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Poetry.
Now or Never.
BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.
Listen, young heroes! your country is calling!
Time strikes the hour for the brave and the true!
Now, while the foremost are fighting and falling,
Fill up the ranks they have opened for you.
You whom the fathers made free and defended,
Slain as the martyrs who embosomed their fame;
You whose fair heritage is the nation's domain,
Leave not your children a birth-right of shame!
Stay not for questions while Freedom stands gunging;
Wait not till Honor lies wrapped in his pall;
Brief the life's meeting, be swift the hand's clasping—
"Off for the wars!" is enough for them all!
Break from the arms that would fondly caress you;
Hark! his bugle blast! aures are drawn—
Mothers shall pray for you, fathers shall bless you,
Maidens shall weep for you when you are gone!
Never or now! cries the blood of a nation
Poured on the turf where the red rose should bloom;
Now is the day, and the hour of salvation;
Never or now! peals the trumpet of doom!
Never or now! roars the hoarse-throated cannon
Through the black canopy blotting the skies;
Never or now! flaps the shell-battered pennon
Over the deep ooze where the Cumberland lies.
From the foul dens where our brothers are dying,
Amen as the angels who take the souls of the brave;
From the rank swarms who are martyrs are lying,
Pleading in vain for a handful of earth.
From the hot plain where they perish outnumbered
Furrowed and ridged by the battle-field's plow,
Comes the loud summons! long you have slumbered,
Hear the last Angel-trump—Never or Now!

Up-Hill.
BY CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.
Does the road wind up-hill all the way?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the days's journey take the whole long day?
From morn to night, my friend.
Is there that for the night a resting place?
A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.
May not the darkness hide from my feet?
You cannot miss that inn.
Shall I find other wayfarers at night?
Those who have gone before.
Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?
They will not keep you standing at that door.
Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?
Of labor you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
Yes, beds for all who come.

Selections.
After Long Years.
CHAPTER I.
It must be more than sixty years ago, for I am seventy-nine, and then I was only sixteen, and head girl at the Ravensbourne school, when one day my Lady Ravensbourne came in to speak to the matron. I call her my lady, though by rights she was only Mrs. Ravensbourne, for to us she was far grander than any duchess, and all the village spoke of her as "my lady." She wanted a kitchen-maid; and the matron called me up, and said a good word for me; and then my lady asked in her gentle way if I should like to live at the Hall. I hardly knew what to say between pleasure and bashfulness, but somehow it seemed all settled, and three weeks after I went to Ravensbourne Park. Well, that time has not much to do with my story, but it was then that I first came to know and love my lady so well. I soon grew quite happy there, in spite of missing mother at first, for my lady was so kind, and took such care that my servants should be comfortable, that the place was like another home to me. I did not care so much about the squire, and was a bit afraid of him, for he had a loud voice and a sharp way of speaking; but he was very fond of my lady, and let her persuade him into doing a great many kind things that he never would have thought of by himself.
I had been at the Hall about ten years, and had become one of the head housemaids, and Master Edgar—that was their only child—was just thirteen, when there was a sad change in the house. My lady died. She had been ailing for long, but had still gone about, though looking sadly white and thin. On one day she was found sitting in her arm-chair by the open window, dead. The squire would never see before how ill she was, and now, when this great shock came, it seemed almost to stun him; he shut himself up alone; and when the funeral was over, had his things packed, and without a word to any one, set off for France with only his own man with him. A week after, Mrs. Gower, the housekeeper, had a letter bidding her dismiss most of her servants, since he should be away some time. Master Edgar was at school when his mother died; but in the holidays he used to come down to Ravensbourne, and except for him, we hardly saw a soul in the house from year's end to year's end. I was one of the few who stayed, and oh, how lonely it seemed; all my dear lady's rooms and the squire's shut up, and so many of the servants gone, till sometimes I thought I would give up my place and seek another service; but then I knew I should pine to be back at Ravensbourne, altered though it was. So it went on for three years, while Master Edgar grew taller and handsomer every day, and so merry and pleasant, though he was a bit willful; and no wonder, left all to himself, with no one to look after him, for the squire never sent for him, though he wrote often, and Master Edgar always told us he was coming home soon.
News came at last, but not such as we had looked for. The squire was going to marry again. It was a French lady whom he had chosen to fill the place of our dear mistress; and when we knew this, we were right glad that the squire did not intend; as his letter told us, to come to England at present, though he wished his late wife's apartments to be refurnished at once for his new bride. How angry we felt, and so I think did Master Edgar, though he said nothing, for a red flush came over his face when Mrs. Gower told him we had heard it, and he would frown and bite his lip whenever he caught sight of the carpenters and paper hangers at work in the house. We hated the thought of the Frenchwoman who was to reign at Ravensbourne; but we need not have feared, for the never came. At the end of a year another little son was born to the squire, and at the same time his wife died. I fancy it was no very bitter grief to him, for Marston, his man, told us afterwards that he thought it was a marriage made in haste, and repented at leisure; the squire looked so much more unhappy after it than before. However that might be, he seemed tired of France, and perhaps he was afraid of being caught by another artful Frenchwoman, for home came as suddenly as he had gone, leaving the babe with some of its foreign relations. It looked older and paler, but he seemed very glad to be at Ravensbourne, and with Master Edgar again. My lady's rooms were shuttered up again, and their gay furniture covered over, and the squire and his son lived in another part of the house, and were very happy, riding and shooting together. Only one thing came in time to be a sore grief to the old squire, and that was that his son would not marry. He had set his heart upon it, and seemed to long to have a woman's gentle, loving ways about him again; but say what he would, the young squire only laughed, and made answer that there was plenty of time, and he wanted no change just yet. So the years went on, and at last his father seemed to give up the notion, and only gave a deep sigh now and then when he passed the empty rooms, or looked up at the great picture of my lady in the gallery.
But at last, when the young master was nigh upon thirty, the news began to go about that he was to be married, and no one doubted it who saw his father's beaming face. The young squire was very little at Ravensbourne while the courting went on, for the lady lived far up in the North, where he had first met her and fallen in love while on a shooting visit. But in the bright summer weather they were married, and he brought her home. There were great rejoicings, arches of flowers, and bells ringing and flags flying, and all the servants drawn up in the oak hall, and the old squire walking up and down there, and not able to be still for an instant. When at last we heard the wheels, he was out on the steps in an instant, and stood there with his white hair waving in the wind, ready to lift his daughter-in-law from the carriage. They came in together, she leaning on his arm, and her husband on her other side; and when they were in the hall the squire welcomed her to her new home, and then turned to us, and bade us all obey her as our mistress. She wore a veil when she came in, but while he spoke, she put it back, and oh, what a lovely, blushing face she had! She was very young—only nineteen, they said—but yet she looked as dignified and earnest as any woman could, while she said in a clear, sweet voice, that "she hoped to have strength given her to do her duty, and be a good mistress to us all."
The squire never looked sad now, and his son seemed blither than ever, as he walked and rode with his wife. Often, too, she drove with the old squire, or read to him, and it seemed truly as if a new light had found its way into the old home. They had been married about two years, when Master Jasper, the squire's other son, first came to England. His father had been to see him twice in France, but never seemed to care much for him, and when he came to Ravensbourne, no one wondered at this. He was a sallow-faced lad of sixteen, with a lowering look, and a foreign accent, that gazed sorely on English ears; but for all that, and his sullen manner, I could not but pity him sometimes, he seemed so to stand alone among those who loved each other so dearly. My lady did indeed try to be kind to him; but he shrank away from her, and used to wander all day in the fields and woods alone. Once when I was brushing out my lady's beautiful hair, (for I was her maid now,) we saw Master Jasper crossing the park. She followed him with her eyes till he was out of sight, and then said with a sigh, "I think I could be fond of that boy if he did not hate my husband so."
"Hate my young master!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," she answered sorrowfully. "I have seen him watching him often; I have seen the hatred in his face. Oh, I wish he were not here."
"The squire would send him away at once, if you wished it, my lady," I said.
"No, no," she answered hastily; "I could never wish it; it would not be right. This is where he ought to be, and I must learn to feel so."
It happened, strangely enough, that two days after this I myself saw, for the first time, the look of which he spoke. The young squire was going out riding, and was standing by the steps, with the horse's bridle over his arm while he spoke to my lady; presently Master Jasper came down the steps, touched the horse sharply with his cane as he passed, and then strode on, while the animal breaking from his master's hold, galloped down the road. Mr. Edgar called one of the stablemen to catch the horse, and then striding after his brother, struck him with his riding-whip, and asked how he dared to meddle with his horse. The lad made no answer, but I was standing near at the time, and the dark look on his face I never forgot. When his brother, two minutes after, turned round, and holding out his hand, said he was sorry to have been so violent, the other silently put the outstretched hand aside.
"I should not like you ever to be in Jasper's power," I heard the squire say afterwards to his wife; and she answered calmly, "I hope I am never likely to be." That same evening Master Jasper was closeted for two hours with his father, and the next day we heard that by his own desire he was going back to his old home in France. There was peace at Ravensbourne after he left; and when, five years later, a son and heir was given to my young master and mistress, their cup of blessing seemed filled to the brim. I think they had given up wishing; but I had known, in spite of my lady's cheerfulness, that it was a sore disappointment to her to have no child; and now when it came she could not restrain her joy. We heard her singing in the garden and the house, and her step was light, and her eyes sparkled from morning till night. How she loved that boy! She would sit by the hour dancing him on her knee, or watching him sleeping; and when he was in her arms, her beautiful face had such a glow of pride and pleasure. Ah, we were all happy then; for until that time a fear had been with us that when Master Edgar died, Master Jasper would have Ravensbourne Park. Very soon the little fellow's merry crowing sounded over the house; and his mother used to watch smilingly while the old squire mounted him on his foot, or his own father tossed him in his arms. I like to think of those days, the more, perhaps, because even now I almost fear to bring back the memory of the time which followed, and changed my lady's life from joy to mourning. For that time came only too soon!

CHAPTER II.
The little boy—Gerald they had called him—was just beginning to trot about the house, when one day my young master went out hunting. He was to be home by sunset. But just as the sun dipped down among the trees the groom rode into the stable-yard alone, his horse covered with foam, and told us breathlessly that his master had been thrown in galloping down a steep hill, and that since they lifted him up he had neither moved nor spoken. My lady heard the news without a tear, though the look in her sweet face went to my heart. She only said she would go to him at once; and she and the squire started off on horseback to the cottage, fifteen miles away, where he lay senseless. He just revived to draw her to his breast, and murmur what a blessing she had ever been to him, and then breathed his last upon her shoulder. They brought her home; and five days later she stood beside his grave, and then turned away, when all was over, still calm and quiet, striving to soothe his broken-hearted father.
But when she put aside her long crape veil, and lifting her boy, held him tightly to her heart, I knew by her face, and by her whispered words, that precious as he had been before, he was now the one joy and comfort of her life; and the little fellow seemed to know it too, for loving as she had ever been to him, there was something in the clinging hold of her hand, and the fond, wistful look in her face, which had not been of old. The two were always together, wandering about the garden or park, or sitting in the library talking in low murmuring tones of the father he had lost, or often still in the squire's room, for the old squire was falling fast; perhaps there had been some sign of decay before his son's death, but if so, we had not noticed them. Now, however, all saw the sunken cheek and uncertain step, and felt his days were drawing to an end. Things began to grow sadly wrong now; and though my lady's rule still kept order in the house, in the stables and grounds all was very different to the days when the squire and Master Edgar were riding in and out with quick eyes and strong wills. One great disturbance there was, when a groom came home drunk in the middle of the night, having galloped my lady's own horse through the darkness, and broken its knees. In some way, this came to the squire's knowledge, and the groom was dismissed, and in his place came a dark, hard-looking man, whose name was whom we all disliked for his sullen manner, though

he was quiet enough, and joined in no stable riot. As time went on, and the squire grew weaker in body and mind, my lady and the little master hardly ever left him. She had written to Master Jasper, begging him, if he wished to see his father again, to come to England at once; but I saw that she was relieved when an answer came saying that he could not then leave France, and that he believed, besides, that his presence would be no comfort to his father. Just at this time there came a change in my life, which presented my being as much with my lady as I had been till now. Mrs. Gower, the house-keeper, now very old, and worn by grief and the nursing, which she would yield to no one but my lady, fell ill, and died. She was a great loss, for a head was much needed in that large household, and there was no one to take her place. I was thinking of this one day as I sat over my work, when my lady came into the room, and noticing my anxious looks, asked me the cause. I told her, and she answered: "It has been on my mind too, Hannah, and I have thought of a plan. There is only one person I could trust as I have trusted Mrs. Gower, and whom I should be quite happy in putting at the head of everything. Will you take her place?"
I was very much surprised, and at first I could not collect my thoughts or answer her. She went on earnestly, "You know how I shall miss you. No one else can be to me what you are; but you will be more comfort and help to me as housekeeper than even as my maid."
And so we settled it, with many bitter tears on my part, when I gave up to a stranger the work of waiting on her. My successor was a pale little woman, with a startled look in her light-blue eyes, and a nervous, hurried manner. Her name was Sarah Weston, and she had been a dress-maker in a small way in the village for some months; but when she heard that my lady wanted a maid she came to offer herself, saying that she had once before been lady's maid. She told us that she was a widow, with one little girl, who lived with some relations far away, so she had no home tie, and as she seemed in many ways a likely person, my lady engaged her. One thing about her I thought strange, and that was, that though she had been engaged and married in telling all she could do, yet she did not strike me as wishing to come, and when my lady engaged her, a shudder came over her face, and a look of such distress that for a moment I thought she was ill. It passed, however, and she thanked my lady, and took her leave. She came to us at once, and fitted quickly into her place, doing everything for my lady in a quiet skillful way, and learning all her ways and fancies. Perhaps this very cleverness of hers gave a jealous pang when I saw her busy in my mistress's room; or else there was something in her timid voice and shrinking manner which angered me, for I never saw her without a feeling of dislike rising up in my heart. Yet she was very humble to me, and I never had an unkind word from her, as sometimes happened at first with the others.
It would have been a gloomy house now, but for that bit of sunshine, Master Gerald. The little darling was just four years old, and go where he would, every face brightened when it met his, and no one was too busy or too sorrowful for a game with him. His blithe voice was heard singing and shouting everywhere, except in the squire's room, and there it sank to a whisper. But he was little more now, for his mother feared lest the sight of illness and suffering should sadden his childish heart, and so he ran about the garden, and rode the old pony about the park, and spent many an hour, too, with me, chattering and scrambling about, while I made out accounts or looked over house-linen. The little window of the house-keeper's room looked out upon a stone court, and beyond it was a stream running close beside the house, and on beneath the terrace-wall, and down the hill-side between steep banks almost hidden by trees, till it ran into the Tees near Hillborough Bridge, a mile from Ravensbourne. It was deep and rapid, though not wide, and the rushing water was pleasant to hear one summer afternoon, when Master Gerald sat in the deep window-seat, humming a baby song, and turning over a picture-book. Presently he threw it down, and pressing his nose cheek against the window, cried out: "Look, Hannah, do you see how the water shines? And there are the stones all wet and shining, too—one, two, three large stones that I never saw before."
I came to his side, and saw that the stream was low, and the rocks uncovered. "Yes," I said, "the sun has dried up some of the water, and so those high rocks stand up above it."
"Oh, I should like to go down," the boy cried eagerly, "and sit upon the rocks, and put my feet in the water. I'll get through the window—let me go!" and he struggled to get free. The cord he pulled, the faster I held him, while I said that there were deep holes, in which he would be drowned, and that, besides, the water was strong enough to throw him down and hurt him terribly. He only went on trying to get loose, and crying out passionately that he would go to the bright water. A sudden sound behind made me look round, but it was only Mrs. Weston putting a tray of laces and muslins on the table. She started when I looked at her, and said hurriedly: "I only came to bring these. I beg your pardon, I didn't mean—"

"Didn't mean what?" I said, somewhat sharply. "Master Gerald and I were talking no secrets; though," I added, looking at him, "he may well be ashamed to let any one see him so naughty."
The child hung his head, and let me lift him from the window quietly enough, and by the time I put him on the floor Mrs. Weston had gone. This was not the first time I had found that my dear little Master Gerald had a passionate spirit of his own, and long after he had left me I sat pondering whether I ought to tell his mother. I did not see my lady till late that evening—about nine o'clock, I suppose—and then, as I was crossing the gallery, I saw her standing at the nursery-door, beckoning to me. Holding her finger to her lips, she led me into the nursery, and up to the little crib where her boy slept. A smile lighted her pale face as she pointed to him and whispered, "Look, isn't he beautiful? He was, indeed. The tangled curls lying upon the pillow, the ringed eyelids, soft, rosy cheeks, and half-open mouth, made a lovely picture; and as I looked back at my lady, I thought how like he was to her, and how happy and tranquil she was when near him. There were deep lines upon her brow, and many anxious thoughts, as I well knew, in her mind; but yet, as she bent over her child, she seemed almost young again. I could not find it in my heart to disturb the peace of that hour by any tale of naughtiness, and I stood watching silently while she pushed a stray curl from his forehead, gave him one long lingering kiss, drew the curtain, and with a last look of intense yearning love, turned away. That look of love, I see it still. Oh, my dear mistress, my own dear lady!

CHAPTER III.
We went down stairs together, she to the squire's room, and I down another flight to my own, which was at one end of a stone passage, lighted by two large windows. At the other end were the kitchen and the servant's hall, and the back staircase was just outside the kitchen door. This evening all was unusually quiet there, for some of the servants were away on a holiday, and the rest were at supper in the servant's hall. I was glad of the quietness, for I wanted to write a long letter to my married sister, whom I have not seen for years. Once the silence was broken by the opening of a distant door, and a merry laugh; then all was still again, till I fancied suddenly that I heard the sound of wheels near my window. I listened, then smiled at my own foolishness, and went on writing. I got on but slowly, and was in the midst of a message to my little unknown nephew, when the door handle rattled violently round, the door flew open, and there stood my lady, deadly pale, and with blood flowing from a wound upon her forehead. I sat for a moment rooted to my chair; the next, I sprang towards her, crying out at her hurt. She pushed me aside, and then turning her ashy face full on me, gasped out: "Not that—that's nothing—I fell down; but where is my child?"
A dreadful fear came upon me as I gazed at her wild eye, and heard her panting breath that sorrow and anxiety had turned her brain. "Tell me, only tell me where he is!" she still implored.
I thought that the sight of the child might calm her, and not daring to leave her alone, hurried with her along the passage. One of the servants opened the kitchen-door, and stood amazed at the sight of my lady. Hurriedly whispering to her to keep by her side for a moment, I rushed up to the nursery. A shaded light burned on the table, and in the corner of the room stood the little crib; but when I bent over it, it was empty! I caught up the lamp, and threw back the bed-clothes; there was nothing beneath them. I looked around the room: the child's clothes lay on a chair, and near them were some of his playthings—a ball and whistle; but a little scarlet cloak, which had lain there an hour ago, was gone. Had he hidden, or where could he be? I dared not stay to think, but ran back to the kitchen. My lady was still crying wildly and passionately for her child; the servants stood huddled together in terror; and her own maid, white and trembling from head to foot, seemed more frightened than any one. I spoke at once to them all: "Master Gerald is not in the nursery; he must have hidden somewhere; and we must search for him; but first!" and I went up to the young nurse, who had just come into the kitchen, and was gazing at me, with wide open, scared eyes—"tell me, Jessie, when did you leave Master Gerald?"
She was a Ravensbourne girl, and whom I had known from babyhood, and whose word I could trust. "Not an hour ago," she said. "Isn't he in bed?" She went on hurriedly, "I left him there asleep. Martha was not at home, or I should have asked her to sit by him; but he was fast asleep, and Mrs. Weston was in my lady's dressing-room close by."
"I didn't stay," broke in Mrs. Weston with unusual sharpness. "I was only there for a few minutes, and could not watch the child."
The nurse looked at me. "I oughtn't to have left him," she said, with a half sob; "but I never thought of his moving; and now O'm'gawd, if anything has happened to him!"
I stopped her with a sign, for my lady was in no state for such words. She had been leaning on the table, her face buried in her hand; moaning from time to time: "I went to her; and as I touched her a shiver ran through her frame. "Dearest madam,"

Felicities of a Regimental Quartermaster.
A correspondent of the Herald, with the Army of the Potomac, says:
In the present dearth of interesting and exciting news from this section, I have been induced to record the trials and miseries of that much-abused class of officers known as quartermasters, that others may be warned in time to avoid their fate. Stories have been told of large sums having been paid by deluded individuals for situations as Regimental Quartermasters. These stories may have been true; but, to judge from the universal testimony of the Quartermasters hereabout, it must have been done under some very singular hallucinations as to the emoluments to be derived from such a situation. Look, for a moment, upon your man who wears a pair of First Lieutenant's shoulder-straps, and exhibits a "careworn" and despairing countenance, as he, bestriding a McOlellan saddle on an animal of the equine species, conveys a train of "long eared locomotives," attached to army wagons.
In his breast-pocket he carries a huge file of papers, and a worried heart beneath it. Well, that is a Regimental Quartermaster, as is indicated by the mysterious "Q. D." upon the poor devil's shoulder-straps. This is, however, by no means necessary to identify him. His species is as plainly stamped upon his countenance as the miseries of his situation are certain. The horrors of the "inquisition" are nothing to the horror of "requisition!" The regiment on the one hand, and the Government on the other, are the Scylla and Charybdis—the upper and the nether millstone, between which the poor Regimental Quartermaster is ground to powder.
The regiment demand the government rations in all their variety and abundance, under all circumstances and in all the places, and the extra rations of whisky to boot! If these are not forthcoming they take the regimental Quartermaster by the throat, with a "pay me what you owest." Should the regiment be mysteriously set down in the night in the midst of the great desert of Sahara, under a grand scudaddle from some Oriental Richmond, wherein all their camp and garrison equipage should be lost, the Quartermaster would be most graciously cured for not furnishing at once whisky and wall tents for the officers.
Like "Pip," he is the victim of "great expectations." He is expected to commit to memory, and to have always in lively recollection, three-fourths of the "Army Regulations," which seem to have been printed for his special benefit and delectation. He is expected to sell clothing and commissary stores to the officers on tick, and to forget the same on pay day. He is expected as a personal favor for each of his particular friends—the thirty-seven field, staff and line officers—to carry eighty pounds of extra baggage, under the guise of "fixed ammunition;" and he is expected by the government to use only six sick teams to do it with. He is expected to purchase candies and supply headquarters gratis. He is expected to spend three hours per diem at Adams' Express office, and pay all extra charges for the privilege of getting packages for the regiment, viewing the emancipated forms of men in an engagement—to care for the wounded—and at the same time to be drawing rations to distribute to the men when the fight is over.
In drawing goods from the Government he must produce as many names as would fill a respectable city directory, answer all questions in the Quartermaster's office, catchism with a pious meekness, and after being Straduched through the ferry furnace, learns that he can only draw a vulgar fraction of the articles required. His regiment accuses him of fraud in his requisitions; while an indignant public at home, viewing the emancipated forms of returned soldiers, anathematizes "the damned Quartermasters."
My youthful friend, anxious to serve your country and win glory on the tented field, when you join the army, enlist in the ranks, or set up as a sutler, sell the newspapers, serve as an expert cook, turn the fire, anything even to joining the crowded ranks of Brigadier General, but don't, as you value your peace in the service and your reputation at home, don't turn Regimental Quartermaster.
THE WORKMANSHIP OF IVORY.—None of our manufacturers have yet reached the consummate acquirement of the artist in the workmanship of ivory, chiefly remarkable in their concentric bulk, chess pieces and models. Yet the adaptation to useful purposes of this valuable substance is fully understood by those who do not undertake to rival the exquisite minuteness of Eastern art. The manufacturers of surgical instruments are in the habit of rendering ivory flexible for use as tubes, probes, etc., by acting on the well-known fact that, when bones are subjected to the action of hydrochloric acid, the phosphate of lime, which forms one of their component parts, is extracted, and thus become more pliant. The original form, and acquire great flexibility. After giving the pieces of ivory their acquired form and polish, they are steeped in acid, either pure or diluted, until they become supple and elastic, and of a slightly yellow color. In the course of drying, the ivory returns to its original hardness, but its flexibility can be restored by surrounding it with wet flannel. It is now ascertained that the decay of articles in ivory can be effectually checked, even when its progress has advanced so far as to cause the specimens to crumble away under the hand. Some of the works in ivory forwarded by Mr. Layard from Nineveh, were found, on their arrival in England, in a state of rapid decomposition. Prof. Owen was consulted on the subject, and he suggested a remedy, which, on trial, proved to be in the highest degree successful. Concluding that the decay was owing to the loss of gelatine in the ivory, he recommended that the articles should be boiled in a solution of gelatine, and thus treated, it became firm and solid.
[To be continued.]