

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.

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COLUMBIA, PENNSYLVANIA, SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER, 5, 1864.

WHOLE NUMBER 1,781.

THE COLUMBIA SPY,
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JOB WORK.
Having just added to our office one of Goss's latest
superior 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
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.
Trains leave Philadelphia for Harrisburg at 6:30 A. M.,
arriving at New York at 1:45 the same morning.
A special Accommodation Passenger train leaves
Harrisburg at 7:15 A. M., and returns from Harrisburg
at 3 P. M.
Trains from Harrisburg to New York 5:15 to
Philadelphia 8:30 and 8:50. Baggage checked
through.
Trains leave New York at 6 A. M., 12 noon, and
7 P. M. (Dittsburg Express arriving at Harrisburg at
7 P. 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 Philadelphia, without charge.
Passengers by the Catawissa Railroad leave
Trenton at 8:30 A. M., and 2 P. M., for Philadelphia,
New York, and all intermediate stations.
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
6:00 P. M.
All the above trains run daily, Sundays ex-
cepted.
Sunday train leaves Pottsville at 7:30 A. M., and
Philadelphia at 3:45 P. M.
Commodious Season and Excursion
Tickets at reduced rates to and from all points.
No Portmanteau Baggage allowed except passengers
may, &c. 1864. General Superintendent.

READING AND COLUMBIA R. R.

Trains leave Columbia at 8:40 A. M., and
Reading at 2:00 P. M., and
arrive at Reading at 2:00 P. M., and
1:30 P. M., and
arrive at Columbia at 11:00 A. M., and
12:30 P. M., and
Trains leave Columbia at 8:40 A. M., and
arrive at Reading at 2:00 P. M., and
arrive at Columbia at 11:00 A. M., and
12:30 P. M., and
Trains leave Reading at 2:00 P. M., and
arrive at Columbia at 11:00 A. M., and
12:30 P. M., and
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12:30 P. M., and
Trains leave Reading at 2:00 P. M., and
arrive at Columbia at 11:00 A. M., and
12:30 P. M., and

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

Trains leave Columbia going east,
Columbia train, 7:30 A. M.,
Columbia train, 8:31 P. M.,
Connect with East Main east, at Lancaster's
Harrisburg Accommodation, 5:30 P. M.
Trains leave west,
11:50 A. M.,
Harrisburg Accommodation, 6:25 P. M.,
Columbia train arrives, 8:10
E. K. BOICE, Ticket Agent.

N. C. RAILWAY.

The trains from Wrightsville and York
will run as follows, until further orders:
Leave Wrightsville,
8:00 P. M.,
2:15 P. M.,
Leave York,
6:30 A. M.,
12:35 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., 6:15 P. M.,
and 12:25 A. M.

ARRIVALS AT YORK.

From Baltimore, 11:50 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'a., Pa. Appr.

H. B. ESSICK,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
COLUMBIA, PA.

LADIES' DRESS GOODS!

NEW Stock just received. We have
some cheap bargains.
STACY & BOWERS,
Opposite Old Fellows' Hall, Col'a., Pa.
November 28, 1863.

DR. A. S. MILLER,

SURGEON DENTIST, offers his profes-
sional services to the citizens of Colum-
bia and vicinity.
OFFICE on Front street, fourth door
above Locust, office formerly occupied
by J. H. Zolner, Dec. 19, 1863—1y.

H. M. WORTH,

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

FINE FAMILY GROCERIES.

By FINELID Sugars and Syrups. Prime
English and American Pickled Cabbage,
English and American Dried Fruit, &c., &c.
Just received by HENRY SUTLAND,
Cor. of Union & Front Sts.

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, Loss of Appetite,
4th. Gloom and Depression of Spirits,
5th. Diarrhoea with griping.
6th. Pain in all parts of the System.
7th. Consumptive Symptoms and Palpi-
tation of the Heart.
8th. Cough, with Phlegm in the Throat,
9th. 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 walk-
ing, 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. Price \$1 per box. 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, Dyspepsia

I, Elizabeth Branson, of Brandywine,
Del., formerly of Old Chester, Del., do
certify that, for one year and a half, I suf-
fered everything but death from that awful
disease called Dyspepsia. My mind and sys-
tem was prostrated with weakness and
nervous debility; I could not digest my
food; if I ate even a cracker or the small-
est 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 four or five days; under this
pressure I would vomit and feel so unwell
entirely to give way. I had dreadful hor-
ror and evil forebodings. I thought every-
body hated me, and I hated everybody; I
could not bear my husband nor my own
children; everything appeared to be hor-
ror-stricken to me; I had no ambition to
do anything; I lost all my love of family
and home; I would tumble and wander
from place to place, but could not be con-
tented; 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 de-
stroyed, and also my mind, from that awful
complaint, Dyspepsia, that my friends
thought I was better to have me placed in
Kirkbride's Hospital, West Philadelphia; I
remained there nine weeks, and thought
I was a little better, but in a few days my
disease returned, and I was obliged to
leave. Hearing of the wonderful cures per-
formed by Dr. Wishart's Great American
Dyspepsia Pills, and his treatment for Dys-
pepsia, I may have 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 treatment of Dr. Wishart, and
within a few days I began to feel better,
and I continued to recover for about three
weeks, until the present time, I enjoy
perfect health of body and mind.

OR, THE PROPRIETOR'S ENGAGEMENTS.

BY CHARLES HENRY DAY.

The proprietor of one of New York's
principal papers sat in his office
one morning, several years since, rapt in
deep study. In Boston, that city of no-
tions and remarkable people, had ap-
peared a literary star of great magnitude,
and such dazzling brilliancy that it set
the whole profession, writers and publishers,
agog. Like a meteor she had appeared
and thrown the scintillations of her gen-
ius over the whole country, through the
medium of the weekly press.

Dyspepsia! Dyspepsia!

Dr. WISHART: I have been a constant
sufferer with Dyspepsia for the last eight-
teen years, during which time I have
tried every remedy that was suggested,
and there were times when the symp-
toms were more aggravated than at others,
and then it seemed it would be my lot
to die. I had at all times an unpleasant
feeling in my head, but latterly my
sufferings so much increased that I be-
came almost unfit for human life. I was
doomed to die, and I was continually filled
with gloomy thoughts and forebodings, and
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 feel-
ing of sickness would occur at the stomach,
and great pain in my eyes, accompanied
with a feeling of the continual fear of losing
my reason. I also experienced great las-
situde, 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, I finally came
to the conclusion that for this disease at
my present age (45 years) there was no
cure in existence. But, through the inter-
ference of Divine Providence, I was
suddenly offered my thanks, I at last found
a sovereign remedy in your Dyspepsia
Pills and Tar Cordial, which seem to have
effected a permanent cure. I have been
long list of ailments and bad feeling,
and in their place health, pleasure, and
contentment are my every-day companions.
No. 453 N. Second st., Philadelphia,
Formerly of Woodbury, N. J.

A Positive Cure for Dyspepsia.

HEAR MR. JOHN H. BARCOCK'S TESTI-
MONY, No. 1028 Olive Street,
Philadelphia, Jan. 24, 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
Dyspepsia Pills, I have been entirely cured
of that most distressing complaint, Dys-
pepsia. I had been previously afflicted for
the last twenty-eight years, and I had
been so long as to have 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, one pain day and
another day, and food filled me with
wind and pain, it mattered not how light,
or how small the quantity. A continued
retching and vomiting, and I had no con-
fidence 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 never
heard of anything but of Dyspepsia, and
without receiving any benefit; but on
your Pills being recommended to me by
a friend who had been cured by them, I con-
cluded to give them a trial, although I had
no faith in them. To my astonishment, I
found myself getting better, and I had
in a few days, and after taking only one
half box, I am a well man, and can eat
anything I wish, and enjoy a hearty meal
three times a day, without inconvenience
of any kind. I can drink if I wish, and
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. BARCOCK.

These medicines are prepared only by
the proprietor.

DR. L. Q. C. WISHART,
WHOLE 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 every-
where, and wholesale by all New York and
Philadelphia wholesale Druggists,
March 19-1y-64

Poetry.

Written for the Columbia Spy.

The Patriot's Appeal.

BY RAMBO.

Now is the time for loyal men,
To rise with all their might,
And show the Despot of the world,
How well can Freemen fight.

The haughty Monarchs of the East,
Have watched with jealous eyes,
The Temple of Free Government,
Raised in the Western sky;

And when Rebellion raised its arm,
To pull that Temple down,
The wicked Treason was approved
By every foreign crown—

The great example you had set,
To all who spurned their chains,
Fall out to madness fired the blood
Which coursed through Freedom's veins!

The monarch trembled on his Throne,
The Despot knew no rest;
And Kings and Princes bowed before
The Empire of the West!

From Pole to Pole rang heavenward forth,
The shout of Millions Free,
Announcing to the world's oppressor,
The Birth of Liberty!

The fifty Dungeons of the East,
Sent forth to breathe the air,
The hapless victims who had pined
For many summers there!

Chains that for ages had withstood
Rebellion like a rock,
Were snapped apart forever now,
By Freedom's mighty shock!

Your Flag was borne across the wave,
In every port unfurled,
Until you had become the pride
And envy of the world.

Your name was legion round the globe,
For not beneath the sun,
Was man adored as when he hailed
From the Land of Washington!

Where is your pride ye sons of heroes,
The glory of their blood,
Whose deeds have been the theme of all
The world, by field and flood.

You must be true to your country now,
If not her foe you must;
A Traitor you must be, or strike
A Traitor to the dust!

Upl one and all, and to your pride
To emulate the blood;
Gird on your armor for the strife,
As did your arms of old!

Washington, D. C., Oct., 1864.

Miscellaneous.

SECURING A CONTRIBUTOR;

OR, THE PROPRIETOR'S ENGAGEMENTS.

BY CHARLES HENRY DAY.

The proprietor of one of New York's
principal papers sat in his office
one morning, several years since, rapt in
deep study. In Boston, that city of no-
tions and remarkable people, had ap-
peared a literary star of great magnitude,
and such dazzling brilliancy that it set
the whole profession, writers and publishers,
agog. Like a meteor she had appeared
and thrown the scintillations of her gen-
ius over the whole country, through the
medium of the weekly press.

Letter after letter poured in upon her,

until the task of answering them became
ludicrous, interfering much with her
literary labors.

Among the first of those who address-
ed her was our friend Williams, of New
York. The answer came back prompt-
ly:

"BOSTON, Mass., _____

"SIR: I respectfully decline your
proposition. _____

"Respectfully decline!" Those words
never dampened the ambition of a struggling
author more than they did the publisher.
He wrote again doubled the offer, and
again she "respectfully declined." This
time he resolved to give the matter up.
Several weeks passed away, during which
time articles appeared regularly in the
Boston contemporary, materially, in-
juring the reputation and circulation of
his own sheet.

Becoming desperate, he consulted with

his associate editor, a young man of fine
talents, in whom he placed great confi-
dence. They looked over their contem-
poraries, in hopes of discovering some
unappreciated genius, who might be em-
ployed and brought forward as a rival;
but in the host of volunteers who con-
tribute to the American press they found
none equal to the task, theirs was genius
in the bud, the crude stone, which need-
ed practice, which alone will wear off
the sharp corners and polish the com-
position, not but they were willing, too, and
did give encouragement to young writers;
but this was a special call—a practiced
hand was wanted.

"I tell you what I'll do," said the as-
sociate editor, throwing aside the ex-
changes. "If you think it worth the
while I will take the next train for Bos-
ton, have an interview with the lady, and
see if with the plentiful use of money
she will still continue so inexorable."

The proprietor pondered for a moment,
and then said:

"Well, I'll do it," and then consulting
his watch, continued: "Two hours yet
before the train leaves—get ready, go
ahead, ask her lowest terms, telegraph

me. I'll secure her as a contributor if I
sink one-half my year's profits."

The young man hastened to his board-
ing-place, packed his carpet-bag, and
took the train for Boston.

Arriving in that city, he, of course,
"put up" at the best hotel, consulted the
directory, and made inquiries of the
clerk, until he learned where the object
of his visit resided.

The next afternoon he visited her at
her residence. Found her young and
beautiful—free from the blue-stocking
malady—a quiet, unobtrusive lady, of a
well-to-do old, Puritanical family. He
was much entertained, and they were
soon chatting over matters literary. Be-
fore bidding her good afternoon, he
touched upon the object of his visit—
spoke of her former declination of his
employer's propositions and wished her
to think over the matter—take into con-
sideration; he would call again and learn
her decision.

She would "give it attention; there
was to be a literary re-union at her
house on that evening—would be very
happy to see him—eight o'clock the
hour of assembly." Of course he accept-
ed the invitation; forsooth she was an
attraction to a gallant young fellow like
himself, and farther, such gatherings were
suited to his tastes.

A pleasant evening was spent in draw-
ing-rooms, where, gathered around this
"bright particular star," where many of
dimmer lustre and different styles, form-
ing a repast for their minds. Romance,
poetry, music, the drama, and the arts,
claimed their attention. The new books
were dissected by these literary epicures
with remarks that could not have failed
to benefit their authors if they had lucki-
ly chanced to be present. The cloud of
time closed out the stars for the night,
and they all disappeared to their couch-
es.

For some reason the young editor did
not rest over well; easily attributed to
change of air, water and food.

"This, with the pressure of the
paper in New York grew very more im-
patient. "Not a word yet from that
fellow!" he exclaimed, in vexation. "Con-
found it!"

The next day our young friend called
on the fair authoress. "Really, she had
not yet decided. If his time was not too
valuable, might it be asking too much if
he gave her another day before deciding
upon the matter?—one of vital interest
to her, which needed deliberation.

The editor by this time thought it nec-
essary to send a dispatch to his employer,
which was done in the following words:

"She hesitates!"

"Drowning men catch at straws." The
droplet was elated. Those two words
carried relief to his mind. The balance
had tipped in his favor, as a feather will
sometimes turn a scale.

The next morning the editor sauntered
on to that breathing hole of Boston
called the "Common," and one of the
first persons he met was the authoress.
She was taking her usual morning
walk. While they were walking she
said that she had decided that she would
write for his employer's paper at—a
column—naming an enormous sum,
which, in consideration of the tender feel-
ings of America's literary volunteers, we
withhold.

The figure was such a large one that
our hero's heart nearly went out of his
body by the way of his mouth; but the
danger was much lessened, as he kept
that orifice tightly closed for several mo-
ments, being taken completely by sur-
prise. At last recovering, he said:

"I shall hold you to your bargain un-
til I communicate with my employer."

He escorted her home, and then sought
his hotel and shut himself up in his room,
not communicating with his employer—
He was evidently troubled—all owing to
change of air, etc.

That evening he again visited the au-
thoress, made her a proposition, which
she accepted, when he immediately tele-
graphed to New York as follows:

"I have made an engagement!"

The proprietor was elated, and not
known to speak a cross word to any of
his employes for a week thereafter—not
even the provoking individual, "the dev-
il." In the next number she was an-
nounced as engaged for the columns of
his paper, and an article from her pen
was promised in an early issue. Her
name, coupled with his paper, stared ev-
ery one in the face in every sheet they
picked up. He was jubilant. His pa-
per was in the ascendant. Boston pub-
lishers felt glum—their columns were
dimmed, for their greatest light had for-
saken them.

Two days after the receipt of the joy-
ful news, the editor introduced to his

employer a young lady—the new contrib-
utor—as his wife.

"I told you," laughed our friend,
"that I had made an engagement, and I
have two—both are legal and binding."

The young editor was much perplexed
when she required so large a sum
for her services. He was in love with
the lady—it was a real case of love at
first sight. In desperation he resolved to
"pop the question." If she accepted him
he would accept her, in the behalf of
his employer. She accepted, he accept-
ed, and both engagements were legalized.
One point we have failed to touch upon.
He resolved to name a smaller figure to
his employer than that which she was to
have, and make up the balance to her
out of his own salary. But when he
reached home, heard the congratulations
of his employer, saw the benefits which
were to be and had been derived by her
engagement, he named the full sum, and
the proprietor was well satisfied.

Time passed on. The paper grew in
circulation and influence, the editor be-
coming interested financially in its pub-
lication. His wife's articles still secure
the attention of the reading public.—
Her latest and most valuable contribu-
tion to the world is a beautiful baby boy, in
"the image of its father."

The Value of Accuracy.

It is the result of every days experience
that steady attention to matters of detail
lies at the root of the human progress;
and that diligence, above all, is the moth-
er of good luck. Accuracy is also of
much importance, and an invariable mark
of good training in a man. Accuracy in
observation, accuracy in speech, accuracy
in the transaction of affairs. What is
done in business must be well done; for
it is better to accomplish perfectly a
small amount of work, than to half do
ten times as much. A wise man used to
say, "Stay a little then you may make
an end the sooner." Too little attention,
however is paid to this highly important
quality of accuracy. A man eminent in
practical science lately observed to us,
"It is astonishing how few people I have
met in the course of my experience who
can define a fact accurately." Yet in
business affairs, it is the manner in which
even small matters are transacted that
often decides men for or against you.
With virtue, capacity, and good conduct
in other respects, the person who is habi-
tually inaccurate cannot be trusted; his
work has to be gone over again; and he
thus causes endless annoyance, vexation
and trouble.

All about Dimples.

Dimples are the perpetual smiles of
Nature—the very cunningest device
and lurking-place of Love. When earth
is dimpled by dells and valleys, it always
seems to laugh when the ocean is dimpled
by the breeze, it speaks with joy beneath
the sunshine of heaven. We cannot look
for frowns on a dimpled face; frowns
and dimples will not associate together.
How soft, how roguish, how beautiful
are the dimples in the elbows and shoul-
ders, the pretty hands and feet of the
rosy babe. Mothers dote upon those
darling dimples, and delight to kiss them.
But perfect dimples, enchanting at
least to the eyes of an enthusiastic young
man, are those which come peeping out
of the cheeks around mouth of the "sweet
seventeen," when sweet seventeen essays
some arch provoking smile, peeping out
and flying away the moment after, com-
ing and going with the most bewitching
coquetry.

OCCUPATION.—what a glorious thing
it is for the human heart. Those who
work hard seldom yield themselves en-
tirely up to fancied or real sorrow. When
grief's folds down, folds its hands, and mourn-
fully feeds upon its own tears, wearing the
dim shadows that a little extra exer-
tion might sweep away into a funeral pall,
the strong spirit is shorn of its might
and sorrow becomes our master. When
troubles flow upon you, dark and heavy,
toil not with the waves—wrestle not with
the torrent—rather seek by occupation
to divert the dark waters that threaten
to overwhelm you into a thousand chan-
nels which the duties of life always pre-
sent. Before you dream of it, those wa-
ters will fertilize the present, and give
birth to flowers that may brighten the
future—flowers that will become pure
and holy in the sunshine which pen-
etrates to the path of duty. Grief, after
all, is but a selfish feeling; and most self-
ish is he who yields himself to the in-
dulgence of any passion that brings no
joy to his fellow men.

A. T. Stewart is erecting a mansion in
New York which is designed to be the
most attractive residence in America. It
has already cost \$200,000.

Some of the Benefits of the War.

Among the results of the war in chang-
ing the course of the domestic industry,
few things are more gratifying to us as
citizens of Pennsylvania than the exten-
sive introduction of the manufacture of
tar from the pitch pine, as a substitute
of the article formerly obtained from
North Carolina. Before the war broke
out, the latter State had almost a mono-
poly of this tar trade, and it seemed es-
sential to the prosperity of our naval and
mercantile marine. The price of tar rose
heavily in consequence of the rebellion
of North Carolina, and the scarcity of
the article induced capitalists to engage
in the manufacture in this State, so that
as we learn from the Harrisburg Tele-
graph, the counties of Cambria, Somerset
and the vicinity have gone into it largely.
A good quality of tar is produced which
answers nearly all the purpose of the
North Carolina article.

The cultivation of tobacco in Pennsyl-
vania has also received a great impetus
in consequence of the troubles in Maryland
and Virginia. This crop was getting
much into vogue before the war broke
out, but it has now become a staple, and
Pennsylvania bids fair to become a great
tobacco-growing State. These are among
the compensations of the war. If we
were inclined to be selfish, we might
justly urge that our State, so far from
having lost in this struggle, has been
immensely benefited. Our manufactur-
ing interests have received such aid in
the way of additional capital, and have at-
tained such an extraordinary growth, as
to leave their future no longer doubtful.
Our coal and iron have never before been
in such request as they have been all
through this war, and at most lucrative
prices. Our railroads have never before
done so much business. The bonded
debt of the republic has served as a basis
of capital for an immense development
in every branch of industry, commerce,
transportation and trade; and Pennsylva-
nia, except in the loss of her brave sons,

better off in every way than she ever was
at any former period of her history.—
U. S. Gazette.

Human Life.

M. Robbin