# THE COLUMBIA SPY.

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NO 1.] COLUMBIA, PENNSYLVANIA, SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 4, 1860. [WHOLE NUMBER 1,563.



Golden Mortar Drug Store, Front street, July 21, 1860.

ARTIST'S COLORS. A general assortment of colors in tubes. Also, a variety of Artist's brushes, at the Golden Mortar Drug Store. [July21.

KNIGHTS TEMPLRAS.

THE latest and finest extract for the Handkerchief. Also, an endless variety of the most fashionable extracts of the day may be had at the Golden Mortar Drug Store. The Knights Templars is something entirely new, and only to be had at

July21. J. S. DELLETT & CO'S.

BITTER'S Compound Syrup of Tar, and

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING

*Office in Carpet Hall, North-west corner of Front and Locust streets.*

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

November 28, 1857.

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ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Columbia, Pa.

Collections promptly made in Lancaster and York counties.

Columbia, May 4, 1850.

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Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

Columbia, Pa.

Columbia, September 8, 1860-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 HEGMAN,

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 27, 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 Breing & Frenfield's celebrated Vegetable Cattle Powders, and for sale by

R. WILLIAMS,

Sept. 17, 1859. Front street, Columbia

Harrison's Columbian Ink.

WHICH is a superior article, permanently black, and it corroding the pen, can be had in any quantity, at the Family Medicine Store, and blacker polish than English Boot Polish.

Columbia, June 9, 1859

On Hand.

MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup, which will greatly facilitate the process of teething by relaying inflamation allaying pain, spasmodic action, &c., in very short time. For sale by

R. WILLIAMS,

Sept 17, 1859. Front street, Columbia

BEDDING & 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, 1860.

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

H. 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 Front and Union sts.

Nov. 19 1859.

Seedless Raisins!

A LOT of very choice Seedless Raisins, just received at S. F. EBERLEIN'S

Nov. 10, '59. Grocery Store, No. 71, Locust st.

SHAKER CORN.

JUST received, a fresh case 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 try it at the

Jan 28 FAMILY MEDICINE STORE.

A FIRST-RATE article of Dried Beef, and Ham and Chipped Beef, just received 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 authentic edition. A Clipper. Price $1,50.

Footsteps on the Boundary of Another World. Price $1,25.

Memoirs of Cagliostro. 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 can 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, 12 1860. Front street.


## Poetry.

### The Elder's Daughter.

Cast her forth in her shame;
She is no daughter of mine;
We had an honest name,
All of our house and line,
And she has brought us to shame.

What are you whispering there,
Parleying with sin at the door?
I have no life save for her;
She is dead to me evermore:—
Dead! and the grass o'er her head!

There is no shame in dying;
They were wholesome tears we shed
Where all her little sisters are lying;
And the love of them is not dead.

I did not curse her, did I?
I meant not that, O Lord!
We are cursed enough already;
Let her go with never a word:—
I have blessed her often already.

You are the mother that bore her,
I do not blame you for weeping;
They had all gone before her,
And she had our hearts a-keeping;
And oh the love that we bore her!

I thought that she was like you;
I thought that the light in her face
Was the youth and the morning dew,
And the winsome look of grace:
But she was never like you.

Is the night dark and wild?
Dark is the way of sin—
The way of an erring child,
Dark without and within:—
And tell me not she was beguiled.

What should beguile her, truly?
Did we not bless them both?
There was gold between them duly,
And we bless'd their plighted troth;
Though I never liked him truly.

Let us read a word from the Book;
I think that my eyes grow dim;—
She used to sit in the nook
There by the side of him,
And hand me the holy Book.

I wot not what ails me to-night;
I cannot lay hold on a text.
O Jesus! guide me aright,
For my soul is sore perplexed,
And the Book seems dark as the night.

And the night is stormy and dark;
And dark is the way of sin,
And the stream will be swollen too; and hark,
How the water pours in the Lynn!—
It's an ugly ford in the dark.

What did you say? To-night
Might she sleep in her little bed?—
Her bed so pure and white!
How often I've thought and said
They were both so pure and white.

But tha. was a lie—for she
Was a painted sepulchre;
You told she was white to me,
And I've buried my heart in her;
And it's dead wherever she be.

Nay, she never could lay her head
Again in the little white room
Where all her little sisters were laid;
She would see them still in the gloom,
All chaste and pure—but dead.

We will go all together,
She, and You, and I;
There's the black pent-hag 'mong the heather.
Where we could all of us lie,
And bury our shame together.

Any foul place will do
For a grave to us now in our shame:—
She may be with me and you,
But she shall not sleep with them,
And the dust of my fathers too.

Is it sin, you say, I have spoken?
I know not; my head feels strange;
And something in me is broken;
Lord, is it the coming change?
Forgive the word I have spoken.

I scarce know what I have said;
Was I hard on her for her fall?
That was wrong; but the rest were dead,
And I loved her more than them all—
For she heired all the love of the dead.

One by one as they died,
The love that was owing to them
Centred on her at my side;
And then she brought us to shame,
And broke the crown of my pride.

Lord, pardon mine erring child!
Do we not all of us err?
Dark was my heart and wild;
Oh might I but look on her
Once more my lost loved child!

For I thought, not long ago,
That I was in Abraham's bosom,
And she lifted a face of woe,
Like some pale, withered blossom,
Out of the depths below.

Do not say, when I am gone,
That she brought my gray hairs to the grave,
Women do that; but let her alone;
She'll have sorrow enough to bear;
*That* would turn her heart into stone.

Is that her hand in mine?
Now, give me thine, sweet wife:
I think thine Lord, for this grace of thine,
And light, and peace, and life;
And she is thine and mine.

—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

## Selections.

### Lives of Presidential Candidates

[The New York Mercury, under the head of "Our Great Biographical Enterprise," thus amusingly takes off the different candidates now before the people for their suffrages. Members of all parties can find something to laugh at in some of them:]

LIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

*By One Who Knows Him.*

The subject of our biography was born at Bunker Hill on the 4th of July 1776, and was one of the original signers of the precious document which sealed our liberties on that day. We refer to the Declaration of Independence. His father's name was Mr. Lincoln, and his mother's Mrs. Lincoln, and if he had any sisters they were known as the Misses Lincoln. At the age of two years young Abraham commenced splitting rails for a living, singing beautiful hymns while so engaged and displaying all those noble virtues for which he has since been distinguished. When he was about ten years old, Boston suddenly became the hub of the universe, and required so much greasing that cleanly people were obliged to move away. The Lincolns went to Illinois, where Abraham became the ablest lawyer in the State in less than a week, and learned to chew tobacco. His reputation for eloquence was unparalleled; and, as a specimen of his wit we give the following

ANECDOTE.

On one occasion Mr. Lincoln was splitting a rail in the parlor of Judge Douglas's residence, when the latter joined him and thinking to make a good joke out of our hero's extreme leanness, remarked to him:

"Why, Abe, you are a rail yourself"

Mr Lincoln looked up from his work with that sublime glare which has often petrified a world and responded very gravely:

"You, sir are the reverse of a rail."

Douglas immediately grasped his hat and carpet bag, went to Washington and asked the President to explain what Lincoln meant by that.

"Why," replied the President, the reverse of rail is rail spelt backwards."

Since then Douglas and Lincoln have been warm friends.

The subject of our biography was defeated by Mr. Douglas for the United States Senate in 1854, on account of sickness in the family, and has since been known as "Honest Old Abe" to the whole country.—He is a man of unflinching integrity, and though he chews tobacco at present, will not chose the Weed for a companion, if elected President.

N. B.—The author of this biography died immediately after penning the above work

LIFE OF STEPHEN ARNOLD DOUGLAS.

*By One Who has Known Him since he was So High*

Mr. Douglas was born at Bennington Vermont, on the 4th of July, 2776, and demonstrated the utility of squatter sovereignty before he threw off his crinoline.—His parents belonged to a noble Scotch family, and when Stephen was two years old, they removed with him to Illinois. It was during this journey that he gave vent to a remark which has since become classical:—His father asked him if he would have an apple; and on receiving an answer in the affirmative, made a split in it preparatory to dividing it into two pieces, when Mr. Douglas suddenly grasped the whole, exclaiming:

"The Union must and shall be preserved."

This immortal sentence was immediately telegraphed to all the papers in the United States and Canada, and procured the election of Mr Douglas to the office of judge of good whiskey as soon as he arrived in Illinois. When about ten years old, he commenced writing for Harper's Magazine and finally contributed a series of humorous articles to the Chicago Times. Just before his election to the Senate last time, an exploit of his gave birth to this

ANECDOTE.

While Mr. Douglas and his gigantic opponent, Lincoln, were canvassing the State, they agreed to hold a debate at Quincey, and allow the people to decide which had the strongest claim to their votes. The meeting was a large one, and it did not take Douglas long to get the better of his opponent. Finding the battle going against him, Lincoln drew his form to his utmost height and looking down at the short figure of his rival, said:

"Mr. Douglas, I cannot look at you without thinking of a passage of Scripture."

"What is that?" asked our hero, good humoredly.

"The way of the wicked is short," responded Lincoln, and fainted away.

The crowd applauded tremendously, but Douglas was not to be outdone. Waiting until Lincoln had revived he said quietly:

"And you remind me, Mr. Lincoln, of another passage."

"What is that?"

"How long! O Lord, how long!" responded Douglas.

He was elected.

By way of concluding our biography we give the following extract from one of Mr. Douglas's speeches:

" * * * Squatter sovereignty, gentleman, [great applause] is not the right of one man over another man, recorded by the Constitution; but the right of another man over that man, or that man over this man, where man is willing that man should be his own man, independent of every other man. This, gentlemen, is squatter sovereignty, without mitigation. [Great enthusiasm.]

LIFE OF JOHN BELL.

*By an Intimate Acquaintance.*

The Hon. John Bell was born on Mason and Dixon's land, of rich but pious parents, and was noted for his ringing voice. His extreme personal beauty suggested that delicious poem in which the poet asks his friend Brandon:

"Did you ever see the beautiful Bell, Brandon?"

He spent the earlier years of his life on a plantation, acquiring such fine cultivation that his epistolary efforts are regarded with admiration by the whole world, and no man is considered a good scholar who is not familiar will Bell's Letters. As Mr. Bell grew to manhood he gradually eschewed all youthful society, and cultivated "old" gentlemen exclusively, and was noted for his venerable virtues. On one occasion he won the friendship of a teatotal society of old maids, under the following circumstances: Being asked if he believed the use of tobacco to be injurious, he promptly replied:

"If tobacco is chewed in a certain way it will do no harm."

"How is that?" asked an antiquated Miss.

"It should be es-chewed," replied the eminent statesman.

In reference to Mr. Bell's public career, they tell the following

ANECDOTE.

As Mr. Bell was going from the Senate chamber to his hotel, after delivering his celebrated speech on the re-opening of the slave trade, he was overtaken by a prominent politician from one of the northern States, who accosted him with:

"I say, Bell, that was a good speech of yours; but you are always too solemn, and your friends have told you so often,"

"Well," replied the Senator, "how can a Bell help sounding solemn when it is tolled so often?"

Immediately after this the subject of this memoir was seized with a severe fit of sickness; yet even that did not quench his spirit. When the doctor asked him how he felt, one morning, he replied:

"Oh, I feel all sound, like any other Bell."

If Mr. Bell is elected to stay at home, he will adorn that position and write for the Ledger.

LIFE OF BRECKENRIDGE.

*By a Miner.*

The subject of our story was born on the day of his birth, on the Cincinnati platform and is chiefly noted for his eloquent silence on all public occasions. Being of a fiery disposition the Breckenridge coal was appropriately named after him; and it is a question with us whether he is the more noted as a duelist, or a fuelist. We can say little more of him than he was born of southern, but honest parents, and has acquired some fame as an artillerist by his management of the Buchanan, which will be discharged on the 4th of March next.

Mr. Breckenridge is rather sharp in conversation, as is proved by the following

ANECDOTE.

In the rear of Mr. Breckenridge's private residence is a green sward on which is located a pen for hogs. One day while he was standing by his pen (then empty) with a friend, watching the motions of a hog that was luxuriously rooting the sward just before them, one of the negroes came from the house and filled the trough of the pig-pen with swill. The hog heard the gush of the swill, and looked wistfully toward the pen, and then back at the place where he had been rooting, as though undecided what to do about it. Finally, however, the swill prevailed, and, with a decisive grunt, he trotted toward the pen.

Turning to his friend Mr. Breckenridge said: "If that hog could speak, what line of Bulwer's drama might he appropriately quote?"

The friend didn't know. "Why," exclaimed Breckenridge, he might truly say: "The pen is mightier than the sward."

*That night the friend died of measles.*

LIFE OF SAMUEL HOUSTON.

*By a well known author.*

General Samuel Houston was born in Texas, on the 4th of July, 1776, and whipped a Mexican baby before he was six months old. At the age of three years he electrified the universe thus: Having been taken by his parents to see a foot-race between two noted Indian runners, he turned to his father and asked:

"Why is a patron of foot-races like a philanthropist?"

"I know not, my angel boy," returned the venerable Houston.

"Because," said Samuel, "he is a friend of human progress."

After this, his family compelled him to wear a cold brick on his head; and it is said, that even now, while in Washington, he sometimes carries the same article in his hat. At the period when Texas rose in rebellion against the Mexicans, because the latter kept getting up revolutions among themselves every afternoon, Mr. Houston was chosen general of the patriots, and completely defeated the revolvers at San Jacinto. In connection with this battle, and by way of illustrating General Houston's great precision of speech, they tell an

ANECDOTE.

Towards the conclusion of the battle of San Jacinto, a Texas ranger dashed frantically into a tent where Houston was asleep and aroused him with the exclamation of "General the day is ours."

"You illiterate fellow?" exclaimed the brave old soldier, scowling at the frightened man, "why don't you speak properly? You should say, "the day is composed of hours."

The abashed ranger muttered something about being a soldier, and knowing nothing about time, whereupon Houston again reprimanded him with:

"Know nothing about time you scoundrel. There is but one time that American soldiers know nothing about, and that is fly time.

The ranger deserted that night.

When General Houston was informed that he had not been nominated by the Charleston Convention, he pressed his handkerchief to his tear-dimmed eyes, and exclaimed, hurriedly:

"I accept. Go and tell the people that I accept for their sakes."

Samuel Houston was unanimously nominated for the Presidency by the Washington Monument Convention of this city, and will probably receive votes from every State except Texas. The assertion that he should have been nominated as Vice President on the Douglas ticket, on account of his many vices, is unworthy of attention for a moment.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

### Adventures in Beloochistan.

To the practice of medicine in Beloochistan, there are only two slight drawbacks. When the physician gives a dose, he is expected to partake of a similar one himself, as a guarantee of his good faith; should the patient die under his hands, the relatives, though by no means bound to exercise it in all circumstances, have the right of putting him to death, unless a special agreement has been made, freeing him from all responsibility as to the consequences; while he, should they decide on immolating him, has no reasonable ground for complaint, but is expected to submit to his fate like a man and a hakim. In other respects, the amateur will find an easy field. No diploma or special qualifications are required of him; his ignorance will remain undetected; the ailments are few and simple; the chances for recovery are great, for the healing power of nature is very strong.

The two drawbacks I have mentioned, and to which no European need subject himself, may appear to be very cruel conditions of medical practice, but, in reality, they belong to the civilization (such as it is) of Beloochistan, and form a protection against worse evils. Like the blood-feud which exists in that country as well as in all the Arab peopled deserts, these conditions are intended to provide for the preservation of life, and undoubtedly have that effect; for, unfortunately, the ordinary eastern hakims are not men of irreproachable character. Mohammed Bux for instance, who was born in Upper India, and, in the course of his vagabond life, has traveled from Pegu to Bagdad, is an unscrupulous scoundrel, who dares not show his face in two thirds of the places where he has been. As a last desperate resource, when hotly pursued by deserted wives, defrauded creditors, and relatives of patients to whom he has administered poisonous drugs, he takes refuge in Beloochistan, and proceeds to pay his way by killing and curing. When he falls into the hands of Baloach Khan, the crafty old chief deems it an excellent opportunity for gratifying a cherished desire.

Long has Baloach Khan gnashed his teeth at the growing power and influence of his formidable neighbor, Mihrab Khan; so, taking Mohammed Bux aside, he first threatened that worthy with instant death as the meet reward of his deeds, but then, softening down a little, hints that not death, but a large reward, might be bestowed on Mohammed Bux, would he only administer such a potion to Mihrab Khan as might prove the sheriet of mortality to that chief; or, still better, might steal away his mind, leaving his body like an empty vessel, without honor. Baloach Khan having sworn, by Peer Kisri, or else with the Koran on his head, to give the reward, Mohammed Bux proceeds to Mihrab Khan, and, very likely, the first thing he does is to inform that chief of the whole plot; whereon Mihrab pretends to be very ill, and desirous, before he dies, of seeing Baloach Khan.—If Baloach Khan falls into this trap, he goes, secretly exulting, to condole with his neighbor; but no sooner is he seated, and before any gurantee is passed, than a sudden end is put to his existence, by a blow similar to that which was bestowed on the valiant Fairshon by the chief of the clan McTavish. But possibly Mohammed Bux may deem it best to keep faith with the first chief, and it is with the view of preventing him, and men like him, from administering poison, that he is compelled to take dose for dose. Even this is regarded as an insufficient protection, for the hakim may have antidotes. As a further safeguard, it is necessary to hold over him the punishment of death in the event of matters growing suspiciously wrong.

In all southern Beloochistan, however, the European who proffers medicine is regarded without suspicion. And there is nothing so extraordinary that it may not be expected of the traveler and physician.

At one small town, a man was brought to me who had no arms, but only three-fingered hands, no larger than a child's, projecting out of the otherwise smooth sides of the body. This *lusus naturæ* was really a very singular development and ought to be procured for a surgical museum; but he was brought, not as a curiosity, but in order that I might give him medicine to make his arms grow. Imprudently, I acknowledged that this case was quite beyond my abilities; and this, instead of procuring me any credit his honesty and candor, only caused disappointment, and excited painful suspicion. In fact, chloroform, galvanism, and a little jugglery, are the only means by which a great medical reputation could be procured and sustained. A galvanic shock might be set down as the expulsion of a very powerful devil out of the system; and the vital principle might be supposed, when the patient was in a comatose state, to have visited the abodes of the blessed, and obtained a new lease of earthly life.

With the wounds of the Beloochees I would have nothing to do; for exposed as they are to hardships and constant accidents, the simplest treatment suffices. In cases of mutilation, they plunge the stump into boiling oil, and suffer far less than Europeans would do from this hideous practice. I never saw this actually done: but in two cases came upon Brahuis who had just undergone the operation. The first of these was among the mountains to the northwest of Las, among the passes of which I was lost, and was seeking in vain to find a way to the plain below, where my tent was pitched. About midnight, while wandering about, unable to sleep from the cold, I got sight of some camp fires, and advancing to them, narrowly escaped being untimely slainby the alarmed Brahuis.—Luckily, however, they were aware of an amicable stranger being in their neighborhood, and, after the first alarm, received me kindly, increasing the fires, giving milk, and all sitting up to talk and smoke. One of these men showed me his hand, from which a camel had torn two fingers a little after dark that night, and which he had soothed with boiling oil, in order to stop the bleeding and prevent mortification. A thin cloth adhered to it, and over this was tied a piece of lamb's skin. The hand was a frightful ruin, but he took the matter very quietly, smoking, talking, and laughing with the rest, as if nothing particular had happened. The Brahuis, it must be remembered, are of Tartar race; and of all men the Tartars are the most insensible to pain, and consequently the most frequent and ingenious in the use of torture. Terrible is the fate of the highly nervous and sensitive European who, as a foe, falls into their hands, to be slowly flayed alive, like General Bekeritch, or, as a slave, to be tortured during years. This insensibility or indifference to pain was not confined to the men with whom I met. One ferocious old woman, two of whose fingers had grown together from some cause or other, wished me to cut them asunder; and, on my declining to gratify her desire, insisted on its being done, and at last tauntingly asked if I was afraid to smell blood. Neither she nor her friends, however, would themselves venture on the operation, having, like all savages, a great dread of unknown results; they wished some one to undertake the responsibility of it.

While such interesting female patients were rather difficult to deal with, from the effect of years and grief upon them in producing a certain wildness, and even bloodthirstiness of disposition, the younger, fairer, and gentler of the sex, were quite as dangerous and embarrassing, from the jealousy with which their excessive curiosity was regarded by their not indulgent lords and masters; for the sword, to use a Sindian phrase, is tied to the strings of the trowsers of the woman of Beloochistan; or, in other words, their husbands possess over them absolute power of life and death, and often cruelly exercise it, from motives of the most fanciful kind. The wife of a Belooch, like the wife of Cæsar, is expected to be beyond all suspicion, (not that they all are, however,) and when her lord thinks otherwise—which he is very apt to do withous sufficient reason, and not to do when he ought—he has immediate and passionate recourse to his knife. This affords a very sufficient reason why the traveler in the country should be cautious in availing himself of the almost unrestrained opportunity which he has of conversing with married women. They are not confined or veiled, just because the serious penalty which they must pay for any imprudence or unfaithfulness is judged a more effective, as it certainly is a simpler and easier, method of restraining erratic inclinations, and upholding conjugal virtue. And I am far from being certain that this Belooch system is at all more cruel, considering the character of the people, than that which prevails in the state of civilization. That it is more effectual, is also a doubtful point. At an encampment of Sumirs, who are, comparatively speaking, rather a timid race, I got a lesson on this subject. One young woman of them was really beautiful, although she had grown up in the jungle without even a tent to protect her from the fierce sun, and from the cold dews of night. Her complexion was unusually fair; her black locks were wound round her head, somewhat in Grecian style, and her scanty garments (a shift and shirt) scarcely concealed finely rounded and almost faultless limbs. As she was suffering slightly from fever, I gave her some medicine, and also some sirup, she directing me to pour it into the hollow of her hand, while, by applying her mouth to her wrist, she was able to drink without allowing any to escape.

Unfortunately, when I was feeling the pulse of this Sumric beauty, her halt Beloach, extremely ugly, black, and savage husband, made his appearance, bearing a broken-limbed goat upon his shoulders and looking all suspicion and wrath. He evidently had no faith whatever in my moral character, and looked upon my medical business as a mere diabolical pretense, which it was his duty and interest to expose. Intruding himself upon our *tete-a-tete*, he spoke in a rude and provoking way, which I could interpret easily without catching the separate meaning of scarcely a single word.—Especially he tried, and with success, to excite a laugh against me, by derisively inquiring if I could turn a portion of his body white. It is dangerous in Beloochistan to let the laugh be turned against one by an angry man, though it is expedient not to be hasty in noticing good-humored ridicule. In this case it was lucky that I understood his ridicule; for, while the servant with me was explaining, there was time to consider how it should be met. The expedient I adopted was to pull out a knife, catch him by the arm, and make a slight incision, intimating that there was nothing easier than to turn him white, only, in the first place, he would have to submit to being flayed. This rude but not very brilliant jest took amazingly, and preserved my moral supremacy. His companions seemed highly tickled and delighted at the idea of their friend losing his skin, and threw themselves on the ground, rolling about, laughing, and repeating, "Hakullo wants to be made white! Hakullo must be flayed!" Marsyas himself seemed paralyzed at the audacity of the proposal, and turned away growling, precisely as a savage dog does from an untried foe which it is doubtful about attacking. This did not please his friends at all, and they were so earnest on the subject that I began to fear—the more so, as he seemed an unpopular character among them—that they might tie him up, and insist on the operation being performed. After this he established himself behind a bush close by, and consoled himself with examining and handling his matchlock in a way which showed how his thoughts were running; for he aimed at me with it more than once, when he thought I was not observing. The cord not being lighted, there was no danger in this; but when he rose, lighted a large pipe, and took it over to his lair, I thought it expedient to speak to his affectionate friends on the subject, whereon they said he was a bad man, and took his gun away from him. There was no great chance of the laws of hospitality being broken; but the possibility of the ruffian wreaking his vengeance on the unoffending wife afforded an unpleasant subject of contemplation. Well was it that Hakullo had a demoniac-looking mother-in-law, who seemed quite able to protect herself and her daughter too.

Even in Sind, where the crime is punished with death, it is difficult to persuade the Beloches that they have no right to slay their wives. One whom I saw executed for having done so, persisted to the last—even after he had a taste of the gallows, for on the first removal of the drop, the rope broke, and he fell to the ground—in exclaiming against the monstrosity and barbarity of his sentence, although he had committed the murder without provocation, and when under the influence of bhang. Of course, in their own country they have perfect liberty to slay, for rarely or never do the relatives of the wife make her death a matter of blood-feud. The tongues of the women, as also of male slaves, are cut out occasionally. At Bela, a Belooch lady, evidently once of superior rank, and who had been treated in this way, haunted me like an uneasy ghost, waylaying me, and stealing incessantly into my tent, where she would clasp my feet, make a painful noise in her throat, and piteously gesticulate some incomprehensible request. There was a wild light as of madness in her eyes; and the people of the place denied all knowledge of her, except that she came from further north. She would accept nothing that I offered, except a piece of writing which she took apparently as a charm, and carefully preserved in her hair. Her tongue had been recently amputated near the root. God knows what she desired to say, but likely enough her story was one of great wrong, of some cruel injustice and unmanly brutality. Subjected to such influences it is no wonder that one portion of the women of Beloochistan are timid and extremely submissive; while others and elders—those who have strength to go through the ordeal of life—are capable of anything except tenderness and mercy. But severely as they are treated, it is not to be denied that they are for the most part exceedingly faithful, and prove affectionate mothers and wives. Though polygamy has not been made a sin, nor "one to one" by any law been "cursedly confined," yet the use and habit of the country is for each man to have only one wife at a time. They will sometimes even fight by the side of their husbands, when the issue of any conflict is suspended; and they have been known, single-handed, to bind, and beat, too, troublesome and unlawful admirers of the opposite sex.

### Who it was that Struck Tim Burton.

Tim was placed upon the stand in one of our courts a few days since to testify to certain particulars which had transpired in a general "mill" that had come off in his neighborhood a short time previously. Tim was thought to be an important witness, and the State's Attorney was unusually affable and polite. After Tim had saluted the calf-skin, and composed his phiz into something like a serious expression, the State's Attorney, who was a bit of a wag, very smilingly desired to know if Mr. Burton was present at the fight, and if so, how the row originated, and what had occurred between the plaintiff and defendant. "Mr. Burton please state to the court and jury what transpired between the parties here in court." "Well, you see, gentlemen, I had gone over to Squire Henry's that morning to see about trading for a little brown mare which he owned and when I got there I found a pretty considerable of a crowd gathered about talking politics and drinking whisky. I thought from the signs that something was in the wind, so I brought matters to a conglomeration with the Squire so soon as possible, and was just going to shake hands with him and start, when something struck me" "Very