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 49.] COLUMBIA, PENNSYLVANIA, SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 15, 1865. [WHOLE NUMBER 1,817.

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 arearages are paid unless at the option of the editor.

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1 sq. 8 lines	75	1,00	1,50	2,00	4,00	6,00	10,00
2 " 16 "	1,50	2,25	3,00	3,50	6,00	9,00	15,00
3 " 24 "	2,25	3,25	4,00	4,50	8,50	13,00	20,00

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Special Notices, as reading matter, 10 cents a line for one insertion.

Yearly advertisers will be charged the same rates as transient advertisers for all matters *not relating strictly to their business.*

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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, Minersville, 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 6.30 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 13 midnight for Harrisburg.

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

80 Pounds Baggage allowed each passenger.

G. A. NICOLLS,
General Superintendent.

Nov. 26, '64

PENNSYLVANIA RAIL ROAD.

Trains leave Columbia going east,
Columbia train, 8.05 A. M.
Harrisburg Accomodation, 4 30 P. M.

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

Columbia Accommodation.
Leave Columbia for Lancaster, 1.40 p.m.
Arrive at Lancaster 2.20 "
Leave Lancaster at 2.40 "
Arrive at Columbia 3.20 "

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, 8 45 A. M.
" " 2 10 P. M.
" " 7 45 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. 9.20 A. M., and 2.50 P. M.

For HARRISBURG, 11.57 A. M. 6.15 P. M. and 11.25 A. M, and 12,50 A. M.

ARRIVALS AT YORK.

From BALTIMORE, 11.52 A. M. 6.10 P. M. and 11.20 P. M. and 12.45 P.M.

From HARRISBURG, 4.10 A. M., 9.15 A. M., and 2.45 P. M.

On Sunday, the only trains running are the one from Harrisburg at 9.10 in the morning, proceeding to Baltimore, and the one from Baltimore at 12.45A. M., proceeding to Harrisburg.

Reading & Columbia Railroad.

Trains of this road run by Reading R. R. time which is ten minutes faster than that of Penn'a R.R

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, JUNE 12TH, 1865, trains of this road will run as follows:

Leaving Columbia at

7.10 A. M. *Mail Passenger Train* for Reading and intermediate stations, leaving Landisville at 7.43 a. m., Manheim at 7.58, Litiz at 8.13, Ephrata at 8.42, Reinholdsville at 9.08, Sinking Springs at 9.40, and arriving at Reading at 10.00 a. m. At Reading connection is made with Fast Express train of East Penn'a. R. R., reaching New York at 2.30 p. m., with train of Philadelphia & Reading R. R., reaching Philadelphia at 1.20 p. m., and also with trains for Pottsville, the Lebanon Valley and Harrisburg.

2.15 P. M. *Passenger Train for* Reading and intermediate stations connecting at Landisville at 2.50 p. m., with Express trains of Pen.n'a. R. R., both East and West, leaving Manheim at 3.26, Litiz 3.41, Ephrata 4.10, Reinholdsville 4.37, Sinking Springs at 5.05, and arriving at Reading at 5.30 p. m. At Reading connection is made with trains for Pottsville and the Lebanon Valley.

Leaving Litiz at

2.15 P. M. *Express Passenger Train* for Reading and Intermediate stations, leaving Ephrata at 2.44, Reinholdsville at 3.11, Sinking Springs at 3.30 and arriving at Reading at 3.45 p. m. At Reading connection is made with Fast Express train of East Penn'a. R. R., reaching New York at 10 p. m., and with train of Philn. & Reading R. R. reaching Philadelphia at 7.05 p. m.

Leaving Reading at

6.00 A. M. *Passenger Train for* Columbia and intermediate stations, leaving Sinking Springs at 6.16, Reinholdsville 6.44, Ephrata at 7.11, Litiz 7.40, Manheim at 7.58, connecting at Landisville with train of Penn'a. R. R., reaching Lancaster at 8.33, A. M., Philadelphia at 12.20 p. m., arriving at Columbia at 9.00 a. m., and there connecting with ferry for Wrightsville and Northern Central R. R., and at 11.45 A. M. with train of Penn'a. R. R, for the West.

10.55 A. M. *Passenger Train for* Litiz and intermediate stations, on arrival of passenger trains from Philadelphia and Pottsville, leaving Sinking Springs at 11.18, Reinholdsville 11.53, Ephrata 12.23. and arriving at Litiz at 1.00 p. m.

6.15 P. M. *Mail Passenger Train* for Columbia and intermediate stations with Passengers leaving New York at 12 m., and Philadelphia at 3.30 p. m., leaving Sinking Springs at 6.31, Reinholdsville at 6.59, Ephrata at 7.26, Litiz at 7.55, Manheim at 8.11, Landisville at 8.27, and arriving at Columbia at 9.00 p. m.

The Pleasure Travel to Ephrata and Litiz Springs, from New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and other points, is by this schedule accommodated, several times per day, with Express trains connecting in all directions.

Through tickets to New York, Philadelphia and Lancaster sold at principal stations. Freight carried with utmost promptness and dispatch, at the lowest rates. Further information with regard to Freight or passage may be obtained from the agents of the company.

MENDES COHEN, Supt.

E. F. KEEVER, Gen. Freight and Ticket Agt.

Columbia, June 12, 1865.

D. J. M LOOP,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Columbia, Pa. Office in Odd Fellows Hall.

Nov. 19 1864-tf.

H. B. ESSICK,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
COLUMBIA, PA.

MISHLER'S HERB BITTERS.—Below the afflicted will find a condensed statement of the cures of various individuals whose names are herewith appended, whose Certificates can at any time be seen by calling at the Store of the Proprietor, Centre Square, Lancaster, Pa.

B. MISHLER, Sole Manufacturer.

John C. Walton, Lancaster, cured of Disease of Spine and Kidneys, &c., contracted in the Army.

Thomas Groom, Glen Hope, cured of Disease of the Back and Nervous system.

Henry Nagle, Lancaster, cured of a stroke of the Palsy, causing the loss of the use of the right arm.

Joseph Witmer, Philadelphia, certifies that Mishler's Bitters has restored him to health. having been much afflicted with various ailments for a long time.

James Kennedy, Lancaster, cured of Chronic Diarrhœa and Rheumatism.

Daniel Finefrock, Lancaster, cured of Chronic Rheumatism, which he was much afflicted with while in the Army—recommends the use of the Bitters to soldiers and others similarly afflicted.

Levi Hart, Sen., Lancaster, cured of Rheumatism occasioned by exposure in the Army.

Charles B. Williams, Lancaster, certifies that his daughter was cured of a lingering sickness of eight months from various diseases. by Mishler's Bitters.

Henry Maderf, Lancaster, was cured of difficulty in passing his water, by the use of the Bitters, and his wife also relieved from Rheumatic pains,

Philip Bonce, Lancaster, Cured of an affection of the Kidneys aed Bladder, by the use of Mishler's Herb Bitter.

Daniel B. Herr, Rohrerstown, Lancaster Co., certifies that he was cured of severe stitches in the side which he was afflicted with for nine years.

Jas. Bicking, Litiz, Pa., was cured of a severe attack of Chronic Rheumatism.

Jos. H. Watson, Lancaster, relieved of pains in his shoulders and limbs, that he was unable to sleep

Andrew Eberly, Lancaster, Cured of Cramp Cholic—was so severe that he became apprehensive of Rupture.

Mary J. Carney, Lancaster, cured of weakenss of the breast and pain in the side by Mishler's Bitters.

Wm. H. Jordun, Lancaster, relieved of Cholera Morbus in 10 or 15 minutes, by the Herb Bitters.

Jacob Haag, Lancaster, says that his son was relieved of extraordinary pains in his arms and legs.

Samuel McDonnel, Lancaster, cured of Dispepsia of 20 years standing by Mishler's Bitters.

H G. Kendig, Farmer, near Lancaster, was cured of a severe attack of Dispepsia, by the Bitters.

Hugh Dougherty, Lancaster, says his daughter was cured of weaknes, phthisic sore throat, &c.

J. L. Baker, Lancaster, certifies that his family has been much relieved from affliction by the Bitters.

E. H. Rhoads, Reamstown, Lancaster Co., cured of Inflammatory Rheumatism of some years standing.

Jonathan Styer, of Haywood Hospital Va. was cured of Rheumatism by the Bitters—contracted in the Army.

Thomas Brophy, Lancaster, recovered from attack of Fever and Ague, by the use of Mishler's Bitters.

A. Musketnuss, Lancaster, cured of what is called a Running Leg, by application of the Bitters.

John Rote, Lancaster, cured of a Runnining Leg of 20 years' standing, by Mishler's Bitters.

Isaac McIntyre, Lancaster, relieved of a severe pain across his kidneys, by the Herb Bitters.

C. B, Mayer, Lancaster, cured of a severe cold which had settled in his teeth, by Mishler's Bitters.

J. F. Fredenberg, Lancaster, was entirely cured of a remarkable distressing Abscess by the Bitters.

Henry G. Kendig, Camp Potomac, was cured of Diarrhœa by the use of Mishler's Bitters.

A. Fairer, Lancaster Co', Poorhouse, cured of Dispepsia and disease of the Kidneys, by the Bitters.

Mary Rives, Lancaster, relieved of a terrible cold on the breast of three months standing, by the Bitters.

John Weidman, Lancaster, says that himself and wife were cured of severe Rheumatism by the Bitters.

A Lady of Lancaster, writes to Mr. Mishler, that the Bitters cured her of Piles of a year's standing.

John Gilman, Lancaster, cured of Disease of the Heart and a severe pain in his breast, by the Bitters.

G. W. Whitefield, Agent at Altoona, Blair Co. writes of the success he has met in selling the Bitters.

Amos Aument, of Strausburg. Lancaster Co., used the Bitters for a wound in the leg received at the Battle of South Mountain, and and has now no more pain.

J. C. R., a member of Co. E, 195th Regiment, P. V., writes to the Proprietor, that the Bitters cured him of a distressing cold which has unfitted him from duty.

Martha Bents, Lancaster, was cured Inflammatory Rheumatism, from cold taken by a broken arm.

John Neidich, Lancaster, was cured of Palpitation of the Heart, which he had for 25 years.

John Schock, Peques, Lancaster Co. was relieved from an attack of the Gravel by the Bitters.

Mrs. Druckenmiller, of Mount Joy, Lancaster Co., was cured of excruciating pains in her hands and feet by the use of Mishler's Bitters.

John Lesher, of Reamstown, Lancaster co., was cured of a swell in the neck and jaw by the use of Mishler's Herb Bitters.

H. C. Ginkinger, Philadelphia, after being confined to the house for two years, was cured by the use of Mishler's Bitters.

Geo. W. Killian, Lancaster, was confined to the U. S. Hospital for 10 weeks, by prostration, is restored to health by the Herb Bitters.

Mrs. Margaret Kirk, Lancaster, was cured of a severe pain in her side and nervousness, by the use of the Herb Bitters.

Mrs. Eliza Wenditz, Lancaster. was cured of Inflammatory Rheumatism by the use of the Bitters.

Amos Groff, Lancaster, was relieved of a severe cold in the throat by the use of the Bitters.

Henry J. Etter, Lancaster, had his sight restored, (which he had been deprived of for about 5 years,) by the use of Mishler's Bittters.

Charles P. Miller, Philadelphia, writes of a lady in that city having been cured of the Dumb Ague, by the use ofthe Bitters.

Harriet Orr, Lancaster, was cured of inward weakness and pain in the back, by the Herb Bitters.

John Kautz, Lancaster, had a slight attack of Lockjaw, which was cured by the Bitters.

Theodore Wenditz of Pa. Reserves, was shot in the arm at the battle of Fredericksburg. By using the Bitters he was soon relieved from pain in the arm.

Poetry.

Written for the Columbia Spy.

In Memoriam.

"He sleeps his last sleep, he has fought his last battle
No sound can awake him to glory again."

BY HENRY J. HOWARD.

The brave soldier has gone to his rest,
Beyond the fierce musketry's rattle,
To dwell in the realms of the blest
Away from the carnage of battle

He fell on the field of his glory,
Far away from his relatives dear,
No friends by to tell the sad story,—
None to wipe off the dying man's tear.

He is gone! his last battle is fought;
And death triumphs proudly again;—
In the haven which many have sought,
He reposes now free from all pain.

We bid thee, brave hero, farewell!
Until, by the chastening rod,
Our bodies are placed in the cell—
Our spirits ascended to God!

And then we in glory shall stand,
Beside the bright altars of love,
In a righteous and blossoming land—
The Father's great mansion above!

Written for the Columbia Spy.

Human Nature, Continued.

SHADY SIDE, NO. 21.

BY LOCAL.

Each one has a code of morals,
Which is always in proportion,
As his passion is to reason.
When a christian is possessed of,
Is possessed of mind sufficient
To control his will and passions;
All his actions will be governed,
By the rule of truth and justice,
The foundation of religion;
All his teachings and instructions
For the benefit of others,
By his precepts and examples,
Spirit, and in imitation,
Imitation of his maker.
Such a man will combat error,
Combat error, and correct it,
Sure and silent, like a sunbeam,
Like a sun-beam in the morning,
In the morning while it's turning
Night and darkness into noon-day;
Leaving man, where God has placed him,
Free to choose, a moral agent.
But when otherwise constructed,
When there is a lack of reason,
When there is a lack of knowledge,
Knowledge of our human nature,
Such a christian or professor,
Guided mostly by his passions,
In his theory and practice;
All his actions will be selfish,
All conclusions will be partial,
And unless allowed to dictate,
In all matters of religion,
In the duties of a christian,
In the doctrines of the churches,
He will start an opposition,
Opposition and a contest,
Contest with all those who differ,
All who differ and oppose him,
In his own peculiar notions.
Those who have the least of reason,
Will be found the most in error,
And get up the greater contests;
They will have a code of morals,
Code of morals corresponding,
To their wishes, to their passions;
Take the title of reformers,
Study and explain the scriptures,
Find a license in the Bible,
By their own interpretation,
Which admits of all the changes,
Changes, which they have adopted,
Urge their claims, appeal to passions,
Passions, and to human nature,
Finding dupes and firm believers,
Where they find congenial spirits.
Thus the churches are divided,
Are split up, and subdivided;
Each with doctrines corresponding,
To the morals of its members.
Christian, mussulman and heathen,
All pretend that inspiration,
Inspiration, in the bible,
Bible, and from other sources,
Is their guide, and the foundation,
Of their faith, and their religion.
What, the aim, or what the object,
Aim or object of their leaders,
Of the leaders, of all churches?
One thing true, must be admitted,
That the masses, who compose them,
Are sincere and firm believers,
Firm believers, in the doctrines,
In the doctrines, of the churches,
Churches, of which they are members.

Original

Written for the Spy.

HASHEESH.

BY A CONTRIBUTOR.

To him, who having the best interest of his fellow men at heart, looks abroad, the present seems to be a day of gladness for the whole human race. In wisdom and great love the Lord of Hosts has been pleased to show to the world that free and enlightened men, are fully capable of self government. The nations afar off feel the blood quickening in their veins, feel that man has been ennobled by the victory Freedom has won in this land. But the powers of darkness are ever on the alert to retain the hold that they have possessed since the fall of man, and, when open opposition is unavailing speedy recourse is had to means adapted to the occasion.

We will not be slaves. We will not permit slavery to exist upon this continent. No we look toward Heaven and defy the powers beneath to bind us again under the despotic rule of creature man. But while our eyes are fixed above we notice not the serpents that are stealing through the grass at our feet. The coil which I dread and would call attention to, is yet in an undeveloped state.—Many, did they read this article, would imagine it to be the work of a sensationist. But reader hear me. I was bitten by this gaudy, harmless looking serpent, bitten and almost died, and speak from a heart full of thanksgiving to a kind and forgiving Father who healed me, and made me whole. Doubtless most readers of the *Spy* have noticed an advertisement headed "Hasheesh Candy"—following which is a glowing description of the powers of an eastern drug which is now for the first time, generally dispensed among the American people.

I do not mean to bring any accusation against either the paper publishing this advertisement, nor against him who caused it to be printed. I would go farther and attack the enchanting drug itself. To any one who has read a book which was printed some years since, and called "The Hasheesh Eater," anything I may say will appear tame and forced. That book, like the confessions of an Opium Eater, was written against the drug, but it is written in such a pleasant manner, that if I dare judge from my own observation, it has made more victims to this new intoxicating agent, than it has cured.

What then, is Hasheesh? It is the extract of the twigs and half formed seeds of the Indian Hemp plant. Canabis Indica, which under the name of Gunjah, is the stimulant of a great part of the Eastern world. In the hands of a skillful physician, it is a safe and powerful remedy for various diseases, for it is a stimulant possessing, when pure, a power ten times that of Opium, and more certain in its effects than that deleterious drug. It affects the whole system, physical, mental and moral—of this I had ample proof in my own experience, and if I did not hope to do good by what I may write, I would not attempt to live those years of unnatural life over again. It was as now, early spring time when I first tried its power. I received a small quantity from a gentleman from India, who was addicted to its use, and who had given me thrilling accounts of its wonderous effects. About an hour after I had taken it he proposed a walk to the country. It was a bright day and I enjoyed my walk exceedingly; but after we had gone about a mile I found myself frequently at a loss for words while in conversation, and expressed surprise at the fact. My companion smiled and said, "the Hasheesh is begining to work," and proposed that when we should reach a hill near at hand, we would rest. From that time until we reached the place, I felt a dull sense of oppression in my head, and breathed with some difficulty, but when at last I threw myself down upon the new grass, such a thrill passed over me as I never felt before. A thrill indescribable, but which I feel yet at times in dreams.

Before us lay a beautiful cultivated valley, with many farm houses scattered here and there, and sometimes between a little strip of woodland. Now, under the influence of the drug, the valley seemed endless. The sun was drawing towards the West, and the houses half hidden amongst the trees, changed to palaces of silver and gold. All sense of *strangeness* had now left me. I felt that my powers of enjoyment were intensified, but I could not feel any twinge of pain. My breathing was regular and easy, but my heart was beating with unusual power. Suddenly I felt that something unusual was about to occur. All nature seemed to cease breathing, in anxious expectations of some great event. A terrible silence held me dumb. Far, far, away I heard music faintly breaking through the air, nearer it came, and as it glided over the valley, the birds in the groves took up the refrain. Louder, fuller it came rolling onward: And then I felt that it was the music of the sun beams. A tremulous motion became perceptible in the air, and soon my body partook of this motion. At length I was born along on the tide of music; music so deep, so full, that I lost my identity and quivered in the sounding ocean like a grate in the evening air. Words fail me as I attempt to describe the exquisite soul consuming power of this experience. Soon my body seemed to melt, and my soul was pouring forth from every pore. I became a part of the sunlight, and wherever my eyes fell there I was in person. Above me floated a few silver clouds, I chanced to glance toward them and quick as thoughts I was careering upward on the wirlwind of sound, up, up, to the abodes of the blessed. Then in mercy God permitted me to come to consciousness, and weak and trembling, I returned to town. The morning after this first trial, instead of the depression that I expected I found myself strong in body and mind. No headache, no nervous trembling such, such as follows indulgence in liquor. A few days after, I tried it again, and again saw and enjoyed what words cannot picture. This time we remained in my room. From the window we had a view, western sky, and as the sun went down, again I heard that thrilling music. This time, however, it did not bear me along with it, as before, but I heard it as it were in the distance. The twilight caused a new order of halucinations. The sky became an infinity of emerald ocean. Studded with golden islands. Oh! that I could describe the vastness of that view, the beauty of those heavenly islands. Soon I perceived spirit forms passing on noiseless wing from island to island. The sky was full of them, and enraptured, I strove to spring from the window, that I might join their ranks.

But I will not speak longer of this.—I only mention this power of the drug to show why it is dangerous. No one having once seen the glorious land to which it opens the way, but desires again and again to tread those golden streets to the sound of celestial music.

Two months probably passed before I felt any ill effects of my indulgence.—My exemption was owing, probably, to the fact, that my friend kept me on a judicious allowance; and did not permit me at any time to sink back to my normal condition.

Two months of Heaven and then began two years of Hell. Our Hasheesh was all consumed, and we could not procure more, nearer than Philadelphia.—The first three or four days I did not miss greatly, but the fifth day I was in torment. I could not read, scarce think. An intolerable weight seemed resting upon me. That night I dreamed that I had procured a fresh supply. Greedily I partook of it, and when it had been swallowed I saw that I had received it from the hand of Satin. There he stood holding the tiny vessel in his hand smiling, for him quite graciously, and then bowing himself away, he politely informed me that when I wanted more I should let him know, and he would bring it willingly. Then in my sleep I realized whence its power came. I had sold myself to Satan for a few hours of pleasure. Heaven was forever closed. In blackness of darkness I began to sink down, down, the lurid glare of hell shone round me, and in agony I awoke. The following week was one of continued horror. I began to doubt everything and every one. I felt lost from God, avoided by man. I looked with suspicion on every friend, the least act of carelessness was construed into insult, and I quarreled with all whom I met. Then came a fresh package from the city, and in a few hours I was restored. I sought out all my late friends, told them I had been sick, but was now well again, and plead with them, that in the event of my becoming ill again, they should bear with me, and not take umbrage at my surliness.

It would take too long to give a connected account of my experience from this time, until through power from above I was able to throw my casket away, and live as God intended I should live. My life when not under the full influence of the drug, was a continual burden. I was ever longing for something. I knew not what. I dreaded society least I should be found out, for one effect of the stimulant is to make its victim excessively prone to suspicion, causing a sense of degradation, that to a proud spirit is almost overpowering. Sometimes with longing eye I attempted to explore the future world, to see what would be my condition, should I enter it unbidden.—While my blood flew like firy lava through my veins, everything was dressed in rainbow tints. I then enjoyed society, and was brilliant, sometimes witty, but if alone I ever felt doomed of God, cursed for taking illicit means to reach pleasure. Often as I walked the streets of an evening, flames would seem to play around me, and lamp-post would whisper as I passed, "Hasheesh," and trembling with oppressson, I would hasten to hide myself in my room. Here I became *accustomed* to suffering. Hours would I sit playing the violin, thereby in part alleviating my misery, but as I often could not sleep until twelve or one o'clock, others living in the building with me, objected to a nightly serenade, and I was constrained to dispense with this comfort.

About a year had passed when a new phenomenon presented itself. I had taken a small dose and gone into society. A dearly loved friend was playing the piano, and began singing a song which she knew was one of my favorites. I have elsewhere, mentioned the music, that waits on the hasheesh eater. Every sound becomes melodious, but if the foundation of this melody be harmony, the pleasure of the music is increased a thousand fold. As she played I felt my blood quickening in my veins, soon I could hear my heart beating, faster, harder, faster, until the sound of the blood through my head resembled the noise of a circular saw. In dread indescribable I grasped my heart as it were to stop its fearful motion when "darkness veiled my eyes," and when I recovered conciousness an hour after; it was in another room surrounded by anxious friends, while a surgeon holding my wrist said that I had heart disease, and my life was not safe for an hour.

This did not cause me to cease, although it added to my horrors. I would not believe that it was really dangerous. I had only fainted. But other phenomena supervening, I was cordially told by a physician that three months longer indulgence, would either kill me, or drive me mad.

Soon after I ceased its habitual use, and now for almost a year I have not tasted it. The horrors of the first six months of denial would fill a volume, but I will close with a few general statements in regard to the enchanting drug.

First, it is advertised as a specific for colds. In my own experience I have found that it deserves attention as a remedy, in this respect. It causes increased circulation, throws the blood to the surface, acts as a stimulant to *all* the secreting organs, and as a consequence relieves the part inflamed. But Mr. Wood, is there not a possibility that some of those who have colds, have also heart disease; would you recommend a powerful stimulant to such?

Again, I have at times heard it recommended for nervous complaints. If a rope becomes slackened we can tauten it by throwing water upon it, but if a strain is upon this rope constantly, will it not become worse slackened than ever, when that water has evaporated. The nerves by improper use or disease become like the submarine telegraphs partially disintegrated, now if we increase the power of our batteries, we may for a time overcome this obstacle, but will not the work of disintegration be hurried by this very means? Nervous debility is masked while the drug is in the system, because the life power is intensified, but when the extra fire is withdrawn, believe me sufferer, you will sink into a state seven times worse than before.

There is one effect of this potent medicine that I cannot pass over in silence. T. M. Wood, the New York Importer in a in a lenghty circular accompanying one preparation of the drug, calls it, "The restorer of youth and beauty," and "the only permanent *Aphrodisiac* known." Increasing the section as it does this power belongs to it in a great degree. Now then ye who mourn over the depravity of the age, is it well that such an agent, sugar coated and veiled in mystery, should be permitted to be scattered broad cast throughout our land, without a word of remonstrance? Tobacco is deleterious, but slow in its effects. Liquor has a host of opponents, and no longer is a mystery, but this new agent of moral and physical ruin can be used with as little danger of detection as the former, and is ten times more deadly in its effect than the latter.

Hoping that this humble effort may do good somewhere, I commit it to the directing hand of Providence, willing if called upon to fight against my former enchanter with pen or voice, as I can use either.

July, 1865.

The following communication is taken from the *Democrat*, Sunbury, Pa. It speaks volumes in reference to the

Columbia Classical Institute.

Please allow space in your paper, for an account of a short excursion to Columbia, Pa., to attend the Annual Exhibition of the Classical Institute. Arrived at Black's Hotel, we got delightful rooms, and were bountifully taken care of by the attentive and liberal landlord. Mr. Black, and his obliging clerk

The Institute is beautifully situated on a hill, some distance from the Susquequehanna, and overlooking the town. It is under the care of the Rev. H.S. Alexander and his most estimable wife, assisted by a highly accomplished young lady as teacher of music. The school is composed of both sexes—although none but male students are taken to board in the house. The young lady scholars find excellent boarding at cheap rates in the town. This Institution bids fair to be one of the finest schools in the State. There is a military branch connected with it, and the drilling and bayonet exercise we witnessed would have done much credit to older heads.

The examination commenced on Tuesday, June 20th, and was concluded to the entire satisfaction of all concerned, on Wednesday, the 21st inst.

On Thursday night, at the Odd Fellow's Hall, the exhibition took place.—Our party, after accepting the hospitality of Col. C., (formerly of Sunbury,) at his elegant mansion in the town, about eight o'clock repaired to the Hall, where we found excellent reserved seats awaiting us—a large number of the friends of the students, from various parts of the country, were present—among whom we met Judge W., of the Berks Judicial District, whose son was one of the speakers, and who succeeded in this—his first effort—so well, that he surprised his own father.

The Hall was tastefully decorated with evergreens and flags, and was filled with the beauty and fashion of Columbia, who did all in their power to make the strangers comfortable—and the exhibition passed off with great *eclat*—in which they were entirely successful. The exercises opened with prayer by the Rev. R. A. Brown, and were composed of speeches, (original and selected) essays, dialogues, (humorous and pathetic) music, military drill, bayonet exercises, and the conferring of the Institute honors for the year just closing.

Our region of the State was represented on the stage by but one young gentleman who acquitted himself with credit. So successful throughout was this, the first public exhibition of the Institutte that it is impossible to particularize; everything passed off most charmingly, the comic dialogue in character, added much to the entertainment and mirth of the evening, and midnight found an appreciating audience still in their seats,

But the end came. The "Hour of Parting" was sung and the first scholastic year of the Institute had passed away.

Mr. Alexander has much reason to congratulate himself on the great prosperity of his experiment. He and his family are spoken of in terms of the warmest affection by all the students for their parental kindness, and while he insists on the most implicit obedience to all the rules of the school, he mingles with his stringency a companionship with his scholars that endears him to them all.

We noticed at Columbia, two facts that spoke volumes in favor of this school; First, all the young gentlemen we met are most anxious to return the next session, which commences in September.—Second, all the parents we met. intend returning their students next session.

We add in closing, that the pleasures of last Thursday evening, amply repaid the expense and trouble of the journey.

Sunbury, June 26th. L.

Col. Thos. A. Scott and Gen. Pope.

In Mr. Julius H. Browne's lively accounts of his adventures as a war correspondent we find the following:

I heard, while at Pillow, an anecdote of General Pope—an officer of ability, but sometimes a very unpleasant man, with a pompous and hectoring manner—which will bear repetition. While at his headquarters, the General was approached by a rather small, plain-looking and entirely unassuming man, in citizen's attire, with the question; "Are you General Pope, sir?"

"That is my name," was the answer in rather a repelling tone.

"I would like to see you, then, on a a matter of business."

"Call on my Adjutant, sir. He will arrange any business you may have."

"But I wish to have a personal conversation with you."

"See my adjutant," in an authoritative voice.

"But—"

"Did I not tell you to see my Adjutant? Trouble me no more, sir;" and Pope was walking away.

"My name is Scott, General," quietly remarked the small, plain man.

"Confound you! What do I care," thundered Pope' in a rising passion, "if your name is Scott, Jones, Jenkins or Snooks, for the matter of that! See my Adjutant, I tell you fellow! Leave my presence!"

"I am," continued the quiet man, in his quiet way, "the Assistant Secretary of War, and—"

What a revolution those simple words made in the General's appearance and manner!

His angry, haughty, domineering air was dispelled in a moment, and a flush of confusion passed over his altered face.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Scott. I had no idea whom I was addressing. Pray be seated; I shall be happy to grant you an interview at any time."

Possibly a very close observer might have seen a faint, half-contemptuous smile on the Secretary's lips; though he said nothing, but began to unfold his business without comment.

After that unique interview, Pope and the Assistant Secretary were very frequently together, and I venture to say the latter had no cause subsequently to complain of the General's rudeness.