

The Columbia Spy.

A PENNSYLVANIA INDEPENDENT JOURNAL.

COLUMBIA, PA. SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1858.

"If you leave me I shall die," she cried; "I know that you were struggling in a snow-drift alone, it would kill me. You must not go!" She clung to his hand...

He was moved from his purpose, and another hour was spent in walking with the weeping, but contented girl.

The lantern began to give tokens of going out, and I could see that Miss Clara's eyes grew uncertain again. Allowing her to rest a moment, and sink into a state of partial insensibility, he gave her to me silently, and set out for success. It was now near morning; I shook the lady well, and used every means to keep her in motion. It was good exercise for me, and we thus kept each other awake.

At last we were left in utter darkness.—It turns me sick to think of the bitter agonies of the next hour, but when the dawn began to appear, we heard voices; aid had arrived! We were carried to a tavern about half a mile distant, and cautiously warmed into life again.

When the second train for New York passed, we were sufficiently recruited to go to the city, and by that time Miss Clara and I were good friends. She was so shy of her anxious, attentive lover, that I was inclined to call her prudish; but it was the memory of the scenes in the station house that embarrassed her.

They are married now, and happy in Europe. Our sympathy in suffering has made us friends for life.

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MORE ABOUT THE CEMETRIES.—On Monday evening a meeting of lot holders and other interested in the different cemeteries assembled, in answer to a posted call from the Committee appointed by the Town Meeting of the previous week, for the purpose of expressing their sentiments in regard to the appointment of a custodian for the grounds.

A paper was drawn up by Mr. Fisher, and signed by many present, pledging the subscribers to employ the person who shall be appointed by proper authority to act as grave-digger and care-taker at the cemeteries and to occupy the contemplated dwelling, should such be erected.

The following gentlemen were, on resolution, appointed by the chair to represent and wait upon the several societies and individuals concerned, and obtain, if possible, a general acquiescence in the contemplated arrangements:

J. H. Milfill—individuals interested in Old Brick Grave Yard; James Myers—Presbyterians; Samuel Grove—Methodists; Dr. D. I. Bruner—Old Fellows; P. Fraley—Borough Authorities; Richard Derrick—German Reformed and Lutherans; B. F. Appold—Lot-holders in New Cemetery; J. H. Milfill, also to represent the unsold portion of the New Cemetery.

It was appointed that these gentlemen should meet the original Committee on Wednesday evening, and report, to attend which meeting a general invitation was extended to all interested.

On Wednesday the Committee met at the Town Hall. Mr. Fisher, Chairman of the Committee, being absent Mr. Grove was elected Chairman; Dr. W. S. McCorkle, Secretary.

But slight progress was reported. Mr. Milfill produced a written pledge from several of the parties interested in the Brick Grave Yard of a similar character to the one got up and signed at the previous meeting.

Mr. Grove, on the part of the Methodists, expressed a willingness to co-operate in the appointment and employment of a general custodian. Col. Herr, as delegate from Columbia Public Ground Company, offered a piece of ground adjoining the Brick Grave Yard, as a site for the proposed dwelling.

Afterwards a general discussion arose, and numerous suggestions were made; nothing giving general satisfaction being brought before the meeting, which took no action, adjourning with the understanding that the Committee should meet again and make such effort as it deemed best calculated to effect the desired object, viz; put our grave yards in good order and insure them from future outrage and desecration.

From the variety of interests concerned, the progress of any effort to bring together these interests in one co-operative action must necessarily be slow. A serious error was committed in the delegation to the committee, by the original Town Meeting, of powers which that meeting had no authority to confer. Had the resolution creating the Committee simply instructed it to report a course of action, or even authorized it to proceed to solicit subscriptions without the additional power of disposing of the money subscribed, more certain progress would have resulted.

The members of the Committee, while shrinking from no burden of effort laid upon their shoulders, yet have declined the responsibility of an attempt to carry out their instructions without a previous consultation of the numerous individuals and societies interested, and have asked for official action on the part of the congregations and others owning ground in the different grave yards.

In calling for this additional action and expression of sentiment on the part of societies and citizens, the necessity for some more formal appointment of representatives to act for these interests in so important a matter has become apparent. This need cannot be delayed, however, in ascertaining the disposition of citizens to contribute, or, indeed, in obtaining the requisite funds for the undertaking.

The Committee, in view of the many conflicting opinions as to the proper mode of procedure in the case, has resolved not to go back from what has already been done. The people are fully awake to the importance of acting at once in this matter, and a warm interest is taken by almost every citizen of the borough; therefore the Committee has determined to ask subscriptions without further discussion, and trust that, when the entire feasibility of the plan of erecting a dwelling and appointing a caretaker for the grounds shall be demonstrated, by the liberality of our citizens, the different parties interested in the grave yards will at once take prompt measures to secure an authorized and official representation in a Board of Managers or Trustees, into the hands of which the responsibility of further action will be gladly resigned.

Until such board shall have been appointed the Committee will not relax its efforts to secure the success of the undertaking, and appeals to the citizens for liberal encouragement.

WHIT MONDAY IN LANCASTER.—Last Monday was the great day of jubilee in Lancaster, and the city was thronged with pleasure and eager seekers. There was the usual amount of eating, drinking, and merry-making, and Fulton Hall was the theatre of the usual saturnalia.

The room was thronged after noon and evening, and the modest "frugalities" the earthen crocks of the country, floated through the dance side by side with the brazen vessels of town; may there not have been, as in the fable, danger in the contact of Lager and whisky rap in the gutters, and the license of the day induced more or less rowdiness. A German, from the county, Daniel Wolf, was attacked by a gang of rowdies in the southern suburbs of the city, as he was driving in a carriage, with another man and woman, from town.

He was pulled from the vehicle and struck by a desperado named Walt, with a slung shot, and seriously injured. The villains were arrested. Wolf is recovering from his injuries, although at first reported as dead.

POLICE ITEMS.—A melancholy case, touchingly illustrating the wild-like, trusting faith of men and the natural wickedness of woman, was that of John Dollinger, of York county, aged about 60 years, and "Liz", late of Kramer's Hotel, Canal Basin, surname and age unknown—the latter supposed to range from well up in the teens to low down in the twenties.

John sought legal redress before Justice Welsh, on the 18th inst., charging that the faithless Eliza had trifled with his young affections to the amount of thirty dollars in gold, for and in consideration of which sum, to her in hand paid, together with the promise of the balance of his pile, invested in stocking-foot, teapot, or other York county securities, the damozel had agreed to become "hisizen."

It appeared that the young fellow had seen "Liz" in the kitchen, and was charmed; had immediately made over to her his personal estate to the amount above named, and entreated her to "tie up" with him. The young woman consented, received the deposit, then laughed in the enamored Dolly's face, declaring she would "Neither marry for gold nor goods. Not marry for nothing but love."

When expostulated with upon the lightness and impropriety of her conduct, she expressed a belief that she was no such fool as to marry so ugly an old "cuss" as Dollinger, evidently estimating her promise at the average value of such pledges. With singular inconsistency, however, Elizabeth held firmly that the ceremony of joining together for all time had been solemnized between herself and the infatuated D.'s dollars, and resolutely shut her ears to every proposition for divorce. She had clearly taken the old man's dimes for better or for worse, and with a wife's genuine devotion (when \$30 are in question) refused to "desert Mr. Micawber."

The bereaved John, as we have stated, appealed to the Justice, and Hollingsworth was sent in search of the recreant "Liz," who was not to be found. The afflicted swain wept copiously while catering his complaint, whether for the loss of "ye mayno" or "ye monie" does not clearly appear on the docket. He refused to be comforted, and went his way into York county blaspheming.

A HOME FOR THE FRIENDLESS.—On the 20th inst., Constable Hollingsworth arrested, on an order from Esq. Welsh, James McNeal and Jacob Grubb, both of Lewistown Pa., charged on view of the Magistrate with drunken and disorderly conduct, and general vagrancy. Grubb was found in a drunk and slop preening the steps of Justice itself, and McNeal was aroused from a like nap in the gutter near the Collector's office where he seriously interfered with the scavenger of the borough. The culprits pleaded for no heavier sentence than a reprimand; claimed respectable connections, good character, &c. The Justice being cognizant of a little operation wherein these worthies had "done" Jim Walker out of 50 cents worth of lager and oysters, and of the fact that their repose for the last week had been enjoyed in gutters, hog pens, &c., in a commendable spirit of philanthropy provided them with a temporary home, at Lancaster, for fifteen days. They are now with Cadwell.

CHEAT WHISKY vs. P. R. R.—On the 21st inst., A. Weaver made complaint before Thomas Welsh, Esq., against Henry Johnson, for stealing a Bagatelle hall from the saloon near the Canal Basin.

Henry was arrested and arraigned. He proved to be a short, stout, black negro, considerably under alcoholic influence. The ball was in his possession, and he stoutly maintained that he purchased it for sixpence. He defined his position as that of an influential officer of the Penna. R. R., hailing from Altoona, from which place he has been traveling on secret service along the line of the road. Reaching this point soon after the granting of additional accommodations for "strangers and travelers," authorized by the late liquor law, and seduced by the exceeding plenty and the cheapness, to say nothing of the quality, of the liquor of the place, he pitched a temporary and figurative tent, and set in to take advantage of his opportunities. Having been drunk since he arrived he felt qualified to speak, and declared that he had never found whisky so cheap and abundant. As for the "2 cent article," it would let a man fight, but kept his soul above theft. The Justice dismissed the charge of larceny, but holding that the prisoner had no authority on the Philadelphia Division of the P. R. R., committed him to the County Prison for 30 days, as a vagrant.

CONSPIRACY.—During the examination of Johnson, Mrs. Sawney, of the Hill, appeared and claimed to be heard in behalf of her child, wrongfully detained at the County Residence. She wanted to know if "Squibb Welsh had the contract for sending" nigger's to Jail! Da's dot Hollingsworth and some other white trash got somebody to hide some clothes in my own daughter's house, den come and searched and foun' de clothes, and sent de chille to jail. Ebry body knows de gal's honest, like de rest ob de family. But I've gwine to hab justice!" The Justice feeling this to be a serious case resorted to a "dodge," and declined jurisdiction, sending Mrs. S. to Justice Ebur, of the South Ward.

A JEREMY DIDDLE.—On Saturday, 22nd inst., Deputy Constable John Lockard arrested John Middleton, of Milton, Pa., charged on oath of Henry E. Brooks with obtaining from him a hat, on the 6th of last October, by false pretenses. The evidence being to the point the prisoner pleaded guilty, and was, in default of \$100 security, committed for trial by Justice Welsh.

After the hearing and commitment several tradesmen interposed themselves in the culprit, and interceded in his behalf. By investigation, however, it was brought to light that Middleton had garzowly misaid "doing" these philanthropic friends. At one establishment he had, on that day, engaged and had fitted up two sets of harness, as another made a contract for a few hats, and at a third bought a tow-line and borrowed a quarter, agreeing to pay for all within his boots was unloaded at Wrightsville, or, in other words, "when his ship came in." It was discovered that the stranger was working on fictitious capital and nothing but his arrest for the old operation saved our too confiding merchants from being "diddled." The quarter man did not succeed in recovering.

A PAINFUL BLACK ACTION/DEVISION.—On Thursday 25th inst., Dewitt Boyle was arrested on complaint of Lewis Jones, and brought before Justice Welsh charged with assault and battery. It appeared from the evidence that Jones had been "frunk" and quarrelsome, and after a general "sloshing round" and indiscriminate massacre of plaster casts of men, horses, &c., had entered the American House, "spoiling for a muss." He there assaulted Mr. Boyle, who gave him a wholesome drubbing upon which the bullies Jones invoked the law. The Justice decided that inasmuch as the plaintiff had especially sought after a little fight and succeeded in obtaining the desired luxury, it was just and proper that he should pay cash for the same; therefore, he, Jones, should pay the costs. The litigant bled and departed, cursing Columbia whisky and Justice.

KNICKERBOCKER.—The June number of "Old Knick" has arrived, freighted with wares new and sparkling—the true metal—nothing bogus. The Editor's Gossip, is brilliant as usual, and flashes with the additional lustre of a series of "Phoenix" illustrations. The subject which has been elaborated by that distinguished Pro-Raphacite is the "New Army Hat," and although from the context we understand that the Great Master's pencil has not been employed upon the details of the work, the ingenuity of the conception evidently belongs to the creator of the "Feline Attachment." The illustrations are numerous, and having reduced our corps of Artists in accordance with the warning of the times, we do not feel equal to the task of reproducing the series, otherwise a "Pictorial Spy" would have been inevitable. Under the circumstances we can only say "This is all of this highly exciting lot!" For the entire subject see Knickerbocker for June.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.—The June number of this favorite family Magazine has been received. It is an excellent number, filled with matter of much interest and illustrated in its own peculiar style. Published by T. S. Arthur, Philadelphia.

BLACKWOOD.—Leonard Scott & Co., send us Blackwood for June, containing Food and Drink—Part III: What will he do with it?—Part XII: Antiquities of Ketch; Colleges and Colibacny—A Dialogue; Zanibar, and Two Months in East Africa, the Poorbeak Mutiny—No. III; Italy—the Arts the Cradle and the Graver; Ode.

MORE HIGH WATER.—The river is again in fine rafting order, and we understand that the freshet above is more general than at any previous time, this Spring. The main body of lumber has arrived, and it is probable that the present water will bring to market all that remains of the season's stock.

PROCEEDINGS OF COUNCIL.—COLUMBIA, MAY 21, 1858.—COUNCIL MET.—Members present, Messrs. Fraley, Murphy, Maxton, Pusey and Pelan. In the absence of the President, Mr. Fraley was called to the chair. Minutes of previous meeting read and adopted.

The following bills were read and ordered to be paid: Samuel Waits, three bills, \$34.93; P. Gardner, \$7.19; N. Binehour, \$10.12; V. Dipritz, \$14.81; A. Gronick, \$13.31; J. Rample, \$12.47; P. Shreiner, \$15.00; G. E. Sheaffer, \$12.56.

A petition unanimously signed by citizens of the upper part of the borough was read, praying Council to have a gas light put up at the corner of Fifth and Union streets. Referred to Gas Committee.

On motion of Mr. Pelan, the Road Committee was instructed to have put down crossings where most needed.

On motion of Mr. Pusey the Gas Committee was instructed to put up a gas light at the corner of Fifth and Union streets.

Mr. Murphy moved that the tax collector, Mr. Hollingsworth, be authorized to call upon delinquent tax payers, and notify them that if their taxes are not paid within one month, measures will be adopted to collect them otherwise, which was agreed to.

Mr. Pusey moved that a bond be drawn in favor of H. G. Minich, for \$155, for one year, dated May 21st, which was agreed to.

H. E. Wolf's bill for stone was read, amounting to \$32.00, and on motion of Mr. Pusey, a bond for the amount (less the taxes of 1857 and 1858), was ordered to be drawn in his favor.

J. W. Fisher, Esq., appeared before Council and made several statements, as follows: first, in reference to Christian Mayer's taxes, he wanting Council to refund taxes paid at the time of the destruction of his property, or else exonerate him from the payment of the same until it reaches the amount paid at that time. To which Council refused to assent, and on motion of Mr. Murphy, the Solicitor was ordered to collect them.

Another that Mr. S. E. Hoise desired to settle the suit now pending between him and the borough, provided the borough will pay all costs. To which Council refused to assent.

Another, desiring to know whether Council will have "Potters Field" enclosed with the rest of the burial grounds, and what appropriation they will make. Action deferred until next meeting.

Mr. Pusey, from the Road Committee, reported that they had been to see several quarries in the immediate neighborhood, with a view of leasing one for the use of the borough, and found none as suitable as Mr. E. Hershey's, which could be leased for five years or longer, at the following rates: 25 cents per perch for good flag stone, and 6 cents per perch for good building

stone; no charge for spalls, with privilege of use of sufficient ground on opposite side of turnpike, convenient to quarry, for storing and working stone, and depositing offal.

On motion, the Road Committee was instructed to confer with Mr. Hershey, in relation to leasing his quarry for five years, with the privilege of extension at the expiration of the five years.

On motion, Council adjourned. Attest, W. M. F. LLOYD, Clerk.

Philadelphia Correspondence. PHILADELPHIA, May 26, 1858. Mr. H. W. Herbert—The Cause of his Death—Vain News—New York Letter Writers—The Death of the Opera—The Weather.

The letters left by the unfortunate Mr. Herbert, (whose suicide was alluded to in our last letter) in which he indicated in general terms, the immediate cause of his death, point to one of those dreadful afflictions, which appear to have been sent upon the earth to punish a wicked world, and pay up sinful man for all the evil deeds done in the flesh, conceived in the heart, or dreamed of in the imagination; besides several other things never done, conceived, or dreamed of by any human being on earth, in his wildest moments of reckless folly. And this worst of all avenging dispensations, may be compared to a scourge which mankind is whipped with—the most terrible of scourges which never wears out in the using; to a pestilence which never ends, has no intermission, and defies all healing arts; a famine which consumes the land forever, and yet never finishes its work; a pestilential nuisance for which there is no abatement; a pervading, insidious, malignant blight, which the sunshine of no face can dissipate, the showers of no imploring tears moisten into green and vigorous health. The name of this perpetual and pervading curse is "twaddle."

It is a demon which dwells on earth, the last of a race of devils driven by the power of that light which broke into the mist and scattered the clouds of superstition. All the Genii of evil had save this one, which by some unfortunate "compromise" was allowed to remain in consideration of certain benefits to be conferred on the "moral nature" of man, by keeping him in a constant state of terror and dread, lest his evil deeds being "reported," should overwhelm him with ruin.

The places best adapted to the shelter and protection of this evil spirit are the bosoms of the people who are without any particular occupation, and consequently without any specific object in life; except to excite a little interest and attract attention. It seems that this useful and self-denying class of beings was not without a representative in the flourishing manufacturing town of Newark, in "the Jerseys," near which, the eccentric Henry W. Herbert had his dwelling. A few weeks after the marriage of Herbert, when he was quietly fixed in his country retreat, and in his own language "began to dream of happiness once more," he had occasion to leave home for a day, while his wife remained behind. During that day, and in the brief interval of the husband's absence a human form, moulded, as 'tis said, in fashion of the "gentler sex," but possessed with this evil genius or demon, ("twaddle")—entered the dwelling of the Herberts; and having performed the errand for which in all probability it was born upon the earth, this being, as it were, its "mission," retired to its own home to await in calm and peaceful anticipation the effective operation of the poison. On the return of the husband, he finds his wife gloomy and depressed, silent and filled with grief but refusing to reveal the cause; all that she will say is—"some one has called," and made certain revelations concerning her husband, which render it impossible that she can ever again entertain the slightest regard or respect for him. Yet she steadfastly refuses to give the name of her husband's traducer; of course, under an extorted promise of silence on that point. She farther resolves that it is necessary for her to return to her parents, and never more reside with her husband. This determination is carried into effect, and the whole result has been communicated to the public.

The worthy dispenser of charity, (in the form of information for "moral ends") who brought about the shocking catastrophe, doubtless revels in the consolation that she "done her duty," and though her benign influence, with its radiant beams culminated in the murder of one person, and cast a lasting shadow over the life of another—this meek infomer would not have it otherwise; for if she "had not done her duty," her earthly mission would not have been fulfilled. What good could by any possibility have come out of her revelations, is a question which never occurs to her mind; that is a matter of not the smallest consequence in life. But to have made a revelation, to have told something which will probably distress some one, or destroy something; this is luxury enough, glory enough, this is living for; in point of fact, so delightful and improving to the heart is the very fact of having done this deed of love, that even the fame of having done it is a matter of no account at all; and in a spirit of virtuous self-denial she won't even have her name sounded as with a trumpet of praise, among her fellow creatures, but insists upon a rigid maintenance of incognito in such kind, healing duties. Did ever any one behold such goodness, such modesty, such self-denial?

Heaven help you, madam, and all like you—you may have done your "dooty"—but you are a murderer—that is all—farewell—and in your need, may the world be more merciful to you, than you have been to the "children of the world!"

If the whole country is not in a state of frenzied agitation with regard to the relations between the territorial authorities of Utah and the Federal Government, it is not for want of constant and very earnest effort by the press of New York city to keep up the steam, and stimulate excitement. Every day we have the "most important intelligence" from numberless "correspondents" who appear to occupy and fill up that far off valley of milk and honey, or the wilderness

and deserts which intervene between it and the country of the Gentiles.

These letters come, so much as a matter of course, in the daily morning mail, the impression is irresistible that they are written in New York, and dated from any point in the extreme West which the correspondent with the aid of Colton's Atlas may have a fancy to visit—in imagination. Perhaps the colors on the map may serve a good turn by indicating a regular series of points whence letters conveying "important intelligence" may be dated; for instance, letter No. 1, may be supposed to be written from some abandoned Fort in a red region of country; No. 2, from a green spot in the same desert; No. 3, from a mound in a blue expanse of prairie; and so on, in a kind of cycle of letters, until the history of every square mile of that country shall have been written out and published by the press of the American metropolis, to enlighten the mind of the nation with a sort of garret-room geography, just as the editorial matter of the second floor educates "the great heart of the nation!" As the letter of one day always contradicts the statements of the day previous, the public is never at a loss what to expect—and for the matter of that, owing to this very fact, might get along pretty comfortably from day to day without any letter at all from Utah.

The "Opera" in this town, has for about the fourth time during the past season come to a dead halt, and knocked off for want of support. There was a great deal of first-rate puffing done just before the collapse, and some wonderful stories were told, a fortnight ago, about the great success of this refinement, as foreshadowing the future elevation of the American nation as high in the scale of humanity as the German, the French, or the Italians (!). But now a strange degree of inconsistency is manifested by the same industrious scribblers, who are mourning over the early death of the poor opera and speculating about the causes of the sad catastrophe.

We will venture an opinion upon it, which may be useful to the anxious enquirers, on the "dead head" bench. Like all other great enterprises which have been begun without the means of completion or the employment to support it, the opera must "go down," the first investment must be sacrificed; the concern must pass into other hands; and then it may be resuscitated with some improvements on a more economical and practical basis, by which means it may flourish in our midst like a green bay tree.

As the great Northern Pennsylvania Railroad was begun some five or six years ago under the most brilliant auspices, and dashed ahead in the most reckless spirit of enterprise and extravagance, swamping about its whole capital twice over, and at last falling to such a depth of depreciation that no hope is left for it except over the defunct bodies of the original incorporators—so we fear the opera must follow suit and be lost in order to be saved.

How is the weather in Columbia? It has the appearance of rain in this region; and if we could call to mind the last bright day, we might entertain the hope of a little more sunshine in the course of the season. But seeing is believing; and making a calculation in a constant mist is too difficult and doubtful to be worth the trial. P. S.

A Puzzled Yankee. BY PAUL LAURIE. One very pleasant day in last July, as I was riding from Saint Paul towards Alton, I overtook a "character" in the shape of a "real live yankee," who it appeared had nothing to recommend him, save his own assurance; but of that there was no lack.—As we caught each other's glance, I nodded slightly, my fresh acquaintance imitating a bow as he jerked out.

"Mornin' mighty pleasant day Squire."

"Yes, it is rather pleasant."

"Some of a horse, that o' yours."

I did not reply, but instead scanned my neighbor's beast closely. His eye detected the scrutiny.

"I guess he'll do, won't he?"

"I should judge so," I replied, no little amused at my fellow traveller's manners; "I presume he belongs to you."

He puckered his lips, half closing his eyes at the same time, then jerked his head hastily to one side, as he managed to squeeze out,

"Ye-es—no!" a long pause; "Wall, stranger, I'll be hang'd if I know who owns it, and he made a sorry attempt at a laugh."

Evidently the man is poking fun at me, thought the reader's humble servant, but I could not forbear remarking aloud,

"That is a little singular."

The giggle died away, the grimace left his face. "Not of you knew the hull on it. You're a new comer, I take it, stranger."

"No, I am not," I answered, dryly.

"No offense, Squire, come from the East?"

"Yes."

My companion blew his nose vigorously, patted his horse on the neck, and then placed a fresh quid of the weed between his lantern jaws.

"Wall, about this horse; it is mine, an it ain't mine; leas'tways, I'm not sartin, yet. It would take a Philadelphia lawyer to decide on it; that's so, even so."

And here my companion assumed a meditative manner, working his jaws freely. I deemed it best to give him his own time to explain himself. After riding a half mile in silence, he broke out with,

"Much acquainted hereabouts?"

"Very alighly."

"P'raps you belong to St. Peters river or to below?"

I shook my head, and once more he came back to the ownership of the horse.

"Wall, about this yer horse; I'll bet you never heard of sech an idee as this hoss trade; but may be you could guess where I come from?"

"From Connecticut?"

"No! from Vermont. I'm an out 'an' out yankee; name's Treadwell; p'raps you've heard on Gov. Treadwell that used to be—"; he's my father's uncle you see.—

Somehow, a poor cuss hain't no chances there, at least I used to think so; so one day I pulled up stakes and perambulated out

here to Minnesota; tho't I'd make my for-in, sartin, and I mean to do it, some day. You see, Major, when I come to that place over there, (pointing significantly towards Saint Paul), I had'n't more than a shillin' left; the parsons a most took my clothes off my back. Now I don't mind tellin' yew all about it, 'cause yew don't know Jerusha, nor the rest on 'em. You see, afore I left home I wgal, to beau de Grusha; 'round to parties considerably, jest to keep my hand in, you know; Jerusha, she kinder 'got struck' after me, by laws. I wasn't the least mite after her. There was a poofy nice gal lived near home, called Susan Peyperril, and so I divided my attentions, acted uppartial, you understand; but the first thing I know, Jerusha moved away with her folks, and of you believe it, stranger, that was the first time I ever knew Jerusha was worth a dollar. Come to find out, she owned five-hundred. That riled me, and to aggravate it, Susan took up with another fellow, and laughed in my face. So I never asked any thing about Jerusha, but come out here. I jest worked here one month, when I met—who do you suppose?"

"Jerusha?"

"No! you're out, 'twas her aunt—an' laws! of we didn't laugh! Of course I had to go right along with her, and on the road I found out that Jerusha's uncle owned three hundred acres, with forty broke in. You'd orter seen Jerusha smilin' at me.—The old folks wanted me in the family all along, and I seen they still kept a drawin' me on sorter kinder. But Jerusha ain't no beauty, nowhow, an' she's pretty tart, too, so I didn't let on that I knew what they were up to. Now this horse belongs to, or once belonged to Jerusha, (she's got a yoke of oxen, and a cow, and two pair of geese besides, the only geese I ever seen in the territory), and she has a hundred dollars laid away to buy another; ef I conclude to— to marry her."

"Her an' the old folks heard me talk about lookin' over the country, an' so after a long talk, says she, one day, 'Steve, (my name's Steph), 'Steve, that hoss is worth a hundred and eighty dollars, cash, any day now you want to look about you. Take the hoss, Steve, pack off to Stillwater, Precopt, Oceola, and them places; take yer time, tew. The hoss is your'n, to keep or swap, of you know what you're about; but mind, Steve! of yew own the hoss, I own yew.'— Her persistently identical language, Mr.— what may your name be?"

"Smith; John Smith."

"Her exact words, Mr. Smith, an' now! I claim this, (putting his horse gently), why Jerusha claims me, an' can prove it by the old folks, to say nothin' about a piece of paper I signed jest this time yesterday."

"Well, of course you will marry her," I ventured to remark, as I strove in vain to control my muscles.

"Oh, sartinly, sartinly; only I'll be hang'd ef I know who she owns the hoss. Hows'ever, I'll keep the critter on 'till your way, Mr. Smith, good day! I'm bound to keep the critter."

And Mr. Treadwell prattled from me, muttering "I'll keep the critter."

Der Deutschman's Philosophy. BY JOHANNES FRANK VON F. KROPPLES. I've a toller vot I spend, But I've nothing for to lend, For I never borrows nothing, don't you see, Yohn Schmidt; I've a toller vot I spend