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 28.] COLUMBIA, PENNSYLVANIA, SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 20, 1864. [WHOLE NUMBER 1,744.

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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	1t.	3t.	1mo.	3mo.	6m.	1y.
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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.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

Trains leave Columbia going east,
Columbia train, 8 15 A. M.
Harrisburg Accomodation, 6 50 P. M.
Trains leave west,
Mail train, 12 00 A. M.
Harrisburg Accomodation, 6 50 P. M.
Columbia train arrives, 8 20 " "
E. K. BOICE, Ticket Agent.

READING AND COLUMBIA R. R.

Train leaves Columbia at 1 20 P. M.
Returning, leaves Adamstown 6 40 A. M.
Arrives in Columbia at 9 10 A. M.
R. CRANE, Supt.

YORK AND WRIGHTSVILLE R. R

The trains from Wrightsville and York will run as follows, until further orders:

Leave Wrightsville, 7 30 A. M.
" " 1 00 P. M.
" " 7 30 P. M.
Leave York 6 30 A. M.
" " 12 10 P. M.
" " 4 30 P. M.

N. C. RAILWAY.

Departure and Arrival of the Passenger Trains at York.

DEPARTURES FROM YORK.

For BALTIMORE, 4.15 A. M., 8.30 A. M., and 2.50 P. M.

For HARRISBURG, 12.00 noon, 6.19 P. M. and 12.25 A. M.

ARRIVALS AT YORK.

From BALTIMORE, 11.55 A. M., 6.15 P. M. and 12.25 A. M.

From HARRISBURG, 4.10 A. M., 8.25 A. M., and 2.45 P. M.

On Sunday, the only trains running are the one from Harrisburg at 8.25 in the morning, proceeding to Baltimore, and the one from Baltimore at 12.25 A. M., proceeding to Harrisburg.

DR. HOFFER,

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

H. B. ESSICK,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

COLUMBIA, PA.

LADIES' DRESS GOODS!

NEW Stock just received. We have some cheap bargains.

STEACY & BOWERS,
Opposite Odd Fellows' Hall, Col'a, Pa.
November 28, 1863.

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.

Collection promptly made in Lancaster York counties.

Col., July 4, 1863.

BED 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, '63.

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.

LADIES TAKE NOTTICE!

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.

STONE CHINA, QUEENSWARE AND GLASSWARE.

WE have received a large stock of Dinner, Tea and Toilet Sets, in great variety. Having made large purchases for *Cash* prior to the late advance on *Gold and Exchange*, we are enabled to offer goods much below the current rates they are held at in this market. Please give us a call before purchasing elsewhere, as we know we can offer you some *Real Bargains.*

STEACY & BOWERS,
Corner of Second and Locust streets,
Col'a, Jan. 23, 1864. Columbia, Pa.

NOTICE.

WHEREAS, Letters of Administration to the estate of Joseph Smeltzer, late of the Borough of Marietta, County of Lancaster, deceased, have been granted to the subscriber. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them duly authonticated for settlement, to

RACHEL SMELTZER.
Marietta, Jan. 16, 1863-6t Adm'x.

Poetry.

Written for the Spy.

"Then and Now."

Reply to a Ladie's Poem.

BY JAMES A. O'CONNOR.

Hearts are sometimes true as truth,
Love, tho' old, if true, hath youth;
Plighted troth and lover's vow,
False and true are "then and now."

Life on earth at most is brief,
E'er a thing of joy or grief.
Then, oh! why do mortals sin,
When they've Heaven to lose or win?

Love's a thing of heavenly birth,
God's best boon to us of earth;
School the heart and school the soul,
'Till they are perfections whole,
'Till man maketh heaven his goal!

Hearts are secrets!—would that we
Could the hearts of mortals see;
But we can't—so heads *will* ache,
Souls will suffer, hearts will break!

True as needle to the pole,
True love binds us soul to soul;
Makes two hearts have the same goal,
And tho' we're of dust a part,
True love binds us heart to heart.

O! poor mortals—things of clay,
E'er preferring Night to Day,
Love's a thing of joy for aye;
And to fond hearts, loving words
Sweeter are than songs of birds.

But, oh when we love and find
That we have alas! been blind,
That the idol we've enshrined
In our soul of souls, is false,
Then it seems our life-march halts,
Then we see fiends dance and waltz.

Then, as from sweet dreams we wake,
Then our heads grow wild and ache,
Then it seems the heart *must* brake;
And with heaven-ward lifted eye,
In our souls we pray to die!

Vain!—up soul and no'er despair,
To eternal life thou're heir;
Rouse, oh! heart, do not repine
O'er the love of "auld lang syne;"
If thy idol's faithless grown,
'Tis it's sin and not thine own,
Dash it from thy heart's high throne!

Yet, tho' you unlearn to love,
Hate not:—for thy God above
Hath commanded—oh, love ye
If ye would be loved by me,
If ye would my children be.

And, oh! never pray to die,
For that were impiety,
For thy God thy life did give,
And thy mission is to live.
If you can't forget—forgive
Those who've wronged you while you live;
And e'er love or life's a curse
They will writhe in soul remorse:
And in dreams they'll see dread hosts
Of infernal, fiendish ghosts!

Then and now—then and now,
Like all christian souls do thou
Ever to God's judgments bow;
Life is ever gain and loss,
Life is ever crown and cross;
Plighted troth and lover's vow
False and true are "then and now;"
Build not idols made of clay,
For such idols fade away;
If thy idol's faithless grown,
(Such is love on this earth-zone,)
'Tis its sin and not thine own;
Then, without one sigh or groan—
Dash it from thy hearts high throne!

Written for the Spy.

My Dreams have all Vanished!

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

My dreams have all vanished,
My hopes all have died;
Like the leaves of the autumn,
They lie withered and dead;
Smile on, thou false maiden,
Thou yet mayest feel
The pang of the iron,
The lance of the steel.

The trees of the Winter,
With branches all bare;
Are hopefully waiting
For summer's pure air;
So I though now stricken
By coldness and scorn;
Shall hope for the coming
Of love's golden morn.

I have cast off thy shackles,
Thou alluring coquette;
The vows I have uttered,
I too, can forget;
Like dews of the morn,
Or foam on the sea;
My memory is fading
Forever from me.

Farewell, thou false hearted,
I shall conquer my pain;
And enter the battle,
To win love again;
And never, no, never,
Shall one thought be cast
On the shadowy vision
That clouded the past.

Original.

Written for the Spy.

TOIL!

BY JAMES S. WATKINS.

It has been said that "bodily Labor alleviates the pain of the mind; and hence arises the Happiness of the poor." The pernicious, debilitating tendencies of bodily pleasure need to be counteracted by the invigorating exercises of bodily Labor; whereas bodily Labor without bodily Pleasure converts the body into a mere machine and brutifies the soul.

Toil! toil! toil! What a terrible thing it is to be *dependent!*—and more particularly in such "trying times" as are now upon us. Surely, in truth, one half of this world has no idea how the other half lives!

The laboring man, the mechanic, the hard working mechanic, seems to be the one most to be looked after. There has been a time when the mechanic was apparently independent—when thousands had more than they could perform—and Labor was quoted *a premium*: but, *alas!* the wheel of Time in its onward career, has brought us down to the sad reality that it is no longer so, but at a terrible *discount*—few have permanent employment, and even such as are fortunate enough to find *a job*, though perhaps they may toil as hard as ever, receive but a pitiable pittance for their services; as true as Heaven, in some places and instances, receive scarcely enough to keep soul and body together! Many families among them are large—in some cases they have three and four small children dependent upon them for support, and at the present rates of subsistance, ten dollars will not reach as far as five would in times of peace—with little work—and comparatively *less compensation* for it—how are they to live? perhaps the aristocratic, miserly employer can enlighten us; let him do so! We often hear them plead:

"Can you not advance my rates of compensation?—*I labor as hard—and pay three times as much as I ever have done* for subsistance—'tis only fair that we should live and let live—and now acting upon this rule, alone—I ask an advance!"

And we hear the heartless response:

"Is it possible,—it is all I can do for you—you should be *glad to get* what I give you—could do without you easily—only keep you to give you employment, &c., &c.!"

Really, I am almost ashamed of my own race when I look around me and behold the *selfish, miserly* and almost *inhuman robbery* in which some of our would-be aristocratic employees seem to take a delight! May the God of the laboring man shower his endless blessing upon him now in this his time of need; and, in due season, deal a just retribution upon the *miserly*, and *scornful aristocrat!*

"Come hither, ye that press your beds of down,
And sleep not. See him sweating o'er his bread,
Before he eats it.—'Tis the primal course,
But soften'd into Mercy; made the pledge
Of cheerful Days, and Nights without a groan.

Benjamin Franklin remarked that "Sloth made all things difficult—but Industry all easy"—no truer words ever escaped the lips of man—"he that riseth late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night; while Laziness travels so slowly, that Poverty soon overtakes him."

Toil! toil! toil!—And this is not all. There are others, perhaps as dependent as the laboring man—I need not mention their *capacity*—the reader may judge—they may be, forsook, only dependent in one way—upon the *generosity* of their many friends and acquaintances—if they are legion—and patronize them—then they are *safe*, otherwise they are discarded, no matter how *honest* or *attentive*—they are *not needed*. It is useless to disguise—I allude to the *salesman*—it matters not in what department of trade or merchandizing, he meets the same fate, of course, they are isolated cases, when he is encouraged, and raised to a proper level with the employee, even to the possession of an interest in the establishment—but it is seldom recorded.

I have known instances where young men of this class have been given a "*yellow envelope*," because they have been made the dupes of "*shoppers*," when in truth, they've been strictly attentive, honest and industrious, while less deserving have won favor and been retained—aye, been "excellent, and effectual salesmen, attends so and so to my interest, and with such a business capacity; (of which, perhaps, the employee never had a fair chance to judge) I really wouldn't part with him for the world, couldn't possibly get any one to fill his place,—would rather tribble his salary than lose him!" and, even with this, ten chances to one, if he is then paying him enough to board and clothes him decently, and he is made to understand that he is not worth the sum he receives; "merely kept because times are hard," and perhaps, he'd not get another place if out of employment, "no one in these times are in want of help," and believing this, he thinks it folly in himself to leave his situation. Who can blame him? we are all aware "the times are very trying" to some, yet, there are thousands who are doubly benefitted by the change, and among them this very merchant, to him alone he makes the appeal; he does not heed it, 'tis the way of the world and we cannot wonder.

Yet another case—we have a young man of strictly good morals, perfectly temperate, and strictly upright in his dealings; his employer seems pleased with him, makes him an offer, *so much*, provided, your sales amount to such a sum, he accepts, then are all his energies put forth, every nerve is at once strained to accomplish the desired point; he is rapidly excelling; but, alas! he is doomed to disappointment. "Just my luck!" we imagine we hear from his lips, as he turns aside to almost despair. We enquire his ailment, and are informed he has been a little *too obliging*, and has become the prey of *just a certain class*, he has been too much of a gentleman to turn away from them; and consequently is continuously beset by them with "show me this, a sample of that, how perfectly genteel! I declare, I've a mind to do!" this, that and the other, and never do anything save *manopolize* his time so that when evening comes, he has nothing scarcely to show he is worth his room.—He despairs, and at the end of the time agreed on, is discharged, having failed, utterly failed to do what was expected of him. Take warning, ye who toil for your support, and above all do not be *too obligingly kind* to those who cannot appreciate favors done, be shrewd and just in all your dealings and you will succeed.

Toil! toil!—toil!—He who toils need not wish, and he who lives upon *hopes* will die fasting. Remember, there are no gains without pains; then "help hands for I have no lands; or, if I have, they are smartly taxed." He that hath a trade, hath truely an estate—'twill serve him at a future day, if not now; he that hath a calling, hath an office of profit and of honor; but then ones *trade* must be worked at, and the *calling* followed, or neither the estate or the calling will enable us to pay our taxes. If we are industrious, it is said, "*we shall never starve;* for at the working-man's house hunger looks in but dares not enter."

He that from small beginning has deservedly raised himself, by his daily toil, to the highest stations, may not always find satisfaction in the possession of his object, that he anticipated in the pursuit of it. But although he may be disappointed, the community are benefited, first by his *exertions*, and secondly, by his example; for, it has been well observed, that the public are served not by what the Governor, or Mayor feels who rides in the coach, but by what the Apprentice Boy feels while looking at him.

Baltimore, Md., Feb. 10, 1864.

For The Spy.

HARRISBURG, Feb. 9th, 1864.

Since Mayor Roumfort issued his proclamation prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors to soldiers, our city is in a quiet condition. Many of the soldiers and new recruits, who imbibed too freely in intoxicating beverage, have been victims of thieves and pick-pockets. Men who injudiciously exhibit their money, drink until they become oblivious, and then "lie around loose," do not deserve much sympathy when robbed. There are scores of thieves, some of them "lewd women of the baser sort," constantly on the watch for such opportunities to plunder, and they have plied their vocation quite successfully for several weeks past.

Some singular developments were revealed by a woman, recently, on her death bed, in relation to a man who was found on the river bank near the water house, in this city. The substance of which is as follows: A man by the name of Strawbridge, a workman at the rolling mill, was found with his head cut and other injuries inflicted upon his person, from the effects of which he died, and the affair has remained a profound secret until a short time ago the woman above mentioned made the following statement:—She stated that on a Saturday night, of November, 1862, she was walking on the river bank with a soldier, a short distance from the water house they met the deceased, when the soldier struck him on the head, with a weapon of some kind, which prostrated him to the earth, he then rifled his pockets and threw him down the bank into the river, as she supposed. After committing the act, the soldier made the woman take a solemn oath never to reveal what had happened. Recently this woman became sick, and when made fully conscious of her condition, exhibited signs of great mental agony, she said she could not die without revealing a terrible secret that had been long treasured in her mind; the substance of which I have already stated. Such is the rascality practiced by fiends in human form.

The Democrats of the first ward held a meeting, on last Saturday evening, and organized a club, to be called the "M'Clellan Club, No 1," when the following officers were duly elected:

President, G. F. Weaver; Vice Presidents, Wm. H. Bleckner, P. Stucker, W. Foster; Secretary, G. F. Weaver, jr.

L. P. C.

NEW COUNTERFEITS.—A counterfeit bill on the Bank of Gettysburg has just been issued. It is of the denomination of $20. It is so well executed that the best judges are apt to be taken in by it, the vignette being pasted on the centre of the note. The signatures on the counterfeits are W. G. M'Pherson, cashier, and R. Smith, President, dated 1845; while the genuine are signed by G. Swope, President, and T. D. Carson, Cashier.—*Har. Tel.*

For the Spy.

Riddle.

To nothing add an old sheep, and the end of a door.

To the beginning of all fun, add fifty. The head of Adam, and the tail of a dog.

The Post office Department is now self-sustaining for the first time in fifteen years.

Poetry.

Written for the Spy.

Musings at Twilight.

WRITTEN BY REQUEST.

BY J. WILLIAM. VAN NAMEE.

You ask me dear friend to write you a lay,
On musings at twilight when fades the bright day;
When the moon and the stars fill the pure azure blue.
And now at this hour, I am writing for you.

The day-god has sunk to his couch in the west,
He's folded the daylight around his bright breast,
He has moved to the earth his parting farewell,
And on all the earth rests night mystic spell.

The stars have appeared in heaven's fair blue,
And the moon sheds her beams so fair, yet so true;
The evening winds whisper in voices quite low,—
And shadows are flitting in my room to and fro.

The dew-drops are resting on each blossom fair,
And delicate perfume floats on the night air,
And each tiny blade of grass of bright green,
Is decked with a jewel the fairest I've seen.

The soft evening twilight is charming to me,
For then cherished faces I often do see;
In fancy's bright glass I love them to gaze.
And in prayer to high heaven my feeble voice raise.

Written For the Spy.

Clara Lee.

BY WILLIE WARE.

Moved she 'mid the happy throng,
Clara Lee,
Strongly thrilling was her song,
Clara Lee,
Eyes had she of heaven's own blue,
Shone they brightly as the dew—
Clara Lee.

'Mong her locks of curling hair,
Clara Lee,
Amid thy blooming flowers rare,
Clara Lee
All her heart's young joys had fled,
And Hope's and Love's bright flowers dead,
Clara Lee.

For the Spy.

Railroad.

MR. EDITOR:—I read an article in your paper of the 30th ult., in reference to a new Railroad route from some point near Columbia or the mouth of Conewago creek, to run westwardly, by the most practicable route, to the Broad Top coal fields. As a great friend to all public improvements of this kind, I will, with your permission, give my views in regard to the construction of a railroad as stated or proposed in your paper a few weeks ago. From the knowledge I have of the country intervening between your place and the coal region in Huntingdon and Bedford counties, I am satisfied as to its practicability, and no one can, for a moment, doubt the beneficial results that must necessarially ensue, should the enterprise be put into execution. The movement is of paramount importance to your town and country, and in fact along the whole line, and to the cities of Philadelphia and Baltimore, and the more distant towns and cities. I have frequently thought of such a project, and I hope that the opportunity will not be misimproved now, since the matter has been started, otherwise it must prove a source of much regret and a just cause for reflection, hereafter, upon those who have failed to discharge their whole duty in this all important project. It strikes me that every one should carefully examine the matter and act accordingly, and endeavor to secure, for this noble enterprise, an immediate and effective concert of action.

Mr. Editor, in your article you think that the most feasible route would be from Wrightsville to York, Gettysburg and Chambersburg. Well, you have a road already to York, and from York tap the Gettysburg road at New Oxford.—There appears to be a natural route from York to this place, by Abbottstown. I made a survey, a few years ago, from New Oxford to York, by way of East Berlin, also one from Abbottstown to New Oxford, and the cost from the latter place to Abbottstown, which is four miles, or a fraction over, but less than that distance to where it would intersect with the Gettysburg railroad, and the cost for grading the four miles would be, at this time, adding for the increase of wages, &c., $7,000, and from Abbottstown to York about $25,000, not including the bridge across the Codorus at York. I have traveled over this route, but never made an instrumental examination. It is a beautiful valley for a railroad from York to this place.

From New Oxford to Gettysburg there is already a road in operation, eleven miles long, and in a very good condition. From Gettysburg, the graded portion of the old "tape worm" would come in use for six miles at least. A little trimming up is all that would be required. From a point on the old road, about six miles above Gettysburg, a survey was made, some four years ago, to Chambersburg, and a route pronounced practicable, as to the cost of it I could not say. From Chambersburg there is no great difficulty in the way, that I am sanguine of. I have spent a year on the Broad Top coal region, making surveys and locating short branches into the coal openings. You would strike the coal fields near Broad Top City, not far from the six mile run branch road, leading to Hopewell.

As this was hastily written, I may hereafter prepare a carefully digested article upon the route, cost, &c., of the railroad which is spoken of, to extend from near your place to the coal region. There is another route worthy of the attention of those interested, by way of Dillstown, which perhaps would cost less, but may not be the most practicable, taking all things into consideration. Should this road be built by way of Gettysburg it would ere long be extended to Waynesboro', and into one of the finest and richest valleys in the State. Thus, apart from any other interest, the people may have in the road, I think that they should be able to see that the investment made in the stock of such a company would be a profitable one. That section of country produces a large amount of grain, and they have flouring mills of the largest capacity converting it into flour. This road, if built, would draw an immense amount of produce over the road, and therefore make it one of the best roads in the country for our eastern cities.—Should this road ever be made by Gettysburg, the prospect would be of ultimately connecting with the Pittsburg and Connellsville Railroad, and the Hempfield road, and thus obtaining a through route, by the former, to Pittsburg and the North-West, and by the latter to Wheeling, and thus connect with the Central Ohio, running to Cincinnati and St. Louis. It would require but a short time to ascertain the actual cost of a road from Columbia to the Broad Top Coal Region.

Yours truly,
S. S. SPANGLER.

New Oxford, Feb. 12, 1864.

The following editorial from the "Philadelphia *Telegraph*," with the accompanying note was handed us for publication:

The following extract from the Philadelphia Evening *Telegraph* with a few amendments is so applicable to the meridian of Columbia that I cannot resist the temptation to have it published.

A Local Trait.

In some things we are a peculiar people. Indeed, we doubt whether, for certain characteristics which distinguish us, there is any exact analogy to be found anywhere in the metropolitan world. In those respects this community is emphatically *sui generis*. Let us notice one of these specialities. If a Philadelphian subscribes ten, or twenty, or even the enormous sum of one hundred dollars to a fund of one or two millions, to start a steam-ship line, to build a railroad, or to initiate any similar enterprise, he is sure to imagine that he is *the company*.

We care not how large the company may be, or what amount of aggregate capital it may represent, the individual stockholder aforesaid will up to the size of the corporation, and claim to embody it completely in his own proper person.—In fact, his capacity to magnify himself in this manner is generally found to stand in an inverse proportion to his actual investment. The smaller his interest in the concern, the greater his arrogance. On a single share of stock he will make more speeches at a corporation meeting, assert his opinions with more assurance, and claim to exercise more influence, than any twenty members who may own four-fifths of the entire means of the association.

What he aspires to is supreme control; and his motto is "rule or ruin." He has no idea of that wise principle of law and business economy which would sink his personality in the body politic. He cannot conceive the necessity of a delagation of authority to a few for the common benefit of the many. He clings to the ultra democratic doctrine that sovereignty resides in the individual, and that it must always be asserted, though the consequences may be inevitable confusion and disaster. To reason with him on this absurdity only exasperates him.

He will not understand that one head, if it be a good and honest head, is better than a hundred, where unity of counsel is essential to direct wisely and efficiently the affairs of the company. You may tell him that one pilot who knows the rocks and shoals of a river is a safer man at the helm than twenty who do not know what course to steer. He will probably reply that he has a certain stake in his vessel, that he knows his rights as a part owner, and that he will keep his hand on the tiller, though he should drive the ship to perdition.

In the multiplicity of these absolute gentlemen, who insist on standing at the wheel and navigating a steamer in a hundred contrary courses at once, there is abundant mischief and trouble. Under such auspices an enterprise always goes wrong, or else it never goes at all. This purpose of everybody to be paramount, generally kills the best schemes which may be devised for a community.—What might be readily accomplished for the general welfare by combination of means and unanimity of will, is rendered impracticable or abortive by division and dissension.

In this city of half a million of people, we have the fact illustrated in an eminent degree. Individualism in all public undertakings is the dominant power, and it has, in everything relating to our commercial condition especially, produced its natural fruits in social weakness, stagnation and provincialism. We have achieved some creditable works, it is true, but it has been in spite of our want of that generous, sagacious, self-forgetting metropolitanism, which is the prime element in the greatness of every really prosperous and imperial city of the world.

Rebel Highway Robbers.

Stoppage of a Railway Train—Robbery of Passengers.

The rumor that prevailed in the city yesterday of a train on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad having been robbed by guerillas turns to be well founded.

The train which left Baltimore at 6 o'clock on Thursday evening reached Harper's Ferry about 11 o'clock, and moved on towards Martinsburg, having on board a goodly number of passengers bound West. When at Kearnysville, about nine miles beyond Harper's Ferry and ten miles this side of Martinsburg, the train encountered a pile of rails on the track, and [illegible] off, but going at a slow speed no damage was done.

As soon as the train was stopped a crowd of armed Rebels, about forty in number, surrounded it and took possession of the passenger cars. They then went around and searched and robbed each passenger, commanding each to "stand and deliver" their watches, pocket-books and other valuables. The work is said to have been done most thoroughly, with all the grace and *sang froid* of experienced highwaymen. Even their pocket-knives and tooth-picks did not escape the plunderers. Those who did the robbing were accompanied by pistol holders, who thrust the muzzles under the noses of their victims whilst they were being plundered.

They did not touch the baggage train or Adams express car, and when they had finished their work with the passengers, mounted their horses and left.—The locomotive was soon put upon the track and proceeded on to Cumberland.—*Baltimore American.*

Dog Meat for Union Prisoners.

The Richmond *Examiner* of the 28th ultimo, contains the following:

"WARNING TO DOGS.—According to the statement of 'A citizen', who writes us on the subject, Belle Isle, the depot of the Yankee prisoners in Richmond, is unhealthy for dogs—especially well-conditioned dogs. 'The Yankees eat them,' and this our correspondent knows from facts that have come within his knowledge. Several gentlemen on that 'long barren isle' have lost, recently, their favorite heel companions, and our correspondent affirms that it is well known to the guard that the Yankees caught, fricassed and eat them! And that, moreover, the Yankees have begged some citizens to 'let them have their dogs to eat.' Horrible! We are advised, if we doubt the statement of our correspondent to visit the island and take a dog along, and we will come away alone and convinced.

"All we have to append to this dog story is that we never did admire Yankee taste in anything; but if they prefer a steak of canine meat to the rations of beef, bread, potatoes and soup furnished them from the Commissary Department by the prison officials it is their liking, not ours. Some animals of a carnivorous nature rather like the flesh of another animal of a like nature. In the above case it is 'dog eat dog,' perhaps."

Despite the brutal buffooney of the writer of this characteristic article, one thing is very clearly proved by it, to wit: that the stories of the semi-starvation of the Union prisoners at Richmond are true. The Rebel editor has let out more than he designed letting out, in his article, and he has also proved that men cruel enough to starve prisoners of war can also be mean enough to scoff and mock at the sufferings of their victims.

An exchange paper says: "Parties who have been in the habit of stealing the editor's wood, will please take knots that our *Devil* can't split."