troduced, with all the requisite forms, to Celina's parents, rich landed proprietors. In October it was agreed that they should be married.

"But," said Frederick, "as I have purchased my experience dearly of the danger of delay, we will get it over, out of hand at once."

"As quickly as the settlements can be drawn up," answered Felicien.

They were to be married in the country, at a pretty rural church, half hidden in a wood, something quite romantic.

On the fifteenth of October the engaged ones presented themselves at the mayor's to have the civil contract registered before going to church. The register addressed the solemn question to Frederick—

"Frederick Dervieux, do you consent to take to wife Mademoiselle Celina Fleury, here present?"

"No!" exclaimed the young man, overcome by an attack of jealousy.

On their way thither he had surprised a mutual look of strange intelligence between his bride and Felicien Dorez, and that circumstance, so unexpected, pierced his heart and troubled his reason.

As may readily be supposed, the marriage ended there.

Nevertheless, before the end of the month, matters were explained, and things made up again. The fifteenth of November the young couple returned to the registrar's.

After Frederick had been questioned and had duly replied "Yes," the lady was interrogated in her turn.

Do you consent to take Frederick Dervieux, here present, for your husband?"

"No!" replied Celina, energetically, to revenge herself for his former disdain and the insult she had received.

Another rupture more decided than the former. Last week, as Celina admitted that she had only done so to give Frederick a Roland for his Oliver, they all returned once more to the registrar's.

The civil officer, however, though he had been but little pleased with their previous behavior, had said nothing, but when they presented themselves a third time, he gave utterance to these words, addressing the young couple:—

"When Mademoiselle was ready, sir, you were not; and you mademoiselle, when the gentleman was ready, declined; so now that both of you are willing, I am not in *my* turn. Marriage is too serious a thing to be lightly treated. Come back, if you please in a month!" And bowing, he withdrew.

And Frederick is looking forward with the greatest anxiety for that period of probation to have passed.

"Strange destiny!" he cried. "Always some will o' the wisp across my path, nothing real! Now I can understand the severe punishment of Tantalus, which I always looked upon as a fable before."

JOHN G. SAXE'S THREE TRAVELERS.—Saxe, in a letter to the Boston Post, draws these portraits of three familiar travelers:

1st, the man who travels with his wife, 2d, the man who travels with his wife's sister; 3d, the man who travels with another man's wife. The first case is extremely common, and not particularly interesting. The man is taciturn, and sleeps apparently as much as he can; the woman has a slightly subdued expression of face, and looks a good deal at the scenery along the road, of which she says, for the most part—nothing. When she does speak, as sometimes happens, at the sight of something very remarkable, she says "See—John!"—that is all. The man looks carefully after the baggage, and assures his spouse, in reply to a question, that it's "all right." The woman takes care of all the small "traps," and seems comfortable and contented. Altogether, they behave quite rationally, and, in spite of their seeming unsociability, are really very fond of each other, and will make a pleasant trip of it—not only to the end of their railroad tour, but to the terminus of their matrimonial journey.

The man who travels with his wife's sister carries himself, perhaps, in the main, like the man who travels with his wife. But he is much more talkative, and takes more pains to be agreeable. He feels that more is expected of him, and as it goes in commercial affairs, the supply is equal to the demand. A pleasant thing is a wife's sister unless, indeed, she is quite the reverse—and that is not the sort of a woman I am talking of. She takes the wife's place in the house sometimes, and may chance to make an excellent stepmother. Why not?—for is she not already the aunt of her nieces and nephews? This sort of marriage, however, is I believe, anti-Levitical, as I some of the theologians don't approve of it—which is a pity.

The man who travels with another man's wife is of a much more marked behavior. How attentive he is to all the real and possible wants of the lady! He respects her whims even, which, you may be sure, her husband does not, at home or abroad. How carefully he hands her in and out! How sedulously he plies her ear with discourse! And yet he imagines people take him for the lady's spouse! No, my dear sir; the brakeman in the corner knows better than that. Husbands may be uxorious, but kindness such as yours is more like that of a *cavalier servente*—which, after all, I dare say, you are not. It's tiresome though, after a while, unless the lady is remarkably attractive, and pays her own fare, (which she sometimes forgets) and for a journey of a thousand miles, your own wife is much the more agreeable companion.

A MODEL NOTE.—The following document was read in evidence at a Justice's Court in Albany:

City of Albany, Jan. 19th.

I hereby certify one month from date, that I promise to receive from John O'Niel the sum of thirty dollars if he agrees to pay the same.

DENNIS SULLIVAN.

To find out what this means, a jury was kept under lock and key two days. They were then discharged, as they said that they "couldn't wool it no how."

☞"I presume you won't charge anything for just *remembering* me," said a one-legged sailor to a cork-leg manufacturer.

The Columbia Spy.

COLUMBIA, PA.
SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1859.

BUSINESS.—I. O. & H. F. BRUNER advertise to-day a new and fresh spring stock of Dry Goods, Groceries, &c. Give them a call.

HIRAM WILSON has recently made a noteworthy improvement in his store and dwelling, at the corner of Second and Locust streets. He has torn out the old divisions in the cramped and incommodious basement, replacing the supporting partition wall with iron columns, renewing the floor, and completely lining and plastering the whole store room. Windows have been broken in the wall on Second street and with the large windows and sash doors on Locust street, make this one of the very best business stands in the borough. The renovation has been complete—and out of little better than a cellar has grown a commodious, light and convenient store room. The shelving will be entirely renewed and with its brilliant burthen of new ware will not fail to attract. Mr. Wilson advertises his new stock to-day. We need not advise a call on Mr. W.—the new store will not lack custom. The improvements are not confined to the basement. The house is being thoroughly repaired throughout, and its exterior of new weatherboarding will add to the appearance of the corner. Had the house been rebuilt, of course we should have seen a handsome brick in place of the old frame, but the staunch old timbers of one of the *old* houses of the town give promise of many more years of usefulness.

CONST. BETNER is ahead of all competitors with his delicious Ice Cream. His saloon will be opened on Monday, when there will be a rush.

ICE will be delivered from the new ice house next week. The advertisement may be looked for in next Saturday's *Spy*. The proprietors have made arrangements for a complete supply of clear pure ice, and customers will find themselves regularly served and accommodated at reasonable rates.

A FAREWELL SERMON.—On last Sunday evening REV. WILLIAM BARNS, pastor of the M. E. Church took leave of his congregation and the people of Columbia in a farewell sermon which attracted a large and interested audience. Mr. Barns has been long and well known in our town, and has, more than any other clergyman among us, attracted strangers to his church. His farewell, therefore, was addressed not only to his own people but to the citizens without distinction of sect who had generally listened to his preaching. He is parted with regretfully by a large portion of the community, and leaves Columbia with the honor and respect due to a venerable, faithful and strictly conscientious minister and man. In his ministry he has surely spared no sinner, and neither has he unduly favored the saints. Mr. Barnes bears with him the best wishes of hundreds of friends. May his successor as faithfully till the field in which the retiring pastor has for two years so unflagglingly labored.

CONFIRMATION.—On Wednesday last the rite of confirmation was administered in St. Paul's Episcopal Church, by Assistant Bishop BOWMAN. Twenty one persons male and female were added to the membership of the church. The interesting ceremony was witnessed by a full congregation. Under the pastoral charge of REV. MR. APPLETON this church is steadily increasing in strength in our town.

MR. KEMMERER'S CONCERT.—Mr. Kemmerer, with his host of pupils, will give one of his characteristic concerts, in the Odd Fellows' Hall, on Monday evening next, as advertised to-day. These entertainments are always exceedingly popular and Mr. Kemmerer and children will be greeted by an overflowing audience. The character of his concerts are too well understood to need a word in explanation; all who attend will be pleased without fail.

OPENING OF THE CANAL.—It is expected that the Pennsylvania Canal will be opened for navigation—at least the water will then be let in—on Monday next, 28th inst. The North Branch Canal will at that time be prepared for the spring trade and no effort will be spared to put the main line in a condition to accommodate its northern branches. We may look for a busy season after navigation fairly opens.

The destruction of the Clarks Ferry Bridge, by the storm of last week, will not interfere with the transit of boats at that point. The Penna. Railroad Company will place a suitable tug on the river as soon as the Canals are in a condition to pass boats.

LUMBER.—The river during the latter part of last and the beginning of the present week was exceedingly high, the water almost entirely covering the Pier opposite Walnut street. Wind and water prevented rafting until Tuesday, when both sufficiently subsided to permit navigation. By Thursday our wharves were crowded with rafts, and at present the shore is lined from the bridge to the dam with hundreds of crafts from the headwaters. But little lumber has thus far been disposed of at this place, a large quantity being run to the lower markets. Prices are still unsettled, the rivermen "bulling" the market with the aid of dolorous reports in the up-river papers. Our buyers are confident of the supply being as large as in '58, and by no means willing to purchase at high rates. Supply and demand will accommodate themselves to each other within a week or two, however, and the market rates become fixed. We hope to see a large stock laid in and a busy spring on our wharves.

NEW GATE KEEPER.—Mr. John Rich having resigned his situation as gatekeeper at the eastern end of the bridge, the Board of Directors, on Tuesday last, chose Mr. Benjamin Barr to succeed him. The appointment is a good one, and the new officer will doubtless give satisfaction to the traveling public.

GOSSIP.—We are forced by the dearth of news in our own world to go out among the rest of mankind, seeking what our readers may devour. We do not trammel ourself with the trifling drawbacks of day and date, but serve up facts in their stark-naked-ness.

The "harmonius democracy" have been in convention in Harrisburg, setting up candidates to be, as say their enemies, bowled down down next fall. Richardson L. Wright is their selection for Auditor General, and John Rowe for Surveyor General. A platform was erected as usual, on which J. B. stands erect, but off which Governor Packer was crowded by a heavy majority. The "spoilsmen" shout "Jubilate! the fail has killed him;" but the Governor's friends claim that, like the cat, he lighted on his feet. There is bad blood between the factions of the once unterrified, hence the item next ensuing.

That power independent of the throne, (formerly behind it,) John W. Forney, editor of the *Press*, has called a convention of the uncorrupted wing of the late democratic party, to meet in Harrisburg next month, for the purpose of salving Governor Packer's wounds, and striking back. *Nous Verrons.*

The divorce committee in the House of Representatives has reported a bill sundering the heaven-born and religiously solemnized bonds between Horace Fry, Esq., and Emily L., his wife. The majority report accompanying the bill does not set forth any ill doing on the part of the husband, but gives it as the decided opinion of the signers that the young people can never have a good time together again, and had better be authorized by an immaculate Legislature, for the better preservation of public morality and peace, to resolve themselves into the elementary Fry and Grigg. True, the husband protests that he don't want to be divorced, and he won't be divorced if memorializing the Legislature will save him, but the young wife's photograph has been circulated among the members, and the young dogs so love a pretty face that we fear Horace's chance of keeping his Emily is slim indeed.

J. B. has decided not to call a special session of Congress, so the Post Office department must get on as it may. Fat jobs will not be so plentiful for the succeeding nine months.

In re Sickles the Grand Jury has found a true bill. The trial will probably come on next week. In the meantime Mr. Sickles undergoes a punishment at the hands of the illustrated newspapers, disportioned to his offense. Unless the unfortunate man has been subjected to the question extraordinary by some secret tribunal, we cannot believe that his limbs ever assumed the fearfully unnatural position depicted in a late number of *Harper's Weekly*. His unhappy wife is not even allowed to depart from Washington, the scene of her shame, to hide herself and her misery, without the artist (?) of another enterprising pictorial being on the spot to distort the wretched woman's grief, and that of her household. Pah! If our illustrated papers can find no happier subjects for the pencils and gravers of their employees they had better confine themselves exclusively to pilferings from the European pictorials.

General Henningsen, of fillibuster memory, has organized an emigrating expedition to Arizona, which will probably ask ad extension of its charter to embrace Nicaragua, Sonora, or any other helpless and unprotected Spanish American State. We hope that executive interference will be regulated by the defensive resources of the endangered country. If men and arms and powder, and, above all, hemp, are plenty, lay no straw in the way of a liberal emigration.

The Paraguay canal boat expedition will probably turn out a glorious National enterprise creditable alike to our resources and our foresight—to say nothing of our arms. If the river keeps at a "good rafting stage" our scows may succeed in getting near enough to Lopez's forts to be blown out of water. Should the dry season set in they can paddle round near the mouth, out of harms way. Shall we pray for rain or drouth?

Over the water the French Emperor's billigerent attitude has raised the cry of "wolf" throughout Europe. That lamb, Austria, is very fearful that the prowling Napoleon is about to make meat of her, and is encouraged in her belief by Sardinia who hopes to come in for a chop. England cries peace and Prussia cries peace, and Russia is always ready for a piece. The Nephew is probably shamming and unfortunate Italy will have to wait yet a little while.

Mexico if no better is no worse than usual. To be sure she is the victim of a horde of ambitious presidents, each with an army to back him, and her brave sons fall by the half-dozen in every battle; but this is her normal state—her people enjoy their peculiar privileges as we do the inestimable one of the ballot box. They fight as we vote, and it would be difficult to decide which exercise of popular right is most disastrous to the respective countries. We have just dispatched a special minister to this happy land in search of a government. A decisive battle is impending, the result of which Mr. McLane will await, when he will immediately recognize the hopelessly defeated party.

DEPUTY CORONER.—We notice that the name of our former townsman, A. R. Spangler, Esq., takes prominent place in the Lancaster city and county papers as active Deputy Coroner, under appointment by the Governor, for this county. Mr. Spangler's tenure of office dates back to the time of the Manheim Tragedy, but he has only lately been called upon prominently in his official capacity. He recently held the inquest on the body of a man who drowned himself in one of the locks of the Conestoga Navigation, and is ever ready to perform his not pleasant duties, promptly and carefully. The office is one requiring judgment and intelligence, and Mr. Spangler's many friends in Columbia will agree with us in endorsing him as excellently qualified for the position.

THE WAVERLY NOVELS.—The well-known firm of T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, are now engaged in publishing a remarkably cheap edition of these unapproachable works of fiction. The first, "Ivanhoe," appeared on Saturday of last week; the next, "Guy Mannering," will issue to-day, "Rob Roy," next, and so on, one novel will be published regularly on each and every coming Saturday, until the whole number of volumes—twenty-six—is completed. The low price fixed by the publishers for them is only 25 cents a volume, or the whole twenty-six volumes for five dollars. A complete set will be forwarded, *free of postage, by mail*, to any part of the United States, to any one, by the publishers, on receiving a remittance of five dollars for the twenty-six volumes; or a remittance of three dollars will pay for the first twelve volumes; or a remittance of one dollar will pay for the first four volumes. The novels will be neatly printed, and each volume will contain about 125 pages, printed on fine white paper, and neatly bound with paper cover. The revised uniform Edinburgh edition, from which this is reprinted, comprises forty-eight volumes, the cost of which, is *seventy-two dollars;* and this edition will contain every word of the Edinburgh edition. We commend the determination of this enterprising Philadelphia firm, to furnish the works of an author like Walter Scott, at a price so reasonable, that all persons whatever may possess a full set, and direct the attention of our readers to the fact, and would advise them all to make a remittance of Five Dollars at once, per first mail, to the publishers, for the entire set, who will send them complete to any one, *free of postage*, on receipt of that sum.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—The Boston Monthly for April comes to us rather heavily freighted, but with many readable papers withal. "Bulls and Bears" and Mrs. Stowe's "Minister's Wooing" are continued, and the "Professor" talks and lets others talk so pleasantly that we are resigned to fate of his and our friend, the "Autocrat." The "Atlantic" has established itself on the firm basis of pecuniary success. Its assured circulation precludes financial failure, and the high character of editor and publishers forbids a thought of literary deterioration. We may then regard the "Monthly" as a stability; a fixed star in its ability to *stick*, though by no means stationary—it is as progressive as the late comet without its transient qualities. The enterprising publisher are now reaping the reward of their determination to give the American public a worthy periodical literature, *coute qui coute*, in a circulation of 40,000 copies monthly.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—The number for March 26th gives us a pleasant portrait of the gentle essayist, Charles Lamb, with a memoir. It is, beside, made up of articles from Reviews, and the English political newspapers, with some good political selections. No periodical so completely furnishes its readers with the best selections from leading foreign periodicals, and none so amply repay careful perusal. Published weekly by Littell, Son & Co., Boston, and Delisser & Proctor, New York, at 13 cents a single number or $6 a year.

OUR MUSICAL FRIEND.—This is a new enterprise, being a weekly issue of music in pamphlet form. Each number contains three or four pieces of popular and standard music handsomely printed, at the exceedingly low price of 10 cents. The work is published by C. B. Seymour & Co., 13 Frankfort st., New York. Subscription price $5 per annum. See advertisement.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.—We simply acknowledge the receipt of Household Words for April. The character of the work is so high and so well established that praising it seems a work of supererogation. We can never, however, too strongly recommend to our readers a subscription for the work.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.—This pleasant family periodical for April has been received. It is good, as ever, and furnishes an infinity of pleasure and instruction in its pages for its thousands of readers. Arthur's is one of the favorite Magazines of the day, and deserves the reputation it enjoys.

NORTH BRITISH REVIEW.—We have received Leonard, Scott & Co's reprint of the North British Review for February. It contains: The Algerian Literature of France; Carlyle's Frederick the Great; Fiji and the Fijians; The Philosophy of Language; Sir Thomas Moore and the Reformation; Intuitionalism and the Limits of Religious Thought; De la Rive's Electricity in Theory and Practice; Scottish Home Missions; Recent Publications.

For the Columbia Spy.

It is a blessed thing that our Locust St. has been so handsomely repaired. It is almost as smooth as a board, and affords some of our citizens a glorious opportunity of showing off the speed of the high-mettled nags at the break-neck pace of 2.40, by the watch, greatly to the delight and admiration of all true lovers of the turf. In olden time it was thought that the street of a town should not be kept as a race course, and that all persons traveling on it with horses, &c., should go at a leisurely rate, so that citizen tax payers who furnish the means to councilmen to improve the town with, might with their wives and children cross it on foot or otherwise, at leisure, without endangering life or limb. But that was in the days gone by, when none but old fogies lived in this world. In these modern days when fast horses are more appreciated than good men, anybody to object to the trotting of horses in the streets must be behind the times, and as it is so handsomely done by one or more of our good councilmen, it is to be presumed that that the ancient ordinances prohibiting it have been repealed. It is hoped that our excellent High Constable will feel it his pleasure and duty to attend on the street at the proper hour, and see that no man, woman and child, hog or dog, obstructs the course during the time of the races, that the lovers of the sport may enjoy themselves without let or hindrance.

AN ARDENT TURFMAN.

A Russian Major of Police.

Droschkying one day along the Gorokhovaia, or street of Peas, there passed me, darting in and out of the usual mounted dust, one of the neatest turn outs in the way of a private droschky that I had seen since my arrival in St. Petersburg. The horse was a magnificient Alezan, worth from eight hundred to a thousand rubles probably—an arch-necked, small, proud, wicked-headed brute. The Ischtvostchik was a picture—stalwart, well-proportioned, full-bearded, and white-teethed; his caften well-fitting; his sash resplendent, his neck-cloth so snowy in its hue, so irreproachable in its uncreasiness, that it might have shown to advantage at a Sunday school revival—nay, might have been thought not unworthy to gleam with a sanctified shimmer on the platform of Exeter Hall the Great, itself. He held his reins delicately, and dallied with them digitally, more as though he were playing on the harpsichord than guiding a vicious horse. Behind this grand-ducal-droschkying-looking charioteer there sat a stout man with a stouter flabbier, and very pale and unwholesome-looking visage. It was the reverse of good to see those pendant cheeks of his, gelatinizing over the choking collar of his uniform. Moreover, he wore gold-rimmed spectacles; moreover, his shiny black hair was cropped close to his head, much more in a recently-discharged English ticket-of-leave than in a Russian and military fashion; moreover he had not a vestige of moustache about him; and this last circumstance, combined with a tiny equilateral triangle of turn-down collar that asserted itself over each side of his stock below where his cheeks were wagging, puzzled me mightily, mingling as both together did a dash of the civil with the military element in him. For as to the rest of his attire he was all martial—coat buttoned up to here, spiked and double-eagled helmet, gray capote, buckskin gloves, and patent-leather boots. Could this be the Czar himself? I asked myself. I had heard of the studiously unostentatious manner in which the autocrat perambulates the streets of his capital; but then I knew also, from the columns of that morning's *Journal de St. Petersburg*, that the Gossudar was at Revel, indulging in the innocent delights of sea-bathing with his wife and family. Who could this be—the Governor of St. Petersburg? Count Nesselrode? Say.

Let me here remark that the Russians, who are the cutest sophists, if not the closest reasoners, to be found in a long life's march, frequently allude with exulting complacency to the quiet, modest, and on-his-people-confiding manner in which the Emperor goes about.—"We have no walking on jealously-guarded slopes in Russia," they say; "our Emperor takes his morning walk from nine to ten on the Quay de la Cour, in front of the Winter Palace, where the poorest moujik or gondola boatman can salute him. We have no barouches-and-four, no glass coaches with cuirassiers riding with cocked pistols at the windows, or escorts of Cent Gardes; or hussars, or lancers, following behind. We have not even outriders or equeries—nay, not a single footman nor groom. The Czar is driven about in a one-horse shay, an Ischvostchik to drive him, just as you may have one, only a little dirtier, for your five-and-twenty copecks; and that is all. Our Czar's escort is in the people he loves so well; his greatest safeguard is in their unalterable veneration and affection for him." Unto such Russians I have ordinarily answered, True, oh king! but what needs your master with an escort when St. Petersburg is one huge barrack, or rather one huge police station? What need of Cent Gardes when there are thousands of police guards walking within the Czar's droschky-sight on the Nevskoi? What need has a keeper to be afraid of a fierce bear, when the beast is muzzled, and chained, and shakled to the floor of his den, and barred in besides?

I had with me on this occasion a companion of the Russian ilk, and made bold to ask that Muscovite who this gray-capoted unmoustachioed apparition in the handsome droschky might be. I must explain that I was very young to Russia at this time—a month's longer residence would have made me wondrously uniform wise; for being necessarily and constantly in contact with persons wearing some uniform garb or other, a man must needs grow learned in buttons, and facings, and coat-cuts, and sword-hilts, and can nose a guardsman or a linesman on the Nevskoi by what is nautically—and perhaps naughtily—expressed as the cut of his jib, as easily as Polonius was said to be susceptible of nasal detection by the Danish gentleman who saw the ghost, and used bad language to his mother.

The Russian to whom I addressed this query responded, first by the usual shrug, next by the usual smile, and lastly by the inevitable Russian counter-query:

"Do you mean to say you don't know?"

"I have not the slightest notion. A field-marshal? Prince Gortschakoff? General Todleben?"

"My dear fellow, that is a major of police!"

"His pay must be something enormous then, or his private fortune must be very handsome," I ventured to remark; "he being able to drive so elegant an equipage as the one we have just seen."

"That dog's son," the Russian answered leisurely, "has not a penny of his own in the world, and his full pay and allowances may amount at the very outside, to about two hundred and fifty rubles a year," (forty pounds.)

"But whence the private droschky, the Alezan horse, the silver-mounted harness, the luxury of the whole turn-out?" I asked.

"*Il prend*," (he takes,) the Russian answered very coolly; whereupon, as by this time we had arrived at the corner of the Great Moorskaia, he deigned to descend from the vehicle, and, leaving me to pay the Ischvostchik, he went on his way, and I saw him no more till dinner-time.

☞Mrs. Partington, after listening to the reading of an advertisement for a young ladies' boarding school, said:

"For my part, I can't deceive what on airth eddication is coming to. When I was young, if a girl only understood rules of distraction, provision, multiplying, replenishing and common doniator, and knew all about the rivers and their obituaries, the covenants and domitories, the provinces and the umpires, they had eddication enough. But now they have to study bottomy, algierby, and have to demonstrate supposition about sycophants of circuses, tangents and Diogenese of parallelgramy, to say nothing about the exiles, corostics and abtruse triangles!" Thus saying, the old lady leaned back in her chair, her knitting work fell in her lap, and for some minutes she seemed in meditation.

DESTRUCTION OF THE CLARK'S FERRY BRIDGE. The storm of wind and rain which visited our borough on Friday night, appears to have been of a more destructive character further up the river. Six spans of the Clark's Ferry bridge were carried away, broken to pieces, and lie scattered along the banks of the river. The bridge was originally built by the State, but at the time of its destruction belonged to the Pennsylvania Central Railroad Company. It consisted of ten spans; six of which were swept away—three from the western end, and three from Duncan's Island. Those in the middle are still standing, but expected to go every moment.

The report that three men were on the bridge at the time of its destruction, is untrue. A peddler's wagon passed over the bridge but a few moments before it fell, but no other persons were on it. The greatest excitement prevailed along shore and in the neighborhood of the scene of the calamity. About three acres of the land at Duncan's Island has been washed away. All the lowlands along the Susquehanna, in Perry county, are inundated. A number of rafts broke loose, and were swept down the river without the consent of their owners.—One raft, containing two men and a woman went over the dam; the water at that place being almost level at the present time. The wind blew a perfect tornado, and it is feared that an immense amount of property has been destroyed further up the river. Up to the present time, we have heard of no lives being lost. The river is much higher now than it has been any time this season, but is gradually falling.—*Harrisburg Patriot and Union.*

EXTRAORDINARY FISHING.—The steamer Narragansett, which formerly plied between Stonington and New York, was what is called a "crack" boat, and when she encountered a sea would poke her nose under and take it on deck. One night, she shipped a heavy sea, which stove some crates of fresh codfish stowed on the forward deck, and bursting in the doors which guarded the main deck, washed in upon the deck passengers, carrying with it an avalanche of fish. "By the holy Saint Patrick!" exclaimed an Emerald Islander, as he surveyed the effects of the wave, "it bates the divil, sure, *how she scoops them up!*"

☞When a person disputes with his neighbor from their respective windows, why is there no chance of their being to agree?—Because they argue from *different premises.*

☞SEE NEW ADVERTISEMENTS OF A. M. RAMBO, ODD FELLOWS' HALL, IN TO-DAY'S PAPER.

Philadelphia Division P. R. R.—Winter Arrangement.

On and after Monday, Nov. 29, Passenger Trains on this Division will run as follows:

LEAVE EASTWARD.

	Lanc. Ac.	*Har Ac*	*Mail.*
Columbia,	8.00 A.M.	2.50 P.M.	6.55 P.M.
Lancaster,	8.35 "	3.28 "	7.30 "
ARR. AT W. Philad.,	11.50 "	6.45 "	10.30 "

LEAVE WESTWARD.

	Mail	*Har Ac.*	*Lanc. Ac*
Philada.,	7.30 A.M.	1.00 P.M.	4.30 P.M.
Lancaster,	10.45 "	4.35 "	8.00 "
Arr. at Col'a,	11.16 "	5.15 "	8.35 "

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.

THE GEAT 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.

OUR MUSICAL FRIEND:

Twelve Pages of Popular Music for 12 Cents.

"Our Musical Friend" is filled with the best Piano Solos, Duetts, Songs, Operatic Arias, Polkas, Mazurkas, Quadrilles, Waltzes, and every other species musical composition for Voice and Piano by the best American and European Composers; printed on full-sized music paper, adapted to every grade of performer

The same quantity of music, procured from the regular publishers would cost more than ten time what we charge.

A year's subscription to our "Musical Friend," will secure new and fashionable music worth at less Two Hundred Dollars, and entirely sufficient for the home circle.

PRICE TEN CENTS, WEELY,

Yearly, $5; Half Yearly, $2.50; Quarterly, $1,25 cents. The volume commenced on the 1st December, 1858.

C. B. SEYMOUR & CO., Proprietors.
13, Frankfort street, New York.
March 5, 1859-3m

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 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.

FARREL, HERRING & CO'S PATENT CHAMPION SAFE.

LATE FIRE AT DUBUQUE, IOWA.

Dubuque, Jan 7, 1859.

Gents: I am requested by Mr. T. A. C. Cochrane, of this place, to say to you that on the morning of the 4th instant, about 3 o'clock, his store took fire, and the entire stock of goods was destroyed. The heat became so suddenly intense that none of the goods could possibly be saved; but fortunately his books and papers, which were in one of your Champion Safes, were all preserved perfectly. And well they may be called Champion, for during the whole conflagration there was one incessant pouring of flame directly upon the Safe which contained them. And still, upon opening it, the inside was found to be scarcely warm, while the outside was most severely scorched. Yours truly,

N. A. McCLURE.

Herring's Patent Champion and Fire and Burglar-Proof Safes, with Hall's Patent Powder Proof Locks, afford the greatest security of any Safe in the world. Also, Sideboard and Parlor Safes, of elegant workmanship and finish, for plate, &c.,

Farrel, Herring & Co, have removed from 34 Walnut street, to their new store, No 629 Chestnut street, (Jayne's Hall) where the largest assortment of Safes in the world can be found.

FARREL, HERRING & CO.,
629 Chestnut street, (Jayne's Hall,) Philadelphia.
March 12, 1859.

Dalley's Magical Pain Extractor

will cure the following among a great catalogue of diseases: Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Chafes, Sore Nipples, Corns, Bunions, 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.

MARRIED.

By the Rev. H. S. Rodenbough, at the residence of the brides father, near Norristown, MR. THOMAS R. SUPPLEE, of Columbia, to MISS SUSAN, daughter of Mr. John Hiser.

GRAND JUVENILE CONCERT.

AT THE ODD FELLOWS' HALL,

MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 28, '59.

MR. KEMMERER will give a Grand Musical Entertainment of Miscellaneous Music; assisted by upward of 100 pupils, who will sing 20 different pieces. ☞Tickets, 15 cents. Children 10 cents. Commence at 7½ o'clock [March 26, 1859-1t

20 Per Cent

O Faber saved in using the Washing and Scouring Solution for washing Cotton and Linen. Directions accompanying each bottle. For sale at

A. M RAMBO'S
Family Grocery Store, Odd Fellows' Hall.
Columbia, March, 26, 1859

Bar and Ale Tumblers.

LAGER Beer Mugs, Table Tumblers, and glass ware of all kinds for sale at

A. M. RAMBO'S
Family Grocery Store, Odd Fellows' Hall,
Columbia, March 26, 1859.

NOTICE!

THE Stockholders of the Columbia Pier Company are requested to meet at the office of George Bogle, on MONDAY, APRIL 4, 1859, at 7 o'clock P. M., to elect 5 managers for the ensuing year. By Order of the Board.

March 26, '59 A. S. GREEN, Secretary

Cocoaine.

FOR preserving and beautifying the hair and rendering it dark and glossy. It is the best and cheapest Hair Dressing in the world. For sale at

J. S. DELLETT & CO'S.
Golden Mortar Drug Store, Front street.
March 26 1859

Gelantine.

PATENT refined Sparkling Gelantine. For sale at the Golden Mortar Drug Store. m 26, '59

FRENH Burning Fluid, Alcohol and Camphene. Always to be had at

J. S. DELLETT & CO'S.
m 26, '59. Golden Mortar Drug Store.

Just Received and For Sale,

200 Bbls. Ground Plaster; 50 bbls Extra Family Flour; 25 bbls. No 1 Lard Oil of best quality; 300 bus. Ground Alum Salt by

B. F. APPOLD.
March 26, '59 No 1 and 2 Canal Basin.

ICE CREAM.

FIRST OF THE SEASON,

THE subscriber announces to the Ladies and Gentlemen of Columbia, that he will open his Saloon, in Front street, above Walnut, for the sale of his delicious

ICE CREAM,

ON MONDAY EVENING NEXT, 28th inst, after which time he will be prepared to furnish this article to customers or to families in large or small quantities.

The public is respectfully invited to give him a call.

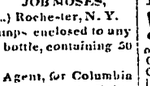
CONST. BETNER.
Columbia, March 26, 1859.

HATS AND CAPS!

Latest Styles and Best Articles.

THE subscriber would call the attention of the public to the New Stock of Spring Styles

HATS AND CAPS,



just received by him from the city. He can offer the best assortment of Dress Hats, Felt Hats—all shades, Caps, Children's Hats and Caps, &c., ever brought to Columbia. He has an assortment of everything in his line of business and can insure bargains to his customers. Give him a call.

JACOB HESS.
No. 2 Shreiner's Row, Front street, Columbia, Pa.
March 26, 1859.

PUBLIC SALE OF TOWN PROPERTY!

IN pursuance of an order of the Orphans' Court of Lancaster county, will be sold at public sale, at the Washington House, in the borough of Columbia, on WEDNESDAY, April 20, 1859, the following

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE,

property of the estate of Isaac Pusey, deceased:

No 1. A LOT OF GROUND, situated on the corner of Mill Road, second and Laurens streets, in the borough of Columbia, on which is erected a one-story frame DWELLING HOUSE.

No 2. The undivided one-half of the following property: well known as the

COLUMBIA FLOUR MILL:

A Saw Mill, two DWELLING HOUSES, and the Lot of Ground on which they are erected; Seven Acres of Meadow Land, and 200 feet of Wharf property on the Susquehanna River.

Terms of sale, one-fourth cash; the remaining three-fourths in one year from the day of sale, with interest.

☞Sale to commence at 7 o'clock P. M. of said day, when attendance will be given by

ELIZABETH PUSEY, Administrator.
Columbia, March 26, 1859.

MEDICINES, MEDICINES.

WOOD'S Hair Restorative.
Hunter's Vegetable Panacea.
Helmbold's Buchu and Sarsaparilla.
Costar's Rat and Roach Exterminator.
Kennedy's Medical Discovery.
Bach's American Compound.
Dobbler's Fever and Ague