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.

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" each subsequent insertion, 10
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" each subsequent insertion, 20

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A liberal discount will be made to quarterly, half-yearly or yearly advertisers, who are strictly confined to their business.

H. M. NORTH,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Columbia, Pa.
Collections, promptly made, in Lancaster and York *Counties*.
Columbia, May 4, 1850.

SAMUEL EVANS,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE. Office in the Odd Fellows' Hall, Second street, Columbia, Pa.
Columbia, August 25, 1855.

J. C. RISLEY, M. D.,
OFFICE in Walnut, third door above Commerce street. *residence, Blac.k's* Hotel, Front st.
Columbia, July 1, 1855-tf

J. E. HACHENBERG,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Columbia, Penn'a. OFFICE in Locust street, *four doors above* Front.
Columbia, May 15, 1852.

M. L. LAUBER, M. D.
OFFICE, in Herr's Hotel, three doors above Front street, on Walnut. Residence, Herr's Hotel.
Columbia, December 29, 1855-3m*

Dr. WM. M. LOAG, Dentist.
OFFICE and residence in Locust street, next to the Franklin House, Columbia, Pa. [April 14, 1855-1y]

DAVIES E. BRUNER, J.P.,
ATTORNEY AT LAW AND CONVEYANCER, offers his services to the citizens of Columbia, and assures them that he will attend with promptitude to all business entrusted to his care. *Office*—Locust street, between Second and Third. Residence—South side Second street, 2nd door below Union.
Columbia, January 13, 1855-1y

SAMUEL LODGE,
Daguerreian Artist,
Corner Front & Locust sts., Columbia, Pa.
Pictures taken for 25 cents
And upwards, and satisfaction guaranteed.
☞ No Picture need be taken from the Gallery unless it is such as is *really desired*.
Columbia, March 31, 1855.

B. F. APPOLD & CO.,
GENERAL FORWARDING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
AND DEALERS IN
COAL AND PRODUCE,
And Deliverers on any point on the Columbia and Philadelphia Railroad, to York and Baltimore and to Pittsburg;
DEALERS IN COAL, FLOUR AND GRAIN, WHISKY AND BACON, have just received a large lot of Monongahela Rectified Whiskey, from Pittsburg, of which they will keep a supply constantly on hand, at low prices, Nos. 1, 2 and 6 Canal Basin.
Columbia, January 27, 1854.

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 29, 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.

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; Paramettas, 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.

PORTRAITS.
"Secure the shadow ere the substance fade."
SHEPARD & CO. take Portraits upon silver, glass or paper, in every style, truthful and beautiful, and at prices to defy competition. Call at the AMBROTYPE GALLERY, corner of Front and Locust street.
Feb. 9, 1856.

LIME FOR SALE.
THE subscriber takes this method to inform the public, that he is prepared to furnish the
BEST QUALITY OF LIME,
in quantities to suit purchasers, at the shortest notice. *This Lime is particularly adapted for plastering and* white-washing. It will be delivered if desired.
JOHN ELWIN,
February 24, 1855-tf Wrightsville, York county.

FARR & THOMPSON'S justly celebrated Commercial and other Gold Pens—the best in the market—just received. P. 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 1lb. 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.

PIANOS.
Z. H. SHEPARD would respectfully inform the citizens of Columbia and vicinity, that he has effected an agency with the
Philadelphia Piano Forte Manufacturing Company,
whose Pianos for superior tone, finish, and durability, have for years stood unrivalled.
He is prepared to deliver them here at the lowest city prices, and would most respectfully solicit the patronage of such as wish to procure a good and substantial instrument.
A specimen of the above mentioned instrument may be seen by calling at his music room, east corner of Front and Locust streets, Columbia.
February 2, 1856.

CIGARS! CIGARS!
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. The undersigned invite the attention of the public to their extensive stock of CIGARS, of all kinds, which they offer at prices *cheaper than ever sold in this town before*.
Also, just received a fresh supply of FAMILY GROCERIES. HEGMAN & FRITSCH,
Corner of Locust and Third streets.
Columbia, February 2, 1856.

GEORGE J. SMITH,
WHOLESALE and Retail Bread and Cake Baker.—Constantly on hand a variety of Cakes, too numerous to mention; Crackers; Soda, Wine, Scroll, and Sugar Biscuit; Confectionery, of every description, &c., &c. LOCUST STREET,
Feb. 2, '56. Between the Bank and Franklin House.

P. R. R. FREIGHT STATION.
THE Freight Office and Depot of the Pennsylvania Railroad in Columbia, is permanently established at the corner of Front and Gay streets in the new building erected by the Company.
BEVERLEY R. MAYER, Agent.
Columbia, December 15, 1855-tf

JOHN MOORHEAD,
(SUCCESSOR TO KING & MOORHEAD,)
COMMISSION Merchant for the sale of PIG METAL AND BLOOMS, No. 27, Wood Street, Pittsburg, Pa.
REFERENCES:
John Graham, Esq., President Bank, Pittsburg;
E. D. Jones, Esq., Cashier Citizens' Deposit Bank, Pittsburg.
G. & J. H. Shoenberger, Iron Merchants, Pittsburg.
Coleman, Hallman & Co., Merchants, Pittsburg.
Lorenz, Stewart & Co., Merchants, Pittsburg,
Musselman & Watts, Marietta, Pa.
January 19, 1856.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT
To Persons desirous of Obtaining Artificial Teeth.
DR. WM. M. LOAG would announce to the public that he has purchased the right to use Dr. SLAYTON'S PATENT COLORED GUTTA PERCHA, and is now prepared to furnish artificial dentures upon this latest approved principle. Believing that the Gutta Percha is more congenial and pleasant in the mouth, he would solicit a trial. All who may this latest invention and are not satisfied can have other teeth in exchange.
Columbia, December 22, 1855-tf

COLUMBIA BANK NOTICE.
AFTER the first of January, 1856, the Columbia Bank will receive money on deposit, and allow interest thereon at the *rate of*
4 per cent. per annum for 3 months.
4½ do. do. 6 do.
5 do. do. 9 do.
5½ do. do. 12 do.
Dec. 8, 1855-4mos SAMUEL SHOCH, Cashier.

MUSIC.
Z. H. SHEPARD would *inform the citizens* of Columbia, that he is *now prepared* to give instructions in Vocal and Instrumental Music, Composition, Thorough Bass, Modulating, Playing Piano and other instruments.
May be found at any hour of the day at the Music Room adjoining the Ambrotype rooms of SHEPARD & CO., corner of Front and Locust streets.
January 19, 1856.

Sunday School and Religious Books.
MURRAY & STOEK are the authorized agents of the American Tract Society, the American S. S. Union, and Carter & Brother's publications; a full supply always on hand. They also furnish at short notice the publications of the Presbyterian Board, all the Sunday School Union's, and the publications of the religious press generally. Full catalogues furnished free of charge.
Full sets of the American Tract Society's Books are now on our shelves, numbering 400 volumes. Also, Henry's, Scott's, Clarke's and Benson's Commentaries; Full sets Cumming's works, and a very large and choice collection of Moral and Religious Books suitable for Sunday Schools, S. S. Teachers, and Family Libraries.
We invite special attention to this department of our business. As we have spared neither expense nor trouble to make our store an object to all classes of the community wishing good books; having been the first in this city to introduce a general assortment of S. School and Religious Books, are determined to spare no pains to keep ahead of all others in the county.
We also invite attention to our very large assortment of good books in every department of Science and General Literature, Juveniles, Gift Books, School Books, Stationery, &c., &c., at prices to maintain our character as the Cheap Book Store.
☞ Just received—3d and 4th volumes M'Cauley's History of England. MURRAY & STOEK.
Lancaster, January 26, 1856.

HERE THEY ARE!
ANOTHER large arrival of BOOTS, SHOES, &c. The subscriber has again received, direct from Philadelphia manufacturers, a beautiful assortment of Gents', Ladies', Boys' and Misses', Boots, Shoes and Slippers.
Among which may be found a full and large assortment of De Haven's Ladies Gaiters and Velvet Slippers.
A large and beautiful assortment of Gents', Ladies and Misses' gum shoes.
We do not think it necessary to enumerate all the different styles of work always to be found at our establishment. CALL AND SEE, *every variety, from* the pretty little shoe for the infant, to the elegantly finished gaiter for the lady and the splendid boot for *the gent*, at Phila. CASH PRICES.
☞ Please remember that all our work is manufactured in Philadelphia, expressly for our sales, and is of the best material and workmanship, and is warranted as such. CYRUS R. McCLUNE,
Locust Street, 4 door below Town Hall.
Columbia, Feb. 10, 1856.

Superb Styles New Goods!
THE BEST SELECTION ever made, of beautiful Cloths, Cassimeres and Vesting, for the people of Columbia.
The undersigned very respectfully desires leave to call the attention of his patrons and the citizens of Columbia, to his splendid assortment of the above named articles which he has now on hand His stock embraces a variety of the latest and most fashionable patterns of CASSIMERES and VESTINGS, as well as every make, finish and quality of CLOTHS, fresh from the importers hands, which have
NEVER BEEN CHEAPER.
He also has on hand a large *assortment of Gentlemen's wearing apparel*, such as Cravats, Handkerchiefs, Collars, Gloves, Hosiery and Fancy Articles.
☞ His reputation as a Cutter and fitter of garments, he thinks, is sufficiently well known to render it unnecessary to speak of it at this time. His fits are warranted to give satisfaction in every particular, and his prices are lower than ever! Everything very Cheap for CASH.
His customers and others are requested to call and take a look through the stock, at his establishment in Front street, third door below the American House.
H. KREIDLER, Agt.
Columbia, February 9, 1856.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.
O! come from the village, the mountain, and glen,
Ye sickly and ailing, both women and men:
No longer let gloom shroud your comfort and looks,
For Ayer has a mixture that beats all 'The Books!'
Unfortunate creatures, and victims to pain!
Look forward, and hope yet for good health again;
Consumptive diseases must yield and be off,
The Pectoral cures every *kind of* a cough,
Pneumonia and phthisis! and asthma and cold,
Succumb to its virtues like misers to gold;
It gives to the wasted the rose of good health,
Of value far greater than rivers of wealth.
Delay not a moment, but hasten and try,
This wonderful cure, ere you languish and die;
For all can obtain it, the price is so small,
A blessing designed for the poor—and for all.
Received a large and fresh supply from the manufactory, *and for sale wholesale and retail*, by the undersigned sole Agent for Columbia.
SAMUEL FILBERT,
Golden Mortar Drug and Chemical Store, *Front st., Columbia, Pa.* [Feb. 23, 1856.

KETCHUM'S MOWING MACHINES
AGENTS WANTED.
500 KETCHUM'S Superior Mowing Machines direct from the Manufactory.
Agents who desire to have the sale of these for any part of Pa. or adjoining States, will please make early application to PASCHALL MORRIS & CO.,
Agricultural Warehouse and Seed Store,
Jan. 12, 1856. corner 7th and Market, Philada.

JUST RECEIVED, 6 BOXES OF PRIME CHEESE, by
Feb. 23, 1856. SWARTZ & BENDER.

Poetry.

A FRIEND.

BY MISS JULIA PLEASANTS.

Commend me to the friend, who comes
When I am sad and lone,
And makes the anguish of my heart
The sufferings *of its own*.

Who coldly shuns the glittering throng,
At Pleasure's gay levee,
But comes to gild a sombre hour,
And gives his heart to me.

He hears me count my sorrows o'er,
And when the task is done,
He freely gives me all I ask,
A sigh for every one.

He cannot wear a smiling brow,
When mine is touched with gloom,
But like the violet seeks to cheer
The midnight with perfume.

Commend me to that generous heart,
Which like the pine on high,
Uplifts the same unvarying brow,
To ever changing sky.

Whose friendship does not fade away
When wintry tempests blow,
But like the winter's ivy crown,
Looks greener through the snow.

He flies not with the *flitting flock*,
That seeks the southern sky,
But lingers where the wounded bird
Hath laid him down to die.

Oh! such a friend he is in truth,
Whate'er his lot may be,
A rainbow on the storm of life,
An anchor on the sea.

THE STAR OF LOVE.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

The star of love now shines above,
Cool zephyrs crisp the sea;
Among the leaves the wind harp weaves
Its serenade for thee.
The star, the breeze, the waves, the trees,
Their minstrelsy unite,
But all are dreary, till thou appear,
To decorate the night.

The light of noon streams from the moon,
Though with a milder ray;
O'er hill and grove, like woman's love,
It cheers us on our way.
Thus all that's bright, the *moon*, the *night*,
The heavens, the earth, the sea,
Exert their powers to bless the hours
We dedicate to thee.

Short Stories.

LITTLE BARNABY.

Charles Lamb, in one of his Essays, writes thus pitifully of the schoolmaster: "Wherever he goes, this uneasy shadow (a boy) attends him. A boy is at his board, and in his *path*, and in all his movements. Boys are capital fellows in their own way among their mates; but they are unwholesome companions for grown people. Even a child, that 'plaything for an hour,' tires *always*." Alas! for poor Lamb; he never had enough companionship with children to know their influence on the heart. He was himself his mother's youngest born, and his own dull hearthstone was never made bright by children's smiles, nor his sad reveries broken by their joyous romping. One of our writers, who now wields a magic pen, speaks of "that much oppressed and calumniated class called boys;" and to her better judgment we yield, for her ears have been for long years used to their ringing laughter and their boisterous games. She has had experience among them—she knows the lessons taught by their mirth and by their sadness; she feels the genial influence of the dead one, over the heart. O, children are often the wise teachers, while we, with earth-stained and sin hardened hearts, are the cold, dumb learners. Many a lesson of faith and meek submission can be learned of these "little ones;" and many a care can be banished by their guileless prattle and original questions. How many an artless word spoken by a baby gone, is this day locked up like a jewel in the torn heart from which the child was severed. "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

The evening coach was full—"so full that it was an imposition on the passengers,"—so said Miss Trimmer, who with two or three pattern hats and a box of artificial flowers, was the last one to enter, notwithstanding the inconvenience to which she put her fellow passengers.

The village Squire—never too amiable—was returning from court, where he had been non-suited in a case involving about a fiftieth part of his estate; of course he was morose and impatient. A worn looking woman was trying to quiet a restless baby, by tossing it up where there was not room to toss a bird, because a simpering school-girl on the next seat had whispered aloud to her very young gallant that "babies were a nuisande in a stage-coach, and that she should think any one would rather stay at home than travel with one." Poor, unfortunate baby; poor, sensitive, widowed mother!—Theirs was no pleasure trip; they were going, uncertain of a welcome, to a relative of the newly dead, the only one on earth of whom they could ask aid. Comfort or pity the mother did not look for. It was between these and the surly Squire that Miss Trimmer had inserted herself. At the cruel remark of the incipient belle, the widow turned her head to wipe away a tear, when her innocent half-yearling grasped with her plump hand a huge bunch of honeysuckles and carnation pinks which dangled from the near side of Miss Trimmer's bonnet.

"Will no one take pity on me?" shrieked the bearer of the flower burden. "Will no gentleman shield me from annoyances?"

"Yes madam, I will" answered an old gentleman, who sat in a corner, resting his chin on the ivory head of his cane. The lady was soon safely installed in the seat farthest removed from the vicious baby, and the old man [illegible] how this cramped-up child [illegible] democrat. She did not know that [illegible] poor and fatherless; nor that [illegible] her father was only a hard working [illegible]yer. She knew nothing of all this [illegible]ned to think she had as good a right [illegible]t and crow as any other baby, and [illegible] flowers out of bonnets, too, if she [illegible]. Her first effort was to secure his [illegible]rd, but that was immovable. She [illegible]ched out her hand for the seals, and [illegible]asped the cane.—"Well, little imp," [illegible] the dear old man, "if you want to get [illegible]eals you had better come a little near[illegible]" so he took the willing chub from the [illegible] mother, and installed her on his [illegible]e. The poor woman straightened her [illegible] and drew a long breath, as if relieved [illegible] a burden she had not strength to bear.

"You look tired, [illegible]; have you come far to-day?" asked the [illegible]ciful man.

"I've held the baby, thirty-six hours in the cars, before I [illegible] into the coach," she answered with a [illegible]ering lip.

"I don't see how [illegible]one can take care of a tiresome baby," [illegible]in whispered the little Miss.

"Somebody held [illegible] all once, and took care of us, too, my [illegible]," replied the old gentleman, whose ear[illegible] too keen to lose her remark. "Child[illegible] must be taken care of: they have their wo[illegible] to do, and they generally do it faithfully." And he rattled his seals and key again fo[illegible] the happy child.

The mother cast [illegible]ook of unmingled gratitude on her benefactor—yes, benefactor he was, though he had never given a crust nor a copper—for kind words are often better than either. The good man alone of all the passengers [illegible]ere the unconscious baby—seemed at his ease.

At length the horses stood still, and all seemed pleased at the prospect of having the company thinned. Miss Trimmer looked hopefully at the widow and baby, but they did not move. An anxious, care-worn gentleman, began to un[illegible] himself preparatory to alighting. This in the deepening twilight there bounded from the dwelling, beside which the coach had halted, a curly headed boy of four years. "O papa," as the paternal head [illegible] from the coach door, "I wanted [illegible] you; you can't [illegible] my [illegible] [illegible] got a tooth!" There was a sudden revulsion of feeling in the coach. The passengers all laughed heartily at the vast importance of the news from that little world, *home*. Miss Trimmer put her head out of the coach window, and exclaimed, "What a darling little fellow!" The coachman forgot to crack his whip for a whole minute, as he gazed at the happy boy. The father turned round, smiled, raised his hat and said "good bye" to his fellow travelers. The surly Squire laughed and drew home his feet, which had all the way been stretched out on the widow's territory, to her great inconvenience, saying "Beg your pardon, ma'am." Even Miss Trimmer was softened, for she opened the cover of her reticule and gave the offending baby a stick of candy, saying, "Poor little thing, she must have something to amuse her."

"Well," cried the laughing school girl, "I do love children after all—they are so funny I can't help it!"

"Never try to help it, child," said the baby's benefactor. They ought to be loved for they do a great deal for us grown folks. Now don't you see that rosy boy, with the news of the great acquisition to his family treasures—a tooth for the baby—has changed a coach full of anxious and ill-tempered people into a cheerful and even kind-hearted company? Don't you see how he has made friends for my little companion here who is too young to speak for herself? Why, we are all better now for riding with this little one, and my word for it, you'll think of her after you go home, too." Then, turning to the widow, he asked her to whose house she was going. When she answered him, he said, "Oh, it's too far to ride to-night with the poor tired baby—stop and rest with us, grandmother will give even a strange baby a welcome—for we've just buried our pet at home—my daughter's little one. She made the house very cheerful for us, but she's gone; but not forgotten! No, I believe grandmother loves all babies better since *she* died; so don't be afraid of intruding." Moved by such kindness, the widow in an under tone told her painful errand to her new friend. "Ah, ah," he said, "well, your relative is a kind man, if you go at him just the right way, and folks say I know how to manage him as well as any. In the morning I'll drive you over there, and present your case in the most judicious manner. Never fear; he'll be kind to you; so keep up good heart, my poor friend."

Overcome by such unlooked for kindness, she wept out the tears which had all day been gathering in their fountain, under the cold looks and sarcastic words of those around her. Miss Trimmer, who when not in a hurry or a crowd, was really a kind-hearted woman, looked compassionately at the faint effort the young widow had made toward wearing black for the dead. "Won't you call at my shop with the lady, as you go by in the morning, Mr. Bond?" she asked; 'I should like to speak with her;' and again she glanced at the strange, with its band of thin black ribbon, with an expression which promised a new one.

"Well, here we are, my friend," cried the old man, as the coach stopped before an old brown mansion, and there is grandmother in the door waiting for us." The little belle offered to hold the baby while the mother alighted, and the softened squire handed out her carpet-bag and basket. "Good night."—crack went the whip—and the cheerful travelers rode on to their own homes. Light and warmth, and a cordial welcome for the night, and prosperity on the morrow awaited the lonely widow; "and all," so said her noble friend, "because a baby had a tooth, and his little brother told it!"

THE OLD RANGER'S LEGEND OF THE SCIOTO.

BY HERRON BELL.

"The groves were God's first temple.
* * * Father, thy hand
Hath reared these venerable columns. Thou
Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down
Upon the naked earth, and forthwith rose
All these fair ranks of trees. They in thy sun
Budded and shook their green leaves in thy breeze
And shot towards heaven. BRYANT.

Nature's great volume lay open before me, and I was regaling my intellectual appetite with brilliant gems, written by the Creator. I was seated in his cathedral; the primeval forest that stood in lofty grandeur, undesecrated by the woodman's axe. Indian summer had wrapped its hazy atmosphere around the varied scenes of central Ohio, a season of the year most fitted for musing, for ideal imaginations to league with the favored nine, and cull the fairest flowers that bloom in the garden of posey. Poetry was written on the leaves that had commenced to fall before the autumnal blast. Music was to be heard in the sparkling waters of the Darby, that flowed towards the distant Scioto, over a riffle at the foot of the bank on which I was seated. And sweeter than any I had ever heard from the deep toned organ, and a thousand voices united in the gorgeous temples of the city, was the music that flowed from the tiny throats of a thousand fair choristers of the grove. And there was music in the breeze that swept gently by, wafting a trembling leaf from its lofty home, far away through the air, and anon dropping it upon the gilding stream, where it sailed like a miniature bark upon the river of life.

My rifle, ready loaded, lay unheeded by my side, while the squirrels jumped from branch to branch above me, regardless of danger, and well they might be, for their gambols were unnoticed; while my mind was occupied in the glad ripple of the rushing waters and in the unceasing songs of [illegible] crow sit upon a dead tree near me, but no sooner had he folded his wings, than by natural instinct, he became aware of his proximity to danger, and giving a loud 'caw,' he was again upon the wing. Rousing from my reverie, I watched him until he had disappeared beyond the neighboring forest and then with careless purpose, I commenced kicking about the leaves that covered the brow of the hill; my foot struck something which sent forth a dull sound, which so excited my curosity, that I cleared the gathered rubbish of years, and found a rifle barrel half buried in the earth. Upon a more careful examination of the ground, I found the breech-plate and remnants of the lock. I was busily engaged in examining each article, and noticing the inroads that rust and exposure had made upon it, when I was aroused by the rustle of leaves; turning in the direction from which the sound proceeded, I beheld an old veteran known far and wide, as "Old Ranger." His true name, no one of my acquaintance knew. When the eldest inhabitant settled upon the banks of the Darby, he held undisputed sway throughout the heavy forests, and wild barrens. His head was white with the frosts of many winters, and his form was bent with age, yet his eyesight was so good that he could aim a rifle better than half the boasted shots in the surrounding country. I could have wished for no person more likely to unravel the mystery that enveloped the rifle barrel. I saluted the old man cordially, and desired him to rest awile.

"I have a mystery here my friend, here is a rifle barrel that I found just now upon this bank and I desire to know if you are acquainted with its history," said I.

"Indeed," he replied, and his eyes sparkled, while old memories seemed to send the life blood in a swifter current through his veins. He took the rust-eaten barrel from my hand, and giving it a careful examination, continued:

"You could not have hit upon a better person to explain it than Old Roger."

"Then I am lucky and should like to hear the story."

"You shall hear it," he answered, "for it can soon be told."

"It is fifty years since I first trailed deer along the banks of the Darby. Early one fall a man named George Gardner fell in with me, and after a few days we agreed to camp during the winter. Some three miles above on the creek, we built a rough cabin as a protection against the weather, the wild beasts and the savages. One pleasant afternoon in this same month, we started out to take a range throughout the woods, for the double purpose of getting a fresh supply of venison, and hunting for a salt lick that we supposed to exist somewhere between our cabin and the union of two creeks. Several hours were spent in the examination of the banks as far as this, without any success, and then we thought we would strike out into the woods, and try our luck at game. We struck what is now called the lower end of Bigot's prairie, just as a small party of Indians crossed the upper end. As soon as we saw them, we put back under cover of the trees, but their sharp eyes detected us, and then began a tight race. Certain death would be our doom if caught, and our chance of escape against such odds was but slight. Throwing aside every encumbrance except our rifles and hunting-knives, we started down the creek. With loud yells they followed closely upon our trails.

"For nearly two miles we kept the same distance ahead, then taking advantage of a gravel shore, and a high bluff we crossed the stream and started up again on the opposite side. Their yells grew fainter and finally ceased altogether, when we pursued our way more leisurely, and again crossed the creek, at the riffle just below what is now called Ford's eddy. We thought we had evaded the savages, and stopping a few moments to rest, we listened attentively, but heard nothing.

"We had intended to camp out when we left our cabin, but our race put a different notion into our heads, and we started for home on a well beaten track, that ran along the bank of the creek. Gardner was leading the way; just as he reached this point, he paused as though he had heard something; a rifle cracked, and the next instant I saw a big Indian step from behind a tree. Throwing down his rifle, he approached me with his tomahawk raised above his head, a deafening whoop rang through the woods. Quick as lightning I put my rifle to my shoulder and sent a ball through his brain. Knowing that no time was to be lost, I started at full speed to the next rifle above here, where I crossed the stream again. In less than an hour I was in my cabin. My eyes did not shut that night; and my thoughts were anything but pleasant. I was perhaps the only 'pale face' within a circuit of fifty miles or more, and at times I could see the glaring eyes of poor Gardner set in death just as they appeared when he fell. The next morning I proceeded carefully to this spot, and found his body down there at the verge of the water with his scalp gone. At the foot of yonder tree I dug a grave and buried him. Expecting that the Indians had taken his rifle for a prize I did not look for it. They must have overlooked it, for his initials are yet visible upon this barrel."

It was growing dark in the woods as I parted with "Old Ranger," and so deep an impression had his story made upon my mind, that when I heard two cross limbs shriek as the rising wind moved them, I actually turned expecting to see a hugh Indian step from behind a distant oak, and [illegible] was added to my stock of curiosities, while its sad and fearful history was uppermost in my mind for months afterward.—*Genius of the West.*

PLEASURES OF THE PROFESSION.

On a cold stormy night the doctor is aroused from his slumbers by a loud rap at the door, accompanied by the stirring summons—

"Doctor, want you to come right straight away to Bang's, his child is dead."

"Then what do you want with me?"

"He is pizened. They gin him laudanum too—paragoricky."

"How much did they give him?"

"Do' no—great 'cal. Think he won't get over it."

The doctor, pushing off thro' the storm, meets with divers mishaps on the way, and at length arrives at the home of the poisoned patient. He finds all closed—not a light to be seen. He knocks furiously at the door and at last a night-cap appears at the chamber window, and a woman's voice squeaks out—

"Who's there?"

"The doctor to be sure. You sent for him."

"O, it's no matter, doctor, Ephriam's better. We got a little kinder skeert; gin him laudanum, and he slept kinder sound, but he's woke up now."

"How much did he swallow?"

"Only two draps! 'Taint hurt him none. Wonderful bad storm to-night."

The doctor turns away, buttoning up his overcoat under his throat, to seek his home again, and tries to whistle away his mortification and anger, when the voice salutes him again—

"Doctor, doctor!"

"What do you want?"

"You haint goin' to charge nothin' for this, are ye?"

THE SPIRIT HAND.

The latest freak of the spirit rappers is the visible appearance of a hand rising above the table where the operators sit, and on the same side with them. The deception has some of the adroitness of the other phenomena of Spiritualism, and has been promptly detected and exposed. A family bearing the name of Davenport having caused considerable excitement in New York by the practice of showing the "spirit hand," the editor of the *Medical Gazette* attended one of their exhibitions and detected it. The boys who did the trick were placed at one side of the table, and the skeptics at the other, the former having their hands tied to the chairs, and all being satisfied that there was no confederate under the table. The gas was turned down, leaving a very dim light, and after a few moments a mysterious hand was seen to ascend slowly from beneath that side of the table where the boys were, widely opened, with the palm toward the spectators, and then slowly disappeared under the table. One of the skeptics begged the repetition of the sight, which being done, he leaped forward, clutched the "spirit hand," and found it to be a stuffed glove fastened on the foot of one of the boys, so that it appeared and disappeared as he slyly lifted or lowered his leg! The same trick has been detected at other places.

Sunday Reading.

THE WALDENSIAN BIBLE PEDLAR.

Many years before any Bible Society was formed, poor and pious men among the Waldenses went up and down the mountains and valleys in the character of pedlars in order to distribute the Word of God. In the following lines the reader is presented with the simple story of one of these devoted and persecuted men:

"Oh, lady fair, these silks of mine
Are beautiful and rare;
The richest web of Indian loom,
Which beauty's self might bear;
And these pearls are pure and mild to behold,
And with radiant light they vie;
I have brought them with me a weary way—
Will my gentle lady buy?"

And the lady smiled on the worn old man,
Through the dark and clustering curls
Which veiled her brow as she stooped to view
His silks and glittering pearls;
And she placed their price in the old man's hand,
And lightly she turned away;
But she paused at the wanderer's earnest call—
"My gentle lady, stay!"

"Oh, lady fair, I have yet a gem
That a purer lustre flings,
Than the diamonds flash of the jewelled crown
On the lofty brow of kings;
A wonderful pearl of exceeding price,
Whose virtue will not decay;
Whose light shall be as a spell to thee,
And a blessing on thy way."

The lady glanced at the mirroring steel,
Where her youthful form was seen,
Where her eyes shone clear and her dark locks waved
Her clasping pearls between:
"Bring forth thy pearl of exceeding worth,
Thou traveler grey and old:
And name the price of thy precious gem,
And my pages shall count thy gold."
The cloud went back from the pilgrim's brow,
As a smile and meagre book,
Uncased by gold or diamond gem,
From his folding robe he took!
"Here, lady fair, is the pearl of price—
May it prove as much to thee!
Nay, keep thy gold—I ask it not—
For THE WORD OF GOD IS FREE!"

The hoary traveler went his way—
But the gift he left behind
Hath had its pure and perfect work
On the high-born maiden's mind;
And she hath turned from her pride and sin
To the loveliness of truth,
And given her humble heart to God
In the bounteous hour of youth.

And she hath left the old gray halls,
Where an evil faith hath power
And the courtly knights of her father's train,
And the maidens of her bower;
And she hath gone to the Vaudois vale,
By lordly feet untrod,
Where the poor and needy of earth are rich
In the perfect love of God!

"*Sometimes*," says an eminent saint, "I have intermitted or deferred the performance of duty, upon apprehension of some present indisposition and unaptness. I have thought it is better not to set my hand at God's work than to spoil it; better to omit my offering than to give the lame and blind in sacrifice. The next time I will make amends, when I am fitter to do it." And the next time, perhaps, the task has been more irksome to me, and my plea of unfitness has seemingly had more strength than before; so that what before I did only defer, now I could be content wholly to neglect. Have I found thee, O, mine enemy? Here the serpent's head discovers itself. Hereafter when this plea is put in, it shall be rejected without hearing. I will check the least thought of reluctance towards the performance of the work I have assigned to myself. A lame prayer may get to heaven. I may, by rubbing and chafing my heart, get warmth into it. If I put forth my strength, I may break asunder the cords with which I am bound. The spirit may come, and fill my sails, and I may have the wind with me though the tide be against me.

THE GOSPEL TRIUMPHING

IN THE "HABITATIONS OF CRUELTY."

The chief of Bau, one of the Feejee Islands, whose people have been obstinately attached to cannibalism and cruelty, with about 300 chiefs and attendants, and the priest of his household gods, renounced heathenism and embraced Christianity, April 27th, 1854; and on the following Sabbath, about 300 more. Shortly after, the temples were despoiled of their ornaments, and the idol gods were taken away. A sacred forest was attacked. Messengers were sent to several islands directing the inhabitants to renounce idolatry; every Sabbath added to the numbers assembling to hear the gospel. The Wesleyan missionaries who were laboring in those islands, say that Bau is converted from heathenism to Christianity, and they now labor for its conversion from sin to holiness. More than 1,300 have nominally embraced Christianity. The congregations increase, and the truths of revelation seem to interest the people.

CHRISTIAN SUFFERING AND SYMPATHY.

I know that *suffering clings to the sufferer's self*; and that any other mind though actuated by the kindest wishes, is still a foreign mind and inhabits a separate sphere, from which it can but faintly breathe consoling sentiments. Yet, doubtless, there are in existence truths of sweet and mighty inspiration, which, perfectly applied, would calm the feelings, and irradiate the gloom around. How happy were the art to steal such fire from heaven! Yes, and there are softenings of distress, glimpses of serenity, ideas of tender enthusiasm, firm principles, sublime aspirings, to mingle with the feelings of the good in every situation. These may prolong the benignant charm of their visitation, and be at intervals closer to the heart than the causes of sadness that environ it.—*Foster.*

FEED THE FLOCK.—A clergyman being complained of by another for drawing away his parishioners on Sunday, made this reply: "Feed your flock better and they won't stray."