

think the necklaces will not be forthcoming at all. And, if it be not, by—

"Do not excite yourself to anger, major. I give you my honor—"

"Your honor! nonsense! What I want is the jewel restored to its owner."

"And it shall be, on condition that you will not be offended, grievously offended with me for what I have done this day."

"What is that?"

"Summon your good wife, and let her bear witness both for and against me."

"My husband opened the drawing room door, and called out 'Bessie!'"

"As soon as I had made my appearance, Barrington stated the case—all that had transpired—with minute accuracy; nay, more, he acted the entire scene in such a way that it became a little comedy in itself; the characters being himself, myself, and the children, all of which characters he represented with such humor, that my husband and myself were several times in fits of laughter. Barrington, however, did not even smile. He affected, to regard the little drama (and this made it the more amusing) as a very serious business."

"This play over, my husband again put to Barrington the question: 'Will you write that letter at once?'"

"Yes," he replied. "I will; for I see that I am forgiven the liberty I was tempted to take." And scattering himself at the table he wrote:

"Mr. Barrington presents his compliments to Mr. and Mrs. and to a sweet girl, picked market No. 27, he immediately delivered to the bearer of this note. In the event of this request not being complied with, Mr. Barrington will have an opportunity ere long of explaining to Mr. in Sydney, New South Wales, that he, (Mr. ) has been guilty of an act of egregious folly."

"Fourteen months passed away, when one morning my husband received a letter from a gentleman in the Colonial office. He clapped his hands, cried 'Bravo!' and then read to me as follows:

"My DEAR MAJOR—The great pick-pocket has been as good as his word. My lady is again in possession of her brilliant. Do whatever you can for Barrington in the colony; but keep a sharp eye on him, lest he should come back and once more get hold of that necklace."

"My husband sent for Barrington to inform him of the result of his letter, and he took an opportunity of asking the illustrious man if there were any other valuables which he would like to restore to the original owners."

"Thank you—no!" was the reply. "There are, it is true, sundry little articles in safe custody at home; but, as it is impossible to say what may be in the future, they had better for the present stand in my own name."

A GOOD STORY.—The following amusing sketch of the manner in which an irascible President of old Cambridge was once mollified by a mug of flip, is from the pen of "Jack Robinson":

Apropos of Porter, whose name I have just taken in vain: I heard a good College story the other day, which I may as well set down here. Porter is an institution in Cambridge. He is a person of varied accomplishments, and keeps "a house of call." None like him to brew bishop or mingle a shandy goff. But his chief d'etier is flip. It is reported among the students that Ganyemed when dying—because it's all nonsense about Ganyemed being immortal—he left Jupiter's service, married Hebe, set up an inn with his savings, and died at a good old age—it is reported that Ganyemed left Porter the recipe for making both nectar and ambrosia, which recipe he surreptitiously copied from Juno's receipt book, and Porter, improving on the idea, concealed the happy thought of making both divine materials, and producing an ineffable beverage—something which should combine the elements of the superlative meat and superlative drink—a harmony of solid and fluid to which each element should contribute its celestial flavors. He carried out the idea. He mingled the ambrosia and the nectar, and all Olympus turned pale with envy, for the result was flip.

With such a classic origin it was not to be wondered at that under-graduates, who are notorious for their love of mythological matters, should find themselves attracted to Porter's, and then refresh their reminiscences of Olympus with draughts of the divine beverage. In fact, such was their devotion to this branch of classic study, and so inspired did they frequently get—inspired even to the Pythian pitch of being unintelligible in their speech—that the matter attracted the attention of the President of the College—a venerable gentleman of the period, whose name I have forgotten. Heartless and ignorant persons entirely misconceiving the spirit in which the under-graduates visited Porter's, reported to this worthy person that the students were in the habit of getting drunk every night on flip. It must be seen to.

The President puts on his most authoritative and stern countenance, and sallies out to blow up the Classical Porter, for leading his students astray. First of all he thinks, in order to be able to speak more decisively, that he will taste this noxious beverage with his own lips. Then there can be no mistake. With much dignity he enters Porter's. He is greeted with respect. He interrogates Porter:

"Sir, many of the under-graduates come here, I understand?"

"A few," modestly replies the landlord.

"They come here frequently, Mr. Porter?"

"They drop in now and then, sir."

"And they drink a beverage called flip, sir?"

"Sometimes, sir."

"They drink a great deal of it, Mr. Porter?"

"Well, sir, they do take considerable."

"They get drunk on it, Mr. Porter?"

The discreet Porter remained silent.

"Make me a—a—flip," at length says the venerable President; still frowning and indignant.

Porter whose *rang front* has never for a moment forsaken him, deploys all the resources of his art.

Presently a superlative flip, with an ar-

omatic foam, which Venus might have arisen from, creaming over the edge of the goblet, is the result of his efforts. He hands it respectfully, and with some anxiety, to the President, on whose face judicial thunder clouds have been gathering—The President tastes it gloomily. He passes. Another sip. The thunder clouds have not yet finished forth any lightnings. Porter, resigned, awaits the outburst. The President gazes wonderingly at his glass. A general emollient expression seems to glide over his face, and smooth the frowning brows. The lips relax, and a smile seems about to dawn. He lifts the glass once more to his lips, heaves a sigh, and puts it down. It is empty!

"Mr. Porter," he says, "the students get drunk on this, sir?"

Porter sees that the storm is passed, and boldly answers in the affirmative.

"Sir," says the venerable man, walking gravely away, "sir, I don't wonder at it!"

## The Columbia Spy.

COLUMBIA, PA.  
SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1859.

SEE NEW ADVERTISEMENTS OF A. M. RAMB, OLD FELLOWS' HALL, IN TODAY'S PAPER.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY.—We are authorized to announce JOSEPH W. FIEBER, 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.

Be sure to attend the Railroad Meeting this evening!

CORRECTION.—In a "Card" published in last week's *Spy* we made a mistake in the signature, which should have been THE PASTOR OF THE GERMAN LUTHERAN, instead of GERMAN REFORMED CONGREGATION.

LADIES' FAIR.—The indefatigable ladies are about holding another fair, as will be seen on reference to our advertising columns. It is to be for the benefit of the English Lutheran Church; gotten up by the ladies of the congregation. Of course the usual variety of attractive fancy work, &c., will be offered for sale, and with the usual success, we hope. Refreshments of all kinds will be furnished, and no effort spared to make the room a place of attraction. We need not recommend attendance, for fairs are always well attended and we shall not advise liberal encouragement in the way of expenditure, for once the fair dealers get you into their hands, they are fully competent to look after their pecuniary interests. They will make the inducement to buy such as none but the most insensible to the beauties of fancy work and the sweetness of confections and refreshments can resist. Their invitations to "traffic" at their tables will be readily answered, and we predict for them a liberal harvest.

EPISCOPAL CONVENTION.—The Convocation at St. Paul's Episcopal Church, in this place, during Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of the present week, has been attended by the Rev. Mr. Thompson, of York, Rev. Mr. Castleman, of Harrisburg, Rev. Mr. Bowers, of Lewistown, and Rev. E. Appleton, of Lancaster. Mr. Thompson preached the Convocation sermon on Wednesday evening. Mr. Castleman preached on Thursday morning, and Mr. Bowers on Thursday evening. Mr. Appleton preached on Friday morning, and on Friday evening there was a missionary meeting, in the exercises of which all the clergy took part. The church has been very well attended during Convocation.

PROFESSOR GARDNER.—On Friday of last week our town was visited by the celebrated Professor Gardner, who drove through our streets in a stylish trap, discoursing sweet music on an E flat gong, and announcing his intention of addressing a few words of exhortation to our citizens, from his machine, at the corner of Second and Locust streets. A large audience assembled, and enjoyed a most eloquent discourse, on the text, "cleanliness is next to godliness." The professor illustrated his subject by exhibition and commendation of the cleansing properties of the celebrated "New England Soap," of which he is inventor, manufacturer and sole peripatetic vender, and acceded to the urgent solicitations of "many citizens" to part with a few cakes, for a consideration. The soap in question is a genuine article, eradicating grease, paint, &c., from all sorts of stuff, removing spots from furniture, besides being a delightful emollient when used on the hands. If the soap be good the professor is super-eminent. Eloquence is no term for the soap man's "gift." We enjoyed some improving converse with him during the afternoon, which was marred by the persistent efforts of a neighboring pestiferous locomotive to drown our voices by "blowing off" steam. Our countenance probably expressed annoyance, but we noticed on the professor's face a shade of impatient contempt only explained on hearing him "talk" in the evening. We are satisfied that if the "son of New England" had put himself down conscientiously to his work he could have knocked the blowing of that old machine higher than a kite, and he felt his resources. Not that we mean to characterize Professor Gardner as a "blower." He is a really speaker, a good declaimer, and above all, an admirable actor and humorist—but he has the "gift" wonderfully developed. His "talk" was of several hours duration, scarcely interrupted by the flow of quaters, yet when he had got off enough sublimity and fun to fill a book, there was apparently an undiminished reserve of inexhaustible capacity. We take issue with the professor on one point, however. On the envelope of his soap he sets forth, by way of awful warning, that "The only genuine New England Soap has a likeness of Professor Gardner on the wrapper." Now we don't want to flatter the professor, but we leave it to himself, as an unprejudiced party, whether he is quite so ugly as the uncommonly hard featured effigy which decorates the New England Soap.

Dr. W. S. McCorkle has the soap for sale.

## Reading and Columbia Railroad.

The Commissioners of the above road residing in and near Columbia, address the following call to the citizens of our town and neighborhood.

The undersigned, Commissioners under the Act of Incorporation of the Reading and Columbia Railroad, request the citizens of Columbia and vicinity favorable to the construction of the said road, to meet at the Town Hall, on Saturday Evening, 11th inst., for the purpose of adopting suitable measures for advancing the interests of an enterprise so important to this town and section of country.

JAMES MYERS,  
SAML SHOCH,  
J. G. HESS,  
WM. A. MARTIN,  
AMOS S. GREEN,  
H. M. NORRIS,  
M. M. STRICKLER,  
Commissioners.

Columbia, June 9, 1859.

By the above it will be seen that a step is about being taken in the direction of progress in the important undertaking noticed in last week's *Spy*. A number of the Commissioners of the road call the people together that they may give proper expression to the sentiment of the public in regard to the proposed road. Action has already been taken elsewhere as shown in the published proceedings of the meeting at Ephrata, and we learn from the Reading papers that the subject is being agitated in that city. Our interest, as we have already urged, is greater than that of any other community, in accomplishing the construction of this valuable improvement. We of Columbia must not sit with folded hands, relying on other energy and other capital to build a railroad which is to mainly benefit our town and ourselves. We are looked to not only for the encouragement of our influence, but the subscription of a liberal sum to the capital stock; else we shall see the road warped from the direct line, to right or left, in answer to the bid of more enterprising and liberal communities. Already there is talk of Dillerville as a terminus, the track of the Pennsylvania road to be used from that point to reach Columbia. For all benefit in that case to accrue to our town and business, the road might as well terminate at Bird-in-Hand or Mount Joy. But we believe a demonstration on the part of our citizens, of alacrity and determination in work for the advancement of the road, will secure us at least such a chance as shall leave it dependent on our future exertions whether or not we obtain our just share of the advantages of the new link in the chain of rail connecting the great sections of the Union. It is capable of easy demonstration that the road, to fill its entire measure of usefulness to the City of New York, whence the means of its construction must be largely drawn, should terminate at Columbia and nowhere else. The line is by no means intended as simply a local road, dependent on local trade and travel—though these will form no contemptible items—for revenue.—It was projected with an eye to the formation of a direct line of travel between New York and the South, avoiding Philadelphia and, eventually, Baltimore. It is the only link wanting, and to mar it by stopping short of this place will be to cripple the design effectually, and convert what should be a busy main artery of through travel into a sluggish, purposeless country road, without beginning and that no better ending than the swallowing up of the funds invested in its construction.

But we are not disposed to lie down supinely and let the road be diverted from our town. There is, we believe, now, a disposition on the part of many of our citizens to push forward our interests urgently, and to show that we have a care for ourselves, and expect others to consider our just demands. At the solicitation of leading men in Columbia, the meeting for this evening is called by the Commissioners, and opportunity will then and there be offered for an expression of opinion and the adoption of proper measures to secure our share of the advantages to result from the construction of this road over the proper ground, and its termination at the proper point. We hope the meeting will be fully attended, and that every man will lend his influence, great or small, to the cause of Columbia improvement. There is nothing to occasion diversity of interest or jealousy, and we should be a unit in all efforts to advance the prosperity of the road, and with it that of our town and citizens. We are accused, and with too much justice, of indifference on occasions of important public meetings like the present. Time was when every citizen of the borough was looked upon to take his part in all expressions of public opinion, and the man who shirked his duty was marked as a drone in the hive. Progress is the great natural law which governs our country, and no community can resist it and live. Nevertheless, we would counsel a retrogression for example's sake to the days when unity and energy built our bridge, established our bank, and supplied our town with water. These undertakings were accomplished while Columbia was in its infancy, and as a people we certainly have not, as we have grown in population, decreased in material prosperity. No; we are confident that an energetic, united effort on the part of men of every condition will enable us to take our proper place in the foreground of this enterprise, and secure to us the fulfillment of every reasonable demand. Let us begin earnestly this evening, and not saddle the good work with the crushing load of a cold,illy attended preliminary meeting. We hope the turnout will be large and enthusiastic.

Railroad Meeting this evening. Let every citizen attend!

A FOUNDLING.—On the afternoon of Friday of last week, C. S. Kauffman, Esq., in driving from the Lancaster pike to the Chestnut Hill pike, over the first road east of Columbia, was attracted by a slight sound from a corn-field bordering the road, and on turning discovered an infant wrapped in a woman's petticoat, laid in the open field. The child was not crying, but fretting. A bottle of milk was by its side, and it had, apparently, been but recently fed. Mr. Kauffman's first supposition was that it had been placed there by the mother while at work in a neighboring field, but there

was no woman in sight. The child, a girl, apparently four months old, was conveyed to a neighboring farm house, and on his return to town Mr. K. dispatched Constable Hollingsworth to bring it to this place.—That officer and others made search for its mother, but she was not to be found. The infant was kept several days by Mr. Hollingsworth, when it found an adoptive father in Mr. Adam Hoffman. The only trace of the mother was at Black's Hotel where a woman with a young child had staid over night, and in the morning, after having a bottle filled with milk, left for the country, saying she had friends in the neighborhood. This was very probably the mother of the deserted child, but nothing farther is known of herself or her movements.

The foundling is in kind hands, and will undoubtedly be well cared for, which cannot but be a matter for extreme thankfulness on the part of the very affectionate parent, should it come to her knowledge. It may also serve to put that philoprogenitive mamma's mind at rest to know that we make no charge for the temporary occupation of the corn-field.

MILITARY ELECTION.—On Monday last the companies comprising the 2nd Brigade, 3rd Division, P. M., held an election for Brigade officers, which resulted in the choice of Bartram A. Shaeffer, of Lancaster, as Brigadier General, Daniel Herr, of Columbia, as Colonel, Henry Shirk, of New Holland, as Major, Owen Hopple, of Lancaster, as Lieut. Colonel, and Lieut. Cox, of the same place, as Brigade Inspector.

The election of Gen. Shaeffer was not contested, his great popularity with the volunteers of the Brigade insuring his success. It is now designed by his friends, we believe, to urge him for the Major Generalship of the 3rd Division, composed of the militia of the counties of Lancaster and Chester. The General will ably fill the position, and under his command the Division will do honor to the two great counties. Let him be elected by the two great counties. Colonel Herr's election was equally undisputed, and we are glad to hail him in his old position—one which he so ably fills. He is justly entitled to the highest honors in his profession, not only for his enthusiastic military spirit, but from his experiences as a commander. Col. Herr has been identified with the volunteers of our county for many years, and we hope to see him yet in his proper place—at the head of Brigade or Division—of course without interference with our gallant friend, Gen. Shaeffer.

Don't forget the Railroad Meeting this evening.

APPOINTMENT.—Mr. Alex. Dasher, jr., who was for several years in the service of the Northern Central Railway Co., as Station Agent, at Dauphin and Wrightsville, has recently been appointed by the President, to the responsible position of first, or cash clerk, in the Treasurer's department of said Company, at Baltimore, in place of J. M. Eppley, resigned. Mr. Dasher has been connected with railroads for the last six years, in various capacities, and has the reputation of being an excellent accountant. The company has done well by this selection.

THE COLD SNAP.—On last Saturday night we were favored by an unexpected return of the rigors of the past winter, and narrowly escaped a scathing breath from old Jack. As it was, his respirations made the garden truck curl with fright, and some of our farmers slept uneasily, with the prospect of a blighted crop to greet them in the morning. We provisionally escaped loss in this section, but we regret to learn of serious damage by frost to North and West.

MUSIC STONE.—Our readers will find in our advertising columns the advertisement of Mr. O. C. Carter, of Harrisburg. This is an extensive establishment, and through it our citizens can readily supply themselves with whatever music they may require. Prof. Haas, well known in Columbia, is engaged in this store, and the people need not be told that at his hands they will meet courteous and prompt attention.

LITTLE'S LIVING AGE.—Littell still continues to give with the cream of foreign literature its series of admirable portraits. The number for May 28th contains the portrait of Herschel, the Astronomer, and the number for June 4th, one of Gillfillan. There is more improvement and entertainment to be derived from Littell's pages than from a wilderness of the trashy weeklies of the day.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.—Mr. Dickens' new serial has seized upon public favor and commands an immense popularity. The American publishers, Messrs. Emerson & Co., issue it weekly, in a neat paper cover, and it is a welcome visitor to our table. We see it announced that Mr. Dickens has purchased from Bradbury & Evans, their share in Household Words, which periodical will hereafter be merged in the new publication. Dickens' new "Story of Two Cities" is continued weekly, and grows in interest.

NORTH BRITISH REVIEW.—This Review for May contains Milton and his Times; Douglas Jerrold; Select Memoirs of Port Royal; History and Development of Socialism; Lectures on Metaphysics and Logic; with a number of other valuable and interesting papers. We feel justified in heartily commending the whole number to the attention of our readers.

Republished by Leonard Scott & Co., 54 Gold Street, New York, who also reprint the London Quarterly, Westminster, and Edinburgh Reviews, and Blackwood's Magazine; at \$3 a year, singly, or \$10 a year for the whole five periodicals.

GENESSEE FARMER.—We have received the Farmer for June. We recommend it as a valuable agricultural monthly.

Don't fail to attend the Railroad Meeting this evening.

## A Destructive Hail Storm.

Our readers will remember a slight dash of hail with which we were visited last week. We learn from our York and Adams county exchanges of serious damage having been done in that Section of the country by the same storm, which had fortunately spent its strength before reaching this neighborhood. The destruction of crops was very great, and the loss to the unfortunate farmers scarcely to be estimated. The Gettysburg Compiler says:

The most destructive hail storm that ever occurred in this county, visited portions of it on Monday last, about 4, P. M. The rain descended in torrents in this vicinity, accompanied by a "sprinkling" of hail, but produced no damage worth mentioning beyond the "washing" of several corn fields. In the neighborhood of Hunterstown, however, and from that point south-eastward, by New Oxford, as far as Hanover, and north-westward as far as Middletown and Bendersville, the hail came down with terrific force, cutting off and crushing all the growing grain and grass in its course, and rendering utterly worthless hundreds, yet thousands of acres, which but a moment before promised an almost unparalleled heavy yield. A more pitiable sight the enterprising husbandman never before had presented to his eye. Farm after farm, to the breadth of a mile or more, and probably a course of eighteen or twenty miles in length, are entirely devastated, as though an instantaneous blight had stricken them. The wheat and rye were rendered perfectly headless—the grass so tenderly pastured—while the oats and corn were mown level with the earth. From scores of wheat and rye fields which came fully within the range of the storm, not a bushel of grain can be expected, so complete is the destruction.

The hail, much of it, was as large as a hulled walnut, and in places it washed to the depth of several feet—so thick that on Tuesday evening all had not yet melted.

The Hanover Spectator gives the following account of the effect of the storm in that place and neighborhood.

The hail stones which fell in the borough measured some of them, four and a half inches in circumference, many of them were size of hickory nuts, while most of them were size of musket bullets. They were hard and solid lumps of ice, and descended with terrific force and tremendous effect. It is estimated that from three to four thousand panes of window glass were shattered within the limits of the town.—Our office and dwelling suffered to the extent of 57 panes and many of our neighbors were told, 120 panes. In other parts of the borough the effects of the storm were more disastrous still. On Abbottstown street near the Railroad a brick building in the course of erection and ready for the roof, the property of Mr. Jacob Myers, was nearly demolished by the partial destruction of the walls, involving we should suppose a very considerable pecuniary loss.—The roof of Mr. Davis Garber's livery stable was likewise injured, though not we believe to a serious extent. We are informed that the roof of a freight car on the Gettysburg Railroad was torn away by the storm, and we are authorized to state the almost incredible fact that a number of holes were actually driven through the sheet iron roofing of a building belonging to the Hanover B. R. Co., so unprecedentedly violent was the descent of the hail. A gentleman belonging to York had his hands severely cut by the hail in front of Mr. S. A. Webb's grocery store, on Broadway Avenue. Mr. Michael Carl, residing on the Carlisle turnpike, was similarly injured while endeavoring to protect his team of horses—the animals were swollen as if stung by bees or hornets. A hail stone struck a dog running upon a rail track and he fell as though he had been shot. The roof Messrs. Shirk & Slagle's powder house was carried off, and the gable end of Mr. King's barn destroyed. We hear of trees being broken down, fences fallen and many other effects of the storm in the neighborhood. It raged with great violence in the country between this and McSherrystown. Some of the hail stones were as large as hen's eggs and the destruction of property of various kinds was considerable. At McSherrystown the effects were about the same as at Hanover.

At New Oxford the storm was likewise terrific and did immense damage, breaking glass, destroying gardens, stripping fruit trees, &c. Our correspondent at that place writes to us as follows: "Rain fell in torrents inundating our town, in fact it was impossible to see across the square for hail and rain. It was alarmingly furious and continued for about half an hour. The glass in some houses exposed to the storm was entirely demolished, the garden plants all cut to pieces, and the peaches, plums, grapes and cherries stripped from the trees. Some supposed that the last day had surely come, and one man was nearly frantic.—When the storm had abated cart loads of hail could have been swept up, many of the pieces as large as shell-barks. A few days ago farmers could speak of their crops in most encouraging terms, not now, however—their grain lies prostrate and the stalks cut off. This is the case in this immediate vicinity."

There is reason for believing that the storm did not extend very far. It visited York, however, which is 18 miles distant, while Littlestown, which is but 7 miles distant, escaped.

Other places and sections suffered heavily from the same storm, but none apparently to such an extent.

Go to the Town Hall this evening!

THE WAR IN EUROPE.—We have not yet been electrified by any very astonishing or exciting news from the seat of War in Europe. The Austrians, after sudden incursion into the Piedmontese territory, seem to have contented themselves with warring on a small and contemptible scale against the defenceless inhabitants of the district occupied by them, levying contributions and giving up the country to pillage. Their scheme of falling upon the Piedmontese

forces, and routing them before the arrival of the French, was apparently destroyed by interference of the elements. The heavy rains so swelled the streams and overflowed the country as to render rapid movements impossible. The delay permitted the Emperor of the French to bring his forces into the field and oppose the Austrians on something like terms of equality. But little had been done, however, on either side, up to May 20th, when a body of Austrians, 15,000 strong, under Gen. Zobel advanced toward the Piedmontese position of Montebello, when it was met by the French, under Gen. Forey, and a battle ensued, lasting about four hours, at the expiration of which time the Austrians were compelled to retire, with an alleged loss of 1,500 men. The allies lost 500, among which was a large proportion of officers. 200 Austrian prisoners were taken, among them a Colonel. The French numbered not over 8,000 men, supported by 900 Sardinian horse. The result of this engagement is inspiring to the allies, and the result will probably be the retreat of the Austrians into Lombardy, where there is trouble awaiting them. The last steamer brings the following abstract of news:

ALEXANDRIA, May 29.—The Emperor Napoleon and all the troops are in perfect health. The harvest has begun and the army is abundantly supplied. The soldiers are in high spirits.

General Garibaldi entered Como amidst the ringing of bells and a general illumination at night. All the steamers on Lake Como are in the possession of Garibaldi, and the Austrians are in rapid retreat.

LUNGO, May 28.—The Austrians, pursued by Gen. Garibaldi, are withdrawing towards Milan.

Garibaldi has also occupied Camello and Lecco, (the latter 10 miles east of Como, on the Lake of Lecco, at the mouth of the Adda.)

Insurrectionary movements are reported in the Valtellina, and eight hundred insurgents were in possession of an Austrian steamer.

Another dispatch says, in reference to Garibaldi's movements, that after a furious fight of three hours he entered Como, and the combat was again renewed at Comerio, where the Austrian troops again gave way and retreated.

The Austrian war steamer had cannonaded Canobio on the Piedmontese side of Lake Maggiore without much effect.

BERLIN, Saturday, May 28.—Advices from Florence say that Russia, Prussia, England and Turkey have not recognized the provisional government of Tuscany, and that their representatives are said to have withdrawn their flags.

PARIS, May 28.—The Pays says the Austrians quitted Pratognog (?) yesterday and entered Lombardy.

The same journal states that England is endeavoring to renew diplomatic relations with Naples, but on condition that France will simultaneously do the same.

The London Times says that the report that M. Bernetilly is about to leave Paris on an extraordinary commission to the German Confederation, tends to strengthen the supposition that it is possible a compromise may be effected at no distant day, by Prussian agency.

How a Doctor of Divinity lost his "Sixtily."—The Cincinnati Gazette tells the following:

When Dr. McMaster made his great speech on the Seminary question, in the Presbyterian General Assembly, at Indianapolis, on Monday afternoon, the reporter of the Gazette made arrangements to get his manuscript as fast as he read it—in order to send it to Cincinnati. The Doctor laid the sheets on the table before him, as he finished them, and occasionally would pass some over with "Here, Mr. Reporter." At ten minutes to five (the hour the train leaves,) there was quite a pile lying there but the reporter did not like to take them without saying "By your leave." He waited for the Doctor to pause, till he dare not wait any longer. It was already five minutes to five, so he seized the pile of manuscript, and started.

Shortly after the Doctor came to "Sixtily."—"Where's my Sixtily?" said he. He turned over his manuscript, but no Sixtily! At last, with a perplexed expression on his simple, child-like face (for though a very large man, with a venerable white head, he had a face mounted on his body more child-like than that of Horace Greeley) the Doctor said, "I wonder if that Reporter has carried off my 'Sixtily?'"

It was even so, "Sixtily" was already on the train, bound for Cincinnati, and just as the Doctor discovered the fact, the whistle of the departing train sounded, seeming to say, "Got your sp-e-e-ch sp-e-e-ch sp-e-e-ch." "Got your sp-e-e-ch sp-e-e-ch." The Assembly was convulsed with laughter.

AN OLD JOKE IN A NEW CLOAK.  
"Can't conceive," said a lady one day.  
"Why my hair all at once should be growing so gray;  
Perhaps (she continued) the change may be due  
To my sultry climate, the Essence of Rue."  
"That may be," said a wag, "but I really protest  
The Essence of Time (thyself) will account for it best!"  
Boston Post.

Mrs. Vanderhoff, No. 185, South Street, says of DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, "I have been unwell, and not knowing whether it proceeded from derangement of the liver or merely hysteria. I was persuaded to purchase a box of Dr. McLANE'S celebrated Liver Pills, prepared by Fleming Bros., Pittsburg, and before I had used them all, was entirely relieved. I am now enjoying perfect health, and cheerfully recommend Dr. McLANE'S celebrated Liver Pills, to all similarly afflicted."  
New York, March 25, 1852.

Purchasers 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 his celebrated Vermifuge, can now be had at all respectable drug stores. None genuine without the signature of  
June 11 1859 [10] FLEMING BROS.

## Let there be a good turn-out this evening.

MODERN INVENTIONS.  
We know of no invention of modern times that deserves or is destined to occupy a higher niche in the temple of fame, than the discovery or invention of the Vegetable Epileptic Pills, or curing Epilepsy, Falling Fit, or Spasms, Cramps, and all the various manifestations of Nervous Disease. Dr. B. H. Hance of 108 Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md., the inventor is certainly entitled to the best wishes of all the benevolent portion of mankind, who experience a pleasure by the alleviation of human suffering. When Dr. Hance first prepared these Pills, he intended them solely for Fits, Cramps and Spasms; but subsequent experience satisfactorily proved to him that in addition to their remarkable sensitive properties in this class of diseases, they exerted a perfect control over the entire Nervous system. He was then induced to try them in cases of Neuralgia, Tic-Doloureux, Nervous Headache, Palpitation of the Heart, Incipient Paralysis, Hysteria, Muscular Debility, and a host of minor diseases, springing from a lack of nerve force, or a general derangement of the system. They were crowned with the most sanguine success. Persons at a distance, by writing, and sending a remittance to Dr. Hance, can have the medicine forwarded by mail to their post office address, by paying the postage. The prices are for six boxes \$2, for twelve boxes \$3, or \$24 per dozen. We have given his address above. June 4, '59 11.

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Dr. Hance's Hemorrhoidal Relief Pills, a simple sugar pill, taken two or three times per day, cures the disease by emptying the circulation upon which the disease depends. Hundreds have been cured by it, even of the most obstinate cases. All will be promptly benefited by its use.

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Bathel's Wig and Toupees surpass all. They are elegant, light, easy and durable.  
Fitting to a charm—no turning up behind—no shrinking of the head; indeed, this is the only establishment where these things are properly understood and made.  
Nov. 13, '58. 225 Broadway, New York.

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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.

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