

THE COLUMBIA SPY.

Samuel Wright, Editor and Proprietor.

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JUST RECEIVED.

At the Golden Mortar Drug Store, an extra quality of Lyons Pure Olive Oil

DR. J. Z. HOFFER, DENTIST—OFFICE, Front Street 4th door from Locust

DR. S. ARMOR, HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN, COLUMBIA, PA.

THOMAS WELSH, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Columbia, Pa.

DR. G. W. MIFFLIN, DENTIST, Locust street, a few doors above the Odd Fellows Hall

H. M. NORTH, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Columbia, Pa.

J. W. FISHER, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Columbia, Pa.

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SHAKERS CORN. A fresh lot of Shaker Corn for sale by HENRY SUYDAM.

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JUST RECEIVED, a beautiful assortment of Glass Ink Stands, at the Headquarters and Columbia, Pa. 1857.

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Field, Flower and Garden Seeds. To great variety. Warranted Fresh and Genuine.

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DR. W. J. COLEMAN & CO. Family Medicine Store, Odd Fellows Hall

COLEMAN & CO. Grocers and Commission Merchants. S. W. Corner of Franklin and Pine Streets

Selections.

From Household Words. A New Baby.

Having been during the greater part of my life addicted to the study of the abstruse, it will not appear incredible that a single hour's careful perusal of the page of the philosophic Bradshaw led me to the conclusion that it was possible to proceed from the Paddington Station to the Great Western Railway, to that of Pwlyr-gy-Gwllor-ddlos, South Wales, within the compass of an autumn day.

I rose early and I did it. The distance actually traversed was literally nothing—a poor hundred and seventy miles or so. But the immense number of branches and of lesser sprays resulting therefrom—combined with the elaborate and artistic non-correspondence of trains—spun out the journey to an affair of some thirteen hours.

So stealthily had our pace become before reaching Pwlyr-gy-Gwllor-ddlos, that it ended in our being totally unconscious of our standing still. We had arrived and didn't know it. It was, in truth, only by the guard dashing open the door, and uttering something that sounded like a violent clearing of the throat, that we were apprised of the welcome fact.

A walk of a mile, along a valley intersected by innumerable tramways, and lit up with mighty furnaces in full blast, brought me to my destination; the house of a friend who had medical charge of sixteen thousand stalwart bodies in temporal bondage to one of the great iron-masters of the district; receiving for his attentions three half-pence per month per body, total, twelve hundred pounds per annum, accidents extra.

The name of my host was Properjohn. And rarely has a suggestive patronymic been more happily applied. The orderly and exemplary character of my friend had won him to wife a youthful widow; whom, in virtue of a very distant connection, and a very old friendship, I was accustomed to call Cousin Cis. She was the freshest and fairest of little matrons. Not even two marriages had been able to chase the smile from her lip, the healthy pink from her smooth round cheek, or that pretty dimple which seemed expressly made for a baby's lip to fill.

On arriving at the house, the door was opened to me by a man-servant of grave and subdued demeanor. He spoke in a low, cautious key, and appeared to have a habit of glancing up the stairs, as if he were conscious of being watched over the banisters, or expected something would endeavor to make its escape from the house.

"How d'ye do, Benjamin? Dinner over, I suppose?" said I. Benjamin smiled compassionately. "Some time ago, sir."

I opened my eyes, for I had dined some scores of times at my friend's board, and never at an earlier hour than six. But I said no more on the trivial subject; and Benjamin, relaxing his dignity, respectfully inquired if I would proceed at once to my apartment, or visit the drawing-room. I chose the latter.

My pleasant hostess was alone, and came forward in her cordial manner to welcome me. I was grieved to see that she moved across the soft carpet anxiously, as though she had received some injury in her feet.

"Dropped off! God bless me! Off what, my dear cousin? Not seriously hurt? I—" "Hurt, you odd thing! What do you

mean! I say, he has but this very instant moment gone to seeps, or—" "Seeps, cousin?" "Sleep, I mean—or I'd have had him here to say ga-ga."

"Thank you very much, my dear cousin! But, I beg your pardon, say what?" "Ga-ga—ga-ga."

"And what's ga-ga? And why should Properjohn say it? And why to me? Is it a new Welsh welcome?" "Not Properjohn, you tease! It's Tiddlepeeps."

"Tiddle—" "Baby!"

"Ala. My little goslon! How is he? A young giant by this time, no doubt. Two years old is he not?"

"O, cousin!" said Cis, reproachfully; "where's your memory? Tiddlepeeps won't be two till the ninth of next month, and this is only the twenty-seventh! Won't you like to wash your hands? And then, unless you would prefer waiting till you have seen him, we will give you some dinner."

I elected to dine while the young gentleman had his "seeps" out, and then inquired for her husband.

Properjohn had ridden out to the neighboring village (about ten miles off) of Brynmawr to purchase a coral for the dear baby.

"Please" said Benjamin, who was hovering about the door, "nurse says, if Mr. Burkemyoung will take off them thick boots, and walk up stairs a tip-toe, and promise not to go nearer than the landing, she thinks he can just see his nose."

"Mr. Burkemyoung, however, declined this proposition, handsome as it was; and accepted the alternative of washing and dining. I was accordingly shown to a not very comfortable apartment on the ground-floor; and, on re-entering the drawing-room, encountered my friend Properjohn.

"Ha, Burkemyoung, old fellow!" said my jovial friend, "what d'ye think of him?" "My dear, he's asleep!" said his wife. "True, my life. Bless me, I forgot!" replied Properjohn, with some confusion.

"Burkemyoung couldn't have seen him—how could he! unless indeed \* \* \* By the way he might have—and in fact I thought he had—"

"What, my dear?" "There's a ladder, dear, against the parterre, close by the nursery window, which is open. I thought perhaps he'd just slipped up to see—"

"Open John! The window open? And off fell Cousin Cis, like a flash of lightning. Instead of the pleasant social repast to which I had been looking forward, I was set down in solitary state to my dinner, while my excellent friend, who had dined with his baby at one, sat and gazed at me—a thing I hate. I was dreadfully hungry; but I never ate so little, or that little at such imminent risk of choking.

The next dispatched, I suspected, from the increasing indifference to noise in the house, that the baby had awakened. Benjamin's face, as he came and went in attendance on me, became more and more important. At last he re-entered the room with ten-fold dignity, looked full at me as if he said: "Now, sir, collect yourself—prepare"—opened the door, and admitted the habine procession.

First, came nurse, walking backwards, partly to watch over the safety of the interesting charge, partly to enjoy the effect of the pageant. Then mamma, who would not on this occasion delegate her right, bearing the baby itself—excessively got up, and looking like a heavy roll-padding, insufficiently boiled, and garnished with lace. It had a vicious little eye like a weasel's, and a goblin aspect that made me feel uncomfortable.

The very ugliest babies are usually tolerated by adoring relatives; but this little contrivance was positively too had. It did not fulfil the common conditions of humanity. One hand was stuck outside the lace in a theatrical manner, which convinced me it was not chance. Babies' hands are said to be exquisitely beautiful; and certainly, if to be pink, and bent, and wrinkly, is sufficient to contribute loveliness, baby's hands were all that could be desired.

To return to the procession: the nurse-maid, carrying a very unnecessary candle, followed mamma; and Benjamin, instead of quitting the room, closed up the train: his eyes still fastened on mine, watching the effect of the scene.

I am a good-natured man enough. I could not bear to disappoint so many people at once. So I nerved myself to the utmost, and I may say without vanity, that the histrionic powers I evinced on this occasion would have startled a Macready, and driven Mr. Charles Keen into obscurity and Knight-hood.

I nourished a fervent hope that baby was either too sleepy or too sulky to go through any tricks to-night. Alas, not so! The little vicious eyes winked and gleamed. The creature opened an orifice in the face where the mouth is usually situated, and aped a human grin with frightful fidelity.

"Isn't that pretty?" said my cousin, her kind eyes beaming with delight, as the little round orifice closed up again, and a bubble appeared. I expressed my enthusiasm.

"Now, dear, say ga-ga." A savage squall was the sole reply. "There, there—be shant!" cried the terrified mother. "But perhaps he'll walk. O, cousin, he walks so sweetly—you must just see."

Nurse demurred. It was enough, for one

night, that the incomparable infant had displayed his beauty in repose. To-morrow Tiddlepeeps would do anything he was asked, and surprise us all. Wouldn't he?

Now, at last, I hoped we should have a pleasant hour. I had much to say and hear, and was quite impatient for the door to close on the retreating baby. But it didn't close. The door was left ajar. Nurse had gone down to her supper, and although a trusty nurse-maid kept guard over the infant treasure, it was clear that the attention of both parents were too much distracted to admit of any rational conversation.

At the slightest sound, mamma's voice panned, or sank to a listening pitch; and once, when a mouse squealed behind the wainscot, she fairly started from her seat, as if prepared to rush up stairs.

Nurse's supper appearing to be a prolonged and I being fairly tired out, withdrew to my chamber, really feeling that I was nerving most considerably to my good friends in leaving them at liberty to repair on tip-toe to baby's bedside, and to refresh themselves with one more look before retiring to their own well-deserved repose.

My host—but not my hostess—appeared at the breakfast-table, in the morning. "Poor Cis had had a dreadful night," said Properjohn. "It's only the better. She was up nineteen times with him."

"What's the matter?" "Flushed, you know. Wakes and turns over. You understand. Keeps opening and shutting his little hand. I didn't know what to make of it. We gave him paregoric every thirty-five minutes. Several times in the night the child looked as if he was going—"

"Going?" "—to cry. Cis is breakfasting in bed, regularly done. But she will be down in an hour or so."

Eventually she appeared. And baby too. "He has been talking so pretty all the morning. Isn't he nurse?" said my cousin exultingly.

Nurse replied, in substance, that his remarks had been both numerous and profound. "Flushed, you know. Wakes and turns over. You understand. Keeps opening and shutting his little hand. I didn't know what to make of it. We gave him paregoric every thirty-five minutes. Several times in the night the child looked as if he was going—"

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not?" asked Mr. Berton, who was noticing him.

"Of no, my father," said the young man, "I am only surprised at the bargain."

"Wherefore?" "Because it appears to me that utility should be considered in all things, and that this hill cannot be worth an acre of meadow land."

"I see you are unacquainted with antiquity."

"True; I have never understood what old earthenware proves, and what interest can be found in extinct races."

Mr. Berton eyed his son without replying. Eager to study him well, he cared not to startle his confidence by a debate. Some moments of silence ensued, which were suddenly interrupted by an impulsive exclamation from Camille. He perceived, afar off among the trees, the man, whose turret he recognized.

"Ah, yes, that is my observatory," said his father smiling; "not only an I an antiquary, my son; I have made myself an astronomer."

"You, my father?" "Our turret is transferred into a study, and a telescope is set there, which enables me to examine the stars."

"Is it possible you delight in occupying your mind with things beyond your reach, that you cannot change, and that are useless to you?"

"It employs time," said Mr. Berton, endeavoring to shun a serious discussion. "Moreover, you will notice many other changes. The old barnyard has been metamorphosed into an aviary, and the orchard into a botanical garden."

"These changes must needs have cost much."

"And I reap nothing from them."

"Then you yourself condemn them?" "I do not deny it, but here we are; let us step out."

The groom hastened to take the reins, and our two travelers left him to drive the chaise to the coach-house, while they entered the manor. Camille found the vestibule encumbered with old armor, geological specimens, and herbal specimens relative to the Austrian treatise on flowers.

"You seek a book for a cloak?" said Mr. Berton; who observed him glance around with a kind of disappointment, "that would be truly more useful than my curiosities; however, let us pass to the saloon."

The saloon was ornamented from the base of the pillars to the cornices with rare designs or medallions. The proprietor was anxious to excite his son's admiration of several frames, but the latter pleaded his ignorance.

"Indeed, all that has no great importance," said Mr. Berton, good humoredly, "we are overgrown children when curiosity amuses, but I notice with pleasure that you view life practically."

"It is owing to my uncle Barker," observed Camille with a rather theatrical modesty; "he frequently complained of time and treasures expended for the frivolous wondrous of art, and sought vainly what profit humanity could draw from sooty paper or painted linen."

They were interrupted by the entrance of a servant, who announced dinner and handed to Mr. Berton a new book received through the post; it was the work, impatiently expected, of a favorite poet.

"Come," said he, "do I intend delaying your dinner for verses! Uncle Barker would never have pardoned it."

"I am afraid not," replied Camille smiling; "for it was habitual to him to ask me to what purpose poems could be put."

Father and son commenced their meal; the conversation continuing on the same subject. Camille developed freely the opinions he owed to his uncle Barker, who had taught him to be sincere; but this candor arose with the old economist, less from adoration of the truth, than from love of the useful. He respected the honest course not on account of its being honest, but because he knew it to be the shortest. In his opinion, the life was a false calculation, vice a bad investment, and passion exaggerated expense! In all things, utility remained the supreme law.

From that cause, there was a strange hardness even in the worthy actions of the old man; his virtues appeared only properly solved problems. Camille had adopted his uncle's doctrine with the readiness that youth accepts what seems unanswerable.

Reducing everything by degrees to the permanent question—Of what use is it if his reasoning—which he took for reason—had reduced social duties to mathematical propositions. Cured, as he said, of the mental alienation called poetry, he acted in life as did that Jew who erased a painting of Titian's in order to have an unspecked canvas which might be good for something. Mr. Berton heard his son give his opinion without either evincing discontent or impatience.

He alleged several objections which the young man refuted seriously; he appeared influenced by his (the young man's) reasons, and did not separate from him before declaring that they would resume the conversation another time.

Henceforward, Mr. Berton continually introduced the same subject, yielded more and more, as a man whom persuasion gains. Camille, now become his father's teacher, came self-exalted in this singular character, and increased in eloquence as he felt himself triumphing. Finally, compelled to be absent on a visit to some relatives in the neighborhood, he left Mr. Berton apparently converted.

He met his father in the middle of a flower-garden, which served as a courtyard. Mr. Berton was surrounded by workmen employed in digging up the flowers and cutting down the hedges. Two ladders, that shaded the windows of the level ground with their baly tufts, had just been gathered for making flags.

The youth could not restrain a cry of surprise.

"Ah, there you see," said Mr. Berton, perceiving him, "you have just arrived in time; come and enjoy your triumph."

"My triumph!" repeated Camille, who did not understand.

"Do you not observe that I have become your disciple?" said the proprietor of Ribeaucille; "much reflection has been spent on what you said, my dear son, and I agree that your uncle Barker and self were right. We must cut off from life useless things—flowers and hedges are in a garden what poems are in a library. As you said of what use can be a poem! unless it be to light a fire. So will my lilies. But come, come, you will see other changes. I have profited by your absence, and hope to give you satisfaction."

While speaking, Mr. Berton familiarly passed his arm in that of Camille, and conducted him to the manor. The vestibule was void of the curiosities which had hitherto filled it, and in their place were cushions, spittoons, and pegs. All the designs and paintings had been also removed from the saloon, and the walls completely whitewashed. Plain rectangular furniture took the place of seats à la Louis XIII, gothic trunks and sideboards. Mr. Berton cast a happy look at his son.

"Well," said he, "you will not this time accuse me of sacrificing to the frivolous wondrous of art; our saloon boasts no longer four walls whose utility can be contested. We will now have a place suitable for hanging up our grain, 'hooking' our guns, or depositing our wooden objects." Camille desired to risk a few objections, but his father silenced him by recalling the excommunication pronounced against "sooty paper and painted canvas which had never been of any profit to humanity."

The changes, besides, were not confined to the saloon, the entire house had suffered the same transformations. Whatever was designed only to please, had been pitilessly sacrificed. All had, henceforth, a positive daily use; the agreeable made way entirely for the necessary!

Mr. Berton, who showed this new organization with a certain pride, informed Camille that nothing would remain as formerly. His flower garden was to be transferred into a barn-yard, and his botanical garden into a park. The new destination had been given to his observatory was not yet agreed upon; he conversed between a windmill and a dove-cot. Camille stifled by the magnitude of the reforms, but subdued by the motives that he had himself professed, abstained from applause, though unable to blame. Wishing, at length, to get out of the difficulty by speaking of other things, he inquired whether no letters had arrived for him from England.

"I believe some were presented," said his father, "but as you have in England no affairs of note, I ordered them to be refused."

"What," replied Camille, "I was expecting news from one of my best friends, who had promised to send me accounts of the Ireland question?"

"Bah!" replied Mr. Berton, with indifference; "what pleasure can you find in occupying your mind with things beyond your reach? Is not Ireland far from you, what the stars were for me? Its revolutions bring you nothing, and you can change nothing in them."

"My sympathies are interested!" opposed the young man.

"Will they serve you or serve Ireland?" asked Mr. Berton calmly; "do you imagine that your foresight influences her destiny, that your wishes assist her?"

"I did not say they would."

"Postage then is useful to no one. Such a confession is condemning it yourself."

Camille bit his lips; he was conquered by his own arms, and felt so much more irritated at it. This vigorous application of his doctrines appeared chastisement.

He prepared to joke, however, and without attacking principles, commenced criticising in detail projected as well as accomplished changes, but Mr. Berton had foreseen everything, and had a reply always ready. Camille finally, for want of objection, pretended that the flower garden could not serve its new destination, and that a farm yard should be paved. His father clasped his forehead.