

COLUMBIA, PA. SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1859.

SEE NEW ADVERTISEMENTS OF A. M. RAMBO, ODD FELLOWS' HALL, IN TODAY'S PAPER.

REMOVAL.

THE SPY OFFICE has been Removed to CARPET HALL, N. W. Corner of Front and Locust Streets; Entrance by the outside stairway at the north end of the building.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY.—We are authorized to announce JOSEPH W. FISHER, Esq., of Columbia, Pa., as a candidate for District Attorney at the ensuing general election, subject to the decision of the People's County Convention.

The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be administered in the Evangelical Reformed Church, on next Sabbath morning, 15th, at 10 o'clock.

DEDICATION.—The new Methodist Episcopal Church in Maytown, Lancaster county, Pa., will be dedicated on Sunday, May 15th, (next Sunday) 4 1/2 P. M. The Rev. J. W. Fisher, of Columbia, Pa., will officiate on the occasion. Also, other ministers are expected. Preachers and people of the neighborhood are cordially invited to attend. Services to commence at 10 A. M., and at 7 1/2 P. M.

JOSEPH COOK, Pastor. This arrangement was not known until this morning. Marietta, May 7th, 1859.

AN ACCOMMODATION TRAIN.—By the following it will be seen that a train between Columbia and Lancaster will be put on the road next Monday. This will be of the greatest accommodation to our citizens having business in Lancaster, and will give them opportunity to return home without a vexatious and wearying delay in that place. The company has evinced a consideration for our wants in giving us a connection with the Fast Trains East and West, owing more, probably, to the clamors of passengers by the Northern Central, obliged to lay over at this place half a day, than to our own outcry. We don't care for the motive however; we've got the train.

PENNA. RAIL ROAD.—On and after Monday next, May 16, 1859, an accommodation train will be run between Columbia and Lancaster, connecting with the mail train east and fast line west, as follows: Leave Columbia at 12:10 P. M.; returning, leave Lancaster at 2:40 P. M.

G. G. FRANCIS, Secy. Phila. Div. Penna. R. R.

"ALL THE YEAR ROUND."—Mr. Dickens in withdrawing himself from "Household Words" and announcing the publication of a new serial under his exclusive control has set the world agog for the initial number of "All the Year Round." The prospect of so welcome addition to English periodical literature as a companion to Household Words, conducted on the same plan and mainly by the same authors, would alone gain for the new weekly a cordial reception and support; but the additional and main feature—a new story from the pen of Mr. Dickens, to be continued from number to number—insures it a debut successful beyond precedent. We are glad that proper arrangements have been entered into for the simultaneous issue of the new periodical, weekly, in the old and new world. The matter is stereotyped in London and dispatched to this country in advance of publication. The work is published in New York by J. M. Emerson & Co., whose advertisement will be found in another column. We invite the attention of the lovers of good reading to the new serial, which is likely to take first rank as a popular publication. Dickens' new story opens promisingly—in his best style, and the remaining contents of the first number are of first rate order.

HEADLY'S LIFE OF WASHINGTON.—Our former townsman, Mr. J. H. Freet, is engaged in canvassing for the above work, and is now in Columbia or vicinity soliciting subscriptions. The volume is a large one gotten up with numbers of illustrations, a fine and spirited portrait of Washington forming the frontispiece. Rev. J. H. Freet, the author, is well known by his "Napoleon and his Marshals," "Washington and his Generals," and other works which have attained immense popularity. He is a writer of strength, and his graphic descriptions of some of the great battle-fields of Napoleon's wars and our own Revolution have given him a position as a successful author, which he no doubt ably sustains in so fertile a field as the subject of the present work. Having no further knowledge of the book than a hasty examination of Mr. Freet's specimen volume, we cannot be expected to speak in more than general terms. We can only judge it by its author's previous productions, and from them we argue its entire success. Published by G. & F. Bill, N. Y.

LITTLE'S LIVING AGE.—"Littell" for May 7th gives us a fine portrait of Hahnemann, the founder of the Homeopathic system of medicine, with a sketch. It contains, also, besides a review article and papers from the English magazines, a translation from the French, made expressly for this periodical, of "Christina," a story by author of "Picciola."

GENESSEE FARMER.—This long established agricultural monthly continues to furnish valuable information at a very low rate of subscription. It is published at Rochester, N. York. The "Farmer" should be a visitor at the houses of all our country friends.

WESTMINSTER REVIEW.—Messrs. Leonard Scott & Co., New York, send us this Review, containing: Yorkshire; The Morals of Trade; Weimer and its Celebrities; The Drama in Paris; The Italian Question; Adam Bede; Leo Lamennais, his Life and Writings; England's Political Position in Europe; Contemporary Literature.

What did the feather, when it first sprouted, up to the duck? I am down on you this time.

Police Items.

REPORTED BY OUR SPECIAL "MORCHARD." DEAD AGAIN.—On Wednesday, 4th inst., the melancholy intelligence of another sudden decease on the part of that very mortal functionary, the Constabulary of our neighboring borough, Washington, was announced with decent solemnity at the Blue Front. Justice Welsh at the time occupied the bench, and at once suggested the adjournment of Court as a mark of respect to deceased. Corv (the Squire and Richard) accordingly adjourned; first to George's, where the "memory of our departed friend" was drunk standing and in solemn silence (through one of the imbibers breathed very hard through his nose), and to the Magistrate's lugubrious reflection "Mors omnia vincit," our equally cheerful Sheriff responded with "In the midst of life we are in death;" then to the death bed of the departed—we say ex-official, the pavement in Front street, above Walnut. The body lay in an easy, dislocated position, spread as much over the pavement as possible, and the face wore an expression of calm happiness, as if deceased had left this world of care at peace with his liquor, and in a blissful state of indifference as to the time and the place of his awakening.

Inasmuch as an inquest had been held over this body last fall, (see Spy,) the Justice decided further formality a useless expenditure of the raw material, and dispatched Richard for a one-wheeled hearse. This being procured the corpse was deposited on it in an uncomfortable position as the nature of the accommodations would permit, and the Squire, reverently removing his hat, read the burial service: "I commit this body to the 'Columbs' for the space of 60 days." Richard responded with a hearty Amen! and put himself in the shafts. Whether he wheeled his fallen brother "tap-my-shoulder" to Cadwellville, or shipped him per wagon, we failed to learn.

A DARING FEBRUARY.—On Friday, of last week the suspicions of several citizens were excited by a German named John Bemaek, who offered for sale a number of articles, such as knives and forks, house linens, &c., at such trifling prices as to justify the belief that the property was stolen. The person was arrested and brought before Justice Hunter, and upon inquiry the goods in his possession were discovered to be the property of Mr. Charles N. Wright. Examination of the residence of Mr. Wright, which has been closed for more than six months during the absence of the family, showed a complete sweep of almost the entire contents of the house. A large portion of the clothing, bed-clothing and linen, smaller articles of household furniture, &c., had been carried off, and much was ready packed for removal. Bureaus were broken open and rifled, closets gutted, carefully packed boxes torn open and emptied of contents, and the entire house ransacked. Rejected articles were scattered over the floors, and everything betokened deliberate action on the part of the robber. Bemaek had succeeded in disposing of considerable of his plunder, which has since been recovered, but a quantity of house linens, &c., is still missing. The man acknowledges the burglary and describes his proceedings which were decidedly cool and daring. He entered the house by forcing a cellar window, and a door from the cellar into the kitchen. He then bolted the door by which members of the family entered the house, after which he had nothing to obstruct him. He packed up the goods on Wednesday and Thursday, probably removing them at night. As the shutters of the house were closed he had only to fear a visit by some of the family. This he narrowly escaped, but unfortunately the key had been forgotten and the house was not opened. He must have proceeded with deliberation, for on the floor were scattered the stumps of cigars with which he soiled himself during his labors. His stupidity or recklessness in offering the stolen goods for sale when they were certain to be recognized probably saved Mr. Wright a serious loss, as he might have safely finished his work undisturbed. He was committed to prison to await his trial.

WASHINGTONIANISM vs. TOTAL ABSTINENCE.—John Derrig, a resident of Washington, B. C. (below Columbia) was arrested on Tuesday, 10th inst., and brought before Esq. Welsh, charged with stealing a hat from the store of Jacob Hess, in Front Street. John was virtuously indignant at the charge of theft, but "howled up like a man" to the more venial offence of general drunkenness. This admission on John's part was supererogatory—the Justice had a first-rate knowledge of the prisoner's character and longed to do him justice. He was compelled, however, to content himself with sending Mr. Derrig down for 20 days, at hard labor, in default of sufficient evidence to convict him of stealing the hat.

ONE OF THE "SEVEN (THOUSAND) POOR TRAVELERS."—On Wednesday, 11th inst., a man of good presence, apparently about 35 years of age, called at the Blue Front and addressed to Esquire Welsh, in an unknown tongue, a very impressive oration, to which the Justice responded in the purest Basin English, assuring the gentleman of his distinguished consideration, and regretting his inability to understand a word of his (the stranger's) address. The party then betook to signs, through which medium he made the Squire sensible that he was a distinguished foreigner, traveling for pleasure, and out of funds. He had been on a tour of observation through the State, and had met with much kindness and attention from the people and the authorities, especially of this county. At Manheim and other villages he was presented with the "freedom of the city," and at Litz was honored by a public reception. At the latter place he received from the deputy P. M. a letter of introduction to His Excellency James Buchanan, touching for his character, and asserting the belief of the writer that the bearer, Jacob Brown, was evidently an arias—a very lineal descendant of Czar Peter; also suggesting the propriety of a government vessel being ordered by J. B. for the conveyance of his namesake, J. B., to his native shore.* The excellent magistrate was so touched

by the stranger's position that he at once offered the hospitalities of the borough, which were graciously accepted. The distinguished gentleman was placed in the hands of Richard, with instructions to that functionary to spare neither pains or expense in the entertainment of the borough's guest. The traveled one borrowed in the pick of municipal straw over night, and next morning was given the choice of a special train over the N. C. Railway or a private boat through the Tide Water Canal. He reserved his decision until he should reach Wrightsville, and departed via the bridge.

"We can only account for the marvelous facility with which the Squire interpreted the signs of the stranger, (which must have been rather complex, to the extent of a very high degree,) than to the expense of our worthy Magistrate in deciphering larger letters." Ed.

MAYTOWN, May 10th, 1859. Mr. WRIGHT.—Dear Sir—I noticed a communication in the Spy of 7th inst., and dated Marietta, May 5th, signed by Joseph Cook, contradicting the notice given in your paper of 30th ult., in regard to the dedication of the M. E. Church in Maytown, in a rather abrupt manner, stating that it was given without his knowledge or that of the trustees of the Church. Now I don't know who Mr. Cook is, or who are the trustees; but the authority upon which I gave you the item was Mr. George Spiece, who, in our town at least, is looked upon as "chief cook and bottle washer" about the Church, and if Mr. Cook has any objections to cast upon any one person for reflecting on the trustees (which after all seems to be truth instead) in regard to the dedication, I wish him to refer to Mr. Spiece, not to assail those who have neither less nor gain to expect from the dedication or non-dedication of the Church.

Now, Mr. Editor, having, as your informant, given you my authority, I hope you will pardon me for getting you into the trouble in question. (No trouble, my dear Sir, no trouble in life.) We only hope we may not get you into hot water by publishing your letter. Ed.) It seems to me from the manner in which Mr. Cook writes that it appears to him to be almost a criminal offence to publish the name of his church without his knowledge and consent; but as the gentleman is little known, I suppose he is, as many others—anxious that the public should be informed that there is such a man amongst us.

Very respectfully yours, &c. JOHN E. GEBHART. NOTE.—It is but justice to Mr. Cook to state that we have received a communication from him on the subject of his note of May 5, in which he says, referring to our paragraph of May 5th: "I did not for a moment suppose it to be your truth; but an error on the part of informant, who no doubt did it through the best and most benevolent motive." Mr. Gebhart, however, who, although not named by us, was immediately supposed to be our informant, desires to justify himself before his constituents; we therefore give him the benefit of our columns. We make it a rule to give all parties a chance, and never interfere to prevent a wrangle. Ed. Sry.

HOW WOODPECKERS CAME INTO NORMANDY.—In Damsen's Tales from the Norse is this legend of a curious metamorphosis:—"In those days when our Lord and St. Peter wandered upon earth, they came to an old wife's house, who sat baking. Her name was Gertrude, and she had a red comb on her head. They had walked a long way, and were both hungry, and our Lord begged hard for a banquet to stay their hunger. Yes, they should have it.—She took a tiny piece of dough and rolled it out, but as she rolled it, it grew and grew till it covered the whole griddle. Nay that was too big; they couldn't have that. She took out a tinier bit still; but when it was rolled out, it covered the whole griddle just the same, and that banquet was too big she said; they couldn't have that either.—The third time she took a still tinier bit—so tiny you could scarce see it; but it was the same story over again—the banquet was too big. 'Well,' said Gertrude, 'I can't give you anything; you must go without for these banquets are too big.' Then our Lord waxed wroth, and said, 'Since you love me so little as to grudge me a morsel of food, you shall have this punishment: you shall become a bird, and seek your food between bark and hole, and never get a drop to drink save when it rains.' He had scarce said the last word before she turned into a great black woodpecker, or Gertrude's bird, and flew from her kneading-trough right up the chimney; and till this very day you may see her flying about, with her red comb on her head, and her body all black, because of the soot in the chimney; and so she hacks and taps away at the trees for her food, and whistles when rain is coming, for she is ever athirst for water, and then she looks for a drop to cool her tongue."

RATHER THIN.—A ludicrous incident occurred, this winter at "Woodlawn," on the Bloomingdale Road. Jones' hotel, of that place, is ornamented with a hostler, whose fun is as fearless as his face is ugly. One day in January, while twenty or thirty fast gentlemen were standing on the front balcony of the hotel, an individual rode up the path, on the thinnest horse mortal eyes ever looked upon. Leaping from his phantom steed, the equestrian said, to the hostler:—"Here, John give my horse some water." "Sir?" said John, with a look of astonishment. "Give my horse some water," thundered the stranger. "Your horse!" ejaculated John, still more surprised. "Yes, fool, my horse!" and the stranger looked savagely at him, and commenced drawing the lash of his whip through his hand. John walked towards him as though he would demand an explanation, and had taken about six steps, when he suddenly stopped, like one surprised beyond expression:—"Bless my soul!" says he, "I ax your pardon sir; but your banimal was standing on a line with that ere wretched post, and I did not see him!" The owner of the spectral beast tried to frown, but a roar from the balcony made him change his gait.

The reason why a sailor is called a tar, is because he is constantly pitched about by the ocean.

Artemus Ward Sees Piccolomini.

Gen'tz—I arrived in Cleveland on Saturday P. M. from Baldinsville jest in time to fix myself up, and put on a clean billed rag to attend Miss Picklehomony's grate musical sorry at the Melodeon. The crowds which poured into the hall augured well for the show biznis & with cheerful sperrets I joined the enthusiastic throng. I asked Mr. Strakhosh at the door if he parst the perfection, as he said not much he didn't, whereupon I tart a preserved seat in the pit, & observing to Mr. Strakhosh that he needn't put on so many French airs becawz he run with a big show, and that he'd better let his weskut out a few inches or perhaps he'd bust himself some fine day, I went in and squatted down. It was a sad thaw to think that in all that vast audience Scarcely a Sole had the honor of my acquaintance.—"This ere," said I bitterly, "is Fami!—What signerfy cy was figers an livin wild benst (which has no ekals) to these peple? What do they care becawz a site of Kangaroo is worth double the price of admission, and that my soaxis is as harulis as the newborn babe—all of which is strictly troo—?" I shoold have gone railen at Fortin and things sum more but jest then Siger Macaronny cum out and sung a hairy from sum opry or other. He had on his store clos & looked puty slick, I must say. Nobody didn't understand nothin about what he sed and so they applawdd him versiferusly. Then Siger Brinnoy cum out and sung another huirey. Ho appeared to be in a Pensiv Mood & sung a Luv song I spose, tho he may have been cussin the audience all into a heap for aot I knowd. Then cum Mr. Macaronny agin & Miss Picklehomony herself. They sang a Dot together.

Now you know, Gen't, that I don't like spry music. But I like Miss Picklehomony's stile. I like her gait. She suits me. There has bin grater singers and there has bin more bootiful vivin, but no more fasinat young female ever longed for a new gown or side to place her head agin a vest pattern than Maria Picklehomony. Fasutin peple is her best holt. She was born to make hash of men's buzzums & other wimn mad becawz they ain't Picklehomonies. Her face sparkes with amusin cussidness & about 200 (two hundred) littil bit of fun devils air continually dancin champion jig in her eyes, said eyes ben bright enuff to lite a pipe by. How I shoold like to have little Maria out on my farm at Baldinsville, Lojiana, where she could run in the tall grass, wrastle with the boys, cut up strong at parin bees, make faces behind the minister's back, tickle aucion bills to the schoolmaster's coat tails, set all the fellers agin after her, & huller & kick up, & go it, just as much as she wanted to! But I diegers. Every time she came carterin out I grew more delighted with her. When she bowed her head I bowed mine. When she poutid her lips I poutid mine. When she huffed I huffed. When she jerked her hand back and took a larfin survey of the audience, spadin a broadside of sassy smiles among 'em, I tried to unjint myself & kollapse. When, in tain how she drempt she lived in Marble Hills, she sed it tickled her more than all the rest to dream she loved her fellar all the same, I made a effort to swaller myself; but when, in the next song, she looked strate at me & called me her dear, I willy told the man next to me that he might have my close, as I shood never want 'em agin no more in this world. [The Plain Dealer, contain this communication, is not to be sent to my farmery at Baldinsville, under no circumstances whatsoever.]

In conclusion, Maria, I want you to do well, I know you air a nice gal, at hart, and you must get a good husband. He must be a man of branes and gushun & a good provider—a man who will liv you jest as much in your old age, when your voice is cruekled like an old tea kittle, & you can't get 1 of your notes discounted at 50 per cent; a month, as he will now when you'r young & charmin & full of music, sunshine & fun.—Don't marry a snob, Maria. You ain't an angel, Maria, and I am glad of it. When I see angels in pettynots I'm always sorry they ain't got wings so they kin quietly fly off where they will be appreciated. You air a woman and a mitty good one, too. As for Macaronny, Brignoly, Mullenholer and them other fellers, they can take care of themselves. Old Mac kin make a comfortable livin choppin curdwold if his voice ever gives out, & Amodio looks so tho he mite succede in conductin sum quiet toll gat, where the vittles wud be plenty & the labor lite.

I shall prepar for the Summer Campano. I I am stay in Cleveland a few days & probably you will hear from me agin ear I leave once more to becum a tosser on life's tempestuous billers, meain the Show Biznis.

Very Respectfully Yours, ARTEMUS WARD.

"Lodgings to Let," by the author of "Inquire Within."

"The Column of Smoke," by the author of "The Pillar of Fire." (Decidedly a better story than the author's "Pirate of the Gulf" and "Dancing Feather.")

"The Profane Truth-Teller," by the author of "The Sacred Lyre."

What portion of a dog might make a good tonic?

A Southern magazine says that people drink Hot gin because they dislike cold schnapps.

A man in the Detroit jail wishes he had the small-pox, so that he could break out.

The woman who never interfered with her husband's affairs arrived in town the other day. She is an old maid.

There are many men who have never gambled, and many women who have never flirted. There are many dogs, too, that have never killed their own mutton; yet very few that having once began, have ever stopped.

The man who undertook to blast his neighbor's prospects used too short a fuse, and got blown up himself.

THE GREAT RESTORATIVE. FEVER AND AGUE CURED BY DR. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS.

Dr. Jonathan Doughman, of West Union, Park County, Illinois, writes to the proprietors, Fleming Bros. of Pittsburg, that he had suffered greatly from a severe and protracted attack of Fever and Ague, which was completely restored to health by the use of the Liver Pills alone. These Pills unquestionably possess great tonic properties, and can be taken with decided advantage for many diseases requiring invigorating remedies; but the Liver Pills stand pre-eminent as a means of restoring a disorganised Liver to any activity, hence the great celebrity they have attained. The most formidable diseases arising from a diseased liver, do not, however, baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians of the United States, are now rendered easy of cure, thanks to the study and perseverance of the distinguished physician whose name this great medicine bears—a name which will descend to posterity as one deserving of gratitude. This invaluable medicine should always be kept within reach, and on the appearance of the earliest symptoms of diseased liver, it can be safely and usefully administered.

Parishers will be careful to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROS., of Pittsburg, Pa. There are other Pills purporting to be Liver Pills, now before the public. Dr. McLane's genuine Liver Pills, also called Fever Pills, can now be had at all respectable drug stores. None genuine unless the signature of Fleming Bros., is on the wrapper.

PARREL, HERRING & Co's. PATENT CHAMPION SAFE. LATE FIRE AT DUBUQUE, IOWA.

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

DR. HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS, AND DR. HOOFLAND'S BALSAMIC CORDIAL.

The great standard medicines of the present age, have acquired their great popularity only through years of trial. Unbounded satisfaction is rendered by them in all cases; and the people have pronounced them worthy.

Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Debility of the Nervous System, Diseases of the Kidneys, and all diseases arising from a disordered liver or weakness of the stomach and digestive organs, are speedily and permanently cured by the GERMAN BITTERS.

The following announcement from Mr. Dickens, will convey an idea of the character and aims of the work:

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.

DR. 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.

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

HAIR DYE—HAIR DYE—HAIR DYE. WM. A. BATCHELOR'S HAIR DYE. The Original and Best in the World.

THE COLUMBIA ICE COMPANY. Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Ice.

FOR SALE. 50,000 PAINTS, &c. at Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5, Canal Street, New York.

FOR SALE. 100 BBL'S. HONG TONG, from Pittsburg, of the best quality.

"ALL THE YEAR ROUND," DICKENS' NEW WEEKLY.

We have the pleasure of announcing that Charles Dickens, the author of "All the Year Round," has issued his new publication, entitled "All the Year Round," a weekly in New York, simultaneously with its issue in London, plates being taken from the English edition, and forwarded to us sufficiently in advance of publication for that purpose.

The following announcement from Mr. Dickens, will convey an idea of the character and aims of the work:

Nine years of Household Words are the best assurance that can be offered to the public of the spirit and objects of "All the Year Round."

I look, and plan, for a very much wider circle of readers, and yet again for a steadily increasing circle of readers in the project I hope to carry through the "Year Round."

TERMS: Single Copies by all News Dealers, 5 cents. One Copy One Year, per mail, (26 numbers,) \$1.20.

J. M. EMERSON & CO., Publishing Agents; 37 Park Row, New York. May 14, 1859.