The Columbia Spy.

A. M. RAMBO, Editor and Publisher. "NO ENTERTAINMENT SO CHEAP AS READING, NOR ANY PLEASURE SO LASTING." $1,50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE; $2,00 IF NOT IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME XXXV, NUMBER 23.] COLUMBIA, PENNSYLVANIA, SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 16 1864. [WHOLE NUMBER 1,738.

THE COLUMBIA SPY
A MISCELLANEOUS FAMILY JOURNAL.
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.
OFFICE, IN LOCUST ST., OPPOSITE COLUMBIA BANK.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

$1,50 a year if paid in advance or within 6 months.
2,00 " if not paid within 9 months.
2,50 " if not paid until the expiration of the year

FOUR CENTS A COPY.

☞ No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages is paid unless at the option of the editor.

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JOB WORK.

Having just added to our office one of Gordon's Improved Job Presses, we are enabled to execute in a superior manner, at the *very lowest prices*, every description of printing known to the art. Our assortment of JOB TYPE is large and fashionable. Give us a trial and our work shall speak for itself.

DR. HOFFER,
DENTIST.—OFFICE, Front Street next door to R. Williams' Drug Store, between Locust and Walnut sts, Col., Pa. Apr. 2

DR. A. S. MILLER,
SURGEON DENTIST, offers his professional services to the citizens of Columbia and vicinity.
OFFICE on Front street, fourth door above Locust, office formerly occupied by J. Z. Hoffer.
Columbia, Dec. 19, 1863.-1y.

H. M. NORTH,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
Columbia, Pa.
Collections promptly made in Lancaster York counties.
Col., July 4, 1863.

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

RED BUG DESTROYE.
MADE by J. Rumple. No humbug.—It is made a powder, and will not soil the bed clothing, if it does not prove satisfactory the money will be refunded. For sale at the store of J. RUMPLE, & SON.
July 4, 1863.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES!
WE have been selling that above Cough Lozenges at the Family Medicine Store all winter, and they have given general satisfaction to all who have used them. The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher says, so far as he has had an opportunity of comparison, Brown's Troches are pre-eminently the first of the great Lozenge School.
July 4, 1863.

SALT! SALT!
JUST received by the subscriber, at their store in Locust street below Second,
100 Bags Ground Alum Salt,
which will be sold at the lowest market prices.
J. RUMPLE & SON.
Col., July 4, 1863.

LYON'S Pure Ohio Catawba Brandy, and Pure Wines, especially for Medicine and Sacramental purposes, at
FAMILY MEDICINE STORE.
July 4, '63.

LADIES! TAKE NOTICE!
YOUR attention is specially called to the very handsome and choice varieties of dry goods we have just received. For sale at very low prices.
STEACY & BOWERS,
Opposite Odd Fellows' Hall, Columbia,

IRON AND STEEL!
THE subscribers have received a new and large stock of all kinds and sizes of Bar Iron and Steel. They are constantly supplied with stock in this branch of his business, and can furnish it to customers in large or small quantities, at the lowest rates.
J. RUMPLE & SON,
Locust street below Second, Columbia, Pa.
July 4, 1863.

Harrison's Columbian Ink.
WHICH is a superior article, permanently black, and not corroding the pen, can be had in any quantity, at the Family Medicine Store, and black as jet is that Etigliff Boot Polish.
Col., July 4, 1863.

Fresh Drugs and Medicines.
Toilet and Fancy Articles.
Extracts for the Handkerchief.
Patent Medicines.
Table, Cloth, Hair, Flesh & Tooth Brushes.
Garden and Flower Seeds.
Wines and Brandies.
Just received and for sale at the
FAMILY MEDICINE STORE,
July 4, 1863. Odd Fellows' Hall.

WOOL YARNS,
WOOL YARNS, just received a good stock of Stocking yarns, at
STEACY & BOWERS,
Opposite Odd Fellows' Hall.
Sept. 5, 1863.

APPLES! APPLES!
SAMUEL H. YOUKARD has a choice variety of Apples for sale, by the barrel or peck. Call at the "American House."
Columbia, Nov. 21, 1863.

NEW ORLEANS MOLASSES.
CHOICE new crop Baking Molasses, Cranberries, Layer and Bunch Raisins, in whole, half and quarter boxes.
STEACY & BOWERS,
Opposite Odd Fellows' Hall, Col'a, Pa.
December 12, 1863.

BROWN'S ESSENCE OF JAMAICA GINGER,
IS particularly recommended at this season as a Tonic to the Dyspeptic and Invalid, and is particularly efficacious in summer complaints. For sale at the Family Medicine Store.
Columbia, July 4, 1863.

LADIES' DRESS GOODS!
NEW Stock just received. We have some cheap bargains.
STEACY & BOWERS,
Opposite Odd Fellows' Hall, Col'a, Pa.
November 28, 1863.

Poetry.

Written for the Columbia Spy.

Three Hundred Thousand More!

BY MRS. N. J. A. SIMONS.

Three hundred thousand more! Go, join
The million who have gone before;
Some 'neath the blood-red turf now rest,
Fill up the ranks! rally once more!
Three hundred thousand more! up! up!
Let every heart now beat as one,
Fight to maintain our Government,
The *wisest, best*, beneath the sun!

Three hundred thousand more! Those friends,
With *Copper head* and *heart*, strike down,
Grind in the dust, the very rocks,
Would on them cast a withering frown.
Three hundred thousand more! Awake!
And for the struggle *quick* prepare,
'Tis *Right*, or Wrong that must prevail,
Which will we file by your *acts* declare.

Three hundred thousand more! Be strong!
In faith your armor buckle on;
Make bare each arm, unsheath each sword,
Strike, and the victory shall be won.
Three hundred thousand more! Be brave!
Meet with resistless will the foe;
Fear not! Angels shall you attend,
Prevailing prayer shall with you go.

Three hundred thousand more! Away!
Those sacred rights our fathers gave
To us in blood, imperilled lie—
Now for *your* children, those rights save!
Three hundred thousand more! Go, build
An eyry for *our own proud bird*:
Make this *forever Freedom's* land,
In which shall *never more* be heard,

The clanking chains, the master's call,
The slave whip's crack, the mournful cry,
The bloodhound's bark, when hunting down
The fleeing slave, brought back to die!
Three hundred *thousand more! Go up!*
Your cause belongeth to the Lord,
Into your hands the foe he'll give,
And all your heaven-born deeds reward.

Three hundred thousand more! Great God!
Gird on thy sword, their leader be!
Roll back the cruel tide of war,
By thy right arm give victory.
Then shall our starry banner wave,
Before the world triumphantly,
No stripe erased, no star obscured,
Its motto,—UNION! LIBERTY!

Written for the Columbia Spy.

Fame.

BY WILLIE WARE.

"Why what is fame? a phantom form, a
music in the air,
A breath, an all-inspiring sense, a motion
everywhere."—*C. P. Wood.*

And yet I seek thee; seek thee, Fame,
I'd leave this brow of mine,
Twined with the flowers, the laurel flowers
Of fame's bright, blooming vine,
I care not for the flowers of love,
They bloom to fade and die;
To waken hopes that ne'er can live,
And withered, realtered lie.

Their fragrance has no charm for me,
I seek not fame below,
For this sad heart has been deceived,
And joy can never know.
Friendship has proved a soulless thing,
I wish no friend on earth,
Nor tears shed o'er my sleeping form,
When lying 'neath the turf.

But oh, I wish to leave behind
A name to ever live,
I seek a solace for my grief
That only fame can give;
I'll wander through the world alone,
And when in death I rest,
Oh, may my name with fame be linked,
My sleep will then be blest.

Original.

Written Expressly for the Spy.

MRS. CRAMPTON'S PARTY.

A MATTER-OF-FACT SKETCH.

BY JAMES S. WATKINS.

Dear Mrs. "Julia Jackson Clay Calhoun Crampton," good soul,—and what a *myracle* she was of that *virtue* called *economy*; at least, Solly, her husband always said so—and I, an *old friend*, always had too much prudence to say she *was not*. Having long been an *intimate friend*, that is boarding friend, of the Crampton family, as will be seen, I became "*well* posted" and very intimate in their entire domestic affairs—hence, readers, what I am about to relate, can be relied upon as a matter of fact, and not entirely of fiction, though I must own it is not entirely free from it.

Dear, sweet, amiable soul! as Solly used to call her, how often have I vainly reasoned with her upon two great faults, which she always had, and which I was decidedly averse to—they were, to be constantly talking about "*what I saved on this—how cheap, how very cheap I bought that*," &c.—and wondering at the thoughtless extravagance of her next door neighbor, Mrs. Jones; and how hatefully wasteful the Dorringtons were; with as many other self-denying themes, even more than I have the time, this morning, to enumerate.

I have said *two great faults*—allow me, gentle readers, if you please, to state one more—this last being *the worst*, I can but bring it out:—she was like *all other skilful* economists, too fond of *petty sales*; any place where an auctioneer's voice was heard, there was the most likely place for Mrs. Crampton to be found. Why, if you'll believe, I have, positively, since I've been an inmate of the family, known her to spend *four days* out of the *seven* attending *sales*, what kind of *sales*, no one knows, except her "dear, gentle husband, Solly, and he was too kind a man to oppose her in any whim she might have. Yet, what a *great sacrifice* it was on her part!—and, I am very confident, she has very often felt it such,—for, I have known the *constantly occurring sales*, to compel her to employ a servant for every department of the house, for which *she never had any leisure moments to lend*. And, even then, as she was naturally *very particular*, the work seldom, if ever, pleased her; consequently, her *calm, placid temper* was often, too often aggravated.

"Know then,
As women owe a duty—so do men,
Men must be like the branch and bark of trees,
Which doth defend them from tempestuous rage;
Clothe them in Winter—tender them in age.
Or, as ewes love unto their lanling lives;
Should such be husband's custom to their wives."

I have hinted that Mr. and Mrs. Crampton never disputed. I think, in this, I am wrong—they did—but very seldom, and then, even when they did, it was in quite an *affectionate way*, as Mr. Solomon Crampton was not the man to be obstinate; hence, his *amiable* (?) *better-half* had all in her own very desirable way. She could go to an *auction sale*, say Gover's or Hoffman's—and there purchase whatever she thought proper, without her *"dear Solly,"* ever passing an opinion as to its *cheapness* or *beauty*:—Yet, I believe, once or twice, he has yielded,—for, it is said, "the best of husbands are dyspeptic and very unjust at times," to the, if I must say it, *insane delusion* that Mrs. Crampton might, possibly, *have been in the wrong*. And he has, on all such occasions, as a good and affectionate husband should have done, *gently, kindly* and *calmly* expostulated with her. But as *"woman will be woman,"* she invariably came off the conqueror, often humming, as she'd turn away:

"Thus far my fortune keeps an onward course,
And I am graced with wreaths of victory."

* * * * * * * * *

If I remember rightly, the last controversy I *had the pleasure* of being *a listener* to, was about a *double extending, dining table*. I'll give what I heard for the benefit of all young housekeepers desiring to study *"economy."* Well, it appeared, that the *very saving* and *economical* Mrs. Crampton had long desired such an addition of furniture, as the above named, but as she owned *two excellent* (?) (ordinary) mahogany ones, which had answered their purpose so admirably well, *he* nor *she* could possibly see the *actual necessity* for a change, but *a change was in her head*, and *a change* she would have. Very frequently would she say to her husband:—"Solly, it's a great pity somebody won't buy these tables—can't we manage to sell them? You know we've had them so very long, and they are so troublesome to me whenever they are set. Now *I do think* an *extending table* would answer our purpose much better—and then it would be less trouble and so much more convenient to me—what say you—don't you think so, 'Solly,' dear?"

To which he would always reply: "But see here, Julia, as no one will buy them, and we cannot possibly get rid of them, my love, we must get along the best way we can with them, you know." Which reply would invariably ruffle his *"dear one's"* temper to no little extent, and she would exclaim passionately and cross:—"To-be-sure—just like you men—who-ever knew otherwise?" And there the *question* would rest for a few days, neither feeling disposed to *"bring on another conflict."*

I was engaged in the establishment of Solomon Crampton & Co., as *confidential clerk*, consequently, we were always seen together. One day, however, while we were sitting at the dining table, enjoying a hearty repast of something "done up" in the way of a *stew*, but heaven only knows what, she looked up, very laughingly, and said: "Oh, Solly, you ought to see it, to-day I bought such a beautiful extension-table, one just as I liked; just only think, *sixteen feet long*, and *five feet six inches* wide, made of pure mahogany (white pine, veneered,) the prettiest you ever beheld, and *all for the trifling sum of six dollars and fifty cents*! What do you think of that, Solly? Mr. G——, the auctioneer, and his clerk, too, said: and I have too much *confidence* in them to think they'd say anything but *the truth*, the cabinet-maker, positively lost *twenty dollars*, clear money on it,—and more than that, he promised, if I doubted him, to show me *the bill*—which, of course, I had, as all women should have, too much respect to ask for. We can now *afford* to send *our old ones* to a second hand furniture store, for they'll bring enough to pay for the *new one*—if *not as much more*."

Mr. C—— listened very attentively to what *his dear* had to say, though he had some strange misgivings about this *"economy"* of his wife's,—but he deemed it *best*, and by far the most prudent to keep them to himself, for, the very enthusiastic state in which his *darling* was, it would have been *cruel, very cruel* then to have contradicted her. And, all the time we were eating, Mrs. C—— seemed radiant with joy to such an extent, that her children, (three in number,) were suffered to eat as much *pudding* as they pleased, without a word being said about the *unwholesomeness* of such pastry for them; an incident that *I* nor *they* had never known to occur before; while the children were perfectly satisfied that their *ma* should *buy something new every day*.

After dinner was over, Mr. Crampton started, with me, for the counting-room, being perfectly *at ease*, or at least, seeming so,—knowing it was then useless to worry his brains about a thing he knew just then could not be bettered. And, I think he acted the better, more wise part, for it is said:

"Each good mind doubles his own free content,
When in another's use, they give it vent."

The time sped swiftly by, and ere I was aware, night her sable curtains had closed once more around us, and we were again found wending our way towards the domestic domicil; Mr. C—— to hear, perchance, another history of *broken tables, dilapidated chairs, old sofas, tin safes*, and many other contemplated *purchases* and *exchanges*, entirely of too numerous a character, just here, to mention; while *I*, alas! was to be a *silent listener* and *looker-on*, which, I must say, was anything but very agreeable to me—for, I think if there is anything detestable, execrably bad, it is to hear a woman continually parlancing about such things as the above, and more particularly, about her *"unequalled economy"* in *making purchases for her domestic affairs*.

However, a few minutes walk brought us to the door. On entering, we found the *"new purchase,"* ostentatiously displayed, reaching from one end of the room to the other, covered with a fine damask cloth, which, too, she *"had bought very cheap,"* from her *accommodating friend*, at Neal's.

Mr. C—— approached the table, gave it a small, quick shake, then turning partly around, gave me a wink, and said: "I don't much admire the same, nor do I make my pretensions to being a connoisseur in the *latest rage* of this sort of work, yet, my opinion is—that it appears to be *most terribly rickety*."

A few minutes after he ventured to express his fears on this point, but his very *amiable, economical* wife, assured him to the reverse; and when, not thinking, he returned to the subject a little after, she tartly told him:

He "didn't know what he said." A conclusion to which he tacitly assented—and

"In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,
As *modest stillness* and *humility*."

* * * * * * * * *

The next evening, when every thing had quieted down, the children having sometime before, been put to bed—while Mr. C—— was busily reading the evening paper, his *"dearest Julia,"* as he sometimes called her, came up to him, laid one hand on his shoulder, and holding the other out just in front of the paper, to prevent his reading, said, though very affectionately:

"Solly, dear, I want some money, just *twenty dollars!*"

He stopped reading, hesitated a few moments, and then, looking up to his *love*, asked: "What do you want with that amount, my dear, it has not been over two days ago, since I gave you *twenty*, and has that *all gone* in so short a time?"

Mrs. C——'s indignation brought the crimson to her cheeks, yet she thought, just then, *amiability* the best part of valor, and drawing a chair close up, after a little silence, said:

"I want it, dear, *to help pay* for that last purchase of mine, it cost me *rather more* than I expected it would; and the old tables I sold, didn't bring *quite as much* as I valued them, so if you'll give me just the small sum of *twenty dollars*, my dear, I don't ask for any more, I'll not again trouble you in a hurry?"

She spoke exceedingly fast, and ere he could reply—she added:

"It will, eventually, be a saving, dear, as it took me so long, so much time lost, to run out the old tables, that we'll gain the balance, in that way alone, in less than a year!"

Mr. Crampton said nothing,—what could he possibly say?" Mrs. "Julia Johnson Jackson Clay Calhoun Crampton had spoken with a decision, and you are undoubtedly aware, when women are *decided*," they know better than ourselves; for of course *obstinancy* and *ignorance, never goes together*.

"You may as well
Forbid the seas for to obey the moon,
As, or by oath, remove, or counsel, shake
The fabric of her folly."

He could not conceal from himself that the *new table* grew *more rickety*, the longer it was used; but to avoid *"a storm"* he never ventured to say so. He, however, would shake it, occasionally, slightly, particularly at meal times to test its strength.

One day, and I will never forget it, he shook it *rather hard*, and his *amiable wife*, no longer able to tolerate this conduct on the part of Mr. C—— in silence, broke out with:

"Do you let that table alone, Mr. C. You've been trying to break it ever since it came into the house, and you'll do it some day, see if you don't!"

The above was said in a sarcastic, and very severe manner, and, Mr. C——, always thinking, in such cases, prudence the best of valor, said nothing.

It would not have been my nature, at least, I don't think it would; No-sir-ee! I'd surely have replied as tartly as she had done—or, at least, made a desperate attempt at it:

"I am ashamed that woman are so *simple*
To *offer war*, when they should kneel for peace;
Or seek for rule, supremacy and sway,
When they are bound to *serve, love* and *obey*."

* * * * * * * * *

Over six months had passed away—and in that time, I had scarcely heard a sentence about the *tables, chairs, sofas*, or any other *"cheap purchases"* of the *economical* Mrs. C——. She having become somewhat calmer on that subject, nor did she, in fact, now *attend* so *many petty auction sales*, as once she did; things seemed to glide along, through life, very smoothly, until about the time, of which I shall presently speak, by me long to be remembered; her children were all at boarding school, and *our house* for once, had become apparently quiet; when Mrs. Pigamy, our next door neighbor, (I should have said Mrs. Crampton's neighbor,) intending to give a party, a dancing affair, with supper, &c., commonly called, in Virginia and our State—Maryland—"a breakdown," to some young friends, and not being in possession of a table to suit her purpose, bespoke the loan of Mrs. C——'s, which, of course, she could not deny her. Well, a great many invitations were issued, *I*, of course, received one (it never would have done to *slight* the *invitation* of a *lady*, and consequently, *I* anticipated a good time), which, as will be seen, of course, I had.

The musicians were engaged, the best to be had; confectionery ordered from the most fashionable firm—Gilmour's; and, altogether, the whole affair was gotten up in a most genteel, and *fashionable style*; and would have passed off, as the French say, *"in a decided success"* but for an accident, of which, *"poor Solly. C——,"* as the truthful "Julia Johnson Jackson Clay Calhoun" informed the company, "was the proximate cause; however, I shall come to that presently.

"O, give me thy hand,
One, writ with me in sour misfortune's book,"

Mrs. C——'s table, according to order, was removed from her dining-room to that of Mrs. P——, and, when it was extended, completely filled the entire length of the room; it was then covered with an excellent wine or tea cover, such, perhaps, as had never graced it before; on that was placed, first, the meats, consisting of every delicacy of the season, turkeys, oysters, and, in fact, everything that for money could be had; and besides it completely groaned with confectionery and wines of every description. Large, brilliantly gleaming pyramids of candy and lemons was placed along its centre, purchased from, and arranged by the well known confectioner, M. James D. Gilmour, and, in fact, all who gazed upon it, proclaimed it to be the master piece of festal magnificence.

The table being set,—the *fantastic toe* was called upon the floor,—we had been dancing I know not how long, and as the hour grew near for a little rest and refreshment, (the latter having been my soul's object the entire evening,) the waiter came to the door to announce it ready, &c.,—and as the concluding whirl was being made, by the waltzers, there was a sudden crash in the immediate direction of the dining-room;—the entire company, at that moment, was thrown into a complete consternation. The ladies, dear souls, screamed of course, fairly deafening us, at one time, with their *shrill screeches*; the musicians, in some instances, dropped their instruments; and even the black waiter, fairly turned white with horror! well might he, for it was a noise as if the entire ceilings had given way, and fallen in, from the roof to the kitchen floor, and the entire building might have been expected to follow in a short time. While I, with a few of the gentlemen, rushed to see, if possible, what might be the cause of so sudden an alarm. To our utter astonishment, we beheld the richly decorated table, groaning a few minutes before with every delicacy, in complete ruins; oh, horrors! thought I, what will Mrs. C—— say to this? I did but pity Mrs. P——, but sympathy was not of much avail, as the table had given way precisely in the middle, so that *meats, ices, plates, glasses, liquids and solids*, lay in undistinguishable confusion over the floor.

Of course, we had no supper, much to my dislike, yet, on the whole, the entire company *behaved themselves* admirably. 'Twas truly said by some wit in the room, that "Mrs. Pigamy had given the greatest *'breakdown'* of the season." Yet, by the more and better acquainted of the assemblage, it was called *"Mrs. Crampton's breakdown,"* by which title, from that day to this, it has been known. Ye Gods! you should have heard the response to our wit's remark, a perfect roar of applause, in laughter; even Mrs. C., though crimson with rage, could not help smiling, though 'twas visible but a forced smile; and, to her credit, she truly behaved with a wonderful tact.

She sang out for the music to *"strike up,"* with as much *nonchalance* as if that deplorable, unhappy event had not carried down, in the shape of a *"mahogany extending table,"* to be paid for, the entire savings of a good ten months to come.

Ten months, did I say, yes, a good ten months, for I'm now eating scant meals; and, verily, it has been a good long ten months since that memorable *"breakdown"* of Mrs. "Julia Jackson Johnson Clay Calhoun Crampton's and, I have often told her, if she does not furnish me with better, I shall, positively be compelled to get another boarding house.—As for poor Solly, I can but pity him, to this day, he has had to bear the blame of that memorable *"breakdown,"* from the fact, as Mrs. C—— says, "he was continually shaking it, until it was positively *good for nothing*."

He doesn't complain, though he wasn't to blame in the least, but as his "dear" says; *"'tis only the common way with men."*

Mr. Crampton still carries on merchandising, and I am as yet his "confidential clerk."

Mrs. Crampton still goes to petty auction sales, though not as much as of old; her daughters have returned from school, and with all I have quite a merry, and truly an excellent time; though, at our evening gatherings, we often enjoy a joke, known as that of *"Mrs. Julia Johnson Jackson Crampton's break-down."*

Poetry.

Written for the Columbia Spy.

Home.

Our riches may vanish, our pleasures may fade,
And bright scenes of earth be enveloped in shade;
Enjoyment may leave us and high hopes may fall,
Our friends snatched away who were dearer than all.

Then what is this earth—a home full of gloom,
Where all runs to ruin and man to the tomb;
Where love smiles awhile but to meet with decay,
Where hope lights her torch but to hurry away.

Then give me that home never subject to change,
Where love never withers, where hope never fades,
Where heavenly splendor in brilliancy shine,
Then take all this world if that home can be mine.

Though dark be the present and gloomy the past,
I'll go to my bright home in heaven at last,
Where love shall fade not while ages shall roll,
And joys of the blessed shall enrapture the soul.

J. S. G.

Written for the Columbia Spy.

Hate.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

The stream of hate, when first it springs
Within the human soul,
Is but a murmuring rivulet,
Whose waters gently roll;
But soon a torrent it will grow,
And from deep channels burst;
That one would scarcely dream it could
So smoothly glide at first.

That stream so small when it doth swell,
The weakest can pass o'er;
Yet even the strongest at its height,
Can seldom ford to shore;
Then, oh, beware, let not that stream
Find entrance in your heart;
For none can tell the dangers of
Its waters as they start.

The Question Answered.

Somebody—a woman of course—inquires why, when Eve was manufactured from a spare-rib, a servant wasn't made at the same time, to wait on her? Somebody else—a woman, we imagine—replies in the following strain:

"Because Adam never came whining to Eve with a ragged stocking to be darned, collar string to be sewed on, or a glove to mend right away; quick now! Because he never read the newspaper until the sun got down behind the palm trees, and then stretched himself out, yawned out, 'Ain't supper most ready, my dear?' Not he. He made the fire, and hung the kettle over it himself, we'll venture; and pulled the radishes, peeled the potatoes, and did everything else he ought to do. He milked the cows, fed the chickens, and looked after the pigs himself. He never brought home half a dozen friends to dinner when Eve hadn't any fresh pomegranates, and the mango season was over. He never stayed out till 11 o'clock to a ward meeting, hurrahing for an out-and-out candidate, and then scolding because poor Eve was sitting up and crying inside the gates.—He never played billiards, rolled ten pins, and drove fast horses, nor choked Eve with cigar smoke. He never loafed around corner groceries while Eve was rocking little Cain's cradle at home. In short, he didn't think she was especially created for the purpose of waiting on him, and wasn't under the impression that it disgraced a man to lighten a wife's cares a little. That's the reason that Eve did not need a hired girl; and with it was the reason that her fair descendants did."

Educational Department.

EDITED BY NOUKOSMOS.

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Capability vs. Capacity.

One is subjective and active; the other objective and passive; one embraces an idea of life and achievement, the other nothing that may not be predicted of inert matter. The distinction between these words, suggests two aspects of the teacher's office. We like that better which regards the pupil as a bundle of *capabilities*, which the teacher is to lead forth and direct, rather than as having a *capcity* to be passively filled. To train the active energies of the pupil, is a higher function of teaching than the mere imparting of facts and items of knowledge, to be stored in memory, and retained according to its *capacity*. The teacher should consider it his prominent and chief work to develop the *capabilities* of his pupil; to show him his own powers and how to use them; not simply to teach him by direct communication, but to awaken and direct his own efforts, so that he may learn for himself. Such a course will develop and increase the pupil's capacity to acquire knowledge, and will thus educe, although the judicious aid and direction of the teacher is important and essential, for we would by no means disparage, but magnify the teacher's office.

It should be his to *direct* and *correct*, to encourage, to urge, and to assist his pupils as circumstances may demand.—But his imparting *of* instruction, should be that *giving* which "does not impoverish" himself. The best teaching is that which brings into action the pupils own powers, and may be justly illustrated by the successful gymnast, who trains and disciplines the physical powers of the athlete, leading him by judicious practice, and the exercise of his physical capabilities, to that complete physical development in which he "rejoices as a strong man to run a race."—*Educational Herald.*

For The Spy.

Biblical Enigma.

I AM COMPOSED OF 28 LETTERS.

My 23, 18, 7, 26, 16, is the name of a king of Egypt.
My 21, 11, 22, 12, is the name of a tower.
My 15, 27, 17, 9, is one of the sons of Jacob.
My 17, 9, 19, 1, is an instrument of music.
My 13, 5, 24, 2, is one of the names of the Most High.
My 25, 22, 10, 6, 14, 4, is a weight.
My 26, 9, 28, is a Hebrew measure.
My 8, 21, 4, 26, is the ancestor of the Hittites.
My 22, 28, 14, 24, 20, is a river east of Jordan.
My 7, 16, 12, 2, 23, 3, 8, is where one of the epistles of Paul was written.
My 1, 19, 11, is a city of Canaan that is now in ruins.
My 8, 22, 14, 20, 22, 28, is the name of a prophetess.
My 5, 24, 8, is a nephew of Abraham.
My 6, 20, 11, 19, 13, is a town within the territory of Issachar.
My 18, 18, 24, is a city of the Plain of Sharon.
My 11, 22, 28, 2, 6, 15, is a distinguished prophet.
My 18, 5, 9, was one of the judges of Israel.
My 28, 13, 28, 19, 20, is an unclean bird.
My whole is a frequent saying of one of Christ's apostles. MIRA.