

THE COLUMBIA SPY.

SAMUEL WRIGHT, Editor and Proprietor.

"NO ENTERTAINMENT IS SO CHEAP AS READING, NOR ANY PLEASURE SO LASTING."

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DR. HOFFER,
DENTIST—OFFICE, Front Street 4th door from Locust, over the McDonald's book store. Columbia, Pa. Entrance same as Jolley's Photographic Gallery. August 21, 1859.

THOMAS WELSH,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Columbia, Pa. Office in the Whipper's New Building, below Black's Hotel, Front street, between Locust and Locust and a half. Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to his care. November 29, 1857.

H. M. NORTH,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
Columbia, Pa. Promptly made in Lancaster and York counties. Columbia, May 4, 1850.

J. W. FISHER,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
Columbia, Pa. September 16, 1857.

S. Atlee Bockius, D. D. S.
DENTIST—The Operative, Surgical and Mechanical Department of Dentistry. Office Locust street, between the Franklin House and Post Office. Columbia, Pa. May 7, 1859.

ROOMS—100 Doz. Rooms, at Wholesale or Retail, at H. PAHLER'S, Locust street. Dec 12, 1857.

Steam Wash Boilers.
The best known Boilers are kept constantly on hand at HENRY PEALERS, Locust street, opposite the Franklin House. Columbia, July 15, 1859.

Harrison's Columbian Ink.
Which is a superior article, permanently black, and not corroding the pen, fountain, quill, nib, pen, or nib, and is the best for use in the family, office, and school. It is made in England. Price 25 cts per gallon. Columbia, June 9, 1859.

CISTERN PUMPS.
The subscriber has a large stock of Cistern Pumps and Pumps, to which he calls the attention of the public. He is prepared to put up for him in a substantial and enduring manner. H. PAHLER, Locust street. December 12, 1857.

CRAMM, or, Board's Boston Crackers, for Sale.
At the Family Medicine Store, at Columbia, at the Family Medicine Store, at Columbia, at the Family Medicine Store, at Columbia. April 10, 1859.

NEW CROP SEEDLESS RAISINS.
The best for Raisins, Pudding, &c., fresh supply at H. WELLS'S, Grocery Store, Corner Front and Union sts. Nov. 19, 1859.

SHAKER CORN.
Just received, a first rate lot of Shaker Corn. Grocery Store, corner Front and Union st. Nov. 20, 1859.

SPALDING'S PREPARED OLIVE—The want of
An article is in every family—and now it can be supplied in the most desirable manner. It is a superior article, permanently black, and not corroding the pen, fountain, quill, nib, pen, or nib, and is the best for use in the family, office, and school. It is made in England. Price 25 cts per gallon. Columbia, June 9, 1859.

IRON AND STEEL.
The subscriber has received a New and Large BAR IRON AND STEEL. They are constantly supplied with stock in this branch of his business, and can furnish in quantities large or small, at the lowest rates. J. RUMPLE & SON, Locust street below Second, Columbia, Pa. April 26, 1860.

ARTIST'S COLORS. A general assortment of colors in tubes. Also, a variety of Artistic Brushes, at the Golden Star Drug Store. July 1, 1859.

RITTER'S Compound Syrup of Tar and Wild Cherry, for Coughs, Croup, &c. For sale at the Golden Star Drug Store. Front st. July 2, 1859.

AYER'S Compound Concentrated Extract. Sarsaparilla for the cure of Scrofula or King's Evil, and all eruptions of the skin, is a fresh article just received and for sale by H. WILLIAMS, Front st., Columbia, Sept. 24, 1859.

FOR SALE.
200 GROSS Friction Matches, very low for cash. June 25, '59. H. WILLIAMS.

DRIED FRUIT.
FOR Dried Fruit—Apples, Peaches, Cherries, &c.—the best in the market, at the Golden Star Drug Store, Grocery Store, Corner Front and Union sts. July 1, 1859.

Dutch Herring!
A NY one lot of good Herring can be supplied at S. P. EBERLE'S, 71 Locust st. Nov. 19, 1859.

LYON'S PURE OIL CATAPLASM BRANDY
AND PURE OIL CATAPLASM BRANDY, for medicinal purposes, at the Golden Star Drug Store, Front st. July 2, 1859.

NICE RAISINS for 8 cts. per pound, are to be had only at EBERLE'S Grocery Store, No. 71 Locust street. March 10, 1860.

GARDEN SEEDS—Fresh Garden Seeds, warranted pure, of all kinds, just received at EBERLE'S Grocery Store, No. 71 Locust street. March 10, 1860.

POCKET BOOKS AND PURSES.
A LARGE lot of Fine and Common Pocket Books and Purse, at from 15 cents to two dollars each. (See quaggers and News Dept.) Columbia, April 14, '60.

BEW more of these beautiful Prints
left, which will sell cheap, at SATLOR & SCHAFFNER'S, Columbia, Pa. April 14.

Just Received and For Sale.
1500 SACKS Ground Alum Salt, in large or small quantities, at APOLD'S Warehouse, Canal Basin. May 20, '60.

TAMARINDS. Just received a new lot of Tamarinds, at the Golden Star Drug Store. May 7, 1859.

COLD CREAM OF OLYMPIANS—For the cure
of all eruptions of the skin, is a fresh article just received and for sale by H. WILLIAMS, Front st., Columbia, Dec 21, 1859.

Turkish Prunes!
FOR A first rate article of Prunes you must go to S. P. EBERLE'S, 71 Locust st. Nov. 19, 1859.

GOLD PENS, GOLD PENS.
Just received a large and fine assortment of Gold Pens, of various and ornamental patterns, at SATLOR & SCHAFFNER'S Book Store, Front street, above Locust. April 11.

Selections.

The Fair at Keady.

My friend, John Penruddock, over in Ireland, with whom I spent a month last summer, made a deeper impression on me than I can tell. For years I had not seen such a man. There was a reality and honest stuff in him, which, in living with him and watching his daily goings on, revealed itself to me. He had been accustomed to meet, talk with, live with, were so different. The tendency of each of them was towards art in one form or other; and there was a certain sadness somehow in the contemplation of them. They fought and strove bravely, but like the Old Guard at Waterloo, it was brave fighting on a lost field. After years of toil there were irremediable defects in that man's picture; fatal flaws in that man's book. In all their efforts were failure and repulse, apparent to some extent to themselves, plain enough to me, the passionate looker-on. That resolute, hopeless, climbing of heaven of theirs, was, according to the mood, a thing to laugh at or a thing to weep over. With Penruddock all was different. What he strove after he accomplished. He had a cheerful mastery over circumstances. All things went well with him. His horses ploughed for him, his servants reaped for him, his mills ground for him, successfully. The very winds and dews were to him helps and aids. Year after year his crops grew, yellowed, were cut down, and gathered into barns, and men fed thereupon; and year after year there lay an increased balance at his banker's. This continual, ever victorious activity seemed strange to me. We usually think that poets, painters, and the like, are finer, more heroic than cultivators of the ground. But does the production of a questionable book really surpass in merit the production of a field of unquestionable turnips? Perhaps, in the severe eyes of the gods, the production of a wooden porringer, water-tight and fit for household use, is of more account than the rearing of a tower of Babel, meant to reach to heaven. Alas! that so many must work on these Babel towers; cannot help toiling on them to the very death, though every stone is heaved into its place with weariness and mortal pain; though, when the life of the builder is wasted out on it, it is fit habitation for no creature, can shelter no one from rain or winter snow, towering in the eyes of men a folly (as the Scotch phrase it) after all.

Penruddock had promised to take me to see the fair at Keady a fortnight before it came off; but was obliged on the day immediately preceding that event to leave his farm at Arran-More on matter of important business. It was a wretched day of rain, and I began to tremble for the morrow. After dinner the storm abated, and the dull dripping afternoon set in. While a dis-tempored sunset flushed the west, the heavy carts from the fields came rolling into the court-yard, the horses fetlock deep in clay, and steaming like ovens. Then, at the sound of the bell, the laborers came, wet, weary, sickles hanging over their arms, yet with spirits merry enough. These the capacious kitchen received, where they found supper spread. It grew dark earlier than usual, and more silent. The mill-wheel rushed louder in the swollen stream, and lights began to glimmer here and there in the dusky windows. Penruddock had not yet come. He was not due for a couple of hours. The time began to hang heavily; so, slipping to my bed, I solved every difficulty by falling asleep.

The lowing of cattle, the bleating of sheep, the barking of dogs, and the loud voices of men in the court-yard beneath, awoke me shortly after dawn. In the silence that ensued I again fell asleep, and was roused at last by the clangor of the breakfast-bell. When I got up the sun was streaming gloriously through the latticed window; heaven was all the gayer and brighter now for yesterday's gloom and sulky tears, and the rooks were cawing and flapping cheerfully in the trees above. When I entered the breakfast room, Penruddock was already there, nothing the worse for his journey; and the tea-cup was bubbling on the table.

At the close of the meal, Tim brought the dog-cart to the door. Pen glanced at his watch. "We have hit the time exactly, and will arrive as soon as Mick and the cattle." There was an encouraging chirrup, a flick of the whip, and in a trice we were across the bridge, and pegging along at a great pace.

After proceeding about a mile, we turned into a narrow path which gradually led us up into a wild, irregular country. Corn-fields, flax-tanks, and sunny pasture-lands, dotted with sheep, were left behind as up hill we toged, and reached at last a level stretch of purple moor and black peat bog. Sometimes for a mile the ground was black with pyramids of peat; at other times the road wriggled before us through a dark olive color, calveined here and there with patches of treacherous green; the sound of our wheels startling into flight the shy and solitary birds native to the region. Ever and anon, too, when we gained sufficient elevation, we could see the great waves of the landscape rolling in clear morning light away to the horizon; each wave crested with farms and belts of woodland, and here and there wreaths of smoke rising up from hollows where towns and villages lay hid. After a while the road grew smoother, and

near the little town of Keady sparkled in the sun, backed by a range of smelting furnaces, the flames tamed by the sunlight, making a restless shimmer in the air, and blotting out everything beyond. Beneath us the high road was covered with sheep and cows, and vehicles of every description, pushing forward to one point; the hill paths also which led down to it were moving throngs of life. On the brow of the hill, just before we began to descend, John pulled up for a moment. It was a pretty sight! A few minutes drive brought us into Keady, and such a busy scene I had never before witnessed. The narrow streets and open spaces were crowded with stalls, cattle, and people, and the press and confusion were so great that our passage to the inn where our machine was to be put up was matter of considerable difficulty. Men, stripped to trousers and shirt, with red hair streaming in the wind, rushed backwards and forwards with horses, giving vent at the same time to the wildest vociferations, while clumps of sporting gentlemen, with straws in their mouths, were inspecting with critical eyes the points of the animals. Traveling auctioneers set up their little carts in the streets, and with astonishing effrontery and power of lung harangued the crowd on the worth and cheapness of the articles which they held in their hands. Beggars were very plentiful, disease and deformity their stock-in-trade. Fragments of humanity crawled about upon crutches. Women stretched out shrunken arms. Blind men rolled sightless eyeballs, blessing the passer by as a copper tinkled in their iron jugs; cursing yet more fervently when disappointed in their expectation. In one place a melancholy acrobat in dirty tights and faded tinsel, was performing evolutions with a crazy chair on a bit of ragged carpet; he threw somersaults over it, he stood upon his head on it, he embraced it firmly and began spinning along the ground like a wheel, in which performance man and chair seemed to lose their individuality and become one as it were; and at the close of every feat he stood erect with that indescribable curve of the right hand which should always be followed by thunders of applause, the clown meanwhile rolling in ecstasies of admiration in the sidewalk.

Alas! no applause followed the exertions of the artist. The tight-rope was getting more thread-bare and dingy. His hollow face was covered with perspiration, and there was but the sparsest sprinkling of half-pence. I threw him half a crown, but it rolled among the spectators' feet, and was lost in the dust. He groped about in search of it for some little time, and then came back to his carpet and his crazy chair. Poor fellow! he looked as if he were used to that kind of thing. There were many pretty faces among the girls, and scores of them were walking about in holiday dresses. Rosy-faced lasses with black hair and blue eyes shadowed by long, dark eye-lashes. How they laughed, and how sweetly the brogue melted from their lips in reply to the ardent blarney of their sweethearts! At last we reached an open square, or cross as it would be called in Scotland, more crowded, if possible, than the narrow streets. Herds of cattle bellowed here. Here were sheep from the large farms standing in clusters of fifties and hundreds; there a clump of five or six, with the widow in her clean cap sitting beside them. Many an hour ago she and they started from the turf hut and the pasture beyond the hills. Heaven send her a ready sale and good prices! In the centre of this open space great benches were erected, heaped with eggs, butter, cheeses, the proprietors standing behind anxiously awaiting the advances of customers. One section was crowded with sweetest-smelling, most frequented by girls and their sweethearts. Many a rustic compliment there had for reply a quick glance or a scarlet cheek. Another was devoted to poultry; geese stood about in flocks; bunches of hens were scattered on the ground, their legs tied together; and turkeys, enclosed in wicker baskets, surveyed the scene with quick eyes, their wattles all the while burning with indignation. On reaching the inn, which displayed for ensign a swan with two heads afloat on an azure stream, we ordered dinner at three o'clock, and therefore started on foot to where Penruddock's stock was stationed. It was no easy matter to force a path; cows and sheep were always getting in the way. Now and then an escaped hog would come clucking and flapping among our feet; and once a huge bull, with horns levelled to the charge, came dashing down the street, scattering everything before him. Finally, we reached the spot where Mick and his dogs were keeping watch over the cows and sheep.

"Got here all safe, Mick, I see."
"All safe, sir, not a quarter of an hour ago."
"Well, Burdett, I have opened my shop. We'll see how we get on."
By this time the dealers had gathered about, and were closely examining the sheep, and holding whispered consultations. At length, an excited-looking man came running forward; plunging his hand into his breeches pocket, he produced therefrom half-a-crown, which he slipped into Penruddock's hand, at the same time crying out, "Ten-and-six a head." "Fifteen," said John, returning the coin. "Twelve shillings," said the man, bringing down the coin with tremendous energy; "an' may I never stir if I'll give another farthin' for the best sheep in Keady." "Fifteen," said

John, flinging the half-crown on the ground; "and I don't care whether you stir again or not." By this time a crowd had gathered about, and the chorus began. "There isn't a decenter man than Mr. Penruddock in the market. I've known him iver since he came to the country." "Shure an' he is," began another; "he's a jintleman every inch. He always gives to the poor man a bit o' bacey, or a glass. Ach, Mr. Loney, he's not the one to ax you too high a price. Shure, Mr. Penruddock, you'll come down a sixpence jist to make a bargain." "Is't Mr. Loney that's goin' to buy?" cried a lame man from the opposite side, and in the opposite interest. "There isn't such a dealer in county Monaghan as Mr. Loney. Of course you'll come down something, Mr. Penruddock." "He's a rich one, too, is Mr. Loney," said the lame man, siding up to John, and winking in a knowing manner. "an' a power o' notes he has in his pocket-book." Mr. Loney, who had been whispering with his group a little apart, and who had ag in made an inspection of the stock, returned the second time to the charge. "Twelve-an'-six," cried he, and again the half-crown was slipped into Penruddock's palm. "Twelve-an'-six, an' not another farthin' to save my soul." "Fifteen," said John, returning the half-crown with equal emphasis; "you know my price, and if you won't take it you can let it stand." The dealer disappeared in huge wrath, and the chorus broke out in praises of both. By this time Mr. Loney was again among the sheep; it was plain his heart was set upon the purchase. Every now and then he caught one, got it between his legs, examined the markings on its face, and tested the depth and quality of its wool. He appeared for the third time, while the lame man and the leader of the opposing chorus seemed coming to blows, so zealous were they in the praises of their respective heroes. "Fourteen," said Mr. Loney, again producing the half-crown, spitting into his hand at the same time, as much as to say, he would do the business now. "Fourteen," he cried, crushing the half-crown into Penruddock's hand, and holding it there. "Fourteen, an' devil a rap more I'll give." "Fourteen," said John, as if considering, then throwing back the coin. "Fourteen-and-six, and let it be a bargain." "Din't I say," quoth John's chorus-leader, looking round him with an air of triumph, "din't I say that Mr. Penruddock's a jintleman? Ye see how he drops the sixpence. I never saw him do a mane thing yet. Ach, he's a jintleman iver inch, an' that's saying a dale, considerin' his size." "Fourteen-an'-six be it, then," said the dealer, bringing down the coin for the last time. "An' if I take the lot you'll give me two pounds in't myself?" "Well, Loney, I don't care, although I do," said Penruddock, pocketing the coin at last. A roll of notes was produced, the sum counted out, and the bargain concluded. The next moment Loney was among the sheep, scoring some milk or other on their backs with a piece of red chalk. Penruddock scattered what spare coppers he possessed among the bystanders, and away they went to sing the praises of the next bargain-maker.

Pen turned to me, laughing. "This is a nice occupation for a gentleman of respectable birth and liberal education, is it not?" "Oh, it is amusing to watch the process by which your sheep are converted into bank-notes. Does your friend, Mr. Loney buy the animals for himself?" "Oh, dear no. We must have middlemen of one kind or another in this country. Loney is commissioned to purchase, and is allowed so much on the transaction." By this time a young hinduism fellow pushed his horse through the crowd and approached us. "Good morning," cried he to Penruddock. "Any business doing?" "I have just sold my sheep." "Good price?" "Fair. Fourteen-and-six." "Ah, not so bad. These cattle, I suppose, are yours? We must try if we can't come to a bargain about them." Dismounting, he gave his horse in keeping to a lad, and he and John went off to inspect the stock.

Business was proceeding briskly on all sides. There was a great higgling as to prices, and shillings and half-crowns were tossed in a wonderful manner from palm to palm. Apparently, no transaction could be transacted without that ceremony, whatever it might mean. Idlers were everywhere celebrating the merits and "doceancy" of the various buyers and sellers. Huge greasy leather pocket-books of undoubted antiquity, were to be seen in many a hand, and rolls of bank-notes were deftly changing owners. The ground, too, was beginning to clear, and purchasers were driving off their cattle. Many of the dealers who had disposed of stock were taking their ease in the inns. You could see them looking out of the open windows; and, occasionally, a man whose potatoes had been early and excessive went whooping through the crowd. In a short time John returned with his friend.

"Captain Broster," said John, presenting him, "has promised to dine with us at three. Sharp at the hour, mind, for we wish to leave early." "I'll be punctual as clockwork," said the captain, turning to look after his purchases. "We strolled up and down till three o'clock, and then bent our steps to the inn, where we found Broster waiting. In honor to his

guests the landlord himself brought in dinner, and waited with great diligence. When the table was cleared we had punch and cigars, and sat chatting at the open window. The space in front was tolerably clear of cattle now, but dealers were hovering about, standing in clumps, or promenading in parties of twos and threes. But at this point a new element had entered into the scene. It was dinner hour, and many of the forgers from the furnaces above had come down to see what was going on. Huge, hulking, swarthy-looking fellows they were, Welshmen, chiefly, as I was afterwards told; and when confidence in their strength, were at no pains to conceal their contempt for the natives. They, too, mingled in the crowd, but the greater number leaned lazily against the houses, smoking their short pipes and indulging in the dangerous luxury of "chaffing" the farmers. Many a rude wit combat was going on, accompanied by roars of laughter, anathemas of which we occasionally heard. Broster had been in the Crimon, was wounded at Alma, recovered, went through all the work and privation of the first winter of the siege, got knocked up, came home on sick leave, and having had enough of it, as he frankly confessed, took the opportunity, on his father's death, which happened then, to sell out and settle as a farmer on a small property to which he fell heir. He chatted about the events of the war in an easy, familiar way, quietly, as if the whole affair had been a game at football; and when courage, strength, and splendid prospects were changed by unseen bullet, or grim bayonet stab, into a rude grave on the bleak plateau, the thing was mentioned as a mere matter of course!

Sometimes a comrade's fate met with an expression of soldierly regret, slight and indifferently enough, yet with certain pathos which no high-flown oration could reach. For the indifferently tone seemed to acquiesce in destiny, to consider that disappointment had been too common in the life of every man during the last six thousand years to warrant any raving or passionate surprise at this time of day; and that in any case our ordinary pulse and breath time our march to the grave, passion beats the double quick, and when it is all over, there is little need for outcry and the shedding of tears over the eternal rest. In the midst of his talk, voices rose in one of the apartments below; the noise became altercation, and immediately a kind of struggling or dragging was heard in the flagged passage, and then a tipsy forgerman was unceremoniously shot out into the square; and the inn door closed with an angry bang. The individual seemed to take the indignity in very good part; slung he staggered, his hands in his pockets, heedless of the satirical gibes and remarks of his companions, who were smoking beneath our windows. Looking out, we could see that his eyes were closed, as if he scorned the outer world, possessing one so much more satisfactory within himself. As he went he began to sing from sheer excess of happiness; the following stanza coming distinctly to our ears:

"When I was a chicken as big as a hen,
My master 'sams and I 'sams agin;
My father came in to see me the first mornin',
So I hid my head in a hole to be a clown."

"I hope that fellow won't come to grief," said Broster, as the forgerman lurched through a group of countrymen intent on a bargain, and passed on without notice or apology, his eyes closed, and singing as before:

"See my mother, see, there's a peeler at hand!
"By Jove, he's down at last, and there'll be the devil to pay!" We looked out; the forgerman was prone in the dust, singing, and apparently unconscious that he had changed his position. A party of farmers were standing around laughing; one of them had put out his foot and tripped the forgerman as he passed. The next moment, a bare-armed, black-browed hammer-smith stood out from the wall, and without so much as taking the pipe from his mouth, felled the dealer at a blow, and then looked at his companions as if wishing to be informed if he could do anything in the same way for them. The blow was a match dropped in a powder magazine. Alas! the results had been rankling long in the breasts of both parties. Old scores had to be paid off. From every quarter, out of the inn, leaving potholes and ale, down the streets from among the cattle, the dealers came rushing to the fray. The forgerman mustered with alacrity, as if battle were the breath of their nostrils. In a few seconds, the square was the scene of a general melee. The dealers fought with their short heavy nature gave, but their arms were siewed with iron, and every blow told like a hammer. These last were overpowered for awhile, but the alarm had already spread to the furnaces above, and parties of twos and threes came at a run, and flung themselves in to the assistance of their companions. Just at this moment, a couple of constables pressed forward into the mal yolling crowd. A hammer-smith came behind one, and seizing his arms, held him, despite his struggles, firmly as in a vice. The other was knocked over and trampled under foot. "Good heavens, murder will be done," cried Broster, lifting his heavy whip from the table. "We must try and put an end to this disgraceful scene. Will you join me?" "With heart and soul," said Penruddock, "and there is no time to be lost. Come along, Burdett." At the foot of the stair we found the landlord shaking in every

limb. He had locked the door, and was standing in the passage with the key in his hand. "McQueen, we want to go out; open the door." "Shure, jintlemen, you're not goin' just now. You'll be torn to pieces if you go." "If you won't open the door give me the key, and I'll open it myself." The landlord passively yielded. Broster unlocked the door, and hung the key down on the flagged passage. "Now, my lads," cried he to half a dozen countrymen who were hanging as spectators on the skirts of the combat, and at the same time twisting his whip lash tightly around his right hand till the heavily leaded head became a formidable weapon, a blow from which would be effective on any skull of ordinary susceptibility. "Now, my lads, we are resolved to put an end to this, will you assist us?" The captain's family had been long resident in the county; he was himself personally known to all of them, and a cheerful "ay, ay!" was the response. "Penruddock, separate them when you can, knock them over when you can't. Welshman or Irishman, it's quite the same." So saying, in we drove. Broster chose a way for himself, distributing the blows with great impartiality, and knocking over the combatants like nine pins. We soon reached the middle of the square, where the fight was the hottest. The captain was swept away in an eddy for a moment, and right in front of Penruddock and myself two men were grappling on the ground. As they rolled over, we saw that one was the hammer-smith who had caused the whole affray. We flung ourselves upon them, and dragged them up. The dealer, with whom I was most particularly engaged, had got the worst of it, and plainly wasn't sorry to be released from the clutches of his antagonist. With his foe it was different. His slow sullen blood was fairly in a blaze, and when John pushed him aside, he dashed at him and struck him a severe blow on the face. In a twinkling, Penruddock's coat was off, while the faintest stream of blood trickled from his upper lip. "Well, my man," said he, as he stood up, ready for action, "if that's the game you mean to play, I hope to give you a belly full before I've done." "Seize that man, knock him over," said Broster; "you're surely not going to fight him, Penruddock, it's sheer madness; knock him over." "I tell you what it is," said Penruddock, turning savagely. "You shan't deprive me of the luxury of giving this fellow a sound hiding." Broster shrugged his shoulders, as if giving up the cause. By this time the cry arose, "Black Jew's goin' to fight the gentleman," and a wide enough ring was formed. Many who were prosecuting small combats of their own decided, that they might behold this greater one. Broster stood beside John. "He's an ugly mass of strength," whispered he, "and will hug you like a bear; keep him well off, and remain cool, for Heaven's sake." "Ready?" said John, stepping forward. "As a lark 't' the mornin'," growled Jew as he took up his ground. The men were very wary, Jew retreating round and round, John advancing. Now and then one or other darted a blow, but it was generally stopped, and no harm done. At last the blows went home; the blood began to rise. The men drew closer, and struck with greater rapidity. They are at it last, hammer and tong. No shirking or flinching now; Jew's was flowing. He was evidently getting severely punished. He couldn't last long at that rate. He fought desperately for a close, when a blinding blow fell in the face brought him to the earth. He got up again like a man, the whole bull-dog nature of him possessed and mastered by fierce, brutal rage. He cursed and struggled in the arms of his supporters to get at his enemy, but by main force they held him back till he recovered himself. "He'll be worked off in another round," I heard Broster whisper in my ear. Ah! here they come! I glanced at John for a moment as he stood with his eyes on his foe. There was that in his face that boded no good. The features had hardened into iron resolution; the pitiless mouth was clenched, the eye cruel. A hitherto unknown part of his nature revealed itself to me as he stood there. Perhaps unknown to himself. God help us, what strangers we are to ourselves!

In every man's nature there is an interior unexplored as that of Africa, and over that region what wild beasts may roam! But they are at it again; Jew still fights for a close, and every time his rush is stopped by a damaging blow. They are retelling rapidly; his countenance, by no means charming at the best, is rapidly transforming. Look at that hideously gashed lip! But he has dodged Penruddock's left this time, and clutched him in his brawny arms. Now comes the tug of war, skill pitted against skill, strength against strength. They breathe for a little in one another's grip, as if summing every energy. They are at it now, broad chest to chest. Now they seem motionless, but by the quiver of their frames you can guess the terrific strain going on. Now one has the better, now the other, as they twine round each other, little and supple as serpents. Penruddock yields. No! That's a bad dodge of Jew's. By Jove he loses his grip. All is over with him. John's brow grows dark; the veins start out on it; and the next moment Black Jew the hero of fifty fights, slung over his shoulder, falls heavily to the ground.

At his fall a cheer rose from the dealers. "Yan blackmit fellow had better make off," cried Broster; "your man has got th-

thrashing he deserves, and you can carry him home with you. I am resolved to put a stop to these disturbances—there have been too many of late." The furnace men hung for a moment irresolute, seemingly half inclined to renew the combat, but a formidable array of cattle-dealers pressed forward and turned the scale. They decided on a retreat. Black Jew, who had now come to himself, was lifted up, and supported by two men, retired toward the works and dwellings on the upper grounds, accompanied by his companions, who muttered many a surly oath and vow of future vengeance.

When we got back to the inn, John was very anxious about his face. He washed, and carefully perused his features in the little looking glass. Luckily, with the exception of the upper lip slightly cut by Jew's first blow—no mark of the combat presented itself; at this happy result of his investigations he expressed great satisfaction—Broster laughing the meanwhile, and telling him that he was as careful of his face as a young lady.

The captain came down to see us off. The fair was over now, and the little streets were almost deserted. The dealers—apprehensive of another descent from the furnaces—had hurried off as soon as their transactions could in any way permit. Groups of villagers, however, were standing about the doors, discussing the event of the day; and when Penruddock appeared he became for a quarter of an hour an object of public interest for the first time in his life, and so far as he has yet lived, for the last; an honor to which he did not seem to attach any particular value.

We shook hands with the captain; then at a touch of the whip, the horse started at a gallant pace, scattering a brood of ducks in all directions; and in a few minutes, Keady—with its white-washed houses and dark row of furnaces, tipped with tongues of flame, pale and shrunken yet in the lustre of the afternoon, but which would flush out wild and lurid when the evening fell—lay a rapidly dwindling speck behind.

Interesting About Rats.

In the indulgence of their predilection for eggs, rats display great judgment. It would appear almost impossible for them to carry off such fragile spoil without breakage, but they do contrive to do so. If the theft is achieved without a confederate, the rat stretches out its fore leg underneath the egg, steadies it above with its cheek, and hops away cautiously upon three legs. To convey an egg from the bottom to the top of a house is a still more difficult affair, and probably an impossibility for a single rat to perform. With the aid of a partner, the operation is thus managed: the male rat stands upon his head, and lifts up the egg with his hind legs; the female taking it thence in her fore paws, secures it till her lord ascends a step higher; and so they proceed from stair to stair, till their booty is deposited safely in their hole. A patry cook had once some fine eggs which she prized highly, but the number of which was mysteriously diminished night after night. Suspicion, of course, fell upon the domestics. One of them, a mail servant, hearing one night a noise upon the stairs, stole out on the landing, fancying that she might be fortunate enough to detect the egg pilferer. She was not mistaken, although she was considerably astonished at discovering who the real offenders were. She saw two rats, one larger than the other, busily engaged in carrying the cherished eggs down stairs, and felt too much interested in watching their proceedings to think of disturbing them. The big rat stood on his hind legs, with his fore paws and head resting on the step above; the lady rat rolled the egg gently towards her space; clasping it gently but firmly, he lifted it carefully on to the step upon which he stood, holding it there until she came and took charge of it. When he descended a step lower, till the clever pair reached the lowermost floor with their prize unimpaired.

The whole of this larceny, which with the rat is too justly charged is criminal enough, in all conscience; but worse remains behind. He has been known to make a meal of the fingers and toes of a living baby. Forty years ago, a pie maker, finding his deficiencies unaccountably disappear, determined to lie in wait in his lark house, one night, and so catch the delinquents. Unfortunately they caught him, and devoured the ill-fated pie-man in preference to his pies.

There is no dish that is more tempting to the rat's palate than any other, and for which he will desert anything else in the eatable world, and that is, a defunct relative.

Should two rats agree to settle their differences by a mortal combat, their friends and acquaintances look on as complacently as distinguished amateurs contemplate a fight for the championship. But immediately the affair is concluded by the death of one of the combatants, the spectators break up the ring, and ineffectually set upon the victor and vanquished, and eat them up then and there. Voe, too, to any meeting with an accident, or becoming infirm, for he is gobbled up without remorse. When a rat's leg is found in a trap, instead of its being a proof of his resolution in preferring to leave a limb behind rather than remain in captivity, the chances are that some of his kind and kin have eaten him alive. In consequence of this propensity for cannibalism,