

THE COLUMBIA SPY.

SAMUEL WRIGHT, Editor and Proprietor.

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

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Large advertisements at a proportionate rate. A liberal discount will be made to regularly employed clerks and others who are strictly confined to their business.

DR. HOFFER. DENTIST—Office, Front Street 4th door from Locust, in a new building below Columbia, Pa. Entrance same as Jolly's, Phonographic Gallery. [August 21, 1858.]

THOMAS WELSH, OFFICE, in Building below Black's Hotel, Front Street. [Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to his care. November 25, 1857.]

H. M. NORTH, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Office, in Building below Black's Hotel, Front Street. [Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to his care. November 25, 1857.]

J. W. FISHER, Attorney and Counselor at Law. Office, in Building below Black's Hotel, Front Street. [Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to his care. November 25, 1857.]

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DR. CUTLER'S Improved Chest Expanding Suspenders and Supporters. Office, in Building below Black's Hotel, Front Street. [Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to his care. November 25, 1857.]

Prof. Gardner's Soap. Office, in Building below Black's Hotel, Front Street. [Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to his care. November 25, 1857.]

GRAHAM, or Bond's Boston Crackers. Office, in Building below Black's Hotel, Front Street. [Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to his care. November 25, 1857.]

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE. Office, in Building below Black's Hotel, Front Street. [Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to his care. November 25, 1857.]

IRON AND STEEL! Office, in Building below Black's Hotel, Front Street. [Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to his care. November 25, 1857.]

RITTER'S Compound Syrup of Iodine and Wild Cherry. Office, in Building below Black's Hotel, Front Street. [Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to his care. November 25, 1857.]

AYER'S Compound Concentrated Extract of Sassafras. Office, in Building below Black's Hotel, Front Street. [Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to his care. November 25, 1857.]

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Dutch Harting! Office, in Building below Black's Hotel, Front Street. [Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to his care. November 25, 1857.]

LYON'S PURE OHIO CATWAX BRANDY. Office, in Building below Black's Hotel, Front Street. [Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to his care. November 25, 1857.]

NICE RAISINS for 6 cts. per pound, are to be had only at EBBERLEIN'S Grocery Store, No. 71 Locust St.

GARDEN SEEDS—Fresh Garden Seeds, warranted pure of all kinds, just received at EBBERLEIN'S Grocery Store, No. 71 Locust St.

POCKET BOOKS AND Purses. Office, in Building below Black's Hotel, Front Street. [Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to his care. November 25, 1857.]

NEW more of those beautiful Prints left, which will sell at a low price. Office, in Building below Black's Hotel, Front Street. [Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to his care. November 25, 1857.]

Just Received and For Sale. 1500 GROSS Ground Alum Salt, in large or small quantities, at APPOLO'S Warehouse, Canal Basin, No. 70.

COLD CREAM OF GLYCERINE—For the cure and prevention of chapped hands, &c. For sale at the COLLIER NORTH DRUG STORE, Front Street, Locust St.

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GOLD PENS, GOLD PENS. JUST received a large and fine assortment of Gold Pens, of New and Improved manufacture, at S. F. EBBERLEIN'S Grocery Store, No. 71 Locust St.

FRESH GROCERIES. We continue to sell the best "Levy" Syrup, White and Brown Sugars, and Coffee, and Tea, and to be had in Columbia at the New Corner Store, opposite the "Fountain" Hall, and the "Old Adjoining Building." S. F. EBBERLEIN'S Grocery Store, Locust St., Columbia, Pa.

Segars, Tobacco, &c. A LOT of Segars, Tobaccos and Snuff will be found at the store of the subscriber. He keeps only a first rate article. Call on S. F. EBBERLEIN'S Grocery Store, Locust St., Columbia, Pa.

CRANBERRIES. NEW Crop Frunes, New Citron, at A. M. RANBO'S, No. 71 Locust St.

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Selections.

Luke White, of Plymouth.

A SEA STORY.

There is a tradition that the captains of Elizabeth's war ships, lying in Plymouth Sound, were playing at bowls at Mount Edgcombe, when Luke White, a young, athletic seaman, came running in breathless haste, to announce that the magnificent Spanish Armada had been despatched some ten leagues distant, steering steadily up Channel, with a favoring breeze. The naval captains, it is added, first recording the exact state of the game, and agreeing to play it out at the first opportunity after settling with the Spaniards, hurried on board their respective ships—Drake and Hawkins being of the number.

I have nothing in this paper to say of the ruinous discomfiture of the Invincible Spanish Fleet, except to remark that Luke White was the skipper of a store-ship (victualer) attached to the English squadrons; and that the insolent attempt of the Spanish monarch, to subjugate the realm of England, awakened in White (as in most Englishmen,) that fierce hatred of the Spaniard which for very many years afterwards left deep traces of its fury in the home and colonial ports of Spain, and in her crippled, plundered commerce; frequently prompting, moreover, to deeds of vengeful violence, which only that well-earned burning hate could have suggested or excused.

The craft commanded by Luke White was the sole property of his father, Ephraim White, a rough old seaman, hard, gnarled, cross-grained as the timbers of his vessel, and a stout brig of two hundred tons burthen, which he had named The Fifth Whelp. An odd designation enough, but certainly much less objectionable than such names as "The Saviour of the World," "Mother of God," "The Holy Trinity," &c., and tell a very recent period, if not now, common in the Spanish and Portuguese navies. The Tenth Whelp, some half a century afterwards, was a distinguished ship of the first naval squadron commanded by Robert Blake, General, and Admiral at sea.

The Fifth Whelp sustained no damage whilst in attendance upon the English fighting ships; and the struggle with Spain as to sea supremacy being virtually over, an opening was made for private war against Spanish commerce; to the swift and sustained development of which, religious prejudice, in conjunction with commercial cupidity, lent very zealous aid. Ephraim White was just the man to be strongly influenced by fanaticism and greed, piety and profitableness; and he at once decided upon converting The Fifth Whelp into a well-manned, well-armed privateer—Buccanier—Pirate, which you will, there was not in such cases much in a name—to be commanded by his son Luke. The fitting out of the brig was pushed rapidly forward, so that in the February following the destruction of the Armada, The Fifth Whelp was lying in Plymouth Sound, ready for sea; the red cross upon a white ground (the "Jack") came in with James Stuart flying at the mizen, the blue pater at the fore.—Her anchor was hove short, and only waited to be brought home for the captain, whose delay on shore seemed to terribly annoy old Ephraim White. The caulked veteran's impatience was not soothed by the departure, some six hours previously, with a rattling breeze, of The Constant Maid, a smart, well-armed schooner, bound upon the same errand as The Fifth Whelp, and commanded by Ephraim's half-brother, Ezra White—whom Ezra White, Ephraim, for some reasons to be hereafter disclosed, hated with unmitigated hate.

At last the youthful skipper was seen hurrying to the boat waiting to bring him off, jumped in, and was pulled swiftly towards the brig. "You have been loitering precious hours away," snarled Ephraim White, the instant he and his son were alone together in the cabin, "with that mixer, Judith White."

"I have been with Judith," replied the young man with a heightened color. "You still clearly understand, that if you marry that girl, you will never by a penny the better for my property; and that the moment you do so, I deprive you of the command of this vessel."

"To be sure, I clearly understand that; and more to the same tune. If I should marry Judith, I am not to be entitled to more than my wages as skipper, whatever prizes I may in the meanwhile have taken from the Spaniard. It is all plain sailing enough. Well, you know that I scorn to tell a lie."

"You will believe me, then, when I promise you that I will never marry Judith. My mind is fully made up not to do so.—Circumstances have occurred," added Luke, with a sort of sheepish smile, with a blush, half-impudence, half-shame—"circumstances have occurred within the last three or four days which completely free me from any wish—any temptation to do so."

A grim smile glistened over the old man's swarthy features. He understood; and, in the exultation of the moment, extended his hand to clasp his son's; but checked himself just in time, brought up, as it were, by a sudden qualm at finding himself about to openly approve the violation of a great

moral law—"Independent," of the purest pattern too, as he was, zealous unto slaying in the good cause. Scrawling his cast iron pliz as successfully as he could into an expression of grave rebuke, effectually contradicted by the glittering twinkle of his sharp gray eyes, he said:

"I understand, Luke; I understand. It is a sin, no doubt—a grievous sin. But yet God's judgment, we cannot doubt that, upon that wretched wench. The judgment of him who visits the sins of parents upon their children, even to the third and fourth generation. The child of such a mother could not but come to shame. I am easy now," added the old fellow, "as to the marriage, Luke—quite easy."

"Why not, then, give me a slip of writing, outlining me to a fair share of any prizes I may capture. It will make me more zealous, insure greater success."

"No, no, Luke—no slip of writing," chuckled the crafty veteran, shaking hands with his son, and turning to leave the cabin. "My word only. You must trust to that.—It is true I have no fears of the marriage now; still the tears and lamentations of a comely wench have sometimes worked miracles. As to spoiling the idolatrous Spaniard," added Ephraim White, "a son of mine can require no spurting to that golly work. Farewell, lad. Noah, the girl's brother has sailed, I suppose, in The Constant Maid. Of course he has. The villain Ezra gave that name to his schooner purposely to taunt me," he added, with muttered vindictiveness, and a savage snap of his teeth. "Well, we shall see who laughs last."

Directly Ephraim White took him over the side into the boat in waiting to take him ashore, the anchor of The Fifth Whelp was brought home, her bluff bow fell off, and away she sped under a six knot breeze, on her mission of plunder and patriotism.

Before following the cruise of the privateer brig, it will be necessary to jot down a few principal items in the domestic histories of the half-brothers White.

Ephraim and Ezra were sons of the same father, but of different mothers. Ephraim, considerably the eldest, was remarkable, from his sturdy boyhood, for his stern, indomitable will, his iron perseverance; and when he grew to manhood, his clear sagacity in business and thorough seamanship. Possessed of such qualifications, his rise in the world was a thing of course; and at the same time I am writing of, he was known to be a man of large substance—apart from The Fifth Whelp—which large substance he had judiciously invested in land. He had but one child, Luke—sole offspring of a hastily contracted marriage with an amiable woman, for whom he had felt no real affection; and to whom, as well as to himself, must have been a great relief when her eyes closed upon this harsh world, comparatively few as were her days when the final summons came.

Ezra was the very opposite of his brother, both physically and morally. Handsome, delicately, not to say weakly framed, mild in disposition, desultory in his habits, he was but ill fitted to make a figure, or fortune, in a profession to which his father, himself a seaman, injudiciously condemned him. In all undertakings he was Ezra the unlucky. Nothing succeeded with him; and so proverbial, locally, was his reputation for "ill luck," that people could hardly credit the fact that his father had willed him the whole of his property, cutting off Ephraim, as it is said, with a sailing. That astonishment was greatly increased, when, some nine or ten months after his father's decease, Ezra espoused the comely, well-decided Judith Morris—a girl with a spirit of a lion, who had been for several years contracted to Ephraim, by whom she was loved with all the ardent, gloomy fervor of his ardent, gloomy soul.

It would have been difficult to assign a motive for Judith Morris's change of choice—glorious caprice, perhaps; the handsome person and more genial temper of Ezra.—His wealth it could not be; for Ephraim had often then won for himself quite as considerable a fortune as that bequeathed to Ezra. To have been disinherited in the younger brother's favor was sufficient cause to kindle hatred of that brother in such a nature as Ephraim's; and to be jilted, cast off by a woman he ardently loved, for the same Ezra's sake, increased, one can easily believe, that hate a thousand fold; not the mere straw on fire, of spasmodic, inconstant passion, but the red hot steel, the burning ire of virile, trenchless rage. The woman he had so loved shared that hate, as did her children, Noah and Judith. During the first transports of his rage and mortification, Ephraim espoused the amiable and unhappy young woman before spoken of: with what result, has been stated.

The most audacious part of this celebrated enterprise was yet to be carried out, and in broad daylight. In the night, indeed it could not have been attempted with any chance of success, a stout chain being invariably drawn at evening gun-fire across the part of the harbor where El Re was anchored.

The galley sped back, steered by White himself, attired in the uniform of the Spanish officer, which he had taken the liberty of borrowing for the occasion. The day was burning hot; it was the hour of the Cuban siesta, and a light breeze was blowing out of the harbor.

The return of the guard-galley attracting no notice, at least no suspicious notice, she was run swiftly alongside El Re, upon whose deck perhaps a dozen sailors were listlessly sauntering. The English seaman, led by White, clambered up the side, easily overpowered the astonished Spaniards, causing very little bustle or confusion; the cable was cut, the square sails let fall, and El Re gliding quietly off, was far beyond musket shot before the slightest alarm was raised on shore or on board the frigate. Even then no one seemed to comprehend what it all meant, though there was a fierce hubbub, and wild hurrying to and fro. When it was too late, the tiny ordnance of the solitary fort opened fire, but the balls falling short of El Re, the gunners soon ceased to waste their powder.

Instantly El Re was alongside the San Jago, the shifting of the treasure chests into the bark began—a labor of love carried on with such hearty good will, that by the time the Spanish frigate had weighed in pursuit, full thirty thousand pounds in value had been transferred to the San Jago. The reason that El Re was not kept possession of, was that only her square sails had been bent, since they had been sent down during the repairs of the vessel, and the frigate would consequently have had no difficulty in overhauling her.

It was full time to be off. With a rattling cheer, sail was made upon the San Jago; and it was soon evident that successful pursuit by the frigate, which was not, fortunately, nearly ready for sea, was out of the question; and after firing a few harmless shots, she returned to port, towing El Re after her. A nearer thing than this exploit of Luke White has seldom been done, even by the British navy.

The Fifth Whelp brought up, all well, in Plymouth Sound, between six and seven months after she had sailed from that anchorage. The treasure was safely landed, and the lucky captain overwhelmed with felicitations; Ephraim White was, of course, highly delighted, and as the appetite for gain ever grows by what it feeds upon, he gave orders to immediately refit the brig for a second cruise.

The House of North was:—The House of Mourning was not far off. The Constant Maid had returned from a profitless cruise, in almost a sinking state. Always unlucky Ezra! This last blow completely prostrated the unfortunate seaman, and he had been some weeks confined to his bed—his death-bed, it was feared. More terrible still, poor betrayed Judith's fall from virtue could no longer be concealed; gossip's tongues wagged freely of it; and it was reported that piteous but altogether vain appeals had been made to both Ephraim White and his son, in behalf of the unhappy girl. The demon of gold dominated the soul of Luke as uncontrollably as his father's. He was profoundly indifferent, deaf as a stone to his victim's cries for justice, mercy! He appeared to think of nothing but extorting from the father an irrevocable settlement upon himself of a half-share in The Fifth Whelp, an equal division of the profits of the last voyage, and half the proceeds of the next venture. Ephraim White hesitated; would, and would not; a lingering fear haunted him, that if rendered independent, Luke might possibly relent in favor of his lost cousin. Judith, he persuaded or cajoled into making her his wife. A foolish pair; as he himself was soon convinced.

Noah White, Judith's brother, a hot tempered, impulsive young man, who had returned to Plymouth but the day previously from a coasting voyage, burst, as evening was falling, into the old man's presence, in a state of frantic excitement. He had wrenched from his sobbing sister's hands a note she had not received from her treacherous cousin, Luke, which revealed to Noah not only his sister's shame, but her insolent seeder's callous, heartless brutality. The distracted brother had come to urge his uncle Ephraim, by every motive that should touch the heart of man, of a religious man especially, to intercede with his son in behalf of Judith. The shame and disgrace would kill his mother, who was sure it would.

Ephraim White interrupted him with a bitter laugh: "Kill your mother, will it? Who else—your father?"

"Yes, my father—your brother—whose life already hangs upon a thread—Judith!—mercy! mercy!" shrieked the young man, falling upon his knees, whilst hot tears streamed down his cheeks. "Mercy, as you hope for mercy. Save us, your own relatives, from intolerable shame—from utter, remediless ruin!"

The implacable old man spurred Noah to his foot, and brutally laid him upon the floor.

Noah sprang up, and rushed out of the room with a fierce oath that either Luke should do Judith justice, or he would have his heart's blood.

The letter which Noah had forced from his sister had fallen upon the floor. Ephraim White seized and read it with grim, savage triumph. It was a cold, decisive answer to no doubt a humble, heart-broken, last appeal from Judith—informing her that it was quite useless to pester him with letters; he could not, would not marry her; it was preposterous, after what had occurred, to suppose he would. He would support the child, should it be born alive, and Judith had better name the weekly or monthly sum that would be required, which, if not too extravagant, would not be objected to, &c.

A quarter of an hour afterwards Luke made his appearance, with a cloudy, discontented brow.

"Luke," said his father, "I have no longer any objection to sign the papers you have had prepared. I will do so immediately—upon one condition."

"What condition?"

"That you sail to-night. The brig's papers are all right, and everything else in perfect readiness."

"Why, in heaven's name, must I sail to-night?"

"Because your life is threatened. I shall say no more. Will you sail to-night? Yes, or no?"

"Yes, if you will sign and seal the papers."

"Bring them and the necessary witnesses here. I will do so without delay."

The important documents were duly executed; father and son took leave of each other; Luke, with a bounding step, hastened to the quay, and was immediately pulled off to the brig.

Some suspicion that Luke might give him the slip must have suggested itself to Noah's mind, and having ascertained that his piteous cousin had gone hurriedly on board the brig, after leaving his father's house, Judith's brother, armed with loaded pistols, followed in less than an hour afterwards.

"He had important business with Captain White," he told the officer of the watch, "and must see him immediately."

"You will find him below in the cabin," was the reply.

Noah sprang down the companion-steps into the cabin, where calmly sat Luke, engaged in looking over a number of papers. The brother's abrupt, passionate *aboard* was met with cold, smiling indifference; and to Noah's peremptory demand, if he would marry Judith, he as peremptorily replied that he should do no such thing—certainly not.

"Then one of us will not leave this cabin alive," was the rageful retort. "Take your choice of these pistols—halt—a coward too! By the God above us, if you will not fight, I will blow your brains out, should I be hanged for it."

A light hand touched Noah's shoulder—a light laugh rang in his ear! "What mad brother mine, blow my husband's brains out! Fie! fie!"

It was Judith, his sister, whose presence the half-opened door had concealed!

"Your husband!"

"Bless you, yes! Why, we were married several days before Luke's last voyage— but then, you know, we could not live upon air; nor, I doubt, for a lifetime upon love."

"And you plotted that I should, unknowingly, dissipate his father's lingering doings?"

"Yes, clever, wasn't it? At least it has turned out right, which is the best proof I have been told of, cleverness. As for trusting you, or father, with our secret, we might, you well know, have just as well proclaimed it by beat of drum in the market-place."

A boat brought Mrs. Ezra White on board the brig early the next morning.—Her countenance wore a grave, solemn expression.

"Your father," she said, addressing Luke, "has been suddenly called away. He drank more copiously of strong cordials last night than he has ever of late: another fit was the consequence, from which he never rallied. I was present when he died, upon the stroke of four this morning. He knew me, and by mutual pressure of our hands, we exchanged forgiveness. May the Lord have mercy on his soul!"

"Amen!"

Ephraim White having died intestate, the whole of his wealth devolved to his son, who sold the brig, and settled permanently down as a landed proprietor.

Artemus Ward Visits Lincoln.

[Out by them New York theater fellers.] Old Abe lookt up quite cross & sez, "Send in yer petition by & by. I cant possibly look at it now. Indeed, I can't. It's impossible, sir!"

"Mr. Linkin, who do you spect I air?" sed I.

"A orifice seeker, to be sure!" sed he.

"Wall, sir," sed I, "you's never more mistaken in your life. You ha'n't got a orifiss I'd take under no circumstances. I'm A. Ward. Wax figgers is my perfubun. I'm the father of twins, and they look like me—both of them. I cum to pay a friendly visit to the President eλεκ of the United States. If so be you wants to see me say so—if not, say so, & I'm off like a jug handle."

"Mr. Ward, sit down. I'm glad to see you, sir."

"Repose in Abraham's Buzzum!" sed one of the orifice seekers, his idee bein to get off a goak at my expense.

"Wall," sez I, "ef all you fellers repose in that there Buzzum there'll be mighty poor musin for sum of you!" wheredpon Old Abe buttoned his weskit clear up, and blusht like a maiding of sweet lo. Just at this pint of the conversation another swarm of orifice seekers arose & cum pilin into the parlor. Sam wanted post orifices, sum wanted collectors, sum wanted furrin missions, and all wanted sumthin. I thought Old Abe would go crazy. He had't more, than had time to shake hands with 'em, before another tron