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THE COLUMBIASPY, TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

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Office, on Second St., adjoining Odd Fellows
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Sep1-89-15w

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CULTIVATION of the VOICE and SINGING.
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sept4-66-tfw)

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MISHLER'S CELEBRATED

PURE AND UNADULTERATED, These Bitters are celebrated for the great cures

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COGNAC, OF DIFFERENT BRANDS. Also, OLD RYE WHISKEY and

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Cannot be purchased at any other establish nent in town, and is warranted to keep fruits and vegetables perfect.

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SMOKING AND CHEWING TOBACCO SNUFF, HAVANA, YARA, and COMMON SEGARS. Also, SNUFF & TOBACCO BOXES, PIPESthousand and one varieties. Call at

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MISCELLANEOUS.

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PHILADELPHIA, ARE NOW OFFERING THE WHOLE OF THEIR

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DRESS GOODS, SILKS, &C

Replete with all the Choicest Novelties of the Season. TOGETHER WITH

LARGE INVOICES OF DESIRABLE GOODS, Purchased in this Market for CASH.

At Astonishing Low Prices!

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PRINTED SATIN CLOTH, A NEW ARTICLE FOR THE HOUSE OR WALKING COSTUME, & CENTS. ONE CASE OF THE FINEST ORGANDIES IMPORTED, 40 CENTS.

REAL SCOTCH GINGHAMS, IN ALL COL-ORS. 25 CENTS. TWO CASES OF FRENCH FOULARD MO-HAIRS, WHICH SOLD BY THE PIECE FOR 65 CENTS, ARE NOW OFFERED AT 56 CENTS.

BLACK LYONS GROS GRAINS AND DRAP DE LYON, OF THE BEST MAKES, FROM \$1.50 to \$5 PER YARD. HENESILKS OF THE LATEST DESIGNS OF THE PARIS MARKET, AND EXTRA QUALITY, SOLD LAST SPRING AT \$3.25,

STRIPED SILKS FROM \$1.50 TO \$2.00, BLACK CANVAS BAREGES, EXTRA SU-PERB QUALITY, 62½ CENTS. BLACK CANVAS BAREGES, 75 CENTS.

BLACK CANVAS BAREGES, ALL WIDTHS AND QUALITIES, UP TO \$6. WALKING SUITS, LACE SHAWLS, LACE POINTS. &c.

ALL AT THE NEW RATES. April 16-3m

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IS THE PLACE Where you can buy a first rate AMERICAN, ENGLISH OR SWISS

WATCH, BEAUTIFUL SETS OF JEWELRY, HAND SOME BREAST PINS, EAR RINGS, SLEEVE BUTTONS,

and almost everything in the jewelry line AT THE LOWEST PRICE. Or you can purchas FINE SILVER AND SILVER PLATED SPOONS,

FORKS, KNIVES CASTORS, GOBLETS, ICE PITCHERS, BUTTER DISHES &c. &c. Then if you are in WANT OF TIME you can buy any kind of AMERICAN CLOCK,

arranted of the best quality, at a low figure CALL AND SEE FOR YOURSELF CHAS. P. SHREINER'S Septiwiff No. 13 Front St., Columbia, Pa.

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J. B. KEVINSKI, DEALER IN PIANOS, ORGANS, MELODEONS, AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

GENERALLY.

DRUGS.

rge assertment of Violins, Fixtes, Guitars s, Tamborines, Accordeons, Fites, Har as, and musical murchandise always of SHEET MUSIC. A large stock on hand, and constantly receiving all the latest publications as soon as issued,

Music and Musical Books will be sent by mail free of postage, when the market price is remit-DACALCOMANIA, Or the Art of transferring Pictures. Can be transferred on any object. I would call special attention of the Couch-nakers to my stock of Dacalcomania.

AGENT FOR STEINWAY & SON'S PIANOS, PRINCE & CO'S. & NEEDHAM & SON'S CELEBRATI. ORGANS AND MELODEONS. Sole Agent for Stoll's Unrivaled PIANO FORTE AND FURNITURE POLISH. Call and examine my stock at

NO. 3 NORTH PRINCE STREET LANCASTER, PA. oct.16. 69-1y COOPER & CONARD,

S. E. cor. 9th & Market Sts., PHILADELPHIA. Having rebuilt their store, will open about October ist, with an elegant stock, to which they invite an examination.

Upwards of seventeen years of active business at their present location, enables them so judge of the wants of their patrons, to buy at the lowest prices and to sell at the smallest margin of profit. Full lines of

DRESS STUFFS. SILK VELVETS CLOAKS, SHAWLS, HOSIERY, TIES, HANDKERCHIEFS. COLLARS, CUFFS. &c. WHITE GOODS, BLANKETS, QUILTS. MUSLINS, LINENS CASSIMERES, CLOTHS,

VELVETEENS, &c., &c. COOPER & CONARD. S. E. cer. Ninth & Market Sts. oct.2-'69.1y-1-2-3p] Philade slphis 62.5—THE FOLSOM'IMPROVED TW ENTY-SLOT FIVE DOLLAR FAMILY SE.WING MACHINE. The cheapest First-Class Miachine in the market. Agents wanted in every town. Liberal commission allowed. For tertus and circular, address A.S. HAMILTON, Gen. Agent, No. 700 Chestnut St., Phil'a, Pa. apil 6-8m

CLOAKINGS,

Loetry.

HAVE COURAGE TO SAY NO.

You're starting to-day on life's journey. Alone on the highway of life; You'll meet with a thousand temptatic Each city with evil is rife. This world is a stage of excitement, There's danger wherever you go,

But if you are tempted in weakness, Have courage to say No. The syren's sweet song may allure you, Beware of her cunning and art; Whenever you see her approaching,

Be guarded and haste to depart. The billiard saloons are inviting, Decked out in their tinsel and show; You may be invited to enter-Have courage, my boy, to say No.

The bright ruby wine may be offered-No matter how tempting it be; From poison that stings like an adder, My boy, have courage to flee.

The gambling halls are before you, The lights how they dance to and iro! fyou should be tempted to enter,

Think twice, even three, ere you go

In courage alone lies your safety When you the long journey begin, And trust in a Heavenly Father Who will keep you unspotted from sin, Temptations will go on increasing, As streams from a rivulet flow,

But if you are true to your manhood,

Miscellaueous Reading.

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR.

In the latter part of the year 1862, I was residing in Fredricksburg, Va., with my mother an old lady suffering from complicated form of spinal disease, which had confined her to bed for a very long period. The doctors pronounced her case hopeless, and indeed, there were times when the slightest noise in the room, or the feeblest effort to move, brought upon her such paroxysms of pain as were heart-

We lived completely alone, in a small cottage in the suburbs, not a relative or protector near us, for my father had long been dead, and my two gallant brothers had both fallen in the first battle of Man-

While thus unfortunately situated, the neighborhood of Fredricksburg became the scene of hostilities. General Burnside with an immense force; appeared upon the northern bank of the Rappahannock, and | town to find little Dorrit and entreat her endeavored to effect a crossing of the

Some time before, the main part of the but my mother, more weak and ill than usual, could not be moved to any place of

Imagine our position, reader, if you can! biscuits to support us, left without the prospect of help, in a city already under the muzzles of nearly a hundred and fifty Union cannon! A dull lethargy, like that of despair, overpowered me. I could rolls of musketry lower down the river.

With the flight of hope, every vestige of apprehension and fear seemed to have | cerning it, so that in due time the fight left me.-I was absolutely certain we should both perish, for, to abandon my creative fancy to develop quite an "Iliad" helpless parent, was a thought which never once entered my mind.

Suddenly, on the morning of the 11th of

December, just as I was trying, after a sleepless night, to prepare some food for breakfast, the dreaded bombardment broke forth in all its fury. "Ah, it has come at last, and we shall soon be out of all our misery," said I, stepping quietly to the window, and looking upon the terrible scene. No words could convey a picture of what I then saw -the air filled with flame, and hissing with deadly missies; the crash of build-

by bursting shells; houses momently catching fire, in every direction; and what was more horrible than all the rest, the frantic shrieks of women and children who, too late, were seeking safety in flight. As I stood by the window-Heaven knows how long, for I was dreadfully fascinated by the spectacle-I witnessed what

ings crushed by round shot, and torn open

even now, as I recall it, makes me shud-A butcher's cart, drawn by an immense grey horse, with a man driving it and a little boy holding fearfully to the skirts of the man's coat had just come rattling into view. I had barely caught sight of these figures, when a shell burst directly inder the animal's feet—or possibly two of these missiles—for the horse, the vehicle, and the human beings in it, were literally torn to pieces! I could see the man-

gled limbs of the poor boy quivering on the sidewalk. At once, and utterly, I lost all my res olution. In fact, I must have fainted, since the next thing of which I was conscious, was my mother's voice, pitifully begging me to answer her, and say wheth-

er I had been wounded. I staggered up from the seat on which had fallen, and attempted to re-assure her; but, as may be supposed, unsuccessfully. For a whole hour after this we remained motionless in our chamber, while the firing appeared to increase in violence. The windows rattled like skeleton bones, and the very foundations of the house trembled and shook at every

discharge. I was fast becoming calm again—despairingly-when I heard somebody walking up stairs, and then a well known voice shouting our names. It was old Robin, our negro servant, whom I had sent, the day before into the country to seek provisions. My father's slave and my grandfather's Robin, now seventy years of age, but more athletic than many a young man had clung with pathetic devotion to the remnants of "the family," as he called us. My heart leaped up when I saw his honest black face, and the notion that we might be saved, after all, brought back all my strength of will and courage.

to resort to singular expedients. Glancing about the room, my eyes fell upon a large, but exceedingly light straw chair, which I had procured for my mother's convenience when she was strong enough to sit up. Ah a lucky conception! We would wrap the invalid carefully in a double set of blankets, strap her gently to a chair, and if she could endure the pain of removal, Robin would take her on his back (she was scarcely as heavy as a child) | over ten paying auditors per night. Our and leave the city for the first place that enterprising manager, in despair, anoffered.

Saved! but how? People in times of des

perate danger; think quickly, and are apt

Hurriedly I proposed this plan to my the season he would pay every man sevenmother, who to my inexpressible relief accepted it eagerly. Her pale face flushed

a little, and she actually looked better at that moment, than I had seen her look for years. Tenderly, as if she had been a baby, Robin placed her in the chair, securing her frail person by passing several cords and a broad strap across her chest and knees, and lastly, taking the burden with no apparent effort upon his back, he went down stairs, bidding me follow him. But oh! that walk of three miles, first

through the burning streets of Fredericksburg, with the roofs crashing above our heads, jets of fire darting between doors and windows, the hiss of balls, and the singing of the great shells as they passed curves of flame through the thickening smoke; and then, these greater dangers avoided, our plodding along the country roads, choked up by overthrown carriages and scattered goods of every description, with horses escaped from their owners. galloping madly among the debris of many a ruined homestead-can I ever forget it

pictures of that time. At last we reached a farm house, the people of which were our friends. My mother, with exclamations of surprise from the whole family was taken at once to bed, but strange to say, she did not

all-ever erase from memory the frightful

seem at all fatigued. This delicate woman, who had not left her chamber, scarcely her couch, for years, had braved the horrors of a bombardment in the open streets-ridden on a negro's back for three or four miles, and yet had not succumbed! And what is more, from that night my mother's health improved, until now five years after, I have the satisfaction of having her seated near me, and engaged upon some delicate sewing-work, in the very chair which formed so important a part of the rescue

of December, 1862! Her comparative recovery has puzzled

the most natural thing in the world. "Did you ever read Little Dorrit, Miss Martha?" he asked me yesterday. I replied that I had. "Well, then, recall that scene which represents Arthur Clenman's mother under the influence of a great mental shock, throwing off the paralysis twenty years, and rushing through the

mercy! "Ignorant critics laughed at Dickens for introducing what they called a tour de credulity of the citizens, but it seemed to population of the town had deserted it; | force, but Dickens, as usual, knew what | take, and we had every prospect of a good he was about. Such shocks, especially in house. But a misunderstanding arose nervous diseases, act often with the sub- | between Hamlet and the Queen, and her tle force of galvanism, and the cases are | Majesty went off in the afternoon to Chinumerous where what you would have Two feeble women, with a small keg of sworn must kill the patient outright, results in a temporary, and even in some

cases (look at your mother,) a permanent What meanwhile, of old Robin? He still lives with "the family," and in his only listen, stupified, to the moanings of \$\frac{3}{2}\$ hale old age delights to repeat to his cronthe invalid, and to the frequent crashing ics the minutest particulars of the event of which he was the unquestionable hero.

Every week he gets more garrulous con-

of adventures.

WANDERING PLAYERS. "Peregrine Pickle" contributes to the Chicago Tribune the following letter from a traveling actor. It is a good one for

'points." Dramatic business in the suburbs is rather at a low ebb just at present. If I had \$10,000 a year and no responsibilities, I could not wish for better sport than to cast my fortunes—or at least a portion of them—with a traveling theatrical company, and play at playing. Nowhere can you study to better advantage the capricious humors of that many-headed, intractable thing called the public, than from the footlights of the transitory country theatre. But when you come to depend upon these same caprices for your daily bread, the "fun of the thing" becomes not so apparent. There is a kind of "humerous sadness" in the life of a wandering "Hamlet," a melancholy composed of many simples, which renders him and his little family an object of pe culiar curiosity, while the strange ups

and downs, the comical distressess, the

pathetic humor of the situation into which

he is constantly thrown, furnish an interesting commentary on human life. You will see from the foregoing feeble attempt at moralizing that I have just come through a little experience of the kind. In fact, I have been for some time a member of one of the numerous troupes that are now gyrating round the suburbs of the great metropolis. We were a detachment of a brilliant company which had delighted great and fashionable audiences in the city. Buttroubleshaving arisen in the management, we seceded from the paent stem, and went off "on our ear" to astonish the rustics of the Northwest. Of course, our company was the very best that could be got together, and we have succeeded in pursuading the best critics of every village we visited that the tragedy of Hamlet was never before performed so brilliantly with so limited a stock of talent. But therural populations are not to be relied on. They understand the principles of deadheading even better than the people of Chicago, and that is saying a great deal. They fleece us unmercifully at the hotels, drag us into all kinds of expensive convivialities, charge enormous rents for the dingiest halls, and then send their young ones to peep at us through a crack in the wall. The kind of notoriety to which we are subjected is thus flattering, but ruinous. We get ahead at one town, and we go a hundred dollars below

zero at the next. Our manager, however, is a humorous and spurs of fortune with remarkable fortitude. I am afraid his experience as a manager has sadly shaken his faith in the intelligence of the great public which he hypocritically professes to honor. The manner in which he has sometimes hocuspocused the unsuspecting rustics for the sake of getting even with them, has really shocked me on several occasions.

The other week we came to a flourishing

village-or so we were made to believe it

was-and advertised our show by all the

devices known to puffery. It was of no

avail. The citizens could not muster

nounced that on the last performance of

ty-five cents who should pay his fifty cents for admission. Naturally, there was a mighty commotion in the village, and the prospects for a brimming house that night were immense. Knowing too well the condition of our finances, we trembled not a little at the result. But we got out of the scrape neatly after all. Just an hour before the performance the manager announced a great reduction in prices-twenty-five cents all over the house and reserved seats fifty cents. The house was crammed, all but the reserved seats, which were occupied by one man. The best of the joke was that the audience never suspected the trick, but sat in expectatation of some grand discomfiture to the manager, till the man who had expended fifty cents was invited to come forward and re-

ceive his reward. We have been sojourning at Elgin lately and our experiences of that delightful town have been such as to raise my ideas of the state of intellectual culture existing among the people to a high degree. They want all the novelties of the season. and we gave them all they could swallow. We played Ircland as it Was, and called it Under the Gaslight, and it proved a great success. Next evening we announced the Sea of Ice, with all the new and gorgeous scenery and machinery from Wood's Museum, which fairly took them by storm. Three yards of white muslin

was the principal part of the outlay. "What's in a name?" mused our manager, encouraged by the success of these experiments. And so next evening we announced Formosa. But as we had omitted to procure a copy of that fascinating play we fell back upon Camille, who did good service under the nom de plume of Miss Boker, and the audience went away perfectly satisfied that they had seen the wicketest and most popular play of the season. The only material change made in the drama was to marry the faculty, excepting one physician of | Camille to Armand instead of killing her. acknowledged genius, who declares it was | For all that, however, and in spite of the generosity which prompted us to let in all the boys who hung longingly around the doors and peered in at us through chinks in the wall, or climbed ladders to get a peep through the back windows, I am afraid our board-bills at the Waverly House went ahead of our receipts. We determined to retrieve our fortunes by the last crowning effort, and so we announced Hamlet, with Edwin Booth in the title role. This was a daring "draw" on the cago. There was not another Queen to

be had for love or money. The majority of the company viewed the situation rather philosophically. Laertes declared that for his part he could get along very well without the Queen, she had nothing to say to him anyhow. Polonius, Osric, Horatio, and even the King, did not feel particularly embarrassed on the subject. But what's a man without a mother? I have heard of the tradegy of Hamlet with the part of "Hamlet" omitted; but I do from Fredericksburg promises, under his | not believe it could be more unpromising than Hamlet without a Queen. Nevertheless, we did it, and we came off in triumph, with the plaudits of the people rising in our ears. It would have puzzled Edwin Booth, I think, to accomplish what our "Hamlet" did. It would puzzle me to tell how he did it. But he did. He got old "Polonius" to put in a remark here and there, and sometimes he drew on Ophelia, when that lady was present. He went through the entire closet scene with the ghost of a father and without even the phantom of mother. The ghost himself seemed to be tickled at the absurdity of the situation, and in the speech in which he tells Hamlet to step between

> her and her fighting soul, he added in his most sepulchral tone, "Speak to her, Ham let: she feels bad." On the whole, I think we have done omething original in the way of Hamlet and the good people don't appreciate it. They paid their money and they all went home well pleased. We are off to a new pasture to-morrow, and I may soon have another chapter of dramatic history to

chronicle for the "World of amusement."

FAKIR. MEMORIAL DAY. The following order has been issued

from the Headquarters Grand Army of the Republic: I. The annual ceremonies of "Memorial Day," which has been firmly established by national choice and consent, will

take place on Monday, the 30th day of May. II. All departments, districts, posts, and comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic, whenever dispersed throughout the lane, will unite in such manner, and with such ceremonies, for the proper observance of the day as may be best suited to each respective locality, and all organizations, and communities, and persons are in bloom in the early spring, the apwhose grateful aid, sympathy and prayers sustained us throughout the dark days of the nation's peril, and those whose loyal, patriotic hearts beat in unison with our own, and who have therefore, or may hereafter, join us in the observance of this memorial day, are hereby cordially invited to unite, and are earnestly requested to lend their aid and assistance in strewing the pure garlands of spring that come with votive memories of love and prayer, o'er the mounds that mark the country's altar

day which has become marked and national for this sacred occasion. Many are now missing from our ranks who were with us before. Time, with busy fingers counts the hours for all. "In the midst of life we are in death," and one by one our veterans are "mustered out" to join kind of fellow, and he bears all these whips the grand army on high. Let this teach us that we should so live that when we are gone it can be said: "He was a citizen, a soldier, and comrade, 'without fear and without reproach.""

and fold in rest eternal our martyred dead.

This is the third public observance of a

same appear in the press, or by pamphlet, a duplicate corrected copy is requested. By order: JOHN A. LOGAN. Commander-in-Chief. WILLIAM T. COLLIS, Adjutant General. This line fills this column.

THE BURNING WELL OF BLOOMFIELD.

While many of the people in the counry are going to Niagara, to the Mammoth Cave, and the Natural Bridge, to gratify their curiosity for the marvelous in nature there is a sight nearer home—and though as yet but partially notorious-which rivals the most wonderful of them.

In the year 1864, when the oil excitement was at a high pitch throughout Western Pennsylvania and Western New York. some parties undertook to sink a well on what is known as the "Beebe Farm," in Bloomfield, Ontario conuty, N. Y., twenty miles from Rochester and seven from Lima. On different occasions in former years, gas had been seen to issue out of the earth, and in some instances even had been ignited with a match, so that, as the experts say, there were very strong "surace indications" of oil.

After boaring fifteen feet they struck a rock of red sandstone, and which, on further boring, proved to extend indefinitely

At a depth of about 460 feet, the instruments struck an immense fissure in the rock and dropped as if in a vacuum.

A volume of gas rushed out with great force and loud noise, seeming to be a vent to an immense pressure of gas below. After an outlay of something like two thousand dollars, the well was now abandoned, and all hopes of ever finding oil

extinguished. In 1866, a party came to witness the wonderful flow of gas from the pipe (which the oil men had left projecting about fifteen feet out of the ground), and one of the gentlemen climbing up to the top, as a matter of amusement and experiment. struck a match and held it to the orifice, which is about six inches in diameter. With a loud explosion the gas ignited, and a sheet of flame nearly thirty feet high shot up into the air (with a proportionate width), and in a few minutes the old derrick with all its surroundings was consum ed. The sound of the flame can be heard a mile, and at certain times its light shining on all the hills around and clouds above, like a Vesuvius, can be seen thirteen miles away. I say can, for at the present moment the fire may be seen tearing itself from the bowls of the earth in the same mad and terrible manner as it

might have been forty-eight months ago. Well, what of it? do you ask. Well let's sec. About a year since, Hicks, a New York gentleman, bought the place and conceived the astonishing idea of turning the burning well, which has hitherto been a mere wonder, to the benefit of millions of earth's inhabitanty. How is that? you ask. Now listen. Prof. Werz, of New York, was sent for and made a thorough chemical examination of its properties, and found it to consist of a peculiar though remarkably strong character of burning gas, but with a slight admix-

ture of carbonic acid. · The gas, unlike our manufactured article, can be inhaled in the lungs with im-

punity. The issue from the well is between three hundred thousand and four hundred thousand feet daily, or about the amount consumed by the whole city of Rochester. It can be purified at a cost of 30 cents per thousand feet, so as to make a light of surpassing clearness and briliancy, and that is all the cost of manufacturing. Gas in Rochester is worth about three

dollars per thousand. A party of enterprising gentlemen from Elmira now have hold of the matter. John Arnot, Jr., Dr. Eldridge, N. P. Fassett, and E. N. Frisbie, who propose to capture the great gas giant of Bloomfield, and smothering him, take him to the city to give light to all those who are obliged to walk in darkness or pay exhorbitant prices for an inferior quality of gas made by the hand of man. Mr. Hicks has disposed of the property (except a small share which he reserves) to the stock company recently formed, for a handsome sum, and the abandoned oil

well which two years ago would not have

sold for a box of matches, promises to

carry one of the most magnificent money-

ed enterprises of the day. -Bradford Re-

CULTIVATING THE STRAWBERRY. It has become fairly settled at the only sound method of cultivating the strawberry that the plants must be kept free from runners. The effect of this practice is wonderful. The whole growth of the plant is concentrated by this means in the original stock, and it enlarges, until as many as a quart of berries have been plucked from a single plant. It will be understood that this method is followed only with such plants as are not raised with a view of propogation, but are perpermanent varieties, set out for family use. In order to sell, the runners must be encouraged, After all the endless list of varieties which have been extolled as the best, the Wilson retains its position as the best market berry. Much will be found to depend on the nature of the soil and the mode of cultivation. Before the plants plication of liquid manure will be found

of great value. PROTECTION is daily gaining ground in the West. Hardly a day now passes but the newspaper mail furnishes some evidence of this encouraging fact. Among the latest significant items is the change of scope and aim of the Bureau, a Chicago monthly. The journal, which originated as the organ of the commercial and industrial interests of the Western States, has been latterly enlarged in size and strengthened in editorial force, and now appears as the distinctive and especial champion of a protective policy. In tone and intellectual calibre this monthly takes firstclass rank, and if we may judge from its advertising patronage, it enjoys the confidence and support of a good business ele-

In a villiage in Southern Missouri, a few days ago, a nice young man put a sheet around him to scare a Dutchman. The Teutonic gentleman says:-"I just jump off my wagon and vip der ghost all the time. I would vip him if he was a III. It is desirable that the memorial whole grave-yard." Some one asked the services may be preserved, and department young man what ailed his black eye, and he said he had received bad news from and port commanders will forward direct to the adjutant general at national head-Germany. quarters a record of such proceedings as

may occur in each locality. Should the THE Doylestown Democrat, one of the best Democratic papers in Pennsylvania, gives up the fight against equal suffrage. It has resisted this progress movement as stubbornly as any other Democratic journal, but it was resembled. scuoporniy as any other Democratic jour-nal, but it now recognizes that its party is beaten on this issue and proposes to ac-cept the situation "as gracefully as pos-sible." SUBTERBANEAN LAKES.

In Stockton, California, and immediatey around it, an abundant supply of good water can be had anywhere by boring down a dozen feet with a common auger with a long handle. Picnic parties carry a pump and stand, lead pipe and an auger as a part of the required articles for the day. But a very short time is expended in obtaining water. The fire reservoirs have no bottoms, and require no filling, the water coming in freely as soon as they are dug. It was necessary to change the place of burial first selected in the town, the water penetrating the graves and partially filling them. Yet there is no healthier place than that locality in that or any other State. An artesian well was sunk 1,200 feet in 1855, and ever since has thrown up a solid column of water ten feet above the surface of the ground. Some thirty or forty miles from Stockton there is a large tract called "float land." which moves on the surface, probably of a lake, several hundred feet at times. Hundreds of cattle graze upon it with perfect safety. It is supposed to have been formed much as the Worcester land. There

ent countries of Europe. Now come the paper-makers. They met in convention in New York the other day to take steps to prevent the over-production of paper. The paper-makers, some years ago got a tariff on paper, and prices ran up to enormous figures, at which enormous profits were made. Paper mills sprang up all over the country. The old mills, which had good machinery, got along very safely, but the new ones increased the production of paper beyond the demand, and, of course, had to sell at a loss. Though the number of mills has largely decreased, it appears there are yet too many, so they have been holding a convention to form a union, which is to limit the amount of paper produced, and thus keep up the prices, to accomplish which they propose to stop their mills, limit the production of paper and fix the price at which it must be sold. In other words, to establish a monopoly; but let the tax on paper be repealed, and then let the monopoly try how long they can maintain

are several pieces of such ground in differ-

the scale of prices. THE closing hours of the Ohio Legislature are said to have been exceptionally disagreeable. In the house the Democrats offered a protest against the ratification of the Fifteenth amendment couched in the most insulting language, on account of which the presiding officer decided it out of order on a rule that is necessary in every parliamentary body of any dignity and self respect whatever. To this some Democratic member objected and appealed from the decision of the chair. About this time two members, both Democrats got into an altercation, called each other liars and scoundrels, and told other plain truths in the most undignified, not to say profane, language imaginable. Next, another Democrat member called the Speaker "a liar," and in other ways acted like a New York "dead rabbit." In the upper house of the same Legislature

things were carried on in a similar unworthy and shameful manner. "WOMAN's passion for dress is duly accounted for by her intuitive perception of the fact, that it is her special mission to secure the love of man by revealing to him the beautiful, although she is ignorant of the intimate relation existing between female beauty and masculine wisdom. Dress, including all that relates to the preservation and ornamentation of the person, is and ought to be a fine art with woman. There is a clothes-philosophy pregnant with more spiritual truth than Carlyle and his school ever imagined. She who does not seek to beautify herself especially after marriage, and for the influence of beauty in the home-circle, has not fully comprehended the nature of love or tlie duties of life. A woman without that assistance which a refined and delicate taste can give her, is like a spring with-

out flowers, a feast without music, a night LIBERAL OFFER.-A paragraph is going the rounds about a girl in Chester, Vermont, dying from tight lacing. An editor, commenting on the fact, says: 'These corsets should be done away with and if the girls can't live without being squeezed, we suppose men can be found who would sacrifice themselves. As old as we are, we would rather devote three hours a day, without a cent of pay, as a brevet corset, than see these girls dying off in that manner. Office hours almost

any time.

ANNA DICKINSON has at last got herself into serious trouble. A Western paper says she "has lost the girlish rougishness which would dimple out in the midst of the serious business of the lecture room. There now! We just expected Anna would lose that, carrying it around so carelessly, and not checked either. These women are so recklessly extravagant! Proposals will be received at this office for another complete set, burglar proof, and warranted to keep in any climate.

Iowa is larger than New York or Pennsylvania, larger than New England without Maine, and more productive than all of them put together. She has thirtyfive million acres of rich black mold, and to-day a clean furrow can be turned over thirty million of these acres. Although less than five million are under cultivation, they produced last year eighty-five million bushels of grain

A NEWLY married lady in Chicago complained to her ma that on her reception day her card-basket was overrun with circulars from lawyers, announcing terms for divorce. "So absurb, you know, before our honeymoon is over." dear," replied ma (who had been twice divorced.) "but I'd put them in a safe place; you might find them very useful in vear or two."

of hearing women talking about 'rights' and scorning 'privileges,' and then getting into a street car to look daggers at every man who doesn't spring up in a jiffy to give them his place. I want them to look into Webster, and find out whether 'rights' and 'privileges' come under the same head, and mean one and the same thing."

A CLEVER woman says: "I am tired

Spungeon defines a gentleman as "one who can serve his God, and at the same time paddle his own canoe.'

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