all times dangerous, but no fearful) open. It was so narrow that the surf from the rocks whitened the whole, and left no smooth part to indicate the deeper channel. The long roll of the sea rendered steerage extremely difficult, and so the captain standing on a small gun opposite the wheel kept his eye steadily on the clump of trees occasionally warning the helmsman of the coming sea which he heard roaring behind him but which he never deigned to look at.

The crew were all on deck and fully aware of their danger. The first line of breakers was passed, and their courage rose as they witnessed the coolness of the captain. Once they only betrayed emotion, turning deadly pale but not changing a muscle. It was when the sea once caught the Arrow on her starboard quarter, and she threatened to broach to before the helmsman could stop her. But Jones was a good hand. He checked her at the critical moment, and kept her in the centre. It was when this sea which lifted the vessel and surged along with it subsided, that the vessel when she fell into the hollow just touched the ground. It was but for a moment. The next sea lifted them clean off the passage, the helm was clapped hard-a-starboard, the point was rounded, and the anchor let go in what was comparatively a mill pond, sails were furled. She was as safe as in Cove harbor.

"What about the 'ebony?'" asked the mate. "The sloop must see our mast above the rocks, and may try the passage and then we are trapped."

"She'll be lost to-night," replied the captain cooly. She would never claw off in this sea, and is too close in to escape. If she drifts to leeward only a mile an hour, she'll be hard and fast and battered to pieces by midnight. Send aloft a hand and let me know what the fellow is doing."

Report was presently made that the sloop was off the point, some seven or eight miles and apparently dropping towards shore.

"Hah!" said the captain, rubbing his hands. "She's not to have the picking of the little Arrow this trip, anyhow! Well, now about the niggers. In these climates the wind chops around in a second, and then we should have our boats in the cove before we could land our ebony. They will always keep the passage open—for, it blows, 'tis their only opportunity."

"Well, sir, they'll have more luck than often falls to such sharks, if they get in here."

"Well, land the beggars, and away with them to the rear of the hillock where the old hut stands. Shackle them well and land half the crew to watch them. See to the crew yourself, or they'll be picked up and eaten before we knew of the cookery if cruising on land.

"Shall I land them all," asked the mate.

"No, not all. Leave Judy with me," replied the other glancing at one corner of the dark cabin where, throughout the recent perilous manœuvers, something like a human figure had lain crouched under a tarpaulin.

The mate hesitated.

"If those devils see her we might just as well leave the whole lot of them on board," he muttered.

"D'ye think I don't know that?" said the captain with a dark, sinister look. "Off with you and get through with it before dark. I'll land and watch our friend in the offing. We may pick something when she goes to pieces and make our salvage awards."

The unfortunate slaves—a hundred and seventeen in number, three having died on the passage—were quickly landed and goaded along to the destined hiding place. They were an unusually fine lot, prisoners made in a recent native battle, and sold by the conquerors for glass beads, rum, looking glasses and a little hard cash, not to mention an occasional cocked hat, and some metal buttons, at the great slave mart, Loangor.

The hold cleared, the captain with a great deal more gentleness than might have been expected from such a ruffian, uncovered the crouching figure and then assisted it to stand. It was a negress—and let it not startle the reader—a most beautiful one!

If, as Burke asserts, beauty consists in curved lines and eschews the straight, this young dingy Venus deserves the appellation. Her head was small, of the real Congo type, not a straight line about it; her hair curled, her nose was slightly arched; her limbs were round, her form symmetrical and undulating. Judy was now at the perfection of negress womanhood—sixteen. She was cheerful and intelligent; so quick, indeed of apprehension, that in the short time that she had been a captive, but distinguished by the captain's favor from her fellows in misfortune, she had learned much English already.

Poor Judy beheld with much uneasiness her friends marching away. They were the only companions with whom she could freely converse, and it was only by the judicious administration of a few comfits, and finally a small mirror that she consented to be pacified.

Meanwhile on board the Rosebud the state of things looked less and less satisfactory. Despite all the efforts she neared the land considerably, the wind rather increased than diminished, and Captain Henderson, though externally calm, and confident as ever, began to feel serious alarm.

Again and again he had sought for the narrow entrance, and been compelled to claw off from the perilous spot. It was in one of these searchings that he discovered the Arrow's masthead. Motionless, and evidently in security. Suddenly there was elevated on a small hillock an English Union Jack. Was it a tender of assistance? Was it intended to direct them to the difficult entrance?

An anxious consultation followed.

The first lieutenant proposed bearing up and running for the place at once. Another officer gave more cautious counsel. The flag might be shown on a different point as a lure. But this opinion was scouted by the gallant straight-forward captain.

In the meantime dusk crept on, the sea was running high, and the sloop was almost buried under the press of her canvass, groaning as she forced her way on through the rough, toppling sea.

At length the mainsail split and went to ribbons, and there being no alternative but to anchor the order was given.

On sounding they found but eighteen fathoms of water—muddy bottom—showing how much they had drifted into shore, but also affording some hope, since their anchors would now hold, thanks to the mud mingled with sand.

Allowing her to drift into twelve fathoms, the Rosebud's captain let go both bower anchors—one backed by the stade, the other by the hedge—at the same moment and veered away a whole cable when she let go the sheet anchor, and veered away a cable upon that, so that now he had five anchors down each bearing a proper strain.

The leadman in the chain announced that the anchors held, and the ship surmounted one or two terrific jerks without starting anything. Of course, in such a predicament little hilarity prevailed. The master, a steady old seaman watched the coast, and taking bearings of the softest spot to run the vessel upon should she drift. The sea roared as it rolled past, and sometimes over the sloop; but still she held.

"Does she drift?" asked Henderson every minute in his accustomed steady tone, though an affirmative would have been his ship's death warrant.

"Not an inch, sir," was the invariable reply.

Thus affairs remained for more than an hour.

On shore the captain and mate had been carefully watching their imperilled pursuer.

The suspicion started on board the latter had been correct. The flag had been so placed that had the sloop used it as a guide she must have been inevitably cast upon the lower ledge of the rocks.

As the day shut in the two worthies resolved to improve the snare. They obtained a couple of lanterns from their brig, and hoisted them on the false bluff. This done, they returned on board when the mate made a kind of official report in reference to the slaves.

Judy sat by the captain's side, and was encouraged to taste his grog. Rough and brutal as the man was all human feeling was not banished from his heart. After his coarse fashion he loved the dark beauty, and her position, alone among white strangers, the negroes' terror and abhorrence appealed to whatsoever of pity that lingered in his nature. In sheer kindness, like the man that buttered his horse's oats, he made poor Judy sip and sip until she had to be dispatched to bed, as nearly deprived of reason as a human being can be without being a natural idiot.

Day dawned. The gale had moderated. The Rosebud was safe. She had held on well, and though she had dragged a little, had still ten fathoms of water. About noon a slight flaw of wind coming off the land, she instantly weighed and got under canvass.

The slaver's people eyed this operation with delight, and the captain and mate had a little carouse of congratulation. At last it occurred to the weary skipper to seek what the sloop was doing and a hand was sent aloft.

The report was startling.

"Hove to, sir. Boat has just entered the cove.

Rawley looked at his chief.

"Condemned, sir. Judy——" was all he said.

"No time to land here?"

"Impossible."

The captain's tanned visage flushed, and then grew sheet-white.

The mate pointed significantly in the direction of the coming boats.

"Here, Rawley," said the other, putting his hand on his shoulder, and whispering in his ear.

"Be quick! You understand. Down, every man of you, fore and aft!" he continued, "and scrub out the hold as quickly as possible!"

The hands disappeared, and the mate, who had jumped below also, returned, leading Judy.

The captain took her in his arms, and kissed her affectionately. Then addressing the mate, he said:

"Bear a hand, my lad, or we are done for!"

And he turned away.

Those below heard one loud shriek, sounding above all the noise they made and stopped appalled. But the mate's voice was heard talking cheerfully:

"I'll give them work enough! They shan't get the Arrow without a job! They shall weigh heavy anchor themselves. And here goes another!"

The axe was heard to fall on the stopper, and the larboard anchor dropped from the bows.

At this moment the Rosebud's boats rounded the point and dashed alongside.

Mr. Hall had come in person. Too shrewd of observation to be easily gulled he had observed on entering, that had they steered for the signal they must have been lost. This confirmed him in his opinion of the character of the vessel pursued, even had she not been pretty well identified as the victorious Arrow.

As the armed boats dashed up, the captain and mate were seen quietly smoking on deck, much at their ease.

"What vessel is that?" demanded Hall, as he jumped on deck.

"The Arrow, of Liverpool."

"Where from last?"

"Sierra Leone."

"Your cargo?"

"Emptiness," was the saucy reply.

"Jump down there, men," said Hall, disdaining further colloquy, "and examine the vessel thoroughly."

Half a dozen men obeyed.

"How many men have you on board?" asked Hall, now addressing the mate.

"Six."

"What are you doing here?"

"Getting out of the way of the wind."

"Then wither bound when we first sighted you?"

"To Loango."

"Working 'Tom Cox's traverse,' eh?" said the other ironically. "You were standing W. N. W. with a fair wind. Is that the course of Loango?"

"I was working my own reckoning," put in the captain, "and perhaps I should have found my port just as well without your assistance."

"Show me your papers."

"Here."

There was nothing in the papers inconsistent with what had been stated. The vessel was bound, apparently, for gold dust; and, as far as observation went, there was nothing to justify her detention. The midshipmen reported, indeed, that the vessel, though empty, was not guiltless of that peculiar aroma, that, to the nose of experience, denotes the recent presence of negroes. And a shackle or two had been found; but beyond this there was nothing to bear out the suspicion that this notorious craft was still engaged in the nefarious traffic she had hitherto pursued.

"Stay. How came you to stick up that flag in the wrong place, yesterday?" resumed Mr. Hall sternly.

"There, Mr. Rawley," ejaculated the slaver's captain, addressing his mate with a sanctified look. "See what men get for doing a good turn. There were we, up half the night straining our blessed eyes out, with ropes and everything ready to render these people assistance, and this is the reward—to be treated as slaves and pirates!"

"That doesn't answer my question, sir," said the officer. "Come, you must see the captain; and as we can't afford to part company with such kind and well intentioned folks, just weigh at once and out with you, alongside the sloop."

"Weigh for yourself," was the sullen reply. "I shan't go out of this till better weather. If you start my anchors I hold you responsible for any thing that may happen to the vessel. Mind now, sir.—I tell you before you begin, not a man of mine shall render you the least assistance. The instant you touch my anchors I give up the charge of the vessel and hold you responsible to its owners. Mark the exact time. And now, sir, begin as soon as you please."

The officer hesitated—he knew the danger of the passage. The wind was very light, the sea still running heavily on shore, and it was far from certain he could take the brig out in safety. In this dilemma he despatched one of his boats to the Rosebud, giving an account of what he had seen, and requesting further orders. In the meantime he got into the other boat, and examined the soundings of the cove.

No sooner had he left the vessel than the captain sent men aloft to unbend the fore top-sail, slightly split near the starboard clue, but which could have been quite as easily repaired where it was.

On the return of the boat sent to the sloop the midshipman handed a card to Mr. Hall, who at once pulled back to the slaver.

"You will get under way, sir, and go out to the sloop. There are your orders. About it, with no more palaver."

"I shall do nothing of the kind," was the answer. "I am in a safe harbor and here I stay till my sails are repaired and my rigging set up. If you choose to take charge of her do so, but you get no help from me."

"Very good. Then I relieve you from all responsibility. Board her, men.—Some of you get that top-sail aloft just as it is. The rest weigh anchors—smartly now. Wind's dropping.

The mate here interfered.

"Why give yourself and us more trouble than is necessary? You know very well we shall be back here in a couple of hours."

"Will you?" said Hall doubtingly.

"At all events we'll take the chance. So why not slip the cables and buoy the ends. There's nobody here to steal the wood."

"All right. I've no objection to that. So slip and buoy, my lads."

Giving this direction while walking forward, Hall remarked that the larboard anchor, which lay in three fathom water, was upside down. He therefore ordered his men to slip the starboard cable; and as he came aft again observed to the captain:

"As you've so little cable out on the larboard anchor we'll weigh that."

"Why so?" asked the other uneasily.

"Because if the wind fails us, as seems most likely, we may have to anchor outside. Now bear a hand aloft there with the topsail and jump up, one or two of you, and loose the sails on the mainmast."

Meanwhile the mate had run forward and was seen assisting busily to unsplice the lower cable.

"Belay that," cried Hall. "Unsplice the other, the starboard cable, men!"

The mate made a desperate effort to complete the work, by attempting to let the end slip through the hawse-hole. But he was again frustrated, for some of the Rosebud's men had stiffened the cable before all, and brought to the messenger.

By this time the sails were loosed, and the men, assembled by the captain, began to heave around.

The result must, I think, have been anticipated. Very few who have acquainted themselves with the but too authentic narratives of the barbarity practiced by slave captains at this period will doubt the truth of this. They need not; for the circumstances, names excepted, are perfectly accurate.

When the anchor reached the bows, it brought up with it, lashed to the shank, and gagged to stifle her cries, the corpse of poor Judy.

This condemned the Arrow as a prize.

Such, however, was the indignation of the Rosebud's men that it required the energetic interference of Mr. Hall to protect the captain from summary vengeance. Unhappily for Rawley, the active instrument in the murder, that miscreant, hoping to escape altogether, leaped into the sloop's boat which lay alongside with only the keeper remaining in it. Striking the latter on the head with some heavy instrument and sending him into the water, the mate jumped overboard and made for the shore.

"Come back, you murdering scoundrel," shouted Hall, whose quick eye had caught the whole proceedings, rapid as it was. "Back or we fire!"

He had scarcely uttered the last word, when a shot from the bows, fired by a sailor who had mistaken the menace for an order, stopped the fugitive. Turning round, he rose by some convulsive movement half above the surface, then, with a wild toss of his arms, went to the bottom.

The stunned seaman having been quickly picked up and passed on board, the boat proceeded in search of the mate's body, which, owing to a strong eddy, had been carried some little distance from the spot at which he sank. It was at length discovered through the clear water and by means of the boat's anchor hauled on board with little ceremony, of course lifeless.

The brig was condemned and the value of the prize was much augmented by the circumstances of her crew—to ingratiate themselves with their captors—betraying the hiding place of the slave cargo. These were speedily reshipped in the very vessel in which they had been so roughly stowed, but this time with a little more regard to humanity.

How Grasshoppers Take Flight.

A correspondent of the St. Louis *Republican* who has been observing the habits of the grasshoppers in the interior of Missouri describes their method of taking flight as follows:

"Grasshoppers, to say the least of them, are queer insects. They muster in force at regular hours, then depart; and this programme has been followed without variation in that vicinity for the past three or four days. Between 10.30 and 11 o'clock a. m., they congregate in swarms, oftentimes covering from one-quarter to half an acre, or more. They now begin manœuvering for a good start, and in order to attain an altitude fly against the wind in a zig-zag manner. Large swarms soon reach a great height where they mingle with other swarms, and thus in vast myriads pass away to the north-east. Yesterday those at the highest point went in a northwesterly direction, it being observed they were carried along with the wind's force. No accurate conception could be made of their height. Shielding the eye with an umbrella from the sun, they appear one vast snow fall, traveling at the rate of ten miles an hour. From the space of one hundred feet above the ground to an altitude beyond correct demonstration, they appear in myriads, although it was clearly observed the larger part attained the upper current. Beginning their flight in swarms, they maintain the same order throughout. For minutes the sun's light is almost shielded, when for a time none are observed, again to be followed by millions more of the tiny host.

"At a low altitude, barely passing tops of tall trees, thousands of hoppers fly in a venturesome way unable to obtain the proper height. In a few days, however, they gain sufficient strength and then form a part of the departing multitude, and so the flight keeps on. The eye grows weary with upward watching, but the moving hosts form a panorama in the heavens on which the toiling husbandmen gaze with unspeakable joy.

At noon the procession had reached its grandest proportions. The voracious pests pour forth in one exhaustless swarm, their tiny bright wings glistening like silver in the sunlight. A hawk sailing at its usual height was far below the most venturesome. Toward two o'clock they decrease in numbers. Swarms grow perceptibly less, and soon a few stragglers alone are visible, slowly following the line of march. Another half hour and all have passed for the day.

"These flights have taken place daily at the hours named for the past three or four days, and from the best information learned extend eight miles southwest from Windsor and several miles northeast of that place.

It is said by persons that these pests also fly the same hours during the night as day, weather permitting, their flight being plainly discernable when passing before the bright moon. Already three-fifths of these depredators have departed. During early morning hours myriads of them fly short distances over the prairies, evidently strengthening their wings and preparing themselves for the general flight.

"Farmers are greatly encouraged. In localities where fields have been ravaged, farmers are preparing to replant corn, which, even if it should not mature, will make excellent cattle feed.

Recent Holy Land Discoveries.

Lieut. Condor of the English Palestine party is confident that he has identified the site of the ancient city of Adullam, with David's famous cave, some four miles from Bethlehem. At this rate of discovery—six or seven important Biblical places having already been definitely located—our maps of sacred Palestine will have to be entirely remodeled. These announcements appear to be made only after a careful comparison between the localities and his historical data, and may be accepted as correct. In the case of Adullam, for example, the topography answers to the recorded facts, and the name, moreover, survives, the modern places being called Avd el Mien, which preserves all the essential letters of Adullam. Prof. Paine's claim, in the latest statement of the American society for the exploration of Palestine, to have discovered in Jebel Slaghah, a lower peak of Nebo, the ancient Pisgah, is quoted by the *Athenæum* and other English journals with remarks that as yet the proposed identification rests solely on the grounds that this summit is the only spot where Moses could have seen the whole of the Promised land, and with the name of Pisgah lingers in the word Slaghah.

How Marbles are Made.

The chief place for the manufacture of marbles—those little pieces of stone which contribute so largely to the enjoyment of boys—is at Oberstein, on the Nahe, in Germany, where there are large agate mills and quarries, the refuse of which is turned into good paying account by being made into small balls, employed by experts to knuckle, and are mostly sent to the American market. The substance used in Saxony is a hard calcareous stone, which is first broken into blocks, nearly square, by blows with a hammer. These are thrown by the hundred or two, into a small sort of mill, which is formed of a flat, stationary slab or stone, with a number of eccentric furrows upon its face. A block of oak, or other hard wood, of the diametric size is placed over the stones and partly resting on them. The small block of wood is kept revolving while water flows upon the stone slab. In about fifteen minutes the stones are turned into spheres, and then, being fit for sale, are henceforth called marbles. One establishment, with but three mills, turns out 60,000 marbles each week.

There is a way of doing good in the world, on a small scale, that is scarcely appreciated. A man who educates one child faithfully may effect a work of greater benevolence than one who has the name of a philanthropist. The love concentrated on a family may produce a richer fruit than that which embraces the world. Its action is more intense and invisible, but its results may go abroad and leaven the whole mass of a community.