THE COLUMBIA SPY.

STEPHEN GREENE, Editor and Publisher. "NO ENTERTAINMENT IS SO CHEAP AS READING, NOR ANY PLEASURE SO LASTING." $1,50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE, $2,00 IF NOT IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME XXVI, NUMBER 30.] COLUMBIA, PENNSYLVANIA, SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 19, 1856. [WHOLE NUMBER [illegible]

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

Office in Northern Central Railroad Company's Building, north-west corner Front and Walnut streets.

Terms of Subscription.

One Copy per annum, if paid in advance, $1 50
" " if not paid within three months from commencement of the year, 2 00

4 Cents a Copy.

No subscription received for a less time than six months; and no paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publisher.

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Rates of Advertising.

1 square [9 lines]	one week,	$0 38
"	three weeks,	75
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1 " [12 lines]	one week,	50
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Collections promptly made, in Lancaster and York Counties.
Columbia, May 4, 1850.

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Columbia, July 14, 1855-tf

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Columbia, December 29, 1855-3m*

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Columbia January 13, 1855-1y

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Columbia, March 31, 1855.

United States Life Insurance Annuity and Trust Company.

OFFICE, S. E. Corner Third and Chestnut Sts., Company's Building. Charter perpetual. Capital, ascertained value of Premiums and Assets, Jan 1, 1855, $1 210,929 00.

The eminent success of this Company arises chiefly from its distinctive and simple plan of operation, combining Stability with Security, Perpetuity and Availability. Annual Dividends, convertible in cash, or appropriated to the payment of premiums.—Premium payments quarterly, &c.

The undersigned has been appointed agent for the above company, in this place, and is prepared to furnish policies at the shortest notice.

JAS. S. McMAHON,
Columbia News Depot.
Columbia, June 23, 1855.

Brick of all Kinds.

M. F. MULGREW, Mountville, Lancaster county, manufactures and has constantly for sale, PAVING AND BUILDING BRICK, of best quality, which he will deliver in Columbia, at the lowest rates. Orders solicited.
April 7, 1855-1y

BAR IRON.

THE undersigned are prepared to manufacture and furnish country merchants, with BAR IRON, of every size, and of the best quality. Orders for any size desired, filled promptly.

SMITH RICHARDS & CO.,
Rolling Mill, Columbia.
Columbia, April 28, 1855.—tf.

Shaving and Hair-Dressing Saloon.

THE undersigned invites attention to his Saloon, No. 1 Arcade, Walnut st., opposite the Washington Hotel, where all persons can receive a CLEAN AND EASY SHAVE, and have their hair cut and dressed in the most fashionable and exquisite manner.—There is something soothing in a good shave: if any are disposed to doubt it, let them try me, and I will fully demonstrate the fact.

WILLIAM CLEGGETT.
Columbia, March 27, 1852-tf

Gas Fitting.

HIRAM WILSON gives this branch of business particular attention. As he executes all work in this line himself, it will be warranted equal to any in the country, and at as low rates.

Thankful for the patronage with which he has already been favored, he respectfully solicits a continuance of the same. HIRAM WILSON.

One door above Jonas Rumple's Hardware Store.
Columbia, Feb. 24, 1855

Cedar Ware.

CONSTANTLY on hand, an assortment of Cedar-Ware, to which the attention of housekeepers is invited. HENRY PFAHLER.
Columbia, October 29, 1853.

Copy Books.

LATEST fancy of slates, Pencils, Pens, Ink, &c., of the very best brand, ready at a moment's notice, at McMAHON'S.
Oct. 27, 1855. Columbia Book and News Depot.

FRENCH MERINOES, &c. I have just opened a large assortment of Ladies' Dress Goods, consisting in part of French Merinoes, all shades; French Cashmeres, all shades; Figured and plain De Laines; Parametas, all colors; Chintzes, Calicoes, Ginghams, &c. Also a fine assortment of Sack Velvets and Flannels. Call and see our assortment, as you may rely on getting good and cheap goods.

PHILIP F. FRY,
Columbia, Oct 6, 1855. Opposite the Bank.

FLANNELS AND BLANKETS.—We are now opening our Full Stock of Flannels, consisting of Scarlet, White, Yellow, Green, Blue, Twilled Flannels. Also all colors of plain flannels at a great reduction from last year's prices. Blankets all prices, and very cheap. PHILIP F. FRY,
Oct. 6. Opposite the Bank.

FARR & THOMPSON'S justly celebrated Commercial and other Gold Pens—the best in the market—just received. F. SHREINER.
Columbia, April 28, 1855.

WHY should any person do without a Clock, when they can be had for $1.50 and upwards, at SHREINER'S!
Columbia, April 28, 1855.

SAPONIFIER, or Concentrated Lye, for making Soap. 1 lb. is sufficient for one barrel of Soft Soap, or 1½ for 9 lbs. Hard Soap. Full directions will be given at the Counter for making Soft, Hard and Fancy Soaps. For sale by R. WILLIAMS.
Columbia, March 31, 1855.

DRUGS, Medicines and Perfumery, by wholesale and retail. I have just received from the Cities of Philadelphia and Baltimore, a large stock additional to my former stock, with a general variety of other goods kept in Drug Stores, which I am determined to dispose of at the most reasonable prices. Persons desiring to purchase will do well by calling on the subscriber R. WILLIAMS,
Front street, Columbia Pa.
Columbia, March 31, 1855.

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral and Cathartic Pills—We have just received a fresh supply, direct from the manufacturer. Call at the Family Medicine Store, and procure the genuine article.
Columbia, October 20, 1855.

BIBLES, Prayer and Hymn Books, of all denominations, beautiful and varied. Just received and for sale at McMAHON'S.
December 22, 1855.

ALMANACS.—The great depot of English fashion and folly is fully unfolded in a work of this title just out and for sale cheap, at McMAHON'S.
October 27, 1855.

Poetry.

ETTY'S ROVER.

Thou lovely and thou happy child,
Ah, how I envy thee!
I should be glad to change our state,
If such a change might be.

And yet it is a lingering joy
To watch a thing so fair,
To think that in our weary life
Such pleasant moments are.

A little monarch thou art there,
And of a fairy realm,
Without a foe to overthrow,
A care to overwhelm.

Thy world is in thy own glad will,
And in each fresh delight,
And in thy unused heart, which makes
Its own, its golden light.

With no misgiving in thy past,
Thy future with no fear;
The present circles thee around,
An angel's atmosphere.

How little is the happiness
That will content a child;
A favorite dog, a sunny fruit,
A blossom growing wild.

A word will fill the little heart
With pleasure and with pride;
It is a harsh, a cruel thing,
That such can be denied.

And yet how many weary hours
Those joyous creatures know;
How much of sorrow and restraint
They to their elders owe!

How much they suffer from our faults
How much from our mistakes!
How often too mistaken zeal
An infant's misery makes!

We overrule, and overteach
We curb and we confine;
And put the heart to school too soon,
To learn our narrow line.

No; only taught by love to love,
Seems childhood's natural task;
Affection, gentleness, and hope,
Are all its brief years ask.

Enjoy thy happiness, sweet child,
With careless heart and eye;
Enjoy those few bright hours which now,
E'en now, are hurrying by.

And let the gazer on thy face
Grow glad with watching thee,
And better, kinder,—such, at least,
Its influence on me.

Original Story.

For the Columbia Spy.

ROMANCE AND REALITY.

The old saying that truth is sometimes stranger than fiction, will be verified by the circumstances which we are about to relate. We are only responsible for the dress in which they are presented. The names are of course fictitious.

In one of the largest commercial cities of the United States lived, a few years since, a man of immense wealth, accumulated by his own industry and enterprise. A foreigner by birth, he had few relatives living in this country, and those few he held in little esteem. At his death he left all his possessions to the corporate authorities of the city in which he had resided, to be employed for purposes of general benevolence and public utility. A portion of his large fortune consisted in valuable coal lands near the flourishing inland town of T———. Some years after his decease, his nephew, a native of the same land in which he was born, came to the United States, and, contesting his will, laid claim to his whole landed estate. After a suit in court, although the will was sustained, yet it was discovered, that, through some legal technicality, these coal lands were not included in it, and were therefore adjudged to this nephew, as heir at law.—This gentleman, whom we shall call Mr. Costello, wishing to superintend his property for himself, with his family took up his residence in the principal hotel of T———. His family consisted of a daughter, about eighteen years of age, and a son, about twenty-one. The son was a wild, high-spirited young man, with the fiery blood of the clime from whence he came; the daughter, a beautiful, accomplished and lovely girl, not without a dash of that same independent, undaunted spirit, inherited from her ancestors.

Boarding at the same hotel was a surveyor and engineer, by the name of Alfred Thompson, who although young, had already attained considerable eminence in his profession, and derived an excellent income from its practice. He was frank and noble in his disposition, gentlemanly in his bearing, and universally esteemed for his many estimable qualities. Having been in the habit of attending divine service in the Methodist Church of that place, he had become intimately acquainted with the Rev. Mr. Carroll, then stationed there. The latter used frequently in their friendly intercourse together, jocularly to say to him, "Alfred you ought to make haste and give me the pleasure of marrying you, before my time here expires"—referring to the fact that by their peculiar economy, Methodist Ministers are not allowed to remain longer than two years at a time in the same station—to which he would as jocosely reply, "Most certainly you shall have that pleasure, if I can find any body to have me during that time." Yet Mr. Carroll never suspected he would be called on so soon to do it.

Mr. Thompson and Miss Ida Costello were mutually attracted towards each other, from the first hour of their acquaintance, and their intimacy soon ripened into mutual and ardent affection. Yet, knowing the quick, imperious temper of her father, and certain that he would not approve of her choice, with the tact almost intuitive to woman, she so managed that he never had the least suspicion of what was transpiring.

One morning in the spring of 185—, Mr. Thompson called upon the Rev. Mr. Carroll and said to him—

"You have often said you must marry me before you removed, and now I shall give you the opportunity. I want you to be in the church this afternoon, at 3 o'clock precisely, when I shall be there to have the knot tied."

At first the minister thought he was in sport, but he assured him that he was as much in earnest as he ever was in his life. He then consented to be there, and had so much confidence in the young man that he took no witnesses with him, nor even inquired to whom he intended to be married. At the appointed time, Mr. Thompson appeared before the chancel, with a young lady whom he introduced as Miss Ida Costello, and the ceremony was duly performed by which they were made man and wife. On parting at the church door, Ida went back to the hotel and Alfred to his office.

By some means, during the afternoon, the rumor became very prevalent in the town that Alfred Thompson and Ida Costello were married, and the numerous boarders were astonished to see her take her seat at the supper table, by her mother's side. During the evening, the supposed marriage was the exciting theme, and the proprietor of the hotel was persuaded that he ought to tell Mr. Costello of the rumor in circulation. He accordingly did so, and Mr. Costello received the intelligence with a violent burst of rage. Affixing epithets which we do not care to repeat, he exclaimed, "Its a lie—a—lie!" and towering with rage, he went to tell it to his wife. She declared she believed it to be all false. Not pacified, however, he burst into Ida's room, who had retired to rest, awoke her from a sound sleep, and almost screamed in her ears—

"Ida, they say you are married to that infernal Thompson. Tell me this moment whether it is so; for if it is, I'll kill you?"

"I! father—I married?" replied the girl, in apparent astonishment, "who could say such a thing about me? No, indeed, I am far from being married I can assure you."

"I knew it was a lie," said the father, much relieved, and returned to his own room.

Next day, however, the rumor gained ground, and he heard it from various quarters. Greatly excited, he met Thompson in the street that afternoon, and imperiously required of him to deny that he and Ida were married.

"I shall do no such thing," said Thompson, "for we are."

"That does not alter the fact. Good afternoon, sir," and so saying, Thompson coolly walked off.

After this had occurred, Ida wrote on a slip of paper, "I have denied it, you must do the same," and as she passed Alfred's room, which was on the same range of apartments as her own, slipped it under his door. The warning came too late. He had acknowledged it. The next morning, Mr. Costello hearing that Mr. Carroll had united them, waited on him, and said—

"Did you marry Mr. Thompson last Monday?"

"I did."

"To whom?"

"To a lady who gave her name as Ida Costello."

"It's a lie! it's a lie!" he exclaimed, "that is my daughter, and she declares she is not married. What was the appearance of the woman to whom you married him?"

The minister then gave a description of the lady.

"It's a lie!" again exclaimed Costello, "Thompson has married some one who looks like my daughter and palmed her off on you as Ida," and the interview terminated.

A few hours afterward, Costello called again on Mr. Carroll, with his daughter, and asked him if that were the lady he married to Mr. Thompson. The reply was, "Yes sir."

"Me! sir, me!" cried the daughter, "Oh! sir, you are mistaken, it was not me!"

"Well, I confess I did wrong, in having no witnesses present, but I had such confidence in Mr. Thompson that I did not think it was necessary, so I cannot prove it; but I am certain I married you last Monday."

The girl, however, reiterated her denial in the most positive terms. She accompanied her father home and he appeared to be satisfied. The next day Ida assumed the air of injured innocence, and said to her mother—

"I see you and father suspect me, and I don't like it, lock me in my room, and have my meals sent me. I am not afraid to stay alone."

"No, my daughter," replied her mother, "you must live down these vile reports, and go to your meals as usual."

"Very well," the daughter said, "just as you think best."

As she passed by Thompson's room on returning to her own apartment, she slipped another paper under his door, on which she had written, "Be ready at 6 o'clock. It is our only chance."

When the hour for tea arrived, she took her usual place at the table, from which it was afterwards noticed Thompson was absent. There was a door opening from the dining room into the kitchen, immediately before which was a large screen. While her father was carving at the head of the table, Ida cried out—

"Oh, mother, there goes Jinnie Harlan—may I go and speak to her for a minute?"

"Certainly, my child," said the mother, "Certainly, my daughter, go and speak to Miss Harlan, by all means," said the father.

Ida arose and left the table. Some ten minutes elapsed and no notice was taken of her absence. Suddenly her mother cried out—"Where's Ida?"

The father, throwing down his knife, cried—

"Where's Ida?"

For a few moments all was confusion. As soon as the company became composed enough to make rational inquiries, it was ascertained that Ida had passed behind the screen, out of the door into the kitchen, thence she had gone to the side portico of the hotel, and down an unfrequented street, to a corner, where a carriage was standing hitched to two horses known to be the fleetest in all that section of country, the lines in the hands of Alfred Thompson; that some one unknown threw a large bundle in, then Miss Costello was handed in, Mr. Thompson mounted the box, and the horses went off at the top of their speed.

Costello stormed and raged. Carlos, his son, went on like a madman, and threatened to shoot the villain the instant he laid hands on him. But it was all in vain. Pursuit was entirely useless, as no horses could be found near so swift as those driven by the fugitives.

Meanwhile the feelings of Mr. Carroll were very uncomfortable. Not only had he exposed himself to the heavy legal penalty of marrying a minor without the consent of her parents, but he felt that he had, though undesignedly, through his misplaced confidence, as it now appeared to him, in Thompson, been the means of inflicting great distress on a highly respectable family. He had himself an interesting daughter on the verge of womanhood, and what anguish would it cause him if she should thus marry and elope without even breathing a word of it to him? While these unpleasant thoughts were revolving in his mind, he received a note from Thompson, which ran as follows:

"DEAR SIR:—Do not be alarmed at what has taken place, nor judge me harshly. All shall yet be explained to your entire satisfaction. Any pecuniary liability to which you may be exposed will be promptly met by me. ALFRED THOMPSON."

Thompson and his wife went as rapidly as their steeds could carry them, to M———, where, according to previous arrangement, a supper and a change of horses awaited them. Thence they dashed on to E———, and then took the cars for New York.

About ten days afterward they returned to T———. As soon as Carlos, the brother, heard of their arrival, storming himself with dirk and pistols, and uttering the most fearful oaths, he was prevented from endeavoring to take Thompson's life, by those older, immediately had a warrant taken out and the parties brought before a magistrate, where he claimed the custody of Ida as his child.

"You must first prove," she responded, "that I am your child."

"Not my child!" he exclaimed, livid with rage, "do you mean to say you are not my child?"

"I am not your child! and you know it," she replied; "I am your neice, put under your care by my father when dying, and ever since we have been in this country you have compelled me to pass for your child."

For a few moments he was speechless, for he knew that she had spoken the truth, but recovering himself, he replied—

"Well, you confess I am your guardian, why then did you marry without my consent?"

"Because you were determined that I should marry your son, and I was determined I never would, for I could not bear him."

"Why should I want you to marry my son?"

"Because you have a hundred thousand dollars of mine in your hands, and you were determined to keep it in your family, but I was determined you never should."

"But why did you deny that you were married?"

"Because you said you would kill me if I was, and I knew enough of you to believe you would keep your word."

The rest is soon told. The hundred thousand dollars were handed over to Mr. Thompson, to avoid a suit and public exposure; and he and his lady are now living very happily together in the same town of T———.

J. W. M.

Miscellaneous.

GIVE WAY A LITTLE.

In the crowded streets of a great city, where multitudes are passing in opposite directions, while some are passing obliquely, and others at right angles, it is necessary for every one to give way a little to those he meets; by which means they will have a free passage. Were the whole multitude to pass directly onward, without any one's yielding an inch of ground to any body else, all would be obstructed more or less, and confusion must ensue. Or, if a churlish individual should take it into his head to march forward in a straight line, and, in no case, make way for man, woman, or child, nor even for a procession, he would be sure to jostle against some one or other, at almost every step, and would receive an insult, and perhaps hard blows for his obstinacy and imprudence.

And very much so is it in our journey through life, and with respect to our general intercourse with mankind. In the march of life, no one's path is so clear as not in some degree to cross another's; and if each is determined, with unyielding sturdiness, to keep his own line, it is impossible but he must give and receive many a rude shock. In society, in neighborhoods, and even among close friends, there will spring up rivalries, and be sometimes a close line of opinion, and if all were mutually obstinate, there would be no bounds or end to contention.—Whereas, by the exercise of mutual condescension, social harmony is preserved, and the pleasure of society enjoyed.

Courtesy of manners is the congruous drapery of a benevolent mind, and is both seemly and pleasing at all times, and in every relation of life. Nor does it need any laborious study to attain it. A great part of the essence of courtesy, or genuine politeness, is expressed in these three words, "Never prefer yourself."

THE MAN WITH WHITE HAIR.

On the excursion train from Utica to Boonville, at the opening of the Utica and Black River Railroad, our attention was arrested by the singular appearance of an apparently middle aged man, whose hair and whiskers were perfectly white. We learned upon inquiry that he was a native of Oneida county, but was now a resident of California, where he has resided for several years, engaged principally in mining. The cause of his white hair he explained as follows:—He was engaged in mining, and had several men at work in a mine which extended some ways under ground. One day he went to carry the dinner to his men, and when he had been there but a few minutes, they heard the unmistakable sounds of the caving in of the sides of the mouth of the shaft.

Four men started at once, hoping to escape, but were met by the falling earth and crushed to death. He was enclosed in a space of about 6 by 12 feet, while three men below him were cut off from any communication with him, and he supposed they were crushed to death. He had a light and plenty of water and provisions, but his chances of ever seeing daylight were not very flattering as he was some 60 or 75 feet under the surface of the earth; and he was not certain that the disaster would be discovered in time to make any attempt to relieve him; and if such attempt should be made, the prospect was that it would prove ineffectual.

Fortunately, the disaster was early discovered, and a large force was set to work, and after unremitted exertions for three days and nights, he was discovered in an exhausted condition. The three men below him were also found alive. When taken out, his friends declared that for a day or two he was partially insane. His hair had also become nearly white during his confinement. His feelings during those three days he claimed could not be imagined, but that his every act was brought vividly to mind. In fact those three days appeared a life-time to him. He said that the sight of one of those shafts always caused a shudder to pass over him.—*Watertown Journal.*

SARDINIA.

No one can cross its frontier without being struck with the contrast it presents to the other Italian States. While they are decaying like a corpse, it is flourishing like the chesnut tree of its own mountains. The very faces of the people may tell you that the country is free and prosperous. Its citizens walk about with the cheerful, active air of men who have something to do and to enjoy, and not with the listless, desponding, heart-sick look, which marks the inhabitants of the other states of Italy. Here, too, you miss that universal beggary and vagabondism that disfigure and pollute all the other countries of the Peninsula. What rich loam the plowman turns up! What magnificent vines shade his plains! Public works are in progress, railways have been formed, and new houses are building. Not fewer than a hundred houses were built in Turin last year, which is more, I verily believe, than in all the other Italian towns out of Piedmont taken together.—*Wyle's Pilgrimage from the Alps to the Tiber.*

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY AT BABYLON.—A London paper says, that Col. Rawlinson has just discovered among the ruins of ancient Babylon an extensive library, not indeed printed on paper; but impressed on baked bricks, containing many and voluminous treatises on astronomy, mathematics, ethnology, and several other most important branches of knowledge. These treatises contain facts and arguments which in his opinion, will have no small operation on the study of the sciences to which they relate, and will throw great light upon biblical history and criticism and the history of our race.

☞ Dr. Abernethy, the celebrated physician, was never more displeased than by having a patient detail a long account of troubles. A woman, knowing Abernethy's love of the laconic, having burnt her hand, called at his office, and showing him her hand, said:

'A burn.'

'A poultice,' quietly answered the doctor.

The next day she returned and said:

'Better.'

'Continue the poultice.'

In a week she made her last call, and her speech was lengthened to three words.

'Well—your fee?'

'Nothing,' said the once pleased physician, 'you are the most sensible woman I ever saw.'

☞ Some acute Philosopher says: "Poverty is a disease which can only be cured by industry and frugality." This is a mistake. A poultice made of gold dust, spread upon a bank bill, will do the business effectually.

BOTANICAL.—"The tree is known by its fruits." An exception to this is the dogwood which is known by its *bark*.

Varieties.

A TOUGH WITNESS.

Prosecuting Attorney.—"Mr Parks, state, if you please, whether you have ever known the defendant to follow any profession."

"He's been a professor ever since I have known him."

"Professor of what."

"Of religion."

"You don't understand me, Mr. Parks.—What does he do?"

"Generally what he pleases."

"Tell the jury, Mr. Parks, what the defendant follows."

"Gentlemen of the jury, the defendant follows the crowd when they go in to drink."

"Mr. Parks, this kind of prevarication will not do here. Now state how the defendant supports himself."

"I saw him last night support himself against a lamp-post."

"May it please your honor, this witness has shown a disposition to trifle with the court."

Judge.—"Mr. Parks, state, if you know anything about it, what the defendant's occupation is."

"Occupation, did you say."

Counsel.—"Yes what is his *occupation?*"

"If I ain't mistaken, he *occupies* a garret somewhere in town."

"That's all, Mr. Parks."

Cross-Examined.—"Mr. Parks, I understood you to say that the defendant is a professor of religion. Does his practice correspond with his profession?"

"I never heard of any correspondence or letters passing between them."

"You said something about his propensity for drinking. Does he drink hard?"

"No; I think he drinks as easy as any man I ever saw."

"One more question, Mr. Parks. You have known the defendant a long time; what are his habits—loose or otherwise?"

"The one he's got on now, I think, is rather tight under the arms, and too short-waisted for the fashion."

"You can take your seat, Mr. Parks."

HARD FEED.

A fellow, in describing the eatables of a tavern at which he put up, gives the following upon a plate of ham: "Item, a plate of ham, which I most sincerely recommend to the next Texas volunteers for shoe-heels. Being very fond of ham, I went so far as to bend my fork and turn my knife to the hard [illegible] however, for it seemed as if the indwelling obstinacy of the animal had returned to protect its mortal remains."

He should have served it as Jotham did Uncle Nehemiah's thanksgiving goose—drilled a hole in the article with the aid of a steam engine, filled it with gunpowder, and touched it off.

A GREAT COUNTRY.

An innocent and pure minded Jonathan, in a warm argument with a John Bull, on our national institutions, was endeavoring to floor his antagonist, who had sneeringly remarked that "fortunately the Americans couldn't go any further westward than the Pacific shore." Yankee searched his pregnant brain for an instant, and triumphantly replied—"Why, good gracious, they're already levelling the Rocky Mountains, and carting the dirt out west. I had a letter last week, from my cousin, who is living two hundred miles west of the Pacific shore—*on made land.*

☞ A Dublin paper contains the following paragraphs:

Yesterday, Mr. Keeny, returning to town, fell down and *broke his neck*, but fortunately received *no further damage!*

The schooner Polly was lost yesterday, with all on board. The Captain swam on shore, so did the chambermaid, she was insured for £1000 and *loaded with iron.*

The following appear among the advertisements:

Lost—a valuable new silk umbrella belonging to a gentleman with a curiously carved head.

John Hall is hereby notified that unless he returns the articles he stole from my house his name will be made public, as I know it was him that committed the theft.

ON THE OUTSIDE.—A man with an enormously large sucker, called on a dentist to have a tooth drawn. After the dentist had prepared his instrument and was about to commence operations, the man began to strain and stretch his mouth till it got to a frightful width. "Say, sir," said the dentist, "don't trouble yourself to stretch your mouth any wider, I intend to stand on the outside of it to draw your tooth."

A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.—A pious minister, after lecturing a Sunday school class in a most edifying manner, proposed to close the exercises by singing "Jordan," meaning the hymn, "On Jordan's stormy banks I stand." The worthy man was horrified by hearing the whole school immediately strike up, "Jordan am a hard road to travel, I believe."

☞ Mr. Jaycocks changed his boarding place the other day, because his landlord would persist in carrying sausages home in his hat. Mr. Doyle left because Mrs. Slocum objected to his driving nails in the bureau to hang his hat on.

☞ The individual who tried to clear his conscience with an egg is now endeavoring to raise his spirits with yeast. If he fails in this, it is his deliberate intention to blow out his brains with a bellows, and sink calmly into the arms of a young lady.

Sunday Reading.

DRAW NEAR, YE WEARY.

JOHN XI. 35.

Draw near, ye weary, bowed, and broken-hearted,
Ye onward travellers to a peaceful bourne,
Ye, from whose path the light hath all departed,
Ye who are left in solitude to mourn;
Though o'er your spirits hath the storm cloud swept,
Sacred are sorrow's tears, since "Jesus wept."

The bright and spotless Heir of endless glory,
Wept o'er the woes of those He came to save;
And angels wondered when they heard the story,
That He who conquered death wept o'er the grave;
For 'twas not when His lonely watch He kept,
In dark Gethsemane, that "Jesus wept."

But with friends He loved, precious hope had perished,
The Saviour stood, while through His bosom rushed
A tide of sympathy for those He cherished,
And from his eyes the gushing tear drops gushed,
And bending o'er the tomb where Lazarus slept,
In agony of spirit, "Jesus wept."

Lo! Jesus' power the sleep of death hath broken,
And wiped the tear from sorrow's drooping eye.
Look up, ye mourners, hear what He hath spoken,
"He that believes on me shall never die."
Through faith and love your spirits shall be kept,
Hope brighter grew on earth when "Jesus wept."

For the Columbia Spy.

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

Leap year has come again, and it seems indeed as if time had taken a leap over great gulf between the present and the past. As I was sitting by the fire in the twilight, I seemed to be standing at the end of a bridge. It had borne many over, but many who started with it had fallen amidst its broken boards and broken piers.

Four years ago, just so merrily sounded the sleigh-bells, just so deeply had the ground covered the grain and tender plants from the most such biting, stinging winds. Just such pure and glorious whiteness covered the trees upon the hills, mounting higher and higher with their leafless branches, like a vast army with spears, marching up the eternal city. Just so, at the foot of the hill slept the Susquehanna, cold and still as the river of death. On this side is the busy world, the activity, the bustle of life; beyond the river, how still it is! And when, as now, at eve the sun sinks into the west, it comes up such rays of glory, tinging the clouds with gold and purple, crimson, the softest, purest emerald hue, telling us not afar off is that glorious city whose gates are pearls and whose walls are garnished with all precious stones. Almost in the light hour we feel the air of heaven and the brightness of the golden streets, while the dear ones who have gone before die the death of the righteous, and our last end be like his."

But not all alike in the present and the past. This year the snow covers many a mouldering heap, where four years ago the grass grew smoothly as on the plain. Beside many a hearth where the circle drawn close at eventide, one and another missed from their accustomed place, the pestilence that walketh in darkness breathed its hot sirocco breath over the borough, while fast behind the pale Death gathered in the sheaves of his timely harvest.

There is one family known of many and by many loved, under whose hospitable roof so great a change has come that would ly look and wonder at the mysterious ings of Providence.

"With silence only, as their benediction,
God's angels come—
When in the shadow of a great affliction,
The soul sits dumb."

When the last leap year dawned there was music and mirth in that house. The youngest member—one of nature's darlings—who had left the impress of a free and buoyant spirit on her white brow and laughing eyes, and even amid the waves of her auburn hair, was the young bride, rejoicing in the love that was around her, to whom her very footsteps melody where'er she trod;" but before a year was passing to eternity, she left the light of that household, a widowed mother, yet in the prime of life and beauty, suddenly grown old, that the Destroyer came her weakened frame yielded calmly to his touch, and her weary heart found rest. The husband—how bore he this mighty sorrow?

"It will not be long," he said, "and now nothing to do but to wait." How long did he wait, tho' dreary was the way? It was, to the very day, just three years from the time when the flower whose tendrils entwined among his heart strings was taken away, that death bore to him the summons; the longings of his spirit were satisfied, they have met to part no more.

Who that knew Robert B. W[illegible] to respect or love him? His kind, gentlemanly manner was not the result of an outward polish, but flowed from a generous heart. Those who came in sorrow or necessity, found a [illegible] friend. The erring he would [illegible] by words of gentleness and [illegible] the paths of rectitude. His door was closed on the stranger or wanderer and welcome were the guests at his board; and the poor and needy were not turned away. But now they mourn the husband and wife and daughter side by side they sleep their long, long sleep. "Lovely and pleasant in their lives and in death they were not divided."

"Green be the turf above your [illegible]
Friends of my early days, [illegible]
None knew you but to love you,
None name you but to praise."

COLUMBIA, Jan. 9th, 1856.

GERMAN COOK—A LIVI[illegible]

"Do you want to buy some [illegible]" asked a colporteur of the [illegible]sel. "No," answered the [illegible] no time to read; my cook [illegible]