

Columbia Sp. (Large stylized title)

A. M. RAMBO, Editor and Publisher.

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8th. Cough, with Phlegm in the Throat. 9th. Nervous Affectation, 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. 13th. Great Weakness. 14th. Swelling of the Feet. 15th. Pain in the Head. 16th. Pain in the Back. 17th. Pain in the Chest. 18th. Pain in the Stomach. 19th. Pain in the Arms. 20th. Pain in the Legs.

Poetry. The Two Sisters. BY HENRY J. HOWARD. Bess Maryland and Slavery, Were once two bonny lassies, Who thought their kindred of the North And West were fabled asses;

They long had dwelt together with The sable cords around them, And never dreamed, forsooth, but what Fair Justice's hands had bound them.

There is no country as rich in beautiful customs, probably as old Germany, the land of sweet poetry, of music and art. Most of our readers have heard of the Golden and Silver Wedding a custom which affords the kind hearted people of the Fatherland, an opportunity for the manifestations of those feelings of reverence and affection, so peculiarly characteristic of the Germans.

Dr. WISHART has 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 so aggravated that I was obliged to lie in bed, 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 stomach had become so much increased, that I became almost insensible for many days; my mind was continually filled with gloomy thoughts and I was unable to read, and at once a sensation of icy coldness in connection with a dead weight, as it were, rested upon my breast, 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 nervousness, which made it difficult to walk by day or sleep at night.

gave way to their friends, who were eager to utter earnest wishes and fervent assurances of regard. Certainly, at the Tin Wedding, there were bright smiles, as sincere congratulations and loving words to gladden the bride and the bridegroom, as when ten years ago, they stood with new born hopes and quickly throbbing heart, before the minister to take upon themselves the holiest of all vows, and enter upon the life which has been to them so rich in peace and joy.

One of the most interesting features of the occasion, was the display of various gifts which had been contributed by numerous friends. Every article was of tin, and comprised everything useful and ornamental, needed in a household. Friendship exercised ingenuity to the utmost to devise some suitable and acceptable tin present, and over one hundred and seventy different articles were arranged in order. A wash stand set complete, cake moulds, round other utensils that could be used in parlor, sitting room and kitchen. And the children were not forgotten, for toys of every description were displayed.

We have reserved for our closing paragraph the mention of a poetical contribution by a poetess of this city. We will close our sketch by subjoining the verses. The language is well selected, the construction graceful, and the sentiment and allusions peculiarly felicitous. Young as she is, the writer has not only attained an enviable local reputation, but several of her poems, published in other cities, have been received and copied with expressions of praise which would be grateful to poets of more extended fame.

BY SUSIE M. WILSON. Ten years, Oh Time, have wily sped Their days of shade and light, Since blushing bride and bridegroom, blest, Troth unto troth did plight— Kneeling before Love's sacred shrine With that ecstatic awe Which mortal ere feel when they Drink of immortal joy!

Poetry. Remember Me. BY LY. LORR. As o'er life's fatal sea You hasten to the grave, I pray remember me While on the rolling wave.

For sanitary reasons, during the warm weather, our military laws forbid the removal from the South of the remains of our Southern soldiers who have fallen in battle. To those thus afflicted, who are bidding the time when they can convey home the remains of their loved ones, these lines are affectionately dedicated.

Reader, was you over at Niagara? many of you, I presume, have seen the great cataract, the wonder of the Western continent, and are acquainted with its sublime grandeur—for you I do not propose to pen this account, but shall do all in my power to amuse the less knowing. I will start from Lockport, a well built and flourishing village, and the outlet of a rich landed county. I arrived in Lockport but a short time, and was presently rushing, in a rail-car, toward the great natural wonder of our country—the glow of excitement under which I went was, to me, worth a princely pal.

It beheld it! The impression that for over fifteen years I had carried in my mind of the Niagara Falls, was dissipated in a moment, like a wreath of its own spray, and I cannot recall of it the faintest resemblance. The scene opens a new sensation in my mind, as a chemist discovers a new earth of mineral. Good reader, be not alarmed, I will not attempt a full description of Niagara. This has been done already by abler pens than mine, and another cometh after, that shall put both to blush. Only this let me say, passing wholly to the glorious rapids, that as you stand beneath the American Fall, and look upward to that resistless flood which seems to tumble down from the very abyss of Heaven, and see the hissing spray—foam rush upward as though an hundred steam-boilers had burst at or near your feet, accompanied by a roar, ringing chaos, as on the day the winds were made; but more than all, when you behold, from under Table Rock, the linked lakes of the mighty west leaping to that awful grave, and find even that sheet, which from the American side looked like a mere dripping border of the torrent, (and it is no more,) pregnant with earthquake and tornado, you will receive, into your soul, ideas of grandeur, and power, and sublimity, such as you never experienced before.

ful affrightments, by reason of green mermaidish dress, the dense sulphurous atmosphere, the big eels, the "hell of waters," and the voice of the great deep broken up—I reached the western ferry at nightfall, on my return. And here it was that I saw a proclamation by the Governor, forbidding communication with the American side, without a passport.

From Niagara, I slipped up to Buffalo, by railroad, (passing from Chippewa, Schlosser and Navy Island,) to spend a night. Afor Mr. Ollapod's minute and graphic picture of this princely town, and the surrounding scenery, a reference to it here is quite unnecessary. At the American Hotel, (a magnificent house built of granite, after the manner of the "Astor," and most sumptuously furnished,) I gathered an idea of what Buffalo bade fair to become anon, from the steamboat circulars suspended in the vestibule.

What is deemed extravagant prophecy now, will be pronounced faint and timid predictions, in the short space of ten or fifteen years. While there, I greatly enjoyed a theatrical story, related by a very humorous fellow, who was entirely fresh to me, and perhaps may be so with the reader. The play of Hamlet was being enacted, and throughout of it especially where Gildenstern is employed by the Daue to play upon the pipe, just to oblige him. He is very importunate for the music, it will be remembered and on this occasion he was accommodated to his heart's content. Gildenstern replied to his earnest solicitations, that since he was so very pressing, forthwith accomplished, to the best of his small ability, that sublime national air, "Yankee Doodle," together with certain extempore flourishes, he termed "the variations."

The passage from Niagara Falls to Rochester, by way of the Niagara River and Lake Ontario, is one of rare interest and beauty. Lewistown, the heights of Queenstown, with the noble monument to the brave and ever lamented "Brook," from the top of which may be commanded as a prospect of unsurpassed loveliness, the charming scenery of the river, and the fort where Morgan, the Anti-Freemason, was confined, with the spot where he is supposed to have met his fate, are very interesting features in the opening voyage. Towns which one soiled on each other in the peaceful tide, as Paulding sing, now exchange nothing but smiling glances. The old warfare made jealous enemies on either frontier. As they passed the village of Niagara, even the juvenile Britisher's on the wharf, and wharves along the route, indulged in terms that were scarcely civil towards the "d---d Yankees," as we were tauntingly denominated. A thousand reports are flying, of affrays that never happened, and abuses that never existed; and on both sides these rumors, if lost in one place, soon rise, like the currents of the fabled Arcthusa, in another, enlarged and improved, and the asses' ears of John Bull and Uncle Sam are egregiously gulled by the same. The beautiful estuary of the Niagara had widened into Ontario, before we were made aware that there was a display of nature around us, worthy to succeed the one great scene we had left behind.—To the North and East, a black tempest, was marching in anger through the distance; in the north-west, a broad strip of sunlight lay bright upon the water, where

while in the west, the sun was sinking, do its evening pavilion, with such a pomp of clouds as I never beheld before; rolling billows of gorgeous purple and crimson; here edged with gold, and there tipped with silver, and broken at distant intervals, by long bars of light, shooting for an instant athwart the level flood.—And long after the sun had set, these soft and fleecy messengers, radiant with grace and beauty, drew all eyes to their piled masses, till their unwanted loveliness, gradually fading away, was swallowed up in night. Thereafter, I walked, for hours the breezy deck, filled with the fullness of enjoyment, calm and pleasant, arising from the time, the scene, and a very paragon of tired companions—and one who possessed a fund of rich and original thoughts, thickly interspersed with the innoculations and grafts of reading and education; fullest of matter, with least verbosity; with a disposition to cream off life, leaving the sour and the dregs, and manners displaying a happy conjunction of freedom, ease and sincerity. Moreover he was a humorist of the first water, and withal, a good recipient of articles in line. Lamb would have rejoiced in him, for he understood "the first time," so often an important desideratum. If you were successful in "making a joke," although it was in the dark, you were not compelled to handle his cheek to see whether he understood it.—His was a read and a most infectious laugh, and so hearty as to shake the very walls of flesh in which his equable and cheerful spirit was immured.

I will continue my trip: a short distance further in my next, until then be content with the above. Baltimore, 1864.

Miscellaneous. Popping the Question.

To us gentlemen this popping the question is no easy matter. It drives, I verily believe, a bashful man almost into hysterics. Many a cold sweat, many a choking in the throat, many a knocking of the scapulae before they can summon courage, to ask a girl to have them. But it isn't so, egad, with all—some do it with an easy impudence—some do it in a set speech—some do it because they can't help it—and some never at all, but get married, as it were, by instinct. Only give two lovers fair play, kick your match-making aunts to the deuce, and my life for it the most demure will find a way of being understood, even if, like old Sir Isaac Newton, they have to make it with their foot. As they get cooler, they will sit gazing in each other's eyes, till at last, when they least expect it, perhaps the question will pop out like a cork from a champagne bottle. It's all nonsense, this lending young folks a helping hand—take my word for it, all they wish is to be left alone; and if there be any confounded youngsters about, let them be put to bed or drowned, it don't matter a fig which. If lovers have no tongues, haven't they eyes, egad! and where is the simpleton that can't tell whether a girl loves him without a word on her part? No one admires modesty more than I do; but the most delicate angel of them all won't disguise her little heart when you are with her. A blush, a sigh, a studied avoidance of you in company, and a low, thrilling, trembling of the voice at times, when no one else is by, tell more than the smiles of a thousand coquettes. Ah, you needn't, Amy, shake your head—you'll no doubt be soon enough—but if you fall in love, as you will, my word on it—the very echo of one footstep will make your heart flutter like a frightened bird.—Jeremy Short.

Davis' Thanksgiving. Though he has nothing special to be thankful for, the rebel president appoints November 16th as a day of thanksgiving. He mingles some gall in his rhetoric on the occasion. He says: "And let us not forget that while graciously vouchsafing to us His protection, our sins have merited and received grievous chastisement; that many of our best and bravest have fallen in battle; that many others are still held in foreign prisons; that large districts of our country have been devastated with savage ferocity, the peaceful homes destroyed and hapless women and children driven away in destitution, and that, with fiendish malignity, the passions of a servile race have been excited by our foes into the commission of atrocities from which death is a welcome escape. The gratitude the rebel president expresses, takes this shape: "Let us, in temples and in fields, unite our voices in recognizing with adoring gratitude the manifestations of His protecting care in the many signs of victories which our arms have been crowned, in the fruitfulness with which our land has been blessed, and in the untimely energy and ferocity with which He has inspired our hearts and strengthened our arms in resistance to the iniquitous designs of our enemies."