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 3, 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.
FISHE & 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, AND 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 him self 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. HOICE,
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 manymedical 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, Propellers, 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 Mail 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.
Columbia, May 17, 1856. WELSH & RICH.

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.

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 convenience. 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, 1855-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 & Bremenman and Mrs Barnes)
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, Blocke 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
to cash buyers,
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

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

Just Received,

50 BUS. PRIME GROUND NUTS, at J. F. SMITH'S Wholesale and Retail Confectionery establishment Front street, two doors below the Washington House, Columbia [October 25, 1856

Just Received,

20 HHDS SHOULDERS, 15 TIERCES HAMS—For sale by B. F. APPOLD & CO.
Nos. 1, 2 and 6, Canal Basin.
Columbia, October 18, 1856.

Fluid, Fluid.

JUST received a fresh supply of fluid, by
Nov 15 1856. S. C. SWARTZ

JAYNES Family Medicines. For sale at McCORKLE & DELLETTS
Family Medicine Store, Odd Fellows' Hall.
Columbia, October 25, 1856.

NEW ARRIVAL! S. C. Swartz has just received a large lot of new Buckwheat Flour, which will be sold at only 62½ cts. per 25 lbs
Nov. 1, 1856

SWEET CIDER, by the quart or gallon, for sale by S. C. SWARTZ.
Nov. 1, 1856

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 McCORKLE & 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
Columbia, April 28, 1855 P. SHREINER.

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

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.

MY BROTHER.

[The following beautiful and touching lines were lately written for the Louisville *Journal*, by Emma Alice Brown, of Pleasant Grove, Lancaster county, Pa.—ED. HER.]

O! briar-vine, clamber,
And cover the chamber,
The chamber so dreary and lone;
Where, with meekly closed lips,
And eyes in eclipse,
My brother lies under the stone.

O! violets, cover
The narrow roof over,
O! cover the window and door;
For never the lights
In the long days or nights
Make shadows across the floor.

The lilies are blooming, the lilies are white
Where his play-haunts used to be;
And the sweet cherry blossoms
Blow over the bosoms
Of birds in the old roof-tree.

When I hear on the hills the shout of the storm,
In the valley the roar of the river,
I shiver and shake on the hearthstone warm
As I think of his cold "forever."

For his white hands are folded,
And never again
With the song of the robin or plover,
When the summer has come
With her bees and her gram,
Will he play in the meadow clover.

O, dear little brother!
My sweet little brother,
In the kingdom above the sun!
O! pray the good angels,
The glorious evangels,
To take me when life is done.

THE GOLDEN YEAR.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

We sleep and wake and sleep, but all things move;
The sun flies forward to his brother sun;
The dark earth follows, wheeled in her ellipse;
And human things, returning on themselves,
Move onward, leading up the golden year.

Ah! though the times when some new thought can bud,
As but as poets' seasons when the flower;
Yet seas that daily gain upon the shore
Have ebb and flow conditioning their march.
And slow and sure comes up the golden year.

When wealth no more shall rest in mounded heaps,
But smit with freer light, shall slowly melt
In many streams, to futten lower lands,
And light shall spread, and man be liker man,
Through all the seasons of the golden year.

Shall eagles not be eagles? wrens be wrens?
If all the world were falcons, what of that?
The wonder of the eagle were the less,
But he not less the eagle. Happy days
Roll onward, leading up the golden year.

Fly, happy, happy sails, and bear the Press;
Fly, happy with the mission of the cross,
Kait land to land, and blowing heavenward,
With silks, and fruits, and spices, clear of toil,
Enrich the markets of the golden year

But we grow old. Ah! when shall all men's good
Be each man's rule, and universal peace
Lie like a shaft of light across the land,
And like a lane of beams athwart the sea,
Through all the circle of the golden year.

Miscellaneous.

REVOLUTIONARY INCIDENT.

The hero of the following thrilling story was embodied in the person of a stout blacksmith, ay, an humble blacksmith, but in his stout frame, hardened with toil, throbbed as generous an impulse of freedom as ever beat in the bosom of Lafayette, or roused the heart of mad Anthony Wayne.

It was in full tide of the retreat that a follower of an American camp, who had at least shouldered a cart whip in his country's service, was dragging a baggage wagon from the field of battle, while a short distance behind, a body of continentals were pushing forward with a body of British in pursuit.

The wagon had arrived at a narrow point of the by road leading to the south, where two high banks of rocks and crags, arising on either side, afforded just space sufficient for the passage of the baggage wagons, and not an inch more.

His eyes were arrested by the sight of a stout muscular man, apparently forty years of age, extended at the foot of a tree, at the very opening of the pass.

He was clad in the course attire of a mechanic. His coat had been flung aside, and with his shirt sleeves rolled up from his muscular arm, he lay extended on the turf, while the blood poured in a torrent from his right leg, which was broken at the knee by a cannon ball.

The wagoner's sympathies were arrested by the sight. He would have paused in the very instant of his flight, and placed the wounded blacksmith in his wagon, but the stout hearted man refused.

"I'll not get into your wagon," said he, in his rough way, "but I'll tell you what I will do. Do you see yonder cherry tree on the top of that rock that hangs over the road?—Do you think you can lift a man of my build up there? For you see, neighbor, I never meddled with the Britishers until they come trapping over this valley, and burned my house down. And now I'm all riddled to pieces and hain't got more than fifteen minutes in me: I've got three balls in my cartridge box, and so just prop me up against that tree, and I'll give them the whole three shots, and then," exclaimed the blacksmith, "I'll die!"

The wagoner started his horse ahead, and then with a sudden effort dragged the wounded man to the foot of the tree. His face was to the advancing troops, and while his shattered leg hung over the bank, the wagoner rushed on his way, when the doomed blacksmith proceeded coolly to load his rifle.

It was not long before a body of American soldiers rushed by with the British in pursuit. The blacksmith greeted them with a shout, and raising his rifle to his shoulder he picked the foremost from his spirited steed, with the exclamation:

"That's for Washington."

In a minute his rifle was reloaded, and again it was fired, and the pursuing British rode over another of their officers.

"That's for myself!" cried the blacksmith, and then, with the feeling of approaching death, loaded, and raised his rifle, and fired his last shot, and another soldier kissed the sod! A tear quivered in the eyes of the dying blacksmith.

"And that," he said, with a husky voice which strengthened almost to a shout, "is for mad Anthony Wayne!"

Long after the battle of Brandywine was past, the body was discovered against the tree, with the features frozen in death, smiling grimly, while the right hand still grasped the never failing rifle.

And thus died one of those brave mechanic-heroes of the Revolution; brave in the hour of retreat and undismayed in the hour of death.

AMERICAN SHARE OF HUMAN HISTORY.

The following is extracted from a new work entitled "A Manual of United States History, by Mr. Samuel A. Eliot, professor of history and literature, for the use of colleges and higher classes in schools, and of which the critics speak in flattering terms:

"We are not to suppose the United States in front of the Universe, nor, on the contrary, place them in the rear simply because they are young and free. Youth implies both vigor and immaturity, and, when a nation possesses not only youth but freedom, the certainty of its being both vigorous and immature is confirmed. Such is our position; we are strong, but we are unformed. If we are younger than other countries, it is not altogether to our advantage; there may be more for us to learn and to do before we become a complete nation. So too, in being freer than other nations, we are exposed to dangers from which they are sheltered by their very bondage. The tendencies to lawlessness and to disunion are written in men's actions all around us. They must be met, checked and subdued, before our Republic is safe in itself or noble in the eyes of the stranger. On both grounds, therefore, on that of youth and that of freedom, we are under responsibilities that sometimes seem greater than the accompanying privileges. At the same time there is no doubt that we are the gainers by coming free upon the stage of history. We have been animated by the greatness, warned by the weakness of earlier times. Their burdens are not upon our shoulders, their bonds are not upon our limbs. What has been is not perpetually clashing with what is, or with what ought to be. Great, indeed, are our lessons, and great our resources; great, therefore, should be our deeds. If they are not so our rank, historically, sinks into insignificance. But if they are, if the deeds bear full proportion to the resources and the lessons, then, and then only, the part of the nation in human history will rise to majesty."

WASHINGTON'S DEATH.

He died as he lived, and what a beautiful economy there was in his death! Not a faculty was impaired, not an error had marred the moral of his life. At sixty-six, not quite three-score years and ten, he was taken away, whilst his example was perfect. He took cold, slighting the symptoms, saying, "let it go as it came." In the morning of the 14th of December, '96, he felt severe illness; called in his overseer, Mr. Rawlings, to bleed him. He was agitated, and Washington said to him "don't be afraid." When about to tie up his arm, he said with difficulty, "more." After all efforts failed, he designated the paper meant for his will, then turned to Tobias Lear and said, "I find I am going; my breath cannot continue long. I believed from the first that it would be fatal. Do you arrange and record all my military letters and papers; arrange my accounts and settle my books, as you know more about them than any one else, and let Mr. Rawlings finish recording my other letters, which he has begun." Between 5 and 6 o'clock, he said to his physician, Dr. Craik, "I feel myself going; you had better not take any more trouble about me, but let me go off quietly; I cannot last long."—Shortly after, again he said, "doctor, I die hard, but I am not afraid to go: I believed from my first attack I should not survive it; my breath cannot last long." About 10 o'clock he made several attempts to speak to Mr. Lear, and at last said, "I am just going. Have me decently buried, and do not let my body be put into the vault in less than two days after I am dead." Lear says. "I bowed assent." He looked at me again and said, "Do you understand me?" I replied, "Yes, sir," "'Tis well," said he. And these were his last words, and 'tis well his last words were, "'Tis well." Just before he expired he felt his own pulse; his hand fell from his wrist, and George Washington was no more."—*From an Oration by Gov. Wise of Virginia.*

HASTY BURIALS.—A Cincinnati paper says "another warning against the too common practice of hasty burials occurred in Fremont, Sandusky county, a few weeks ago. Daniel Stearns, Esq., who had been ill with a fever for some time, to all appearance died on Friday afternoon. All the arrangements were made, and the friends and the clergyman were assembled to pay the last tribute of respect to the supposed deceased, when the body appeared warm to the touch. Restoratives were administered, and in a few minutes the man who had come so near being buried alive, was sitting up, and is now in a fair way of recovery."

SHOW FURNITURE.

Furniture too good to be used is a nuisance. Nought is more unpleasant than the aspect of a room or a suite of rooms, where everything is bagged up. Chairs in pinafores, mirrors in muslin, a druggeted carpet, a hearth-rug wrong side out, and a chandelier in a sack, seen by the rays of light that struggle in edgewise through the slits in the shutters, and exhaling that peculiar brown holland fragrance which belongs to drawing rooms in marquerade dress, form one of the most cheerless, dispiriting, inhuman-like spectacles in the diorama of domestic life. I would as lief be ushered into a vault as into such an apartment. Nothing can be more chilling to the feelings, except, perhaps, a perspective view of the family wash taking an airing on the clothes line. Why do people buy magnificent furniture, to clothe it in hideous disguise? Does the glory of exhibiting the article undressed half a dozen evenings in a year pay for all the cost and trouble? The miser enjoys the flashing lustre of the gold every time he lifts the lid of his strong box; but what pleasure can there be in possessing a species of property that is invisible to the owner three hundred and fifty days out of three hundred and sixty-five? Give us furniture to wear—tables upon which you can bring down your fist with an emphasis, without throwing the lady of the house into hysterics, chairs that you can promenade upon—in a word give us comfort, and let us wear things out. It is provoking to see chairs and sofas preserved for years without a spot or blemish, while the wrinkles are multiplying on the face, and the grey hairs on the head of the proprietor. For these, and sundry other reasons, we have especial spite for show-furniture.

DR. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

In the year 1724 Franklin visited Boston, and on his return to Philadelphia, at every stopping place, he was beset with officious inquiries for his name, business, &c., on which he determined to be beforehand with such interrogatories in future. At the next tavern he announced himself as Benjamin Franklin, from Boston to Philadelphia, a printer not worth a dollar, 18 years of age, a single man seeking my fortune. &c., and this singular introduction checked all further inquiries, and effectually repulsed the darling propensity of Yankee inquisitiveness. At one of the public houses the fire place was surrounded by men so closely packed, our traveller could not approach near enough to feel any of its agreeable warmth, and being cold and chilled, he called out:

"Hostler, have you any oysters?"

"Yes, sir!" replied the man.

"Well then, give my horse a peck!"

"What! give your horse oysters?" cried the wondering skeptic.

"Yes," retorted Franklin, "give him a peck of oysters!"

The hostler carried out the oysters, and many of the occupiers of the fire place went with him to witness the great curiosity of a horse eating oysters. Franklin seated himself comfortably before the fire and derived much satisfaction and enjoyment from his funny experiment. Soon the men came in, and the company with rueful faces expressed most decided dissatisfaction at their disappointment.

"The horse would not eat the oysters, sir," and they had lost their cozy, comfortable, warm seats.

"Well," said Franklin, if the horse won't eat them, I'll eat them myself, and you may try him with a peck of oats."

A HAY FIELD ANECDOTE.

That is a good story, which may have been heard in more than one Yankee hayfield this summer. We heard it one day when on a visit in the country, we went out to show some men how to "pitch." We had failed, and wilted down under a hacock, and lay flushed, and fanning the glow and sweat of our features in a comfortable position, when one of the jolly haymakers related the anecdote of the old man who was always bragging how folks used to work in his younger days, and challenged his two sons to pitch on a load of hay as fast as he could load it.

The challenge was accepted, and the hay wagon driven round, and the trial commenced. For some time the old man held his own very creditably, calling out, tauntingly:

"More hay! more hay!"

Thicker and faster it came, whole haycocks at a time, cloud after cloud, overwhelming. The old man was nearly covered up; still he kept crying, "more hay! more hay!" until, struggling to keep on the top of the disordered and ill-arranged heap, it began first to roll, then to slide, and at last off it went from the wagon, and the old man with it.

"What are you down here for?" cried the boys.

"I came down after hay!" answered the old man, stoutly.

Which was a literal fact, he had come down after half a wagon load, which had to be pitched on again rather more deliberately.

A GREAT CURE-ALL.

Several gentlemen were talking one evening at the house of a friend, when one of them exclaimed, "Ah! depend upon it, a soft answer is a great cure-all." At this stage of the conversation, a boy who sat behind a table began to listen, and repeated, as he thought, quite to himself, "A soft answer is a great cure-all." "Yes, that's it," cried the gentleman, starting, and turning round; "yes, that's it; don't you think so, my lad?" The boy blushed a little at finding himself so unexpectedly addressed, but answered, "I don't know that I understand you, sir."

"Well, I will explain then. In the days of my boyhood it so happened that at the school to which I was sent, my seat was next to a lad named Tom Tucker. When I found he lived in a small house behind the academy, I began to strut a little and talk about what my father was; but, as he was a capital scholar, very much thought of by the boys, we were soon on pretty good terms; and so it went on for some time. After a while some fellows of my stamp, and I with the rest, got into a difficulty with one of the ushers, and some how or other we got into the notion that Tom Tucker was at the bottom of it.

"'Tom Tucker!' who is he? I cried, angrily. I'll let him know who I am!' and I went in a passion to Tom, and said, 'I'll teach you to talk about me in this way!'—But he never winced or seemed in the least frighted, but stood still, looking at me mute as a lamb. 'Charles,' he said, 'you may strike me as much as you please; but I shan't strike back again; fighting is a poor way to settle difficulties. I'm thinking when you are Charles Everett, I'll talk to you.'"

"Oh what an answer was that! How it cowed me down! So firm, and yet so mild! I felt there was no fun in having the fight on one side. I was ashamed of myself, my temper, and everything about me. I longed to get out of his sight. I saw what a poor, foolish way my style of doing things was. I felt that Tom had completely got the better of me; that there was power in his principles superior to anything I had ever seen before; and from that hour Tom Tucker had an influence over me nobody ever had before or since; it has been for good, too. That, you see, is the power of a soft answer."

A JEW'S PRUDENCE.

Among the tales of the Talmud, there is one of a parent who fell sick, while his son was distant from him at Jerusalem, pursuing his studies. Too far off to recall him before his rapid death, he made a will and gave all his property to a trusty slave who nursed him, with the provision that his son should be informed of his death as soon as possible and should receive as his portion any *one thing* he should select from his property.

This will the slave executed faithfully, after the Rabbi's decease, and hastening to Jerusalem proved the melancholy event and the will to the son.

Of course the young man was in despair at his loss and at the same time astounded at his apparent ill treatment. He complained to a learned Jew who was celebrated for his wisdom.

"Can you not perceive the goodness and prudence of your father in the will?" said he, "I will explain it. He knew that if he left his estate to you, while you were so remote from it, that it would offer a great temptation to the cupidity of his slaves. They would probably have ravaged it and injured your life to save themseves. Therefore he willed it to his principal servant, who under the condition would take quick measures to apprise you of the event."

"Well, what further?" asked the youth.

"Does not all the slave possesses belong his master?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, you choose your portion in this slave and as a consequence the estate again reverts to you. Thus was the prudence of your father exhibited even amid the troubles of a dying hour. Remember him with gratitude."

The young man chose the slave, and afterward gave him his freedom with considerable gifts.

PICTURES.

A room with pictures in it and a room without pictures, differ nearly as much as a room with windows and a room without windows. Nothing, we think, is more melancholy, particularly to a person who has to pass much time in his room, than blank walls with nothing on them; for pictures are loopholes of escape to the soul, leading it to other scenes and other spheres. It is such an inexpressible relief to a person engaged in writing, or even reading, on looking up, not to have his line of vision chopped off by an odious white wall, but to find his soul escaping, as it were, through the frame of an exquisite picture, among the beautiful and perhaps idylitic scenes, where the fancy of a moment may revel, refreshed and delighted. It is winter in your world; perhaps it is summer in the picture; what a charming momentary change and contrast! And thus pictures are consolers of loneliness; they are a sweet flattery to the soul; they are a relief to the jaded mind; they are windows to the imprisoned thought; they are books; they are histories and sermons—which we can read without the trouble of turning over the leaves.

NUMBER OF THE STARS.

Of the stars thousands are visible to the naked eye, and millions are discovered by the telescope. Sir John Herschel calculates that about five and a half millions of stars are visible enough to be distinctly counted in a twenty feet reflector in both hemispheres, and thinks the actual number is much greater. His illustrious father estimated on one occasion that one hundred and twenty-five thousand stars passed through the field of his forty feet reflector in a quarter of an hour. This would give twelve millions for the entire circuit of the heavens in a single telescopic zone; and this estimate was made with the assumption that the nebulæ were masses of luminous matter, not yet condensed suns. But with the increase of instrumental power, especially under the mighty grasp of Lord Rosse's gigantic reflector, and the great reflectors of Pulkova and Cambridge; the most irresolvable of these nebulæ have given way; and the better opinion now is that every one of them is a galaxy, like our own milky way, composed of millions of suns.

AN INFIDEL REBUKED.

An Infidel, boasting in a published letter that he had raised two acres of "Sunday Corn," which he intended to devote to the purchase of infidel books, adds, "All the work done on it was done on Sunday, and it willl yield some seventy bushels to the acre: so that I don't see but that nature or Providence has smiled upon my Sunday work however the priests of the bible may say that work done on that day never prospers. My corn tells another story." To this the editor of an agricultural paper replies: "If the author of this shallow nonsense had read the Bible half as much as he has the works of its opponents, he would have known that the great Ruler of the universe does not always square up his accounts with mankind in the month of October."

NUMBER OF POST OFFICES, &c., IN THE UNION.—We learn from the Report of the Postmaster General, that the number of post offices in the Union on the 30th of June last was 25,662. Of these, 339 have an income of over $1000 per annum, and the Postmasters are appointed by the President subject to the confirmation of the Senate.—The total compensation of Postmasters was, for the last fiscal year, $2,102,890. The number of mail route contractors was 6372; of mail agents, 394; and of mail messengers 1108. The mail was carried over 20,323 miles of railroad, over 14,951 miles in steamboats, over 50,453 miles in coaches, and over 153,915 miles by inferior conveyances. The cost of transportation for each mile travelled is, by railroad 10.6 cents: by steamboat, 20.3 cents; by coach about 7 cents per mile. The total cost of mail transportation for the current year, including the salaries of agents and messengers, but excluding the ocean service, is $6,576,128.

IT IS SO.—A man whistling merrily at midnight is a safe person to meet; and no murdering or cheating design lies underneath hearty and honest laughter. A hand organ and a monkey will sometimes light up the dreariest and dirtiest localities with a gleam of genuine felicity—transient, though it be. Therefore, recreations, ornamentation, a little of the fine arts, may and ought to be sent on a preliminary mission among the most degraded. Just administer to the better tastes and they will assert their rightful supremacy. A pleased crowd, pleased with harmless pageants, amusements, and sports—generally behave well. They are not tempted to do otherwise. Consequently, however, much is done directly to make communities better, much must also be done indirectly.

PEOPLE WHO LIVE WITHOUT WATER.—"The day before we reached the Orange River," says Anderson, in his Four Years' Wanderings in South Africa, "we fell in with a kraal of Hottentots, whom to our surprise, we found living in a locality altogether destitute of water! The milk of their goats and cows supplied its place. Their cattle, moreover never obtained water, but found a substitute in a kind of ice plant (messembryanthemum) of an exceedingly succulent nature which abounds in these regions. But our own oxen, not accustomed to such diet, would rarely or ever touch it. Until I had actually convinced myself—as I had often the opportunity of doing in an after period that men could live entirely without water, I should, perhaps, have had some difficulty in realizing this singular fact."

☞ Hon. Joseph P. Comegys, the newly appointed United States Senator for the State of Delaware, resides in Dover, and is married to a niece of the late Hon. John M. Clayton, who had his home with Mr. Comegys up to the time of his death. Mr. C. is the son of the late Gov. Comegys and has served with prominence and ability in the Delaware Legislature. He is a lawyer of large practice, of sound legal ability, extensive experience, and fine personal appearance, about forty-five years of age. He is a gentleman of sterling integrity and deservedly popular. He will fill his new position with honor and usefulness.

☞ A good newspaper is like a sensible and sound hearted friend, whose appearance on one's threshold gladdens the mind with the promise of a pleasant and profitable hour.