The Columbia Spy.

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

VOLUME XXXVI, NUMBER 7.] COLUMBIA, PENNSYLVANIA, SATURDAY MORNING, SEPT., 24, 1864. [WHOLE NUMBER 1,775.

THE COLUMBIA SPY,

A MISCELLANEOUS FAMILY JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

OFFICE, IN LOCUST ST., OPPOSITE COLUMBIA BANK.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

$2,00 a year if paid in advance
2,50 " if not paid until the expiration of the year

FIVE CENTS A COPY.

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

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2 " 16 "	1,50	2,25	3,00	3,50	6,00	9,00	15,00
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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.

READING RAIL ROAD.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

GREAT TRUNK LINE FROM the North and North-West for Philadelphia, New York, Reading, Pottsville, Lebanon, Allentown, Easton, &c., &c.

Trains leave Harrisburg for Philadelphia, New York, Reading, Pottsville, and all Intermediate Stations, at 8 A. M., and 2 P. M.

New York Express leaves Harrisburg at 6.30 A. M., arriving at New York at 1.45 the same morning.

A special Accommodation Passenger train leaves Reading at 7.15 A. M., and returns from Harrisburg at 3 P. M.

Fares from Harrisburg: to New York $5 15; to Philadelphia $3 35 and $2 80. Baggage checked through.

Returning leave New York at 6 A. M., 12 noon and 7 P. M.; Pitsburg Express arriving at Harrisburg at 2 A. M.) Leave Philadelphia at 8.15 A. M., and 3.30 P. M.

Sleeping cars in the New York Express Trains, through to and from Pittsburg, without change.

Passengers by the Catawissa Railroad leave Tamaqua at 8.50 A. M., and 2.10 P. M. for Philadelphia, New York, and all Way Points.

Trains leave Pottsville at 9.15 A. M., and 2.30 P. M., for Philadelphia, Harrisburg and New York.

An Accommodation Passenger train leaves Reading at 6.00 A. M., and returns from Philadelphia at 5.00 P. M.

☞All the above trains run daily, Sundays excepted.

A Sunday train leaves Pottsville at 7.30 A. M., and Philadelphia at 3.15 P. M.

Commutation, Mileage, Season, and Excursion Tickets at reduced rates to and from all points.

60 Pounds Baggage allowed each passenger.

G. A. NICOLLS,
may-2-1864 General Superintendent.

READING AND COLUMBIA R. R.

This new Road is now completed, and in good running order, with first-class Passenger Cars, and having made arrangements with the connecting roads North and South, offers to the travelling public a direct and through route, from WASHINGTON and BALTIMORE, via York, Columbia and Reading to Allentown Easton and NEW YORK, which route for beauty and Summer Resorts should be tried to be appreciated.

Trains North leave Columbia at 7.40 a. m. Acc.
" " " 6. 0 p. m. Fast.
" Arrive at Reading at 10. 5 a. m. Acc.
" " " 8.40 p. m. Fast.
Trains South leave Reading at 5.00 a. m. Acc.
" " " 1.35 a. m. Fast.
" Arrive at Columbia at 7.20 a. m. Acc.
" " " 4.05 p. m. Fast.

The River Susquehanna at Columbia is crossed by a Steam Ferry, a NEW BOAT awaits the arrival of the trains to convey the passengers over, the change being delightful. Passengers by the fast line will dine at Columbia.

F. W. NORTHROP, ROBERT CRANE,
General Ticket Agent. General Superintendent.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

Trains leave Columbia going east,
Columbia train, 8 15 A. M.
Col'a. Accommodation, 1 55 P. M.
(to connect with Fast Mail east, at Lancas'r)
Harrisburg Accomodation, 6 50 P. M.

Trains leave west,
Mail trian, 11 45 A. M.
Harrisburg Accomodation, 6 50 P. M.
Columbia train arrives, 8 20 "

E. K. BOICE, Ticket Agent.

N. C. RAILWAY.

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.
" " 5 30 P. M.

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, 11.55 A. M. 6.10 P. M. and 12.25 A. M.

ARRIVALS AT YORK.

From BALTIMORE, 11.50 A. M., 6.15 P. M. and 12.22 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 12.22 A. M., proceeding to Harrisburg.

DR. HOFFER,

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

Columbia, Dec. 19, 1863.-1y.

H. M. NORTH,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW Columbia, Pa.

Collections promptly made in Lancaster York counties.

Col'a., July 4, 1863.

SAVE YOUR MONEY.

BY purchasing the best Boots and Shoes at the lowest cash prices, at the New Store of

Col'a, mar.19,'64. MALTBY & CASE.

FINE FAMILY GROCERIES.

REFINED Sugars and Syrups. Prime Rio Coffee, Teas, Spices, Dried Fruit, English and American Pickels, &c., &c. Just received by HENRY SLYDAM,
Cor. of Union & Front St.
Col'a, mar.5-'64.

DYSPEPSIA!

A CURE WARRANTED.

Dyspepsia has the following symptoms:

1st. A constant pain or uneasiness at the pit of the stomach.
2d. Flatulency and Acidity.
3d. Costiveness and Loss of Appetite.
4th. Gloom and Depression of Spirits.
5th. Diarrhœa with griping.
6th. Pain in all parts of the System.
7th. Consumptive Symptoms and Palpitation of the Heart.
8th. Cough, with Phlegm in the Throat.
6th. Nervous Affection, and want of Sleep at night.
10th. Loss of Appetite and Vomiting.
11th. Dizziness, Dimness of Vision, and Loss of Sight.
12th. Headache and staggering in walking, with great Weakness.

Out of the thousands of cases of Dyspepsia that have used Dr. Wishart's Great American Dyspepsia Pills, not one of them has failed of a perfect cure. We warrant a cure in every case, no matter if of twenty years' standing. Sold by all druggists everywhere, and at Dr. Wishart's Office, No. 10 N. Second street, Philadelphia, Pa. All examinations and consultations free of charge. Send for a circular. Price $1 per box. Sent by mail, free of charge, on receipt of money.

Dyspepsia, Dyspepsia, Dy-pepsia

I, Elizabeth Branson, of Brandywine, Del., formerly of Old Chester, Del., do certify that, for one year and a half, I suffered everything but death from that awful disease called Dyspepsia. My whole system was prostrated with weakness and nervous debility; I could not digest my food; if I ate even a cracker or the smallest amount of food, it would return just as I swallowed it; I became so costive in my bowels that I would not have a passage in less than from 4 and often 8 days; under this immense suffering, my mind seemed entirely to give way. I had dreadful horror and evil forbodings. I thought everybody hated me, and I hated everybody; I could not bear my husband nor my own children; everything appeared to be horror stricken to me; I had no ambition to do anything; I lost all my love of family and home; I would ramble and wander from place to place, but could not be contented; I felt that I was doomed to hell, and that there was no heaven for me, and was often tempted to commit suicide, so near was my whole nervous system destroyed, and also my mind, from that awful complaint, Dyspepsia, that my friends thought best to have me placed in Dr. Kirkbride's Hospital, West Philadelphia; I remained there nine weeks, and thought I was a little better, but in a few days my dreadful complaint was raging as bad as ever. Hearing of the wonderful cures performed by Dr. Wishart's Great American Dyspepsia Pills, and his treatment for Dyspepsia, my husband called on Dr. Wishart and stated my case to him. He said he had no doubt he could cure me. So in three days after I called and placed myself under the Doctor's treatment, and in two weeks I began to digest my food, and felt that my disease was fast giving way, and I continued to recover for about three months, and at the present time I enjoy perfect health of body and mind, and I most sincerely return my thanks to a merciful God and Dr. Wishart, and to his Great American Dyspepsia Pills and Pine Tree Tar Cordial that saved me from an Insane Asylum and a premature grave. All persons suffering with Dyspepsia are at liberty to call on me or write, as I am willing to do all the good I can for suffering humanity. ELIZABETH BRANSON.

Brandywine, Del., formerly Old Chester, Delaware county, Pa.

Dyspepsia! Dyspepsia!!

DR. WISHART: I have been a constant sufferer with Dyspepsia for the last eighteen years, during which time I cannot say that I have ever enjoyed a perfectly well day. There were times when the symptoms were more aggravated than at others, and then it seemed it would be a great relief to die. I had at all times an unpleasant feeling in my head, but latterly, my sufferings so much increased that I became almost unfit for business of any kind; my mind was continually filled with gloomy thoughts and forebodings, and if I attempted to change their current by reading, at once a sensation of icy coldness in connection with a dead weight, as it were, rested upon my brain; also, a feeling of sickness would occur at the stomach, and great pain to my eyes, accompanied with which was the continual fear of losing my reason. I also experienced great lassitude, debility and nervousness, which made it difficult to walk by day or sleep at night. I became averse to society, and disposed only to seclusion, and having tried the skill of a number of eminent physicians of various schools, finally come to the conclusion that, for this disease at my present age (45 years) there was no cure in existence. But, through the interference of Divine Providence, to whom I devoutly offer my thanks, I at last found a sovereign remedy in your Dyspepsia Pills and Tar Cordial, which seem to have effectually removed almost the last trace of my long list of ailments and bad feeling, and in their place health, pleasure, and contentment are my every-day companions. JAMES M. SAUNDERS,

No. 453 N. Second st., Philadelphia,
Formerly of Woodbury, N. J.

A Positive Cure for Dyspepsia.

HEAR WHAT MR. JOHN H. BABCOCK SAYS.

No. 1028 Olive Street,
Philadelphia, Jan. 22d, 1863.

DR. WISHART—Sir:—It is with much pleasure that I am now able to inform you that, by the use of your great American Dyspeptic Pills, I have been entirely cured of that most distressing complaint, Dyspepsia. I had been grievously afflicted for the last twenty-eight years, and for ten years of that time have not been free from its pain one week at a time. I have had it in its worst form and have dragged on a most miserable existence—in pain day and night. Every kind of food filled me with wind and pain, it mattered not how light, or how small the quantity. A continued belching was sure to follow. I had no appetite for any kinds of meats whatever, and my distress was so great for several months before I heard of your Pills, that I frequently wished for death. I had taken everything that I had heard of for Dyspepsia, without receiving any benefit; but on your Pills being recommended to me by one who had been cured by them, I concluded to give them a trial, although I had no faith in them. To my astonishment, I found myself getting better before I had taken one-fourth of a box, and, after taking half a box, *I am a well man, and can eat anything I wish*, and enjoy a hearty meal three times a day, without inconvenience from anything I eat or drink. If you think proper, you are at liberty to make this public and refer to me. I will cheerfully give all desirable information, to any one who may call on me. Yours, respectfully,

JOHN H. BABCOCK.

☞These medicies are prepared only by the proprietor.

DR. L. Q. C. WISHART,
WHOSE OFFICE IS AT
No. 10 NORTH SECOND STREET,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Where he can be consulted either personally or by letter free of charge. They are sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere—at wholesale by all New York and Phiadelphia wholesale Druggists.

mar -19 1y'64

Poetry.

Written for the Columbia Spy.

THE RIVAL LOVERS.

BY MARY.

She never did return his love,
While fiercer still she saw it burn;
Nor with one word did she reprove
The flame she never would return.
In vain he told with love-lit eyes,
How well he worshiped her alone:
She never heard his burning sighs—
They fell upon a heart of stone!

She slighted him, for he was poor,
No fortune had at his command;
His humble lot was too obscure,
To win a noble *lady's hand.*
With heavy heart away he turned,
And when thro' life he was more blest.
The memory of the girl who spurned
His early love, he still caressed!

She had another suiter too,
A youth who left no art untried,
To prove his love to her was true:—
He was a wealthy lad beside,
She coldly heard his vows awhile,
But when he talked of *his broad land,*
Each frown was turned into a smile—
She yielded him her heart and hand.

They lived awhile in blissful state,
Profusely were her wants supplied,
But soon the ruthless hand of fate
Dashed all her idol gifts aside!
And now she learned his heart was cold,
The vows he made her were untrue,
And that the girl who weds for gold,
When 'tis too late her choice will rue.

Grief was impressed upon her brow,
The cherished hopes she had were set:
She thought of her first lover now,
And whether *he* was living yet.
And while she was a faithful wife,
Nor murmured at her lot obscure,
She rued the choice she made for life,
And wished that she had married poor.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 1834.

Original.

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

FIELD HOSPITAL, 2D DIV. 9TH A. C.,
BEFORE PETERSBURG, VA.,
Sept. 13, 1864.

BRO. RAMBO:—Quite a time has elapsed since my last letter to you, and for a variety of reasons. At times I was too busily occupied to find time for correspondence, then again a dearth of anything interesting other than that given your readers through the medium of the dailies, prevented my writing.

Since my last, a number of changes have been made. The last flank movement on the left taking in the line of the Weldon Railroad caused a change of position along the whole line. Our corps, after leaving its old position in front of Cemetery Hill, took up and temporarily occupied that vacated by the 5th corps; then when the movement across the railroad was made our corps was advanced to the support of the 5th, coming up just in time to prevent the enemy from re-occupying the railroad.

Col. Curtin has again returned to us and resumed command over our Brigade, (1st Brig. 2d Div.) His wound has healed, and his return was gladly welcomed by all the men of the command. The Colonel has proven himself an able military man, and is much liked as a commander. Our brigade has recently been strengthened by the addition of several regiments from what was the 1st division and now contains nine regiments; these, through the addition of a large number of convalescents and recruits form quite a large and formidable brigade; strong enough to deal powerful blows for the cause of the Union and Freedom. Four States are represented in the regiments, viz: Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New York and our own Pennsylvania.

The ranks of the 45th have been materially increased in numbers during the past two weeks, and we now muster about three hundred and fifty men present, to which many more will soon be added, as convalescents and recruits are coming in rapidly.

Major (late Captain) Theo. Gregg is in command of the regiment. During the terrible contest of July 30th, Major G. greatly distinguished himself by his bravery. Sergeant-Major Jno. M. Kline has been promoted to the 1st Lieutenancy of Co. B, *vice* Lt. Cyrus Bruner, who resigned on account of wounds. The boys all regret the necessity which caused Lt. B.'s resignation; they had learned to esteem him highly, and were loth to part with him.

Since the hot season has passed away the sanitary condition of the army has been much increased, and the recent news of victory from Atlanta and Mobile Bay, with the death of the raider, John Morgan, have cheered up the boys wonderfully, and never have they felt more confident of success. With a hearty co-operation at the hands of the men of the North in sustaining the Administration and Government by their votes as the men in the field have done by their *blood*, no fear need enter the minds of any but that we shall speedily see the establishment of *peace;* not such a patched up affair as some persons are willing to accept for peace, but a *just* and *lasting peace*, established upon the firm foundation of liberty and union, with the utter annihilation of the rebellion. We hope for much at the hands of you men of the North who have enjoyed the comforts of home during all these years of war, and ask you now in this our country's severest trial, to vindicate the cause of freedom to all mankind, and we may hopefully look for a speedy return to our homes. I do wish those who are now disposed to be faint-hearted could feel some of the vitality and determination to conquer which is animating the whole army. They would lay aside all croaking and feel that our cause is the cause of justice, and that an all-wise Providence is shaping our course, and that in His own good time He would bring us safely through; a happier and better people than ever before, having learned by a severe test the value of the government handed down to us by our forefathers.—Pennsylvania having accorded to her soldiers the right of suffrage, they can vote as well as fight, and by that means strike right and left at treason *wherever* found.

The welcome face of the "SPY" presents itself to us every Tuesday or Wednesday morning. Our mails are running regularly, our commissaries are kept in good condition, and clothing more suitable for the cool weather of the autumn months is being issued by our Quartermasters; all goes on smoothly with us. Our front and rear are strongly fortified and our position is daily growing stronger. A good railroad has been built, connecting City Point with the extreme left of our line, and the familiar rumble of passing trains greets our ears. At some points the enemy have a view of the road and greet passing trains with shot and shell, doing, however, no damage, yet making those connected with the train feel uncomfortable.

The weather is pleasant, nights beautifully clear and moonlight, but quite cold. To-morrow will be the second anniversary of the battle of South Mountain, in which one hundred and thirty-six of the Forty-Fifth's boys were laid low.—One year ago we were *en route* for Tennessee, with a winter's campaign—the like of which no other portion of our army has seen—before us.

Through letters from Capt. Dibeler, we have learned that some of our boys lost on the 30th July, and mourned as dead, are sharing the rebel prison house with him. We all hope for their speedy release.

The Columbia boys now with us are all well. *More anon.*

Fraternally Yours,

KEYSTONE.

Budget of Accidents.

As a gentleman was passing along Fifth street, Cincinnati, he passed a place where some boys were playing marbles. One of them, in shooting his marble, cleverly put it under the gentleman's foot. The gentleman slipped and stumbled against a lady, also passing, precipitating her, along with himself, upon a large hog, who was examining the gutter geologically for *debris.* The hog, frightened out of his propriety, bolted off, and ran between the legs of another gentleman, who, in falling, drew the string of a kite from the hands of a boy. The kite of course fell, and in falling frightened a a span of horses attached to a wagon in an alley near by. The horses ran down the alley. A man was building a fire in a carpenter's shop, by which they passed; started up to see what was the matter; and in doing so dropped his lighted match among the shavings. A fire was the consequence. The engines assembled, and, in the hurry consequent upon the alarm, a man fell in the track of one of them, and had his arm broken, which ended this budget of accidents for the day. Is the boy who shot the marble responsible for all the consequent damages?

ANOTHER THUMB.—A correspondent of the Boston *Post* writes to that journal that Mr. and Mrs. Tom Thumb have got a baby—a real genuine flesh-and-blood of the old blocks, and three months old at that! Those who have seen the "blessed brat" describe it as neither a world's wonder nor a world's fright, but a little, cunning crying doll of a thing, and in no respect peculiar or remarkable, except in the promies it gives of being a full-sized child, and, if it lives, of becoming as big again as either of its immediate ancestors.

Thirty-six iron-clad vessels of war are now under construction in the navy yards of England, many of them nearly ready to launch.

Grant's Earthworks Around Petersburg.

A correspondent of the Springfield (Mass.) *Republican*, writing August 30, gives the following description of the works constructed by Grant's army around Petersburg:

After all the descriptions given of this battle-centre, there are probably few at the North who have a correct idea of the position as it is. Even old soldiers, familiar with siege operations, coming here from other points, have been surprised at what they saw and what they did not see. The extent of ground occupied is enormous. On this the excavations and embankments—all systematic and correct to the eye of an experienced engineer—have the appearance to a casual observer of incompleteness and confused irregularity. There is no well-defined chain of works with finished front, as at Bermuda Hundred, to be seen from any point along the parapet stretching away in either direction as far as the eye can reach.

There is no succession of parallels and saps clearly tending to a prominent object of attack, as on the Morris Island sand waste. The whole country for miles about seems dug up and shoveled over, with no other purpose than to make as many heaps and as many holes as are possible in a given space. There is a long line of low rifle pits for our advanced videttes. Back of these is a stronger line of embankments before a wide trench for the picket reserve.

There are bomb-proofs, huge hemispherical heaps of earth and logs, like a New England potato cellar, in the outer line, for the videttes to crawl into when shelled by the enemy. There are bomb proofs in the second line for the pickets. There is a large bomb-proof for the picket headquarters. I write from that.—There are covered ways—long trenches to protect passing soldiers from rifle bullets—from the vidette pits to the reserve, and from the reserve to the rear. Along these covered ways are small bomb-proof dodging holes in the side walls, like bank swallows' nests. Then there are graves. Away at the front a single grave on a barren sandhill; two or three graves under a solitary tree; half a dozen graves in a row on the plain; low mounds of yellow clay with head and foot-boards of ammunition or cracker-box covers, rudely marked with the name and regiment of the fallen soldier, and the date of his death. A strange place for burial. No rest even in death. The roar of artillery and the rattle of musketry shake continually the dead soldier's narrow bed. At times even his clayey covering itself is torn from him, as though he had no right to sleep while the war went on.—Since I sat writing here a rebel shell has struck and exploded in the very centre of a Pennsylvania soldier's grave, but a few yards to my front and right, and opened it anew, as if to call its inmate again to arms.

The line of vidette pits and of picket trenches are so crooked and complex that it requires careful observation to decide which is for friend and which for foe.—They seem to run in all ways—right and left, forward and back, over one hill around another, through a ravine, now almost touching the works where are seen the rebel cannon and the rebel flag, and again widely diverging therefrom. A battery faces this way—that is the enemy's. A battery faces that way—that is ours. Yet they look as if both were in the same entrenched line. Other batteries are seen at right and left, still others in the rear. Covered ways run from one line to the other—from one battery to the next—from one covered way to covered way again. Bomb-proofs are everywhere, and so are the soldier's graves—a cluster here and another just beyond. The brave fellows were buried where they fell.

CAUSE OF OBESITY.—Mr. Cancel, in a paper to the Paris Academy of Sciences, has directed attention to the importance of water as the cause of obesity.—He narrated two experiments—one on a lean horse, from whose diet three pounds of oats were subtracted, while it was provided with abundance of water, into which a pound of bran was put. In the course of twenty-seven days it increased about thirty-six pounds in weight. In the same regiment an exceeding fat mare, that could hardly carry its rider, was reduced from an allowance of sixty litres of water per day to fifteen, and speedily lost its obesity, resuming its former vigor.

The oldest Rebel in the country has deserted the cause of the South, and departed for a more peaceful land. Mrs. Sarah A. Ezell, a native of South Carolina, died in Memphis, a few days ago, at the age of one hundred and seventeen years and eight months.

Poetry.

Written for the Columbia Spy.

I THINK OF YOU,

When the day has passed,
Faded into night,
And the moonbeams shine
With softened silvery light;
When stars bejewel o'er
The liquid ether blue,
When all is hushed and still,
I think, dear one, of you.

When morning dawns so fair,
And golden sunbeams shine,
And joy and gladness dwells
Within this heart of mine;
When on the fragrant flowers
Still rests the glistening dew,
When all is bright and beautiful,
I think, dear one, of you.

When 'mid rich scenes of splendor,
When music sweet I hear,
When merry feet are dancing,
And smiles and joy are near;
When clouds float o'er my sky
Obscuring all the blue,
Wherever I may lie,
I think, dear one, of you.

WILLIE WARE.

Written for the Columbia Spy.

THE MUSE.

BY LU LIGHT.

What is the matter, Muse, to-night?
I cannot think, I cannot write!
Have you forsaken me for aye,
Or will you sing another day?

How strange you will not hear my prayer,
And thrill me with a soothing air,
Like those whose music long ago
Swept o'er me with their gentle flow!

Fair Muse, appear, and lend thine aid,
Bid all my cloudy fancies fade,
And fill me with poetic zeal,
That I may think—that I may feel.

Teach me the magic of thy power,
And let my lowly fancy tower
Into thy realm of wondrous light,
Where all is fair and pure and bright.

Alas! stern Muse, I pray in vain,
I may not hear a single strain,
But slowly now I seek my rest,
With sad and gloomy thoughts oppressed.

How naughty, Muse, I'll say farewell,
Since you will not consent to tell
Your wondrous tale of song to-night,
But sulky stand as if in spite.

And when I seek for you again,
O fill with sacred power my pen,
That I may call thee from thy throne,
And make thy music all my own!

How to Win a Woman's Favor.

It's very easy to make youself popular among the ladies. Do not stand back and tremble, and think because you havn't the figure of Adonis or the face of Apollo, you stand no chance at all. It is not moustaches and straight noses that do the business. Women, bless their souls, don't care a fig for such things! Only remember a few little preliminaries, and you can make them like you, even if your hair is red and your mouth wide! When you go to make an evening call, don't start too early. Ladies are not well pleased to be caught before their curls and basques are arranged.

Be particularly careful not to sit down on the cat or kick the dog across the floor—the girls are sure to appreciate any one who knows how to be polite to their pets. If their's a piece of worsted work, admire it; don't mistake the artificial flowers in the vase for real; if the young lady is doing crotchet-work, ask her if she can't teach you. Beyond everything, don't tip in your chair; for every crack in the fragile furniture there'll be a worse fracture in your friendship. And when she begins to pawn behind her pocket handkerchief, take up your hat and go. "Short and sweet, long and bitter," is our motto.

When you are out walking with a lady, don't go striding along until she has to run to keep up with you—the first thing you know she will run off home. Notice just how she walks, and modulate your gate accordingly. If she meets a feminine acquaintance and stops for a nice little chat, you should not manifest any impatience by balancing on the one foot and then on the other. If she wants to look into a shop window, stop and admire too, though you may not know a ribbon from a railway station.—When you come to a crossing, give her the whole of it and go meekly into the mud. Tell her how becoming her bonnet is, and implore her to wear it the next time she goes to the opera with you. If you meet a rival young gentleman at her house, don't be rude to him—it is the worst policy in the world. Be as polite as possible to him; crush him if you can, with courtesy.

Never laugh loud in a parlor, remember to speak low. It's just as well not to talk very much your self; let the ladies have the preference and they will prefer your society accordingly. Be blind and deaf to whatever they choose to keep from your sight and hearing—a steel spring escaping from a crinoline, for instance, or papa in the hall wondering "whether that young fellow means to go home to-night or not!" Nothing is easier than to be a favorite with the ladies. Humor them, wait on them, study their peculiarities, be always ready to escort them any where, amuse them when they are dull, and laugh with them when they are lively; and though you may be homely as a hedge fence, they will like you ten times better than the handsome block-head who thinks his looks are going to do everything for him.

Condition of the Rebel Capital.

A lady who left Richmond the 25th of August, and who arrived at Boston within a few days, says the Boston *Transcript*, gives an accout of her sufferings and the state of affairs in the rebel capital, a synopsis of which we deem of interest to the public. She is a native of Fredericksburg, Va., but the principal part of her life has been passed in Massachusetts. In January, 1861, she went to Richmond to visit her mother, with whom she remained until her decease.

"In December, 1863, being anxious to return North, where her husband and son resided, she obtained a pass for herself and a little daughter through the rebel lines. On reaching the Blackwater river, she was arrested as a spy, taken to Petersburg, and subjected there to an insulting inquisition by the rebel General Picket and his officers, who used every exertion to obtain evidence sufficient to bring her to trial by court-martial. Failing in this, they sent her to Richmond, where she was imprisoned in Castle Thunder four weeks and subjected to great indignities. She was finally released through the influence of two Scotchman by the name of Gibson and Capt. Alexander (who was in command of the prison,) by whom she was kindly treated, so far as was in his power without being suspected by his superiors.

"Receiving her trunks from Petersburg, all valuables were found to have been abstracted, for which the officer would give no account.

"On her release, she in company with a Mrs. Beach, who with her three children had also been her companions in prison, opened rooms, and engaged in making pies, which they sold to the soldiers at two dollars each. In this way she managed by great self-denial, to lay up about $700 in Confederate money.—Last month hearing that the Confederate authorities had determined to send all Northerners out of their territory, she determined to make another attempt to reach home, and finally succeeded in obtaining a pass from Major Carrington.

"In company with Mrs. Beach she rode in a wagon over rough roads from Richmond to the lower Potomac river, where she engaged a noted blockade runner named Richardson to convey her across to the federal side. After one fruitless attempt to cross in a canoe, and remaining three days on the bank—subjected all the time to the threats of Richardson who had taken her last dollar, of returning her back to Richmond as a spy—she at last obtained passage in a boat belonging to him, manned by four negroes, who after rowing fifteen miles down the river, at last found a spot to land, as they thought, in safety.

"On nearing the bank, however, they were startled at the report of a musket; but as they were too near to attempt to put off, they were taken prisoners by a detachment of 5th Massachusetts cavalry, under Lieut. White. In the boat was the noted Belle Somers, who has made several trips to Washington, and who is considered by Richmond people a spy in the service of Jeff. Davis. She was arrested, together with a companion named Annie Maguire, but both were afterwards released.

"The lady reports the people of Richmond decidedly in favor of closing the war as they best can. They have lost all faith in the establishment of a seperate Confederacy. The streets are now guarded by old gray-headed men, who have shut up their places of business and been substituted for boys who have been sent to the front.

"Captain Poindexter, who has had charge of the recruiting, said he had enlisted his last man in Richmond, and now has proceeded to Florida in search of recruits. The prices of articles of consumption are enormous—wood being $100 per cord, corn meal $30 per bushel, flour $2.50 per pound to the poor, and bad at that; $5 per dozen for tomatoes, and $3 per quart for potatoes."

THE LARGEST CITY.—A very erroneous idea is prevalent regarding the largest city in the world; many confidently asserting that London is far superior to any other both in size and number of inhabitants. But such is not the case. Jeddo, the capital of Japan, is without exception, the largest and most populous city in the world. It contains the vast number of one million dwellings, and five million of human souls. Many of the streets are nineteen Japan serls in length, which is equivalent to twenty two English miles.

—Pittsburg has forty-six foundries, consuming forty-six thousand tons of metal annually, and paying $1,000,000 annually.