

LEVI L. TATE, EDITOR. "TO HOLD AND TRIM THE TORCH OF TRUTH AND WAVE IT O'ER THE DARKENED EARTH." TERMS: \$2 50 IN ADVANCE.

VOL. 18.—NO. 51. BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PENN'A., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1865. VOLUME 28.

The Lehigh Cattle Powder is the most powerful... It is warranted to be the most powerful... It is warranted to be the most powerful...

L. JONES' PURE CHIEF CATAWBA BRANDY... SPARKLING CATAWBA WINES... Equal in quality and cheapness to any other brand...

LADIES FANCY FURS... JOHN FAHREIRA'S FUR MANUFACTORY... No. 718 Arch St., above 7th Philadelphia.

NEW DRUG STORE... WHOLESALE AND RETAIL... THE undersigned would inform their friends and the public generally that they have taken the stand for the sale of all kinds of drugs...

COYSTERS! EATING AND DRINKING SALOON... THE subscriber respectfully gives notice to the public that he has at his saloon on Main Street, Bloomsburg, Pennsylvania...

The Berwick House, Berwick, Columbia Co., Pa... The undersigned would respectfully announce to his friends and the public generally, that he has leased this well-known house to be given a thorough renovation...

A First-Class Hotel... HIS TABLE will always be supplied with the best of meats and the best wine... I. P. SIBBET.

Select Poetry. Our Country.

Our country bleeds all torn and tattered, Her widows wail, her orphans cry: Far from their homes her sons are scattered, To fight, to suffer and to die...

Interesting Sketch. THE WRONG PICTURE.

The fall sunshine came pouring through the glass windows of the great photographic saloon, where Virginia Lynne had become very tired of waiting...

All of a sudden a bright-winged curlew in a cage opposite began to sing piercingly. The scarlet lips opened into a wandering smile—the large hazel eyes that had roved from place to place like chain lightning, were fixed for a moment. The operator jerked the drapery away from his instrument with the agility of magic...

"How delighted Raymond will be!" whispered one of the young aunts to her sister, as she caught the baby in her arms, crushing her shining brown curls against his silky little head.

"When can I have the picture?" she asked. "In about five days, ma'am." "No sooner! I leave town to-morrow!" "We can send it to you by mail wherever you are, ma'am."

wait patiently for time to solve the question," said Monroe, rising. "Come, do look up for a moment from that extraordinary photograph, and give a fellow a little attention—I want to know if you are little to Mrs. Leaford's Saturday night?"

"By the way, where is Virginia?" asked Mrs. Leaford, glancing around. "She will be down presently," answered her sister; "she took her letters upstairs to read."

"What do you mean?" asked Mrs. Walter. "As I opened one of my letters," she said, laughing in a half pleased, half puzzled manner, "out fell a photograph! Of course, I supposed it was one of those I had taken of myself just before I left New York."

soon as the customary greetings of the day were exchanged, "I am in a state of very great perplexity. Will you solve the enigma for me?" "Certainly—if I can," said Virginia, blushing, and with a soft, uncertain tremor at her heart.

"How did this picture obtain a place in your album?" The color subsided into ordinary pallor, as Virginia replied: "In rather a romantic manner, Captain May. It was sent to me, with no accompanying message, and I haven't the least idea where it came from."

"What ground for the clap-trap of the hour can be found in the circumstances of the Federal bill?" That three hundred thousand men should have been called for, is an unmistakable confession of weakness. And the weakness thus admitted is, be it remembered, one whose dimensions are of the most enormous proportions.

believe the Confederacy other than resolute and powerful. Half a million of dollars have been appropriated by Congress for the construction of earthworks around the City of Washington!

Butler's Epitaph. General Butler, in his recent speech at Lowell, said: "He desired to have it inscribed on his tombstone, in that little enclosure where he remains would one day be, 'Here lies the General who saved the lives of his soldiers at Big Bethel and Fort Fisher.'"

Up to the close of last year's campaign, all the original troops of the Federal army returned home. Of these the number who may have exceeded one-third of all. An immense vacuum must have been thus left in the ranks, and that of a character which cannot be filled by doubling the number in raw levies.