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 18.] COLUMBIA, PENNSYLVANIA, SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER, 10, 1864. [WHOLE NUMBER 1,786.

THE COLUMBIA SPY,

A MISCELLANEOUS FAMILY JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

OFFICE, IN LOCUST ST., OPPOSITE COLUMBIA BANK.

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

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JOB WORK,

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

READING RAIL ROAD.

WINTER 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 New York, as follows: At 3.00 and 8.15 A. M, and 1.45 P. M., arriving at New York at 10 A. M. and 2.45 and 10.00 P. M.

The above connect with similar Trains on the Pennsylvania Rail Road, and Sleeping Cars accompany the first two trains, without change.

Leave for Reading, Pottsville, Tamaqua, Minersvill, Allentown, and Philadelphia at 8.15 A. M. and 1.45 P. M. stopping at Lebanon and principal Stations only.

Way Trains stopping at all points at 7.25 A. M. and 4.40 P. M.

An Accommodation Passenger train leaves Reading at 6.30 A. M., and returns from Philadelphia at 4.30 P. M.

Columbia Railroad Trains leave Reading at 5.40 and 11 A. M. for Ephrata, Litiz, Columbia, &c.

On Sunday: Leave New York at 7 P. M., Philadelphia 3.15 P. M., and Reading at 12 midnight for Harrisburg.

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

80 Pounds Baggage allowed each passenger.

G. A. NICOLLS,
General Superintendent.

nov. 26,'64

READING AND COLUMBIA R. R.

This new Road is now completed, and in good running order, with Eight Passenger Connections 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 8.15 a. m. Acc.
" " " 2.30 p. m. Fast.
" Arrive at Reading at 9.50 a. m. Acc.
" " " 1.30 p. m. Fast.
Trains South leave Reading at 7.00 a. m. Acc.
" " " 11.10 a. m. Fast
" Arrive at Columbia at 11.00 a. m. Acc.
" " " 4.25 p. m. Fast.

Trains leave Columbia at 8.40 A. M. arrive in Philadelphia at 12.50 P. M. and in New York, at 4.40 P. M.

Trains leave New York at 9.00 A. M. and arrive at Columbia at 4.00 P. M. and leave Philadelphia at 8.00 A. M. and arrive at Columbia at 1.30 P. M.

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, 7 30 A. M.
Col'a. Accommodation, 8 31 P. M.
(to connect with Fast Mail east, at Lancas'r)
Harrisburg Accomodation, 5 30 P. M.

Trains leave west,
Mail train, 11 50 A. M.
Harrisburg Accomodation, 6 25 P. M.
Columbia train arrives, 8 10 "

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, 8 00 A. M.
" " 1 20 P. M.
" " 7 00 P. M.
Leave York 6 45 A. M.
" " 12 10 P. M.
" " 4 00 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. 6.19 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, Cola., Pa. Apr.

H. B. ESSICK,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
COLUMBIA, PA.

D. J. M. LOOP,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Columbia, Pa. Office next door to American House.
Nov. 19 1864-tf.

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.
Cola., July 4, 1863.

SAMUEL EVANS,

JUSTICE of the PEACE.

OFFICE ON LOCUST ST., BETWEEN FRONT AND SECOND.
COLUMBIA, PA.
June 18, 1864. 1y.*

FINE FAMILY GROCERIES.

REFINED Sugars and Syrups. Prime Rio Coffee, Teas, Spices, Dried Fruit. English and American Pickels, &c., &c. Just received by HENRY SUYDAM,
Cor. of Union & Front St.

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, Dyspepsia

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 greviously 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 Philadelphia wholesale Druggists.
march 19-1y-'64

Poetry.

Written for the Columbia Spy.

"Peace! Peace! There is no Peace!"

BY EVA ALICE.

My gentle Muse, would spread the dove-like wing,
And in her flight, the olive branch would bring,
Would gladly soar, on healing pinions fly
And bear the joyful tidings through the sky;
But hark! still armies clash, the cannon roar,
From rock to rock, resound the notes of war,
Still poisonous serpents raise their fangs on high,
Traitors, are traitors still,—our brother's die:
"There is no Peace" whilst treach'rous daggers gleam
And patriot's blood in crimson torrent's stream;
Our cause is just, or motto still shall be—
Our God, our Country, world-wide Liberty.

Miscellaneous.

A RAFT ADVENTURE.

BY A CANADIAN SPORTSMAN.

It is now some years since that, accompanied by my brother, and under the guidance of an experienced hunter, I started for three months shooting in the Canadian wilds. Our plan was to travel by canoe to the lower end of Lake Huron, and then plunging into the primeval forest, to make a circuit that would bring us out somewhere on the St. Lawrence. Never was a pleasanter excursion. Those aged woods, so gray and grim in winter, seemed to have grown young again beneath their affluence of leaves, while every sunlit glade was filled with flowers, and blossoming vines of every hue hung as garlands from the branches, as if the woods were decked for some high festival. But more pleasant still to the sportsman's heart was the abundant game—the timid deer, which fled at our approach; the great grizzly bear, ready to bid us defiance; and the panther and wolf, lurking within their coverts; not to speak of the partridges and bustards, and the brilliant small birds, flashing like errant blossoms among the trees. Meanwhile, despite our pleasure our time grew short, and it became necessary to bend our steps homeward.

We had not traveled long in this new direction when we came to the banks of a considerable river flowing across our route, and we had no boat to take us over it; and Jerome, our guide, searched dilligently beneath the overhanging elder and hemlock boughs, in case some hunter or backwoods traveler might have there hidden his canoe. But none was to be discovered, and we were ruefully beginning to follow our guide's advice and travel round by the river's sources—which would involve some ten or twelve days extra journey—when one of those huge rafts in which the backwoods timber for exportation is conveyed down the country came in sight. It was floating slowly along on the almost imperceptible current, its single large sail giving just sufficient way to the floating island to allow the enormous tiller to guide it aright; while the smoke from the half score of shanties covered over the surface, rising against the deep green forest, the everchanging groups of figures, and the lines of washed cloths fluttering in the breeze, added to its picturesque aspect. As the raft drew near, we perceived that a canoe was towed astern; and, hailing the lumberers, we requested its use to cross the stream, which they readily accorded. But while the frail bark was being paddled to land a new idea struck us, we would ask them to take us as passengers. *Rafting* was a mode of travel entirely new to us, and the thought of that *smooth summer sail* was a great temptation to travellers weary with *plodding through the woods.* The needful negotiation was soon concluded, and *in half an hour we found* ourselves not only on board the raft, but the happy possessors of a *shanty* some six feet square. Never do I remember *anything more delightful than to sit* within its shadow, and, as our raft glided *noiselessly along the winding river*, to watch the ever varying scenery through *which we passed*—the dark pine forests alternating with bright green oak, and birch, and sycamore woods; the swelling hills showing their picturesque outlines against the clear blue sky; and the occasional tributary streams, some dashing down their waters in silvery cascades, others bearing on their placid bosoms some small raft, with its tiny shanty and little family group, to be linked on to the floating island.

We found, also endless interest in watching the doings of our migratory village. The tall, brawny lumberers indolently lounging about their easy duties of trimming the sail, taking their turn in steering and drawing the trolling lines, which rarely failed of fish; while their wives, grave, rugged women, clad in dark petticoats, and snow-white sun-bonnets, were perpetually busy, knitting, cooking, washing or chasing their rebellious children about the raft or else in feeding the cock and hens that stalked among the logs, and with a *wrathful* turkey cock, completed our list of passengers. And when *night fell, and the* frying of fish and eating of supper was past, and jest and *laughter* had given place to silence and sleep, it was beautiful *to hear the voices of those quiet women* swell over the starlit river in the *long-drawn cadences of some old hymn.*

For two days we pursued our tranquil voyage *through the same sylvan scenery.* But gradually our pace increased, as the *current gained in strength; and after* a time the river began to break into occa*sional rapids, over whose rugged ledges* we thumped and down whose surging *slopes we slip, thanks to the lumberers'* skill, emerging from their dangers unharmed; *for* in those days there did not exist on even the most frequented spots *any contrivance* to lessen the hazzards of such descents.

It was the fourth evening of our river voyage; supper was past, and the supper hymn sung, and my brother and I had wrapped ourselves in our blankets, and fallen asleep in our bear-skin couches, when we were suddenly awakened by a rude shock, *followed* by the surge of broken water. Supposing we were descending a rapid, we lay *still* for a moment and listened. But the turmoil of water appeared *louder* than usual, and in another instant there arose a wild cry *that made us start to our feet, followed,* ere we could leave the hut, by many *others, yet more terrific*, and echoed by the shrill screams of women. Some disaster had *evidently occurred.* But when we rushed out upon the raft, the cloudy darkness prevented us distinguishing what it was, while the confusion of voices and the hoarse cries of the lumbermen added to our bewilderment. However, as we listened across the logs to learn its meaning, we all but stepped into the rushing rapid, rendered visible by its pale wreaths of foam; and then the truth flashed upon us that some violent blow had broken the huge raft into the number of smaller ones of which it had originally been composed, and that our own portion had separated from all the rest, leaving my brother and me alone, for Jerome slept on another part of the raft.

As soon as we discovered our position, we called to announce it to the lumbermen, but, in the tumult of voices, ours remained unheard, Again and again we repeated our cries, but with the same result; while gradually the voices grew fainter, proving that the divided portions of the raft were already scattered; and at length all sound ceased as they passed entirely out of hearing.

We were men not easily daunted, but ours was no pleasant position—alone in the darkness among the rapids, which might at any moment break up the raft beneath our feet; while of what means were available to save ourselves we knew nothing. There seemed nothing left us but patience; and divesting ourselves of our heavier clothing, in case of emergency, we sat awaiting *daylight, and* what it might disclose. Meanwhile the waves still *foamed around us, as if the* rapid was interminable, and the raft grated and *ground incessantly against the* rocks. At length, just as day dawned, *revealing to our astonishment our raft* wedged among the rocks near the shore, she gave a *sudden* jerk, and whirling round into the full force of the rapid, *soon swept down into the smooth water* below.

We had no leisure to look around us. As we expected, none of the other rafts *were visible; but great* was our disappointment to discover that the river now *flowed between sharp rocky banks*, and that, if, as we meditated, we swam to the *shore to pursue our* journey on land, we should be unable to climb the warlike barrier. The only resource left us, little as we understood its management, was to remain aboard the raft, and float along at the will of the current and rapids until some change in the shore might favor our landing.

Meanwhile, out of a loose plank we contrived a tiller to get some command over the unwieldy craft, which still held its way down stream; but as the hours passed by, showing no break in the stern bank of rock between which we glided, our hopes of landing began to fade, and when night again fell on our loneliness, our helplessness, and our ignorance of what dangers might await us on that unknown river, we felt nigh despair. Amost to our surprise the night was got through safely, and morning saw our helpless craft still floating down the solitary stream, with those dark precipices, crowned with pine forests, still *frowning upon us from each side*, and those frequently recurring rapids still *checkering our course. About noon* we entered upon the fiercest we had yet encountered. *Our tiller was useless among* the breakers, which roared and raged *around the raft, and leaped after her in* crested waves as she was hurried on by *the impetuous torrent.*

I grew almost terrified as I noted how swiftly we sped past the rocks, which here and there stood up from the waves like silent warners; and yet more was I alarmed when, looking ahead, I beheld the long vista of leaping, surging cascades, down whose tremulous course we should be driven, if the fabric beneath our feet still held together. But backwood *rafts* are made for such encounters; and fearlessly the log-boat plunges from ledge to ledge. At length a deep, reverberating roar rose above the surrounding tumult. My brother and I started at the unexpected sound; then we looked eagerly forward, and perceived but a short way ahead, a cloud of silvery haze floating like a halo above the surface of the river. It was the confirmation of our newly awakened fears, the unerring indication that a cataract was before us, and that we rushing, at railway speed, on a terrible and speedy death, from which *no earthly* power could avail to rescue us.

Never shall I forget the pang of that fearful discovery; the bitter prospect of *dying in health and strength*, and yielding up the hopes and aspirations of our *unclouded youth*; the thought of that distant home we should never see again; and the beloved and loving ones so soon to be doubly bereaved; and worst of all *the knowledge* that the dear brother must share the impending fate. With a *warm impulse* of fraternal love we clasped each other's hands—all remaining to us now was to die together.

Meanwhile the din of the fall swelled *to a tremendous roar* that reverberated through the surrounding woods; the tumultuous rapids surged into a fiercer *fury, and urged the raft to despoil which* made her tremble; while we, her helpless passengers, stood silently awaiting our inevitable doom, to be swept over that relentless fall, to be tossed in that horrible abyss, and finally cast forth, disfigured and bruised, among the seething eddies of the still rushing river.

It was a fearful interval. Nearer and nearer the raft drew to the fearful brink—nearer, and yet nearer, until we could almost look into the dark void beyond.—Her last moment and ours alike seemed come, and in the deep anguish of such a parting we clung closer to each other.

Suddenly the raft approached another rock—it was nearer to us as well as larger than those which had preceded it, and presented a narrow footing. Thought at such a moment is as swift as lightning, and action much less so; and almost ere I had seen the ark of hope, my brother bounded across the raft, drawing me with him, and with a desperate leap, only to be ventured in peril such as ours, sprang over the fathom-broad space of rushing water, and on to the rock beyond. Another moment, and I too had leaped it; and standing in comparative safety on that small but immovable refuge, we watched the raft, whose fate we had so nearly shared, plunge over the foaming cataract, to be dashed into the deep chasm below, a mass of shattered logs.

Still we were girt around by many dangers. A single slip might detach us from the rock, a single wave still sweep us over the falls; while looking landward, nothing was visible save a few dark jutting rocks round which the river foamed. Their wet, slippery points afforded little hope of escape, yet it was our only one, and therefore must be tried; and with rigidly braced nerves and concentrated energies, we commenced our hazardous task of leaping from rock to rock, closing our ears to the deafening roar, and our eyes to the hurrying current over which we passed, as we pursued our perilous course, until, by the mercy of Providence, the fourth rock brought us to the shallower water, through which we waded to land.

The now rugged bank gave easy access to the land above; and a few hours' travel southward brought us to Lake Weno, where, to our surprise, we found our companion rafts in safety, and learning that we had passed, without observing, the narrower but safe outlet to the river furnished by Weno Creek, and thus not only missed Jerome and the lumberers sent back to aid us, but encountered that most fearful incident of our lives, our narrow escape from the Weno Falls.

Original.

Written for the Columbia Spy.

History of Trees, No. 3.

The Red Cluster Cherry, or Northern Red Cherry, is a small delicate tree of from four to seven inches in diamiter, bearing bunches of small cherries of a reddish hue, and so translucent as to show the stone when held up to the light. They are very thin fleshed, and if I recollect right, of a pleasant, lively, tart flavor. Some years since there were some of these trees in this country, and very high. I believe every vestage of them have now disappeared. There is a small tree which is abundant in some parts of this State, which is certainly worthy of notice and cultivation. It is sometimes known by the name of Wild Pear, or Indian Pear or Jesuits Tree. About the last of May or the first of June this tree opens its numerous bunches of small flowers, each bunch being surrounded by four floral leaves of a snow white color, which when full expanded takes the form of a crucifix. It is a very showy tree about September. In Autumn the leaves turn a fiery scarlet color, and if it bears fruit, its autumnal leaves fully equals its spring dress. The Buttonwood or Canadian Cotton tree, of which so much has been said respecting the disease. The Buttonwood disease and the potato rot have thrown to the world that learned professors have not drained the fountains of knowledge, and that in fact there are pages which are equally plain to the unlearned and learned—that dame Nature makes us obeisence to the unwaranted and arrogant assertions of those who "claim all knowledge which is yet unknown."

Previous to the attack by this unknown malady, the Buttonwood was one of the largest and handsomest trees we have in this State. I know of some trees that gave a girth of 18 feet, and many can be found which were from 14 to 16. Many of these can be found in York and Delaware counties. Old Buttonwood trees are very apt to decay at the centre, and when cut down are easily formed into bee hives, grain tubs, &c. Many of these a few years since, might be found in old garrets bearing dots which showed the fact, that large Buttonwood trees were not uncommon and at the first settlement of the country.

Forest seems to equalize the temperature of a climate, especially when the hilltops are left covered. The extremes of cold and heat, of dryness and humidity, so far as observation has determined, are prevented by hills covered with wood. Emerson in his Trees of Massachusetts, says, that if the hilltops of Spain could be re covered with their ancient forests, there remains but little doubt but that its ancient fertility would return. But we need not go to foreign lands for examples. The Knolls in our own country and islands were divested of trees by the first settlers, and we may say that from 1660 to the present time they have been monuments of sterility, excepting where they have been covered with buildings. Those who wish to obtain practical knowledge upon this subject, should drive an ox team upon a windy day through patches of hilly woodland and then venture across the open country, or take a trip on foot across a western prarie, even in moderate weather, and then he will think that woods are worth something besides to chip and burn. In treating of trees, I have, or shall omit the shrubs. These form an important and interesting part of our Sylva. I had intended to treat upon them in a few coming numbers, but I find that my time will not permit, so in my next I shall have something to say about curious and wonderful trees.

J. S. G.

New Oxford, Pa.

JOSH BILLINGS TREATS OF QUAKERS.—I never knu a Quaker that was a drunkard!

I never knu one who was a gambler!

I never saw one that was ragged!

I never heard ov one bein in a stat prizen.

I never see one a beggin!

I never knu one to commit suicide!

I never knu one a pauper!

I never knu one who wan't a good nabur!

I never knu one who didn't belong to the church!

I never knu one who wasn't ready to give.

And yet I must sa, I never knu enny man who didn't want watching.

—The population of San Francisco is one hundred and twenty thousand. In September 1848 the number of inhabitants was four hundred and fifty.

Touch of Petroleum.

Close to the lands of the Centre Oil Company there lives an old chap who is worth a mint. Ignorant of course, dumb luck has made him rich. His household pets consist of a terrier dog and stupid daughter, both of whom engage his attentinn. The former provided for, he determined to "accomplish" his daughter. To this end he came to the city. He bought a piano and harp, and a guitar, and a car load of music books, and so forth, winding up his business by engaging a first-class intellectual and musical tutor, with all of which he started for the "region." The documents were of course soon arranged for business. The tutor set to work and toiled like a Trojan, but with no success. Desparing of ultimate triumph, the tutor went to the oil king and made a clean breast of it.

"Why what the world's the matter?" asked the father.

"Well" answered the tutor, "Kitty has got a piano, and guitar, and harp, and music, and books, and all that, but she wants capacity—that's all."

"Well, by the Lord Harry," cried the oil king, "if that's all just buy it. I've got the stuff, and if money will get it she shall have capacity or any thing else."

TRANSPLANTING TREES.—As soon as the foliage has dropped, transplant ornamental, shade, or fruit trees. There will be a saving of one year's growth between those planted now and those in the spring In taking up trees great care should be taken not to mutilate their roots, for every fiber of the root lost the growth of the tree will be retarded so much, and its life endangered. Whenever it is absolutely necessary to part with any of the roots, take off the top in proportion. Let the holes be larger than the roots and never bend or cramp a root into a small hole. Where the root is mutilated, make a clean cut with a sharp knife and new rootlets will show themselves pushing out between the bark and wood. If the soil is poor fill in the holes with rich earth from the woods or swamps; but in no case use stable manure in planting out trees. Topdress the gound among your trees with leached ashes, lime, or any decomposing matter. If rabbits are troublesome in barking your fruit trees apply soft soap to the trunks two or three times in the year.

What an Army Corps Requires.

In the Army of the Potomac an army corps of 30,000 infantry has about 700 wagons, drawn by 4200 mules. Including the horses of officers and the artillery, about 7000 animals have to be provided for. On the march it is calculated that each wagon will occupy eighty feet; in bad roads much more; so that a train of 700 wagons will cover 56,000 feet, or over ten miles; the ambulances will occupy about a mile, and batteries three miles; thirty thousand troops need six miles to march in if they form one column; the total length of the marching column of a corps is, therefore, *twenty miles* without including the cattle herds and trains of bridge materials. Impatient cries of army movements would often be more lenient were they to familiarize themselves themselves with the details of the immense difficulty of organizing and moving large trains and artillery.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG LAWYER.—The following is the advice of an examining judge to a young lawyer, on admission:

"Sir it would be idle to trouble you farther. You are perfect; and I will dismiss you with a few words of advice, which you will do very well to follow. You will find it laid down as a maxim of civil law never to kiss the maid when you can kiss the mistress Carry out this principle, sir, and you are safe. Never say boo to a goose when she has the power to lay golden eggs. Let your face be long, your bills longer. Never put your hand in your pocket when any body's else is handy. Keep your conscience for your own private use, and don't trouble it with other men's matters. Plaster the judge and butter the jury. Look as wise as an owl, and be as ocular as a town clock. But above all get money; honestly if you can, my dear sir, but get money. I welcome you to the bar."

Those sanguine gentlemen who have bets pending on the "Home vote" of Pennsylvania, at the October election, will have to compromise as best they can since there is no probability of the exact returns ever being obtained. In several counties the home and soldier's vote were recorded together, and the identity of each therefore ost. On the whole October vote the Union majority, by Congressional Districts, is 13,850.—*Pitts. Com.*