

THE COLUMBIA SPY.

SAMUEL WRIGHT, Editor and Proprietor.

"NO ENTERTAINMENT IS SO CHEAP AS READING, NOR ANY PLEASURE SO LASTING."

\$1.50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE; \$2.00 IF NOT IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME XXVIII, NUMBER 7.]

COLUMBIA, PENNSYLVANIA, SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 22, 1857.

[WHOLE NUMBER, 1,412.]

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

Office in Northern Central Railroad Company's Building, north-west corner Front and Walnut streets.

Terms of Subscription. One Copy per annum, if paid in advance, \$1 50. If not paid within three months from commencement of the year, 2 00.

4 CENTS A COPY. No subscription received for a less time than six months; and no paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid unless at the option of the publisher. Money may be remitted by mail at the publisher's risk.

Rates of Advertising. 1 square (6 lines) one week, \$0 33. Each subsequent insertion, 10. 1 " (12 lines) one week, 50. Each subsequent insertion, 25. Larger advertisements in proportion. A liberal discount will be made on quarterly, half-yearly or yearly advertisements who are strictly confined to their business.

DR. S. ARMOR, HOMOEPATHIC PHYSICIAN. Office and Residence in Locust street, opposite the Post Office. OFFICE PRIVATE. Columbia, April 25, 1857-60.

DR. JOHN & ROHRER, HAVE associated in the Practice of Medicine. Columbia, April 14, 1856-61.

DR. G. W. MIFFLIN, DENTIST, Locust street, opposite the Post Office. Columbia, Pa.

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

J. W. FISHER, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Columbia, Pa. Columbia, September 6, 1857-61.

GEORGE J. SMITH, WHOLESALE and Retail Bread and Cake Baker. Constantly on hand a variety of Cakes, to numerous to mention. Crackers, Soda, Wine, Stroll, and Sugar Biscuits. Confectionery of every description. No. 12, 13 and 14, Locust Street, between the Bank and Franklin House.

B. F. APPOLO & CO., GENERAL FORWARDING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS, RECEIVERS OF COAL AND PRODUCE. And Dealers on a commission on the Columbia and Philadelphia Rivers, to York and Baltimore and to Pittsburgh.

DEALERS IN COAL, FLOUR AND GRAIN. WHISKY AND BRANDY. Have just received a large lot of Mountain and Country Whisky, from Pittsburgh, of which they will keep a supply constantly on hand, at low prices. Nos. 1, 2 and 3, Canal Basin, Columbia, Pa. Jan. 27, 1857.

OATS FOR SALE BY THE BUSHEL, or in larger quantities, at Nos. 1, 2 & 3, Canal Basin. B. F. APPOLO & CO. Columbia, January 26, 1856.

Just Received, 50 BBS. PRIME GROUND NUTS, at J. F. SMITH'S Wholesale and Retail Confectionery establishment, Front street, two doors below the Washington House, Columbia. [October 28, 1856.]

20 SHEDS, SHEDDERS, & RAILS HAMS. For sale by Nos. 1, 2 & 3, Canal Basin. Columbia, October 15, 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 29, 1857. JOHN E. RAPP.

Just Received, A LARGE LOT of Children's Carriages, Gigs, Rocking Horses, Wheelbarrows, Tricycles, &c. &c. &c. G. G. GORR, Locust street, April 19, 1856.

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.

THE undersigned have been appointed agents for the sale of Cook & Co.'s GUINIA PIRATE PENS, warranted to be correct in a class by their agents equal the world. J. TAYLOR & McDONALD. Columbia Jan. 17, 1857.

Just Received, A BEAUTIFUL lot of Lamp Shades, viz: Victorian, Volcano, Drum, Fly, Red Rose, and the new French Fan Shade, which can be seen in the window of the Golden Mortar Drug Store. November 20, 1856.

A LARGE lot of Shaker Corn, from the Shaker settlement in New York. R. W. WILLIAMS, Locust street, Columbia, Dec. 20, 1856.

HARRIS' DYE'S' Batchelor's, Peter's and Hays' hair dyes, warranted to color the hair any desired shade, without injury to the skin. For sale by May 10, Front street, Columbia, Pa.

FARR & THOMPSON'S just celebrated Cambric and other Gold Pens—the best in the market—just received. F. SHERIDAN. Columbia, April 25, 1855.

EXTRA FAMILY FLOUR, by the barrel, for sale by H. F. APPOLO & CO. No. 1, 2 and 3, Canal Basin. Columbia, Pa. Jan. 27, 1857.

WHY should any person do without a Clock, when they can be had for 25 cents? SHERIDAN'S! Columbia, April 29, 1855.

SAPONEFIER, or Concentrated Lye, for making Soap. 1 lb. is sufficient for one barrel of Soft Soap, or 10 lbs. for Hard Soap. Full directions will be given at the Counter for making Soft Soap and Fancy Soap. For sale by R. WILLIAMS. Columbia, March 31, 1855.

A LARGE lot of Baskets, Brooms, Buckets, Brushes, &c., for sale by H. SUYDAM & SON. Columbia, Pa.

WHEEL'S Instantaneous Yeast or Baking Powder, for sale by H. SUYDAM & SON. Columbia, Pa.

20 DOZENS BROOMS, 10 BOXES CHINESE. For sale by H. SUYDAM & SON. Columbia, Oct. 25, 1856.

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

JUST RECEIVED, a large and well-selected variety of Brushes, consisting in part of Sash, Hair, Comb, Nail, Hair and Tooth Brushes, and for sale by R. WILLIAMS. Front street, Columbia, Pa. March 22, '56.

A SUPERIOR article of TONIC SPIRITS, for sale by R. WILLIAMS. Front street, Columbia, Pa. May 10, 1856.

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

JUST RECEIVED, FRESH CAMPBELL'S, and for sale by R. WILLIAMS. Front street, Columbia, Pa. May 10, 1856.

1000 LBS. New City Cured Ham and Shoulders, just received and for sale by H. SUYDAM & SON. Feb. 24, 1857.

Poetry.

Abbey Eusaroe.

BY W. ALLINGHAM.

Gray, gray is Abbey Eusaroe, by Ballyshannon town; It has neither door nor window; the walls are broken down; The cavern stones lie scattered in briar and hellebore; The only feet are those that come at the burial of the dead. A little rickety rickety runs murmuring to the tide, Singing a song of ancient days, in sorrow—not in pride; The loo-tee-tee and the light-one ash across the portal grow, And heaven itself is none the roof of Abbey Eusaroe. It looks beyond the harbor stream to Galban Mountain blue; It hears the voice of Erin's Tull—Atlantic breakers, too; High ships go sailing past in the sturdy clank of oars; Brags in a salmon boat to land a net upon the shore; And this way to his home creek, when the summer day is done. The weary fisher sculls his punt across the setting sun, White green with eels in Sheegus Hill, his cottage white below; But gray at every season is Abbey Eusaroe.

There stood one day a poor old man above his broken bridge; He heard no running rivulet, he saw no mountain ridge; He turned his back on Sheegus Hill, and viewed with misty sight The Abbey-walls, the burial-ground, and crosses-ghostly white;

Under a heavy weight of years he bowed upon his staff; Pershing in the present time the former's epitaph; For, gray and wasted like the walls, a figure full of woe, This man was of the flood of them who founded Eusaroe.

From Derry Gates to Drows tower, Tyrconnal broad was there; Horsemen and footmen, bands and mead, and material about the prayers; With chanting in the holy house which they had builded high;

To God and to St. Bernard—whenever they came to die; No work-house grave for him, at least! the runs of his race Shall rest among the ruined stones of their family place.

The fond old man was weeping, and tremulous and slow; Along the rough and crooked lane he crept from Tu-roe; The Abbey-walls, the burial-ground, and crosses-ghostly white;

From Derry Gates to Drows tower, Tyrconnal broad was there; Horsemen and footmen, bands and mead, and material about the prayers; With chanting in the holy house which they had builded high;

To God and to St. Bernard—whenever they came to die; No work-house grave for him, at least! the runs of his race Shall rest among the ruined stones of their family place.

The fond old man was weeping, and tremulous and slow; Along the rough and crooked lane he crept from Tu-roe; The Abbey-walls, the burial-ground, and crosses-ghostly white;

From Derry Gates to Drows tower, Tyrconnal broad was there; Horsemen and footmen, bands and mead, and material about the prayers; With chanting in the holy house which they had builded high;

To God and to St. Bernard—whenever they came to die; No work-house grave for him, at least! the runs of his race Shall rest among the ruined stones of their family place.

The fond old man was weeping, and tremulous and slow; Along the rough and crooked lane he crept from Tu-roe; The Abbey-walls, the burial-ground, and crosses-ghostly white;

From Derry Gates to Drows tower, Tyrconnal broad was there; Horsemen and footmen, bands and mead, and material about the prayers; With chanting in the holy house which they had builded high;

To God and to St. Bernard—whenever they came to die; No work-house grave for him, at least! the runs of his race Shall rest among the ruined stones of their family place.

The fond old man was weeping, and tremulous and slow; Along the rough and crooked lane he crept from Tu-roe; The Abbey-walls, the burial-ground, and crosses-ghostly white;

From Derry Gates to Drows tower, Tyrconnal broad was there; Horsemen and footmen, bands and mead, and material about the prayers; With chanting in the holy house which they had builded high;

To God and to St. Bernard—whenever they came to die; No work-house grave for him, at least! the runs of his race Shall rest among the ruined stones of their family place.

The fond old man was weeping, and tremulous and slow; Along the rough and crooked lane he crept from Tu-roe; The Abbey-walls, the burial-ground, and crosses-ghostly white;

From Derry Gates to Drows tower, Tyrconnal broad was there; Horsemen and footmen, bands and mead, and material about the prayers; With chanting in the holy house which they had builded high;

To God and to St. Bernard—whenever they came to die; No work-house grave for him, at least! the runs of his race Shall rest among the ruined stones of their family place.

The fond old man was weeping, and tremulous and slow; Along the rough and crooked lane he crept from Tu-roe; The Abbey-walls, the burial-ground, and crosses-ghostly white;

From Derry Gates to Drows tower, Tyrconnal broad was there; Horsemen and footmen, bands and mead, and material about the prayers; With chanting in the holy house which they had builded high;

To God and to St. Bernard—whenever they came to die; No work-house grave for him, at least! the runs of his race Shall rest among the ruined stones of their family place.

The fond old man was weeping, and tremulous and slow; Along the rough and crooked lane he crept from Tu-roe; The Abbey-walls, the burial-ground, and crosses-ghostly white;

From Derry Gates to Drows tower, Tyrconnal broad was there; Horsemen and footmen, bands and mead, and material about the prayers; With chanting in the holy house which they had builded high;

To God and to St. Bernard—whenever they came to die; No work-house grave for him, at least! the runs of his race Shall rest among the ruined stones of their family place.

The fond old man was weeping, and tremulous and slow; Along the rough and crooked lane he crept from Tu-roe; The Abbey-walls, the burial-ground, and crosses-ghostly white;

From Derry Gates to Drows tower, Tyrconnal broad was there; Horsemen and footmen, bands and mead, and material about the prayers; With chanting in the holy house which they had builded high;

To God and to St. Bernard—whenever they came to die; No work-house grave for him, at least! the runs of his race Shall rest among the ruined stones of their family place.

The fond old man was weeping, and tremulous and slow; Along the rough and crooked lane he crept from Tu-roe; The Abbey-walls, the burial-ground, and crosses-ghostly white;

From Derry Gates to Drows tower, Tyrconnal broad was there; Horsemen and footmen, bands and mead, and material about the prayers; With chanting in the holy house which they had builded high;

To God and to St. Bernard—whenever they came to die; No work-house grave for him, at least! the runs of his race Shall rest among the ruined stones of their family place.

The fond old man was weeping, and tremulous and slow; Along the rough and crooked lane he crept from Tu-roe; The Abbey-walls, the burial-ground, and crosses-ghostly white;

From Derry Gates to Drows tower, Tyrconnal broad was there; Horsemen and footmen, bands and mead, and material about the prayers; With chanting in the holy house which they had builded high;

To God and to St. Bernard—whenever they came to die; No work-house grave for him, at least! the runs of his race Shall rest among the ruined stones of their family place.

the hamlets dotted over the swell and fall of the land near the little town to which we have already alluded, and for which the Sieur Moineau's milk procession was bound, similar preparations to those we have faintly indicated, had taken place. A bird's-eye view of five or six miles around the town—let us call it Romanville—would have discovered a series of roads running into it, like needles into a circular cushion. And upon one and all of these roads would have appeared sundry dark grey spots, relieved, as they neared the town, every moment by flashing light. These spots were milk equipages: the flashing lights the bright brass hoops of the milk pails, the chirp of the birds—birds that were evidently sharp-scented for the early worm—was occasionally drowned by the shriller music of the milk women, who were indulging in reminiscences of Normandy, and taking, to musical ears, a very unpleasant means of communicating to any person who might be at hand their ardent desire to see it again; it being their deliberate opinion, after a comprehensive tour that there was nothing like it. Battered in their seats by baskets of eggs and butter, their heads and caps protected from the breeze by ample handkerchiefs, their substantial ankles cased in deep blue stockings, these parties of milk vendors were jolted on their way to Romanville. Occasionally their animals would loiter to gather a more than usually attractive thistle—a giving way to temptation which these rough Amazons punished by the prompt incision of a very substantial pin near the culprit's hind quarters. Merrily enough many of these ladies gossiped along the road about Baptiste, the ploughman who had jilted Jeannette, and had married Elise instead, to his cost, as he found out, and serve him right. About the prodigious number of litres yielded by the black cow; about the garde champetre, who had spied a hare's foot peeping out of Adolphe's capacious pocket; in short, about the scandals in general of the villages from which they were being jolted. And why not, pray? My lady, who spends her mornings reviewing her long list of friends—who yawns when they are praised, and exhibits animation only when something may be heard of their disadvantage, is allowed her malignant pleasure by all the world, and is permitted as the subject of sharp reviews by all the world also. Why, then, should Virginia, the ruddy-cheeked dairy woman, as she rides to market, be condemned to love her neighbors, or be forced to be good natured always, even to her bosom friends. Simple people, tied to the dust and smoke of towns, grow sentimental over rural life. They believe that there can be no heart-burnings behind the ivy of a roadside cottage. They imagine that cottagers are necessarily better people than the spare fellows who throw the shuttle in the gloomy lanes of great cities.

The authorities of Romanville had given it as their decided opinion that the rural outrage of their ancient city, was in no respect better, but in every respect worse, than it should be. This had been the conviction of the inhabitants a long time, before the eventful morning on which we enjoyed the honor of an introduction to the Sieur Moineau. The cooks who met twice a day on the Grande Place, to buy vegetables, gossip about their mistresses, and realize their fair per centages on their purchases, had one and all declared that, in the long course of their protracted existence, they had never seen cheats so audacious as the villagers round about Romanville. Opinions travel rapidly in a provincial town; but, then this rapid travelling finds, perhaps, a wholesome check, in the proverbial slowness of the sous-prefet and his subordinates. The half-dozen policemen who sauntered about the triumphantly ill-paved streets, and bronzed themselves valiantly under the fierce rays of the sun at some curiously low salary, could not reasonably be expected to do more than this. They were only mortals after all, though they wore the cocked hats so revered by Frenchmen generally, and insisted on, in Paris, when the new police was established. The new corps wore caps for a short time; but, we are assured, the people would pay no respect whatever to the kepis. The cocked hat is something to reverence, or at any rate to fear.

It was on the eve of the day when we first entrusted our hand to the awful grasp of the Sieur Moineau, that a meeting took place at Romanville, in a little, close, originally forming one of the door-keeper's residences, under the archway of the local museum and college. In this little bureau, were those long green bookshelves, that coarse, brown tea paper upon which French underlings write; that ample pan of sand for letter drying; that curious inkstand with a lump of wool in the tusk; that square, red earthenware receptacle in a corner, which proves that the expectorators who paid their attentions to it, were not artillery officers; and, finally, that series of green card-board piled to the ceiling which generally make up a French bureau of modest pretensions. The pens, sharp as needles, and the blue green ink should not be forgotten. Everything looked greasy, of course. First, the men who were in the bureau, then the stools, then the broad black space around the door handle. A not very acute olfactory nerve might have gathered from the atmosphere a distinct odor of garlic.

In this delightful retreat from the turmoil of the town, the entire body of Romanville police was gathered on the eve of that eventful morning, which gave a shock to the nerves of the Sieur Moineau, under which he is laboring at the present moment. The cocked hats of the six policemen were piled upon the desk; and the shiny, closely-cropped heads of the men were packed together pressing around their chief. This chief was a very serious man indeed, a man, you saw it at a glance, with a curious story. He wore the silver star of the legion, for services performed far away from Romanville. Gossips said that his present position as chief of the Romanville constabulary, was given to him when he was disgraced. But, nobody knew what his antecedents were.—He did his duty strictly, but not harshly; still, although a kind, he was not a compassionate man. You never met him walking in the streets with a fellow townsman. His right arm held behind his back in his left; his eyes wandering coldly over the prospect, he would take his solitary walk round the ramparts; read the Constitutionnel afterwards (it was always reserved for him at the cafe, on its arrival from Paris); and retire to rest punctually at ten o'clock. He was a man reduced to the unvarying precision of a time piece. He walked round the ramparts the same number of times every evening. It was at eight o'clock precisely every evening that he opened the door of the Cafe de la Grande Place, and ordered a clopote of Strasbourg beer.

At the meeting of his forces, in his greasy little bureau, he gave his orders in the calm methodical speech we expected to hear from him. A sergeant of the local gendamerie, was also at the meeting; and to him the Chief more particularly addressed himself. He told him to place a mounted patrol at every crotto gate around the city, as early as four o'clock the following morning, and to prevent every market man or woman, who carried a pail of any kind, from entering the town. The patrol would detain all pail bearers who might present themselves till he arrived. The orders were to be communicated to the mounted patrols, on their arrival at the scene of action. The policemen were enjoined to keep the matter secret, on pain of dismissal.

We left the milkmaids merrily singing and gossiping on their way to Romanville. "This is a droll affair," said the gendarme posted at the Oetroi gates towards which the Sieur Moineau's procession was advancing, addressing a very peppery specimen of the time, whose bayonet towered over his glazed shako. "Very droll," replied the little warrior, as he planted himself firmly in the middle of the road, and prepared, if necessary, to charge the entire column of milkmaids and donkeys. "You cannot pass," cried the gendarme to the women as they reached the gate, "and you are detained, till the authorities have dealt with you. Get down, and enter the oetroi office."

The reader who has not seen the French authorities deal with the French people, will be unable to realize the consternation this order created among the Moineau servants. The women grew ashy pale, and shrieked, and clasped their hands, and called upon their favorite saints, and begged for explanation from the peppery little man, who looked his sternest, and was possibly disappointed because he had not had an opportunity of poking his bayonet, at least, into a donkey. They went chattering into the dark, greasy crotto room, where they sat upon the forms and wrung their hands, and implored the oetroi official to give them some clue to the mystery. But the official was silent. Other milk parties arrived in rapid succession; and was treated, as the Moineau cavalcade had been. On each occasion, the screams, and prayers, and violent gestures peculiar to French excitement, were repeated. In an hour the little bureau was full of ruddy women, and bronzed countrymen in their blue blouses, who vented their indignation in a series of oaths, in which the letter r seemed to predominate.

Presently the chief of the police, accompanied by two of the officials, and two policemen, were seen approaching the barrier. The excitement in the oetroi bureau became intense. The white caps of the women could be seen, in stages, one above the other, as they raised themselves on tip-toe to catch a glimpse of the awful procession. The chief looked more than usually serious; but, on arriving before the bureau, he took no notice of the crowd of country-people gathered within it. It was evident that his business was not with them. They were not, however, left in a state of suspense; since the officials proceeded, with remarkable vigor, to drag the donkeys from the roadside, the animals' heads and necks stretching to a wonderful length, before their bodies yielded to the tugs of the authorities. In a few minutes the pails were untied, and arranged in a row against the hedge. It was now obvious that the Sieur Moineau's milk was about to undergo, in company with that of his neighbors, the severe test that was henceforth to be applied to it from time to time by the representatives of the law. A very serious-looking gentleman proceeded with the chemical analysis. It must have been highly unsatisfactory. Had the Sieur Moineau mixed flour, or emulsion of almonds, or the brown extract of chicory with his milk that he might, without fear of detection by his customers, add gallons of water?—The habitude of tongues under which the analysis was conducted, prevented us from learning the precise reason why, basketful after basketful of the farmer's milk was sent wan-

dering in a broad white line along the open sewer of the road. There was hardly a pailful that escaped. The Sieur Moineau's neighbors were not less culpable; and their milk, too, flowed in a broad white way through the streets of the town. In vain the women appealed to the policemen: in vain they assured the chief that the milk was as it came from the cows; the official chemist knew better, and tipped their pails over, one after the other, without appearing to take the least notice of their protestations. In half-an-hour the Moineau servants were on their way back to their master, their empty pails jingling at their sides, and their tongues doing their utmost to drown this jingling.

From the barrier, where the Moineau procession was stopped and relieved of its burden, the chief and his officials repaired in succession to the remaining barriers around Romanville. At each barrier the scene already described was faithfully copied. The women chattered, and prayed, and gesticulated; the pails were arrayed in rows, and the milk was sent bubbling along the sewer. Before seven o'clock the rich fluid—rich even with its admixture of water, and flour, and chicory—whitened the long line of open sewerage across the city; a milky and watery way drawn by the authorities as a prompt and very impressive lesson to the farmers round about.

And then, when the servants with jugs, and pans, and pitchers, darted into the streets to the accustomed gateway, under which their milk-veins usually sat, surrounded by the snow-white pails, and found that she was not there; when the rubbish-carts were in the streets, and the chiffonniers were investigating the worth of the castaway vegetables, and rags and dirt piled in neat heaps before every house; when the shutters were being taken down from the tobacco shops and the grocers; and when the air was scented with the morning rolls; the excitement among the townsfolk became really dangerous. The six policemen walked up and down the street looking appropriately fierce and uncompromising. They gave no heed to the stories of the nurses who were bringing up their babies by hand, and who were consequently in despair. They were unmoved by the fact that a certain old lady would be dead if she didn't get her milk-soup before ten o'clock. They disregarded the sorrows of the children who would have to go without puddings; and the restaurateurs who were in despair about their day's sauces. They had done their duty, they said; even their chief had been compelled to drink black coffee, and there would be pure milk for everybody to-morrow! Pure milk for everybody to the cost one day's milk for none. A day of fast was to procure a year of festival. Could London milkmen only live in dread of galactometers, as now Paris milkmen do! For some day Paris will be in like manner taken by surprise; and the produce of the forty-eight thousand three hundred and seventy cows, whose milk she consumes, will flow in curls, like wedding favors, along the Boulevards!

Correspondence of the Boston Post. Letter from John Phenix. Dinner at Nalant House—Eruption of the Tooth Doctors—Grand Dental Chorus—Fearful Dental Exercises—Wep, &c. NALANT HOUSE, Aug. 6, 1857. While deeply interested in the discussion of the luxurious repast provided for the happy guests of this mansion yesterday afternoon, my attention was diverted by the sound of music of a wild and Saracenic description, resounding from the exterior of the building. The melody appeared to be that portion of the "Battles of Prague" which represents the "cries of the wounded," accompanied by an unlimited amount of exertion on the part of the operator on the bass drum. Hastily rushing to the window, bearing elevated on the fork the large potato from which I had partly removed the cuticle. (Stevens gives us enormous potatoes, it takes twenty minutes to skin one properly.) I beheld a procession numbering some three or four hundred, all in their Sunday clothes, every man with a cigar in his mouth slowly and solemnly moving past the hotel. They bore a banner at their head, on which was depicted an enormous cork screw, or some instrument of that description, with the motto "A long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether." Judge of my astonishment and delight in recognizing in the bearer of this banner, my old friend, the philanthropic Tushmaker, of wide-spread dental renown. As the procession reached the front of the hotel, each man threw away his cigar and having replaced it by a large quid of tobacco, doled upon the piazza, in a tolerably straight line, and then gazing intently at the windows, opened his mouth, from one auricular orifice to the other, and showed his teeth. Never have I seen so glittering a display. Filled with curiosity, I was about to ask an explanation, when my friend Doolittle from Androssoggin, who had rushed to the window at the same time with myself, saved me the trouble, by demanding with an incoherent and exceedingly usual pronunciation, "Why what on airth is this 'ere?" "This," replied the courteous Hiram, whose suavity of manner is only equalled by the beauty of his person, "this, sir, is the American Dental Association, composed of members from all parts of both continents, and the British West India Islands." "Jecreusement!" said Doolittle, "three hundred teeth carpenters!" It was indeed a thrilling spectacle. To

think of the amount of agony that body of men had produced, and were capable of yet producing, to think of the blood they had shed, and of their daring and impetuous charges after the gory action was over!—The immortal charge at Balaklava was not a circumstance to the charges made daily by this three hundred. As Hiram had truly said, these were dentists from all parts of the civilized world and elsewhere. There was the elegant city practitioner, with shiny hat and straw colored gloves, side by side with the gentleman from the country, who hauls a man all over the floor for two hours, for a quarter of a dollar, and gives him the worth of his money. I observed that forty-seven of them wore white hats, and two hundred and sixty eight used tobacco in some form. There can be no question that this substance is a preservative for the teeth. I observed in the rear rank, the ingenious gentleman who invented the sudden, though painful method of extracting a tooth by climbing a tree, and connecting by a catgut string the offending member with a stout limb, and then jumping down; a highly successful operation, but not calculated to become popular in the community. He wore buckskin moccasins, and did not appear to be enjoying a successful practice.

But while I gazed with deep interest upon the assembly, the band struck up "Tom Tug," and away they went. Three times they encircled the hotel, then "with their wings aslant, like the fierce cormorant" swooped down upon the bar, registered their names, and took a grand Federal drink, (each man paying for himself.) Here toasts and sentiments were the order of the day. "The American Dental Association, like watermen, we pull one way and look another." "A three dollar cavity, very filling at the price." "The woodcock, emblem of dentistry—he picks up his living from the holes, and passes in a precious long bill." The memory of Dr. Beale, drank standing.—These, with other sentiments of a similar meritorious character were given, and received with great applause.

Having all drunk from the flowing bowl, the association again formed in line in front of the piazzas, which were now crowded with a curious and admiring throng, and sang with surprising harmony the following beautiful, plaintive, and appropriate chant: "Oh, Jonathan Gibbs he broke his teeth, A cant pudding, a cant pudding, Jonathan Gibbs he broke his teeth. A cant pudding, a cant pudding." "Great lumps of sue, they stuck into it, Intew it, intew it, intew it, intew it, As long as my two thumbs."

The chant finished, and the applause subsiding, an air of gravity came over the association, and the president, Dr. Tushmaker, stepping forward, announced that a few pleasing and wonderful performances would now be gone through with, with the object of exhibiting the dexterity acquired by the members of the society. Then turning to the line he gave the command, "Draw!" In an instant every one of the association was armed with a brilliant turn-screw. "Eiz!" shouted Dr. Tushmaker, and each member opened his mouth and attached his fearful instrument to a back tooth.—"Haul!" screamed the doctor. "Hold, for God's sake," shouted I, but it was too late; three hundred double fanged back teeth, dripping with blood, were held exultant in the air. The association looked cool and collected; there might have been pain, but, like the Spartan boy, they repressed it; the ladies with a cry of horror fled to the piazzas. "Replaced" shouted Dr. Tushmaker, and in an instant every tooth returned to the mouth whence it came. I understood it at once; it was ball practice with blank cartridge—they were all false teeth. Several other interesting exercises were gone through with. A hackman passing by in his carriage was placed under the influence of chloroform, all his teeth extracted without pain, and an entire new and elegant set put in their place, all in forty-two seconds. His appearance was wonderfully improved; he had been known for years as "snaggle toothed Bill," but a new and more complimentary title will have to be devised for him. Wonderful are the improvements of science. At five o'clock the procession was reformed, and the band playing "Pull Brothers, Pull," the association moved off, returning by the Nelly Baker to Boston.

I have never seen three hundred dentists together before, and I don't believe anybody else ever did, but I consider it a pleasing and improving spectacle, and would suggest that the next time they meet they make an excursion which shall combine business with pleasure, and all go down together and remove the snags from the mouth of the Mississippi.

We had a hop here last night; Belle, a young lady from Boston. Good bye. Remember me to the Tenth Doctor. Yours respectfully, J. P.

Scott says that "every man that lives has his light and shades." We are not so certain about the shades, but presume there is no liver without lights.

How is it trees can put on a new dress, without opening their trunks? Because they leave out their summer clothing.

Should trowsers procured on credit be considered "breaches of trust?"

It is said that no fort suffered so much from a single battle, as has the piano forte, from the battle of Prague.

From the Brooklyn Evening Star. The Bloody Dagger, OR, THE CRIMSON WARRIOR'S SANCTINARY REVENGE.

A TALE OF TOAD HILL. BY BRAINLESS BOB, JR. Author of the "Phantom Toad-Pick."

CHAPTER I. "Go in Lemons!"—Tom Hyer.

"Ha! ha!" shrieked the Crimson Warrior of Hoboken, as with rapid steps he paced the hall where hung the shilling ambrotypes of his ancestors. "To night I'll be revenged upon the haughty Lady Adrianna Scraphina D'Eu Maridonne, and that base Sucker Don Edmund E'Quackenbust. Oh! revenge! thou art sweeter than the nectar of the Gods, or Stewart's syrup, which in my days of youthful innocence I poured in lavish streams upon the smoking luscious cakes!"

With a demonic smile he drew from his pocket a large—handkerchief, and carefully wiped his luminous nose.

CHAPTER II. "Thunder and lightning!"—Christian Ananias.

The fascinating Adarina sat in her boudoir eating a round cake, which her faithful maid, Bridget O'Sullivan, had just purchased for her at the Dutch baker's.

"I cannot imagine what detains Don Edmund," she exclaimed as she cast an anxious glance at the clock, "by the thunder's roar and lightning's vivid flash, I think I'll have a spell of weather before I see if not sooner. However, there's no such thinking as knowing anything about the weather since Merriam left us to pedestrianize around the country in a muslin shirt, minus unexceptionables—the indecent old fellow!"

Some one enters the room—"tis Don Edmund."

"Adarina!"

"Edmund!"

And they clasped in a fond embrace.—In a voice of exquisite sweetness, like a bull-frog on a summer's night she sang—

"Oh, Ed! as it were, I