couch, you expose your body to the fresh and cooling air, giving it as much oxygen as you can in exchange for the carbon of which you have been purified. In this stage of the proceedings a good cigar is not to be despised. After this you quit Paradise; you resume your clothes, the consequences and memories of our degradation, and you walk forth a regenerated man.

What a difference between yourself as you walked in, and yourself as you walk out of this magic palace! You almost doubt whether you have not changed your limbs for some one else, leaving the weary old ones behind, and taking some of a very superior construction, bran-new, muscular, untiring. You could walk twenty miles without wearying those well-oiled joints. You could fly if you had wings.

A Photographic Memory.—Some people have photographic memories. If they see a face once, under circumstances calculated to impress it on their recollection, it remains there forever. The memories of others are looking glasses, from which the image passes as the substance is removed. One of the most extraordinary specimens of the former class of memories we have ever heard of is said to be possessed by a gentleman of New Orleans. It is, indeed, if our authority is to be believed, "wax to receive and marble to retain." Our informant says that some months ago, this New Orleans phenomenon—who, by the way, is an officer of the United States army—accosted an individual on the levee, with:

"How do you do, my dear fellow? Glad to see you looking so well. But it was an awful scare we got: was it not?"

"Sir," said the accosted, gravely, "you have the advantage of me."

"*Had* the advantage of you, you mean—but not much; you were down nearly as soon as I was."

"Sir," said the party addressed, still more gravely, "you speak in riddles. Will you be so good as to explain?"

"Ah!" responded the phenomenon, don't remember, I suppose. Quite natural. We had only a passing glimpse of each other."

"Sir, you probably mistake me for some one else," returned the other, much more mystified than ever.

"Not a bit of it," said the man with photographic memory. "You were on board the steamer ——, when she blew up near Memphis, on the 22d of April, at thirteen minutes past eleven o'clock, nine years ago, were you not?"

"Yes, I was; but—"

"But me no buts. So was I. You were blown up sky high. So was I. Not that I saw you before the explosion. My first and only interview with you, sir, was in the air. You were going up as I was coming down. The glimpse I had of you was necessarily short. Your features were distorted by fright, our paces were killing, and I was wrong side up. Consequently, my observations were unfavorable. But I never forget faces under any circumstances, however discomposing. I photographed you, sir, and I have had you in my mind's eye ever since. The moment I saw you I recognized you as the original of my mental daguerreotype. Glad to see you looking in better trim than when I saw you last. But we all have our ups and downs in this world. Suppose we adjourn where we can crack a bottle of champagne for the sake of auld lang syne."

"Which," says our informant, as he wound up the story, "they accordingly did."

A New Route to Cincinnati.—The New Albany (Ind.) *Tribune* tells a capital story on an editor from one of the rural districts where Douglasism is rampant and numerous. It says he came to that place to solicit advertisements, and after running about all day got dry, and as a consequence of getting dry, got "high." He then visited the Tribune sanctum, where he made known his purpose to go to Cincinnati, and his desire to get on board a Cincinnati boat. How he succeeded the Tribune tells as follows:

"We assisted him down stairs, steadied him on the sidewalk, bade him good evening, and away he navigated to the river. As good luck would have it, a boat was lying at the wharf, so he stepped aboard and was quickly on his way.

Soon after leaving the wharf, a man came around for his fare. H. handed out a five dollar bill, and received four dollars and ninety-five cents in change. He rammed it into his pocket with great eagerness, supposing the clerk had made a mistake. That done he leaned back in his chair and fell asleep. In a little while he was awakened by the same man, who again demanded his fare. "Discovered the mistake," he thought, holding out a handful of change. The man, as before, took only five cents, and H. again went into a doze. Ere he had got fairly to dreaming of home, and of friends far away, around came the fare collector, and thus it went on for a long time.

At last H. thought it very inconvenient, and concluded to vote the collector a nuisance, and give him a bit of advice also, so he said:

"Is (hic) this a danger (hic) ous bo (hic) boat?"

"By no means," said the man. "Bran new."

"Then, by gunny, (hic) why do (hic) don't you collect all the fa (hic) hair at once—not bother a fel (hic) heller for it every mile as it (hic) comes due?"

"Really," said the man, "where do you think you are going?"

"Cincin (hic) hinnati," said H.

"Cincinnati!" said the polite collector: "why you must sadly be out of your reckoning. This is the Ferry-boat, and all this afternoon you have been riding to and fro between New Albany and Portland!"

Witty Perversion.—A minister had a quarrel with one of his parishioners by the name of Hardy, who showed considerable resentment. On the succeeding Sunday the divine preached from following text, which he pronounced with great emphasis, and with a significant look at Hardy, who was present:—"There is no fool like the fool-Hardy."

The Columbia Spy.

COLUMBIA, PA.
SATURDAY, SEPT. 29, 1860.

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

☞*See Fendrich & Bros' advertisement in to-day's paper. Theirs is the largest Wholesale and Retail Tobacco, Segar and Snuff Manufactory in the State.*

Laying of a Corner Stone.—On to-morow (Sunday) afternoon, between 2 and 3 o'clock the Corner Stone of Trinity Catholic Church, in Cherry street above Fourth, will be laid with appropriate ceremonies, Rt. Rev. Bishop Wood, of Philadelphia, assisted by other clergymen, officiating. The public is invited to attend. A Special train will be run from Lancaster on Sunday morning, with members of beneficial societies and music.

New store.—Fondersmith announces the opening of his new store, opposite Odd Fellows' Hall, on Monday next. Mr. Fondersmith has fitted up a handsome store room here, and will no doubt make it a first-class establishment. He has put in it good hands, Mr. Bower, his superintendent, being an excellent salesman and very popular with the people. We wish the enterprising proprietor every success. Next week our advertising columns will probably speak more fully of the new stock at both of the Fondersmith stores.

Splendid Stock.—Last week Haldeman advertised a general new stock of Fall and Winter goods. We have since seen these displayed in the windows and on the counters. There is every variety of goods in every variety of style, color and pattern. The assortment is a splendid one and well worth the attention of purchasers. Call and examine.

Firemen's Parade.—Yesterday the Firemen of Lancaster had a grand parade, which probably exceeded anything of the kind ever before occurring in that city. A number of companies from a distance participated. The "Susquehanna," from Columbia, attended with their engine, and both boys and machine were creditable to our town.

Political.—The home political event of the week has been the review of Mr. North's speech to the Democracy on last Saturday evening, by J. W. Fisher, Esq., on Tuesday evening, in Odd Fellows' Hall. Having heard neither text nor review we can speak of the quality of either only by hearsay. Friends of both parties represent both efforts as eloquent and highly creditable to the respective speakers.

A Correction.—We are informed by Mr. Franciscus, Superintendent of the Philadelphia Division of the Penna. Railroad, that *all* trains passing through Columbia stop, excepting the Fast Line East. This passes through at 7.22 A. M., the Lancaster Train leaves here at 8.15 A. M., and tickets for the latter are sold at a lower rate than for any other train on the road. To prevent difficulty between the holders of such tickets and Conductors on the Fast Line, on which train they would not be good, this train does not stop for passengers.

We stated last week that three trains passed through Columbia without stopping, and received our information from Mr. Boice, Ticket Agent at this place, who referred to the published Schedule as his authority. We are glad to cut down our grievance two thirds, and suppose, as the reason for the non-halting of the one train is a valid one, we must even be content to let it slide without further grumbling. As the night train stops, however, we must touch up the mail department. Our mail arrangements are the most inconvenient possible. From some tuppenny notion of economy on the part of the Post Office Department at Washington our night mail has been discontinued, and we get no mail from Philadelphia earlier than 11.30 A. M., whereas under the old arrangements our city mail arrived at 2 A. M., and was distributed early in the morning. The mail Westward from here is even worse. The mail train west of the Pennsylvania Railroad which passes through at 11 27 A. M., is not allowed to carry our mail, which is detained until 6.10 P. M. for the Harrisburg Accommodation, by which it is carried only as far as Harrisburg, where it lies over until next morning. For these inconveniences the Penna. Railroad is not responsible, and we are not seeking to saddle them upon the wrong shoulders. The fault is with the Post Office Department or its Mail Agents, and must be remedied. Our people are very patient and enduring, but they are becoming tired of such *accommodation*.

Conversations, Discussions and Anecdotes of Thomas Story.—Our respected friend Nathaniel Richardson, of Bybery, Philadelphia, has recently completed a compilation with the above title, being selections from the "Journal of Thomas Story," a folio published in 1747 for gratuitous distribution under the authors will; we acknowledge a receipt of the volume from the compiler. The original work is a folio of nearly eight hundred pages, rather rare and inaccessible in this country, and its form as well as its limited circulation make it a sealed book to the general public. The contents are of the greatest interest not only to the members of the Society of Friends, but to the general reader, comprising as they do the conversations and discussions of a ripe scholar and a good man of the time of William Penn with many distinguished cotemporaries, on subjects connected with the belief of the author. Thomas Story was an intimate friend of the founder and first proprietor of this now great Commonwealth, an eminent minister of the gospel, and while in this country was a prominent member of the government of the Province of Pennsylvania. The "Conversations and Discussions" held in America are particularly interesting. Mr. Richardson has done a good work in thus bringing within the reach of every one, in convenient and cheap form, a portion of this valuable work. It is is published in a neat duodecimo volume, by T. Elwood Zell, Philadelphia; price in cloth, one dollar.—We heartily recommend the volume to the reading public.

Democratic Meeting.—On last Saturday evening a meeting was held by the Democracy of this borough, irrespective of *wing*, which was attended by delegations from Wrightsville, Marietta, Washington and the neighborhood generally. The Foster Club was out in line with band and torches, and received the various delegations as they entered town. The Marietta delegation was large and each man carried a torch. The Wrightsville delegation was headed by the Wrightsville band, the Mariettians marched to martial music. A procession was formed marshalled by Thos. Welsh, Esq., and marched through the streets of the borough. The line was a long one and the large number of torches made it a very attractive display. The procession halted in front of the Franklin House where the addresses were delivered from the balcony. Hon. I. E. Hiester had been announced as the orator, but was not present, and home talent ably supplied his place. Mr. Blitz (Bell-Everett) first addressed the audience, and was followed by H. M. North, Esq., (Breckinridge); the closing address was made by Lewis Martin, Esq., of Marietta, [Douglas,] after which the meeting adjourned. We only heard a portion of the latter speech, which was rather in advocacy of the "Little Giant" than of Foster. The previous addresses were more strictly non-committal on the presidential question, we believe.

Thus far the meeting was a very fair political assembly and was creditable to our Democratic friends. We are ashamed of the sequel. We thought that the day of partizan violence had gone by, and that citizens of whatever political denomination could assemble together to express their preference, without rendering themselves liable to insult or outrage from their opponents. We are compelled (to our shame as a people be it told) to acknowledge that the spirit of rowdyism is rampant to such extent in Columbia, that unoffending strangers were attacked and beaten on Saturday night without provocation. The procession was insulted and the meeting annoyed by cheers and jeers, but it was after the crowd had somewhat scattered that individuals were singled out and set upon by a gang of cowardly rowdies and in some instances mercilessly beaten. Our own political opinions are well known, and we are not inclined to change them on the disgraceful conduct of the dregs of the party; but we can tell the People's Party that there are scores of votes hanging undecided which are to be gained by fair argument and lost by just such violence as that of Saturday night. It is incumbent on the leaders of the party to disavow all connection with these lawless scoundrels who disgrace not only their political friends, but our town, and to join in bringing them to justice.

In this connection we must notice a report which has been circulated since, to the effect that a gang of negroes waylaid a German named Heintzelman, and beat him because of his avowed Democracy. Heintzelman was severely beaten on Saturday night by two of the worst negroes on the Hill, but we have the authority of Esquire Welsh, a good Democrat, who took the wounded man's deposition on Sunday, for stating that in that deposition no word was said about the assault being committed for political reasons. What Heintzelman stated privately we don't know. We would here give a friendly warning to the colored inhabitants of the Hill that if they want to live in peace they must be very careful of their conduct and in no wise meddle with the politics of their white fellow citizens. The Democrats will brook no interference and the Republicans will not quietly accept the odium of such partizanship as that of Saturday night is charged (unjustly we believe) to be. Common cause will be made against the blacks and they may chance to fare badly.

The Last of Walker.—The latest intelligence from Central America represents the outlaw, General William Walker, as in the hands of the Hondurans, imprisoned at Truxillo, and under sentence of death. He and his army (?) were captured by the forces of a British man of war, after having been compelled by them to evacuate Truxillo, and handed over to the native authorities, with the understanding that the *army* was to be returned to this country upon engagement never to conquer Central America again, and that Walker and his second in command, Col. Rulier should be dealt with according to strict justice. The award of Justice being death, both the leaders were condemned to be shot, and the sentence has probably ere this been carried out. At length a man who has perpetrated more cold blooded cruelty, led to ignominious death more of his countrymen, and more foully tarnished the honor of his country than any other disgracing the name of American, has, we have every reason to hope and believe, received fitting reward. It will be a lasting stigma on American faith that our government failed to vindicate outraged law by hanging this scoundrelly adventurer years since. He was really no more deserving mercy than Hicks, his fellow pirate, recently strung up for the delectation of the New Yorkers. The only regret attached to the tragic ending of his career, is that his punishment was meted out abroad instead of in one of our Southern cities, where it might have served the double purpose of a warning to fillibusters and *disunionists*.

P. S.—Later intelligence informs us that the commander of the British vessel has most unjustly interfered in Walker's behalf, and he was probably not shot after all. Let us hope that it is reserved for our Government to redeem its lost character by officiating in the Fillibuster's suspension.

American Agriculturist.—We have received the October number of this very valuable agricultural monthly. We are glad to know that this publication is winning its way into the house of every farmer in the land. A better periodical than the Agriculturist cannot be produced, and no man who is awake to the improvements yearly making in scientific agriculture will be without it. We notice as an evidence of prosperity the office of the Agriculturist has been removed at No. 41 Park Row, a more eligible locality than the old one.

☞By the following which we copy from the St. Louis *Republican* we learn that our friend Dr. S. R. Clarke, formerly of Baltimore finds himself the fortunate possesor of very valuable mineral lands in Missouri.

Large Lead Discoveries in Franklin Co.—We are informed that within the last few weeks, large discoveries of lead have been made upon the lands of Messrs. George D. Appleton and S. R. Clarke, of this city. These lands were entered a number of years since, and for the last four years have been considered good mineral lands, but the late discoveries are said to surpass the most sanguine expectations of the owners. Residents of the county pronounce them equal, if not superior, to the Granby mines of Newton county.

The lead from these and adjacent lands has heretofore been purchased for furnaces located some twenty-five miles from this region of country.

We understand that the present proprietors are now making arrangements for the erection of furnaces in that immediate neighborhood. As these lands are situated within three miles of Wenglus, on the southwest branch of the Pacific Railroad, and only some sixty miles from St. Louis, we may soon be looking for large supplies of lead from that region.

This is only one of the great results of the extension of our Western Railroads. We congratulate the proprietors upon this result of their enterprise.

This lead ore we understand is particularly rich, smelting from 75 to 78 per cent and assaying nearly 90 per cent. The lands mentioned above are 800 acres owned by Messrs. Appleton and Clarke. We congratulate the Doctor on his interest in this valuable tract in so rapidly improving a country as Missouri.

The Prince in the Toils of Jenkins.—Jenkins *has* the Prince—or Baron Renfrew, now that he has set foot on this soil of freedom—and is enjoying with him a triumphal progress through the great West. The young man landed in Detroit one day last week, was enormously stared at and cheered and beslavered and annoyed by the free and independent of that city. Thence he proceeded to Chicago where he fell into the hands of the City and was compelled to endure the rowdy Mayor, who showed him round as Artemus Ward does his wax "figgers." He then took to the "pararas" for a little sport, and here our "latest intelligence" left him. During his entire progress the New York Daily Jenkins has been his closest companion and chronicles faithfully his every action. The very latest important item given by the Prince's next friend is, that his Royal Highness in shooting pulls the trigger with his Royal little finger. Now to become aware of this fact J. must tread close on the heels of his Royal victim, who, albeit but a boy, should have something of man's spirit in him; if the noble sportsman were to grow restive under the prosecution might it not fare badly with Jenkins should the young gentleman shout a little wide and bag a special correspondent instead of a prairie chicken? It would not be exactly legitimate sport, as the "reporter" can never be classed as a *game* bird; but the Prince would certainly be entitled to a reward for the scalp as that of a "varmint." He would deserve besides the thanks of the American public.

The Prince's (and Jenkins') further progress will be to St. Louis, Cincinnati, Pittsburg, thence via the Penna. Railroad to Harrisburg, over the Northern Central to Baltimore, thence to Washington and Richmond; northward to Philadelphia, New York, West Point, Boston, Portland, at which place the dear friends will part, the Prince going home home to his mother and J. returning to his garret in New York, until let loose on fresh game.

Thus far the Prince has proved himself a lad of good horse sense, and his guardians are evidently discriminating gentlemen. But Jenkins is a miserable and an ass, and his intrusive snobbishness should be rewarded by a sturdy appreciation of boot leather wherever he shows his face. He is a sneak of the first water, and his prying curiosity will be chalked up against the breeding of the whole American people. We shudder when we think that he has only commenced his career with the Prince on our own soil; when he gets him East, inside of our great cities, he will have him "all for his own." We wish the Kingling safe through his encounter with the American people as (*mix*) represented by the snob, into whose hands he is safe to fall.

Police Items.

REPORTED BY OUR SPECIAL "MOUCHARD."

Retributive Justice.—On Wednesday, 26th inst., Byron Fryberger made complaint before Justice Hunter against one Thomas Welsh, Esq., for assault and battery with intent to kill. A warrant was placed in the hands of Constable Read for the arrest of the offender, and that officer, after a hot pursuit through the Basin Precinct, secured him and led him captive before his brother *in law*. An immense concourse of old offenders who had been frequently "sent down" by 'Squire Welsh, having got wind of the affair formed in procession and escorted him to the office, with shouts of joy, dancing and general manifestations of rejoicing.—The prisoner, a short chunk of a fellow, with gray hair and beard and a jaunty sailor roll in his gait, (he once served in the Horse Marines, we believe,) carried himself bravely to all appearance, but was nevertheless keenly sensible of the danger of his position. He made a respectful obeisance to Justice Hunter on entering, who returned it with grave dignity. A hush of anxious expectance ensued. The justice called upon complainant for his charge. It appeared in effect that on last Saturday evening certain evil disposed men and boys had interfered with the "unterrified" who were holding a peaceful mass meeting in glory of Henry D. Foster, and had beaten several unoffending Irishmen. Welsh, who was Chief Marshall of the Foster forces, and a magistrate moreover, was appealed to to disperse the rowdies. He was hurrying to the scene of conflict, corner of Front and Locust streets, when he was met by a "crowd" full of fight. The 'Squire was rudely jostled, and his comrade knocked down out of hand. Now the 'Squire's worst enemy can't charge him with want of pluck; he pulled for the man that struck so quickly, who ran up Front street pursued by the magistrate. Fortunately for the retreating enemy, and unfortunately for the complainant, Thomas is a fighting and not a running man. He failed to reach the offender and turned to look after his comrade, when he was surrounded by the allies of the flying hero. The 'Squire struck from the shoulder and got in his left on the potato trap of Fryberger, seriously damaging that organ and sending a choice assortment of false incisors down the unfortunate youth's throat. Fryberger was an innocent bystander (of course he was!) and took no part in the assault on the 'Squire (of course he didn't!); he asked justice. He did not so much care for the blow, but the teeth stuck in his throat.

Welsh's plea was self defense. He proved that he had been assaulted by the "crowd," of which he asserted Fryberger was one. With malicious joy the crowd saw by the expression of Justice Hunter's face that the prisoner was not going to get off in that way. He was required to give bail for his appearance at next Quarter Sessions. Bail was procured and Thomas didn't go down, to the great disappointment of many who had traveled that road at 'Squire Welsh's bidding.

We have a word to say to the rejoicing multitude. We marked the 'Squire's eye, and saw there the expression of "thirty days" to each and every one of the party, should they ever come before him in his official capacity. Better keep away from the Willows, boys.

Proceedings of Council.—Columbia, September 21, 1860.—Council met: The roll was called and J. C. Pfahler reported absent.

Minutes of last meeting read and approved.

The Road Committee reported the expenses for last month $49,30.

The Finance Committee reported a balance of $350 in the Treasury.

The Rent and Repair Committee reported that they have had new steps placed at the Town Hall at an expense of $9,25.

Mr. Bruner moved that when we adjourn it be to meet at 7 o'clock on the evening of the 29th inst.

The following Bills were ordered to be paid: S. W. Mifflin, $2,00, M. Liphart, $8,25, J. M. Cowden, $11,60, Sam'l Waits, $6,00, W. Timony, $1,30, Mrs. Mullison, $4,00, T. J. Bishop $1.25, D. S. Chalfant, $23,12, Henry Rupp, $1,25, P. Fordney, $1,87, C. A. Hook, $12,50, Jos. Hinkle, $3,75, D. Mullen, $16,00.

The Special Committee on Potter's Field reported that they have agreed to purchase a piece of ground the size of the present "Potter's Field" for the sum of $200.

Mr. Hershey moved that the Committee be authorized to procure a deed for the ground, and give the Borough's Bond payable in one year. Agreed to.

Attest: Wm. F. Lloyd, Clerk.

For the Columbia Spy.

Mr. Wright:—Excuse the liberty I take in thus addressing you, but I claim my privilege, as a woman, to write to an Editor when I please and as I please, because gentlemen of your profession are always the humble servants of the ladies.

I have the good fortune to live in a delightful neighborhood in Columbia, and if necessity does not compel me, I think I will never leave it.

I am very fond of hearing the news. I mean news, not gossip. Gossip I despise most heartily, and have the most sovereign contempt for all gossips who go about the town, mix with different circles, retail all manner of low, petty scandal about their neighbors, and, in turn, glean from them all that may incautiously fall from them.—But the news as it daily occurs in town is well enough for every one to know. It is so refreshing to know what is going on; and to get the news from day to day, you know, must take time, and requires a great deal of attention. If, however, you have a kind neighbor, as I have, who will take the trouble to go round and gather up and step in not less than three or four times a week and tell all that has been heard, you may congratulate yourself, because it saves one the trouble of going out personally. Luckily, I am blest with just such a kind good neighbor and, thefore, am the happiest of women. Not a thing occurs that I do not know as soon, almost, as it happens; no matter what the weather is, wet or dry, it is all the same. Out of pure benevolence and neighborly affection she goes the rounds, starting with a certain stock of news, which is adroitly traded off for other news, by which means she is always welcome, and is sure to return home with a fresh stock that is readily communicated to all others who happen to be on good terms with her, as I am.

News you know is the life of women and if I did not get my supply as regularly as I do my ice and milk, I think I should die of *ennui*. To go out and obtain it myself requires more time than I can well spare, especially when another is kind enough to do it for me.

I am thus enabled to stay at home, take care of my children, darn my husband's stockings and in other respects make myself useful at home, and to my husband, who much prefers my constant attention to his comforts than to be going about, as he says people might call me a gossip, a busy-body, a tale-bearer, mischief maker, news-boy, or some other ugly name. My neighbor is so well accomplished in the art and mystery of gathering up, that in less than a days' tramp she can gather as much as will interest a neighborhood for a week, but as the supply is kept up almost daily and of such an interesting character you cannot imagine how well we are interested. It matters not what happens in town I know it. If any man or woman is guilty of any little peccadillo, if husband and wife have any little quarrel, if any neighbor makes a misstep, if there be any projected wedding, any courtship, any thing at all occurring—if any man happens to take a little too much, goes to the Restaurant or Billiard room, if the preacher smokes in the street, if any communicant lets slip an oath or two, all, all is treasured up and reported to me, so that I am just as wise as if I gathered it myself. My husband thinks that on account of our neighborhood being blest with such special advantages through this excellent neighbor that the value of property as well as rents may rise, for he says there are but few people of good character and standing that would confer such a favor on a community by such a disinterested, neighborly and christian like course of conduct. He says he feels inclined to have a town meeting and by a public vote of thanks acknowledge our indebtedness for such a blessing.

It is true, there are some who affect to find fault with our neighbor for her kindness, but that is all sham. I think her a public benefactor and she deserves to be treated as such. I did hear a person call her very ugly names, and say she ought to be turned out of church, but that person had better look at home. X.

A Learned Witness.—Witnesses are often exceedingly stupid, but we don't know whether *this* witness ought to be called stupid or not. He was before Baron Martin. It was desired to get from him an exact account of a certain conversation, with the "says I" and "says he;" but the counsel could not make him comprehend the form in which he was wanted to make the statement. So the court took him in hand.—"Now, my man, tell us exactly what passed." "Yes, my lord, certainly. I said that I would not have the pig." "Well, what was his answer?" "He said that he had been keeping the pig for me, and that he ——"—"No, no; he did not say *that*—he could not have said it. He spoke in the first person."—"No, I was the first person that spoke, my lord."—"I mean this—don't bring in the third person—repeat his exact words." "There was no third person, my lord; only him and me."—"Look here, my good fellow! he did not say *he* had been keeping the pig; he said, "I have been keeping it." "I assure you, my lord, there was no mention of your lordship's name at all. We are on two different stories, my lord. There was no third person; and if anything had been said about your lordship, I must have heard it." So the court had to give it up, though the witness was only too ready to tell all he knew.

☞*Wilkes'* (N. Y.) *Spirit* tells a story about the late Mr. Cribb, prize-fighter.—Some seven years after his last fight with Molyneaux, Cribb was carousing at the Castle Tavern with his friends Tom Belcher and Ned Painter, he who once defeated Spring, and fought the tremendous battle with Shaw, the Life Guardsman. During the sitting the champion was attacked with a sort of apoplectic fit. His head fell forward upon the table, his tongue protruded, and his eyes were set, "horribly staring through muddy impurity." He was totally insensible. Much alarmed, Belcher and Painter removed his cravat and collar, dashed cold water in his face, and, as a last resource, shouted "*Time, time!*" with all the strength of their powerful lungs. That was a word to revive Tom Cribb almost from the tomb! He rose as if in the ring, and said indistinctly: "I am ready!" then looked round confusedly, and lapsed into insensibility again. He was, however, permanently recovered by further cold water applications.

☞Of all the affairs, says *Quilp*, in which the fair take part, nothing can be more unfair than a "Fair." The name is the most flagrant of the nuisances. To buy fancy slippers that don't fit, and would'nt wear a week if they did; to eat cakes that poison you; to drink lemonade that disgusts you; to purchase things that you don't want, at a price which you don't like; to be flattered by pert girls and bullied by ugly dames; to get no change for your bank note, and no value for your change: to patronize a lottery against your principles, and be swindled against your reason—that is the "*Fair*" thing, is it?

How Little Pills are Made.—A New York correspondent gives an interesting account of a recent visit to Prof. Humphreys' Homeopathic Establishment, in Broadway. He says: "I found the Professor in his study and consultation room, busy attending calls of his patients and answering his extensive correspondence. Upon his table were letters from patients in almost every State in the Union, who write him a description of their cases, and receive their medicines by mail. I judge from the amount of correspondence that this is becoming a very favorite mode of treatment for old, long-standing diseases. In his laboratary all the fluids for medicating his various remedies are prepared by himself which, together with his patients and other items necessarily belonging to his extensive business, must require no small amount of energy and capacity.

"The little pills themselves, now so generally known, are made of proper proportions of sugar and starch and only become medicated after the liquid medicines are poured upon them and they become thoroughly saturated with it. To commence making the pills, the finest sugar is sifted into a large deep pan, which is kept at an uniform moderate temperature, and the mass is worked under the hand while the new material in fluid form is constantly added to it, until by degrees the single pellets, by attrition, attain the size necessary for use, when they are sifted into appropriate grades and thoroughly dried preparatory to being medicated. This is done by placing them in large bottles, and the liquid medicine is poured over them until they are fully saturated, when they are dried and placed in the hands of careful assistants, placed in boxes and cases, properly labeled and wrapped for the market. Some idea may be formed of the popularity of his Specific Remedies when we learn that at his establishment there are prepared for the market, each week, from fifty to one hundred gross of boxes, and about half that number of vials, making an aggregate of not less thun one million doses of medicine per week.—Immense as this supply is, the demand is constantly increasing."

☞No one, by merely conversing with a fish, ever succeeded in drawing him out.—That's so. You must *drop a line* to him.

Neapolitan Courage.—The Neapolitons deserted even the gallant Murat, at the first volley, when he led them against the Austrians at Tolentino, and they shouted victory or death till they heard the whistling of the balls. They can do nothing but run away, murder from behind a hedge, and burn or plunder towns they are unable to hold. And yet, to look in the ranks, they are amongst the finest, the best dressed, and most accurately drilled troops in the world. Gen. Church, an English officer, who obtained credit by raising and equipping for our service two battalions of Albanians, something on the old Greek model of costume, and who, after Ferdinand the Fourth's return to Naples, became his Adjutant-General, urged him perpetually to come and look at his guards, new disclipined and bedizened with lace and frippery, as if they had been carefully unpacked from bandboxes. The king at length complied, muttering that it was an ineffable *seccatura*, fell asleep in his carriage while they were marching past, and being jogged up at the close, complimented his indefatigable lieutenant (who had ridden up to him for the purpose), saying: "General Church, I am infinitely obliged to you; you have done wonders.—They look and move like demigods; but you'll never make them fight. Good morning!" The old gentleman knew his men of old, and was too experienced a sportsman to be taken in by appearances.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

☞It been proved at a trial in Guildhall that a man's name was really Inch, who pretended it was Linch; "I see," said the judge; the proverb is verified in this man, who being allowed an Inch, has taken an L."

☞A total abstainer may be said to be at all times *well*-supplied; while the toper, on the contrary, "lets *well* alone."

Columbia Lumber Market.

Panel Boards and Plank,	W. Pine,	$35.00
1st Comm. "	"	" 30.00
2nd " "	"	" 18.00
Culling "	"	" 12.50 a 13.00
Inferior "	"	" 9.00
Bill Scantling,		" 15.00
Joists and Scantling,	Hemlock	$9 a 10.00
Boards,	"	9 a 10.00
Bill Scantling,	"	12.00
Ash Plank,		20.00 a 25.00
Siding,		$12 a 15.00
Long Shingles,		9 a 16.00
Cypress "		10.00
Plastering Lath,		2.25 a 2.50

Arrival and Departure of Trains.

PENNSYSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

Eastward.

Marietta Accommodation arrives,	8.15 A. M.
Lancaster Train leaves	8.15 "
Columbia Acc. "	1 00 P. M.
Harrisburg " "	5.15 "
Emigrant, "	10.10 "

Westward.

Emigrant arrives	1.30 A. M.
Mail leaves	11.27 "
Columbia Acc. arrives	3.20 P. M.
Harrisburg " leaves	6.10 "
Lancaster Train arrives	8.20 "

☞The Columbia Accommodation Eastward, will arrive at Lancaster at 1.40 P. M., connecting there with the Fast Line East; returning, will leave Lancaster at 2.40 P. M., or after the Fast Line West passes, arriving at Columbia at 3.20 P. M.

NORTHERN CENTRAL RAILWAY.

	ARRIVES.	LEAVES.
Morning Train,	6.30 A. M.	6.55 A. M.
Noon "	12.15 P. M.	12.30 P. M.
Evening "	5.00 "	6.10 "

Holloway's Pills.—The Turn of Life.—From the age of forty-five to fifty, woman has arrived at a critical period of her existence, the stream of death flows before her, across it is a bridge, called, "the turn of life." Beyond it a delightful garden, the path is beset with danger and guarded by the fierce dragons of disease. Dropsy, Hysterias, Hysteria, Nervousness and other disorders too numerous to mention, but named and prepared by Holloway's famous Pills, she will pass with security into those beautiful regions and enjoy herself till the sun of life sets in the serene evening of old age. Negligence in this season is productive of the most frightful consequences and death itself would be far preferable to such a mockery of life. The nervousness, flushes and fainting fits, the general prostration of the system may be all prevented by a timely recourse to these incomparable remedies.

FOUND.

The place to have your likeness is at Jolley's.
Jolley takes pictures as low as 8 cents a piece by the dozen.
Jolley takes Ambrotypes as low as 50 cents in cases.
Jolley takes pictures at 75 cents
Jolley takes pictures at $1.00.
Jolley takes pictures at $1.25.
Jolley takes pictures at $1 50.
Jolley takes pictures at $3 00.
Jolley takes pictures at $5.00.
Jolley takes pictures at $10.00
Jolley takes pictures at $25.00.
In fact Jolley takes the best and cheapest in the county. Call and see Jolley, opposite the Spy Office.
Columbia, June 23, 1860.

POND'S EXTRACT OF HAMAMELIS, OR PAIN DESTROYER,

Is one of the few domestic remedies which have come into general use and favor, without puffing. It is the product of a simple shrub, harmless in all cases, and as a domestic remedy unequalled. For Burns, Cuts, Bruises, Soreness, Lameness, Sprains, Rheumatism, Boils, Ulcers, Old Sores and Wounds, it has not an equal. It is also used, with great success, for Toothache, Headache, Neuralgia, Sore Throat, Colic, Diarrhœa, Hoarseness, and other similar troublesome and painful affections, while it promptly arrests all Hemorrhages. Hundreds of physicians use it daily in their practice, and give it their unqualified recommendation. Sold by our agents and dealers, and by
F. HUMPHREYS & CO., 502 Broadway.
Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers.
☞A. M. Rambo, Odd Fellows' Hall, Agent for Columbia. [May 12, 1860.

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. 20, 91 59-1y

!!!DEATH!!!
TO EVERY FORM AND SPECIES OF VERMIN.

"Costar's"
"Costar's" Rat, Roach, &c., Exterminator.
"Costar's"
"Costar's" Bed-Bug Exterminator.
"Co-tar's"
"Costars" Electric Powder, for Insects, &c.

DESTROY INSTANTLY

Rats, Roaches, Mice, Moles, Ground Mice, Bed Bugs, Ants, Moths, Mosquitoes, Fleas, Insects on Plants, Insects on Animals, &c., &c.—in short, every form and species of

VERMIN.

10 years established in New York City—used by the City Post Office, the city Prisons and Station Houses, the city steamers, ships, &c., the city Hotels, "Astor," "St. Nicholas," &c., and by more than 20,000 private families
☞Druggists and Retailers everywhere sell them.
☞Wholesale Agents in all the large cities.
☞Regular sizes, 25c., 50c. and $1 boxes, bottles, flasks.
☞!!!Beware!!! of spurious imitations. Examine each box, bottle and flask, and take nothing but "Costar's."
☞$1.00 boxes sent by mail.
☞$3 and $5 boxes for Plantations, Hotels, &c., by express.
☞Address orders—or for "Circular to Dealers" to
HENRY R. COSTAR,
Principal Depot, 610 Broadway, N. Y.
Sold by Dr. W. S. McCORKLE, at the Family Medicine Store, Odd Fellows' Hall, Columbia.
May 19, 1860-6m

WORTHY OF ATTENTION.—In to-day's paper will be found the advertisement of Lindsey's Improved Blood Searcher, a medicine which has risen more rapidly in public favor than any ever invented or discovered, and which has effected more permanent cures of desperate cases than any remedial agent ever brought before the public. Every person afflicted should apply to one of the agents for a circular and give the medicine a trial. If it does not cure or afford relief, the money in all cases will be refunded.