The Columbia Spy.

COLUMBIA, PA.
SATURDAY, JAN. 28, 1860.

☞ See New Advertisements of A. M. Rambo's, Odd Fellows' Hall, in to-day's Paper.

☞ The Rev. Mr. Raby, of Wrightsville, will preach in the E. E. Lutheran Church, to-morrow (Sunday) morning, at 10 o'clock.

☞ The Rev. Dr. Nevin, of Lancaster, will preach in the German Reformed Church to-morrow (Sunday) morning and evening at the usual hours.

☞ There will be a Temperance address delivered on Tow Hill, in the open air, (weather permitting) on to-morrow (Sunday) afternoon at 3 o'clock.

Valuable Mules Killed.—Messrs. C. Hershey and Jas. Bennett, of this place, lost two mules from their fine team, on Tuesday morning last, in Wrightsville. The team was attached to some cars on a siding, when from the displacement of a switch, an engine drawing a train of lumber cars from the river track ran on the siding and into the team, killing two mules and injuring a third. The animals were valuable, and the loss will fall heavily on the owners unless the Company can be made answerable for the careless shifting of the switch.

Hope Lodge Evening.—At the Hope Lodge Evening of Thursday, Mr. A. Caldwell, according to last week's announcement, delivered a lecture on "Money."—We made one of a tolerably numerous audience, by which the gentleman's remarks were listened to with attention and interest. Mr. Caldwell introduced the subject by giving a succinct and clear account of the primitive customs of barter among the ancient peoples of the earth, and of the early introduction of metallic money.

He quoted from the scriptures the earliest historical mention of metallic currency, and accompanied the gradual improvement in the circulating medium down to its present state of perfection, in this blessed era of bank notes. He treated of money as the great motor, for good or evil, in all ages, and depicted its various abuses, very aptly concluding the consideration of his subject in a moral light, by the quotation of Hood's inimitable apostrophe to gold. He next ably treated of money in its great financial relations; giving the use and progress of the present banking system, advocating its utility and absolute necessity. Altogether, Mr. Caldwell said what was *a propos*, and handled the subject in the masterly manner of one familiar with it in its minutest details. His hearers were instructed, entertained and abundantly satisfied.

We neglected to say that the meeting was called to order by Dr. W. S. McCorkle, who occupied the position of Chairman. After the conclusion of Mr. Caldwell's remarks, the Chairman called upon the audience for comment and discussion. Retiring modesty prevailed, and for some time the assemblage remained tongue-tied. Mr. Kauffman finally mustered courage to break the ice with an amusing reminiscence of his legislatorial career, in which money played the unwonted part of great corrupter of the public integrity. Of course Mr. Kauffman spoke of parties in the third person.

Mr. Myers commented on the lecture, at some length, preferring to Mr. Caldwell's definition of money—a circulating medium with a fixed value—his own, viz: the product of a laboring man's hard day's work—at least he contended that this gave a more correct standard of money value, if not an entirely satisfactory explanation of the word money. He would teach his son to so regard money—as the precious wages of toil—and he would train him to diligently earn, not idly spend. No drone should be allowed in society. It was every man's duty to add, to the extent of his ability, to the industry of the country by the active employment of his capital. Every man should be energetically employed in making money, not for money's sake but for the sake of improving his means of usefulness through the proper expenditure of it. It was man's part and should be his pleasure, to honestly earn; it was woman's part, and certainly *was* her pleasure, to conscientiously spend. Mr. M. referred to the scarcity of the circulating medium in this neighborhood and the entire country, and attributed it to a mistaken policy in our government. Mr. Myers protested that he had no intention of trenching upon the forbidden subject of politics; but we thought we detected in his remarks a slight squinting in that direction (which obliquity, by the way, became a confirmed case of strabismus during subsequent debate on the part of Mr. Kauffman,) and an almost irresistable inclination on the part of the speaker to fairly back that excellent square-trotting hobby, the tariff.—Mr. Myers brought his remarks to an abrupt conclusion, however, and resigned the floor.

Mr. Oberlin succeeded Mr. Myers, and took high moral grounds against money as a ruler and swayer of men's actions and character. He argued that the character of a nation was mainly decided by the measure in which money was made its god.—He contrasted the prosperity of North and South America, and accounted for the dissimilarity in the character of the inhabitants of the two great divisions by the difference in the motives which actuated their original European settlers: these, god-fearing men, fleeing from persecution to an inhospitable wilderness, peopled by implacable savages; those godless marauders, sacrificing in cold blood a peaceful and friendly people, in their lust for gold.

Mr. Kauffman followed in a discursive little address during which he traveled over much ground, embracing the territory of the United States in general, the state of California in particular, the kingdom of Prussia, and a fair proportion of the small remaining balance of the globe. He condemned the present policy of our government and came out flat footed for a protective tariff, upon which he was called to order. He protested against the imputation of endeavoring to snake in politics, but would stand by the sentiments he had expressed. Mr. Kauffman's remarks were made in his happy off-hand manner, and contributed to the good humor and enjoyment of the evening.

Mr. Fisher rose and said that his remarks must be based rather on the want of money than on personal acquaintance with it. [The gentleman notwithstanding his acknowledged limited familiarity with his subject, probably spoke from an experience equally extended as that enjoyed by nine tenths of his audience.—Ed.] and alluded feelingly to the sufferings of the very needy from scarcity of the identical subject under discussion. He agreed with Mr. Myers in his estimate, as far as it went, of the value of bone and sinew; but he contended that the laborer was worthy of his hire, and that hire should exceed a dollar a day. He begged to refer with respectful dissent to a position of the lecturer of the evening, who had assumed that money was always found most plentiful where most needed: his own experience had taught him a diametrically opposite lesson.

Mr. Caldwell explained that his meaning was that where extensive trade demanded ample supply of money, there money would seek a market.

Mr. Fisher resumed his remarks when *time* was called by the chairman, and Mr. F. resigned.

Mr. Albright took ground similar to that of Mr. Oberlin, and contended that money was demoralizing in its influence. He thought the world would be better off without the "medium."

Mr. Bokius rose as a representative of Young America, in a spirit of inquiry, and Mr. Albright accommodated him, in a spirt of response.

Mr. North, as Young America had been invoked, felt that he could not consistently sit an unresponsive listener. A majority of the speakers of the evening had cordially joined in denouncing the subject of the evening's lecture as an unmitigated evil; but had all failed in suggesting a remedy—a substitute. He, in a measure, agreed with them in their estimate of the influence of money, and thought he would be able, before the conclusion of his remarks, to introduce before his listeners a feasible project for extinguishing the present currency.—First, however, he felt compelled to reply to the gentleman who had by implication arraigned the Democratic party for the high misdemeanor of causing a general business stagnation by mismanagement of the Government. The speaker was called to order; but assured the gentlemen that he was not overstepping the boundaries. [As author of the "Lancaster Platform" the speaker was bound to vindicate the present Administration or fall in his tracks.—Ed.]

After a clear and forcible statement of his case, Mr. North then introduced his great scheme of—"amelioration," we may call it. He adverted to the lecture of the evening in which we had been told of the early system of barter—corn for wine and wine for corn, &c.,—and that at one time cattle were considered current funds. Now he was too progressive to go back to the corn and wine period, but he considered the cattle system the only substitute for our present metallic and paper one. Paper money was introduced to obviate the inconvenience arising from the transmission of the too bulky coin. The self-motive cattle met this objection, as they transmitted themselves—were their own common carriers. The cattle system also met and overcame one of the most startling and crying corruptions engendered, or at least fostered, by the present portable, compressible style of money. He referred to bribery and corruption, of public servants in our National and State legislative bodies. Under the cattle system what representative would be willing to return to face an outraged and indignant constituency on a spavined horse, trowsers inside his boots, cracking a huge-thonged whip and crying "Whoa! whoa!" behind a herd of cattle, too extensive to be accounted for on the plea of mileage and per diem.

Time was called upon Mr. North before he had finished his remarks, and we have taken the liberty of elaborating his original idea. In common with the entire audience, we desired to hear him complete it in his own words. In our rendering of his remarks, as well as those of the other speakers, in consequence of trusting to our memory, we are compelled to jump at conclusions and almost entirely interpolate our own expressions, although we would prefer giving each speaker the benefit of his own language.

For ourself, we had intended to speak on the occasion and had, by persistent solitary brooding, hatched out a neat little address. When it came to the pinch, however, our courage failed us, and we sat silent until too late. On motion the meeting adjourned.—Our courage immediately rose, and we sprang to our feet determined to be heard.—We shouted in a faint whisper our financial battle-cry: "One dollar and a half a year in advance: two dollars if not in advance." Our remarks failed to reach the public ear, but struck upon the neighboring tympan of a hopelessly delinquent "sub." who applied them as personal, and next morning demanded satisfaction, refering us to his friend in a neat little cartel commencing: "Columbia Bank, pay to the order of," &c. We immediately made a humble written apology, in the shape of a receipt in full.—Altogether the discussion of "money" was not without its profit.

The Chairman of the evening announced Rev. Edward Appleton as the lecturer on next Thursday evening, on the subject of "Criminal Reformation."

Horse Exhibition and County Fair.—At a meeting of the Managers of the Lancaster County Agricultural and Mechanical Society, held on Monday last, it was determined to hold an exhibition of horses on Thursday and Friday, the 10th and 11th of May next. The annual fair will be held on the 25th, 26th, 27th and 28th days of September next. Gen. M. R. Witwer was appointed General Superintendent for the ensuing year.

Atlantic Monthly.—The Atlantic for February contains some good papers and stories. Miss Prescott concludes a brilliant tale commenced in the January number—"The Amber Gods,"—and Miss Rose Terry, one of our most talented magazinists, gives one of her choice works of imagination.—Holmes continues his "Professor's Story," and the editorial department is more than usually full in scholarly criticism. If we say that the "Atlantic" of to-day is in every respect equal to the Atlantic in its first issue, we give praise sufficient; but we can go beyond this and claim for it an advance upon its initial excellences.

All the Year Round.—The February number of All the Year Round contains the concluding number of Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities," which is succeeded by Wilkie Collins' "Woman is White," a story admirably told, and of unusual interest. This will form the standard work of fiction in the periodical for some months. The minor articles are written with the talent and *grace* so peculiar to the literary corps of Household Words and its worthy successor, All the Year Round. A better and more varied and entertaining month's purvey of literature is not to be found between the covers of any other magazine.

Police Items.

"REPORTED BY OUR SPECIAL MOUCHARD."

"Didn't know the Ropes."—On Tuesday, 17th inst., complaint was made before Thos. Welsh, Esq., that several canal boats lying near the Basin had been broken open and plundered of ropes, iron, harness, and other portable articles. A search warrant was placed in the hands of Constable Hollingsworth, and that officer discovered the stolen property stowed away in a house in Fifth street near Cherry. The tenant of the house was arrested and brought to the Blue Front for a hearing, when he gave his name as William Rochow. He is a German, engaged in the purchase of old iron, old ropes, rags, &c., and had on hand a quantity of different sorts of stock, most of which was identified as stolen. It was not clearly made out that Rochow purchased the articles knowing them to be "contraband;" in fact he protested that he "didn't know the ropes" and things were stolen. He was a stranger in the town, consequently to the character of the parties from whom he purchased, and was deemed to have acted in good faith. He was held in his own recognizance to appear and testify against the thieves, if required.

The same Evening a warrant was issued for the arrest of George Jameson, colored, strongly suspected of being the offender.—He was arrested, provided with a night's lodging, and brought up next morning for a hearing. The prisoner was confronted with Rochow, who exonerated George from the charge. The Squire honorably acquitted Mr. Jameson admonishing him to go and walk a straight chalk, for he had his eye on him.

Squaring up with (not for) the Spy.—On last Saturday evening the denizens of Fish Town were considerably annoyed by the repeated efforts of a stranger of exceeding disreputable general appearance, to enter various houses, in despite of the wishes of the in-dwellers, vehemently expressed.—The offending party was finally arrested by two good citizens and escorted to the lock-up, where he was duly incarcerated. After spending a peaceful sabbath, the prisoner was, on Monday morning, conveyed by the Sheriff to the Blue Front, to answer the charge of drunkenness, disorderly conduct, &c. The disturber of the peace and dignity of Fish Town gave his name as Charles Wilson, of Boston, *printer*, was traveling under temporary embarassment. [The party was what is known technically as a "Strapped Jour."—Ed.] Had met with hospitable treatment and got merry over it. May have created some trifling excitement by his efforts to make himself at home, but thought he had not overstepped the privileges of the craft. Complained of his Sunday seclusion, and indignantly inquired wether the justice was aware that of such stuff as himself (prisoner) were manufactured Presidents, Senators, Governors and other high dignitaries of the land! He contended that no calling was so honorable as that of printer, and was proceeding in a general eulogy of the "craft," when the Squire interfered and knocked the well founded periods into *pi* by indignantly denouncing the entire fraternity of typos as worthy of contempt and contumely. He declared that there was no class of offenders more deserving of the severest punishment meted out at the Blue Front; yet by some unfortunate fatality none had heretofore so successfully evaded his grasp. The prisoner stood in the unfortunate position of representative of an obnoxious fraternity; and much as the Court was disposed to sympathize with him personally [Gammon—he wanted his costs.—Ed.] it could not conscientiously forego this opportunity of visiting upon his head (as the head of a printer, not of a mere man) the accumulated wrath and indignation of years. The decision in this case, the Court hoped, would stand as a monument of even-handed justice, and would serve as a timely warning to insolent members of the craft, by whom the rulings and decisions of this honorable Court are persistently held up to ridicule in the columns of that vile sheet, the *Spy*. [Hear! hear! from our "Mouchard" in the corner.] The Squire drew himself up to his full height and called upon the officers to preserve order in the Court: appause must be suppressed at all hazards. [Order!!! from the Sheriff.]

The Justice resumed his remarks, and after a few more severe reflections upon a venal press, solemnly sentenced prisoner to thirty days in the county prison, and added a heartfelt wish that he could include the entire craft in the committal. Charles was for a moment speechless, but at length found breath to protest against being identified with the *Spy* office. He had never worked there, and never expected to. On this representation the Squire was mollified, and compromised with the typo for fifteen days at Cadwellville. The Sheriff escorted the "Jour" to his retreat by that afternoon's "Tub."

[Although we most solemnly protest against this outrage upon Justice, evidently perpetrated through the most reprehensible spirit of petty spite, we cannot refrain from tendering our sincere thanks to Esquire Welsh for saving us, by the prompt incarceration of the above "Strapped Jour," the disbursement of the sum of twenty-five cents, more or less, as the case might have required, and probably considerable additional annoyance; possibly in the shape of a call at Saturday midnight for lodging, or its equivalent; certainly on Sunday morning for breakfast, or the wherewithal, and inevitably on Monday for work, or assistance to get on to Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington or other large city, where a choice of a dozen good situations at munificent remuneration awaited the coming of the impecunious. For the above squaring of accounts we sincerely thank the Squire.—Ed. Spy.]

Proceedings of Council.—Columbia, Jan., 20, 1860. Council met: Members present: Messrs. Bruner, Breneman, Hippey, Hershey, McChesney, Pfahler, Welsh, Watts & Fraley, President. Minutes of last meeting read and approved. The President announced the following standing Committees for the ensuing year:

Road—T. Welsh, Wm. McChesney, J. M. Watts.

Paving—J. Hippey, A. Bruner, H. Breneman.

Gas—J. C. Pfahler, J. Hippey, J. M. Watts.

Rents & Repairs—A. Bruner, T. Welsh, W. McChesney.

Finance—H. S. Hershey, J. C. Pfahler, H. Breneman.

Market—J. M. Watts, T. Welsh, W. McChesney.

Brave Engine—H. Breneman, H. S. Hershey, J. Hippey.

Upon the following communication from the Treasurer, referred to the Finance Committee at the last meeting of Council, the Committee reported favorably.

"Since the settlement with the Committee "of Council, December 26, 1857, I have dis"covered an error of Thirty dollars in my "favor. On the 20th of August, 1857, I re"ceived from C. Hollingsworth, Collector, "Two Hundred dollars for which I gave my "receipt, and on the same day and date I "charged myself with Two Hundred and "Thirty dollars, said Committee settled by "my Books. I respectfully ask the Council "to refund me Thirty dollars which they re"ceived of me in error, in settling accounts.

C. Tyson, Treasurer.

On motion of Mr. Pfahler, an order was drawn for $30 in favor of Cornelius Tyson, in payment of the error specified in the foregoing communication.

Mr. Breneman presented a Bond for $600 in favor of F. S. Bletz due, April 16, 1859, for which Mr. Bletz wanted two Bonds, one for $400 and one for $200, payable twelve months from this date.

Mr. Pfahler moved that two Bonds be executed in favor of F. S. Bletz, one for $400 and one for $200, payable twelve months from this date, and that an order be drawn on the Treasurer for $27, for the interest due on the Bond of $600 up to this date, which was agreed to.

Mr. Welsh moved that the motion of Mr. Pfahler be reconsidered, upon which the Yeas and Nays were called as follows: Yeas, Messrs. Bruner, Watts and Welsh, 3. Nays, Messrs. Breneman, Hershey, Hippey, McChesney, Pfahler and Fraley, 6.

Mr. Welsh moved that James Barber be employed to assess the Borough Tax for 1860, and serve the notices at a compensation of $10, which was agreed to.

On motion of Mr. Welsh the rate of assessment for 1860 was fixed at 40 cents in each hundred dollars valuation.

On motion of Mr. Welsh the Salary of Clerk of Council for the ensuing year was fixed at $40.

Mr. Welsh moved that the Salary of the Market Clerk be Fifty dollars for the ensuing year.

Mr. Watts moved to amend by "striking out $50 and inserting $52."

Mr. McChesney moved an amendment to the amendment of Mr. Watts, that $52 be stricken out and $40 inserted.

On the amendment of Mr. McChesney, the Yeas and Nays were called as follows: Yeas Messrs. Breneman, Hershey, McChesney and Welsh, 4. Nays, Messrs. Bruner, Hippey, Pfahler, Watts and Fraley, 5.

The amendment of Mr. McChesney being disagreed to, the Yeas and Nays were called on the amendment of Mr. Watts and agreed to as follows: Yeas, Messrs. Bruner, Fraley, Hippey, Pfahler and Watts, 5. Nays, Messrs. Breneman, Hershey, McChesney & Welsh, 4.

The original motion as amended by Mr. Watts was agreed to, as follows: Yeas, Messrs. Bruner, Fraley, Hippey, Pfahler and Watts, 5. Nays, Messrs. Breneman, Hershey, McChesney and Welsh, 4.

On motion of Mr. Welsh the Salary of the High Constable for the ensuing year was fixed at $25.

Mr. Hershey moved that the High Constable be allowed 12½ cents for each meal furnished prisoners put in the lock-up.

Mr. McChesney moved to amend by striking out 12½ cents and inserting 20 cents for feeding prisoners. The amendment being accepted by Mr. Hershey, Mr. Watts moved to amend by striking out 20 cents and inserting 12½ cents; on the amendment of Mr. Watts the Yeas and Nays were called as follows: Yeas, Messrs. Bruner, Pfahler and Watts, 3. Nays, Messrs. Breneman, Fraley, Hershey, Hippy, McChesney and Welsh, 6. The original motion was then agreed to.

Mr Welsh moved that the pay of the Supervisor be $1.25 for every day he is employed, which was agreed to.

On motion of Mr. Welsh the pay of the laborers employed by the Borough was fixed at 10 cents an hour.

Mr. Welsh moved that the Salary of the Lamp Lighter for the ensuing year be Fifty dollars, which was agreed to.

C. A. Hook's bill for $4.16 was ordered to be paid.

H. Wilson's bill for $10.12 was referred to the Gas Committee.

J. Vaughen and Co's. bill for $10.58 was referred to the Road Committee.

Mr. Welsh moved that a special Committee be appointed to inquire into the expediency of opening a street from the east end of the Columbia Bridge to Commerce street, which was agreed to and the President appointed Messrs. Welsh, Bruner and Pfahler said Committee. On motion Council adjourned.

Attest, WM. F. LLOYD, Clerk.

A House of Horror.

In a recent publication relating to the various noted Parisian localities, the following incidents, connected with a house erected as long ago as 1536, are given:

It was located in the Rue des Marmouzets, one of the narrowest and filthiest streets, or rather lanes, in the old *cite*, but considered a very good street indeed in the fourteenth century, though it was narrower then, and filthier by far. In the house then existing on that spot, a barber kept his shop, and a pie-man kept his. The character of one and of the other stood high, both morally and professionally. The pie-man in particular, was esteemed for his industry and skill; no pork pies in all the city were thought so good as his, and he prepared them almost entirely with his own hands; for on the ground that he did not wish to divulge the secret of his superiority, the single apprentice he had was employed in the manipulation of the crust. As for his neighbor, the barber, he shaved and he bled to the perfect satisfaction of his patients; and besides wielding the razor and the lancet, he kept vapor baths so excellently well managed that at the break of day, as soon as the men began to bawl along the streets, "*Les bains sont chauds*," customers would crowd into his premises so fast that all the accommodations these afforded were occupied at once.

The pie-man and his neighbor were, as we have said, in great repute; and so they long continued, in spite of the Rue des Marmouzets having lately acquired rather a bad character, for evil rumors concerning it had begun to circulate; it was that passengers by night had been assassinated in it; their cries for help and of despair had been heard, blood had been seen in the gutter, and it could scarcely have proceeded from the phlebotomizing of the barber, who knew well that he would have been heavily fined if he had thrown the blood so issuing any where but in the river. So the reputation of the street grew worse and worse. But still the barber and the pie-man prospered.

One evening all was explained.

A scream was heard from the barber's shop, and presently a German student, who had entered it a little before, appeared at at the door, tottering and pale, and with several wounds about his neck. The neighbors ran up, questioned him, and gathered from what he said, that as he had been passing, the barber (probably guessing him to be a stranger) had offered to shave him for nothing: that he had accepted the offer, had seated himself; but scarcely had he done so, when the villian, who had got behind him, tried to cut his throat with the razor; that by a desperate effort he had managed, not only to disengage himself, but to tumble his assailant head foremost down a trap-door, which by good luck happened to be open.

A rush was, of course, made into the barbarber's shop; he was not to be seen; after a fruitless search above they thought of searching below, so down they went into the cellar, and they found the pie-man cutting the barber to pieces. The little light that penetrated into the den had not allowed him, when his expected prey came down the trap, to make this important distinction that it was not his friend and confederate who had sent him down the German student, but the German student who had sent him down his friend and confederate.

All was now clear; the pie-man's cellar being found to communicate with the barber's it was now understood why his pies had been so uncommonly good, for, as says the *Pere Dubreul*, in his account of the matter: "They were better than other pies, just as—because of its finer feeling—human flesh is more delicate than any other."

Closed for Repairs.—A good one is told of old Judge L——. His Honor kept a demijohn of good old Jamaica in his private office, for his own comfort and entertainment of his particular friends. The Judge had noticed for some time that on Monday mornings his Jamaica was considerably lighter than he left it on Saturday nights.—Another fact had gradually established itself in his mind. His son Sam was missing from the paternal pew in church on Sundays. One Sunday afternoon Sam came in and went up stairs rather heavily, when the Judge hailed him:

"Sam, where have you been?"

"To church, sir," was the prompt reply.

"What church, Sam?"

"Second Methodist, sir."

"Had a good sermon, Sam?"

"Very powful, sir: it quite staggered me, sir."

"Ah! I see," said the Judge, "quite powerful, eh, Sam?"

The next Sunday the son came hom rather earlier than usual, and apparently not so much "under the weather." His father hailed him with:

"Well, Sam, been to the 'Second Methodist' again to-day?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good sermon, my boy?"

"Fact was, father, that I couldn't get in; church shut up and a ticket on the door."

"Sorry, Sam, keep going—you may get good by it yet."

Sam says on going to the office for his usual *spirit*-ual refreshment, he found the "John" empty, and bearing the following label: "*There will be* [redacted] *service here to-day this church being closed for repairs.*"

☞ A Miss. paper says that no human power "can break the bonds of slaves" in that State. We have no idea that the Mississippi blacks can as easily get rid of their "*bonds*" as the Mississippi whites managed to do a few years ago.—*Louisville Journal.*

☞ An infidel seeks to make proselytes on the same principle which causes little children to cry at night for a bed-fellow,—*he is afraid, of being left alone in the dark.*

Jenkins on the Fashionables.—Jenkins, who attended a hop at Saratoga, writes to the Buffalo *Republic* as follows:

It is impossible to describe the exquisite scene as I entered the immense, magnificent and illimitable drawing-room of Congress Hall. Rapturous forms floated around me in the mazy dance of the lazy music; while "voluptous swells" in tight-bodied coats, and the most delicate straw-colored kids, hung upon the celestial half-clothed forms that mistily filled the hall with lace, glances and perfumes. I have only time to describe three or four of the heavenly beings who represented your city on the occasion.

Miss G—n—l—ham, of Delaware street, was dre sed in a profound maroon, with lace danglers, a Chinese head-dress and high-heeled slippers, with pink culminations. She had an enticing swing to her drapery that captivated the entire male assemblage, and created envy among the angels—present. Her sister was dressed in a blue turban, with marabout feathers, her face exquisitely painted with lilly white and carmine—the very rosiness of health and animation. She had a very low-necked dress and bare arms, with a little isthmus of a lace strap on each shoulder to give the appearance of a connection. The ladies present stated very plainly that "she didn' have enough clothes to go round;" while the gentleman, one and all, declared that they did not see that she was over-dressed in the least, and as far as they could see, they were perfectly satisfied with her appearance.

Mrs. Do—h—mb—gh, of Main street, was gorgeously dressed in straw-colored flounces, looped up with rosettes of velveteen, with gores set in by particular request. Her lemon colored bertha excited a jealous rage, so beautiful an l costly was it, and her hay-colored gloves fitted faultlessly. *She was too sweet to live.* (Oh! Jenkins.)

Miss Von Ra—g—st—e, of Washington street, wore a dress of green silk over a blue and white tarlaton, so arranged as to be invisible except when exhibited. Her corsage was trimmed with grenadine puffings, expanding around the neck in the form of a Queen Elizabeth ruff and dropping gracefully to her heels, where it lay on the floor in delicious lace puddles. She was the charming epitome of all that is delicious and warm in woman. (Jenkins! Jenkins!)

WHAT OUR NEIGHBORS SAY OF
DR. M'LANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS.

New York, August 30, 1852.

☞ We, the undersigned, having made trial of Dr. M'Lane's Celebrated Liver Pills, prepared by Fleming Bros., Pittsburgh, must acknowledge that they are the best medicine for Sick Headache, Dyspepsia, and Liver Complaint, that we have ever used. We take pleasure in recommending them to the public, and are confident, that if those who are troubled with any of the above complaints will give them a fair trial, they will not hesitate to acknowledge their beneficial effects.

MRS HILL, East Troy,
MRS. STEVENS, West Troy.

☞ Purchasers will be careful to ask for DR. M'LANE'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. M'Lane's genuine Liver Pills, also his celebrated Vermifuge, can now be had at all respectable drug stores. *None genuine without the signature of*

Jan. 28, 1860. [42] FLEMING BROS.

FITS! WHY PROMINENT

For a long time there was paragraph making its regular weekly appearance in our columns, with the brief, but emphatic words "Fits! Fits!" always at the head, to some an offensive caption, but not so to the benevolent and humane, who could sympathize in the sorrows of others. Some persons are shocked at any indication of disease, and are even thrown into nervous excitement on witnessing a hearse or a coffin. Such are to be pitied. We should always strive to look disease and even death in the face with calmness, and especially take every opportunity for alleviating disease.—Viewed in this light, the advertisements of S. S. Hance, of 108 Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md., possess a certain interest, and those who know of any one suffering from Epilepsy, Spasms, or Fits of any kind, should feel it a pleasure to cut out his advertisement, or in some other way send word to the afflicted of the great value of his remedies. They can be sent to any part of the country by mail. Price, $3 per box. Two, $5. Twelve, $24.

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 Balsamic Cordial *has acquired a reputation surpassing that of any similar preparation extant. It will cure,* WITHOUT FAIL, *the most severe and long-standing*

Cough, Cold, or Hoarseness, Bronchitis, Influenza, Croup, Pneumonia, Incipient Consumption,

and has performed the most astonishing cures ever known of

Confirmed Consumption.

A few doses will also at once check and cure the most severe Diarrhœa *proceeding from* Cold in the Bowels.

These medicines are prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson & Co., *No.* 418 *Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa., and are sold by druggists and dealers in medicines everywhere, at* 75 *cents per bottle. The signature of* C. M. Jackson *will be on the outside wrapper of each bottle.*

☞ *In the Almanac published annually by the proprietors, called* Everybody's Almanac, *you will find testimony and commendatory notices from all parts of the country. These Almanacs are given away by all our agents.*

For sale by all druggists in the Country.
April 9, 1859-1y.

MRS. WINSLOW,

A experienced nurse and female physician, has a Soothing Syrup for children teething, which greatly facilitates the process of teething, by softening the gums, reducing all inflammation—will allay all pain, and is sure to regulate the bowels. Depend upon it, mothers, it will give rest to yourselves, and relief and health to your infants. Perfectly safe in all cases. See advertisement in another column.

Oct. 29, 1859-1y

The heavens were illuminated on the evening of August 28th, 1859, by the most splendid Aurora Borealis ever seen in the Country. Rays of pink-colored light flashed across the sky, and the changes were beautiful in the extreme. At one time a rapt observer remarked, that he fancied he could see the sparkling lights form themselves into the following words: Buy all your garments at the Brown Stone Clothing Hall of Rockhill & Wilson, Nos. 603 and 605 Chestnut st., above Sixth, Philadelphia.

September 10, 1859.

joe; acting as a friend. Now, if I had acted as a lawyer—"

"Give the the diamonds," said Josiah.

Mr. Chapman placed the box in Josiah's hand. Josiah was about to leave the room. "You will excuse me," said Mr. Chapman blandly, "for making the remark; but your late aunt gave her *diamonds*—not the paste-stones—to your cousin. It is of course for you to consider what claim your cousin has to those diamonds."

Josiah considered for a moment, placed the box on the table, and skulked out of the room.

Adventures of a Nugget.—A correspondent of the San Francisco *Golden Era* gives the following very curious history of a nugget of gold during the last few years. The writer says: Its value is about three hundred dollars, it is of an irregular shape, and perfectly pure. It was first found by an Indian in 1853, on a gulch leading into Dry creek, Amador county. A Mexican, in penetrating a bank, threw it upon a pile of "tailings," without particularly observing it. An Indian passing soon after, discovered it, and waiting until the Greaser's back was turned, seized it and slipped it into his bosom. The eye of the Mexican caught the movement, and asked the Digger what he had secreted. Instead of answering, the latter took to his heels. The Mexican drew a knife and started in pursuit, and after a long chase through the hills, overtook the Indian, stabbed him fatally, and returned with the nugget. The victim was found by his tribe, and lived long enough to describe his murderer. The following night the Mexican was murdered in his tent, and the nugget passed into the hands of one of the members of the party of Indians who had committed the deed. Fearful of offering it for sale lest it might be recognized, the Digger traded it for a mule with a drunken miner on the Cosumnes river. The owner buried it one night, when intoxicated, and the next day utterly failed to recollect the place of concealment. The disappointment, of course, was a sufficient apology for another spree, during which, strange to say, he found the nugget, and dropped it from his pocket an hour after, when it was picked up by a man by the name of Peters. Not knowing the owner, nor caring particularly to find one for it, he said nothing of his good fortune, and the next week deposited the nugget, with a quantity of other gold, in the safe of a friend in Sacramento. The safe was robbed shortly after, but no arrests were made. The nugget was seen on a gambling table in San Francisco, where it had been lost, probably by the thief. It was then purchased by a jeweler, and for several months adorned the window of his shop on Montgomery street, when an adroit thief one day removed it from the gaze of the curious public, and left it with a pawnbroker in pledge for two hundred dollars.—The latter hurried it to an assay office, where it was purchased by an employee at its full value. The owner sent it to his father, in Illinois, some months after. In 1854, in traveling through that State, it was accidentally shown to Peters by the owner. He recognized it at once, and prevailed upon the old man to part with it for an advance of twenty-five dollars on its cost. Peters is now a resident of San Francisco, and still owns the adventurous nugget, the history of which he has taken much interest in tracing.

"Retained for the snake."—The San Andreas *Independent* tells the following anecdote of Col. J., (Col. James, we suspect,) a San Francisco lawyer, who during the late campaign, put up for the night at a hotel in one of the northern counties. The Colonel "went in" to a little game of poker, (now we're certain,) and "went through" and soon crept off to bed. Soon after a brawny specimen of Pike, dressed in "jeans" and wolf-skin cap, arrived in search of legal advice. He was taken immediately to the Colonel's room, where, after wolf-skin had shaken the legal gentleman into consciousness, the following conversation occurred:

"Are you Squire J——?"

"Yes, what do you want, old boy?"

"Wall, Squire, reckon I shell hev ter git a feller o' your sort fur ter plead a lawsuit."

"What's it about, my good man?"

"Bout a hoss."

Here the Colonel was all attention and courtesy. He raised himself on his elbows and put his ear close to the client's lips. Here, he at once concluded was a chance to get even on the night's losses at poker—a $300, perhaps a $600 horse in dispute, and bright visions of a $100 fee all flitted rapidly across his mind.

"State all the circumstances if you please, my kind friend."

"Wall," said old wolf-skin, "yer see as I borry'd this 'ere hoss uv a feller named Flipkins, what keeps a chicken ranch on Poverty Slide, (the Colonel drew his head in six inches,) an' arter I'd rid the sway-backed, moon-eyed old critter tell night (here down went the elbows,) I kerried the windsucker outen the yard, (the Colonel's head struck the pillow,) and staked his spavin'd bones on a hill 'mong the tall grass, to give the hide-bound carcass a good chance for provender. (The Colonel waved his hand impatiently, but the old wolf went on.) Wall, a rattlesnake bit 'im on his glandered snout, an' now the tarnal critter's got the big-head, an' ole Flipkins wants me ter pay damages. Yu've heard the case, Squire."

"What's the damages?" roared the Colonel.

"F-i-v-e dollars!"

His head suddenly popped under the cover, and the now raving Colonel shouted:

"Take yourself out of this, *I'm retained for the snake.*"

☞ A Chinese Newspaper.—The Boston *Traveler* says: "We have received a copy of the Pekin *Gazette*, the organ of the Government, issued daily, and the only paper in the Chinese language now published in that country of four hundred and fourteen millions of people. It is printed on rice paper of a dingy drab color, with a yellow paper cover. Each page contains twenty-six lines, of seven characters each. In all there are seven pages of four inches each in width and ten in breadth. Its entire contents would not fill a half column of the *Traveler*. It is a remarkable fact that this paper was received *via* Japan and California."