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.

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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. G. W. MIFFLIN,

DENTIST, Locust street, near the Post Office. Columbia, Pa.
Columbia, May 2, 1856.

H. M. NORTH,

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

J. W. FISHER. P. L. HACKENBERG.
FISHER & HACKENBERG,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
Columbia, Pa.
Columbia, September 6, 1856-tf

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

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.

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, 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.

J. SHROEDER,
Ladies Boot & Shoe Manufacturer,
No. 1 Locust street, Columbia, Pa.

RESPECTFULLY tenders his sincere thanks for the very liberal patronage he has received, and would announce to his patrons that he has just supplied himself with a large and choice variety of materials, and is prepared to make up, in addition to his large stock of ready-made work on hand, Ladies, Misses, and Childrens SHOES, GAITERS, BOOTS, SLIPPERS, &c., in the latest and best styles. He solicits a continuance of the favor so liberally bestowed by the public.
JAMES SHROEDER.
March 15, 1856. Columbia, Pa.

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,
April 19, 1856-tf Freight & Ticket Agent.

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.

Balm of Thousand Flowers,

DISCOVERED by Dr. Fontaine, Paris, for beautifying the complexion, curing all the diseases of the skin, for Shaving, cleansing the teeth; for the Toilet and the Nursery; for bathing and many medical purposes. For sale by SAM'L FILBERT,
Golden Mortar Drug Store, Columbia, Pa.
Columbia, March 22, 1856.

Rapp's Gold Pens.

CONSTANTLY on hand, an assortment of these celebrated PENS. Persons in want of a good article are invited to call and examine them.
Columbia, June 30, 1855. JOHN FELIX.

Excellent Dried Beef,

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

GEORGE J. SMITH,

LOCUST STREET, has just commenced manufacturing LEMON BEER, and keeps constantly on hand, a full assortment of SUMMER DRINKS.
Columbia, April 19, 1856.

Just Received,

A LARGE LOT of Children's Carriages, Gigs, Rocking Horses, Wheelbarrows, Preceptors, Nursery Swings, &c. GEORGE J. SMITH,
April 19, 1856. Locust street.

CHINA and other Fancy Articles, too numerous to mention, for sale by G. J. SMITH, Locust street, between the Bank and Franklin House.
Columbia, April 19, 1856.

Feed, Feed, Feed.

CORN, Oats, and Flour, can be had at S. C. Swartz's Store, at Mill prices. Delivered free of charge.
Sept. 27, 1856.

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 29, 1855.

Pennsylvania Commercial Institute,

LOCATED in York, Pa., offers Young Men all the advantages of a thorough Business Education.

THE COURSE OF STUDY embraces Double Entry Book-Keeping, as applied to Wholesale, Retail, Commission, Manufacturing, Shipping, Steam-Boating, Individual, Partnership and Compound Company Business.

PENMANSHIP in all the Ancient and Modern Hands.

Also—Lectures on Commercial Law and Political Economy, by THOMAS E. COCHRAN, Esq.

☞ For Circulars, &c., address the undersigned.
T. K. WHITE, York, Pa.
Aug. 23, 1856-3mo

Susquehanna Planing Mill,
COLUMBIA, PA.

THE undersigned respectfully announce to their friends and patrons, and to the public generally, that they are prepared to furnish all kinds of FLOORING, SIDING AND SURFACED LUMBER.

Also, Doors, Sash, Shutters, Blinds, Window and Door Frames, Mouldings, &c., at the lowest market prices.

All orders by mail or otherwise addressed to the undersigned, Columbia, Pa., shall receive prompt attention. DICKINSON & HUEY.
May 31, 1856-tf

MONEY WANTED.

SIX THOUSAND DOLLARS wanted on mortgage, on unincumbered real estate, worth ten thousand. Enquire of DANIEL HERR, President,
of Board of Trustees Columbia Public Ground Company.
Columbia, June 21, 1856.

GERHARD BRANDT,

CONTINUES to occupy the large building at the corner of Second and Locust streets, and offers to those desiring comfortable boarding the greatest conveniences. At his Saloons and Restaurant will be found Luxuries of all kinds in season, which will be served up in the best manner and at the shortest notice. He respectfully solicits a share of patronage. [Columbia, May 10, 1856.

Mount Vernon House, Canal Basin, Columbia, Pa.
HENRY K. MINICH, PROPRIETOR.

☞ The best accommodations and every attention given to guests, who may favor this establishment with their patronage. [April 19, 1856-tf

Franklin House, Locust st. Columbia, Pa

THE subscriber continues to occupy this well-known Hotel, and will do everything in his power to comfortably entertain all who may patronize him. His facilities for accommodating Horses, Droves, &c., are superior.
MARTIN ERWIN.
April 19, 1856-1y

Washington House, Columbia, Pa.
DANIEL HERR, PROPRIETOR.

THIS old and well-known house is still in the occupancy of the subscriber, and offers every inducement to the traveller, in the way of comfort and convenience. The Cars, east and west, start from this establishment, and it has other advantages unsurpassed by any. Terms reasonable.
D. HERR.
Columbia, April 12, 1856-1y

Bellevue House,

N. E. CORNER of Front and Walnut streets, COLUMBIA, PA.
JOSHUA J. GAULT, PROPRIETOR.
(Successor to Bardwell & Brenneman and Mrs. Haines)
The House is furnished with all Modern Improvements, and every attention will be given to secure the comfort of guests. Charges moderate.
Columbia, April 12, 1856-tf

NEW STOCK OF FANCY GOODS.

THE undersigned respectfully announces to her friends and the public, that she has now on hand a new assortment of FANCY ARTICLES, such as Infants' Caps and Bonnets, Trummings of every variety, Hoacke Collars, Embroidery of all kinds; also, a large assortment of Ladies' Fancy Baskets. I respectfully solicit an examination of my goods, from those who are in want of the above mentioned articles.
MARTHA J. MILES.
Columbia, September 13, 1856.

PRIME GERMAN SEGARS.

I HAVE JUST RECEIVED 200,000 MORE of those PRIME SEGARS, which I will sell CHEAPER than any Store in this or any other town
Storekeepers,
and others will do well by giving me a call before purchasing elsewhere.
The above mentioned Segars can be seen at
J. F. SMITH'S
Wholesale Confectionary establishment, Front street, two doors below the Washington House, Columbia.
Columbia, Aug. 30, 1856.

Music and Musical Instruments.

THE undersigned having made arrangements with Mr. J. E. GOULD, would respectfully inform the Ladies of Columbia and vicinity that he is now prepared to furnish Music at the shortest notice.

Persons in want of first-rate Violins, Flutes, Guitars, Banjos, or any other Musical Instruments, are respectfully invited to call at the Headquarters and News Depot. S. B. SWARTZ

N. B.—A very fine assortment of Violin and Guitar Strings, always on hand.
August 2, 1856-3m

Gentlemen's Hair Dressing Saloon.

THE subscriber takes this method of informing all who have not already been made acquainted with the fact, that he has taken the stand lately occupied by Charles Williams, in
Front Street, next door to Dr. Filbert's,
where he is always prepared to afford easy and comfortable *shaves* to gentlemen, and to practice the other parts of his profession. He solicits a share of public patronage, confident that his efforts to please will be satisfactory. WILLIAM WATERS.
Columbia, September 6, 1856-tf

LOOKING GLASSES, Baskets, Buckets, Brooms, Wash-Boards, and a splendid lot of Door Mats, just received by
June 28, 1856. S. C. SWARTZ.

HAIR DYE'S, Jones' Batchelor's, Peter's and Egyptian hair dyes, warranted to color the hair any desired shade, without injury to the skin. For sale by R. WILLIAMS,
May 10, Front st., Columbia, Pa.

CITRATE MAGNESIA, Seidlitz Powder, Soda Powder and Mineral Water, always to be had, of a *superior quality*, at McGORKLE & DELLETT'S
Family Medicine Store, Odd Fellow's Hall.
July 26, 1856

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

SAPONIFIER, or Concentrated Lye, for making Soap. 1 lb. is sufficient for one barrel of Soft Soap, or 1 lb. 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.

SOLUTION OF CITRATE OF MAGNESIA, or Purgative Mineral Water.—This pleasant medicine which is highly recommended as a substitute for Epsom Salts, Seidlitz Powders, &c., can be obtained fresh every day at SAM'L. FILBERT'S Drug Store, Front st.

20 DOZEN BROOMS, 10 BOXES CHEESE. For sale cheap, by B. F. APPOLD & CO.
Columbia, October 25, 1856.

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.

A SUPERIOR article of PAINT OIL, for sale by R. WILLIAMS,
May 10, 1856. Front Street, Columbia, Pa.

A SUPERIOR article of TONIC SPICE BITTERS, suitable for Hotel Keepers, for sale by R. WILLIAMS,
May 10, 1856. Front street, Columbia.

FRESH ETHEREAL OIL, always on hand, and for sale by R. WILLIAMS,
May 10, 1856. Front Street, Columbia, Pa.

JUST received, FRESH CAMPHENE, and for sale by R. WILLIAMS,
May 10, 1856. Front Street, Columbia, Pa.

DE GRATH'S ELECTRIC OIL. Just received, fresh supply of this popular remedy, and for sale by R. WILLIAMS,
May 10, 1856. Front Street, Columbia, Pa.

A NEW lot of WHALE AND CAR GREASING OILS, received at the store of the subscriber. R. WILLIAMS,
May 10, 1856 Front Street, Columbia, Pa.

Poetry.

"GHOSTS OF LONG AGO."

BY HENRY HOWARD BROWNELL.

When at eve I sit alone
Thinking of the Past and Gone—
While the clock with drowsy finger,
Marks how long the minutes linger,
And the embers dimly burning.
Tell of Life to Death returning—
Then my lonely chair around.
With a quiet mournful sound—
With a murmer soft and low,
Come the Ghosts of Long Ago.

One by one, I count them o'er,
Voices that are heard no more,
Tears, that loveliest cheeks have wet,
Words, whose music lingers yet—
Holy faces, pale and fair,
Shadowy locks of waving hair—
Happy sighs and whispers dear,
Songs forgotten many a year,
Lips of dewy fragrance—eyes
Brighter, bluer than the skies—
Odors breathed from Paradise.

And the gentle shadows glide
Softly murmuring at my side,
Till the long unfriended day,
All forgotten, fades away.
Thus, when I am all alone,
Dreaming o'er the Past and gone,
All around me sad and slow,
Come the Ghosts of Long Ago.

From the American Presbyterian.

DRAWING NEARER.

[If our readers have seen a more beautiful piece of original poetry than the following, for a year, they are fortunate. It is by a young lady, from whom we hope to hear again.]

"For now is your salvation nearer, than when ye believed."

Nearer! yes! we felt it not
Mid the rushing of the strife,
As we mourned our changeful lot,
Toiled beneath our shadowed life,
By each step our worn feet trod,
We were drawing near to God.

When the day was all withdrawn,
And we walked in ten-fold night;
When we panted for the dawn
Of the ever blessed Light;
In those hours of darkness dim;
We were drawing nearer Him.

When beneath the sudden stroke
All our joys of life went down—
When our best-beloved broke
Earthly bounds, to take their crown,
By the upward path they trod,
Nearer drew we to our God.

In those days of bitter woe.
When we saw their smile no more;
When our hearts were bleeding slow,
Stricken—stricken—oh, how sore!
We were nearer to our God.

When upon our lifted eye
Gleamed a vision of our Home,
When we saw the glory high,
Flooding all that spotless dome;
In that hour of raptured sight,
Pressed we nearer our delight.

Through the long and vanished years,
Doubting, struggling; and depress'd,
Shrouded with their masts of tears,
We were passing to our rest.
Tempest-tossed and current-driven,
Ever drawing nearer Heaven.

EULALIE.

Select Story.

THE CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEF.

[We hope that none of our readers will pass this story. We promise them in advance that it will do them good to read it.]

In one of the busy streets of a busy city walked an elderly lady, accompanied by a gentleman who had lately completed his education. Being engaged in conversation, neither of them seemed to attend to anything besides until the crowd pressing against them caused the gentleman to look around, when he perceived some boys, of what he called suspicious appearance, following their path. "Ah! I must watch my pockets," he said; "I had a warning when last here of what I may expect in your city."

"What was it?" inquired the lady.

"Probably what is only a common occurence. My India handkerchief was picked from my pocket. 'Sir your handkerchief is stolen,' said a woman. I looked behind and there was a young lad making off with it at full speed; I followed and if my fingers were not as light as his, my feet were.—When he saw that I was likely to win the race, he dropped his spoils, so I recovered my property, and the little rogue might have got off better than he deserved had not a policeman witnessed the transaction, and provided him with lodging gratis, yet not quite so, for he had to pay by hard labor for board and lodging while he remained."

"And doubtless he came out of that lodging better qualified and better disposed to pick your pockets than when he went in."

"That is no affair of mine, Mrs. Harman. My business is to punish a thief when I catch him. Chaplain reform him if he can."

"Aided by the society to to which the poor culprit will be condemned during his imprisonment?" answered Mrs. Harman.—"Ah! my dear sir," said Mrs. Harman, "how different is the end man proposes in the case of an offender against himself, from that which our heavenly father designs in dealing with far worse offenders! Man aims only to punish; God seeks to convert."

"But you hardly expect me to stand preaching in the street to every little thief, whose hand I may find in my pocket."

"No, I do not. But as we are all interested in the suppression of vice, I would have you and all others alive to the importance of making use of the means by which these poor outcasts may become respectable members of society, and instead of handing them over on every occasion to the tender mercies of the law, endeavor to place them where their evil habits may be checked, and their intellect cultivated."

"All perfectly Utopian, Mrs. Harman, believe me. Show me a single instance in which any good fruit has ever been found on one of these crab stocks, and then I may try and act as you desire the next time my pocket is picked."

"You promise me that, do you?" said Mrs. Harman, looking up earnestly into his face.

"I may, very safely," he replied laughing.

"Well, when we arrive at the cottage, I will tell you a tale that I think will interest you."

This cottage (Mrs. Harman's residence) lay at the outskirts of the city, and was soon reached, and when she and her young friend were seated she began as follows:

"You may have heard from your mother, that I was once in a situation different from that which I now occupy; that I was in fact what many would call wealthy. But with this portion of my history I am not going to trouble you, save only to mention that it was then the circumstance took place which forms the groundwork of my present story. I had driven out one day in an open carriage to make purchases in the city, and was returning home when I had occasion to stop in a crowded thoroughfare, to speak to a person whom I employed. While doing so I forgot that at the other side of the open carriage lay a basket containing some valuable articles, and out of which hung a cambric handkerchief. Having finished my business, I turned around just in time to see a boy, apparently about ten years of age, draw the handkerchief out, and he was on the point of making off with it when my servant caught him by the ragged collar of a miserable coat, and applying to him some not very complimentary epithets, was about handing him over to a policeman when something in the boy's countenance struck me with compassion. He had not only the appearance of extreme want, but when detected in the theft hung his head with shame, a burning blush spreading over his wasted and pallid features.

"'No, no, John,' I cried, do not give him up to the police. Let us try if we cannot do something better for him than that.'

"It was in vain that John declared the little vagabond deserved nothing but the jail. [illegible] I, and to make an experiment with this unfortunate child. I told him where I lived, promising him a good dinner and a coat if he would come to my house that evening.

"It would have amused you had you seen my servant's face when he heard me inviting a thief to my house and promising him a reward for coming; predicting that I should soon have a visit from a gang of housebreakers, and that this 'little viper' would show them the way.

I promised him to be cautious, and not to let the boy see any of the house until we had proved him. He came an hour after, and had I not myself been watching for him I should never have known of his arrival, for he hung about the back door without courage to knock. Most unwillingly the cook sent him out a plentiful dinner, and I stood by while he ate it, or rather part of it, as he asked leave to take the rest home.—As yet I had asked him no questions, but now inquired where was his home? Whether he had parents or any family living?—Where his home was he would not tell; but he had no father, no mother, no brother nor sister; and with much difficulty I gathered from his lips the following tale:

"His father had been a laborer, and was killed by a fall from a scaffolding the preceeding year. His mother went out to work and earned a miserable pittance which just preserved them from starvation. She had died about three months before I met him, (probably from want,) and he had not any one to look to for a meal but the owners of the lodging-house, one corner of a wretched garret of which he and his mother had occupied. These people would allow him to remain only on one condition, namely, that he would do something for his own support. What that something was you can easily guess, and he soon learned the necessity of attending to their requirements. Becoming a regular street pilferer, if he returned home in the evening empty-handed, he was beaten and sent supperless to bed; and such had been his life from the time his mother died until I learned his melancholy story.

"I was encouraged in my desire to take some steps to rescue him from destruction, by perceiving that he was not yet hardened in crime; and I was still more encouraged by seeing a glow of pleasure on his countenance at my proposal to give him a bed in an out office, and breakfast and dinner every day, provided he would give up his wicked practices, of which I tried to show him the evil; and after he had done some errands, and what he was capable or doing in our farm-yard, attend a school every day. Well washed, well clad, and looking fresh and strong after even one week of his new life, Ned C——— went to the school, where he did full justice to himself and his master.—There was nothing which the master was capable of teaching that Ned did not show he should after awhile, be capable of learning. There was one branch of knowledge in which his progress gave me by far the greatest satisfaction—I mean the knowledge which maketh wise unto salvation. He attended a Sabbath School and quickly evinced a deep interest in the lessons there imparted. His behavior became marked by so much propriety, that he obtained, I may say even the respect of those who had known the circumstances of his early life. Still as he grew up, I could observe symptoms of an uneasy and unsettled mind, and on my questioning him about it one day, when he was eighteen, he confessed to me that the one thing he desired more than any other was to get away from the scene of his juvenile wickedness and to seek his fortune in some foreign land. I could not blame him; and much as I valued him as a useful and trusty servant, I resolved to forward his wishes by every means in my power.

"I had then some friends abroad, and to them I recommended Edward C———. He had laid by some money while in my service to which I was glad to make such an addition as would provide him with a respectable outfit. That morning on which he went away he said he had a favor to beg of me; I saw his lip tremble and his cheek flush as he told me what the favor was. It was only this; that if I still had the remains of the cambric handkerchief, which had been the means of introducing him to me, I would allow him to take it with him. It would be of use to him in two ways, he said it would remind him of what he once was and keep him humble; and it would also remind him of her who had rescued him from his degraded condition and keep him grateful. It was with many tears that I gave him the handkerchief; It had my name embroidered in one corner; he gazed on the letters and folding it up in a paper, he asked my prayers and blessing and departed. I heard from him in two months. He had a situation in a counting house. He continued to write frequently, and in about a year I had the joy of receiving a letter from his master, informing me that Edward C——— was every day standing higher in his confidence, and he had little doubt that he would one day do well in business for himself.

"Some years elapsed, and then the change in my circumstances took place, by which I was plunged from affluence into comparative poverty. I had to part with everything except what would enable me to furnish in the simplest style two humble apartments, into which I moved when I left my house. I could not bear to inform Edward C——— of the reverse I had undergone; and when I wrote merely mentioned that I had changed my house, but this would not satisfy him. He begged to know why I had left my pleasant home but I evaded his questions till I could evade them no longer, for he accused me of want of confidence in him, and of keeping back something that he ought to know. I then told him all, at the same time assuring him that I was very happy, as happy as ever and that one of my pleasantest thoughts was that I had been the means of his rescue and prosperity.

"It was several months before I heard from him again, and one day, just as I began to wonder at his silence, I was told that a gentleman wanted to see me. Not feeling well, I was unwilling to admit strangers, and sent a request that he would send up his name. The servant brought in reply, not a card, but a small parcel, which, when I opened it I found to contain, *the cambric handkerchief*. It was Edward C———. After the receipt of my last letter, he had been prevented from coming home at once by the necessity of arranging a large amount of business in the concern, of which he was now a junior partner!

"The moment he was free, he set out for his native land that he might see me. I need only add, that there was no service that he could offer that he did not warmly and affectionately press upon me; but the utmost he could prevail upon me to accept was a long lease on this pretty little cottage with the adjoining garden and field, where I live with every needful comfort, and possessing the ability to show kindness to the poor and afflicted. Edward C——— returned to his adopted home, taking the cambric handkerchief with him, and he does not allow me to forget him!"

"Well Mrs. Harman, yours is really a very interesting story," said her young guest, "and it has made me feel that if I had that poor boy whom I handed over to the police, I should be much disposed to see if some means could not be adopted for endeavoring to reclaim him."

EXERCISE IN THE OPEN AIR.

From Hartstene's Expedition to the Polar Sea we extract the following:

Nature has qualified man to breath in atmosphere 120 degrees above zero, or 50 below it, a difference of 170 degrees, without injury to health; and the doctrines of physicians that great and sudden changes of temperature are injurious to health is disproved by recorded facts. There are very few Arctic navigators who die in the Arctic zone; it is the most healthy climate on the globe to those who breathe open air. We have among our records the changes of temperature in Australia, where the temperature rose to 115 at 3 o'clock, P. M., and next morning at 5 o'clock was down to 40 deg.—a change of 75 deg. in 14 hours. There the people are healthy;—and at Franconia, N. H., the changes are the most sudden, the most frequent and of the greatest extent of any place with which I am in correspondence on the American continent, and yet there is no town of its size that has so great a population of its inhabitants who pass the age of three score years and ten. It is the quality of the changed air that constitutes the difference that physicians notice, and not the temperature.

Thrilling Adventure.

[From Dr. Kane's Arctic Explorations, published by Childs and Peterson, Philadelphia, Pa.]

PARTING HAWSERS AMONG THE ICEBERGS.

It blew a perfect hurricane. We had seen it coming, and were ready with three good hawsers out ahead, and all things snug on board.

Still it came on heavier and heavier, and the ice began to drive more wildly than I thought I had ever seen it. I had just turned in to warm and dry myself during a momentary lull, and was stretching myself out in my bunk, when I heard the sharp twanging snap of a cord. Our six-inch hawser had parted, and we were swinging by the two others; the gale roaring like a lion to the southward.

Half a minute more, and "twang, twang!" came a second report. I knew it was the whale line by the shrillness of the ring.—Our noble ten inch manilla still held on. I was hurrying my last sock into its sealskin boot, when McGary came waddling down the companion-ladders: "Captain Kane, she wont hold much longer; it's blowing the devil himself, and I am afraid to surge."

The manilla cable was proving its excellence when I reached the deck; and the crew as they gathered round me, were loud in its praises. We could hear its deep Æolean chant, swelling through all the rattle of the running gear and moaning of the shrouds. It was the death song! The strands gave way with the noise of a shotted gun; and in the smoke that followed their recoil, we were dragged out by the wild ice, at its mercy.

We steadied and did some pretty warping and got the brig a good bed in the rushing drift; but it all came to nothing. We then tried to beat back through the narrow ice-clogged water-way that was driving, a quarter of a mile wide, between the shore and the pack. It cost us two hours of hard labor, I thought skillfully bestowed; but at the end of that time we were at least four miles off, opposite the great valley in the centre of Bedevilled Reach. Ahead of us, farther to the North, we could see the strait growing still narrower and the heavy ice tables grinding up, and clogging it between the shore cliffs on one side and the ledge on the other. There was but one thing left for us: to keep in some sort the command of the helm by going freely where we must otherwise be driven. We allowed her to scud under a reefed foretopsail—all hands watching the enemy, as we closed, in silence.

At seven in the morning, we were close upon the piling masses. We dropped our heaviest anchor, with the desperate hope of winding the brig; but there was no withstanding the ice torrent that followed us.—We had only time to fasten a spar as a buoy to the chain, and let her slip. So went our best bower.

Down we went upon the gale again, hopelessly scraping along a lee of ice seldom less than thirty feet thick, one floe, measured by a line as we tried to fasten to it, more than forty. I had seen such ice only once before, and never in such rapid motion. One upturned mass rose above our gunwale, smashing in our bulwarks, and depositing half a ton of ice in a lump upon our decks. Our staunch little brig bore herself through all this wild adventure as if she had a charmed life.

But a new enemy came in sight ahead. Directly in our way, just beyond the line of floe ice, against which we were alternately sliding and thumping, was a group of bergs. We had no power to avoid them; and the only question was, whether we were to be dashed in pieces against them, or whether they might not offer us some providential nook of refuge from the storm. But as we neared them, we perceived that they were at some distance from the floe-edge, and separated from it by an interval of open water. Our hopes rose as the gale drove us toward this passage, and into it; and we were ready to exult, when from some unexplained cause, probably an eddy of the wind against the lofty ice-walls, we lost our headway. Almost at the same moment, we saw that the bergs were not at rest—that with a momentum of their own, they were bearing down upon the other ice, and that it must be our fate to be crushed between the two.

Just then a broad sconce-piece or low water washed berg came driving from the southward. The thought flashed upon me of one of our escapes in Melville Bay, and as the sconce moved rapidly close alongside us, McGary managed to plant an anchor on its slope, and to hold on to it by a whale-line.—It was an anxious moment. Our noble towhorse, whiter than the pale horse that seemed to be pursuing us, hauled us bravely on, the spray dashing over his windward flanks, and his forehead plowing up the lesser ice as if in scorn. The bergs encroached upon us as we advanced: our channel narrowing to a width of perhaps forty feet: we braced the yards to keep clear of the impending ice-walls.

We passed clear: but it was a close shave—so close that our port quarter-boat would have been crushed if we had not taken it from the davits—and found ourselves under the lee of a berg in a comparatively open lead. Never did heart tried men acknowledge, with more gratitude, their merciful deliverance from a wretched death.

The day had already its full share of trials; but there were more to come. A flaw drove us from our shelter, and the gale soon carried us beyond the end of the lead. We were again in the ice, sometimes escaping its onset by warping, sometimes forced to rely on the strength and buoyancy of the brig to stand its pressure, sometimes scudding wildly through the half open drift.—Our jib-boom was snapped off in the cap; we carried away our barricade stanchions, and were forced to leave our little Erie, with three brave fellows and their warps, out upon the floes behind us.

A little pool of open water received us at last. It was just beyond a lofty cape that rose up like a wall, and under an iceberg that anchored itself between us and the gale. And here, close under the frowning shore of Greenland, ten miles nearer the pole than our holding ground of the morning, the men turned in to rest.

I was afraid to join them; for the gale was unbroken, and the floes kept pressing heavily upon our berg.—at one time so heavily as to sway it on its vertical axis toward the shore, and make its pinnacle overhang our vessel. My poor fellows had but a precarious sleep before our little harbor was broken up. They hardly reached the deck, when we were driven astern, our rudder splintered, and the pintles torn from their bolttings.

Now began the nippings. The first shock took us on our port-quarter; the brig bearing it well, and, after a moment of the old-fashioned suspense, rising by jerks handsomely. The next was from a veteran floe, tongued and honeycombed, but floating in a single table over twenty feet in thickness. Of course, no wood or iron could stand this; but the shoreward face of our iceberg happened to present an inclined plane, descending deep into the water; and up this the brig was driven, as if some great steam screw-power was forcing her into a dry dock.

At one time I expected to see her carried bodily up its face and tumbled over on her side. But one of those mysterious relaxations, which I have elsewhere called the pulses of the ice, lowered us quite gradually down again into the rubbish, and we were forced out of the line of pressure toward the shore. Here we succeeded in carrying out a warp, and making fast. We grounded as the tide fell; and would have heeled over to seaward, but for a mass of detached land-ice that grounded alongside of us, and, although it stove our bulwarks as we rolled over it, shored us up.

I could hardly get to my berth, as I went down into our littered cabin on the Sunday morning after our hard-working vigil of thirty-six hours. Bags of clothing, food, tents, India-rubber blankets, and the hundred little personal matters which every man likes to save in a time of trouble, were scattered around in places where the owners thought they might have them at hand.—The pemmican had been on deck, the boats equipped, and every thing of real importance ready for a march, many hours before.

During the whole of the scenes I have been trying to describe, I could not help being struck by the composed and manly demeanor of my comrades. The turmoil of ice under a heavy sea often conveys the impression of danger when the reality is absent; but in this fearful passage, the parting of our hawsers, the loss of our anchors, the abrupt crushing of our stoven bulwarks, and the actual deposit of ice upon our decks, would have tried the nerves of the most experienced seamen. All—officers and men—worked alike. Upon each occasion of collision with the ice which formed our lee-coast, efforts were made to carry out lines; and some narrow escapes were incurred, by the zeal of the parties leading them into positions of danger. Mr. Bonsall avoided being crushed by leaping to a floating fragment; and no less than four of our men at one time were carried down by the drift, and could only be recovered by a relief party after the gale had subsided.

As our brig, borne on by the ice, commenced her ascent of the berg, the suspense was oppressive. The immense blocks piled against her, range upon range pressing themselves under her keel and throwing her over upon her side, till, urged by the successive accumulations, she rose slowly and as if with convulsive efforts along the sloping wall. Still there was no relaxation of the impelling force. Shock after shock, jarring her to her very centre, she continued to mount steadily on her precarious cradle. But for the groaning of her timbers and the heavy sough of the floes, we might have heard a pin drop. And then, as she settled down into her old position, quietly taking her place among the broken rubbish, there was a deep breathing silence, as though all were waiting for some signal before the clamor of congratulation and comment could burst forth.

A NEWSPAPER NOT A PERSON.

To those who are accustomed to speak of Dr. A. or Mr. B., having said so and so, referring to what appeared in the papers of which they were editors, we commend the following:—

"A newspaper is an impersonality.—Readers, in general, care very little, certainly are not at all concerned, to know who may be the writer of a particular paragraph.—A newspaper's material, if it be anything, cannot, now-a-days, be exclusively the production of one man. It is immaterial who writes—unless in a case that demands personal accountability or personal offence—and an opposing journal would be better employed in answering the arguments or overthrowing the positions of an article, than in assailing or alluding to its imagined author. This is a point of newspaper etiquette which should be observed by all who would maintain the decorum and dignity of the press."