THE COLUMBIA SPY.

SAMUEL WRIGHT, Editor and Proprietor. "NO ENTERTAINMENT IS SO CHEAP AS READING, NOR ANY PLEASURE SO LASTING." $1,50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE; $2.00 IF NOT IN ADVANC

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DENTIST.—OFFICE, Front Street 4th door from Locust, over Saylor & McDonald's Book store Columbia, Pa. ☞ Entrance, same as Jolley's Photograph Gallery. [August 21, 1858.

THOMAS WELSH,

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Columbia, Pa. OFFICE, in Whipper's New Building, below Black's Hotel, Front street.

☞ Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to his care.

November 28, 1857.

H. M. NORTH,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Columbia, Pa. Collections promptly made in Lancaster and York Counties.

Columbia, May 4, 1850.

J. W. FISHER,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Columbia, Pa.

Columbia, September 8, 1856-tf

S. Atlee Bockius, D. D. S.

PRACTICES the Operative, Surgical and Mechanical Departments of Dentistry. OFFICE Locust street, between the Franklin House and Post Office, Columbia, Pa

May 7 1859.

GUSTAVUS H GMAN,

Professor of Ancient and Modern Languages

MADAME HEGMAN,

Teacher of Vocal and Instrumental Music. Walnut street above Front, south side. Columbia, May 12, 1860

TOMATO PILLS.—Extract of Tomatoes; a cathartic and Tonic. For sale at J S DELLETT & CO'S Dec 3 '59. Golden Mortar Drug Store.

BROOMS.—100 Doz. Brooms, at Wholesale or Retail, at H. PFAHLER'S. Dec 12, 1857 Locust street.

SINE'S Compound of Syrup of Tar, Wild Cherry and Hoarhound, for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, Croup, &c. For sale at McCORKLE & DELLETT'S Family Medicine Store, Odd Fellows' Hall October 23, 1858.

Patent Steam Wash Boilers.

THESE well known Boilers are kept constantly on hand at HENRY PFAHLER'S, Locust street, opposite the Franklin House. Columbia, July 18, 1857.

OATS for sale by the bushel or larger quantity by B. F. APPOLD, Columbia Dec 25, 1859. Canal Basin.

JUST in store, a fresh lot of Breinig & Fronfield's celebrated Vegetable Cattle Powder, and for sale by R. WILLIAMS, Sept. 17, 1859. Front street, Columbia

Harrison's Coumbian Ink.

WHICH is a superior article, permanently black, and not corroding the pen, can be had in any quantity, at the Family Medicine Store, and blacker than that English Boot Polish. Columbia, June 9, 1859

On Hand.

MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup, which will greatly facilitate the process of teething by reducing inflamation allaying pain, spasmodic action, &c., in very short time. For sale by R. WILLIAMS, Sept. 17, '59. Front street, Columbia.

REDDING & CO'S Russia Salve! This extremely popular remedy for the cure of external ailments is now for sale by R. WILLIAMS, Front st., Columbia. Sept. 24, 1859

CISTERN PUMPS.

THE subscriber has a large stock of Cistern Pumps and Rams, to which he calls the attention of the public. He is prepared to put them up for use in a substantial and enduring manner. H. PFAHLER, December 12, 1857. Locust street

Just Received and For Sale,

200 Bbls. Ground Plaster; 50 bbls Extra Family Flour; 25 bbls. No 1 Lard Oil of best quality; 300 bus. Ground Alum Salt, by B. F. APPOLD, March 26, '59. No 1 and 2 Canal Basin.

GRAHAM, or, Bond's Boston Crackers, for Dyspeptics, and Arrow Root Crackers, for invalids and children—new articles in Columbia, at the Family Medicine Store. April 16, 1859.

NEW CROP SEEDLESS RAISINS.

THE best for Pies, Pudding, &c—a fresh supply at H SUYDAM'S Grocery Store, Corner Frontand Union sts. Nov. 19, 1859.

Seedless Raisins!

A LOT of very choice Seedless Raisins, just received at S. F. EBERLEIN'S Nov. 19, '59. Grocery Store, No. 71, Locust st.

SHAKER CORN.

JUST received, a first rate lot of Shaker Corn H. SUYDAM'S Grocery Store, corner Front and Union st. Nov. 26, 1859.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE.—The want of such an article is felt in every family, and now it can be supplied; for mending furniture, china-ware, ornamental work, toys, &c., there is nothing superior. We have found it useful in repairing many articles which have been useless for months. You can judge for yourselves. Jan 28in it at the FMILY MEDICINE STORE.

A FIRST-RATE article of Dried Beef, and of Ham, can be bought at EBERLEIN'S Grocery Store, March 10, 1860, No. 71 Locust street

CHOICE TEAS, Black and Green, of different varieties. A fresh lot just received at EBERLEIN'S Grocery Store. March 10, 1860. No. 71 Locust street.

THE FATE OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN, the authorized edition. McClintock. Price, $1.50. Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World.—Price, $1.25 Memoirs of Carvosso. Price, 40 cents. ELIAS BARR & CO., Feb 11. Opposite Court House.

LYON'S PURE CATAWBA BRANDY.—A very superior and genuine article for medicinal purposes. J. S. DELLETT & CO., Feb.11,'60. Agents for Columbia.

COAL OIL HEADQUARTERS.—Beware of spurious Coal Oil. Owing to the large increase in the consumption of Coal Oil, the market is full of bogus oil. The premium article gun always be had at J. S. DELLETT & CO'S Feb.11,'60. Golden Mortar Drug Store.

FOR MAKING SOAP. A superior article of Soda Ash on hand and for sale by R. WILLIAMS, March, 17 1860 Front street

Selections.

From Dickens' Household Words.

My Man—A Sum.

BY G. A. SALA.

I will take a man, as Lawrence Sterne took a solitary captive in his cell. I desire not to view, however, like the writer of Tristram Shandy, *the iron entering into his soul*. I have nothing to do with his thoughts, his motives, his feelings, his sympathies. *I* will take a man and give him three score and ten years to live and breathe, and act in—a fair mean, I think. He shall be robust, laborious, sober, steady, economical of time, fond, if you will, of repeating the fallacious apothegm, "Time flies," and ever anxious to cut the wings of Time by the scissors of Industry.

Providence has given my man, you will not deny, a rope or cable of life composed of three hundred and sixty-five times twenty four hours, forming alternate days and nights for seventy years. Give me the twenty-four hours to regulate the daily portion of my man by, and let us see how many of those hours necessity, habit, and the customs of the state of society he is born, and lives, and dies in, will allow him to turn to useful and profitable account.

My man must sleep. He shall not be chuckle-headed, dunder-headed, nightcap-enamoured. He shall have no occasion, as a sluggard, to consider the ways of the ant. "Let the galled jade wince," my man's withers are unwrung when Dr. Watts hears the sluggard complain and express his wish to slumber again. Yet my man shall not *observe the ration of sleep fixed*, I *believe*, by George the Third, our gracious king: "Six hours for a man, seven for a woman, and eight for a fool." He shall be a fool, in one sense at least, and sleep eight hours *per noctem*—a reasonable, decent, honest, hygienic slumber season. This sum of sleep will amount, in the course of a man's life, to 24 years, to be deducted from the seventy. For twenty-four mortal years shall my man lie between the sheets, talking to men he never saw, *sitting down to dinners* he is never to eat, remembering minutely things he never knew, reconciling impossibilities through that system of dream-philosophy of which only the dream-master has the key; listening oft-times to ravishing strains of music, of which the remembrance as they never were, will come upon him even when he is awake, and amid the most ordinary occurrences of life—strains so sweet, so mysterious, so unearthly, so silent, yet so sentiently distinct, that they must be, I think, the tunes the angels play in Heaven upon the golden harps. Four-and-twenty years shall my man doze away in "Bedfordshire."

My man being sober, does not, necessarily, go to bed nightly in his boots, with a damp umbrella under his arm, his hat on his head and his waterproof paletot on his back; nor, being cleanly, does he rise in the morning without washing, shaving, shower-bathing, and ultimately dressing himself in decent attire. I will sink the existence of such things as flesh-brushes, bear's-grease, bandoline, whisker pomatum, musk, patchouli and bergamot. My man shall neither be a fop nor a sloven. He shall not spend unnecessary matutinal minutes in cultivating a moustache, in imparting an extra curl to a whisker, or cultivating an imperial. He shall not cut himself in shaving, and lose clock time in searching for an old hat; neither shall he wear tight boots and consume unnecessary half hours in pulling them on; nor yet shall he have corns to cut, nor stays to lace. He shall not even be delayed in his daily toilet by the lack of shirt or wrist buttons: for I will give him a wife, and an accomplished wife—who shall be everything he desires, and *attend to his mother of pearl wants* without even being asked. Yet my man, though a model of cleanliness, neat-handedness and simplicity, cannot get up and go to bed, and dress and undress himself, in less than half an hour per day. *Ergo*, deduct from seventy years, eighteen months, or one year and a half.

This man of mine must live. Hence, it is essential that he should exercise, at certain given periods in each day, his manducatory organs: in other words, that he should eat. He is not to be a glutton, or even a *gourmand* wandering furtively all day over town in quest of truffles, or rising with the lark to intercept fish-trains laden with Colchester oyster. Appetites for Strasburg pies of goose liver, for elaborate *phitits plats*, for the seductive Rhine wines that sparkle, and, while they sparkle, overcome, I do not allow him. He is not to have four courses daily. He shall dispense with *entrees, entremets shall be unknown to him*. He shall not sit for so long over his dinner, and over the vinous beverages that follow it, that the green wax tapers multiply themselves unwarrantably by two, and dance in their sockets indecorously. He shall be a plain man, enjoying his plain roast and boiled, his simple steak, or unsophisticated chop, with an unimpaired digestion, powers of mastication not to be called in question, and a frame of mind prompting him to eat only when he is hungry; *to eat in order that he may live*; and not to live in order that he may eat.—Yet such a monument of abstemiousness must consume, if he took that bellyful of victuals essential to equable health and strength, at least two hours a day. He may or may not use knives and forks, damask napkins, hubble bubble finger glasses; he may or may not call the various meals he takes for the sustenation of his body, breakfast, dinner, lunch, snack, tiffin, tea, supper, *en cas de nuit*, or what not; but to the complexion of this two hours' eating daily, he must come. Turtle and venison, or "potatoes and point," Alderman Gobble, or Pat the laborer, my man eats two hours per diem. There you have six years more, by which to thin the three-score and ten years.

More years to take: more minute strokes to efface from the dial of the watch of life. Love! Ah Me! when you and I and all of us can remember how many entire days and weeks and months we have wasted over this delusion, how callous and unsympathising must seem a minute calculation of the space love mulcts a man's life of. A summer's day over a pink ribbon; hours of anguish over a crossed t in a love letter; days of perplexity as to whether that which you said last night would be taken in good part, or indeed, as to whether you said it at all; are those to be taken for nought? They shall count for nothing on my man's chronometer. He sall not waste in despair, or die because a woman's fair. He shall just catch love as one might catch the typhus fever, and be "down" with that fever for the usual time, then grow convalescent and "get over it," and forget that he ever was *ill*. A month for that. Yet my man, without being inflammatory, is mortal. Besides his first hot love-fever, it is but natural to mortality that he should feel, at certain periods during the seventy years he runs his race in, the power of love again;—not hot, strong, ferocious, rival hating hearts-and darts love, but love, the soft, the tender, the prolegomena of domestic joys—of singing tea-kettles, and cats purring by the kitchen fire; not the love for black eyes and ruby lips and raven hair, but the love that makes us listen for a voice that takes us four hundred miles to hear a word—to dwell upon a look—to press a hand that never can be ours. Such love—if my man feels as most of us do—will take him at least one hour a day. Add to that, the month for the first raging love typhus, and you have three years more to take from seventy.

I hope I have not exaggerated this average—this common mean—not denying as I do that there be some stony-hearted men in the world, some impervious cynics, who set their faces against love as they would against Popery. It must be remembered, too, in support of my hour a day that all lovers are intolerable prattlers, and the main part of the daily hour of love would be consumed in purposeless—that unknown tongue, which only the professor of Fonetics, called Cupid, can expound.

Few men are so "accursed by fate," so utterly desolate, as not to possess some friends or acquaintances. A man may have associates with whom he may cultivate the choicest flowers of the heaven-sent plant, friendship; or he may simply have pot companions, club friends, or business acquaintances. Still he must know somebody, and, being by nature a *talking animal*, must have something to say when he meets his fellow men. I do not wish to exempt my man from the common rule. He shall be gregarious, like his fellows. He shall be no misanthrope—neither a ceaseless chatterer, nor a stock-fish of taciturnity. He shall talk in season, saying only good and sensible things—not holding men by the button, unnecessarily, in the open street; not telling them futile stories of the Peninsular war; hazarding *imbecile conjectures* about the weather, the ministry, or the state of Europe; nor detailing his grievances, his ailments, or the tribulations of his family, out of proper time and place. Yet I will defy him to consume less than one hour per diem in talking. This gives me three years more to deduct from the seventy of my man's life.

I have already conceded my man to be a pattern of sobriety, regularity, and morality. *No fast man* shall he be, entering at all sorts of hours, with his coat pockets full of door-knockers and champaign corks; pouring the minor contents of the coal-scuttle into the boots of his neighbors, or winding up his watch with the snuffers. He shall avoid casinos, select dancing academies, free-and-easies, "assaults of arms" and harmonic meetings. He shall never have heard of the Cole Hole; and the ghastly merriment known as "life in London" after *midnight*, shall be as a sealed book to him. Yet he must amuse himself sometimes. "All work, and no play, makes Jack a dull boy." Perhaps my man belongs to a literary and scientific institution; perhaps he attends mesmeric lectures, or is present at expositions of the "Odd force," perhaps he sits under my humorous, and accomplished friend Mr. John Parry, or joins in the sturdy choruses with which Mr. Henry Russell delights to entertain his audience. Or, he may have a fancy for Thursday evening lectures at his chapel; or for chemistry, and burning holes in the carpet and furniture with strong acids; or for Sadler's Wells Theatre, or for Doctor Bachhoffner and the Polytecnic Institution, or for a quiet, nightly gape at two penny whist.—At any rate, I will suppose that moderate amusements and the *agremens* of society, including an evening party now and then, and some high days and holidays at Christmas and Easter or so, will give an average of two hours per diem—or six years more to be struck off the seventy.

Healthy and laborious and robust as I am willing to allow my man to be, he cannot expect to go through life without an attack of some of those *aliments* to which all human being are liable. He will probably, as a child, have the usual allowance of teething, fits, measles, hooping cough, chicken pox and scarletina; to say nothing of the supplementary, and somewhat unnecessary fits of sickness suffered by most babies through involuntary dram-drinking in a course of "Daffy's Elixir," "Godfrey's Cordial," and the nurse's pharmacoœia in general. When my man grows up, it is probable that he will have two or three good fits of illness, strong fevers and spasms at the turning points of life. Then, there will be days when he will be "poorly," and days when he will be "queer," and days when he will be "all overish." Altogether, I assume that he will be ill an hour a day, or three years during the seventy; and a lucky individual he will be, if he gets off with that allowance of sickness.

And let it be thoroughly understood that, in this calculation, I have never dreamt of making my man:

A smoker—in which case goodness alone knows how many hours a day he would puff away in pipes, hookas, cigars, cheroots or cigarettes.

A drinker—or what is called in the North of England, a "bidder," in public-house bars, or snuggeries; simpering over a gin-noggin, or blinking at the reflection of his sodden face in a pewter counter.

A "mooner," fond of staring into shop windows, or watching the laborers pulling up the pavement to inspect the gas-pipes, or listening stolidly to the dull "pech" of the paver's rammer on the Jags.

A day dreamer, an inveterate chess player, an admirer of fly fishing, a crack shot, a neat hand at tandem driving, or an amateur dog fancier. Were he to be any of these, the whole of his daily four-and-twenty hours would be gone, before you could say Jack Robinson.

No; steady, robust, laborious, shall be this man of mine. Let me recapitulate, and see how many hours he has a day to be steady and laborous in.

In bed	8 hours.
Washing and dressing	½ an hour.
Eating and drinking	2 hours.
Love	1 hour.
Talking	1 hour.
Amusements	2 hours.
Sickness	1 hour.
Total	15½

These fifteen daily hours and a half amount in all to forty six years and six months. To these must be added fifty-two days in every year; on which days, being Sundays, my man is forbidden to work at all. These fifty-two Sabbaths amount in the aggregate to eight years, seven months, ten days and twelve hours; and the grand total to be deducted from the span of man's life is fifty-five years, one month, ten days and twelve hours: leaving fourteen years, ten months, nineteen days and twelve hours, for my man to be steady and laborious in.

Oh, sages of the East and West! oh, wise men of Gotham, forever going to sea in bowls, political and otherwise—boastful talkers of the "monuments of human industry," and the "triumphs of human perseverance,"—lecturers upon patience and ingenuity, what idlers you all are! These few paltry years are all you can devote from three-score and ten to wisdom, and learning, and art! Atoms in immensity—bearers of farthing rushlights amid a blaze of gas, you must needs think Time was made for you, and you not made for Time!

Did I so greatly err then, when, in a former paper, I asked what authority was to a man, or a man to authority? Should he be licensed to prate so glibly of ages gone by, when he can give but so sorry an account of the years he really possesses for his own use and benefit?

"What do you call Antiquity?" the Titans might ask him, not in any way sneeringly but in a tone of good humored banter. "Where are your remote ages—your landmarks of the days of old? Do you know that from the first day that you were permitted to call Christmas Day, to the end of that year which expired on the 31st of December last, there had only elapsed nine hundred and seventy-three millions, five hundred and eleven thousand, two hundred minutes; nine hundred and odd million revolutions of the minute hand of your watch? And do you call that that antiquity? Are these few minutes to count for anything considerable among the accumulated ages of the World?"

The World! I speak of ours—the *par venu*—the yester-born—the ball that has but seen some five thousand, eight hundred and fifty-two years a rolling whose certificate of birth is but of three billions, seventy-five millions, nine hundred and eleven thousand, two hundred minutes date. The Egyptian mummies buried three thousand years ago in the caves behind Medinet Abou, but now present among us in the British Museum, make Time a baby. In its face, Homer, with his paltry three thousand years of age, seems as juvenile as the veriest schoolboy who ever spouted Terence in the Westminster Dormitory. The Chinaman, the Hindoos, nay, the old Egyptians even—Osiris, Cheops, Mummy wheat and all—would make Time smile with pity, if the mouth of Time were not immovable like himself.

One thousand, eight hundred and sixty years only, have been numbered with the dead since the Shepherds saw the Star in the East. The lives of thirty-eight men, each living an average life of fifty years, would take us back to Solomon's temple in all its glory—to the pool of Bethesda, the feast by the mountain, and the Sunday corn field. More; each century can boast of some patriarch, some centenarian, some old Par, in some quarter or other of the globe. Acting on this calculation, we should want but the lives of eighteen men and three quarters, to reach to more than the time of Herod of Galilee, and Caiphas the high priest.

Talk not to my man then of your antiquity. The lives of four fifty years' men, place within our grasp Oliver Cromwell in semi-sovereignty at Whitehall. Blake scouring the seas for Duchen, Prince Rupert buccaneering, the "young man" Charles Stewart "hard up" at the Hague, entreating the Queen of Hungary to prick him down cornatos and send him a fiddler. Seven men of the like age, flaunt Peter the Hermit's cross in our eyes; chorus in our ears the Crusaders' war-cry, "*Hicrosolyma est perdita!*" Not quite twenty half-century men, and we shall be at Hastings, where, in years yet to come, the Abbey of Battle is to be built—by the side of Harold, the last Saxon king—of Guillaume Talliefer—of William of Normandy, erst called the Bastard, but soon to bear the prouder *soubriquet* of Conquerer.

Antiquity! I might have had a grandfather (if I ever had one, which is doubtful to Your Highness,) who might have fought at Preston Pans. My great grand-father might have beheaded Charles the First. My great-great-grandfather might have talked scandal about Queen Elizabeth, when Queen Elizabeth was alive to cut his head off for *daring to talk it—or for daring to have such* a thing as a head about him, if so her Royal humour ran.

Still, man, be thankful. The fourteen years, ten months, and odd, allowed you to work and learn in are sufficient. I take one moral of my man to be that an Injustice or Wrong, which seems in his slight vision eternal, is but a passing shadow that Heaven, for its great purposes, permits to fall upon this earth. What has been, may be, shall be, must be, cry the unjust stewards and wrong doers. No, my good friends, not so. Not even though your families "came over" with the Conqueror, or trace back in a straight line to the wolf that suckled Romulus and his brother. Be in the right, keep moving and improving, stand not too much on that small footing of antiquity, or a very few generations of My Man shall trip you up, and your ancient places shall know you no more.

The Morals of Trade.

An ancient writer named Hosea once said, speaking of a tribe of men, and likening it to an individual: "He is a merchant; the balances of deceit are in his hand; he loveth to oppress." However true this may have been of merchants, as such, in a past age, it is not true of all merchants, of the last or the present age; and, therefore, while the deceitfulness, knavery, selfishness, and dishonorableness of merchants among us should be, as they have been and will be in this paper, *held up to opprobrium*, it is right that the upright, independent, truthful, and "princely" merchants should be commended, in contrast with those of an opposite character, so that the balances, in which are weighed the just and the unjust, should be held by Justice.

Auctioneers. A countryman strayed into a city auction store, and stood near the auctioneer while he was rapidly selling various articles, stating that they cost so much *sterling*, that the *colors* were *fast*, that there were but eleven in market, that they were going at half their cost, that it was the last opportunity of buying so cheap, etc., etc., and pledging his word and honor that all he said was sacredly true. At the close of the sale the countryman, leaning on his cane, looked up into the face of the auctioneer, and said: "Allow me, sir, to ask you one question: *where do you expect to go when you die?*" An auctioneer in one of our large cities was so truthful, so noble in his whole deportment, so inflexible in stating the exact qualities of goods, that the company ever reposed the most implicit confidence in his assertions. He often had evening sales, and bids were very freely made by those at too great a distance to handle the goods. Buyers had perfect confidence that what was said of every article, of their cost, their quality, and their value, was exactly so. This man's business and riches increased from year to year, and his reputation kept pace with his prosperity.

Defrauding the Government. An importer, who was also an officer of a church, but one who practically believed that religion was good in its place, set his wits at work to evade the revenue laws, thus defrauding his country while he injured his neighbors. There was an *ad valorem* duty on a certain article, but by an ingenious contrivance he managed to get round the laws and enrich himself, while every other importer lost money. We know that man well, and to mention his name would be to tell the story which has been a thousand times told in business circles.

Another merchant, who unfortunately did not belong to any church, and who was sometimes, we are sorry to say, both profane and passionate, had such a scrupulous regard for common honesty, the just enactments of government, and commercial integrity, that if he found in a package of goods imported by him an extra article, even a dress for his wife, he would be sure to enter it at the Custom House. He would as soon have cheated his neighbor outright as obtain an advantage over him in such a mean way. This man practiced more religion than he professed, while the other professed much but practiced little.

Union-savers. A Southern trader came to this city to do a rare thing—to pay cash for his entire purchases. Determined not to buy of any man who was not true to the South, he went to the store of ——, and said, "Are you an Abolitionist? If you are, I will not buy of you." The reply was, "Yes, I am an Abolitionist; for although I would like to trade with you, I cannot deny my principles." The Southerner next went to the store of ——, who was an officer of an anti-slavery society. The same question was put to him, and the reply was, "Why, aye, no, I don't like all the Abolitionists do." Next he went to the warehouse of ——, a well-known anti-slavery man, propounding the same question to him. This merchant, with rare self-possession and Attic wit, replied, "I should like to ask you a question or two, in my turn: are you a close-communion Baptist?" The Southerner looked surprised, and said, "What if I am?" He was answered, "Why, in that case, I cannot sell you any goods; not even for cash." After pricing goods in the market, the Southerner returned to this store and made his purchases. On settling his bill, he was inquisitive to know why Mr. —— would not sell goods, for cash even, to close-communion Baptists. Mr. —— laughed, and said, "I have no prejudice against them, or any other sect; but you asked me a foolish question, and I replied by asking you another—that's all."

Shoemaker. It is a common remark that "shoemakers never tell the truth," although we believe them to be, as a whole, as reliable as men in other trades. A merchant, after ordering a pair of boots in this city, asked, "When will they be done?" "Next Saturday night," was the prompt reply. "Now you *know* you lie!" said the plain-spoken merchant. "Well," said the bootmaker, "they shall *certainly* be done by next Tuesday." That man was so in the *habit* of lying under such circumstances that he scarcely ever spoke the truth, except by mere accident. Such a mechanic is a living preacher of the devil, known and read of all men with whom he comes in contact, *waxing* worse and worse, without reformation; his *last end* in this life is usually poverty.

Old Saying. "Honesty is the best policy." We have heard this from our youth up, but honesty is something better than policy—it creates self-respect, acquires confidence, inspires contentment, and insures success. A large lumber merchant, and a scrupulously honest man, of Boston, who from small beginnings arose to be a man of wealth and influence, once said, "If I had no moral principle, I should say, I believe that the surest way to make a fortune is to be strictly honest." Think of this, young men.—Commercial integrity is sound philosophy. It is something good to live by and to die by, while dishonest gains torment the conscience, living and dying. On an old tombstone in Dorchester, Mass., is the following quaint inscription, written by some one who had an appreciation of moral worth, albeit he was a poor poet. Who does not desire to merit such an encomium?

"Here lies the body of Deacon David Auricular,
Who in the ways of God walked perpendicular."

Christian morality is one thing, and commercial morality is another, and a very different thing. The proposition is startling, but unquestionably true. Christian morality is summed up in the divine command, that we shall do to others as we would have others do to us. But the morality of trade requires that we shall do to others as we are afraid they will do to us if they have the chance. It is a good commercial principle to take for granted that every man is a rogue till he has proven himself honest—worthy of credit at four and six months. The fear of his dishonesty governs our conduct. First, we see to it that we are not overreached; second, if we overreach him, that is his misfortune, and no fault of ours. How many merchants are there who can lay their hands on their hearts and say, "I am not in this relation of antagonism to my fellows, for I do not take for granted that a man is dishonest till he proves himself otherwise?" We fear not many. To mistrust your neighbor, is the first law of trade; and the second is like unto it—get the better of him if you can.—A well-known and eloquent Doctor of Divinity, some years ago, preached and published a series of sermons in relation to the duties of merchants; and he advanced and defended the proposition that the commercial man who by his enterprise and energy had gained possession of information which would make it for his interest to buy or sell, had a right to use it for that purpose. Suppose the neighbor of whom he bought or to whom he sold was ruined by the operation, could the merchant call him his "neighbor" according to the New Testament?

This reminds us of an old story, often told in this city, and often referred to among business men elsewhere. Many years ago a merchant of this city, who was also a member of the Society of Friends, called upon an underwritor—it was before the days of insurance offices—and asked him to take a risk on a vessel to arrive, of whose fate there was much doubt. The risk was taken at a high premium. A few hours after the owner heard from the ship, and immediately wrote to the underwriter thus: "Friend ——: If thou hast not signed the policy of insurance on my vessel, thou needst not do so, as I have heard from her." The underwriter, who was also a Friend, on receiving the note from the messenger, stepped at once into a back room, signed the policy, and sent word back, while the ink on the instrument was not yet dry, that he *had* signed it. And this was precisely the thing which the owner hoped he would do, and so worded the note that he would be tempted to do so, in case he had not already put his name to the policy. For the fact was, it was the loss and not the safety of the vessel that had been heard of.

Here, everybody agrees, were a couple of "sharpers," and the community condemned both. But suppose the owner had received the news exclusively, and kept it to himself till the policy was signed, though without saying a word to procure its signature; or suppose the underwriter had received intelligence of the safety of the vessel before he signed the policy, and then had put his name to it for the sake of the premium; what, in either case, would have been the judgment of commercial moralists?

Take another instance of more moderate date. A gentleman went into a house as a limited partner, in the hope that the amount he put into it might save it from bankruptcy. The law in regard to limited partnership was, so far as he knew, complied with by his lawyers. The creditors, moreover, were notified by circular of this change in the firm. In the course of a month or two the house yielded to the pressure and "went under," and "a crowner's quest" of creditors sat on the remains. What the deceased had about him, however, was of more interest to them than what he died of. Now not one of these men, observe, supposed that the new partner, was a *general* partner, or liable only for a specified amount. But presently, by the merest chance, "somebody's cap got a notable feather," by discovering that the advertisement of this special copartnership in a *newspaper* was neglected. The spirit of the law had been complied with, for everybody concerned *knew of the fact; but its letter had been disregarded through the carelessness of a clerk.* It happened that this special partner was wealthy enough to pay every dollar of indebtedness of the house, if held as a general partner. But could honest merchants or honorable men avail themselves of such a pure accident? They were men—some of them high in civil office; others of goodly repute in the church. Could they do thus to their neighbor, in the face of the moral law, and be sheltered only by a legal technicality? They jumped at the chance, every one of them, and esteemed themselves exceedingly fortunate that so happy a piece of luck had turned up in their favor.

A Leg Lost.

We will take a quiet post of observation in the area of the operating theatre at one of our metropolitan hospitals, in this year of our Lord, 1860. Notice is posted that amputation of the thigh will be performed at two o'clock P. M., and we occupy our seats ten minutes before the hour.

The area itself is small, of a horse-shoe form, and surrounded by seats rising on a steep incline one above another, to the number of eight or nine tiers. From 100 to 150 students occupy these, and pack pretty closely, especially on the lower rows whence the best view is obtained. For an assemblage of youth between eighteen and twenty-five years, who have nothing to do but to wait, they are tolerably well-behaved and quiet. Three or four practical jokers, however, are distributed among them, and so the time passed all the quicker for the rest. The clock had not long struck two when the folding doors opened and in walked two or three of the leading surgeons of the hospital, followed by a staff of dressers, and a few professional lookers-on; the latter being confined to seats reserved for them on the lowest and innermost tier. A small table, covered with instruments, occupies a place on one side of the area; water, sponges, towels, and lint, are placed on the opposite. The surgeon who is about to operate, rapidly glances over the table, and sees that his instruments are all there, and in readiness. He requested a colleague to take charge of the tourniquet, and with a word deputes one assistant to take "the flaps," another to hold the lint, a third to hand the instruments, and the last to take charge of the sponges. This done, and while the patient is inhaling chloroform in an adjoining apartment, under the care of a gentleman who makes that his special duty, the operator gives to the now hushed and listening auditory a brief history of the circumstances which led to an incurable disease in the left knee-joint, and the reason why he decides on the operation about to be performed. He has scarcely closed, when the unconscious patient is brought in by a couple of sturdy porters, and laid upon the operating table, a small, but strong and sturdy erection, four feet by two feet wide, which stands in the centre of the area. The left being the doomed leg, the right is fastened by a ban-