THE COLUMBIA SPY.

COLEMAN J. BULL, 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 XXVII, NUMBER 6.] COLUMBIA, PENNSYLVANIA, SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 9, 1856. [WHOLE NUMBER, 1,358.

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.

☞ Money may be remitted by mail at the publisher's risk.

Rates of Advertising.

1 square [16 lines]	one week	$0 38
	three weeks,	75
	each subsequent insertion,	10
[32 lines]	one week,	50
	three weeks,	1,00
	each subsequent insertion,	20

Larger advertisements in proportion.

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

Drs. John & Rohrer,

HAVE associated in the Practice of Medicine.
Columbia, April 1st, 1856-tf

DR. C. W. MIFFLIN,

DENTIST, Locust street, near the Post Office, Columbia, Pa.
Columbia, May 3, 1856.

S. ARMOR, M. D.,

HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,
OFFICE and residence at Mrs. Swartz's, in Locust street, between Front and Second, directly opposite the Post Office.
Columbia, March 15, 1856-3m*

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. E. BACHENBERG,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Columbia, Penn'a. Office in Locust street, four doors above Front.
Columbia, May 12, 1855-y

DAVIES E. BRUNER, ESQ.,

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 on Front street, between Union and Perry. Residence—South side Second street, 2nd door below Union.
Columbia, January 13, 1855-1y

SAMUEL LODGE,

DAGUERREAN 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 quite such as is really desired.
Columbia, March 31, 1855.

LAFFERTY & ODENKIRK,

GENERAL FORWARDING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
RECEIVERS OF
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.

MUSIC.

Z. H. SHEPARD would inform the citizens of Columbia, that he is now prepared to give instructions in Vocal and Instrumental music to
INDIVIDUALS, QUARTETTS & CLASSES.
Special attention given to tuning and repairing Pianos 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.

Penn'a Rail Road Freight Station.

FREIGHT OFFICE and DEPOT in the new building, corner of Front and Gay streets, near the Collector's Office.
Ticket Office for Passengers, East and West, at the Washington Hotel.
ERASTUS K. BOICE, Freight & Ticket Agent.
April 19, 1856-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.

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.

Excellent Dried Beef,

SUGAR Cured and Plain Hams, Shoulders and Sides, for sale by
March 22, 1856. WELSH & RICH.

OATS FOR SALE

BY THE BUSHEL, or in larger quantities, at Nos. 1, 2 & 6 Canal Basin.
B. F. APPOLD & CO.
Columbia, January 26, 1856.

GROCERIES!

THE subscriber would inform the public that he is constantly receiving fresh supplies of the best Family Groceries the market will afford; come and satisfy yourselves. S. C. SWARTZ.
Columbia, June 21, 1856.

ROPES, ROPES, ROPES.

50 COILS, superior qualities, various sizes, just received and for sale cheap, by
WELSH & RICH.
Columbia, March 22, 1856.

BIRD SEED'S.—Canary, Hemp, and Rape Seeds. For sale at McCORKLE & DELLETT'S
April 12, Family Medicine Store.

PRIME HAMS, 12 1-2 cts. per pound;
Shoulders, 10 do do
Dried Beef, 14 do do
Tide Water Canal Money received for goods.
WELSH & RICH.
Columbia, May 17, 1856.

ALCOHOL and Burning Fluid, always on hand, at the lowest prices, at the Family Medicine Store, Odd Fellows' Hall.
February 2, 1856.

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.

JUST RECEIVED, a large and well selected variety of Brushes, consisting in part of Shoe, Hair, Cloth, Crumb, Nail, Hat and Teeth Brushes, and for sale by
R. WILLIAMS,
March 22, '56. Front street Columbia, Pa.

Poetry.

THE BOY AND THE IMAGE.

The stanzas under the above title, which we publish on our first page to-day, were transcribed from the wall of a cottage in Italy by an American who was traveling in that country. This gentleman chanced to be a passenger on board the steamer Baltic, in July, 1853. He was entertaining a party of ladies and gentlemen one afternoon, whilst the noble steamer glided through the watery element, by reciting the verses, which he did with peculiar effect. A fellow passenger, resident of Baltimore, became so much pleased with the stanzas that he asked permission to copy them, which was granted. We give place to the poetry as handed to us by the gentleman here alluded to, admiring the simplicity and beauty of sentiment it breathes.—*Balt. Patriot.*

Among green, pleasant meadows,
All in a grove so wild—
Was set a marble image
Of the Virgin and her child.

There, all on summer evenings
A lonely boy would rove,
To play beside the image
That sanctified the grove.

Oft sat his mother by him,
Among the shadows dim—
And told how the Lord Jesus
Was once a child like him.

And now from highest Heaven,
He doth look down each day,
And sees whate'er thou doest,
And hears what thou dost say.

Thus spoke his tender mother—
And on an evening, bright,
When sunlight warm descended
Mid clouds of rosy light.

Again the boy was playing,
And earnestly said he,
Oh! beautiful child Jesus
Come down and play with me!

I'll find *Thee* flowers, the fairest;
I'll weave for *Thee* a crown;
I'll get *Thee* bright red strawberries,
If *Thou* will but come down!

Oh! holy, holy mother,
Wilt put him from thy knee!
For in these silent shadows
Are none to play with me.

Thus spoke the boy so lonely—
The child his mother heard—
But on his prayer she pondered,
And spoke to him upward!

That self-same night she dreamed
A lovely dream of joy—
She thought she saw dear Jesus
Playing with her boy.

And for the fruits and flowers,
Which thou hast brought to me,
Rich blessings shall be given,
A thousand fold to thee.

For of the fields of Heaven,
Of them shalt thou with me at will;
Sweet fruit and fruitless celestial
Shall bless your child thy fill.

Then sweetly and kindly
The child Jesus spoke—
And at the sound of his voice
The loving mother woke!

And thus it was accomplished,
In a short month and day,
That lovely boy, so gentle,
Upon his death-bed lay.

And thus he spoke in dying—
Oh! mother, dear, I see
The beautiful child Jesus
Now coming down to me!

And in his hand he beareth
Bright flowers as white as snow,
And red and juicy strawberries—
Dear mother, let me go!

He died—but that fond mother
Her sorrow did restrain,
For she knew he was with Jesus,
And she asked him not again.

"HAND IN HAND WITH ANGELS."

BY LUCY LARCOM.

Hand in hand with angels,
Through the world we go;
Brighter eyes are on us
Than we blind ones know;
Tenderer voices cheer us
Than we deaf will own;
Never, walking heavenward,
Can we walk alone.

Hand in hand with angels,
Some are out of sight,
Leading us, unknowing,
Into paths of light.
Some soft hands are covered
From our mortal clasp;
Soul in soul to hold us
With a firmer grasp.

Hand in hand with angels,
Some, alas! are prone;
Snowy wings, in falling,
All earth-stained have grown.
Help them! though polluted
And despised they lie;
Weaker is your soaring
When they cease to fly.

Hand in hand with angels,
Oft in menial guise,
By the same straight pathway
High and low must rise.
If we drop the fingers,
Toil-embrowned and worn,
Then one link from heaven
From our life is torn.

Hand in hand with angels,
In the busy street,
By the winter hearth-fires,
Everywhere we meet—
Though unpledged and songless,
Birds of Paradise,
Heaven looks on us daily
Out of human eyes.

Hand in hand with angels,
Walking every day,
How the chain may brighten
None of us can say;
Yet it doubtless reaches
From earth's lowest one
To the loftiest seraph
Standing near the throne.

Hand in hand with angels,
'Tis a twisted chain,
Winding heavenward, earthward,
Up and down again;
There's a painful jarring—
There's a clank of doubt,
If a heart grows heavy
Or a heart's left out.

Hand in hand with angels,
Blessed so to be;
Helped are all the helpers;
Who give light shall see,
He who aids another,
Blesses more than one;
Linking earth, he grapples,
To the great white Throne.

Hand in hand with angels,
Ever let them go;
Clinging to the strong ones,
Drawing up the slow.
One electric love-stone,
Thrilling all with fire,
Soar we through vast ages
Higher—ever higher.

Miscellaneous.

EVERY MAN A MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.

It is not a little surprising that the magnetic telegraph was so long in being found out, when every man is himself a magnetic telegraph, and when glimpses of this fact must often have broke upon physicians and other investigators of the human frame. Through every portion of the body an unbroken line of telegraph wires, in the shape of nerves, is kept up, the whole centering in the spiral column, which itself centres in the brain. Down the arms to the very extremity of the fingers, along the legs, across the back, and around the trunk, run these wires, some so fine as to evade the eye, and all of a delicacy that bespeaks the nice mechanism of the great Creator. Nay, two sets of these wires exist, one to convey intelligence from without, the other from within, these cross and recross each other, in the most contracted spaces, yet always without interference. They penetrate to the skin, so as to give the sense of touch; they extend from the brain to the heart, so as to place the muscles under control of the will; they communicate intelligence from the retina of the eye, from the sensorium of the ear, and from the glands of the palate. Imagine a country covered with a net work of telegraph lines, so that not only every city, but every town, village, and even dwelling and station, and you have some faint idea of what the human system is. You cannot put a pin's point anywhere on the body, without touching a nerve, that is a telegraphic wire.

Sometimes, in great thunder-storms, magnetic telegraphs will not work at all, and sometimes they work of their own accord.—So it is, occasionally, with the human telegraph. In some diseases, for example, the patient lies in a state of total unconsciousness. Impressions made on the outward nerves, messages sent by this set of wires, appear to produce no impression on the inner man. Touch him, and he does not seem to feel; speak to him, and he cannot hear; dazzle his eyes with light, and he will not even wink. In other disorders, the wires work, so to speak, of their own account. This happens in the delirium of fever. The sufferer sees objects, generally terrible ones, which have no existence in reality; hears dreadful threatenings that are never spoken, feels the claws of wild beasts, or the fierce clutch of enemies, when any friendly hands touch him. In cases of insanity we have an instance of the human telegraph hopelessly deranged. In dreams we have illustrations of the telegraph worked by chance or other abnormal means. When men are insane on one idea, as more men are than is generally supposed, we have an example of one line of wire being out of order while all the rest are unharmed. The parallel might be pursued further, and it only falls short in some respects because the human telegraph is more complex and perfect than Morse's will probably ever be.

The human telegraph has its battery, so to speak, as well as its wires. The latter are the white nerves, which are made up of fibrils. The other nerves are composed of a grayish matter which is made up of minute hollow globules, or 'cells,' as they are called. These cells appear to be the seat of action in the brain, where they originate impressions, something like a battery charges the wires in the ordinary telegraph. Thus, when we will to write this line, the cells, nerves, in the writers brain start the idea along the fibril nerves to the muscles which control the pen, and then continue to transmit what is to be put down on the paper, substantsally as the battery and wires working under the will of the operator, send messages by House's or Bain's.—In both cases there is required something behind the mechanical apparatus—in one case the human operator, in the other the immortal mind, to work the telegraph and transmit the intelligence. No man who has ever seen a magnetic telegraph at work, and has studied the resemblance between it and the human brain and nerves, can be an atheist—can doubt the existence of an undying soul. It would be as easy to say that a telegraph can transmit of its own accord coherant messages as that the grayish nerves can work the white ones, or vice versâ. If there is no human operator at the battery—if merely an electric disturbance in the atmosphere works the telegraph, the result is senseless gabble. So, when insanity or fever siezes a man, when the soul is as it were, in abeyance, the human telegraph runs wild, and frenzied words and deeds only are produced.

MR. SHERIDAN BUYS A SORREL COLT.

Among the gentleman who appeared at the police office in Albany, recently, was a little bullet headed Milesian, by the name of Patsey Sheridan. Mr. Sheridan was boiling over with rage. He was in a complete passion—so much so, that his hair stuck up like the quills of a porcupine. He approached Justice Parsons and asked for vengeance.

"What is your trouble, Mr. Sheridan?"

"I will tell you, sir. A week ago I bought the finest sorrel colt you ever placed your two eyes on."

"Well, has somebody stolen him?"

"Not a bit of it. I wish they had—bad luck to his front door."

"Whose front door—the sorrel colt's?"

"No, sir, the blackguard who gave me the advice."

"And who was he?"

"A dirty thief by the name of Scott. You know Scott—the man who robbed the pedlar three years ago, coming next Mechelmas."

"Well, what of Scott?"

"I will tell your honor the moment I catch my wind. The curse of Cromwell fall on his cradle."

"Never mind all that; come to the point. What did Scott do?"

"I'll tell you what he did. Well, as I said before, I bought a sorrel colt about six weeks ago. Last week Pat Finnegan sued McGarry for driving a pitchfork into his flannel. Well there was only one fault about the colt, and a devil of a fault one it was."

"What was it?"

"He'd kick like a jackass. Five weeks ago he gave Jack Brady a lift that carried him over McGarry's fence."

"Well, go on with the story, and for the present drop all extraneous matter."

"Well, sir, the sorrel colt would kick, and that was his only fault."

"Who do you want to complain of, Mr Sheridan—Scott or the sorrel colt?"

"Be jabers, did you ever hear the likes o'that? Of Scott, to be sure—why would'nt I?"

"Well, what has he done?"

"Well, I'll tell you. I calls on Scott, and tells about the sorrel colt, and about his kicking the stable down twice a week."

"And what did Scott say?"

"He says he can cure him of the habit in less than a day. I says, if you'll do it, I'll give you the half dozen dollars in all Albany; and he says, enough, I'll do it—saying which he takes a little powder out of a vial and hands it to me, saying, Patsey, says he, take that and mix it up with a peck of wet bran, and feed it to him to-night. Do this, and to-morrow morning I will find him as quiet a horse as there is in Green here and the next place."

"Well, did you follow his directions?"

"Of course I did."

"And did it cure him of the kicks?"

"And why shouldn't it, seeing it was a shilling's worth of arsenic, mixed with wet bran."

"Do you mean to say that the horse is dead?"

"Dead as a door nail; and she killed him, the blackguard."

On the strength of this testimony, Justice P. issued a warrant, and had Mr. Scott arrested. He is now in jail. Before he is done with Sheridan, he will discover that a shilling's worth of arsenic will not only reform the habits of a sorrel colt, but the behavior of one of the most unmitigated scamps in all Albany.

COURTING IN BROADWAY.

A very singular wedding, says a New York paper, transpired here this week.—A young and very pretty Irish girl—the sister of one of our common councilmen—was walking up Broadway, New York, when she attracted the attention of an elderly gentleman of large wealth, who had lived all his life a bachelor and an ascetic. Rumor says that he was foiled in an *affair du coeur and carried thenceforth in his breast a heart* impenetrable to the sweet influences of the tender passion. Well, this gentleman on the promenade was attracted by this Irish girl to such a degree, that he arrested his steps and ventured to address her:

"Will you pardon the liberty, Miss, if I ask your name?"

The girl timidly surveyed him, and apparently satisfied that not mere curiosity prompted him in the query, and that he was a gentleman, she acceded.

"My name is Mary O'K———, sir."

"Dare I ask you another question, Mary, I mean Miss O'K———?"

"Proceed, sir," she replied, very good humoredly.

"Then I should like to ask you—and you will confer an infinite obligation on me by answering truly—whether you are engaged in marriage to any one, or whether your feelings are interested in any person."

The question was decidedly a home one, but there was so kind and gentle an expression in the old man's eye, and such an evident earnestness in his tone, that she answered him freely—

"Not in the least, sir."

"Then allow me, without any further ceremony to place my card in your hand and with it the offer of myself and fortune.—Commission any friend you please to make whatever inquiries concerning me you may deem proper, and let me know your determination to-morrow."

The girl, overwhelmed with surprise, deposited the slip of pasteboard in the reticule and passed on. On Wednesday afternoon, her brother called at the hotel where her admirer resided and informed him that Mary had concluded to adopt him. They were married the same evening at the residence of the bride's mother, and the old gentleman settled on her one hundred thousand dollars on the spot.

This gentleman—he would not like me to give you his name—has held a great many public offices in his time, was formerly a major in the United States Army, and afterward assistant Indian Commissioner. His real estate in this city is worth more than two hundred thousand dollars.

Mary and the Major started the next morning for New Orleans, where the latter has a brother who is a sort of pecuniary nabob in that city.

NO GLOOM AT HOME.

Above all things there should be no gloom in the home. The shadows of dark discontent and wasteful fretfulness should never cross the threshold, throwing their long black shapes, like funeral palls, over the happy young spirits gathered there. If you will, your home shall be a heaven and every inmate an angel there. If you will, you shall sit on a throne and be the presiding household deity. O! faithful wife, what privileges, what treasures greater than thine?

And let the husband strive to forget his cares as he winds around the narrow street and beholds the soft light illumining his little parlor, spreading its precious beams on the red pavement before it. The night is cold and cheerless, perhaps, and the December gust battles with the worn skirts of his old overcoat, and snatches with a rude hand and a wailing cry, at the rusty hat that has served him many a year. He has been harassed, perplexed, persecuted. He has borne many a cruel tone, many a cold word, and nerved himself up to an energy so desperate that his frame and spirits are weakened and depressed; and now his limbs ache with weariness, his temples throb with the pain-beat caused by a too constant application; he scarcely knows how to meet his wife with a pleasant smile, or sit down cheerfully to their meal which she has provided with so much care.

But the door is opened, the overcoat thrown hastily off. A sweet voice falls upon his ear, and the tones are so soft and glad that hope, like a winged angel, flies right into his bosom and nestles against his heart.

The latch is lifted, and the smiling face of his wife gives an earnest welcome. The shining hair is smoothed over her fair brow; indeed, she stole a little coquettish glance at the mirror hanging in its narrow frame, just to see if she looked neatand pretty before she came out. Her eye beams with love, her dress is tasteful—and—what?—Why! he forgets all the trials of that long, long day as he folds her in his arms and imprints a kiss upon her brow.

A home where gloom is banished, presided over by one who has learned to rule herself and her household, Christianity!—oh! he is thrice consoled for his trials. He cannot be cross, he cannot be ugly, he cannot show his ugly face in such a cheerful home. The man is strengthened anew for to-morrow's cares.

WOMEN AND MARRIAGE.

I have speculated a great deal upon matrimony. I have seen young and beautiful women, the pride of gay circles, married as the world says—well. Some have moved into costly houses and their friends have all come and looked at their furniture and their splendid arrangements for happiness, and they have gone away and committed them to their sunny hopes cheerfully and without fear. It is natural to be sanguine for the young; at such times I am carried away by similar feelings. I love to get unobserved into a corner, and watch the bride in her white attire, and with her smiling face and soft eyes making me in their pride of life weave a waking dream of future happiness and persuade myself that it will be true.—I think how they will sit upon the luxurious sofa as the twilight falls, and build gay hopes, and murmer in low tones the not forbidden tenderness; and how thrillingly the allowed kiss, and the beautiful endearments of wedded life, will make even their parting joyous, and how gladly come back from the crowd and the empty mirth of the gay, to each other's quiet company. I picture to myself that young creature who blushes even now at his hesitating caress, listening eagerly for his footsteps as the night steals on, and wishing that he would come; and when he enters at last, and with an affection as undying as his pulse, folds her to his bosom, I can feel the tide that goes flowing through the heart and gaze with him on the graceful form as she moves about for the kind offices of affection, soothing all his unquiet cares, and making him forget even himself in her young and unshadowed beauty. I go forward for years and see her luxuriant hair put soberly away from her brow, and her girlish graces resigned into dignity and loveliness, chastened with the gentle meekness of material affection. Her husband looks on her with a proud eye, and shows her the same fervent love and delicate attentions, which first won her; and her fair children are grown about them, and they go onfull of honor and untroubled years, and are remembered when they die.—*Washington Irving.*

SYMPATHY FOR THE FALLEN.

For my part, I confess I have not the heart to take an offending man or woman from the general crowd of sinful, erring beings, and judge them harshly. The little I have seen of the world, and know of the history of mankind, teaches me to look upon the errors of others in sorrow, not anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it has passed, the brief pulsation of joy, the feverish inquietude of hope and fear, the tears of regret, the feebleness of purpose, the pressure of want, the desertion of friends, the scorn of the world that has but little charity, the desolation of the soul's sanctuary, and the threatening voice within; health gone, even hope that stays longest with us, gone, I have little heart for *aught else* but thankfulness, that it is not so with me, and would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow-beings with Him from whose hands it came.—*Anon.*

A COURT SCENE.

Here is another of those Western court scenes which "we read about," as related by Jenny Nobbs:

Judge B——, of Missouri, was in many respects, a remarkable man. He stood six feet two inches in his boots, and was as fond of a frolic, as the most rattling lad in the country. He could drink more liquor, "lift" a heavier "bag o'meal," and play a better game of "poker," than any man in his circuit. These admirable qualifications, of course, rendered him the most popular judge on the bench of his district. Yet, he never lost his dignity while on his bench. There he was stern, haughty, and dignified.—The least approach to familiarity, while he was sitting in court, was always resented by a fine, and sometimes by imprisonment.—Well, it happened one day, while he was holding court, that Mr. Dewzenberry, a rough-looking, but independent customer, came into the court room with his hat on his head. This the judge considered an indignity offered to the court, and forthwith ordered Mr. D. to take off his hat.

To this Mr. Dewzenberry paid no attention, which being observed by "his honor," he ordered the sheriff to "take the man's hat off." "Take your hat off," cried the sheriff. Mr. Dewzenberry remained motionless, while the judge proceeded to business. At last, raising his eyes, "his honor" again discovered the incorrigible standing with his hat upon his head. "Sheriff!" cried the court, "take the man's hat off!" The sheriff approached and repeated the command of the court. "I'm bald," said Mr. D. "and can't comply." "You can't," exclaimed the judge, waxing angry, "then I fine you five dollars for contempt of court." "What's that you say, judge?" replied Mr. D., as he walked deliberately up to the judge's stand. "I fine you five dollars, sir, for contempt of court," "Very well," said Mr. D., as he carefully put his hand into his pocket and pulled out a fifty cent piece. "Very well here's the money," handing the judge the half dollar; *this squares us, judge. You owed me four* dollars and a half when we quit playing poker last night, and this half makes us even." The bar roared, the crowd smiled, and the judge pocketed his "change," without uttering a word.

To-night show the judge a ghost of a chance, and he will, all unbidden, fine himself for contempt.

THE ART OF KEEPING COOL.

Our intelligent contemporary of the Newark *Advertiser*, ridicules the idea of travelling this season of the year, for the purpose of keeping cool, and makes these suggestions—

Our receipt is moral and mental. First you must have a good conscience. We do not commence as receipts usually do, by *saying you must take a good conscience.*—This must be in possession beforehand, you cannot take it, it must come from a past of honest occupation wherein you have intended injury to no man. Thus a good conscience towards man will be yours; we go no further—the rest belongs to the preacher. You must next give up all anxiety about profit and loss, as well as the great election till cool weather. Be calm and you *will* be cool.—Let not your bodily appetites run away with you while the dog star rages. They must be kept in leash. The passions must be kept under; they are whips to the blood. Choler will bring on cholic. Anxiety is too often the herald of fever, and in an irritable temper descends into the stomach, and becomes the cause as well as the consequence of dyspepsia. Preserve the mind serene, the honor clear: throw off the anxious cupidity of gain, and the depressing of loss. Do not be lamenting that you are not somewhere except the place where you happened to be. Worry not yourself and others about an ideal place or a means of happiness you will never attain. The sooner you are convinced of this, the better. Obtain this comfortable frame of mind, and then you will be in the neighborhood of contentment, which is only another name for happiness—all that men will ever realize.

A BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.

Shortly before the departure of the lamented Heber, for India, he preached a sermon which contained this beautiful illustration;

"Life bears us on like a stream of a mighty river. Our boat at first glides down the narrow channel—through the playful murmuring of the little brook and the winding of its grassy borders. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads, the flowers on the bank seem to offer themselves to our young hands; we are *happy in* hope and we grasp eagerly at the beauties around us—but the stream hurries on, and still our hands are empty. Our course in youth and manhood is along a wilder and deeper flood, amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated at the moving pictures, and enjoyment and industry passing us; we are excited at some short lived disappointment. The stream bears us on, and our joys and griefs are alike left behind us. We may be shipwrecked, we cannot be delayed; whether rough or smooth the river hastens to its home, till the roar of the ocean is in our ears, and the tossing of the waves is beneath our feet, and the land lessens from our eyes, and the floods are lifted up around us, and we take our leave of earth and its inhabitants, until of our further voyage there is no witness save the infinite and eternal."

For the Columbia Spy.

CONVERSATION.

Few things render a man more agreeable than ability to excel in conversation. The table talk of some great men who have had faithful and sprightly biographers, is more widely known and generally remembered, than their most profound and labored productions. There are comparatively few readers of the Rambler and the Lives of the Poets, and fewer still who remember much of their contents; but who that reads at all, has not read and does not remember many of the pungent, philosophical, witty sayings of the immortal lexicographer, as chronicled by Boswell? And the life of the late celebrated Sydney Smith, which contains many of his remarkable conversational utterances, will be far more extensively read than his elaborate works, able as most of them confessedly are.

It is evident then that the ability to converse well, will increase and perpetuate the fame of names already great. Yet comparatively few great men have excelled in conversation. The very closeness with which they have devoted themselves to those pursuits and inquiries in which they have so admirably succeeded, unfits them for the animated and sprightly treatment of topics which form the staple of even literary converse. Let it not, however, be supposed, because one appears to disadvantage in the drawing room and friendly circle, he is necessarily a genius. The owl is not the wisest bird though he is a very silent one. And some of the very greatest geniuses, have been no less interesting in conversation than profound in intellect. We are mutually bound, as far as we can, to contribute our share to the stock of social enjoyment, but this we will not do, if in company we lack the power or will to assist in carrying on profitable and interesting conversation, and our society under such circumstances will be little sought after or cared for. On the contrary, nothing will secure us warmer friends, greater regard and more attention than to be able to entertain and delight those with whom we are associated.

Some excel in this respect, from the mere force of their peculiar temperaments and dispositions. Their ready memories, their vivacity, the quick [illegible] all enable them to perform their parts well. Others train themselves by previous study for this intellectual gladiatorship. It is related of a celebrated person, who was famous for his conversational powers, that a number of written witticisms, epigramatic remarks, terse and brilliant sentences, &c., which he had been accustomed to use in society, was found among his papers after his death. We should hardly advise such a course of previous preparation as this, and yet much may and ought to be done, by which we may improve *ourselves in this delightful and profitable* art. In the course of reading, we will often meet with entertaining and instructive facts and sentiments, which are not generally known. These ought always to be treasured up for future use. A close observation of what is transpiring about us will frequently afford topics for remarks which cannot fail to give pleasure and instruction in their communication.

As much depends on the manner of saying things, as upon the things themselves. One man may so clothe very common place incidents as to give them great freshness and piquancy, while another may tell the best anecdote in so dull and heavy a manner as to deprive it of all point and interest.

If, in a general or even select company, we would be listened to with pleasure, we must be concise, picturesque, dramatic, and if possible, terse and quick, self-possessed and ready at repartee or reply. Some have these qualities naturally to a much greater degree than others, but they may be cultivated in all to a greater or less extent. A large share of general information is also necessary. We must be acquainted with the current events and topics of the day, and their probable future developements and bearings. The subject is almost inexhaustible, but we will close with this caution. Never leave a company without having endeavored to render it wiser and better by your intercourse with it.

J. W. MECASKEY.

COLUMBIA, July 24, 1856.

A PLEASURE FOR A CHILD.

Blessed be the hand that prepares a pleasure for a child! for there is no saying when and where it may again bloom forth. Does not almost everybody remember some kind-hearted man who showed him a kindness in the quiet days of his childhood? The writer of this recollects himself at this moment as a *bare-footed lad, standing at the wooden* fence of a poor little garden in his native village; with longing eyes he gazed on the flowers which were blooming there quietly in the brightness of a Sunday morning.—The possessor came forth from his little cottage; he was a woodcutter by trade, and spent the whole week at work in the woods. He was come into the garden to gather flowers to stick in his coat when he went to church. He saw the boy, and breaking off the most beautiful of his carnations, it was streaked with red and white, he gave it to him. Neither the giver or the receiver spoke a word; and with bounding steps the boy ran home: and now, here at a vast distance from that home, after so many events of so many years, the feeling of gratitude which agitated the breast of that boy expresses itself on paper. The carnation has long since withered, but it now blooms afresh.—*Douglas Jerrold.*