The Columbian.

THE COLUMBIAN,
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, STAR OF THE NORTH AND COLUMBIAN CONSOLIDATED.
Issued weekly, every Friday morning, at BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA., 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—if it is not paid in advance and $2.50 if payment be delayed to the end of the year.
No paper discontinued, except at the option of the publishers, 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 short notice, neatly and at moderate prices.

C. B. BROCKWAY, G. E. ELWELL, } Editors and Proprietors.

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, MARCH 30, 1877.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XI, NO. 13
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. XLII, NO. 4

Rates of Advertising.

One inch (twelve lines of this size type) one week $1.50; three insertions, $2.00.

SPACE.	1W.	2W.	3M.	6M.	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
Four inches	7.00	9.00	11.00	17.00	25.00
Quarter column	10.00	12.00	14.00	20.00	30.00
Half column	15.00	18.00	20.00	30.00	50.00
One column	30.00	35.00	40.00	60.00	100.00

Yearly advertisements payable quarterly. Transient advertisements must be paid for 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—I. K. Knickbaum, P. L. Shuman.
Prothonotary, &c.—S. Frank Zarr.
Court Crier—Jacob Hower—A. N. Walker.
Register & Recorder—William M. Jacoby.
District Attorney—John M. Clark.
Sheriff—John W. Housman.
Superintendent Prison—Dr. H. W. McReynolds.
Treasurer—Dr. H. W. McReynolds.
Commissioners—John Horner, S. W. McHenry, Jacob Sands.
Commissioners' Clerk—William Knickbaum.
Auditors—M. V. B. Kline, J. B. Casey, E. B. Brown.
Coroner—Charles G. Murphy.
Jury Commissioners—Jacob H. Fritz, William H. Utt.
Clerk—Superintendent—William H. Snyder.
Board Poor Directors—Directors—O. P. Ent, Sec'y, Wm. Krause, Bloomsburg and Thomas Reece, Jno. L. O. P. Ent, Secretary.

Bloomsburg Official Directory.

Burgess—Dr. Jas. C. Rutter.
Bloomsburg Banking Company—John A. Funston, President; H. H. Ornwake, Cashier.
First National Bank—Charles R. Paxton, President; J. P. Austin, Cashier.
Columbia County Mutual Saving Fund and Loan Association—E. H. Little, President; C. W. Miller, Secretary.
Building 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. McCron.
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. S. McMurray.
Sunday Services—1½ and 6½ p. m.
Sunday School—2 p. m.
Class-leader—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 6 o'clock.

REFORMED CHURCH.
Corner of Third and Iron streets.
Pastor—Rev. G. D. Gurley.
Residence—Central Hotel.
Sunday Services—10½ a. m. and 7 p. m.
Sunday School—9 a. m.
Prayer Meeting—Saturday, 7 p. m.
All are invited. There is always room.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH.
Rector—Rev. L. Zahner.
Sunday Services—1½ a. m., 7½ 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.

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.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.
Meets in "the little Brick Church on the hill,"—known as the Welsh Baptist Church—on rock street east of Iron.
Regular meeting for worship, every Lord's day afternoon at 3½ o'clock.
Seats free; and the public are cordially invited to attend.

BLOOMSBURG DIRECTORY.

SCHOOL ORDERS, blank, just printed and neatly bound in small books, on hand and for sale at the COLUMBIAN office. Feb 19, 1876-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.

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.

CLOCKS, WATCHES, &C.

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

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

C. G. BARKLEY, Attorney-at-Law, Office in Brower's building, 2nd story, Rooms 4 & 5. Oct. 19, '75.

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

J. R. EVANS, M. D., Surgeon and Physician, Office and Residence on Third street, corner Jefferson.

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.

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

MISCELLANEOUS.

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

I. S. EUHN, dealer in Meat, Tallow, etc., Centre street, between Second and Third.

WHEN YOU WANT A FIRST-CLASS SHAVE or anything in the TONSORIAL LINE go to
JAMES REILLY'S BARBER SHOP,
THE BEST IN TOWN,
Under Exchange Hotel, Bloomsburg, Pa.
Oct. 12, '76—1y

CATAWISSA.

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

WM. L. EYERLY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Catawissa, Pa.
Collections promptly made and remitted. Office opposite Catawissa Deposit Bank. 6m-38

J. B. KNITTLE. W. H. ABBOTT

Important to Farmers.

and everybody in want of

LIME, LUMBER, AND COAL.

We have erected kilns at or near the Paper Mill, on the D. H. & W. R. R. and are now prepared to sell lime at very reasonable prices and of good quality. Orders by the car promptly filled and shipped to any station on the above road.
A full line of LUMBER, of all kinds, dressed or in the rough, Shingles, Lath and Mill Timber to which we invite the attention of customers.
Orders received and filled for all kinds of FAMILY COAL.
By strict attention to business we hope to merit a share of public patronage.
KNITTLE & ABBOTT,
Sept. 3, 1875.- Catawissa, Pa.

PATENTS.
Persons desiring to take out patents, or desiring information from the United States Patent Office should consult F. A. LEHMANN, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, Washington, D. C. Examinations free. NO PATENT NO PAY. Send for circular.
'76 & 8

SMOKE, Coal and Coal Gas, from defective grates, prevented. No more worry with fires for cooking or heating. Send stamp for circular to HENRY COLFORD, 48 Sansom St., Philadelphia. Dec29, 76-1y.

BUSINESS CARDS.

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

E. E. ORVIS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
OFFICE—Room No. 1, "Columbian" Building.
Sept. 18, 1875.

KNORR & BITTENBENDER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Office, Hartman's Block, corner Main and Market Streets. Oct. 8, '75

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

N. C. FUNK. L. E. WALLER.
FUNK & WALLER,
Attorneys-at-Law,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Office in COLUMBIAN BUILDING. Jan. 19, '77-1y

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

F. P. BILLMEYER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OFFICE—Adjoining C. R. & W. J. Buckalew.
Bloomsburg, Pa.
Apr. 14,'76-1y.

E. H. LITTLE. ROB'T. E. 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

BROCKWAY & ELWELL,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
COLUMBIAN BUILDING, Bloomsburg, Pa.
Members of the United States Law Association. Collections made in any part of America.

WILLIAM BRYSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Centralia, Pa.
Feb 18, '76-1y.

MISCELLANEOUS.

W. HOWELL,
DENTIST.
Office in Hartman's Block, second floor, corner Main and Market Streets,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
May 26—1y.

BROWN'S HOTEL, Bloomsburg, Pa., R. Stichner, Proprietor. Accommodations first-class. $1.25 to $1.50 per day. Restaurant attached. October 6, '75-tf

C. M. DRINKER, GUN and LOCKSMITH.
Sewing Machines and Machinery of all kinds repaired. OPERA HOUSE Building, Bloomsburg, Pa. Oct 1, '75 1y

F. 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. oct. 8,'75

EXCHANGE HOTEL,
Opposite the Court House,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
The LARGEST and BEST in all respects in the county
W. B. KOONS,
Oct. 8,'75-1y Proprietor.

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	12,500,000
Lancashire	10,000, 00
Fire Association, Philadelphia	3,100,000
Atlas of Hartford	500,000
Farmers Mutual of Danville	1,000,000
Danville Mutual	75,000
Home, New York	5,000,000
Commercial Union	17,000,000
	$178,868,000

March 26,'77—y

THE UNDERSIGNED, representing several of the most conservative and reliable American Fire Insurance Companies, would beg leave to offer his services to the citizens of Bloomsburg and vicinity, requesting a reasonable share of the public patronage.
W. J. POWELL.
Bloomsburg, July 18, 1876. Office in Brower's Block. July 21-3m.*

J. H. MAIZE'S
MAMMOTH
GROCERY
contains the largest stock of
TEAS, GROCERIES
Queensware, Glassware, Woodenware,
Canned Fruits, Dried Fruits,
CONFECTIONERIES, &c.
to be found in Columbia county.
A Complete Assortment
always on hand. Call and examine.
Jan 1, 1877.

To the Working Class.—We are now prepared to furnish all classes with constant employment at home, the whole of the time, or for their spare moments. Business new, light and profitable. Persons of either sex easily earn from 50 cents to $5 per evening, and a proportional sum by devoting their whole time to the business. Boys and girls earn nearly as much as men. That all who see this notice may send their address, and test the business we make this unparalled offer: To such as are not well satisfied we will send one dollar to pay for the trouble of writing. Full particulars, samples worth several dollars to commence work on, and a copy of Home and Fireside, one of the largest and best Illustrated Publications, all sent free by mail. Reader, if you want permanent, profitable work, address George Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine. Sept. 8, '76.-11m.

WAINWRIGHT & CO.,
WHOLESALE GROCERS,
N. E. Corner Second and Arch Streets,
PHILADELPHIA.
Dealers in
TEAS, SYRUPS, COFFEE, SUGAR, MOLASSES
RICE, SPICES, CIGARS SODA, &c., &c.
☞Orders will receive prompt attention. 81,1

THE LUNGS

CONSUMPTION.

This distressing and dangerous complaint and its premonitory symptoms, neglected cough, night sweats, hoarseness wasting flesh &c., are promptly relieved by Dr. "Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry."

BRONCHITIS—a Premonition of Pulmonary Consumption, is characterized by Catarrh or inflamation of the mucuous membranes of the air passages, hoarseness, pains in the chest, &c. For all Bronchial affections, sore throat, loss of voice coughs,

DR. SWAYNE'S
Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry
IS A SOVEREIGN REMEDY.

Hemorrhage or spitting of blood, may proceed from the larynx, trachia, bronchia or lungs, and arise from various causes, a undue pheasical exertion, plethora, fullness of the vessels, weak lungs, overstraining of the voice, suppressed evacuation, obstruction of the spleen or liver, &c.

DR. SWAYNE'S
Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry
strikes at the root of disease by purifying the blood, restoring the liver and kidneys to healthy action, invigorating the nervous system.

Its marvelous power not only cures every chronic disease where a gradual alterative action is required, but relieves the most rough in loosened, the night sweats diminished, the pain subsides, the color returns to its natural standard, the stomach is improved in its power to digest and assimilate the food and every organ has a purer and better quality of blood supplied to it, out of which new recreative and plastic materials is made.

DR SWAYNE graduated at one of the best Medical Colleges in the U. S., and was engaged in an active practice for many years, thus guaranteeing that his preparations are prepared upon strictly scientific principles.

Reliable Evidence.

HOME TESTIMONY.

DR. SWAYNE—Dear Sir: I feel it to be due to you and suffering humanity to give the following testimony respecting the wonderful curative powers of your Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry and Sarsaparilla and Tar Pills. I was afflicted with a violent cough, pains in the side and breast, night sweats, sore throat, my bowels were costive, appetite nearly gone, and my whole system was broken down. Our physician was at a loss to know what to do for me, as everything I used in the shape of medicine was relieved; I got different times, in all, four bottles of your for months in this awful condition, and gave up all hopes of ever recovering. I this time took your recommended the use of your syrup and pills, which before the first bottle began to soothe, relieve and allay the violence of the cough, strengthened and healed my lungs; in short, it has made a perfect cure of me, and I am now able to follow my business. I do not hesitate in recommending the virtues of the above, as I will please call on or address me, all the world.

EDWARD D. HAWSON,
Engine or of Lee, Savery & Perkins,
Hope Coal House, Fairmount, Phila.

Over 20 years have elapsed, and Mr. Hawson still remains a hearty man to this day—September 20th, 1875.

PHYSICIANS RECOMMEND IT.

Dr. Thomas J. B. Rhoads, Bucktown, Berks Co., Pa., writes: Your compound syrup of Wild Cherry I esteem very highly; have been using and recommending it to my patients for some time past, and have proven effectual in obtaining complete, benefical and permanent effects. It has made some remarkable cures in this section, and I consider it the best remedy with which I am acquainted.

Price $1. Six bottles for $5. If not sold by your druggist, we will forward half dozen by express, prepaid paid on receipt of price.

☞Describe symptoms in all communications, and address letters to DR. SWAYNE & SON, No. 48 North sixth street, Philadelphia. No other will be made for advice. Sold by druggists and dealers in medicine generally.

LIVER COMPLAINT

That dreadful disease for which so many persons suffer, is frequently the cause of

HEADACHE, INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA,

is speedily relieved, and are often permanently cured by

Swayne's Tar and Sarsaparilla Pills.

Fevers are often prevented by the use of these Sarsaparilla Pills, as they purify the blood and remove the impurities from which they arise. For costiveness there is nothing so effectual as Swayne's Tar and Sarsaparilla Pills.

They are purely Vegetable and act specially on the Liver as Blue Mass or Calomel, without any bad results from taking.

Address letters to DR. SWAYNE & SON, Philadelphia. No charge for advice. Sent by mail on receipt of price. Price 25 cents a box; five boxes for $1. Ask your Druggist for them.

Itching Piles

is generally preceded by a sedentary, like perspiration, distressing itching, as though pin worms were crawling in or about the rectum, particularly at night when undressing, or in bed after getting warm. It appears in summer as well as with or, sometimes shows itself around the private parts, and is not confined to males only, but is quite as frequent that females are more severely afflicted, particularly during pregnancy, extending it to the vagina, proving distressing almost beyond the powers of endurance. Cases of long standing, pronounced incurable, have been permanently cured by simply applying

Swayne's Ointment,
HOME TESTIMONY.

I was sorely afflicted with one of the most distressing of all diseases, Pruritus or Pruritus, or more commonly known as Itching Piles. The itching at times was almost intolerable, increased by scratching, and not unfrequently became quite severe. I bought a box of SWAYNE'S Ointment; its use gave quick relief, and in a short time made a perfect cure. I can now sleep undisturbed, and I would advise all who are suffering with this distressing complaint to procure SWAYNE'S Ointment at once. I had tried prescriptions almost innumerable, without finding any permanent relief.

JOSEPH W. CHRIST,
Firm of Roedel & Christ, Boot and Shoe House, 334 North Second street, Philadelphia.

SKIN DISEASES.

Swayne's All-Healing Ointment

is also a specific for tetter, tetter, itch, rheum, scald head, erysipelas, barber's itch, blotches, all scaly, crusty, cutaneous eruptions. Perfectly safe and harmless, even on the most tender infant. Price 50 cents, or six boxes for $2.25, sent by mail to any address on receipt of price. Prepared only by DR. SWAYNE & SON, 48 N. 6th St., Philadelphia.

CATARRH.

SYMPTOMS AND CURE.

Catarrh is an affection of the mucus membrane of the nose, throat, chest, &c., accompanied with nasal, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, weak eyes, watery and inflamed, hawking or coughing, to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, smell and taste are impaired, stopped up feeling in the head, incessant blowing of the nose, and other symptoms are likely to appear very distressing, and no disease is more common, and none less understood by Physicians. Nine-tenths of the cases of offensive breath are occasioned by Catarrh.

"Swayne's Catarrh Remedy"

is a certain and permanent cure, and warranted in every case, no matter how obstinate or long standing. It can be obtained only by addressing DR. SWAYNE & SON, 48 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia. Mailed to any address on receipt of the price, one dollar, with full directions for use. Also a full account of the cat in and nature of this distressing complaint. We request it to be read and consult Dr. Swayne & Son, 48 North sixth Street, Philadelphia, with a remittance, as we do not deal in it in the hands of dealers, the same as we devote other preparations. In writing for our "Catarrh Remedy" please state you saw this advertisement in the "Columbian," Bloomsburg.

Why Dye?

No matter how Gray or Harsh the Hair may be, it can be restored to its original color and youthful appearance, by using

London Hair Color Restorer.

London	A Remedy to Reinstate the Human Hair in all its youthful color, lustre, softness and beauty.	Hair Restorer
London		Hair Restorer
London		Hair Restorer
London		Hair Restorer
London		Hair Restorer
London		Hair Restorer
London		Hair Restorer

All persons who aspire to Beauty

of personal appearance, should not neglect that natural necessity, the hair. By many it has been neglected until it has become thin, gray or entirely fallen off. The London Hair Color Restorer restores natures losses, and imparts a beauty and natural color, thickens the hair, cures dandruff and all itchy, scaly eruptions on the scalp, making it white and clean, and insuring a luxuriant growth of hair in its natural youthful color. Price 75 cents. Principal depot for the U. S., 240, North Sixth street, Philadelphia.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
June 25 '76-1y

Poetical.

NEGRO CAMP-MEETING HYMN.

Several times they burst out in the songs they had learned at camp-meetings away off in the South Queer odd tunes they were, and the words possessed a peculiar charm to the white people present. Here is a specimen:

Who don't you do as Peter did,
A-walking on the sea?
He throwed both arms above his head,
Crying, "Blood Lord, remember me."
Then remember the rich and remember the poor,
And remember the bond and the free,
And when you are done remembering around,
Then, good lord, remember me.

If I could stand where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
I'd throw these legs as fast as I could—
And I'd go for the milk-white shore.
Then remember the rich and remember the poor,
And remember the bond and the free,
And when you are done remembering around,
Then, good Lord, remember me.

MISCHIEF-MAKERS.

O! could there in this world be found
Some little spot of happy ground,
Where village pleasures might go round
Without the village tittling!
How doubly blest that place would be,
Where all might dwell in liberty,
Free from the bitter misery
Of gossip's endless prattling!

If such a spot were really known,
Dame peace might claim it as her own,
And in it she might fix her throne
For ever and for ever;
There, like a queen, might reign and live,
While every one would soon forgive
The little slights they might receive,
And be offended never.

The mischief-makers that remove
Far from our hearts the warmth of love,
And lead us all to disapprove
What gives another pleasure;
They seem to take one's part, but when
They've heard our case, unkindly then
They scon retail them all again,
Mixed with poisonous measure,

And they've such a cunning way
Of telling tales They say,
"Don't mention what I say, I pray;
I would not tell another."
Straight to your neighbors house they go,
Narrating everything they know,
And break the peace of high and low—
Wife, husband, friend and brother.

O! that the mischief making crew
Were all reduced to one or two,
And they were painted red and blue!—
That every one might know them;
Then would one village sure forget
To rage and quarrel, fume and fret,
And fall into an angry pet,
With things too much below them.

For it's a sad, degrading part,
To make another's bosom smart,
And plant a dagger in the heart
We ought to love and cherish;
Then let us ever more be found
In quietness with all around,
While friendships, peace, and joy abound,
And angry feelings perish.

Miscellaneous.

THE DECAYED POLITICIANS' RETREAT.

PONDUCK, Mass., July 5, 1882.—I want to give you an account of my visit to one of the most admirably organized and best administered charities on the face of the earth. The Decayed Politicians' Retreat is, as you know, beautifully situated on Saline river, about six miles from here. Being detained in this village over yesterday by business, I took advantage of the holiday to drive thither with a friend, and was kindly received by the Superintendent, Gen. Butler, who went to a good deal of trouble to show me the interior workings of the institution.

"The selection of this site was fortunate," said Gen. Butler, as he led the way across a beautiful lawn from his private house to the large brick building occupied by the inmates. "The lovely natural scenery does much to soothe disappointment and allay remorse, and there's always a fresh breeze blowing up Saline river."

"Are your wards contented as a general thing?"

"Some of them are positively cheerful," said the Superintendent with enthusiasm.

"And you, General? After your somewhat active career don't you find it rather tedious at the Retreat, cooped up with a party of relics?"

"O, I am satisfied," said Gen. Butler, smiling grimly, and shaking the large bunch of keys that he carried in one hand. "When Jones of Nevada left all his money for this object, a little more than three years ago, and the trustees invited me to the post of duty, I came like a man and a patriot. *Comme je trouve*, sir, is my motto."

By this time we had reached the heavy oaken door at the main hall of the asylum. Our conductor rapped smartly with his knuckles.

"How many outside?" asked a voice from within.

"Three," replied Gen. Butler.

The door slowly swung open and a tall man with a long red beard stood aside to let us pass in.

"Good morning, Mr. Ferry," said the Superintendent, pleasantly, "I wish you a happy Fourth of July."

"One! Two! Three!" said Mr. Ferry in an impressive voice telling us off with his fore finger. "All right, gentlemen, you can walk in. Oh, good morning, General. I wish you a great many."

"We keep him here to open the door," explained Gen. Butler, "and he imagines he has the right to count as well as to open. In all other respects he is perfectly harmless, and so we humor him a little. It's the only satisfaction he has in life now."

The General led the way through a long corridor, and as he stopped to unlock a door an inmate came up and, touching his cap, asked permission to say a few words in private.

"Well, speak up, George," said Butler. "Who has been sitting on you now?"

"If you please, General," said Boutwell, for it was none other than the great but unappreciated financier," nobody has been sitting on me, sir. But I have solved the problem at last, and I want leave of absence to go to Washington and lay my solution before Congress."

"Solved what problem, George?" asked General, winking at us.

"The problem of silver resumption, General," replied Inmate Boutwell. "It is very simple when you see it. Will you permit me to explain?"

"I'll give you just a minute and a half, George," said the General looking at his watch.

"You see there are from a million and a quarter to a million and a half teething children in the United States—perhaps two million. Now every blessed one of 'em has to have a silver dollar to bite on. If you pass a law withdrawing this immense sum from use in the process of dentition, silver will flow into the national coffers, will find its way into the natural channels of trade, confidence will be re-established and—"

"All very good, George," interrupted the General "but what is going to become of the babies? You can't teeth them on greenbacks. Don't you see that if you withdraw their silver dollars, the entire rising generation will be unable to masticate, consequently there won't be any market for beef, corn, or chewing tobacco, and the deuce will be to pay in trade circles generally. It won't work, George."

"I didn't think of that point, General," said the retired financier, taken a little aback.

"No, George, you didn't," continued the Superintendent. "You had better go to your room and think the whole matter over again; and when you have devised some way of obviating the difficulty I spoke of, why then we'll talk about a leave of absence to go to Washington."

"Now," continued the General, as Inmate Boutwell moved rather ruefully away. "I'll show you our oldest case, the centenarian of the establishment." We entered a little room, in the centre of which, bent over a table, sat a person of extreme age, attired in a rusty swallow tail coat. He was writing diligently and without cessation.

"Look up, Hannibal," said the Superintendent, poking him gently with his cane. "Look up and see the gentlemen."

When the aged inmate looked up, we saw that he was tied in his chair to keep him from tumbling out. He smiled blandly upon us for a moment from behind his spectacles, and then began to write again as industriously as ever.

"What is he doing?" I asked.

"He is writing franks. He has lost all his teeth and his hair and his hearing and his wits, but he can still hold a pen, and he writes franks from morning till night, stopping only for his grael. The other inmates are celebrating the Fourth, but here is old Hannibal at his customary occupation. He writes his name on every old envelope, newspaper, or scrap of paper that he can find, and puts them all in the big mail box in the hall. Of course, like the contributions of the rest of the inmates, they never go any further than my office. But he doesn't know it, and he placidly keeps on writing franks. The only thing that ever exasperates him is the sight of a postage stamp. I suppose he will write frank till the Day of Judgement. Such," added the General, dilhetically, "is the force of habit."

"You must find a curious collection of epistles in your mail box General?"

"Rather! We have a good reading room connected with the institution, and most of the inmates take great interest in current affairs. Many of them fancy that they are still influential in shaping political events. They write innumerable letters which nobody ever reads but myself. Not long ago I found a letter from Blaine, addressed to the Pope, asking for the Vatican influence to help him along in the Presidential campaign of '84. You would have laughed at the piteous appeal which Schuyler Colfax once mailed to President Tilden. He wanted the Post Office at South Bend, and said he could produce certificates of moral character. Only yesterday I found this briefletterin the box. You may value it as an autograph."

The General had been fumbling in his pocket book and he handed me the following note, which I have preserved:

THE RETREAT, July 3, 1880.

DEAR SYLPH: Although writing comes hard, I thought I would send you a single line. I will fight it out on this line if it takes all summer. I have made escapes, but my worst enemy cannot say that I ever let any quality man mistake. U. S. GRANT.

"What!" I exclaimed; "is *he* here?"

"Yes," said your guide, "We employ him about the stables, and he seems tolerably happy. If you give him a cigar when you pass there, he will be affected to tears.

The majority of the inmates had assembled in the large courtyard of the asylum, which was a high brick wall patrolled by keepers. The recurrence of the national anniversary seemed to excite considerable enthusiasm. I recognized many faces once familiar, but now almost forgotten. The assortment of decayed politicians included representatives of every political caste, from the ex-Senator or the ex-Governor to the played-out ward striker. I remarked the peculiar satisfaction with which Gen. Butler pointed out Blaine. Apart from all the others sat Morton, of Indiana, gloomy and morose, his chin resting upon the handle of a crutch. I started to approach him, having known him in other days.

"You'd better not," said the Superintendent catching my intention and my arm at the same instant.

"Why not?"

"You'd better not, that's all," said Gen. Butler, significantly; and just then Morton looked up from his crutch, and scowled across the courtyard at John Sherman, with an expression in his face which convinced me that the Superintendent was right.

The inmates had hoisted a flag in honor of the day and were making speeches. I regret that I am not able to report their remarks, which were full of patriotic sentiment. I was particularly impressed with the eloquent words of Subsidy Pomeroy, who wept as he pointed to the flag and moved the following resolutions, which were seconded by Schuyler Colfax and passed unanimously:

Resolved, That the inmates of this Retreat point with pride to the record of their services in the past and pledge their unwavering support in the future to the Government of this grand Republic.

Resolved, That the purity of our institutions must be maintained at all hazards.

Resolved, That a committee of three be appointed to lay these resolutions before Gen. Butler, and to be asked at the same time that there be plums in the duff on the occasion of this anniversary of our national independence.

In the cheering which followed the reading of these resolutions, one old man—nearly as old as the centenarian whom I had seen inside—swung his cap feebly, and shouted in a tremulous voice: "Plum duff! Plum duff! If any snipe attempts to haul down that flag shoot him on the wing!"

Gen. Butler gave me a meaning look, and tapped his forehead without making any remark. As we passed out of the court yard into the dormitory building, we came across a solitary inmate sitting upon a bench. He held a book in his hand, and was repeating over and over these words:

"A verb must agree with its nomnative in number and person. A verb must agree with its——"

When the studious Inmate saw us, he looked up eagerly, and said: "Will you hear me now the verbs, General?"

"Come Logan," replied the Superintendent, "put up your book and go out with the others. It's a holiday. I'll hear you tomorrow."

"He has an idea," said Butler, as the dusky student moved reluctantly away, "that the only cause of his political failure was his weakness in English grammar, and that, if he can once master syntax, he will get back into the Senate. I consider it a real kindness to encourage him in this belief. Bless you I am perfectly safe in doing so."

"The inmates are quite happy here," the Superintendent went on, as we entered the spacious dormitory. They treat each other affably as a general thing, and if a political discussion becomes at all heated, as once in a while happens, that small garden hose yonder is equal to the emergency. Of course we are obliged to keep a careful watch on kleptomaniac inmates like Colfax, Patterson, Belknap and others. They are apt to appropriate little articles belonging to the institution or to each other. Secor Robeson was caught a day or two ago ransacking Hamilton Fish's trunk, and although the ex-Secretary denied any evil intention, a cake of Spanish scented soap belonging to Fish was found in his pocket. Robeson is now locked up down stairs, and Parson Newman, our chaplain exhorts him twice a day.

"What do you do with turbulent subjects?"

"We are troubled with very few. Down there, at the end of that corridor, where you see the grated door, is an iron-barred apartment where the unmanagable and violent are confined. I don't think you want to visit it."

As the General spoke, a peal of demoniac laughter rang through the corridor, and a grinning visage appeared at the gate, while the owner saluted us with a volley of horribly profane and ribald abuse. "Who was that?" I asked, as we hastened away.

"The only occupants of the apartment for the unmanageable and violent at present, said Gen. Butler, "are Bob. Ingersoll, formerly of Peoria, and Zach Chandler, of Michigan."

"Before I go, General," I said, "I should like to see——"

"I know whom you mean," interrupted the Superintendent, "and I am sorry that our rules will not allow me to oblige you. Mr. Hayes is a private patient whose friends pay his board, and he has a room to himself. Nobody visits him but myself and Carl Schurz who is detailed to attend him. You see his mental capital gave out, and he had to be put in the hands of a receiver. But although a disappointed and broken-down man, his heart continues to bleed for the poor African."

I thought that Gen. Butler winked just then, but it it is always hard to speak with positiveness in regard to his ocular demonstrations.

We had reached the door of the asylum. I cordially thanked the Superintendent for his courtesy to myself and my friend, and also took occasion to commend the excellence of his administration.

"If you write an account of your visit," he said, as we shook hands, "send several copies of the *Sun*. The poor fellows will be delighted to see their names in print once more."—*N. Y. Sun.*

Anecdotes of Signor Blitz.

HOW HE PUZZLED AN ARCHBISHOP, FRIGHTENED PAGANINI, AND STUMPED THE MEDICAL STUDENTS.

To the boyish tricks of Signor Blitz in his native village his neighbors ascribed the loss of their sheep, mishaps to their cattle, and any unusual occurrence within twenty miles of the town. Indeed, the good priest and burghers of the town once held a solemn council to consider what should be done with this uncanny boy. No result seems to have come of their deliberations, "yet," says the author, "the villagers might be seen standing a long way off gazing at my person, and alleging that they saw most mysterious sights of beings passing in and out of the chimneys, through the windows, and of red and blue fires burning round the house at midnight."

At Exeter, England, in the early part of 1826, he was summoned before the archbishop and church council, prior to a performance, and called upon to answer various charges of irreligion, and as being an "idle mischievous person." The council were not able to find him guilty, but he treated them to a gratuitous performance. He astonished the assemblage by announcing that a watch, which he exhibited, would be transported to a cushion in the cathedral pulpit; and there it was found when a messenger went to search for it.

His first feat as a ventriloquist was in a dissecting room whither he had been invited by a medical friend. The doctor, scalpel in hand, had made an incision in the body of a woman, to which she protested. "It is cruel to mutilate," said the voice, "the remains of a woman."

"Yes," came from another body upon another table; "it is an outrage to thus abuse a woman." Doctor and students made a rush for the door, and it was only when the surgeon had frantically driven home in his carriage, taking Signor Blitz with him, that the ventriloquist explained.

It is impossible to give more than a few of the many anecdotes which Signor Blitz himself has left of his long life and varied experience. Meeting Paganini, the violinist, during a visit to Glasgow, an infant's cry came from within the great Italian's fiddle.

"My God!" said Paganini, "what is this?"

"You know whose child it is," said a female voice from a neighboring closet. The excited musician rushed to the closet, thence back to his violin, and then turned around to see Signor Blitz laughing and to receive his explanation.

An Egyptian mummy was presented by the American consul at Cairo to a Philadelphia museum. A crowd was one day about the case, and was startled by a voice from the multitudinous linen folds.

"Open the box! open the box!" said the voice.

"Who are you?" asked one visitor, more venturesome than the rest.

"I'm a descendant of the Pharaohs," answered the voice.

"What do you want?"

"Ask yourself. Your confounded Yankee curiosity has waked me up from the sleep of ages. Open the box!"

"What's your name?"

"Signor Blitz," answered the voice, and the great ventriloquist made himself known.

The Signor while in Nova Scotia was approached by an old orange woman with a basket of delicious fruit. He bought an orange for sixpence, and cutting it in half drew