The Columbian.

VOL. II.—NO. 5. BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JANUARY 31, 1868. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

BLOOMSBURG DIRECTORY.

STOVES AND TINWARE.

J. YORMETZ, dealer in stoves & tinware, Main st., above court house. v1-n46

A. M. RUPERT, stoves and tinware, Hemlock block, Main st., west of Mercer. v1-n47

CLOTHING, &C.

D. LEVY, Sign of the Golden Lion, Main st., opposite Exchange hotel. v1-n45

J. W. CHAMBERLIN, merchant tailor, Exchange block, Main st., west of Market.

DRUGS, CHEMICALS, &C.

L. S. MOYER, druggist and apothecary, Exchange block, Main st. v1-n47

E. P. LUTZ, druggist and apothecary, Hemlock block, Main st., west of Market. v1-n47

CLOCKS, WATCHES, &C.

LOUIS BERNHARD, watch and clock maker, near southwest corner Main and Iron sts. v1-n47

C. E. SAVAGE, dealer in clocks, watches and jewelry, Main st., nearly opposite American house. v1-n47

R. CATHCART, watch and clock maker, Market st., below Main. v1-n47

BOOTS AND SHOES.

C. M. BROWN, boot and shoe maker, Main st., opposite American house. v1-n47

A. SOLLEDER, manufacturer and dealer in boots and shoes, Main st., opposite Episcopal church. v1-n47

HENRY KLEIM manufacturer and dealer in boots and shoes, groceries etc., East Bloomsburg, Main st. v1-n46

DAVID RETZ, boot and shoemaker, Main st., below Hartman's store, west of Market street. v1-n47

PROFESSIONAL.

J. R. EVANS, M. D., surgeon and physician, south side Main st., below Market. v1-n47

D. H. E. KINNEY, surgeon dentist, teeth extracted without pain, Main st., nearly opposite Episcopal church.

J. R. M'KELVY, M. D., surgeon and physician, south side Main st., below Market.

J. C. RUTTER, M. D., surgeon and Physician, Market st., above Main. v1-n46

DR. R. C. HOWER, surgeon dentist, Main st., above court house. v1-n46

MILLINERY & FANCY GOODS.

MISS LIZZIE BARKLEY, milliner, Hamey building, Main st. v1-n47

MISS A. D. WERTH, fancy goods, notions, books, stationery, north side Main street in Exchange hotel. v1-n47

E. PETERMAN, millinery and fancy goods opposite Episcopal church, Main st. v1-n47

MRS. JULIA A. & SADE BARKLEY, millinery, cloaks and dress patterns, southeast corner Main and west sts. v1-n47

MISS M. DERRICKSON, milliner and fancy goods Main st., opposite Court House. v1-n47

MRS. M. E. FORMAN, milliner, Main st., below Hartman's store, west of Market st. v1-n47

MISSES HARMAN milliners and fancy goods, Main street, one door above American house. v1-n47

HOTELS AND SALOONS.

J. EYAGCK, oyster and eating saloon, American House, Main st., adjoins Lawson's superior lindenjs. v1-n47

WITMYER & FRONK, oyster saloon, ice cream and refreshment saloon, wholesale and retail, Centre street, Main st.

FOX & WEIRR, confectionery, bakery, and oyster saloon, wholesale and retail, Main st., Exchange Hotel.

EXCHANGE HOTEL, by J. F. CASLOW, opposite court house. v1-n47

AMERICAN HOUSE, by JOHN LEIGHNER, west of Iron street. v1-n47

FORKS HOTEL, by G. W. MAGOON, east end of Market st. v1-n47

B. STOHNER, refreshment saloon, Market st., above court house. v1-n47

J. F. CASLOW, refreshment saloon, Exchange hotel, Lawson Cadman, superintendent. v1-n47

W. H. GILLMORE, refreshment saloon, Sober's block south side Main st. v1-n47

MERCHANTS AND GROCERS.

E. JACOBS, Confectionery, groceries, Main st., above Court House. v1-n47

S. H. MILLER, dealer in dry goods, groceries, queensware, flour, salt, shoes, notions, etc. Exchange block, Main street. v1-n47

M'KELVY, NEAL & Co., dealers in dry goods, groceries, flour, feed, salt, fish, iron, nails, etc., northeast corner Main and market st. v1-n47

H. C. HOWER, hats and caps, boots and shoes, Main st., above court house. v1-n47

C. C. MAUL, dry goods and notions, southwest corner Main and Iron sts. v1-n47

J. J. BROWER, dry goods, groceries, etc., east end of Main and Iron sts. v1-n47

REV. A. HARTMAN, dry goods, notions, and groceries, Main st., opposite Episcopal church. v1-n47

H. HUNSBERGER, organ, groceries, boots and confectionery, Main st., below Exchange hotel. v1-n47

D. A. GROSKLOSS, Keystone clothing hall, hats and gentlemen's furnishing goods, corner Market and Main sts. v1-n47

WILLIAM ERASMUS, confectionaries, Main st., just above post office. v1-n47

E. MENDENHALL, general stock of merchandise and hardware, corner of Main street and Iron street. v1-n47

J. J. ROBBINS, dealer in dry goods, groceries, Silver Street, Main st., Exchange Hotel. v1-n47

J. S. GIRTON, Groceries & Provisions, east end of Main and Iron streets. v1-n47

C. W. SNYDER, hardware, cutlery, glass, etc., Main st., below Iron. v1-n47

A. J. EGAN, dealer in choice dry goods, boots and shoes, groceries, fresh groceries, wines, liquors, opposite the court house.

J. K. EYER, groceries and general merchandise, Main st., above West.

L. SHAPELESS, dry goods, groceries, boots and shoes, etc., Exchange Hotel, Main st., west of Market.

MISCELLANEOUS.

G. W. CORELL, furniture warehouse, three doors north of brick on Main st., west of Market st. v1-n47

E. J. THORNTON, wall paper, window shades and fixtures, Rupert block, Main st. v1-n47

H. ROSENSTOCK, photographer, Hartman's building, northeast corner Main and Market sts. v1-n47

J. P. BROADT, photographer, Hartman's building, northeast corner Main and Market sts. v1-n47

N. W. BARTON, tobacconist, and dealer in stove coal, Main st., opposite court house. v1-n47

J. B. PURSELL, saddle, trunk and harness maker, Main st., below court house. v1-n47

C. FOSTER, Glue Maker, and White and Yellow Tanner, Scottown. v1-n47

BLOOMSBURG LUMBER CO., manufacturers and dealers in Lumber, of all kinds, planing mill near the rail-road. v1-n47

W. J. HIDLEMAN, saddle and harness maker, near southwest corner Main and Market sts. v1-n47

A. WITMAN, marble works, near southwest corner Main and Market sts. v1-n47

R. HINGLER, dealer in pianos, organs, melodeons, etc., W. Corell's furniture room. v1-n47

T. H. MASTERS, agent for Grover & Baker sewing machines, Main st., Hartman's building, up stairs. v1-n47

D. W. ROBBINS, home dealer second-hand furniture, northwest corner Main and Iron sts. v1-n47

W. PEACOCK, Notary Public, north east corner Main and Market st. v1-n47

JOHN A. FUNSTON, mutual and cash mutual fire insurance company, northeast corner Main and West st. v1-n47

GEORGE HASSERT, manufacturer and dealer in Cigars of Bloomsburg manufacture, Chemberlin's old stand Sharpless' building. v1-n47

I. S. KUHN, dealer in meat, tallow, etc., Chemberlin's alley, back of American house. v1-n47

SAMUEL JACOBY, Marble and Brown Stone Works, East Bloomsburg, Berwick road. v1-n47

BRANCHVILLE DIRECTORY.

D. L. A. MOYER, dealer in dry goods and groceries, Main st., Branchville. v1-n47

BRICK HOTEL, by Schuyler Hess, Main st., Branchville. v1-n47

SWAN HOTEL, the oldest house in Columbia county, Main st., Branchville. v1-n47

D. E. SWANK, dealer in dry goods, groceries, boots and shoes, Main st., Branchville. v1-n47

THOMAS BURLEY, agent for Herring's Safes, Main st., Branchville. v1-n47

W. H. OTTO, manufacturer of tin ware and dealer in stoves, etc., Main st., above the Swan Hotel. v1-n47

SAMUEL EVERETT, Organist & Music Teacher, Branchville. v1-n47

A. J. & W. COLEMAN, Merchant tailor and dealers in Ready Made Clothing, Main st., next door to the brick hotel. v1-n47

M. S. HATHERST, Clocks, Watches and Guns repaired, Guns and Watches for sale, Main st., Branchville. v1-n47

JAMES B. HARDEN, Colonel Slocum and Fine Cutter, Main st., below Pine. v1-n47

M. HARDING KELLER, Confectionery, Oysters & Refreshments, Centre st. Main and Mill. v1-n47

H. B. C. REICHARD, Blacksmithing, on Mill st., near Pine. v1-n47

WILLIAM BUTTON, shoemaker and manufacturer of Boots, Mill st., west of Pine. v1-n47

ELIAS SNYDER, Flour and Grist Mill, and Boots and Shoes, Mill street. v1-n47

ADAM SCHUYLER, door hanger, Machinist, and Manufacturer of plows, Mill st. v1-n47

MILES A. WILLIAMS & Co., Tanners and Manufacturers of leather, Mill Street. v1-n47

JOHN KELLER, Boot and Shoemaker, Pine street, opposite the Academy. v1-n47

A. HERRING & BROTHER, Carpenters and Builders, Main street, below Pine. v1-n47

SAMUEL M. PRICE'S, Veterinary Surgeon at the Black Horse Hotel, corner of Main and Pine sts. v1-n47

SAMUEL SHAPPLESS, Maker of the Hayhurst Spring Cradle, Main st. v2-n5

LIGHT STREET DIRECTORY.

PETER EYE, dealer in dry goods, groceries, boots, caps, hats, feed, iron, nails, etc., Light street.

FERWALGER, Cabinetmaker, Undertaker and Chairmaker. v1-n46

F. P. KELLEY, Blacksmith, opposite post office.

H. COMAN & CO., Wheelwrights, first door above school house. v1-n46

MRS. E. KLINE, millinery and fancy goods. v1-n46

J. W. SANKEY, dealer in Leather, Hides, Bark, highest price paid for Hides. v1-n46

W. M. SCANT, dealer in stoves and tin ware in all its branches. v1-n46

PETER W. COMAN, manufacturer and dealer in Cigars, Main st., Light Street. v1-n46

JERSEYTOWN DIRECTORY.

ANDREW MADISON, dealer in dry goods, groceries, hardware, etc., Jerseytown. v1-n46

JACOB A. SWISHER, dealer in Hides, Leather, Bark, etc., Madison township, Columbia county, Pa. v1-n46

DAVID SAWYER, RUBY, Madison Hotel, Jerseytown, Columbia county, Pa. v2-n4

HOTELS AND SALOONS.

LONG POND HOTEL,

AMONG THE MOUNTAINS

WITH THE FAMILIES.

HOT AND COLD SHOWERS IN EXTENT.

HIS BAR WILL BE ALWAYS STOCKED WITH

LAGER BEER.

HE WILL KEEP A GOOD TABLE.

ENTERTAINMENT.

THE SWAN HOTEL.

BRANCHVILLE, COLUMBIA CO. PA.

HE WILL KEEP A GOOD TABLE.

BRICK HOTEL,

BRANCHVILLE, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA.

MILES B. DAILY, PROPRIETOR.

MERCHANTS HOTEL,

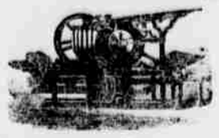
40 NORTH FOURTH STREET,

PHILADELPHIA.

J. & W. G. M'KIBBIN, Proprietors.

May 18, 1867-1y.

THE COLUMBIAN,



A Democratic Newspaper

IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING AT

BLOOMSBURG, PENN'A.

THE principles of this paper need no bolstering upon School of politics. Those principles will never be compromised, yet courtesy and kindness shall not be forgotten in discussing them, whether with individuals, or with contemporaries of the Press. The unity, happiness, and prosperity of the community in principle and object; and as the means to secure that, we shall labor honestly and earnestly for the harmony, success and growth of our organization.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:—Two dollars a year if paid in advance. If not paid in advance two dollars and fifty cents will be invariably charged.

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BROCKWAY & FREEZE,

"Columbian Office,"

BLOOMSBURG, PA.

Printed at Robison's Buildings, near the Court House, by CHAS. M. VANDERSLOUZ, FRANK B. SNYDER.

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOB PRINTING

Neatly executed at this Office.

M. M. L'VELLE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ashland, Schuylkill County, Penn'a.

M. E. JACKSON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Berwick, Columbia County, Penn'a.

M. M. TRAUGH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Berwick, Columbia County, Penn'a.

WILLIAM H. ABBOTT, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, CENTRALIA, PA.

C. W. MILLER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office with I. H. Little, in brick building adjoining Post Office. All Bloomsburg Business and Pensions collected. v1-n47

JOHN G. FREEZE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Office in Register and Recorder's office, in the basement of the Court House, Bloomsburg, Pa.

ROBERT F. CLARK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Office, corner of Main and Market streets, over First National Bank, Bloomsburg, Pa.

E. H. LITTLE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Office on Main street, in brick building below the Court House, Bloomsburg, Pa.

C. B. BROCKWAY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BLOOMSBURG, PA. ☞ OFFICE—Court House Alley, below the Columbian Office. Jan 5-6.

J. B. ROBISON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, BLOOMSBURG, PENN'A. Office in Champney's Building, Main street, West of the American House. may 3-'67.

LOUIS BERNHARD, Would inform the citizens of Bloomsburg and vicinity that he is now prepared to small kinds of plating, silver or gold. Jan 12-'67.

AUCTIONEER. MOSES COFFMAN, Having followed the profession of Auctioneer for many years, would inform his friends that he is still in the field, ready and willing to attend to all the duties of his calling. Persons desiring his services should call at his residence in Bloomsburg, Pa. may 3-'67.

DR. W. H. BRADLEY, Late Assistant Medical Director U. S. Army, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Can be found at the house opposite Robison's Hotel, Bloomsburg, Pa. Calls promptly attended to both night and day. Bloomsburg, Jan. 18, 1867.

S. C. SHIVE, CABINET MAKER, AND MANUFACTURER BY STEAM OF SASH, BLINDS, DOORS, SHUTTERS, MOULDINGS, WINDOW FRAMES, &C. MAIN STREET, BLOOMSBURG, PA. June 28, 1867.

S. C. COLLINS, FASHIONABLE SHAVING, HAIR CUTTING AND SHAMPOOING SALOON,Ower Wolfinger & Jacobs's Ice Cream Saloon, BLOOMSBURG, PA. Hair Dyed and Whiskers colored black or brown. This Tonic to destroy dandruff and beautify the hair, will restore hair to its original color without soiling the finest fabric, constantly on hand. may 11-'67.

M. ARTMAN. C. H. DILLINGER. J. E. KATMAN. ARTMAN, DILLINGER & CO., NO. 228 NORTH THIRD STREET, (Nearly opposite Jones, Neal, Souder & Co.) Wholesale Dealers in YARNS, BATTING, WADDING, CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, SHADES, FLY NETS, GRAIN BAGS, CORDAGE, &C. ALSO, WILLOW AND WOODEN WARE, BRUSHES, BRUMS, LOOKING GLASSES, ETC. May 10, 1867-1y.

WARTMAN & ENGELMAN, TOBACCO, SNUFF & SEGAR MANUFACTORY, No. 243 NORTH THIRD STREET, Second Door below Wood, PHILADELPHIA. J. W. WARTMAN. H. P. ENGELMAN

EVERY Customer may be sure of a Good Fit or a Smile at CHENERLIN'S Clothing Store.

Choice Poetry.

FOR THE COLUMBIAN.

THE LOVED AND LOST.

BY E. G. S.

Where are they the well beloved
Who have shared life's toil and pain?
And we miss them, sadly miss them,
Shall we see them never again?

Oft we listen for the coming
Of their footsteps in the room,
All in vain; for they are sleeping,
In the cold and silent tomb.

Fill Death's shadows all too darkly
O'er their cloistering joys of life,
Lay they down their armor weary,
Of its ceaseless strife.

Closed the weary eyes forever,
Low the aching head;
Rests upon the grassy pillow,
With the silent dead.

Darkness, gathers yet unheeded,
For my thoughts are far away,
Singing over Life's sunny spring-time,
When without a cloud its day.

Friends I loved were all around me,
Bright and joyous every tone,
Never was heard, in our gay circle,
Sorrow's sad and wailing moan.

But, ah me! the dark clouds lowered,
Turned to mourning was our mirth;
Grim Death entered and relentless,
Cast his shadow on our hearth.

Vain our tears our prayers were fruitless.
Our fond mother passed away,
Left us Orphans, sad and weeping,
Wrapped in clouds was Hope's bright ray.

Low we laid her in the church-yard,
There to slumber 'neath the sod,
Till the trump of the Archangels,
Calls "Arise and meet thy God,

Years have fled and I alone,
Am left to think of joys that passed,
Like the buds of early summer,
Nipped by the untimely blast.

Such is life! All joy is fleeting,
Shadows gather, ties are riven
But Faith whispers "Drooping spirits
There is no sorrow night in heaven.

"There all joy shall be unclouded,
In the Mansions of the blest;
Crowns unfading shall be given you,
And the weary soul shall rest."

Miscellaneous.

REMARKS

Of Hon. T. Chalfant in the House of Representatives on the resolution approving of the action of the Senate of the U. S. reinstating Edwin M. Stanton as Secretary of War.

Mr. CHALFANT, Mr Speaker, I do not rise to debate this question. Enough has been said already, inasmuch as it is a matter that does not affect the material interests of the citizens of this Commonwealth. But I desire to allude to some remarks made by our opponents on the other side [Messrs. Herr and Reinoehl,] reflecting severely on the member from Fayette, because of the remark made by him of General Grant having conquered the gallant Lee. These gentlemen appear excessed about it, in the face of the fact that John W. Forney in his *Press* for weeks past has been lauding Longstreet, Jeff. Thompson, and other Southern rebel generals as gallant gentlemen, and I doubt not but my friend from Fayette fell into the use of this expression by reading the *Press*.

Mr. Speaker, many anathemas have been hurled at the head of Edwin M. Stanton during this debate, but all cannot sink him lower in the estimation of every fair minded, every justice loving man, than his own base and tyrannical acts. They have passed into history, as the gentleman from Chester [Mr. Hickman] has truly said, and by them he will be judged; and all the flattering resolutions offered here, and all the fulsome rhetoric indulged in by members on this floor in imitation of him will not add a feather's weight with posterity in altering the verdict as to the character of the man. He will stand alongside of Sejanus, the minister of Tiberius, as a man who made friends only to destroy them, and who used the powers of the State to oppress the weak and persecute the innocent. Fawning, cringing, designing, cruel, treacherous, ambitious, he is the very counterpart of that basest of the Romans. As has been well said here, he urged others to embrace secession, and then deserted them when they committed the overt act. He fawned on General McClellan, until, through the influence of that great and generous soldier, he was installed in the War Office, then, ingrate like, joined the radical conspirators to degrade his benefactor and strip him of his command of the army. He was at first obsequious and deferential to Lincoln; but he soon measured the capacity of that weak Executive, and allowed him to retail his coarse jokes at the White House, while he played the dictator, as War Minister. No "autocrat of all the Russias" ever played the despot to a greater degree. Public opinion would not allow Stanton, although he was backed by the army, to use the knout or erect a guillotine, but he used the bastile, chains and the dungeon to crush his victims. The gentleman from Chester and others say we dislike Stanton only because he incarcerated some of our Democratic friends, as though Democrats had no rights he was bound to respect. And why did he incarcerate them? Because he hates the Democratic party with all an apostate's hate; as such always hate those who have lifted them from obscurity into place and power, only to betray them—from the first, who for his treachery and ingratitude, was hurled over the battlements of heaven into his seething hell, down to the miserable renegades who have left the Democracy within the last decade of years. But there are others beside members of the Democratic party, men who had no affiliation with it, upon whom he wreaked out his cruel revenge. I might number them by myriads. I will cite one case that ought to damn Edwin M. Stanton with all posterity, and that is his treatment of General Charles P. Stone, as gallant a soldier as ever bore a blade upon his thigh. This officer was arrested while in the service of his country by the order of this despot, Stanton, and thrust into a dungeon in Boston harbor, shut out from all intercourse with friends, denied correspondence with his family, kept immured nine months, appealing to the American Government to know what crime he had committed, but appealing in vain. No answer came. There he lay like a victim of the bastile under Louis XIV, like "the man with the iron mask," until weary, dejected, broken down in mind and body, he was thrust out upon the world without trial, without a chance to confront his accusers, without redress, and the American people are ignorant to this day why Charles P. Stone was subjected to this torture. And this is but one of a multitude of his victims.

Why, Mr. Speaker, we read of the dark doings of the Venetian Council of Ten—of the Star Chamber of England during the reign of the Tudors—but nothing in the history of these oppressive engines of government was more infamous than this incarceration of General Stone. The iron pen of history has written its epitaph over the graves of the men who acted in those engines of tyranny, and it is the single sentence, "accursed of mankind;" and over the grave of Edwin M. Stanton a similar sentence will be inscribed. But it was not alone General Stone that suffered. In my own district, in Columbia county, some forty innocent individuals, plain, unassuming farmers, were dragged forth from their homes one morning by command of this ruthless tyrant of the war office; one man among them nearly ninety years of age, not allowed even to bid a farewell to their families, and in chains hurried to the bastile, Fort Mifflin. Thrust into casemates damp and cold, and dripping with water, and there kept for months, until some died, others became invalids from rheumatism and disease, other and after satiating the tyrant's greed of hate, were turned out on the world without trial, without redress and without opportunity to confront their accusers. Not content with persecuting these men thus, an army was sent to ravage their homes and desolate their fields; and all the honors that army achieved, was in robbing hen roosts and charging on pig styes.

Mr. Speaker, Stanton thought to degrade the victims of his tyranny, to lower them in the estimation of their fellow men, but he missed his aim. The free citizens of this country have awarded honors to many of these victims—two sit beside me to-day to cast their votes against that resolution to compliment the tyrant.

Mr. HERR. Will the gentleman allow himself to be interrogated?

Mr. CHALFANT. No, sir. I am generally very affable on such occasions, but the gentleman did not allow himself to be interrogated.

Mr. HERR. I only wanted to correct a statement.

Mr. CHALFANT. I have the floor. I desire the gentleman to take his seat. I know these things pinch. [Laughter.

Mr. HERR. I was going to say I was the counsel in some of these cases.

Mr. CHALFANT. You were counsel in other cases. If the gentleman from Dauphin [Mr. HERR] wishes to be personal, I have in my possession a letter to which his name is attached; perhaps he would like it to be produced here.

Mr. HERR. I am willing to have it introduced.

The SPEAKER. Gentlemen will preserve order, and not make personal attacks.

Mr. CHALFANT. Mr. Speaker, I am not disposed to be personal, but the gentlemen seems so disposed.

The SPEAKER. The gentleman will not interrupt the gentleman from Montour [Mr. CHALFANT,] who will proceed in order.

Mr. CHALFANT. As I said when I arose, it was not my intention to debate this question. But I cannot sit here and listen to the attacks that have been made upon those who stood by the Constitution of their country like a breakwater between the wretched fanatics who hatched out treason at the North and those who committed the overt act at the "other end of the line." I have pictured to you the acts of Edwin M. Stanton, giving you his true portrait. And this is the man you desire to crown with bays; he is the demi-god you wish to elevate in the sight of the American people as the head and front of your party—a fitful chieftain to a fitful party—laughter on the Democratic side]—During his long career, long, when we consider the torture endured under his tyrannical reign, during all that time he labored to assimilate the Government of this country to the Roman Empire, under Augustus, or Imperial France, under Napoleon. And I am not surprised that you get up this resolution to compliment him for his base work. It is in keeping with the character of your party for years. If you gentlemen wish to praise Edwin M. Stanton I have no objection. If your tastes run in that way gratify them. But don't ask this side to follow you. If you desire to hug the chains that bind your limbs—if you wish to place a laurel wreath about the man who has rivited the fetters on your limbs, do it, but ask not the Democracy to aid you in your nefarious work.

ETERNITY has no gray hairs. The flowers fade, the heart withers, man grows old and dies, but time writes no wrinkle on eternity. Eternity! stupendous thought! That ever present, unborn, undeaying and undying—the endless chain composing the life of God—the golden thread entwining the destinies of the universe. Earth has its beauties, but time shrouds them for the grave; its palaces, they are but bursting bubbles. Not so in the untried bourne, in the dwelling of the Almighty can come no footsteps of decay.

DOUBLY PUNISHED.—A farmer in Howden, England, was lately fined by the Knaresborough magistrates for furious driving while drunk. Subsequently he visited a friend near Harrowgate, and a report of his conviction in a local paper affected him so much that he went to an outhouse and hanged himself.

PRIDE often miscalculates, and more often misconceives. The proud man places himself at a distance from other men; seen through that distance, others appear little to him; but he forgets that this very distance causes him also to appear equally little to others.

FLORENCE is overrun with Americans.

Interesting Anecdotes Relating to Kisses.

WHEN the Cardinal, John of Lorraine, was presented to the Duchess of Savory, she gave him her hand to kiss, greatly to the indignation of the irate churchman. "How, madam," exclaimed he, "am I to be treated in this manner? I kiss the Queen, my mistress, and shall I not kiss you who are only duchess?" and without more ado he, despite the resistance of the proud little Portuguese princess, kissed her thrice on the mouth, before he released her with an exultant laugh. The doughty cardinal was apparently of one mind with Sheldon, who thought to "kiss ladies' hands after their lips, as some, is like little boys who after they eat the apple, fal to the paring." When Charles II. was making his triumphal progress through England, certain country ladies who were presented to him, instead of kissing the royal hand, in their simplicity, held up their pretty lips to be kissed by the king—a blunder no one would more willingly excuse than the red-haired lover of pretty Nell Gwynn. Another poet, the countyman Chartier, had two centuries later, the honor of being publicly kissed in the stage box by the young and lovely Countess de Villars; but in Voltaire's case, the lady gave the osculatory salute not of her own free will, but in obedience to the command of the *claqueurs* in the pit, mad with enthusiasm for the poet's "Meropc."

Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, as our readers will remember, gave Steel, the butcher, a kiss, for his vote nearly a century since, and another equally beautiful woman, Jane, Duchess of Gordon, recruited her regiment in a similar manner. Duncan Mackensie, a veteran of Waterloo, died in Elgin, Scotland, December, 1866. He delighted in relating how he kissed the Duchess in taking the shilling from between her teeth to become one of her regiment—the Gordon Highlanders, better known as the 92d. The old Scottish veteran of eighty-seven has not left one behind him to tell the same tale about kissing the blue eyed Duchess in the market place of Duthill. The late Daniel O'Connell hit upon a novel mode of securing votes for the candidates he had named at a certain election, which test considering the constitutional temperament of his contry-men, is said to have proved effectual. He said in reference to the unfortunate electors who should vote against them, "Let no woman salute him!" Gilbert Stuart, the portrait painter, is said to have once met a lady in the streets of Boston, who accosted him with: "Ah! Mr. Stuart, I have just seen your likeness, and kissed it because it looked so much like you." "And did it kiss you in return?" "Why no." "Then," said the gallant painter, "it was not like me."

Some of our readers, who are not so young as they have been, may remember the famous Yankee kiss, and the kiss of the last King of England before he came to his estate. While in New York, the Prince called at a barber's shop to be shaved. When the operation was completed, he stepped up to the barber's wife, who chanced to be present, and giving her a kiss, said: "There now you can say you have been kissed by a member of the royal family." The barber, greatly incensed by what he chose to receive as an insult, seized the prince, and helping him out of the shop with his foot, exclaimed: "There, now you can say you have received a royal kick from an American freeman."

Chevalier Bunsen, who rose from an humble position in life to great honor, was a man of vast savoir but little erudition. As a theologian, the character to which he most aspired, he was severely criticised by the celebrated Dr. Merle D'Albigne. The two savans met at Berlin at the Evangelican Alliance held several years ago. Bunsen kissed Merle; of course the polite Genevan could but return the compliment. Great was the ado about the "kiss of reconciliation," as the Germans called it, much to the annoyance of Dr. Merle, who had no idea of compromising the solemn writers of theology by a kiss. Besides, he said, he preferred the English custom in kissing to the German. A delicate insinuation that, but the Professor meant nothing wrong.

The Rev. Sidney Smith says: "We are in favor of a certain amount of shyness when a kiss is proposed, but it should not be too long, and, when the fair one gives it, let it be administered with warmth and energy—let there be a soul in it. If she close her eyes and sigh immediately after it, the effect is greater. She should be careful not to slobber a kiss, but give it as a humming-bird runs his bill into a honeysuckle—deep but delicate. There is much virtue in a kiss when well delivered. We have the memory of one we received in our youth, which lasted us forty years, and we believe it will be one of the last things we shall think of when we die."

At Bologne, during the reception of Queen Victoria, June, 1855, a number of English ladies, in their anxiety to see everything, pressed with such force against the soldiers who were keeping the line, that the latter, in some instance, were obliged to give way, and generally were—to use the expression of our policemen—"impeded in the execution of their duty." The officer in command observing the state of affairs, shouted out, "one roll of the drum—if they don't keep back kiss them all." After the sound of the drum the English ladies took to flight. "If they had been French," said a Parisian journal, "they would have remained to a woman."

A SCHOOLMASTER tells the following anecdote:

"I was teaching in a quiet country village, and it was the second morning of my session. Among the scanty furniture of the school I espied a three legged stool. "Is this the dunce block?" I asked of a little girl of five. The dark eyes sparkled, the curls nodded assent, and the lips rippled out, "I guess so, the teacher sits on it."

THE grasshoppers are hatching in Utah.

The Biggest Game of Poker Ever Known.

THE newspapers have a story of Commordore Vanderbilt seeing a blackleg's bluff at poker, and going a thirty thousand dollar steamboat better; but this is hardly up to an affair of which we recollect reading long ago in a Mississippi paper.

In the days when the Hon. George Poindexter represented the State in the Federal Senate, say some thirty-five years ago, before the time of railroads, he started from Natchez by an up-river boat, on his way to Washington. The Agricultural bank having a heavy deposit to make in one of the Pittsburgh banks, entrusted the money to his charge.

Before twenty-four hours had elapsed, some of the sporting fraternity were making up a little game, and invited the Senator to take a hand, to which, nothing loth, he consented. The game ran about the usual course of such things while the professionals were taking the measure of their intended victim, and guessing at the size of his pile. When those points were settled to their satisfaction the business began in earnest.

An overpowering hand was dealt to Mr. Poindexter, upon which he made a small bet, and the others passed, with one exception, who "saw him," and went a thousand dollars better. To this he responded with another thousand dollars better, when the gambler replied, "I see your thousand dollars and go thirty thousand dollars better"—for perceiving that his customer was pretty flush, he did not dare risk a few thousands.

Poindexter replied that, that was more money that he had, but he would put up his pile, which entitled him to a sight. This the other denied to be the law. "Certainly," said Mr. P., "I always understand that a gentleman has a right to a show for his money."

"Not unless it is stipulated beforehand;" and the gambler appealed to the "gentlemen" present, who sustained him.

"Come," said the ruffian, "throwing down a well filled pocket book, and laying his watch on the table, "go thirty thousand dollars better," "and give you five minutes to raise the money."

Poindexter bid him count his money; and there it was, sure enough, in good bills. "Well," said he, raising, "I will see if I can find any friends who will furnish the funds," and he passed into the ladies' cabin, in which was his state room. He lingered sometime, and as the hand was nearing the last minute, returned quickly, took his seat, drew a bulky pocket book from his breast, and laying it upon the table, calmly said:

"Sir, I see you, thirty thousand dollars and a hundred and twenty thousand dollars better, and give you five minutes to raise the money."

It was the turn of the astonished gambler to call for a count, but before Mr. Poindexter got through with the hundred and fifty thousand, he threw down his hand; there were too many spectators to make it safe to raise a row—and, with his companions, went ashore at the next wood yard.

ROBBING A BURGLAR.—A writer in Harpers Weekly details the following incident, which occurred a few days ago:

A Brooklyn gentleman was aroused at midnight by a mischievous noise. As he arose in bed he saw standing in the room a rough looking man with a bludgeon in his hand.

"What do you want here?" inquired the gentleman.

"I want *your* money or *your* life," suddenly replied the thief.

"You do, eh?" and slipping his hand under his pillow, the intended victim drew forth a splendid revolver, sprang from the bed and presented it at the head of the thief.

"Now, sir, I want your money or your life," he continued, still presenting his revolver. The thief "comprehended the situation at a glance," and fairly "Shook in his boots" as he stammered, "I will go out sir."

"No you won't until you give me your money; then you may go."

The thief drew from his pocket ten dollars and handed the sum over.

"Now I want your coat."

This was delivered.

"Now I will take your shirt, boots and pants."

The thief hesitated.

"If you don't take them off instantly I will shoot you dead where you stand and throw your body out of the window." The thief complied, and stood naked. "Now you may leave," said the gentleman, "by the same way you came, through that window, down the shed, and over the fence. And if I ever see you within fifty yards of this house again, day or night, I'll shoot you dead." The thief took his departure; but when the hero related his adventure next morning to the family, who were entirely undisturbed by it, he was obliged to exhibit his captured clothing and money to induce belief.

THE Bishop of Wurtzburg, one asked a sprightly shepherd boy: "What are you doing here, my lad?" "Tending swine." "How much do you get?" "One florin a week." "I am also a shepherd," continued the Bishop, "but I have a much better salary." "That may all be, but then I suppose you have more swine under your care," innocently replied the boy.

A MAN styled Prof. Clark, who attempted to walk seventy-five consecutive hours without nourishment or sleep, at Cheyenne, D. T., became delirious after walking fifty hours, and was compelled by his physicians to give up the attempt.

AMONG the Hottentots a widow is obliged to cut off the joint of a finger for every husband she marries after the first. This she presents to her new husband on her wedding day, beginning at one of the little fingers.

WHEN a sportsman fires into a covey of partridges he makes them all quail.

Wit and Humor.

WHEN is a flea like a locomotive? When it goes over the sleepers.

"MOTHER," said a lad, "is it wrong to break egg shells?"

"Certainly not, my dear," replied the mother; "but what do you ask such silly questions for?"

"Because I have dropped the basket with all the eggs in it," replied the promising youth.

WAGGS went to the depot of one of our railways the other evening, and finding the best car full, said in a loud tone:

"This car isn't going!"

Of course these words caused a general stampede, and Waggs took the best seat. The cars soon moved off. In the midst of the indignation Waggs was questioned:

"You said this car wasn't going."

"Well, it wasn't then, it is now!"

The "sold" laughed a little, but Waggs came near getting a good thrashing.

TROD UPON HIS TOES.—Last night, at the theatre, a gentleman felt the pressure of two little fairy feet upon his patent leathers. At first the sensation was delightful. It made inexpressible delightful thrills pass through his body; but these sensations wore away, and the pressure began to feel the least bit uncomfortable.

"Madame!" he gently suggested, "You are standing on my feet!"

"Your feet, sir!"

"Yes, Madam."

"Goodness! I beg your pardon, sir; I thought I was standing on a block of wood—*they are quite large, sir!*"

"Quite—*but you covered 'em madam.*"

FREE MASONRY.—"Was Uncle Paul a Mason?" Ike asked of Mrs. Partington as he stood looking at the rigid profile of the ancient corporal of the "Bloody 'Leventh" that hung on the wall.

"No, he was a veteran sargent naturally, though he took to gardening afterwards, and raised the most wonderful squashes that always took the primer at the Horticultural Affair."

"I mean was he a Free Mason," continued Ike.

"O, dear, no," replied she, "and I'm glad of it, for they are a good deal too free in throwin' their plasterin' round, which is very mortarfying and takes the color out of things, so; and when they whitewashed the kitchen didn't they make free with the balmy bud rum which they mistook for a cordial? and I wish to gracious it had been a metic to have taught 'em a lesson to be a little less free next time."

"But Free Masons," said Ike petulantly, "aint masons; I mean the fellows that built the temple."

"O!" she exclaimed, "them? Well, dear, I have heard of a good many things they did, and then I have heard of a good many things they didn't, and so between 'em both I don't believe neither. It is a great mystery!" she whispered, "and if they did kill Morgan, they ought to have done it if they agreed to, tho' 'twas a bad thing for him. But I never believed the story told of him sculling up Niag