The Columbia Spy.

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.

OLUME XXXVII, NUMBER 9.] COLUMBIA, PENNSYLVANIA, SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 7, 1865. [WHOLE NUMBER 1,881.

THE COLUMBIA SPY,
MISCELLANEOUS FAMILY JOURNAL.
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.
FICE, IN LOCUST ST., OPPOSITE COLUMBIA BANK.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

year if paid in advance
" if not paid until the expiration of the year

FIVE CENTS A COPY.

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

Rates of Advertising in the Spy.

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

[Larger advertisements in proportion.]

ecutors and Administrators' Notices, 3,00
ditors' and Assignee Notices, 2,00
ofessional or business cards, not exceeding lines, per year, 8,00

y advertisements, not exceeding four squares occasional changes, including subscription year, 15,00
cial Notices, as reading matter, 10 cents a line e insertion.

rly advertisers will be charged the same rates nsient advertisers for all matters *not relating y to their business.*

Advertising will be considered CASH, after first tion.

BUSINESS CARDS.

D. J. M LOOP,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Columbia, Pa. Office in Odd Fellows ll.
ov. 19 1864-tf.

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

H. M. NORTH,
TTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
Columbia, Pa.
ollections promptly made in Lancaster ounties.
July 2, 1865.

A. J. KAUFFMAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
OLLECTIONS Made in Lancaster and ining counties.
Bounty, back pay and all claims against the government promptly tended to.
Office—Locust Street, between Front and Second.
Dec. 1'64.

SAMUEL EVANS,
Justice of the PEACE.
OFFICE IN ODD FELLOWS' HALL.
COLUMBIA, PA.
June 18 1864. 1y.

J. Z. HOFFER.
PAINT—OFFICE, Front Street next door to R. Williams' Drug Store, between Cedar and Walnut sts., Colu., Pa.

Dr. J. K. LINEAWEAVER,
OFFERS HIS PROFESSIONAL SERVICES to the citizens of Columbia and vicinity.
Office—Locust Street, between Second & Front streets.
17 1y

WASHINGTON HOUSE HOTEL.
Front Street, Columbia Pa.
DANIEL HERR, *Proprietor.*

FRANKLIN HOUSE.
FRONT STREET, COLUMBIA, PA.
THIS is a first class Hotel, and is in every respect adapted to meet the wishes and wants of the traveling public.
JACOB S. MILLER,
Col., July, 15, '65 *Proprietor.*

WASHINGTON HOUSE RESTAURANT,
THERE may be found Oysters always on hand, of the best quality served in every style,
Also a room for the accomodation of ladies or families. Oysters can be had by the quart or hundred.
Dec. 3, '64.-tf

GEORGE BOGLE,
Dealer in
LUMBER OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,
Also, PLASTERER'S HAIR
Office and Warehouse—Front Street between Locust and Union.
July 8, 1865.

WHEELER & WILSON'S
SEWING MACHINES
UNRIVALLED
For Sale by W. G. PATTON,
Nov. 11,'64. Locust St., Columbia, Pa

Confectionery
ALL FRUIT OF ALL KINDS IN SEASON. Parties and families supplied with
ICE CREAM
by the freezer, or in moulds, with prompt attention.
GEO. J. SMITH'S
Adjoining the Franklin House, Locust St
Also a fine assortment of Toys and fancy articles constantly on hand.
July 22,

COLUMBIA FLOUR MILLS,
GEORGE BOGLE, Proprietor.
THE HIGHEST CASH PRICES PAID for all kinds of Grain.
Superfine and Extra Family Flour for sale. Also mill feed of all kinds. Wheat ground and packed to order
Town and country custom solicited
July 29th 1865.

SUPPLEE & BROTHER,
Manufacturers of
STEAM BOILERS.
In addition to our Foundry and Machine Work, we are now prepared to manufacture every variety of Boiler and plate iron
Mending and Repairing Boilers promptly attended to. Thankful for past favors, we would invite the attention of friends and patrons to this new branch of business.
SUPPLEE & BRO.,
Nov. 21, '65. 2d Street, Columbia.

American House.
AND
RESTAURANT,
SAMUEL H. LOCKARD, Proprietor,
2d St., between Locust & Walnut Sts.,
COLUMBIA, PA.
The Proprietor will spare no pains to make his house equal to any in the borough. His bar will always be stocked with the best liquors, and restaurant with the good things of the season. Oysters served at all times by the bushel, gallon or quart.
sept. 2, '65.

GROVESTEEN & Co
PIANO FORTE
MANUFACTURERS,
499 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK.
THE attention of the public and the trade is invited to our NEW SCALE 7 OCTAVE ROSEWOOD PIANO FORTES, which for volume and purity of tone are unrivalled, by any hitherto offered in this market. They contain all the modern improvements, French, Grand Action, Harp Pedal, Iron Frame, Over-Strung Bass, &c., and each instrument being made under the personal supervision of Mr. J. H. GROVESTEEN, who has had a practical experience of over 35 years in their manufacture, is fully warranted in every particular.
The "Grovesteen Piano Fortes" have received the award of merit over all others at the celebrated World's Fair. Where were exhibited instruments from the best makers of London, Paris, Germany, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, and New York; and also at the American Institute for five successive years, the gold and silver medals from both of which can be seen at our ware-room.
By the introduction of improvements we make a still more perfect Piano Forte, and by manufacturing largely, with a strictly cash system, are enabled to offer these instruments at a price which will preclude all competition.
PRICES—No. 1, Seven Octave, round corners, Rosewood plain case, $275.
No. 2. Seven Octave, round corners Rosewood, heavy moulding, $300.
No. 3, Seven Octave, round corners Rosewood Louis XIV style $325.
Terms—Net Cash in current Funds.
DESCRIPTIVE CIRCULARS SENT FREE.
July 29, 1y. "A. & C."

Susquehanna Planing Mill,
ON FRONT ST. AND PENN. RAILROAD
Columbia, Lancaster County, Pa.
THE subscriber would respectfully announce to the patrons of his Mill, that the advanced prices of labor and expences incident to carrying on the business of his establishment compels him to charge his customers an advance on former rates, and takes this method to inform them that the following are the prices for work done at his Mills:

For working Flooring per M		$4.50
" do Weatherboards	"	4.50
" Surfacing one side,	per M.	2.50
" do two do	do	4.50
" Re-sawing White Pine face measure,	per M.	5.00
" do Poplar face meas.	do	6.00
" do Ash, Oak & Cherry, face meas.	per M.	8.00
" Ripping 4-4	per line, 16 ft.	1½
" do 8-4	do do	3
" do Joice	do do	4½

Lumber hauled to the Mill and returned to Yard without extra charge.
Accounts for working or dressing lumber will be considered collectable every *four months.*
The subscriber has on hand an assortment of ROUGH and DRESSED LUMBER, which is for sale at Market Prices, and solicits a continuation of public custom.
JOHN B. BACHMAN.
Columbia, March 18, 1864.

W. W. FRY. MARK A. KURTZ.
FRY & KURTZ,
IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS
OF
HOSIERY, GLOVES, NOTIONS AND
FANCY GOODS,
325 ARCH STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.
Jan. 21, 64. 6m.

COAL! COAL!
D. F. GRIFFITH, has opened a coal yard on the corner of Front and Walnut streets, Columbia, and intends keeping a general assortment of Schuylkill County coal at
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
warranted the best and cleanest family coal that comes to this place.
COME AND EXAMINE
for yourselves.
Sales cash on delivery. A liberal share of public patronage is solicited.
mar. 18, '65. D. F. GRIFFITH.

BOSTON CHAIN!
WE Have just received 700 pounds best Boston Linen Carpet Chain, in all colors which we will sell at a reduced price.
STEACY & BOWERS,
Opposite Odd Fellow's Hall,
May 6, Columbia, Pa.

TO TOBACCO GROWERS!
I HAVE constantly on hand at my Plaining Mills, Tobacco cases, and will furnish them at reasonable prices, to those who desire to pack their Tobacco.
JOHN B. BACHMAN,
Susquehanna Plaining Mills.
May 13, '65.

COAL! COAL! COAL!

Baltimore Co. Lump for melting Iron.		
" " No. 1, for Heaters, &c.		
" " 2, for Cannon Stoves,		
" " 3, for Parlor Stoves, &c		
" " 4, for Ranges, &c.		
" " 5, for Nanor Grates & Lime Burner.		
Shamokin Stove & Nut, a meduium burning coal	"	"
Pine Grove,	"	"
Lyken Valley, a free burning coal.		

Parties wishing to buy Coal by the car load, which comes via Reading & Columbia R. R., can be accommodated at mine prices, the undersigned having made arrangements so that effect. Coal cleaned before leaving the yard. Our office has been moved south 200 from the old place.
Sept 9. BRUNER & MOORE.

IRON STONE CHINA.
WE HAVE just received our first spring envoice of Stone China and Queensware, which we invite the early attention of purchasers to, as we will sell them at the right figure.
STEACY & BOWERS.
Opposite Odd Fellows' Hall,
feb, 4, '65 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 and 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. Jordan, Lancaster, relieved of Cholera Morbus in 10 or 15 minutes, by the Herb Bitters.
Jacob Hang, 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 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 Bitters.
Charles P. Miller, Philadelphia, writes of a lady in that city having been cured of the Dumb Ague, by the use of the 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 Locklaw, 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.

The Magdaline.

BY EVA ALICE.

"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow."

Draw near to me gentle lady,
I feel that I'm dying now;
Let me press thy hand in parting,
Let me kiss that noble brow;
Thou indeed hast been my angel,
Thou hast soothed my cup of wo,
Once more, oh, my gentle lady,
I would thank thee, e'er I go.

When my spirit hath departed,
And ye've laid me neath the sod,
Tell them of the poor heart broken,
How she died at peace with God;
Oh! tell to my dearest mother
How the penitent would pray;
How she felt her sins forgiven,
E'er her spirit passed away.

Then tell to that dear old father;
The child of his early pride
Hath wash'd her sins in th' precious blood,
That flow'd from the Saviour's side;
Seek ye too, my noble brother,
Take him gently by the hand,
Tell him his erring sister Belle,
Hath gone to the Better Land.

And then to my loving sister,
Give to her my parting kiss,
Tell her we'll meet in the world above,
Though we never meet in this:
Tell them all—th'-poor-heart-broken-one
Died with her sins forgiven,
And whispering breath'd as she pass'd away,
I shall meet them all in Heaven.

Original

Written for the Columbia Spy.

A Sketch from Life.

Higher piling the fuel, the widow sat down to her lonely hearth, to await the coming of her long absent son. Though a tear trickled down her furrowed cheek, 'twas not of sorrow. No, those days had passed, and joy now unlocked the fount grief so long had sealed. Hark! is not that a footstep? Taking a light, she goes forth to welcome home the wanderer.—"William, love, is it you?" she inquires, as peering in the darkness a manly form is seen approaching. Not waiting longer, but guided intuitively by love, she folds her arms about his neck and greets him with fond words of affection; but how are they returned—with the kindness her heart yearns for? No, but with muttering and horrid imprecations. Releasing him from her embrace, she asked, "Is this William, the guileless boy, whose presence has so often cheered me? 'Tis him and yet 'tis not him, I see! My God! he is possessed of a demon! Oh, cruel tempter! thou who has allured from me the kindest, best of husbands—sending him to fill an inebriating grave! wilt thou take my last and only stay?—Jesus, sustain me—it is more than I can bear! But come in, my son, I will still do all I can for you." But the kind invitation was not heeded, as he had disappeared, she knew not whither.

With a deep drawn sigh she returned, not to a happy fireside, but one over which brooded the angel of despair.

Sitting in the dim gray of a winter's evening, praying for him whose absence she has long mourned, the mother is startled by a rumbling of wheels, and sees a carriage rapidly approaching. A light plays over her features, as of the reflection of newly awakened hope; and with eager, though trembling steps, she makes her way to the yard to learn, if but one word of her erring son.

"My son!" she gasped. "What of him?" she inquired of the coachman.

"He is very ill, ma'am, at P., and desires to see you."

After a hasty preparation, she set out with gloomy and painful forebodings.—Reaching the station, she was by the speed of the iron horse soon borne to the village of P., where lay her son. Pausing on the threshhold of the house to which she was directed, she asked the physician might she enter. "Go in, madam, no power of mortal can now disturb him."

"Nay, it cannot be, my William dead!"

Upon realizing the fact of his death, she frantically inquired the cause, and her agony is increased by learning that, being in a state of intoxication, he ascended the steps of a car, and while on the platform, the train moved off, he fell and was horribly mangled. There bowed over the stiffened corpse, she learned that the last breathings of her son had been spent in piteous petitions for mercy, mingled with the horrid oaths of a lost spirit.

Standing by his grave, in the country, and gazing on his manly features, to the mother, beautiful even in death, she perhaps thought how bright a jewel that casket once contained, before he, in sweet innocence, had gone into the world. Believing, trusting those who should have been his friends; but who had led him into habits which had terminated in his eternal ruin. Though the buds of her heart's best affections had been withered, and all her earthly hopes were gone, there would have been something in the heart akin to past pleasures, could she, with the prayers of a widowed and childless sufferer, have prevailed upon the venders of intoxicating drinks never again, by the infatuating poison, render a home and heart so comfortless as they had done in her case.

The grief was more than she could bear, and God in his mercy sent an angel to waft that deeply wronged and suffering spirit to a land where "the wicked cease to trouble, and the wea y are forever at rest." J. S. G.

Stage Coach Riding.

MR. EDITOR: In the olden time, when man was supposed to possess only animal instincts and desires, he was considered the public benefactor, who increased man's *capacity* for physical enjoyments, or his *facilities* for obtaining them; and even yet we find some of the old Fogies who will persist in classing amongst those entitled to our gratitude the drudges who contrive "to make two blades of grass grow where one grew before." But thanks to an enlightened civilization, those antiquated notions are rapidly passing into desuetude and are being replaced by others more suited to the progressive spirit of the age, (not the "Philadelphia Age.") Now, as will be seen by reference to the puffing, as well as to the advertising columns of our newspapers, the great benefactors of the race are daily calling the attention of that ungrateful animal the Public, (who is always anxiously waiting to be benefited,) to some new avenue to mental or intellectual enjoyment—some will tell him where is to be found the secret of perpetual youth, &c., &c., all for one three cent stamp "to pay return postage"—others again take much unrequited trouble to learn by what unheard of routes, through uninhabited regions, and over unfinished railroads, the greatest amount of pleasure may be obtained with the smallest outlay of Greenbacks, and very generously, (I fear that in many cases their *disinterested* generosity is not fully appreciated,) hasten to lay before that aforsaid ungrateful Public the results of their self-sacrificing labors in lengthy descriptions of the sylvan beauty of this scene—the sublime grandeur of that, &c., &c., in the too often vain endeavor to lift man to an appreciation of the beauties of nature as exhibited so profusely in our own beloved land.

Now Mr. Editor, if you have waded this prolix preface, you are about to find out what I am going to write about. I am one of the few who can fully appreciate the disinterestedness of those tourists who so gratuitously inform us where we can "get our money back" and wish to rank myself amongst them by opening up to the admirers of nature and the lovers of travel in Lancaster Co., a new route upon which to expend their time and their dimes—namely, the Lancaster and Port Deposit Stage Route, and to show how much enjoyment may be obtained in that route for the paltry pittance of $2.25 I will give you a brief account of my own experience in travelling over it during one day in the lovely month of September last. Well to begin. One evening some to or three weeks ago there was a party of seven of us, all males, who found ourselves—accidentally or otherwise—in Port Deposit, and desired to be in Lancaster as soon as possible, so as the route by way of Perryville and Philadelphia was rather roundabout and expensive we concluded to take the stage, and accordingly "booked" ourselves that night for "through" seats to Lancaster—well, promptly at 7 A. M., the next day, the stage, drawn by two strong horses, true to the programme, drew up at the door of the hotel and received us and our baggage, and away we dashed at the rate of about 4 miles an hour, along the level road for about two miles when we were hailed by an itinerant scissors grinder who desired transportation for himself and his "hay-wagon," (as he facetiously styled his apparatus,) to Chestnut Level—of course we took him in, and strapped his grindstone on to the rack behind. Now we were just "full," having three to each seat and not more than the ordinary amount of plow casting in the way of freight, so we calculated on a pleasant journey, which of course we had, for our very *close proximity* to each other precluded the idea of any one being "distant" or reserved, so we soon became acquainted with our new friend and learned as much of his previous history as we desired, but we were not doomed to the ennui of a "stag" party, for at the next stopping we were delighted to find two young Ladies waiting for a passage to "the Level." Now some drivers would have felt themselves in a dilemma when called upon to take two more passengers into a full coach. Not so our Jehu, he was equal to the emergency. "Plenty of room," said he, "two of you can sit on the rack." There were some of us who had the ignorance and absence of gallantry to demur, but two were found with sufficient appreciation of the value of the addition to our company, to take the proffered seats on the rack, (one of them was our travelling *artist*,) and away we started again, our steeds nobly responding to the oft-repeated application of the lash till our rate of speed was fully three miles per hour in spite of our increased load. One of the outsiders crept in at the back of the stage after enjoying his portion for about a mile, but his place on the rack was not long left vacant, as another passenger made his appearance soon after. We went along delightfully, making the air vocal with our songs and meeting with no collision or mishaps of any kind until we came to descend the river hill at Peters' Creek, where the straps of the coach gave way under their load of two passengers and an *ad lib.* amount of baggage and sent our last passenger summersaulting along the road. Again we found our driver equal to the emergency—he had the cool courage, (as no bones were broken,) to treat the accident as a thing of course, and after patching up the broken straps, proceeded to the hotel at Peach Bottom, where we dined and transferred ourselves and baggage to the "Four-Horse Coach," advertised to carry the mails, &c. over the remaining 25 miles of the route.

Owing to the heat, or some other cause, one of the horses had been disabled some days before, and our 4 horse team consisted on this occasion of only three, but a look at them was sufficient to convince the most skeptical that they also were "equal to the emergency" if time enough was allowed them, for I profess to know a little something about horseflesh myself, and I am confident that the three, without the harness, would have brought fifty dollars in Lancaster, (I mean *before* the journey then pending. I would not like to risk the opinion that they would have brought it *after*, but I am anticipating.) Unfortunately our young lady passengers were not capable of appreciating the beauties of the situation, and we left them negotiating for a private conveyance to their destination—but we were not allowed to mourn the absence of a sufficient number to fill our coach, as we got two male passengers at Peach Bottom, to supply their places. Well, off we started, laboring up the hill with "nine hinside and three hout," and any amount of baggage and of course our progress was rather slow, but that, you know gave us the more time to admire the beauties of the scenery which every lover of nature is bound to appear to appreciate, and so we got along safely as far as the "Buck" when one of the horses, (who could not appreciate the beauty of driving three horses a stage of twenty miles per day, in the hottest part of the year, over the hilliest road in the world, with twelve passengers,) took into his foolish head the foolish notion that he would quietly lie down and shuffle off this mortal coil, (he was a "shuffling nag, anyhow,) but our new driver, being acquainted with the tricks of his equine friend, filed his objections to this arrangement in the shape of sandry kicks &c., &c., until Rosinante was again on his feet, and after the administration of some needed stimulants he was induced to resume his place at the "near wheel" and with a delay of less than two hours, again started for Lancaster. Some of the passengers had the hardihood to suggest to the driver the idea that the two remaining horses take us to Lancaster more easily without the company of the "dead" horse, but Jehu thought his paramount duty in the premises was to return the horses to their stable and he was determined religiously to perform that duty regardless of the amount of time and whip lash required, and when one of the "hinsiders" hinted at the probability of our being too late to make the connection with the 8 P. M. train for Columbia, (the line promises to deliver its load in Lancaster at six,) the driver very coolly informed us that "his orders from his boss were to take in all the passengers that he could get, collect the fare *in advance, be careful not to overdrive the horses*, and if any one complained of the slow progress, to inform him that if he was not satisfied with the rate of speed he was at liberty to get out, *and walk as much faster as he liked.*" Very sensible orders indeed, and a merited rebuke to the unromantic individual who would suffer his impatience to curtail the opportunity afforded his fellow passengers of admiring the scenery. To make as short as posible this communication, which is getting too long, suffice it to say that the two horses managed to drag us and the other horse into Lancaster by a few minutes before nine P. M. thus making the whole 37 miles in the unprecedented time of fourteen hours without any serious accident, and at the astonishingly reasonable figure of two dollars and a quarter, whilst it costs more than that to ride four hours on the P. R. R., and then you are whirled along at such a rapid rate on the said R. R., that viewing the scenery is out of the question.

In addition to the merits of this line as already detailed in this imperfect sketch, it should not be forgotten or underrated that it is a great convenience to persons living along the route, as the Landlords never dream of such a thing as being at any expense or inconvenience in procuring their supplies of "dead shot," but merely hand their empty vessels to the driver, in the afternoon and he brings them back replenished next day, (demijohns alone were called in requisition, and only a dozen or so of them, so that I don't know whether they take barrels or not,) and the farmers can have their plow castings transported conveniently, &c. Then the comforts of this coach should not be overlooked, as it measures inside almost 6 x 4 feet and I am credibly informed that they never take more than twelve adults inside, although that information I have unofficially, and does appear to conflict with the the driver's version of his "general orders."

Now, Mr. Editor, I have discharged my duty by letting the Public know of the existence of a route hitherto unpuffed and this my inability to give a graphic account of the delightful trip we had, I fail in inducing them to patronize the route, the fault is in the head and not in the heart. I would mention, merely incidentally, Mr. Editor, that I am not paid by the proprietors for this puff, but write from purely disinterested motives.

Yours, TRAVELLER.

Romantic Marriage.

A marriage at Greenland recently has a little of the romantic about it. The bridegroom when in the army advertised for lady correspondence. The bride had a love for writing and sportively wrote the soldier a letter under the fictitious name of Jenny Ellsworth. It was replied to and several letters passed, as well as miniature likenesses. The soldier took a fancy to the style of the writer, took a fancy to the picture, and last winter took a journey to Greenland, where he had never been before, and made an inquiry at the depot for Jenny Ellsworth. No one knew of such a name in Greenland, and he began to think he had been duped, when he produced the photograph from his pocket and asked if any one present knew it? Oh, that is Jennie Brackett, they at once exclaimed. He soon found her residence, and a personal acquaintance of a few days resulted in a mutual good understanding. He returned to the army, and at the close of the war, after an honorable discharge, has again visited Greenland. "Jenny Ellsworth" has taken the name of Mrs. Bennett, and they have departed for his home in Tivoli, Minn. The brave deserve the fair.—*Portsmouth (N. H.) Journal.*

—Just as one of the dead carts, loaded with the bodies of victims who had succumbed to the cholera in the city of Constantinople, was passing along a deserted road, on its route to the cemetery, the driver and his assistant noticed the body of a man lying in the road. Thinking the man was dead, they fancied it would be the proper thing to bury him; and so they tumbled his form in among their ghastly freight. When the pit was reached, the wagon was unceremoniously emptied; but imagine the consternation of the grave-diggers when the last addition to the freight became lively, and wanted to know if they wished to bury him alive. It turned out that the man was not really dead, but dead drunk.

—A stranger in our printing office asked the devil what his rule of punctuation was. "I set up as long as I can hold my breath, then I put in a comma; when I gap, I insert a semicolon; and when I want a chew of tobacco, I make a paragraph."

—Hon. Thaddeus Stevens was b[illegible] Caledonia county, Vt., April 4, [illegible] and was consequently, seventy-two [illegible] old in April, 1865.