Paying an old Debt.

A merchant very extensively engaged in commerce, and located on Long Wharf, Boston, died intestate, February 18th, 1803, at the age of 75. After his death, a package of very considerable size was found carefully tied up and labeled as follows:

'Notes, due-bills, and accounts against sundry persons down along shore. Some of them may be got by suit and severe dunning. But the people are poor most of them have had fisherman's luck. My children will do as they think best. Perhaps they will think, with me, that it is best to burn this package entire.'

About a month after he died, the sons met together, when the eldest brother, the administrator, produced the package, and read the superscription, and asked what course should be taken in regard to it.—Another brother, a few years younger than the eldest, a man of strong impulsive temperament, unable at that moment to express his feelings by words, while he brushed the tears from his eyes with one hand, by a spasmodic jerk of the other toward the fire-place, indicated his wish to have the package put into the flames. It was suggested by another brother, that it might be well first to make a list of the names, and of the dates and amounts, that they might be enabled, as the intended discharge was for all, to inform such as might offer payment, that their debts were forgiven. On the following day they again assembled, and notes, due bills, and accounts, which, including interest amounted to thirty thousand dollars, were committed to the flames.

It was about four months after our father's death, continued our informant, in the month of June, that I was sitting in my eldest brother's office waiting for an opportunity to speak with him, when there came in a hard favored little old man, who looked as if time and rough weather had been to the windward of him for 70 years. He asked if my brother was not the executor. My brother replied that he was the administrator, as our father died intestate.

'Well,' said the stranger, 'I have come up from the Cape, to pay a debt I owe to the old gentleman.'

My brother requested him to take a seat, he being at the desk. The old man sat down and putting on his glasses, drew out a very ancient looking pocket-book and began counting over his money.

When he had finished, as he sat waiting his turn, slowly twirling his thumbs, with his old, gray, meditative eyes upon the floor, he sighed, and I knew the money, as the phrase runs, came hard, and secretly wished that the old man's name might be found on the forgiven list. My brother was soon at leisure, and asked the usual questions, his name, residence, &c. The original debt was four hundred and forty dollars. It had stood a long time, and with the interest amounted to between seven and eight hundred dollars.—My brother went to the desk, and after examining the forgiven list attentively, a sudden smile lit up his countenance, and told me the truth at a single glance. The old man's name was there! My brother quietly took a chair by his side, and conversation ensued between them which I never shall forget.

'Your note is outlawed,' said he. 'It was dated twelve years ago, payable in two years' there is no witness, and interest has never been paid: you are not bound to pay this note, we can never recover this amount.'

'Sir,' said the old man, 'I wish to pay it. It is the only debt I have in the world. It may be outlawed here, but I have no child, and my old woman and I hope we have made our peace with God, and I wish to do so with man. I should like to pay it.' And he laid the bank notes before my brother, requesting him to count them over.

'I cannot take the money,' was the reply of my brother.

The old man became alarmed. 'I have cast a simple interest for twelve years, and counted it all over,' said he. 'I will pay you compound interest, if you require it.—The debt ought to have been paid long ago; but your father was very indulgent—he knew I'd been unlucky, and told me not to worry about it.'

My brother then properly set the matter before him, and taking the bank bills he returned them to the old man's pocket-book, telling him that although our father left no formal will, he had recommended to his children to destroy certain notes, due-bills and other evidences of debt, and release those who might be legally bound to pay them.

For a moment the old man appeared to be stupefied. After he had collected himself, and wiping the tears from his eyes, he said; 'From the time I heard of your father's death, I have raked and scraped, pinched and spared to get the money together for the payment of the debt. About ten days ago, I made up the sum within $25.

'My wife knew how much the payment of this debt lay on my spirits, and advised me to sell a cow and make up the difference and get the heavy burden off my mind. I did so; and now what will my old woman say? I must go back to the Cape and tell her this good news. She'll probably repeat the very words she used when she put hand on my shoulder as we parted:—"I have never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread."'

Giving each of us a shake of the hand, and a blessing on our father's memory, he went on his way rejoicing.

After a short silence, taking his pencil and making a cast—'There,' said my brother 'your part of the amount would be so much. Contrive a plan to convey me your share of the pleasure derived from this operation, and the money is at your service.'

TOUGH CHICKEN.—'Tough, madam—tough, did you say?' said the irascible board-er to the landlady, as he was trying to carve what was ostensibly a chicken—'Yes'm; and were I to give my opinion on the fowl, I should say it was old enough to have scratched up the seeds of original sin when they were first planted.'

☞ Whoever believes that Miss Peck wrote 'Nothing to Wear,' despite the claim of Mr. Butler, goes on the proper principles for measure—not men.

The Columbia Spy.

A PENNSYLVANIA INDEPENDENT JOURNAL.

COLUMBIA, Pa.
SATURDAY, AUG. 15, 1857.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.—Rosanna Shidecker, *For Rent;* John Herr, *New Goods;* G. N. Eldred's *Great Southern Show;* H. E. Wolfs, *Estray;* H. M. North, *To-Let;* A. M. Rambo, *Fresh Groceries, &c;* D. Heisley, *Quarry Tools Wanted.*

STATE SENATOR.—We have neither the desire nor intention of meddling with politics, but consider it in every respect proper that we should say a word upon a matter of such local interest as our Senatorial representation in the coming session of our State Legislature. By the new apportionment, Lancaster county is entitled to two Senators, and it becomes our people to put forth men who, by their talents and character shall serve us ably, and give us in our Legislative halls that standing which, as the first county in the state, we should properly assume. We personally know none of the citizens soliciting the nomination for the above office, excepting Bartram A. Shaeffer, Esq., of Lancaster, whose intimate business connection with our place makes him almost a Columbian, and who is so well known amongst us that any laudatory remarks from us would be entirely superfluous. As a personal friend, however, of Mr. Shaeffer, we desire to do all in our power towards securing the nomination of a gentleman of whose character none can speak ill, and against the integrity and ability of whose previous Legislative career there has never been a whisper. While we should be actuated first by the honorable county pride which would send our best men to represent us at Harrisburg, our second thought should be to secure those whose local interests are as nearly as possible identical with our own. In Mr. Shaeffer we have one who fulfils both these conditions; and while our county would find in him a worthy representative and the State an able Legislator, we feel confident that any reasonable demand made by Columbians on his exertions as their advocate in the Senate would be met by his efforts in their behalf.

It would give us very great pleasure to congratulate our friend on his election; in the meantime we will wish him success.

OUR BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATION.—As will be seen, we are even with the times in keeping up our character as a first class illustrated paper. The portrait of the melancholy remains may be relied on as accurate, although they present no resemblance to the living Job, (and not much to any dead horse we ever saw before,) who was a horse of pleasing exterior. The fact of his being so badly drawn by the painful disease of which he died, must be sufficient apology for any inaccuracy in our own drawing.

We acknowledge and apologize for the deficiency in the number of the cuts of the interesting body. We are fully aware that views from every point of the compass would have been given on a similar occasion by our enterprising New York cotemporaries, (has not Frank Leslie got eight, two being in baskets and invisible, separate and distinct portraits of Mrs Cunningham's baby?) but the absence of our Philadelphia artist, throwing us on our own unaided resources, must be our excuse.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT IN YORK COUNTY.—On Monday last, a carriage driven by Mr. Zrieve, containing his sister, Mrs. Theodore Welsh, and her child, was upset in crossing Scott's Run, in Peach Bottom township, York county, and the lady and child were drowned. A hole about four feet deep had been washed in the crossing by the late heavy rain, into which the carriage was driven and upset. Mr. Z. sustained his sister, but the child was washed away. While they were struggling in the water, two mill-dams above gave way, and they were carried down by the torrent, and spite of all Mr. Zreive's exertions Mrs. Welsh was drowned while in his arms.

The gentleman saved himself with much difficulty, and reached the shore almost exhausted. The two bodies were recovered about two hundred yards below the road.

CHANGES.—We notice that Mr. John L. Reese has disappeared from his old post as conductor on the morning and night trains between Columbia and Lancaster. He is succeeded by Mr. M. A. Holbrook, formerly state agent, and takes Mr. Holbrook's late situation as Penn'a R. R. Agent between Philadelphia and West Chester. We are sorry to miss Mr. Reese's polite and accommodating attentions on this end of the line, but have the consolation of knowing his successor to be a gentleman, who, we are sure, will give every satisfaction to the traveling public.

GODEY FOR SEPTEMBER.—Godey comes to us this month in advance of all competition. It's contents are, as usual, varied and entertaining, the many lined fashions, patterns, recipes, &c., making it emphatically *the* "Lady's Book."

GRAHAM.—We received Graham for September, hard on the heels of its rival. It is no whit behind the other in the interest of its literary contents, and beauty of its illustrations.

A WESTERN 'HARVEST HOME.'—The following paragraph, from the Chicago *Tribune*, of Tuesday, gives an account of how harvesting is done at the West:

'A friend of ours says that one day last week he went up on the top of a hill called Mt. Zion, six miles from Janesville, Rock Co., Wis., and counted on the surrounding plain one hundred and sixty-four horse power reaping machines, busily cutting down wheat. There were one thousand men, women and boys following after, binding and shocking up the golden sheaves.—It was a sight worth seeing, to behold the grain falling and being gathered up at the rate of two hundred acres per hour'

Died.

At Mann's Tavern, on Sunday, 9th inst. JOB S. MCMAHON, of this place.

In recording the death of this well known and most highly esteemed Columbian, we cannot but exceed the brief formality of a mere announcement of the melancholy event, and indulge our grief in a respectful tribute to the many virtues of the lamented deceased. Of his life previous to his appearance in our town we can say nothing, but from the moment of his entrance into society (the first society) here, a few years since, he took his place as a public favorite. His gentle disposition endeared him to his female acquaintances, while his unflagging willingness to go any length for a friend, made him equally popular with the many gentlemen with whom he was brought into intimate companionship. He was introduced into our borough by Mr. Fetterly, but later became connected in business with James S. McMahon, Esq., whose name he bore. During the prevalence of that terrific scourge, the cholera, in our midst, the subject of this brief memoir would, doubtless, have been among the most active in ministering to the wants of the afflicted, but that he had not at that time become a resident of Columbia.

For several weeks previous to his melancholy demise he had been luxuriating and recruiting at the pleasant watering place, Ephrata; whence he had only returned on Saturday evening, looking in excellent health and condition. On Sunday morning he went, in company with several eminently respectable colored friends, to attend a large religious assembly at "Centre," vulgarly known as "Pinch." He was apparently in robust health, and the highest spirits, starting off with more than his usual alacrity. His namesake, James S., gazed after him with fond pride as he disappeared up Walnut street. Alas! he never looked upon him alive again.

At a late hour on Sunday evening, Martin, the ever watchful guardian of the "Flora Temple," was aroused by a cry of distress from the street, and, on letting out an inquiring head into the night, beheld a majestic sable figure, seated on a roan mare, from which, (figure, not mare,) at solemn intervals, proceeded the appaling words:

"Fore God, dat Grey Hoss *is* sick."

Although nothing could be extracted from the messenger of woe further than a wailing reiteration of the melancholy sentence, and the explanatory foot note, "Mann's Tavern," the family and friends of the defunct were advised of his precarious situation, and, by a singular presentiment, were at once impressed with a despairing feeling that the illness would prove fatal. Several near and dear friends proceeded with all the haste of a two mule team to Mann's, where they arrived about 1 o'clock A. M., just in time to catch a glimpse of the colored friend, with whom Job had left Columbia in the morning, making excellent time towards town, afoot, and to hear his tremulous voice, from a safe distance in the woods proclaim:

"De hoss is done gone, Mr. McMann, but deed sir I didn't druv him hard."

The sorrowful tidings were but too true; poor Job was taking his long rest. Stretched on a pile of straw, his countenance composed into a happy expression of confidence in future oats, he lay calmly sleeping the long sleep which knows no waking to whip, spur or 2.40. His gentle spirit had winged its way, where? Into a future man? or simply to horse heaven? If there be an equine future, we confidently assert that our lamented friend has a front seat.

We draw a decent veil over the frantic grief of the bereaved ones, who after a long and heart-rending "wirrah! wirrah!" over the remains, assuaged their sorrow in sundry of "Mann's" most superior "epis." A slight gleam of comfort was derived from the fact of the deceased having enjoyed (?) during his brief but painful illness, every strawy comfort that the tenderest care could supply.

A profane country offer to skin him for his hide was met with such an indignant and emphatic outburst of virtuous indignation, that we feel assured that not even a crow will venture to disturb his hallowed resting place.

Over his remains it is proposed to erect a suitable testimonial, with the appropriate inscription.

HORS DE COMBAT.

Our artist was on the ground on Monday morning at early candle light, and we are enabled to furnish the readers of the *Spy* with the accompanying life-like sketch of the body when lying in state.

We feel that we have but feebly attempted to record the virtues of our dear departed, and trust that some abler pen (and pencil) than our own will do him more ample justice. He was truly beloved by young and old.

'But he is dead and gone;
At his head a grass green turf,
At his heels a stone.

The following touching lines commemorative of the sad event, have been handed us for publication: and on the solemn assurance of the author that they are entirely original we give them insertion:

Affliction sore with equine-unity he bore,
Veterinary surgeons were in vain;
On a Sunday nigger frolic, he was took bad with the colic,
And breathed his last, we have every reason to believe, in very considerable pain

A peck was his portion,
Oats were his food,
In his abdominal contortion
Drugs did him no good.

Dearest Jobey, thou hast left us,
Here thy loss we deeply feel;
If we a nine rogger who here it is,
Wouldn't we his sorrows heal!

PROCEEDINGS OF COUNCIL.—Council Chamber, Columbia, August 12, 1857.—Council met: members present, Messrs. Felix, Maxton, Murphy, Pelan, Richards, Tyson, and Hess, President.

It was stated from the chair that this meeting was called for the purpose of coming to some determination as regards fixing a wharf line.

On motion of Mr. Richards, the S.W. corner of Columbia Bridge pier No. 1, be the outstart point for the said wharf line, and at Locust street to extend one hundred feet.

On motion it was agreed to, that the next point be at Union street, there to extend 60 feet, thence running to the borough line.

On motion of Mr. Maxton there be a committee appointed to employ some suitable person to make a survey, and furnish Council with draft of same. The chair appointed Messrs. Richards and Maxton committee.

Council adjourned.

Attest—J. S. DELLETT, *Clerk.*

News Items.

In the southern States, whose elections have just been held, the return shows twenty-five Democratic members of Congress, and six Americans, being a Democratic gain of seven.

Returns from Iowa leave no doubt that the new constitution of that State has been adopted. It was made a party question by the Democrats, who made a general rally against it. In 30 counties heard from, there is a majority of 4555 for it. The Republicans had the control of the convention which framed it and they consider the ratification of their work a substantial victory.

It appears from the Louisville papers, of both parties, that the Democrats have only carried one branch of the Kentucky Legislature. In the Senate there are 20 Americans and 18 Democrats, leaving an American majority of two. In the other House there is a Democratic majority of from twelve to twenty. As a United States Senator is to be chosen, this is important.

Returns from ninety counties in Missouri on the vote for Governor, give Rollins, American, 3000 majority. He is probably elected by 1500 majority.

The Congressional election in Nebraska Territory ha resulted in a poll of 1470 for Ferguson, Independent Dem.; 1309 for Thayer, Republican; 1114 for Chapman, the regular Democratic nominee, and 1091 for Banker. Chapman was the member in the last Congress. The aggregate vote, as above, is 4984, with one county to hear from.

Advices from Kansas state that Governor Walker had returned to Lawrence with the United States troops, the apprehensions of an attack on Fort Riley by the Cheyennes having proved groundless. The squatter municipal government of Lawrence met on the 7th, and was engaged in perfecting ordinances. The election returns from all parts of the territory indicate a large vote and nearly unanimous for the Topeka Constitution.

At the election in Kansas, under the Topeka regime, ten thousand votes are said to have been polled, and the Topeka Constitution was adopted again, almost unanimously. No one was allowed to vote except a six months' resident of the territory.

The contest for Congress in the Sixth District of Alabama is quite close, so that it will require the official returns to decide whether Houston or Hubbard is elected.—So the Washington *Star* learns from private advices. The probabilities seem to be that Houston is defeated and Hubbard chosen.

President Buchanan has left Bedford Springs and arrived at Cumberland, on his way to Washington, D. C.

Later news from Mexico say that President Comonfort was almost unanimously re-elected.

FOREIGN.

THE GOODWOOD CUP RACE.—*Halifax, August* 12.—The following meagre particulars of the great race for the Goodwood cup, we gather from the Liverpool papers; none of the accounts at hand give the time of any of the horses.

The French horse, Monarque, won the race. The English horse, Risber, is placed second; and Fisherman third.

"Gunboat" slipped and fell, and Kestrel and Gemma di Vergy also fell heavily.—Monarque won by a head, and Risebor beat Fisherman by about three lengths.

"Anton" was placed fourth, and was three lengths behind Fisherman. The American horses, Prior and Prioress, were placed fifth and sixth. All the others pulled up.—The finish is said to have been the most exciting ever witnessed.

The English papers remark, but without assigning any reason, that the American horses would have figured more prominently had they not been ridden by English jockeys.

☞ We copy the following from an entertaining article in *Household Words*, entitled "Duelling in France."

We will close this subject of madness and wickedness with a retributive story of a duel between an Englishman and a Frenchman. A certain English gentleman who was a regular frequenter of the green room of Drury Lane Theatre in the days of Lord Byron's Committee, and who always stood quietly on the hearthrug there, with his back to the fire, was in his usual place one night, when a narrative was related by another gentleman newly returned from the continent, of a barrier duel that had taken place in Paris. A young Englishman—a mere boy—had been despoiled in a gaming-house in the Palais Royal, had charged a certain gaming Count with cheating him, had gone out with the Count, had wasted his fire, and had been slain by the Count, under the frightful circumstances of the Count's walking up to him, laying his hand on his heart, saying: 'you are a brave young fellow—have you a mother?' and on his replying in the affirmative, remarking coolly, 'I am sorry for her,' and blowing his victim's brains out. The gentleman on the hearth-rug paused in taking a pinch of snuff to hear this story, and observed with great placidity, 'I am afraid I must kill that rascal.' A few nights elapsed, during which the green room hearth-rug was without him, and then he re-appeared precisely as before, and only incidentally mentioned in the course of the evening, 'Gentlemen I killed that rascal!' He had gone over to Paris on purpose, had tracked the Count to the same gaming house, had thrown a glass of wine in his face in the presence of all the company assembled there, had told him he had come to avenge his young compatriot—and had done it by putting the Count out of this world, and coming back to the hearth-rug as if nothing had happened.

The Philosophy of Noses.

A first division of noses includes all that are, in proportion to the face, too small, i. e., all that are decidedly less than one-third of the length of the face, or less than the forehead is deep. The varieties of these are numerous in the snub, flat, retrousse, and upturned, or celestial noses. The natural types to which they are generally referable are either the little noses of children or the flat broad noses of negroes; and it is consistent with this that in men of civilized races all such noses indicate defective intellectual power; and do so with a certainty of symbolism which nothing but excellence in the form of the head, as in the case of Socrates, can neutralize. They tell of an unfinished intellectual development; and the lower and flatter, and more snub they are, the more certainly do they indicate feebleness and meanness of intellect, and of a mind in which bad temper more than good judgement will have sway.

It is not quite so with woman. In them the whole organization, in its gradual development, diverges less than that of men does, from the almost similar form which they both have in early childhood. The retention, therefore, of the little child-like nose implies no such grave defect in the woman's mind. If her head be well formed, such a nose may express *naivete*, or, perhaps smartness of wit and dexterous intelligence.—but even in woman such noses need to be associated with good features. If they are not they add much to the expression of insignificance or even coarseness. The thicker and larger forms of snub nose in either sex commonly indicate the predominance of the material sensuous character, and a turnup nose with wide obvious nostrils is an open declaration (so far as a nose can make one,) of an empty and inflated mind; of a mind in which there is but the spurious imitation of that strength and loftier pride which the wide nostrils in a well formed nose might indicate.

Large noses, in men, are generally good signs; especially, they add emphasis to the good indication of a well formed head; but they must not be too fleshy or too lean. If they are long (yet short of being snout-like.) they mark as prolongations of the forehead, the intelligent, observant and productive nature of the refined mind. If Roman, arched high and strong, they are generally associated with a less developed forehead and a larger hind head; and they disclose strength of will and energy, rather than intellectual power; they show also the want of that refinement which is indicated by the straight nose. The Jewish or hawk nose commonly signifies shrewdness in worldly matters; it adds force to the meaning of the narrow concentrative forehead symbolical of singleness of object; and its usually narrow nostrils wear the unfailing sign of caution and timidity. The Greek straight nose "indicates refinement of character," love for the fine arts, and *belles letters*, astuteness, craft, and preference for indirect rather than direct action. "Perpendicular noses—that is such as approach this form, * * * * suppose a mind capable of acting and suffering with calmness and energy."

A nose slightly befied at its end, extends and corroborates the indication of the analytic forehead. Such noses, large and broad pointed, are frequent in men with acute practical knowledge of the world. The same befied end is often seen in the cogitative or wide-nostriled nose, wide at the end, thick and broad, indicating a mind that has strong powers of thought, and is given to close and serious meditation. With these symbols, Lavater's *dicta* fall in: "A nose whose ridge is broad, no matter whether straight or curved, always announces superior faculties. But this form is very rare." And again, "a small nostril is the certain sign of a timid spirit." In a woman a large nose is of more uncertain augury; for it is apt to extend into caricature. If it be well formed and finely modeled, a rather large nose, and especially one which is nearly straight, or slightly arched, is, in a woman, often characteristic of excellent mental power. But any of the more peculiarly male forms of nose, if large and coarsely formed in women, denote a too masculine character; and those that are of ill omen in men, are much worse in women; since the evil of being inappropriate is added to that of malformation.—*Quarterly Review.*

☞ 'It' is the pleasantest member of the whole family of pronouns. Of the flower that *cannot* sin and the child that has not sinned, of the June that is always welcome and the morning that comes from heaven, we say 'it,' In that pleasant prelude in an infant's life when the stranger is waiting to be named and becomes *the* 'it' of the whole household, ambition is often nearer to the crown for which it pants than ever in after life.

Only as an 'it' can we hallow the girl into the glad young mother and hasten the comely matron into a grand-mother in a twinkling. Only then do we turn urchins into uncles, and little sparkling planets in pantalettes into aunts. The 'its' are the true rulers of the world; and all poor pronouns must do them reverence.

Twice we are 'its,' yesterday, when from a loving bosom we looked up helpless and trustful into the near heaven of a mother's eyes; to-morrow, when we lie ashes upon the broader bosom of the mother of us all.

As 'it' christens the child, so it designates the dust.—*Chicago Journal.*

PROFESSORS ON ALL FOURS.—At one of the meetings held by the Boston *savans* a few weeks since, the room was darkened for the trial of certain experiments. One of the Professors thought to himself, 'it would be just like these people to have some one creep in at the door, and get under the table, and perform all the tippings and rappings;' so down goes this learned man upon his hands and knees and creeps softly towards the door, and sure enough he runs presently upon a man moving quietly along upon all-fours, just as he expected. Seizing eagerly upon the culprit, our wary Professor exclaims:

'Now, sirrah, I've caught you; I've caught you now!' But the culprit meantime has grappled with him and is shouting the same thing in response. It was another Professor hunting for the same kind of game.

Each thought for a minute that he had revealed the whole trickery of spiritualism; but the matter was soon cleared up, and after a hearty laugh, these faithful disciples of Boston, confessing that the experiment was a failure, were again applying the inductive method in more successful ways.

Douglas Jerrold.

We copy the following graceful tribute to the late Douglas Jerrold from the editorial department of *Putnam's Monthly*, entitled "Our Window:"

We see few sadder sights from Our Window this month, than the fresh grave of Douglass Jerrold. Wit, novelist, magazinist, satirist, dramatist, and honest man, by a curious infelicity of fortune he has hardly enjoyed the literary consideration to which his merits entitled him. The "Book of Snobs," in Punch, did not strike as strongly as the "Caudle Lectures," and "St. Giles' and St. James'" is a novel in the strain and with the power of the best of contemporary novelists. Jerrold may be said to have brewed "Punch;" at least he gave it that pleasant sting in the mouth which is its delightfully characteristic flavor. "The Rent Day" holds the stage still with a popular success not likely to be soon outgrown, and the thousand seeds of sarcasm and satire which he sowed liberally all through the periodical literature of the last twenty years in England, will be constantly cropping out for the entertainment of unborn great grandchildren.

Douglas Jerrold was an English *literateur*, He worked hard with his pen, in a myriad ways, but never quite touched that point of popularity which elevates an author into the highest rank. His name is probably more familiarly known than his works; and of late years we have heard of him mainly by his *bon-mots*, for he died confessedly the wittiest man in England.

Yet he lived in a great age, and had great cotemporaries; and he, with them, fully and ably illustrated its spirit. He hated humbug, and, living in the midst of an obsequious society, he held his head erect, and bowing only to his superiors, made his bow a homage. He was caustic in his social criticisms, and a nobleman in his description was not always a noble man.

Douglas Jerrold did good service in the battle which English literature is now fighting, and his grave is the grave of a hero.

He was a social, genial companion, and there are rumors of excesses which we hope were not habitual, but which it is idle to blink out of mention, if they were correct. The universal expression of sorrow for Douglas Jerrold dead, shows how deep was the regard for Douglas Jerrold living; a regard unsuspected by many who were not used often to hear his name. Thackeray in his lecture upon charity and humor, called him "an acute thinker and distinguished wit," and mentioned Jerrold and Dickens alone of the living humorists, together with a "Vanity Fair party." Let us remember how nearly allied are charity and humor. Looking at this green grave, let us reflect in how many ways it is given to a man to work and to do good, and that whoever with his pen touches the hard heart, and makes it flow with sympathy, does not die without a sign, and that sympathy keeps his memory green forever.

A LAND SPECULATION.—Before Suggs opened his saddlebags to pay the Indian woman for the land, General Lawson, who wanted a slice, came to Suggs and said.—'Mr. Suggs, I'd like to have an interest in your contract and I'm willing to pay for it; I'll find the money to pay the Indian, and give you an interest of one-third.' 'Not 'thout I was willing, would ye?' asked Suggs jeeringly. 'I'll do better than that,' said Taylor, wiping the blood from his nose;—'I'll furnish the money and give you half the land sells for when we part with it!'—'Very proberly,' remarked Simon, 'but unless some on ye counts me out five hundred, I shall have to unlock these here,' patting the saddle bags, 'and buy it myself.' 'I'll do it!' said Colonel Bryan, who had been making a calculation on the inside of the crown of his hat—I'll do it!' 'Ah,' said Suggs, '*that's* what made the chicken squall. *You're* the man I'm buntin'! Draw your weepins!' The land was forthwith certified to Suggs, who immediately transferred it to Bryan. 'Now, gentlemen,' said the captain, 'every body's satisfied—aint they?' 'If they *aint* they *ought* to be,' replied Colonel Bryan, who was delighted with his bargain. 'I think so, too,' remarked Suggs, 'and bein' as that's the case,' he continued, opening his saddle bags, 'as I had to act before you all as if my saddle bags were full of gold and silver, or else lose my chance of profit here, I'll now throw out these here rocks and old iron, for it's mighty tiresome to an old horse!' and the captain *did* throw out the rocks and old iron for he had not a dollar in the world! The speculators vanished.

'This here's a mighty hard world,' murmured the captain to himself, musingly, 'to get along in. Ef a feller don't make every aidge cut, he's in the back-ground directly. It's tile and strive and tussle every way to make an honest liven'. Well!' he continued in a strain of unusual piety, as he threw up and caught a roleau of dollars; 'well, there is a providence that purvides; and ef a man will *only* stand squar' up to what's right it *will* prosper his endeavors to make somethin' to feed his children on!—Yes, there *is* a Providence! I should like to see the man who says there ain't no Providence, you may be sure there is something wrong *here*,' striking in the region of his breast pocket—'and *that* man will swindle you, ef he can—*certain!*'—*Simon Suggs.*

MATERNAL SOLICITUDE.—A cotemporary was amused and annoyed, pleased and half disposed to be angry, with an instance of maternal solicitude, of which he was made the innocent victim, a few days since. He had spent the evening from his boarding house, and on the following morning was subjected to a catechising after this manner:

'You were out last night?'

'Yes, madam.'

'Was it at your office?'

'No, madam.'

'Were you far away?'

'Not very.'

'Spending the evening with some lady friend, perhaps?'

'Yes, madam.'

'Ah! very pleasant to do that?'

'Very.'

'Who was she, Mr. J.?'

'Lord, madam,' we began to be a little impatient, 'if you and your amiable daughter must know, I called on the wash-woman to get *my other shirt!*'

It is needless to say that the lady suddenly left.

CLERK OF THE ORPHAN'S COURT.—We are authorized to announce S. P. LINDEMUTH, of Columbia, as a candidate for the office of Clerk of the Orphan's Court, subject to the decision of the Union County Convention.

Columbia, July 18, 1857-tc

SENATOR.—We are authorized to announce BARTRAM A. SHAEFFER, Esq., of Lancaster, as a candidate for the office of State Senator, subject to the decision of the Union County Convention.

July 11, 1857 tc

PROTHONOTARY.—We are authorized to announce that PETER MARTIN, of Clay twp., will be a candidate for the office of Prothonotary, subject to the decision of the Union County Convention.

April 25, 1857-tc.

SHERIFFALTY.—We are authorized to announce Mr. JAY CADWELL, of Lancaster, as a candidate for the office of Sheriff, subject to the decision of the Union County Convention.

May 2, 1857-tc

CLERK OF QUARTER SESSIONS.—We are authorized to announce, that SAMUEL EVANS of Columbia, will be a candidate for the office of Clerk of Quarter Sessions, subject to the decisions of the Union County Convention.

RECORDER.—We are authorized to announce George Leamon, of East Lampeter, as a candidate for the office of Recorder, County subject to the decision of the Union County Convention. [May 16-tc

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THE SHERIFFALTY.—We are authorized to announce Benjamin F. Rowe, of Providence township, as a candidate for Sheriff, subject to the decision of the Union County Convention. [May 16-tc

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☞ We are authorized to announce that CHRISTIAN SHENK, of the City of Lancaster, will be a candidate for the office of Sheriff, subject to the decision of the Union County Convention. [May 2, 1857.-tc.

Holloway's Ointment and Pills.—Glandular swellings in the throat, neuralgia, tic doloreux, rheumatism, gout, lumbago, and other diseases affecting the glands, muscles, and nerves of sensation, are permanently eradicated by the persevering application of this healing, anti-febrile, pain-destroying preparation. Irritating eruptions, running sores, open wounds, burns, scalds, the bites of venomous insects or reptiles, and, in short, all the varieties of superficial inflammation, soon lose their angry and painful character when treated with Holloway's Ointment. The Pills have never yet been administered in dyspepsia, liver complaint, or disorders of the bowels, without producing the desired results.

August 15, 1857.

WOOD'S HAIR RESTORATIVE.—This wonderful preparation is having an extensive sale in all parts of the Union. It is one of the few patent medicines which are now sold over the country, that are really what their inventors claim for them. Wherever it has had a fair trial, the result has been precisely as Wood predicts. It has never failed to turn the white hair back to the natural color, where the directions have been strictly followed, and in numerous cases it has restored the hair upon heads that had been bald for years. It is not pretended that it will make the hair grow in every case, but where it fails there is certainly no remedy. The restoration of the hair has been effected in so many instances where the case seemed utterly hopeless, that it is certainly worth while for all who have lost their hair to try the experiment of using a bottle or two of Wood's Restorative.—*Moline Workman.*

SUPPOSED CONSUMPTION.

AURORA, N. Y.

Nathan Tilley, in the employ of Messrs Morgan, caught a severe cold last fall, and has since been troubled with a constant cough, which threatened to terminate in consumption. He tried one bottle of "Bach's American Compound." Its effect was instantaneous, causing him to expectorate large particles of hard yellowish matter, one in particular so large as to attract the attention of the whole family. From this moment he improved in every respect, and is now well, giving up all idea of Consumption. These facts are known to many besides the Messrs Morgan, of Aurora.

Bach's American Compound owes its success to the intrinsic curative properties of the vegetables which compose it. It contains a *Compound Fluid Extract of Beach Drop or Cancer Root," now first given to the Public*, but long known to the Indians as a never failing cure for Scrofulas, Consumption, Humors of the Blood, and chronic diseases in any part of the system. This medicine can now be had of all reliable dealers in the United States and Canada. See advertisement in another column.

August 1, 1857-2m

"WOODLAND CREAM"—A pomade for beautifying the hair—highly perfumed, superior to any French article imported, and for half the price. For dressing ladies' hair it has no equal, giving it a bright glossy appearance. It causes gentlemen's hair to curl in the most natural manner. It removes dandruff, always giving the hair the appearance of being fresh shampooned. Price only fifty cents. None genuine unless signed FETRIDGE & CO., N York.

Proprietors of the "Balm of a Thousand Flowers."

For sale by all Druggists.

Feb. 21-6mcow

☞ EQUALITY TO ALL!—*Uniformity of Prices!* A New Feature in Business! Every one his own salesman.—Jones & Co., of the Crescent One Price Clothing Store," No. 200 Market street, above Sixth, Philadelphia, in addition to having the largest, most varied and fashionable stock of clothing in Philadelphia, made expressly for retail sales, have constituted every one his own salesman, by having marked in figures, on each article, the very lowest price it can be sold for, so they cannot possibly vary—all *must* buy alike.

The goods are all well sponged and prepared and great pains taken with the making, so that all can buy with the full assurance of getting a good article at the very lowest price.

Remember the Crescent, in Market, above Sixth, No. 200 JONES & CO.

June 13, 1857-1y

GREATNESS.—Blackwood says 'Nature throws forth her able men as a salmon does its spawn; she produces her great ones as a honess does her cub—singly, one at a birth and at rare intervals. Thus we have schools of the former, and only now and then a leviathan.' The leviathan of clothing establishments is the magnificent store of Rockhill & Wilson, Nos. 603 and 605 Chesnut street, above Sixth, Philadelphia.

August 8, 1856

The Markets.

COLUMBIA LUMBER MARKET.

WHOLESALE PRICES.

Common Cull Boards & Grub Plank,		$10 00
Culling	do	13 00
2d Common	do	18 00
1st Common	do	30 00
Pannel	do	36 00
Hemlock Boards and Scantling,		11 00
Do do	do long lengths,	13 00
Pine Scantling,		15 00
Plaster Lath,		$2 00@ 3 00
Shingles,		12 00@18 00

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR.—Sales of 2000 bbls. for export are reported at $6,50 for late inspected superfine, $7,25 for fresh ground from new wheat, and $7.50 per bbl. for selected brands. For retail we quote at $6,50@$7,50 for common to good brands, $7,50@$8 for extra, and $8,50@$9 per bbl. for fancy lots, according to quality. Corn Meal scarce at $4 for Penn'a, and $4,25 for Brandywine. Rye Flour.—A sale of 100 bbls. was made at $4,62½ per bbl.

GRAIN.—Prime red wheat sell at 165c., white at 170@173c. as in quality. Rye.—A steady demand and small sales at 95c.—Corn.—800 bu. yellow sold at 87@89c., holders asking the latter rate. Oats.—500 bu, Southern disposed of at 40@44c. for fair to prime lots. Old Penna. Oats scarce, and quoted at 60@65c. per bu.

WHISKY.—Barrels nominally held at 30 @31c., but sales reported at 29c.—*North American, August* 13.

MARRIED.

On Thursday, 13th instant, in this place, by Rev. Mr Menges, Mr. JOHN BITTZ, to Mrs. EVANA PRIMD, both of Lancaster.

DIED.

In Columbia, on Friday evening, Aug. 7th, JOHN CASSEL.

In this place, on Thursday, 13th inst, NELSON SUTTON.