"Make it twenty," exclaimed I with eagerness; "oblige me by accepting a twenty pound note."

"Thank you," replied Jones, coolly; "I think I will. From what you said last night," added he with a grim smile, "I understood that you had not so much money in the house."

Then I remembered having made use of that little tarrididdle or delicate evasion in order to get rid of his importunity upon the previous evening. By his reminding me of it thus boldly, it was evident that I must have put myself into his power indeed.

"Do you know all?" inquired I hearsely.

"Well," said he carelessly, "there is no need of my being mysterified; I know all about the——." he enunciated the awful secret, the mystery of the ages, the hidden wonder, as though he were retailing some political tittle tattle of the clubs. "You see," he continued, "you awoke me and kept me awake by repeating it so very distinctly over and over again, that I have got it quite pat. I could not forget it even if I would. Since you seemed to be in such admirable case for it, I could not help trying that experiment—with which you are doubtless acquainted—of interrogating a sleeping person regarding the subject of his dreams, and your answers were astonishingly clear and pertinent. I was never a somnator of anything more interesting and curious. It is positively a contribution to psychological science. I think indeed that I shall publish an ac—."

At that instant I made my body-guard template spring out of the bed-clothes, and placed myself between my enemy and the door. In my hand was the life preserver with which my pillow is always furnished and in my eyes was the determination to use it as a life a life-preserver. "I pay," I observed, "as I must save my own life—you must die."

"You mean to kill me, then, by jingo" said he, jauntily.

"My friend," replied I, waving the weapon to and fro to give solemnity to my manner, "I have unfortunately no choice. You have wantonly opened the Bluebeard's chamber of my mind, and now you must pay the penalty. I regret the sad necessity, believe me, almost as much as you can yourself—but the thing must be done. I shall hit you between the eyes as nearly as I can, so that the whole matter will be but the work of an instant, and the pain scarcely appreciable. However, in the meantime, if you have any wishes to leave behind you, intrust them to me, and be sure of its delivery."

"Yes," said Jones, decisively, "there are two documents down stairs in the possession of my servant, which I have just left them. The one is to be delivered to your friend, the Prothonotary Grand, at once, if anything should happen me; and the other to the mayor of the town. The law will therefore hang you upon strong circumstancial evidence, unless the brotherhood put you to death before that by some more terrible method. You have given me that twenty pound note, by the by, old fellow. Where is it?"

"Here," said I, reaching to my trousers, and taking out my pocket-book with a trembling hand, "there's a fifty pound note which you may keep as a token of my affectionate regard. I love you Jones—you know I was in fun all along."

"Thank you," replied he, as he pocketed the money; "so was I, too. I have been playing a little game upon you from the very beginning."

And then—with his nose and knees and elbows, according to the girl's fashion so often practised by me in secret—he made to my astonishment, the fourth sign.

"You must know, my dear fellow," he added, "that I have been a mason myself these ten years and as I by practice can do during sleep, they consider it a working mason."

A Nice Distinction.—In Fredonia, the lovely village on Canoe Lake, farm has the following decision of a political ruling: "In the fair village of Western New York, the 'model parliament,' in emulation of their wise brethren, formed a debating society, for the purpose of improving their minds by the discussion of instructive and entertaining topics. The following resolutions of the Society were presented to a venerable donkey, who performed his duties with the utmost dignity peculiar to his species. The subject for discussion on the occasion of which we write was: 'Which was de maddler of de chicken—de hen wot lay de egg, or de hen wot hatches de chick?' The question was warmly debated, and many reasons pro and con were urged and combated by the excited disputants. Those in favor of the latter proposition were evidently in the majority, and the President made no attempt to conceal that his sympathies were with the dominant party. At length an intelligent donkey arose from the minority side, and begged leave to state a proposition to this effect: 'Spose,' said he, 'dat you set one dozen duck's eggs under a hen, and dey hatch, which am de maddler—de duck or de hen?' This was a puzzler, was well put, and nonplussed the other side, even staggering the President, who plainly saw the force of the argument, but had committed himself too far to yield without a struggle, so after cogitating and scratching his wool a few moments a bright idea struck him. Rising from his chair in all the pride of conscious superiority, he announced: 'Ducks am not before de house, chickens am de question; therefore I rule de ducks out!' and do it he did, to the complete overthrow of his opponents."

☞The editor of a paper in Iowa "Chi" upon an expedient," for keeping his institution a going. He announces "that his paper has been delayed on account of the arduous duties devolving upon him. During they day time he is busy engaged in sticking type, and when the mantle of darkness covers the face of nature, he is anxious to do all the good he can in the world by circulating the boys, chasing horses and cattle from the neighboring cities into Warren, that our citizens may take them up as strays, and as the law requires the notice to be published, we thus raise the "Jeems" to buy paper and keep the Editor going."

The Columbia Spy.

COLUMBIA, PA.
SATURDAY, NOV. 27, 1858.

☞See New Advertisements of A. M. Rambo, Odd Fellows' Hall, in to-day's paper.

☞The suit for some time pending, between the heirs of Jonathan Posey and A. J. Wright was decided yesterday by the jury awarding damages to the amount of $126 to plaintiff.

Change of Schedule on the Penna. Railroad.—On Monday, November 29th, a material change will be made in the running of the P. R. R. trains to and from this point. The 9 A. M. train connecting with the Express train at Lancaster will be discontinued, and in its stead what is now known as the Lancaster train, will leave this place at 8 A. M.; it will reach West Philadelphia at 11.50, A. M. The Harrisburg Accommodation, which now leaves at 3.30 P. M., will leave at 2.50 P. M., arriving at West Philadelphia at 6.45 P. M. The time of the Mail train is not changed; it will leave at 8.35 P. M., as now. The hour of arrival of the Mail train, from Philadelphia, is also unchanged, it is due here at 11.16 A. M.—The Harrisburg Accommodation Train will arrive here at 5.15, P. M., and the Lancaster train will reach Columbia at 8.35 P. M., stopping at this point. The Emigrant train arrives here at 2.50 A. M., bringing from Lancaster the head of the Express train.—This will do away with the night train now arriving here at 2.40 A. M.

All of Mr. Reese's trains being superseded we necessarily lose him: he will be placed on the road between Lancaster and Mount Joy. We regret exceedingly that the arrangements of Company have necessitated the transfer. Mr. Reese has been so long conductor between this place and Lancaster that he has come to be regarded as strictly belonging to this section of the road. He is universally a favorite, both as an officer and as a man; his unvarying courtesy has won him the esteem of all who travel under his charge—nine-tenths of our community. We trust he may find on his new route as warm friends as he leaves.

We are happy to state that Samuel Jones, Esq., the gentlemanly Mail Agent, is retained in his present position. Packages and quarters entrusted to his care will meet with prompt attention.

Dr. Drakeus.—This inimitable mimic and humorist will give one of his surpassingly comical entertainments in the Odd Fellows' Hall, on Tuesday evening next. We advise every one who wishes to enjoy a laugh in the true sense of the word—in all its minute ramifications through every nerve and fibre of the body—to attend. The diversion will consist in a monologue a la Dr. Valentine, in which the Doctor will imitate everything earthly and unearthly, from the caterwaul of an amatory Thomas to the "down brakes" of the "Old Atlas." Seriously, the performer comes heralded as surprisingly humorous, and his entertainments elsewhere have been entirely successful. Our people have not enjoyed an opportunity for a good, side-splitting laugh for a long time; they are growing stern and forbidding; we advise one and all to be upon next Tuesday evening.

Miss Kate Dean's Concert.—The concert of Friday evening of last week, given by Miss Kate Dean, was as we anticipated, an entire success, the Hall being crowded, and the audience enthusiastic and well pleased. The young lady, the attraction of the evening, had been so warmly greeted in Lancaster that the expectations of her hearers were raised to a pitch that anything less than her natural sweetness and artistic brilliancy of vocalization would have disappointed. We have unfortunately too little musical taste in our stock of varied accomplishments to analyze Miss Dean's powers or skill, but we were delighted with her songs and pleased with her style, and we believe the sentiments of the audience as a whole were with us in our admiration. The cantatrice is young, graceful and pretty, as well as we could discern in the twilight of our wretchedly illuminated hall, and her manner on the stage was easy and *ladylike*.

Mr. Cooke, the tenor, gave general satisfaction, as did Mr. Egan's, the pianist.

"Little Lola," the "Infant Phenomenon," we regarded as a wonderful specimen of juvenile depravity—oh, we beg pardon, precocity we meant to say, but the terms are almost synonymous in this application.—We listened to her recitations with mingled emotions of mintstick and birch. The child's powers may be great—they are certainly unnatural—but we are not an admirer of erratic genius, especially in the petite form of infant prodigies. The little lady on the stage was evidently out of her element—bed.

Graham's Magazine.—It grieves us to chronicle the decease of this old friend and public favorite. "Graham" dies with the present, December, number. The Magazine has fought through many vicissitudes of fortune, now up now down, but in gloomy and palmy days alike has preserved an individual integrity. Whether it has been overcome at last by adverse fortune we cannot say, we only know that at no previous stage of its career has it been so unprepared to die. It has been, since its present editorship, eminently alive, and destined we thought, to a "long career of usefulness."

The editor announces that "Graham" has been absorbed by a new magazine enterprise, and its peculiarities will be reproduced in the "American Monthly," to be published by Henry White, No. 7, Beekman street, New York. It will be under the editorial charge of Mr. Leland, the editor of "Graham," and all the popular features of the latter periodical will be preserved in the new issue. The terms are $2.50 a year for a single copy; two copies for $3.00, and four copies for $6.00. The monthly will be illustrated with steel engravings, fashion plates, &c., and will probably enjoy a large share of public favor.

A New Work by Miss Bremer.—The only author writing in a foreign tongue who has ever succeeded in attaining among us the *home* popularity enjoyed by our own and English writers, is Frederika Bremer. Her success in gaining the affections of the people is undoubtedly the result of her quiet, natural, unforced and anti-clap-trap style of narration; her quiet pictures of home life, and the unexceptionable tone of all her fictitious works, so opposed to the ultra dramatic artificiality of the French, the moony mawkishness and transcendentalism of the German novelists. Fifteen years ago Miss Bremer occupied the position of the most sought after female novelist of the day. Her works were successes, and each as it appeared was taken into the family circle and read in family conclave with enthusiastic admiration. For a considerable period of time her pen has been idle, but her thousands of readers have recently been rejoiced by the announcement of a new work by the quiet Swedish lady who used so pleasantly to entertain us with the domestic life of her northern people. "The Four Sisters," has just been issued by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia, in a large duodecimo volume; price $1,25. We have received a copy from the publishers, but have not had time for even a glance at its contents. The book is well gotten up, we can say, and we add critical notices from some of our Philadelphia contemporaries which speak of the quality of the volume.

This novel is worth all that Miss Bremer ever wrote. We know of no novel so inspired by all which can deeply interest the philanthropist and the one who studies the defects of the age, as this of the Four Sisters, by Miss Bremer. There is an infinite earnestness, an indescribable truthfulness in it, which contrasts with the first romances of the day as gold contrasts with lead.—*Evening Bulletin.*

This is a tale of social and domestic life in Sweden, and it is in the best style of its charming authoress. Miss Bremer is a great favorite in this country. Her works are "familiar as household words." T. B. Peterson & Brothers have issued the only authorized American Edition, and they have given it in a manner every way creditable to their establishment. We are sure that every lover of a pure and healthy literature will welcome this translation by Mary Howitt, of this last story of the gentle and amiable Swedish author.—*Pennsylvania Inquirer.*

The Four Sisters, by Miss Bremer, is one of those novels, by this genial author, which have so pleasantly opened to us the doors of Swedish homes, warmed our hearts in their cheerful fireside glow, and made us familiar with the lights and shadows of Swedish life. The subject of the story is a woman's life and a woman's fate. The novel is full of rich humor, clever character painting, and felicitous descriptions of town life and country life, and in-door and out-door scenery in Sweden. The translation has been made by Mary Howitt, who seems born to do two things remarkably well—write admirable stories of her own, and admirably translate the stories of Miss Bremer.—*Post.*

Atlantic Monthly.—The December number of the Boston monthly is the concluding one of the second volume. This periodical has established for itself a reputation never heretofore enjoyed by an American serial, and it closes the volume and year with no diminution of the talent and brilliancy displayed in the pages of initial number fourteen months ago. The contents of the present number are "Atlantic," in character which is sufficient praise. We copy on the outside Saxe's jolly ballad of "The Jolly Mariner."

By the liberality of the publishers of the *Atlantic, Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co.*, we are enabled to offer the Magazine, clubbed with our paper, at the reduced rate of $2 per annum. We call attention to this opportunity of obtaining the best periodical in the country for two-thirds of the subscription price. For $3.50 we will furnish the Atlantic Monthly and the *Spy* for one year. Will our friends give this proposal their serious consideration. We shall be glad to forward a large list of subscribers to the publishers.

Arthur's Home Magazine.—This favorite ladies' Magazine for December has been received. It is of invariable merit and deserves popular support. With "Graham" out of the field, it now has only "Godey" for a rival in Philadelphia, and Mr. Arthur knowing how to attract readers, to his excellent magazine will probably enjoy increased patronage.

Littell's Living Age.—Another excellent number of "Littell" for November 20, with contents selected from the best foreign periodicals. We recommend it to the attention of our readers. A trifle each week will supply in it more good reading than is to be found in a year of all the trashy, flash papers of the country. "A Skeleton in Every House," is an admirably told story, and "Not Married for Love" is most touching. The more weighty portions of the contents are characterized by the usual sterling value of Littell's reprints from the Reviews.

Edinburgh Review.—The Edinburgh Review for October has been received from Leonard Scott & Co.: contents: Memoirs of the Court of England, during the Regency, 1811—1820; Report of the Trial of Madeline Smith, at Edinburgh, June, 1858; History of Ancient Pottery; M. Guizot's Historical Memoirs; Contributions to the Philosophy of Vision; The Earls of Kildare and their Ancestors; Studies of Homer and the Homeric Age; Guy Livingstone, or Thorough; The London Cotton Plant; The Edinburgh Review and Mr. Froude's History.

☞A modern writer says: "It may seem strange, but it is a fact, that men generally are much more afraid of women than women are of men." Brown remarks that the fact is not "strange" at all; for in both cases the *fear* is proportioned to the *danger*. Candid, but ungallant.

☞Brown informs the Boston Post that of twenty-three men whom he helped to a cigar-light, or loaned a newspaper, twenty said, "Thank you, sir." Of nineteen women to whom he paid a courtesy—such as giving up his seat—picking up a dropped nail, shawl, or the like, only seven said, "Thank you," and two of them were "furriners."

Philadelphia Correspondence.

Philadelphia, Nov. 24, 1858.

The Book Trade—And the Gift Business—Somebody Sold—Bonner and the Times—The Opera Success—Twaddle—Piccolomini—City Railroads—Their Destination.

Beware of Gift Enterprises! They are on the wane, and seem to be hard put to for practice. But again we say, beware of "Gift Enterprises!"

A friend of ours, seemingly green among the dodges and wind-puffs of city life, met us yester eve, with the exultant exclamation that he had got a great bargain—in fact he "had won a prize." Before we could question him, he gleefully produced his treasures, and gave the story of his luck. He had been on a walk by moonlight down town, and had been drawn in by the window shows of what was, we suppose, a "bogus concern." Glaring capitals and bewitching Genii cut in plaster of Paris standing on pedestals of standard literature and adorned from head to toe with jewelry and diamonds of the first water, captivated our usually shrewd friend. He entered, and after glancing over shelves and counters of standard works, took up his position near a miscellaneous heap, determined, if possible, to head off the proprietors and catch them in their own trap; for he had heard that oftentimes the most valuable gifts, by some mysterious dispensation, go off with the most unpretending and usually neglected books. After a long look, he lighted upon what he supposed was not a taking work among the mass of purchasers, but to him would be one of standing usefulness and interest.—And so he bought it for a dollar, laid down in gold. In addition to his treasure for future reference, he received a tiny article carelessly wrapped in very thin white paper, which he proceeded to unfold and exhibit as the gift thrown in by the worthy and enterprising vender. It consisted of three shirt-studs of amazingly delicate fabric and exceedingly doubtful material, trustingly accepted by our friend as "18 karat gold."

Taking no particular interest in fine jewelry, we glanced ouer the book, which purported to contain the inaugural addresses of all the Presidents of our Republic, from the Father of his Country to "the favorite Son" of his mother—the Keystone Commonwealth; together with various important messages and other state papers, embracing also the Federal Constitution and the Constitutions of eight of the states.

A glance over this valuable compilation, served to show us, and to explain to the purchaser the utter worthlessness of his bargain. The messages are not messages at all, but only expuragated copies or garbled extracts of the same; and as papers of reference are of no use whatever. The extracts are, estimating the cost of copying, the price of paper and labor in printing, probably worth a dollar; but to the gleaner of facts a dollar's worth of such extracts are not worth a single cent.

As to the value of the glittering bosom ornaments, we did not venture an opinion, having no knowledge of that kind of personal ornament and no admiration for its devotees. We could only console our friend with the advice that in future he had better go to dealers in jewelry for a reliable article in that line; and examine as well as a half hour's glance will permit all books of reference and alleged "standard value" before purchasing.

The fault with the "Enterprise" system is, that it fosters a taste for tawdry finery, and gives circulation to a vast amount of literary trash which but for the chance of winning at a game of hazard would "fall still-born from the press." It is but a mean and paltry equivocation to say that this mode of buying and selling is not a lottery. It is nothing else. If the purchaser is utterly ignorant of the mode of distribution, or of the gift which will fall to his lot, it is beyond all question a lottery, and nothing less. The fact that the seller only knows the secret, is but a mean evasion, and gives the traffic a *worse* character than any other lottery. It is a sure game for the seller, and no show of a chance for the buyer. Therefore we cannot regret that the present stringency in the money market is even crushing out this shallow scheme for winning a living instead of earning it.

Finally, Oh readers! citizens of rural boroughs, inhabitants of agricultural districts, beware of Gift Enterprises; read not the delusive advertisements of disinterested benefactors of the human race, who offer to distribute learning and diamonds through your quiet and rustic homes; listen not to the liveried "drummer" who beseeches you to enter the new village store and secure a fortune; gaze not at the big toe of the mute Siren, who seems to say that the ornaments which adorn her graceful limbs, of right belong to you, and *perhaps*—certainly, why not?—may fall into the hands of their rightful owner. But beware of Gift Enterprises, all of them, whether imitative, "bogus," or "original."

The immortal Bonner of the Ledger has come out with a very sharp letter to the *New York Times* in reply to a sneering comment by the latter on Mr. Edward Everett's recent connection with "the best paper in the world." The *Times* took occasion at the same time to speak disparagingly of the "fascinating Fanny Fern," and the "sublime Sylvanus Cobb." Bonner defends these contributors with great zeal, and styles Mistress Fern, "the first sketch writer of the times;" and she undoubtedly is, unless our own Polly Potato-Patch is a better; which we humbly submit to be the case, and can prove it by reference to the *Blotter*. Indeed we will give our gratuitous opinion to B. on this point in the shape of a proportion which he is at liberty to copy in the *serious column* of the Ledger, with any note and comment he may think *proper*, for he will have hard work if he attempts to soil the fair fame of the *Blotter's* contributors, at the head of whom stand like beacons of light to guide the wandering intellect of a bewildered nation homeward toward the innermost heaven of a perfect literature and a high-toned morality; Such unquestionably are the aforesaid Polly Potato-Patch, and that best, straightforwardest, boldest and bloodiest of yarn spinners Harry Cornhusk. And here is the proportion: P. P-P. is to F. F. as S. C. is H. Ck. or Polly P. P. multiplied by Harry Ck. is equal to Fanny F. multiplied by Sublime Cobb. There is the issue, Bonner, fairly before the public; and we would fight you on it, we would go into the ring with you, Bonner, any time of day if you had not gone and lugged in by the ears "the pure and classic Everett." But here you have us, Bonner; you've got us and ours on the gronnd and there you'll be apt to hold us, unless we can manage to engage the services of John P. Hale or *Sairey Gamp*, or some other distinguished and loquacious individual.

The opera serson is drawing to a close with the present week; and it is a melancholy fact in the annals of the Opera that the present season has not proved a success, but on the contrary, quite the reverse—something of a failure. The upper ten wont go, the lower hundred can't go, and so the Opera don't go. The manager has lopped off the ballet as a useless expense, which is considered a necessary appendage in New York. But the ballet is not popular in Philadelphia, or else the people are saving their dollars for Piccolomini, who is coming here from Boston next month.

Just at present New York is settling down under the conviction of the tremendously important truth that Piccolomini *is* a princess, and not a royal scion of the Rev. Eleazer Williams school. Whether the settlement of this important question will not, by the subsiding of the elements and the blest assurance of victory on the the part of the Princess' friends, cause the interest in the singer to subside also—is a question of some interest at present. Very likely the fact being proved that a princess is on the stage will damage the receipts at the box office. Our people are very strongly prejudiced against royal families, you know.

Indeed it would seem that Opera audiences are composed of a very particular and "touchy" kind of folks. A few evenings ago Madam De Wilhorst having played her part in the first piece, took a seat in the boxes to witness the second piece. Brignoli, the tenor singer was "called out" by the plaudits of the audience; and it was observed that a *single* boquet of choice flowers fell at his feet, thrown by the hand of Madam De Wilhorst, who in the act did "blush celestial rosy red." This little indiscretion has been the subject of pretty severe comment among persons, though we believe it has not been mentioned in the papers. It seems to have so much displeased some of the little Cora's outside friends, as to have made them regular "outsiders" for the remainder of the season.

Philadelphia has gone stark raving mad on the subject of city railroads. We have rails laid down all over the city, and cars running in every direction where the omnibus lines can be bought off. Indeed, these railroads are multiplying so fast, and diverging to such numberless points that we should not wonder if, at last, they might all happen to converge again and entering a common tunnel of difficulties "come out at the little end of the horn," leaving the stockholder in a dark hole and a tight place.

But never mind, wait a bit; "*nous verrons*," as "Father Ritchie" used to say, whenever anything looked hazy to his usually clear and penetrating gaze, "*nous verrons*!" Ph.

Letter from Artemus Ward.

He Visits Berlin Heights and Encounters the Free Lovers.

Gentz:—Since I last writ a article for your valerable paper ive roamed far and wide "with a Diadam on my Brow," so to speak, my kareer this season has bin I kontinued ovashun. The bow mond & elitty has cum to see my trooly grate show everywhares, & the booty and shivelry of our land has gazed in rapters pon my wax figgers & kangeroo, & has exclaimed "kin these ere things be & orecum us like a summers kloud?" With a unanermous vois they hev all expressed theirselves satisfied, & let it be so Rekordid.

Hear I am at Berlin Hites among the Free Lovirs. i arrove here last Toosday & bitterly do i cuss the day i ever sot foot on this retched place. i hearn tell of these Free Lovers for sum time, & i thawt ide cum and see what kind of kritters thay was, i pitcht my tent in a field near the Luv Kure, as they kall it, & unfolded my banner to the Breese. Bimeby the people kommensed to pour into my show & i begun to kongraterlate myself on doin a stavin bisnees. But they were a onery lookin set, I must say. The mens fases were kuvered with hair & they looked half starved to deth. They did'nt ware no weskuts fur the purpus (as they sed) of a lowing the free air of hevens to blow into thear buzzums. There koat pocket was filled with tracks and other tarnal nonsense & they was a shakly looked krowd.

The wimen was wus nor the men. They wore trowsis, short gowns and straw hats, with faded green ribbins onto them, & they karried bloo kotton umbrellers in thear hands. Bimeby, a perfectly orful lookin female presented herself at the dore. Her gown was scandalusly short, & her trowsis was shameful to behold. Sez she, "Ar, kin it be? yes tis troo! O tis troo!" Sez i "15 cents, marm." Sez she, "& so I found you at larst, at larst—O at larst!" Sez i, "yes yu has found me at larst & yu would hav found me at fust if yu had come sooner." Sez she, "Air yu a man?" Sez i, "I think i air; but ef yu dout it yu may address Mrs. A. Ward, Baldinsville, Indianny, postage paid, & she will doubtless giv yu the required informashun." Sez she, "tinen yu air what the world cawls marrid?" I sed, "yes marm, I air."

The eksentric female then grabed me by the arm & sez she "yu air mine, O yu air mine." "Scarcely," sez i, as i released myself from her irun grasp. She agane clutched me by the arm & sed, "yu air my affinerty." Sez I, "what upon airth is that?" "Dost thou not knew?" sez she. "No marm," sez i, "i dostn't." Sez she, "Listen, man, & ile tell ye. Fur years ive yearned for thee. I knowed thow wast in the warld somewhares altho I knowd not thy name or place of residence. My hart sed he would cum & I took currige. He has cum—he is hear—yu air him; ye are my affinerty! O tis too mutch—two mutch!" & she bust out cryin. "Yes," sez i, "i think it is a darn site too mutch." "Hast thee not yearned for me?" she yelled, ringing her hands like a female play actor. Sez I, "not a yearn." Bi this time a grate krowd of Free Lovirs had kollected round us, & they all kommensed fur to holler "shame," "brute," "beast," etsettery, etsettery. I was just as mad as a March hair. "Sez i, yu pack of onery critters go away frum me & taik this retched woman along with yu. My naime is Artemus Ward and ime in the show bisnis. I pay my bills & mind my own 'fairs. ime a married man, if i am a showman. I dont go in for settin the laws of my country at defiance. I aint in favor of privatearin or nothin else illegal. I think your affinerty bisnis is cussed nonsense being outrageously wickid. Whi dunt yu behaive desuntly & like other folks? Go to work and ern a livin, and do not stay round hear like a parsul of lazy shiftless good fur nothing knots. Haint ye got no sumpshun. Yu wimmin folks go back to yure lawful husbands is yuve got any, & take off them skandulus short gownds and trowsis & dres respectful like other wimmin. Yu men folks cut orf them piratturcul whiskers burn up them infurnal Spirrit rappin tracks, put on sum weskuts & go to work choppin wood splittin fense rales, or sum other useful employment for which Natur intended yu."—I pored 4th my indignashun in this way until i got out out of breth when I stopt. I tok down my tent & shell leve town this evenin.

I perseeve with disgust that the Detroit Fat man has bin slandering me in the papers. I shall attend to his kase in a futur letter, showing him up in all his Deformity.

Very respectfully Yores,

A. Ward.

Penn'a R. R.—Departure of Passenger Trains.

Trains East.	Leave Columbia.	Arrive at Phil'a
Express,	9.00 A. M.	12.50 P. M.
Harrisburg Acc.,	3.30 P. M.	7.45 "
Mail Train,	6.55 "	11.00 "
Fast Line,	8.00 "	4.40 A. M.

Trains West.	Leave Columbia.	Arr. at Harrisburg
Mail Train,	11.16 "	12.30 P. M
Harrisburg Acc.,	7.40 "	9.00 "

	Arr. at Columbia
Express,	2.40 A. M.
Fast Line,	4.25 P. M

DALLEY'S MAGICAL PAIN EXTRACTOR.

In all diseases inflammation more or less predominates—now to allay inflammation strikes at the root of disease—hence an immediate cure.

Dalley's Magical Pain Extractor,

and nothing else, will allay inflammation at once, and make a certain cure.

Dalley's Magical Pain Extractor

will cure the following among a great catalogue of diseases: Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Chafes, Sore Nipples, Corns, Bumons, Bruises, Sprains, Bites, Poison, Chilblains, Biles, Scrofula, Ulcers, Fever Sores, Felons, Ear Ache, Piles, Sore Eyes, Gout, Swellings, Rheumatism, *Scald Head, Salt Rheum, Baldness, Erysipelas*, Ringworm, Barber's Itch, Small Pox, Measles, Rash, &c., &c.

To some it may appear incredulous that so many diseases should be reached by one article; such an idea will vanish when reflection points to the fact, that the salve is a combination of ingredients, each and every one applying a perfect antidote to its opposite disorder.

Dalley's Magical Pain Extractor

in its effects is magical, because the time is so short between disease and a permanent cure; and it is an extractor, as it draws *all disease out of the affected* part, leaving nature as perfect as before the injury.—It is scarcely necessary to say that no house, workshop, or manufactory should be one moment without it.

No Pain Extractor is genuine unless the box has upon it a steel plate engraving, with the name of Henry Dalley, Manufacturer.

For sale by all the Druggists and patent medicine dealers throughout the United States and Canadas.

Principal Depot, 165 Chambers st., New-York.

C. F. CHACE.

Sold by Druggists in Columbia.

R. WILLIAMS, Agent [Nov. 13, '58.

HAIR DYE--HAIR DYE-HAIR DYE.

WM. A. BATCHELOR'S HAIR DYE!

The Original and Best in the World!

All others are mere imitations, and should be avoided, if you wish to escape ridicule.

Gray, Red, or Rusty Hair Dyed instantly to a beautiful and natural Brown or Black, without the least injury to Hair or Skin.

Fifteen Medals and Diplomas have been awarded to Wm. A. Batchelor since 1839, and over 80,000 applications have been made to the Hair of his patrons of his famous Dye.

Wm A. Batchelor's Hair Dye produces a color not to be distinguished from nature, and is warranted not to injure in the least, however long it may be continued, and the ill effects of bad dyes remedied; the Hair invigorated for Life by this Splendid Dye.

Made, sold or applied (in 9 private rooms) at the Wig Factory, 233 Broadway, New York.

Sold in all cities and towns of the United States, by Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers.

☞The genuine has the name and address upon a steel plate engraving on four sides of each box. of

WM. A. BATCHELOR,

Nov. 13, '58. 233 Broadway, New-York.

Sold by Druggists s in Columbia. R. Williams, Agent:

WIGS—WIGS—WIGS.

Batchelor's Wigs and Toupees surpass all. They are elegant, light, easy and durable.

Fitting to a charm—no turning up behind—no shrinking off the head; indeed, this is the only establishment where these things are properly understood and made.

Nov 13, '58. 233 Broadway, New York.

ALL wanting to emigrate to a mild climate, good soil, and fine market, see advertisement of Hammonton Lands. [Aug. 28-3m

TO ALL wanting Farms, see advertisement of Hammonton Lands [Aug. 28-3m

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THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.

SIR JAMES CLARKE'S

CELEBRATED FEMALE PILLS.

Prepared from a prescription of Sir J. Clarke, M. D., Physician Extraordinary to the Queen.

This invaluable medicine is unfailing in the cure of all those painful and dangerous diseases to which the female constitution is subject. It moderates all excess and removes all obstructions, and a speedy cure may be relied on.

TO MARRIED LADIES

it is peculiarly suited. It will, in a short time, bring on the monthly period with regularity.

Each bottle, price One Dollar, bears the Government Stamp of Great Britain, to prevent counterfeits.

CAUTION.

These Pills should not be taken by females during the FIRST THREE MONTHS of Pregnancy, as they are sure to bring on miscarriage, but at any other time they are safe.

In all cases of Nervous and Spinal Affections Pain in the Back and Limbs, Fatigue on slight exertion, Palpitation of the Heart, Hysterics and Whites, these Pills will effect a cure when all other means have failed, and although a powerful remedy, do not contain iron, calomel, antimony, or anything hurtful to the constitution.

Full directions in the pamphlet around each package, which should be carefully preserved.

Sole Agent for the United States and Canada,

JOB MOSES,

(Late I. C. Baldwin & Co.,) Rochester, N. Y.

N. B.—$1,00 and 6 postage stamps enclosed to any authorized agent, will insure a bottle, containing 50 Pills, by return mail.

For sale by Dr. E. B. HERR, Agent, for Columbia

T W. DYOTT & SONS, Wholesale Agents, Phila.

May 29, 1858.

ALL wanting to emigrate to a mild climate, good soil, and fine market, see advertisement of Hammonton Lands Aug. 28-3m

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FARM LANDS FOR SALE 25 miles from Philadelphia by Railroad in the State of New Jersey.—Soil among the best for Agricultural purposes, being a good loam soil, with a clay bottom. The land is a large tract, divided into small farms, and hundreds from all parts of the country are now settling and building. The crops can be seen growing. Terms from $15 to $20 per acre, payable within four years by instalments. To visit the place—Leave Vine st. Wharf at Phila. at 7½ A. M. by Railroad for Hammonton. or address R. J. Byrnes, by letter. See full advertisement in another column. [Aug. 28-3m.

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THE HAMMONTON FARMER, a newspaper devoted to Literature and Agriculture, also setting forth full accounts of the new settlement of Hammonton, in New Jersey, can be subscribed for at only 25 cts. per annum.

Inclose postage stamps for the amount. Address to, Editor of the Farmer, Hammonton, Atlantic Co., New Jersey. Those wishing cheap land, of the best quality, in one of the healthiest and most delightful climates in the Union, see advertisement of Hammonton Lands. August 28-3m

☞See advertisement of Dr. Sanford's Liver Invigorator, in another column. May 22, 1858.

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WHAT THEY SAY IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

Abbeville, S. C., Aug. 21, 1858.

Messrs Farrel, Herring & Co., Philadelphia.

Gentlemen—The close attention which our own affairs have required since the fire, has hitherto prevented us from writing you about the Safe.

On occasion of the fire 19th of July, by which we suffered a large loss, our store, with a number of other buildings was consumed. The Safe, of your manufacture which we had in the store, was exposed to a most intense heat, as is well attested by the effects on its strong iron frame, which, from its fluted and scaly appearance, looks as though it had been heated for a long time in a furnace. The Safe, with heaps of molten glass and kegs of nails, fused into a mass, fell into the cellar, surrounded by burning materials, and there was suffered to remain (as the contents had been removed before the fire reached us,) until the 2d of August, 14 days afterwards.

The difficulty in cutting it open with the best tools that could be procured, convinced us of its power to resist the attempts of burglars, and when it was opened, we found the interior, to the astonishment of all, entirely uninjured by fire.

This test has so fully convinced us of the capabilities of your Safes, that we would not part with the one we have in use for a large sum, were we debarred the privilege of getting another. Respectfully yours,

R. H. WARDLAW & SON.

FARREL, HERRING & CO.,

130 Walnut Street, Philadelphia,

Only Makers in this State, of

HERRING'S PATENT CHAMPION SAFE,

The most reliable security from fire now known.

October 16, 1858-2m

MARRIED.

At the Franklin House, Philadelphia, on the 16th inst., by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. J. Wesley Hammond to Miss Lydia Ann Pusey, both of Chester county, Pa.

On the 15th inst., by Rev. William Barns, Mr Samuel Ebersol, of Harrisburg, to Miss Sarah Jones, of Perry county, Pa.

In Columbia, Pa. on Wednesday, Nov. 17, by Rev. J. S. Grimes, Mr. Samuel P Graver, to Miss Mary H. Strine all of Columbia, Pa.

At the residence of the brides father, in Lancaster Co. on Thursday, Nov. 25th, by the same, Mr. Henry Wisler, to Miss Matilda Hogentogler.

AT ODD FELLOWS' HALL,

TUESDAY EVENING, Nov. 30, '58,

Go See Dr. DRAKEUS, the Mimic of the World, in his

CARPET-BAG OF FUN.

THE Entertainments will consist of a Melange of Recitation, Declamation, (with Peroration,) and Mimicry—all most laughable Go see him by all means Tickets, 25 Cts. Doors open at seven o'clock, performance to commence at a quarter to 8. nov27-1t.

NIGHT SCHOOL.

THE undersigned proposes to commence a NIGHT SCHOOL ON NEXT MONDAY EVENING to continue for the period of three months, at the school house on Fourth street, near the Presbyterian church; the object of the school is to afford an opportunity to those who cannot attend day school.

CHARLES H. McCULLOUGH

November 27, 1858-3t

FOR RENT,

A TWO-STORY FRAME HOUSE, situated in Cherry street, in the Borough of Columbia, adjoining the Friends' Meeting House. The house is commodious, having two rooms, beside dining room and kitchen, on the first floor, and corresponding apartments on the second story. There is a garden with fruit trees in the rear. Apply to

Nov. 27, 1858 3t ROBERT HARRY.

NOTICE!

THE stockholders of the Columbia Gas Company, are requested to meet on SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1858, between the hours of 10 and 3 o'clock, at the office, to elect a President and six Managers, for the ensuing year