

Love in a Tunnel

Many amusing anecdotes of ventriloquists have been published, and many more told that have not been published. But we think there are few ventriloquial incidents that will compare with one we witnessed recently on the cars of the Virginia Central Railroad. We have read anecdotes of Nichols, Kenworthy, Love, Sutton, Harrington and Blits, but think the following actual occurrence will bear favorable mention, side by side with either.

The cars left Charlottesville, Va., for Stanhope, at 12 M., and entered the tunnel, which is very long and very dark, about half past 1 P.M. We had hardly been that out from daylight, when a noise was heard in the rear end of the last car. The conductor and several passengers who were standing on the platform, entered the car with a view to discover the cause of the disturbance. But owing to the extreme darkness, nothing could be seen. While patiently waiting to hear the slightest movement, which might explain the excitement, a boisterous noise, resembling the sound produced by fervent kissing, and at the same moment a female voice was heard exclaiming:

"Get out you brute! Let me alone! I'll call the conductor! Keep your hands off me! This is shameful!"

"Where is he?" cried the conductor in an angry tone, approaching the direction whence the sound proceeded.

"Here!" said the lady, "this end of the car, arrest him! He insulted me shamefully—here he is again! Will you let me alone? I think it is a burning shame that a respectable lady should be treated in this manner!"

"Get in the ladies' car then!" Shouted a gruff voice. "You have no business here!"

"She has a right here!" replied the conductor, seizing the individual he supposed guilty of a misdemeanor.

"You need not grab me," said a husky-voiced old man; "I didn't touch her; I have not seen a woman in the car!"

The conductor seemed confused, and retraced his steps to the forward end of the car. Again the voice was heard, apparently in the rear.

"Here he is again, conductor! Go away! quit let me alone! this shameful! Keep your hands to yourself sir! I'll leave the car! You follow if you dare!"

This language was followed by an explosion resounding the concussion of two lips. All was confusion. The sympathizing passengers were all standing up, highly excited, but owing to the darkness and the uncertainty that existed from whence the sounds proceeded, nothing was done. A noise like the rustling of silk was heard, the rear door of the car opened and then closed with a banging sound, making the extraordinary stillness which followed fearful to contemplate, which fearfulness increased to horror, when the conductor announced that the lady must have stepped off the platform, as there was no car attached.

The cars were stopped by the signal rope, and a lantern procured, when the passengers, headed by the conductor, groped slowly and silently back through the tunnel, expecting momentarily to discover the mutilated remains of the unfortunate female. But after searching back to the mouth of the tunnel, nothing was found, and they sadly retraced their steps.

Upon arriving at the train a passenger suggested that the cause of the excitement he arrested; and in the cars went the party searching every seat until they came to a person, leaning forward on the back of a seat in front of him, apparently asleep. The conductor roughly shook the sleeper, when he raised his head, when, lo! and behold, it was Wymouth the ventriloquist.

The party very reluctantly swallowed the unmitigated "sell." The cars started and sped on to their place of destination, having been detained one hour over time.

THE PENITENT RAVEN.

The Raven's house is built with reeds,
And the Raven's house is built with weeds
High on the hollow tree
In a quiet, lonely place,
Upon the top lies.

Telling his friends from night till morn,
Sing else who was not I!
In penance for stealing the Abbot's corn,
High on the hollow tree,
was it not I,
As I lightly visit the Raven's nest,
High on the hollow tree.

The Raven's pride'd the winter there!
Sang else who was not I?
The hawk and the winds they knew,
High on the hollow tree,
Until the spring came for again,
And the Abbot's men to sow the grain.
Armed with the hollow tree.

Aha, aha, for earthly joys,
Sing else who was not I?
Whether the birds or the crows,
High on the hollow tree,
The Raven's world upon us dead,
And the Abbot's men to sow the grain.
Armed with the hollow tree.

So, let us our hearts in shame of sin,
Aha, and who is not I?
While all is busines within,
And the Abbot's men to sow the grain.
Armed with the hollow tree,

A Good Setter.—Heywood, the photographer, is proprietor of a piece of dog flesh of unusual suavity. One morning last week the dog's absence created some little alarm, it being feared that some cur had caused him to see the last of his dog days. But our artist friend was soon made glad by the appearance of philanthropic acquaintance leading his dogship into his rooms. He stated that he found him sitting on Washington street, apparently rooted to the spot, with head erect, pointing pertinaciously opposite. Suspecting there must be game in the vicinity, he made anxious search, and a few moments discovered, on a line with the setter's snout, the sign of A. Partridge.—Boston Herald.

A TRAGIC STORY.

There lived a sage in days of yore,
And he shamed the world.
But wretched much and sorrowed more
Because it hung behind him.

He mused upon this serious case,
And awoke but to change the pig-tail's place,
And kiss the tail.

Not daring them behind him,
Says he, "the master! I've found
I'll turn me round"—turned my nose,
But still I hung behind him.

Then round and round, and out in,
All day the puzzled sage did spin
For vain, it mattered not the angle,
Till at last I hung behind him.

And right and left, and round about,
And up and down, and out and in,
He turned, but still the pig-tail stood,
Hung steadily behind him.

And though his efforts never slack,
And though he twist and twirl, and tack,
At last I hung behind him.

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The Columbia Spy.

COLUMBIA, Pa.
SATURDAY, AUG. 20, 1859.

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

DISTRICT ATTORNEY.—We are authorized to announce JESSE LANDIS, Esq., as a candidate for District Attorney at the October election, subject to the decision of the People's County Convention.

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

GRAPES.—We acknowledge the receipt from S. H. Purple, of the Hillside Nursery and Garden, of a most splendid bunch of luscious grapes. The bunch is of noble proportions, and the fruit large and delicious. They are of the "Black Hamburg" variety. Mr. Purple has a large stock of the finest varieties of grapes at his garden, and citizens desiring a taste of these luxuries will not fail to pay the "Hillside" a visit.

BORD'S LANCASTER COUNTY DIRECTORY.—We have received the Lancaster County Directory, a work prepared by Wm. H. Boyd, containing the names and addresses of the citizens of Lancaster, and general information concerning the business and business men of the county, arranged under proper heads. The work is useful as a reference, and will have an extensive circulation. It is published by Springer & Westhafer, East King street, Lancaster, where it may be procured.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.—A morning contemporary publishes a statement from a correspondent who declines to furnish with his name, to the effect that the Pennsylvania Railroad bridge over the Conestoga, one mile east of Lancaster, is unsafe.

We have enquired of the officers of the company in relation to the matter, and they request us to state that, as is apt to be the case with anonymous stories, there is not one word of truth in the statement; and that like all the bridges on this well-managed railroad, the one over the Conestoga is perfectly sound and substantial.—*Bulletin*.

With every accident by sea or land we have an accompaniment of false alarms, sometimes stupid, sometimes malicious.—We scarcely know under which head to class the above canard. It looks like a deliberate attempt to injure the business of the Pennsylvania Railroad, but where we remember that the Conestoga bridge was rebuilt by the State but a few years previous to the sale of the main line, and is one of the most substantial structures on the entire road, stupidity rather gets the better of malice. It is a safe assertion that not a bridge, culvert, locomotive, car, or foot of rail or road belonging to the Pennsylvania Railroad Company escapes necessary and most minute scrutiny. An accident on this road—and accidents are few—is what its name imports, and not an almost wilful slaughter. The management is notoriously the best in the country, and under its excellent supervision the road may be confidently regarded as secure from every danger incident to official neglect and incompetency.

DREDGING MACHINE.—On Monday last the dredging machine of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, lately employed in cleaning out the Clarke's Ferry dam, was put to work by the Susquehanna and Tide Water Canal Company, to dredge the channel at the bridge, below the out-set lock. A large accumulation of sand above the Public Ground Company's wharf had almost closed the passage, and there being no current or artificial deepening of the channel became necessary. The machine does work that would drive a hundred darkies to despair. It raises a clever cart-load of sand at every long breath, and loads a "hat" to the water's edge in a ridiculously short time. The dirt is floated to a point in the river beyond the pier and there shored over-board.

It has been suggested to us that the machine might advantageously be employed to dredge a channel along our wharves. We do not know whether the work could be done at a figure to warrant the outlay, but we offer the idea for consideration by our wharf owners.

THE PRESENT is the season for repairing and refitting old houses and building new ones, hence it is the season when the latest inventions for rendering them comfortable as well as enhancing their beauty, will be eagerly sought for. One of the most important considerations in erecting a building whether for a private residence or for public use is the manner in which it is warmed and ventilated. And in order to get at the cheapest and best method of doing so we would recommend our readers to examine the "New Chilson Cone Furnace," for sale by Messrs. Arnold & Wilson, No. 1010 Chestnut St., Phila. These gentlemen have also for sale a large assortment of Low Down Grates, Parlor Coal Grates, Registers, Ventilators, etc. Also the "New Chilson Elevated Double Oven Cooking Range," which is decidedly the most complete apparatus of the kind ever offered to the public in this country. We would invite attention to their "Enamelled Plate Mantels," being by far more durable and beautiful than those of Marble or of anything else now in use. The whole making their establishment one of the largest and most complete in this country. See advertisement.

CONVICTION OF ANDERSON.—On Tuesday afternoon, George Anderson, the negro arrested in Columbia some weeks since, charged with committing a most brutal outrage upon Mary Connelly, a white girl, of between 9 and 10 years of age, in Salisbury township, near the Gap, was tried at the Quarter Sessions in Lancaster and convicted.

The counsel for the prisoner endeavored to prove an *alibi* but failed. The jury after an absence of about ten minutes returned a verdict of guilty, and the villain was sentenced to twelve years imprisonment in the Eastern Penitentiary—the extreme penalty of the law.

It is an economical reflection that when garments are too short, the difficulty may be remedied by wearing them longer.

Life Insurance.

It has been truly said, that "LIFE INSURANCE, which is entitled to and receives high rank among all benevolent and useful institutions, is now engaging the attention of those thinking men who are accustomed to reflect deeply on the past and to form just anticipations of the future; being received with the greatest favor in the countries where education is most diffused, and where the obligations of social life are most regarded."

It has been the means of saving thousands from the pinches of want, and many a comfortable income assured to the widow and orphan, bears witness to its practical beneficence. It is the one certain resource for the laboring man whose care is to lay up a provision for the dependent ones he may be at any moment called upon to leave alone in the daily struggle with the world. It is certain we say, as far as human certainty can go. In all branches of business success depends on such a variety of contingent circumstances that loss and gain are equal on the cards. Calculations on certain profits are too fallacious for dependence. Speculation is but a species of gambling, at best, and even in the event of success, either in legitimate business or the boldest risks, the fickleness of fortune is a reserved *corps d'armes* against which it is vain to struggle. Life insurance, is, subject to none of the fluctuations or the perils of speculation. Observations in various countries for the last two hundred years have established certain laws of mortality, and from these laws accurate calculation has formed tables, which serve as a basis for estimates of the average of expected life at any age. As, for instance, 1,000 persons, at the age of 25, have yet an average life of 37 years each; at the age of 30, about 34; at the age of 35, just 31 years each. It does not matter if the first of 1,000 should die in the first year, the rest may live twice the expected term, and the whole are expected to make as many payments as will amount to the whole sum for which they are all insured. As the premiums for insuring on life are based upon these facts, together with the experience of many years, there cannot fail to render a Life Policy a sure resource when death occurs. So that Life Insurance may be truly said to be a matter of certainty.

In pure risk, there can be no certain date for calculations. We cannot tell how many buildings may burn in a year or a given number of years, and the best of calculations are but a hazard, the result of guess work, a mere chance affair; and that may be said of all other insurances, excepting life. All other risks are uncertain, even after many years. But the cessation of life is certain;

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