

THE COLUMBIA SPY.

SMUEL WRIGHT, Editor and Proprietor.

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

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H. M. NORTH,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.
Columbia, Pa.
Collections promptly made in Lancaster and York Counties, May 4, 1860.

H. B. ESSICK,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.
COLUMBIA, PA.

Clocks, Watches, Jewels, Silver and Silver-Plated Ware.
SHREINER & SPERING,
HAVING taken the old established stand of John H. Pollock, Front street, Columbia, respectfully invite the public to call and examine their large assortment of

CLOCKS, WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVER AND SILVER-PLATED WARE, CUTLERY, COMBS, PISTOLS, ACCORDEONS, and FANCY ARTICLES.
Such as are usually kept in a first-class jewelry store. We will keep constantly on hand a large stock of

SAFES AND VAULTS.
In Gold and Silver Cases—Appleton, Tracy & Co. P. S. Barrett and Wm. Ellery movements—which we will offer at the public sale at the time. A continuation of the former partnership is respectfully solicited.

REPAIRING OF ALL KINDS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
Columbia, July 10, 1862.

NOW FOR BARGAINS.
We have just received another lot of all-wood De-laines and plain Muscades, which we offer at reduced prices. STEADY & BOWERS, Cor. 2d and Locust Sts., Columbia, June 25, 1862.

COLD CREAM OF GLYCERINE.—For the cure and prevention of chapped hands, &c. For sale at the **OLDEN MORTAR DRUG STORE,** Dec. 3, 1859. Front street, Columbia.

SALT SALT!
Just received by the subscriber, at their store, 100 Bags Ground Alum Salt, at market prices. C. J. RUMPLEY & CO., July 1, '61.

CRAMER, or Bond's Boston Cracker, for Dyspepsia, and Arrow Root Cracker, for the weak and children.—Articles in Columbia, at the Family Medicine Store, April 16, 1859.

TRINCO'S Ombuin is a black and not a brown ink, and not a blue ink, and is superior to any other ink in the market. It is sold at the Family Medicine Store, and blacker ink is sold at the Family Medicine Store, Columbia, June 9, 1859.

FISH! FISH!
Mackerel, the best quality, at B. F. APPOLO'S, Canal Basin, Columbia, July 25, 1862.

WALL PAPER!
PAPER CHEAPER THAN WHITEWASH. We have just received a large lot of Wall Paper, of the latest styles, and at low prices, which we sell at prices below the times. W. C. DONALD, Book Store, Front street, above Locust, Columbia, March 2, '61.

NOTICE.
I desire to settle up the old book accounts, of both stores and request all persons knowing them, to send me the amount due, and settle the same. H. C. FONDERMITH, Columbia, May 17, 1862.

SPALDING'S PREPARED BLUE.—The want of such an article is felt in every family, and now we can supply it in a cheap, durable, and useful form. It is a blue ink, and is superior to any other ink in the market. It is sold at the Family Medicine Store, and blacker ink is sold at the Family Medicine Store, Columbia, June 9, 1859.

POCKET BOOKS AND PURSES.
A LARGE lot of Fine and Common Pocket Books and Purses, at 15 cents to two dollars each. H. C. FONDERMITH, Book Store and News Depot, Columbia, April 14, 1862.

Laws, Laws, Laws.
LADIES call and see our beautiful 121 cent Laws, at B. F. APPOLO'S, Canal Basin, Columbia, June 25, 1862.

HOOPED SKIRTS.
A NEW and splendid style of Hooped Skirts, just received. Also, a full assortment of other styles, very cheap. B. F. APPOLO'S, Canal Basin, Columbia, April 26, 1862.

FOR SALE.
1500 Sacks G. A. Salt, 100 Sacks Ashton Salt. APPOLO'S, Canal Basin, Warehouse, Canal Basin, Columbia, Dec. 28, 1861.

RAISINS.
A FULL supply of Raisins—Seedless and Layer—will be found at the Cor. of Front and Locust Streets, HENRY SUYDAM, Nov. 28, '62.

JUST RECEIVED.
AND for sale, by the barrel or larger quantities, 100 barrels Non-alcoholic Whisky, at B. F. APPOLO'S, Canal Basin, Columbia, May 17, '61.

For Sale at a Bargain.
The choice of Two Fine and Burglar Proof Safes—of "Herring" or "Lion" Pattern. Also, a Family Store, and a first-rate Carriage and Harness. Call at the store of H. C. FONDERMITH, adjoining the Bank, Columbia, May 17, 1862.

HO! FOR CHRISTMAS!
A Choice Bargain!—the best in the market at STEADY & BOWERS, Front street, above Locust, Columbia, Dec. 6, 1862.

CLOAKING CLOTH.
BEAUTIFUL Black Cloth, suitable for ladies' cloaks. STEADY & BOWERS, Front street, above Locust, Columbia, Dec. 6, '62.

REURS.
We have received a supply of Pure Bismuth, Old Rye Whisky, and other medicinal articles, at the Family Medicine Store, Columbia, July 6, '61.

DRESS GOODS.
Dresses, Cambrones, Black Silks, Silk Flannels, &c. at BRUNNERS, Cor. Third and Union, Columbia, Oct. 27, 1860.

DONESTIC.—Withstanding the advance in the price of Goods, persons will find it to their advantage to call and examine our stock of new styles of Dress Goods, Cambrones, Flannels, &c. in fact every class of goods suitable for new business. At the Family Medicine Store, at the corner of Front and Locust streets, STEADY & BOWERS, Opposite Old Fellows' Hall, Columbia, Dec. 6, 1862.

HOPLAND'S German Shirts can be obtained at F. WILLIAMS, Locust st.

Poetry.

Treason's Last Device.

BY EDWARD C. STEEDMAN.

"Who deserves greatness, Deserves your hate, You common cry of curs, whose breath I loathe As reek of the rotten fens." —Coriolanus.

"Mark! mark! the dogs do bark." —Nursery Rhyme.

Sons of New England, in the fray,
Do you hear the clamor behind you back?
Do you hear the yelping of Blanche and Tray,
Sweetheart and all the mongrel pack?
Glad with her ocean crags,
Little our mother heads their noise;
Her eyes are fixed on crimson flags;
But you—do you hear it, Yankee boy?

Do you hear them say that the patriot fire
Burns on her altars too pure and bright;
That the darkened heavens leaping higher,
Though drenched with the blood of every fight;
That in the light of its searching flame
Gleam and glimmer the stars of heaven,
And the yielding craven is put to shame
On Capitol floor or fourteen field?

Do you hear the hissing voice which saith
That she—who bore through all the land
The lyre of Freedom, the torch of Faith,
And young invention's mystic wand—
Should gather her skirts and dwell apart,
With not one of her sisters to share her fate:
A Hag, wandering sick at heart,
A Foolish, hearing the nation's hate?

Sons, who have peopled the gorgeous West,
And planted the pilgrim vine anew,
Where, by a richer soil cared,
I grow as ever its parent grew,
Say, do you hear—while the very bells
Of your churches ring with her ancient voice,
And the song of your children sweetly tells
How true was the land of your fathers' choice?

Do you hear the traitors who bid you speak
The word that shall cover the sacred tie?
And ye, who dwell by the golden Peak,
Has the subtle whisperer guided?
Has it crossed the immortal plains,
To count in the gray Pacific roars,
And the Pilgrim blood in the people's veins
Is pure as the wealth of its mountain ores?

Spirits of sons who, side by side,
In a hundred battles fought and died,
Whom now no East and West divide,
In the isles where the shadows of heroes dwell;
Say, has it reached your glorious rest,
And ruffled the calm which crowns you there—
The shame that recreants have confessed,
The plot that floats in the troubled air?

Sons of New England, here and there,
Wherever men are still holding by
The honor our fathers left us so fair—
Say, do you hear the coward's cry?
Crawling among her grassed old crags,
Lightly our mother heads their noise,
With her fond eyes fixed on distant flags;
But you—do you hear it, Yankee boy?

Selections.

Marvels of Man.

While the gastric juice has a mild, bland, sweetish taste, it possesses the power of dissolving the hardest food that can be swallowed. It has no influence whatever on the soft and delicate fibres of the living hand; but at the moment of death, it begins to eat them away with the power of the strongest acids.

There is dust on sea and land, in the valley and on the mountain top;—there is dust always and everywhere. The atmosphere is full of it. It penetrates the noisiest cavern, and visits the deepest, darkest dungeon, and visits the deepest, darkest dungeon, and visits the deepest, darkest dungeon.

It is true we have arch foes—traitors in front and croakers in rear; and of the two the former are more to be admired. Of the latter there are a great variety. There are hard-shelled croakers and soft-shelled croakers. The former do nothing but pay what the law compels; the latter growl, skulk, and pay nothing. Then there are the "Outs," who have been so long accustomed to eat from their master's crib that they, less intelligent than the ox, think it their own, and having practiced at the game, cry "Plunder!" So cries the incendiary after he has fired a dwelling. "Stop thief!" is the covert cry of the real thief.

Then there are some of the contractors, who have sided, with their shoddy, bad shoes and bad supplies, to lessen the efficiency and increase the sufferings of the honest soldier. They cry, "It looks dark!" "The Quartermasters don't pay!" to pay such would rob the people and reward heartless scamps.

Then there are the Pilates, who sit on settees in "Change hours as judges," "wash their hands before the multitude, saying, we are innocent;" and while their country is being falsely accused and its life threatened, they wish the army would march on Washington, demand their pay, return home, and let Jeff. Davis & Co. enter the Capital.

Lastly, the faint-hearted. They should be pined, not blamed, if they are women; but if men, they are beneath pity.

Who that has a heart will not stand up for his country and defend its flag? "My chin, is one tenth of the length of the whole stature.

country, my whole country!" is the cry of every true man. Mistakes, blunders and reverses will come; rogues will plunder; true rebels will fight; hypocrites will skulk; but real men will come and defend their country in spite of all things, and, like the burgomaster of old Leiden, say, "You may kill and devour this body, but my country I will never surrender!"

We have wealth, men, guns, courage, right, upon our side, and we only want earnest purpose to end this war. To bring out all our strength—and especially that of earnestness—we may have forest upon us the misery of burned cities and defeated armies; but come what may, conquer we can, we must, and—*Deo Volente—we will!*

Courage boys of the army! You shall be cheered, fed, clothed and supported; and, should your ranks be thinned and our country call, she shall not ask, "Where are the fathers?"

A Word about Dress.

One of the gravest mistakes in our dress is the very thin covering of our arms and legs. No physiologist can doubt that the extremities require as much covering as the body. A fruitful source of disease, of congestion in the head, chest and abdomen, is found in the nakedness of the arms and legs, which prevents a fair distribution of the blood.

A young lady has just asked me what she can do for her very thin arms. She says she is ashamed of them. I felt of them through the thin lace covering, and found them freezing cold. I asked her what she supposed would make muscles grow. "Exercise," she replied. "Certainly, but exercise makes them grow only by giving them more blood. Six months of vigorous exercise would do less to give those naked, cold arms circulation, than would a single month of their warmly clad."

The value of exercise depends upon the temperature of the muscles. A cold gymnasium is unprofitable. Its temperature should be between sixty and seventy, or the limbs should be warmly clothed. I know that our servant girls and blacksmiths, by constant and vigorous exercise, acquire large, fine arms, in spite of their nakedness.

And if young ladies will labor as hard from morning till night as do these useful classes, they may have as fine arms; but even then it is doubtful if they would get rid of their congestions in the head, lungs and stomach without more dress upon the arms and legs.

Perfect health depends upon perfect circulation. Every living thing that has the latter has the former. Put your hand under your dress upon your body. Now put your hand upon your arm. If you find the body is warmer than the arm, you have lost the equilibrium of circulation. The head has too much blood, producing headache or sense of fullness; or the chest has too much circulation, producing cough, rapid breathing, pain in the side, or palpitation of the heart; or the stomach has too much blood, producing indigestion; or the liver has too much blood, producing constipation or diarrhea.

Any or all of these difficulties are temporarily relieved by immersion of the feet or hands in hot water, and they are permanently relieved by such dress and exercise of the extremities as will make the derivation permanent.

Again I say the extremities require as much clothing as the body. Women should dress their arms and legs with one or two thicknesses of knit woolen garments which fit them. The absurdity of loose flowing sleeves and wide-spreading skirts I will not discuss.

Do you ask why the arms and legs may not become accustomed to exposure like the face? I answer, God has provided the face with an immense circulation because it must be exposed.

A distinguished physician of Paris declared, just before his death: "I believe that during the twenty-six years I have practiced my profession in this city, twenty thousand children have been borne to the cemeteries, a sacrifice to the absurd custom of naked arms."

When in Harvard, many years ago, I heard the distinguished Dr. J. C. Warren say: "Boston sacrifices five hundred babies every year, by not clothing their arms."—Those little arms should have thick, knit, woolen, warm sleeves, extending from the shoulder to the hand.—*Dr. Lewis, M. D.*

The Wonder of the Atmosphere.

The atmosphere rises above us with its cathedral dome arching towards heaven, of which it is the most perfect synonym and symbol. It floats around us like that chieftain which the Apostle John saw in his vision, "a sea of glass like unto crystal." So massive is it that when it begins to stir, it tosses about great ships like playthings, and sweeps city and forest like snowflakes to destruction before it.

And yet it is so mobile that we have lived for years in it before we can be persuaded that it exists at all, and the great bulk of mankind never realize the truth that they are bathed in an ocean of air. Its weight is so enormous that iron shivers before it like glass, yet a soap ball sails through it with impunity, and the tiniest insect waves aside with his wing. It ministers lavishly to all our senses. We touch it not, but it touches us. Its warm south wind brings back color to the pale face of the invalid; its cool west winds refresh the fevered brow and make the blood mangle to our cheeks; even its north blasts brace into new vigor

the hardened children of our rugged climate.

The eye is indebted to it for all the magnificence of sunrise, the brightness of mid-day, the chastened radiance of this morning and the clouds that cradle near the setting sun. But for it, the rainbow would want its triumphant arch, and the winds would not send the fleecy messengers on errands around the heavens; the cold either would not shed snow feathers on the earth, nor would drops of dew gather on the flowers.

The kindly rain would never fall, nor hail-storm nor fog diversify the face of the sky; our naked globe would turn its tanned and unshaded forehead to the sun and one dreary, monotonous blaze of light and heat dazzle and burn up all things.

Were there no atmosphere, the evening sun would in a moment set, and, without warning, plunge the earth into darkness.—But the air keeps in her hand a shield of her rays, and lets them slip but slowly through her fingers, so that the shadows of evening are gathered by degrees, and the flowers have time to bow their heads, and each creature space to find a place of rest, and to nestle to repose. In the morning, the garish sun would at one bound burst from the bosom of the night, and blaze above the horizon; but the air watches for his coming, and sends first but one little ray to announce his approach, and then another, and then a handful; and so gently draws aside the curtain of night, and slowly lets the light fall on the face of the sleeping earth, till her eye-lids open, and like man, she goes forth again to labor until evening.

A Scrupulous Assassin.

In the two cities of Palestrina and Galliano there were two rival families, and two men of rank who could not bear one another; these were, the Cirilli (who were sprung from a cupbearer of the Constable Pompey Colonna, Prince of Palestrina) and the Serri d'Ognano, who were descended from an Italian-bearer of Pope Martin V. (Otho Colonna.) The Count Cirilli sent for Dominique, and afforded him 500 sequins if he would assassinate the Marquis d'Ognano.—The worthy armorer undertook to do it, but said he must have time, because he knew the Marquis was on guard. Two days afterwards the Marquis himself sent for Dominique, and a very unfrequented and retired spot. "My friend," said he to him: "There is a purse of 500 sequins for the figure of St. Marc of Venice; it is yours—but promise to stab Cirilli. Dominique took the purse and replied: 'Sir Marquis I give you my word of honor that I will kill Don Fabio Cirilli, never mind by what means; but I must tell you one thing—I have already pledged my word to him that I would kill your excellency.' 'I hope you will do no such thing now,' replied the Marquis smiling; but Marto answered seriously: 'Pardon me, your excellency—I have promised, and I am going to do it immediately.' The Marquis d'Ognano would have drawn his sword, but the armorer took a pistol from his belt and blew out the Marquis's brains; he then, without loss of time, presented himself before the Count, to whom he announced that his enemy had ceased to breathe. The honorable gentleman was greatly pleased; he saluted Marto on both cheeks, made him drink some of his Syracusean wines and some Luchrym-Christi of the best year, presented him with a beautiful blade of Damascus steel, and lastly fulfilled his obligation of the 500 sequins. Dominique then began to inform him, his manner evincing some little confusion, that the Marquis d'Ognano, likewise, had offered him 500 sequins (which he paid before he died), to assassinate the Count. The Cirilli said to the armorer, he was delighted to have been beforehand with his enemy. "Sir Count," replied the conscientious out-throat, "that will not avail you, for I gave my word of honor!" and saying this, he stabbed him twice to the heart with his stiletto. The Count's servants rushed in at the cries which he uttered in falling, but Marto got rid of them, thanks to his poignard, and fled to the Mountains of Benevento whither all the Brigands of Italy came and flocked around him.

For the Curious.

The greyhound runs by sight only, and this we observe as a fact. The carrier pigeon flies two hundred and fifty miles homeward by eyesight, viz: from point to point of objects which he has marked, but this is our only conjecture. The fierce dragon-fly, with two thousand lenses in his eyes, darts from angle to angle with the rapidity of a flashing sword, and as rapidly darts back—not turning in the air, but with a dash reversing the action of his four wings, and instantaneously calculating the distance of the objects or he would dash himself to pieces. But in what conformation of his does this consist? No one can answer.

A cloud of ten thousand gnats dance up and down in the sun—the minutes interval between them—yet no one knocks another headlong on the grass, or breaks a head, or a wing, long and delicate as they are. Suddenly—amidst your admiration of this matchless dance—a peculiar high-shouldered, vicious gnat, with a long, pendant nose, darts out of the rising and falling cloud, and settling on your cheek, inserts a poisonous sting. What possessed the little wretch to do this? No one knows.

A horse coach comes suddenly upon a flock of geese on a narrow road, and drives

straight through the middle of them. A goose was never yet fairly run over, nor a duck. They are under the very wheels and hoofs, and yet they contrive somehow to flap and waddle safely off. Habitually stupid, heavy, and indolent, they are, nevertheless, equal to any emergency. Why does the lonely woodpecker, when he descends his tree and goes to drink, stop several times on his way—listen and look around—before he takes his draught? No one knows.

Power of the Will.

Children often rise in the morning in anything but an amiable frame of mind. Petulant, impatient, quarrelsome, they cannot be spoken to or touched without producing an explosion of ill-nature. Sleep seems to have been a bath of vinegar to them, and one would think the fluid had invaded their mouth and nose, and eyes and ears, and had been absorbed by every pore of their sensitive skins. In a condition like this, I have seen them bent over the parental knee and their persons subjected to blows from the infliction with the vinegar all expelled, and their faces shining like the morning—the transition complete and satisfactory to all parties. Three-quarters of the moods that men and women find themselves in are just as much under the control of the will as this. The man who rises in the morning with his feelings all bristling like the quills of a hedgehog, simply needs to be knocked down. Like a solution of certain salts, he requires a rap to make him crystallize. A great many mean things are done in the family for which moods are put forward as the excuse, when the moods themselves are the most inexcusable things of all. A man or a woman in tolerable health has no right to indulge in an unpleasant mood, or to depend upon moods for the performance of duties of life. If a bad mood come to such persons as these, it is to be shaken off by a direct effort of the will, under all circumstances.—*Lessons in Life.*

Chinese Funeral.

At the funeral of a mandarin in Canton, the procession was led by coolies, carrying a miniature temple tenanted by Tien-Hoang (Queen of Heaven.) Then came coolies bearing a light stove, on which reposed a huge roasted pig, adorned with colored papers. Next followed a priest and a friend of the deceased, bearing a large bundle of white pieces of paper which were cut into squares, each with a gilded spot in the centre. These were funeral favors, and were scattered right and left as the procession went on. The body-guard of the dead mandarin came next, each person carrying his implement or sign of office. The gardener had a hoe, the butcher a long knife, the executioner a list of victims. A party of musicians succeeded, and then came the coffin very like an English packing case. Mourner and mandarins brought up the rear; and very little sorrow was exhibited. The son of the deceased, so long as the procession was moving, appeared unable to support his grief; but at any temporary halting place he laughed and chatted and became as lively as his neighbors.

A Dutch War Sermon.—"Mine friends," said a Dutch chaplain to a company starting for the war, "from first you come here to see your poor and humble, and now, mine friends, you are proud and sassy; and you have gotten on your uniforms and dem fit you like dogs upon a hog's pack. Now, mine friends, let me tell you dis—a man ish a man if he is no bigger as a man ish a man. Ven Tavid went out to vito mit Goliath, he took nothing mit him but one sling. Now, don't mistake me, mine friends, it was not a rum sling, no, nor a gin sling; no, nor a mist vortling; no, it was a sling made mit voo blicker stick. Now, ven dis Goliath seed Tavid coming, he said: 'You voo little seconded, does you come to vito me? I will give you to de birds of de fields and de peasts of de air.' Tavid says, 'Goliath, Goliath, de race ish not always mit de slivert, nor ish de battle mit de strong; and a man ish a man if he ish no bigger as a man ish a man. Tavid fixed a slivert in his sling, and draws it at Goliath, and knocks him into de forehead, and Tavid takes Goliath's sword and cuts off his head; and den all de patty cuts of de slivert comes out, and streed flowers in his way, and sung, 'Saul ish a great man, for he has kilt his toutsant; but Tavid ish greater as he, for he has kilt Goliath.'"

A Six Latin.—In the secluded mountain vales of Carmathenslife, this was the custom not many years ago:—When a person died, his friends sent for the sin-eater of the district, who, for the small sum of half a crown, actually took upon himself the sins of the deceased, by a simple process of eating them. The plan of operation was this:—A loaf of bread was provided, which the sin-eater first placed upon the dead person's chest, then muttering some incantations over it, finally eating it. Will it be credited that he was believed to have taken from the defunct the heavy weight of his sins and to appropriate them to himself, for which act of kindness he was rewarded by everybody as a taboored outcast. Indeed, immediately after the ceremony was finished, and he had received his pay, he vanished in double quick time, it being the custom for the friends to belabor him with sticks, if they could catch him.

An unmanly way being asked by the landlady of his boarding-house why, being so tall a man he ate so little, replied, "Madame, a little goes a great way with me."

Persons often lack courage to appear as good as they really are.

Swearing alone.—A gentleman once heard a laboring man swearing dreadfully in the presence of companions. He told him that it was a cowardly thing to swear in company with others, when he dared not do it by himself. The man said he was not afraid to swear at any time or in any place. "I'll give you ten dollars," said the gentleman, "if you will go to the village graveyard at twelve o'clock to night, and swear the oath you have uttered here, when you are alone with God."

'Agreed,' said the man, 'it's an easy way of earning ten dollars.'

'Well, you come to me to-morrow and say you have done it, and the money is yours.'

The time passed on; midnight came.—The man went to the graveyard. It was a night of pitchy darkness. As he entered the graveyard not a sound was heard; all was still as death. Then the gentleman's words, 'Alone with God,' came over him with wonderful power. The thought of the wickedness of what he had been doing and what he had come to do, darted across his mind like a flash of lightning. He trembled at his folly. Afraid to take another step, he fell upon his knees, and instead of the dreadful oath he came to utter, the earnest cry went up:—'God be merciful to me a sinner.'

The next day he went to the gentleman and thanked him for what he had done, and said he had resolved not to swear another oath as long as he lived.

An Irish Swallow.—In Cincinnati, Patrick Lyon and Hans Heidebeck occupy the same house, and one night each family received an augmentation of its numerical force. In fact, three 'well-springs of pleasure' appeared, of which Patrick claimed the majority. But the foolish old nurse wished to contemplate the relative beauty of the clerubs and the three became hopelessly mixed. There was a middle as complete and impenetrable as political affairs at two o'clock on the day of nine conventions. But the mother wit of the Irishman solves the difficulty. He was entitled to two of the children anyhow, and two he would take, and if either of them when grown up should talk Dutch he would reproduce its paternity and lay claim to the child. The Dutchman coincided with the idea, and clasped to his bosom the remaining child, resolved to watch for the first indication of the brogue that was to change his paternal love to unmitigated disgust.—In this manner the strange question was settled, and well settled, too, the Irishman thinks.

A Sin Eater.—In the secluded mountain vales of Carmathenslife, this was the custom not many years ago:—When a person died, his friends sent for the sin-eater of the district, who, for the small sum of half a crown, actually took upon himself the sins of the deceased, by a simple process of eating them. The plan of operation was this:—A loaf of bread was provided, which the sin-eater first placed upon the dead person's chest, then muttering some incantations over it, finally eating it. Will it be credited that he was believed to have taken from the defunct the heavy weight of his sins and to appropriate them to himself, for which act of kindness he was rewarded by everybody as a taboored outcast. Indeed, immediately after the ceremony was finished, and he had received his pay, he vanished in double quick time, it being the custom for the friends to belabor him with sticks, if they could catch him.

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