The Columbia Spy.

A. M. RAMBO, Editor and Publisher. "NO ENTERTAINMENT SO CHEAP AS READING, NOR ANY PLEASURE SO LASTING." $2,00 Per Year, in Advance; $2,50 if not Paid in Advance.

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ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW,
Columbia, Pa.
Collections promptly made in Lancaster and York Counties.

J. W. FISHER,
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Office on Front Street, between Locust and Walnut, Columbia, Pa.

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Collections made in Lancaster and adjoining Counties.
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Office in Odd Fellows' Hall, Columbia, Pa.

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Office--Front Street, next door to R. Williams' Drug Store, between Locust and Walnut Streets, Columbia, Pa.

S. C. ERMENTROUT, M. D.,
Late of Reading, Pa., offers his professional services to the citizens of Columbia and vicinity. Office in Walnut Street, below Second, Columbia, Pa.

F. HINKLE,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON;
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HOTELS.

FRANKLIN HOUSE,
LOCUST ST., COLUMBIA, PA.
This is a first-class hotel, and is in every respect adapted to meet the wishes and desires of the traveling public. MARTIN ERWIN,
Proprietor.

FRENCH'S HOTEL,
On the European Plan, opposite City Hall Park York. R. FRENCH,
Proprietor.

MISHLER'S HOTEL,
West Market Square, Reading, Penn'a.
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MT. JOY, PENNA.
First-Class Accommodations. The Choicest Liquors at the Bar. ALEX. D. REESE,
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MALTBY HOUSE,
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.
This hotel has been lately refitted with all the necessary improvements known to hotel enterprise and before offers first-class accommodations to strangers and others visiting Baltimore.
A. B. MILLER,
Proprietor.

Poetical.

[For the "Spy."]

MABEL CLARE.

BY L. AUGUSTUS JONES.

Watching at eve, by the garden gate,
Wistfully gazing through tears so woe,
Down the roadside where the "Alvorate"
Nods when the gentle breezes blow;
Cheeks all pale as the lily's hue—
Both eyes gleaming with wild despair—
Waiting for him whom she deems untrue,
Stands in the twilight, Mabel Clare.

Only a year ago to night,
He was standing there by her side,
Promising when he returned again,
Gentle Mabel should be his bride
Tenderly kissed he her rosy cheek,
Softly pressed he her trembling hand,
Left her alone in the twilight deep,
Crossing the sea to a distant land.

He was to return when the maple leaves
Put on their hue of purplish red;
They have withered and fell from all the trees,
They lie in her pathway sere and dead;
And the winds of Autumn wildly wail,
As they sweep o'er the bleak and barren lea;
The gallant ships still come and go,
But he comes not with them over the sea.

Mournful and sad is her young heart now—
But why should I tell such a well known tale?
Some are happy, and some are gay,
Others are left to weep and wail.
Over the sea in a distant land;
Happy is he with his bride so fair;
Waiting and watching still for him,
By the garden gate stands Mabel Clare.

Original.

How the President was Chased by Ghosts.

AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY J. A. REYNOLDS.

I don't remember ever to have read of a period, when college students were not noted for their ardent love of mischief, and passion for wild pranks, and practical jokes—and in all my acquaintance with them, during the time I was attending different institutions, and since, I have found them to be always a reckless, light hearted, whole-souled set of fellows. I do not know how the meditative youths who wore togas and received instruction from the peripatetic Aristotle in the shady groves of Ilyssus, or listened to the philosophic conversations of Zeno and Socrates, were in the habit of conducting themselves; but as human nature in Greece, at that time, was pretty much the same as it is here, I incline to the opinion that there were midnight hours when the paved way and classic retreats rang with the echoes of bacchanal odes, and the shuffling of sandaled feet, as the youthful sages were relaxing their mental energies after protracted and severe study by having "a high old time." Rocks were shied, signs removed, slumbering patricians were rudely awakened, too, I have no doubt, by impudent inquiries as to whether "the Delphic Oracles lived around here?" or where—"Antisthenes rooms at?" and similar interrogatories that a citizen, however willing to answer at proper hours, does not so cheerfully respond to, when he has been called from a warm bed and sound sleep.

There is scarcely a single *alumnus* of any institution in the country, but can call to mind some reckless enterprise in which his fellow students were engaged—some "lark" in the execution of which the actors had to run the risk of bodily harm, exposure and consequent suspension or expulsion. But when was a College student ever known to abandon a project, because of the dangers involved? The risks that would deter others, serve only as spurs to excite him onward, and he dashes recklessly into his scheme, trusting to the good fortune that never deserts the graceless scamps, and to the divinity that shapes his destiny. There may be among the readers of the SPY some who acknowledge old Transylvania University as their *Alma Mater*, and who were students there in its palmy days, when young men from every State in the Union, from Mexico, Cuba and France, were regular attendants within its walls.

If any of the students of that proud old institution should happen to read this sketch, they will, in all probability, remember the date when the events occurred. If not personally cognizant of the circumstances, they have doubtless heard them recounted by some of their friends. I do not mention the precise date, nor use real names, for obvious reasons, and the interest of the narration will not be lessened by the omission.

During the early part of the session of 185—, numerous complaints had been made by persons residing near the University buildings, and by citizens in other portions of the town, of the noise and disorderly conduct of some of the students, and of the "outrages" as the irritated petitioners for redress termed the acts committed—viz: The taking down of signs and hanging them up again at other houses, where different trades or professions were followed, and the removal and hiding of gates, often necessitating a general turn out next morning of housekeepers, and a vigorous search for the missing article, with other little "pleasantries," as the students called them. The leading spirits in these unscholarly proceedings were of course not positively known, but the suspicions of Professors and citizens, with surprising unanimity, designated two young gentlemen, members of the junior class, and whom friends, as the capital offenders, and the instigators to all the mischief perpetrated in that bailiwick—Mat. Sherley and Alf. Brannan.

The second month of the fall session was drawing to a close, when late on Wednesday even'g Mat. hurried across the *campus* towards the dormitory where his chum boarded. Passing up stairs he entered, unannounced, the room of his friend, whom he found stretched out full length of a settee, smoking his favorite meerschaum. Throwing himself into a chair and taking time barely to fill and light his own pipe, he commenced:

"Well, Alf., everything is all arranged, and if the fates are only propitious, somebody will be startled before midnight."

"Have you seen all the boys—Hughes, Ridley, Brock, and the rest?" asked his friend.

"Yes, ever yone of them, and they will be on hand in time, never fear; they have got all they will need, and are anxious for the hour." "But, how have you arranged the other affair? Have you sent Katie word?"

"Old Edmund brought me a note from her in reply to one I sent, and she will meet me at the gate, but she is afraid we will do something serious that will involve us in more trouble. All I am afraid of," he added, "is that she may awaken suspicion as to what is going on, by her actions."

"Never fear for her, replied Mat. confidently; "she will be prudence personified, it imprudence might involve her sweetheart in danger of detection on this grand exploit. But Alf."—and Mat. looked unusually serious, for the moment—"I tell you, we must be awfully circumspect for awhile after this, for the faculty will not let us rest, while the people talk so much."

"I know, Mat, that we must be careful. Ever since the widow Morton's rockaway was taken up in chapel, and the lower fence disappeared, old Hartley has treated me coolly, and the other night when I called to see Kate, bless her bright eyes, he intimated that a better mode of employing my time would be in seeking the solution of certain abstruse problems in geometry—confound his impudence," and in the indignation awakened by the recollection of the rebuke, he sent a chair tumbling with a vigorous kick, and his expression indicated a hearty desire to treat the plain spoken official the same way.

"Ha! ha!"—laughed his comrade as he witnessed this sudden ebullition of wrath—"old Austerity was pretty hard on you, especially when your little sweetheart was present; but then Alf. consider the trouble we have given the old fellow. Remember the morning all the key-holes were filled with sand, think of the chapel bell all covered with tar, and don't forget the brace of muscovy ducks fastened to his presidential desk, and quacking an hideous accompaniment to the bellowing of the flea-bitten calf that by some means was found haltered to his arm chair! "Oh! Lord! what a rueful look the old philosopher gave when the menagerie opened out in chorus. Oh! oh!! ha! ha!!" and the happily mated pair laughed until the chairs rattled, at the ludicrous remembrances.

"Ah! it is all well enough, laughing now, Mat., but let that faculty once get us before them, on any charge, and they will trp us for everything we have ever done or thought of, "spoke his comrade, rather sobered by the contemplation of the bare possibility of multiplied penalties.

"It is trange," remarked Mat. after the conversation had been changed to other matters, "for a person of his sense to entertain such foolish idees about ghosts."

"Oh! yes, he imagines that disembodied spirits are hiding around every corner and in every tree—and that all of them are on the lookout to grab him by the coat tails. I don't wonder the old Behemoth is troubled in consequence when he remembers all his meanness. He'll see worse looking ghosts sometime than ever his fears conjured up when shinning it past a grave yard.

"You are still smarting over his lick the other night," rejoined his friends, and immediately added—"but here are the rest of our crowd. Get ready."

President Hartley was, in truth, a pompous self-conceited man, haughty and repelling in his intercourse with others, which was limited by the requirements of his station, and, as a consequence, he was respected only for his intellectual powers and varied attainments, while he failed to win the regard of any one outside of his own family. He occupied rooms in a large building in rear of college, and to the left of the dormitory. On the night when the conversation above detailed took place, he had been earnestly engaged in examining some new mathematical works, and after eleven o'clock, feeling weary, he passed into an adjoining room—his bed chamber. He had been in bed and sound asleep for sometime, when he awoke suddenly, oppressed with a terrible apprehension of impending danger. What had given rise to the feeling—what could have inspired it? In vain he racked his mind for a satisfactory hypothesis, and after sometime passed in reflection, he persuaded himself that his stomach was disordered which, had produced the unpleasant sensation, and quieted by this suggestion, he composed himself again, and had but dropped into a refreshing sleep, when out on the still night air there rang the most fearful cry, like unto the desparing wail of lost spirits who had just seen the gates of Heaven forever closed against them. Sitting up right in bed, rubbing his eyes and distracted by the marrow-chilling tones of that long drawn cry, his blood is curdled in his veins, and the cold prespiration oozes out in great beads on the countenance over which the pallor of death has spread, as his strained ear catches the awful words, uttered in solemn, measured accents:

"James Hartley, too long hast thou now been permitted to remain among thy fellow men, seeking not to make those about thee happy. Thou art wanted!"

As this terrible summons was spoken, the chamber door, of its own accord, moved silently back, revealing to the terror stricken victim, two ghostly visitants, taller, thinner and more spectral than ever human beings were before. Arrayed in ghastly white robes, they bore between them a broad salver, draped also in white, whereon rested a fleshless grinning skull, in front of which reposed the emblematic "cross bones."

Oh! the horrible, brain searing sight! One hasty glance, and then with a piercing shriek, the tortured President fled the hated dwelling where such hideous spirits walked.

In his mad flight down the stairs, just as he reached the second landing, another and still more startling apparation—arrayed as were the others in spotless white, and from whose hollow, staring eyes, and distended mouth gleamed a sickly phosphorescent light—glided noiselessly from an angle in the walt, and stretched forth its long bony arms to arrest the rapid progress of the fleeing scholar. This new horror but added to his terror, and urged him to increase his rate of speed. Closing his eyes to the sickening vision, and imploring mercy from his spectral enemies, he hastened to the door, and as he leaped wildly forth, that soul-harrowing cry again burst forth, quivering on the soft night winds, and startling the slumbering birds in their nests, and the neighbors in their beds. That fearful cry! Surely the dead turned restlessly in their coffins as it sobbed and echoed far and near. But the pursued one—it was to him, be wildered as he was in mind, as caustic, on the freshly lacerated and bleeding flesh—tortured in every fibre of his body, trembling and panting, he jumped madly forward, and like a hare when the hounds are near, he scarcely touched the ground so swiftly did he run.

Straight onward, down the spacious lawn and past the University building, sped the pale and frightened President, like an arrow flying from a light strung bow.

But no lights were gleaming in the windows of the houses in the neighborhood, for the dwellers therein had been rudely awakened by the wild cry of the retreating dignitary, and the discordant wail that sounded so dismally, jumped affrighted from their couches, and dressing themselves hastened out to ascertain the cause of such unwonted sounds.

And now there are other actors in this affair to whom we must pay attention. Just after the President had started in his flight, and while the inmates of the dormitory and adjacent houses were running to and fro in wild confusion, overwhelming each other with questions as to what had happened, Katie Arnold, the young and handsome ward of President Hartley, came out of her room, and passing quietly along the hall without being observed by any of the excited household, walked up the path leading through the garden, and in a few moments stopped at a small gate. Scarcely had she reached the spot, when our friend, Alf. Brannan, leaving the shadow of a large pine tree, advanced quickly to meet her, exclaiming as he grasped her hand:

"How can I thank you sufficiently, dearest Katie, for giving me this interview?"

"By promising me to keep out of mischief in the future"—and then she asked—"but tell me what in the name of all that is wonderful, have you all been doing to night? what is the meaning of those awful cries I heard?"

"You will find out all about it in the morning—but I want you to know, Katie, that this scare would not have been thought of if our old President had not put spies out to watch my movements and report if you and I attempted to see each other; and in addition to my grudge against him, he has treated some of the boys very meanly"—and the speakers eyes flashed angrily.

"That's too much for me to endure, and I won't stand it any longer," rejoined Katie, stamping her little foot in vexation—"I won't be watched like a criminal, for if Pa was here, he would not object to my seeing you, and I am going to write to him to morrow to come on here."

"But I must talk fast, darling, for some one may come on us. I wanted to tell you, if any thing turns up in college and I should disappear suddenly for awhile, don't be alarmed." For awhile longer Alf. remained talking to his fair companion, in a low earnest tone, and evidently on some subject of interest and importance to the lovers, when the pleasant interview was abruptly terminated.

My readers will remember that I left the frightened mathematician running wildly down the college lawn—if not with the rapidity and gracefulness of the wing-footed Arabian steed coursing over his native desert, he was at least doing the best he could to widen the space between himself and the demons he felt certain were pursuing him. After racing down the *campus*, he was compelled, by lack of wind, to slacken the Tam O'Shanter pace he had been going at. Some of the neighbors, who by this time had reached the grounds, came up to, him and after they had somewhat recovered from their surprise at finding the haughty college official, galloping about at that hour, arrayed in only his night garments, they learned from him what the reader already knows. Although strongly tempted to laugh at the ridiculous naration, they controlled their inclination, and proceeded with him back towards his dwelling On the way they were met by the janitor, a cross-grained, ill natured fellow, disliked by everybody except his congenial friend the President.

Brown, for that was his name, had learned enough to inform him what had taken place, and as he approached, it was evident from his eager, self-important, that he had something to communicate. He called the President aside and whispered a moment to him, and the latter turned around and excused the neighbors from attending him further, scarcely deigning to thank them for so promptly coming to his assistance in his agony of terror. As they retired, Hartley exclaimed:

"Quick, Brown, what have you discovered? Oh! I would gladly give all I have got for any clue that will enable me to fasten this outrage on the villians! What is it?" he queried, as the janitor handed him a note, saying as he did so:

"I found this in the hall leading to the side door." Tearing it open hastily, the President read as follows:

My Room, Wednesday Morning.

DEAR ALF:—I will meet you by the gate, at the end of the path, if, as you intimate, anything unusual should happen. But, darling, remember to be cautious, if not for your own sake, for mine. Your own
KATIE.

"Aha! the scoundrel, it was *his* work then, as I expected," muttered Hartly between his compressed lips—"and she, the vixen, knew what was being plotted. Oh! they shall suffer for this; but come Brown, if we harry, we may catch the affectionate pair at their trysting-place."

Thus speaking, he hurried away, closely followed by his serviceable tool, and in a few moments they were creeping stealthily towards the young couple. Just as they were nearing the gate, Brown stumbled over a brush pile, and fell heavily down an embankment into a sink in which he was nearly covered with greasy slops and refuse matter, the odor emitted from which being strong enough to stifle all the dwellers in cologne, the city of seventeen distinct smells.

The noise of his fall startled Alf., and caused the exclamation recorded in a preceding paragraph. Our friend was no coward, but he did not wish to be seen by Hartley, who would use the fact of his being found in that place, with serious effect against him. In a moment he determined on his plan, and whispering a few words to re-assure Katie, he rushed quickly past her, pursued by the irate President, who, leaving his discomfited janitor to the inglorious fate which had befallen him, hurried after the object of his enmity. The race was an interesting one, but brief, for Alf. was active and vigorous, and threading the mazes of shrubbery, he soon reached the lawn and disappeared; while Hartley, already blown and tired, was forced to stop and rest. He did not deem it politic to say anything to Katie, at that time, preferring to assume a calmness he was far from feeling, in order that he might mature his plans for punishing them both more severely in the future. Resolving this, he retired to the house and to bed again, dreading the next day, when he would have to appear as usual in public.

[*Conclusion next week.*]

[For the "Spy."]

SPRING.

Sympathy and Antipathy of Plants and Trees.

BY JAMES S. WATKINS.

Can a "flower garden" be properly called "a branch of the fine arts?" If it can, I take pleasure in calling the attention of the reader to the great "branch of the fine arts" of Spring, soon to enliven the land with blushes and perfumes. The whole country will soon be redolent of celestial odors; and thousands of varieties of rarest flowers, shrubs, and flowering plants, will make our country an Eden of loveliness under the warm and balmy zephyrs of Spring. Let the citizen pause for a moment in the midst of this great flower garden, beneath the shade of some stately oak, which stands in the midst, of the aroma laden gale, cools his brow, and gaze around him. He will deem that some scores of bright rainbows have been broken up, and scattered with liberal hand on either side. And as he stands there beneath the quiet shade, let him take a memorandum of the following curiosities of nature:

The grape or other vines flourish much better beneath or near cherry or elm trees than they do in other places. Should you at any time desire blue grapes, having the precise flavor of the white, plant them together and you will have accomplished the object.

Those fond of large chestnuts and mulberries, should plant the trees together, as the fruit will grow twice as large as when they are separated. It is not generally known that orange, lemon, myrtle, cypress and laural trees grow and succeed best when planted together. Farmers should remember that the growth of asparagus is enhanced almost double by planting the beds among the *hedeoma pulegioides*, which gives the penny-royal. Those fond of flowers, and particularly roses, should bear in mind that the simple planting of onion or garlic among the bushes they enhance the odor of the roses ten-fold; this is simple and should be tried. White lilies and roses planted together in one bed, both become much more sweet, and flourish better than when separated. If at any time you are possessed of a valuable flower, which commences to droop and fade by an accident or otherwise, put it next to a chamomile, with its roots in the same pot, and you will in a short time notice its revival from day to day until it assumes its full vigor again. The farmer should remember that in order to produce extraordinary large turnips, beets, carrots, or red beets, they should excavate a few of each, put the seed into the hole, await a few days, and then remove them and sow in tender, moist soil. If you have a vine that you would have grow to almost an alarming extent, strew some powdered tartar, mixed with a little ox blood, among their roots, and you will attain an incredible success.

Trees and flowers have a sympathy—and also an antipathy to each other. I have given the sympathy—now hear the antipathy:

The walnut, of all trees on a farm, is the most hostile and noxious to every other fruit tree that grows. They should never be suffered to grow near an orchard of peach or apple trees—the same will be damaging. The oak and olive trees are deadly enemies—if history is considered true—and the vine and laurel tree are hostile to each other. Cucumbers when planted among olive trees perish. An oak tree beside a walnut tree dries up—unless the oak be the largest of the two—and even then as the walnut increases in size the oak fades away.

Ladies should never plant colocynths in the same garden with other flowers, since they are noxious to every other herb or flower that grows. Hemlock beside a vine dries up.

It is said, (but the truth of the assertion I will not vouch for,) that during the time of the blooming of the rose and orange—the distilled waters of those plants lose its sweetness. It is almost an absurd idea, apparently, but had better be tried before confidently asserted or contradicted. The juice of the vine becomes unquiet, and ferments in the casks during the time in which the vine blooms. This is another almost absurd idea—and should be tried before being flatly contradicted.

Those having gardens, hot-houses, or farms under special care, and who pride themselves on rare flowers and fruits, should endeavor to find the truth of the above assertions. Some of them are strictly correct, having been tried and found so by myself. The ladies, I think, should pay attention to the garden of flowers, since their natures and flowers seem to draw so near together through the laws of sympathetic instinct.

Attention is called to the communication of S. H. Purple of the Columbia Nursery in reference to trimming trees, &c.

Poetical.

[For the "Spy."]

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

O, pity the drunkard's wife!
Think of her children dear,
The sorrows of the life
That they are living here;
With scarce enough to eat,
Or fire to keep them warm,
Nor shoes upon their feet,
To shield them from the storm.

The father coming home,
At a late hour of the night,
Creeps to his bed alone,
Without a spark of light;
And there he lies till morn,
Wallowing in his filth,
And thinks, now I'll reform
And save myself from death.

But ah, the temper strong,
Too strong is he of late,
He says: O, sure it is not wrong,
To drink for the stomach's sake.
O, moderate drinker! think
Before it is too late,
Go not upon the brink,
You'll surely seal your fate.

A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

Miscellaneous.

It Is a Curiosity.

It is a curiosity to find a politician who will hold an argument with an opponent for half an hour without getting angry.

It is a curiosity to find a politician who will be convinced by his opponent's arguments.

It is a curiosity to find a person who does not think his own children possessed of more talents and accomplishments than those of his neighbors.

It is a curiosity to find an artist who does not think himself perfect in his profession.

It is a curiosity to find a Miss of fifteen who has not begun to think of getting a husband.

It is a curiosity to find an old maid who does not wonder that she has not long before been married.

It is a curiosity to receive a letter from a lady which has not a P. S. attached to it.

It is a curiosity to meet with a woman who stammers in conversation.

It is a curiosity to find a lawyer who pleads a cause successfully for you, and then docks off a portion of his fees.

It is a curiosity to find a physician who, having restored you to health, does not wish you to think he has performed a wonderful cure.

It is a curiosity to find a dentist who will not tell you he can extract a tooth and cause less pain than any one else.

It is a curiosity to find a schoolmaster who does not wish to be understood that he knows more than anybody else.

It is a curiosity to find an editor who does not know everything, and more too.

It is a curiosity to meet with a man who thinks less of himself than other people think of him.

It is a curiosity to find a man who places too low an ostimate on his own abilities.

It is a curiosity to find a candidate for an office who does not think he is fully entitled to the suffrage of his fellow citizens.

Dr. Franklin on Death.

We have lost a most dear and valuable relation. But it is the will of God and nature that these mortal bodies be laid aside when the soul is to enter real life. This is rather an embryo state; a preparation for living. A man is not complete ly born until he is dead. Why should we grieve when a new child is born to immortals? a new member added to their happy society? We are SPIRITS! That bodies should be lent us while they can afford us pleasure, assist us in acquiring knowledge, or doing good to our fellow creatures, is a kind benevolent act of God. When they become unfit for these purposes, and afford us pain instead of pleasure,—instead of aid, become an encumbrance, and answer none of the intentions for which they were given, it is equally kind and benevolent that a way is provided by which we may get rid of them

Death is that way. We ourselves, in cases, prudently choose a partial death. A mangled, painful limb, which cannot be restored, we willingly cut it off. He who plucks out a tooth parts with it freely, since pains go with it; and he who quits the whole body, parts at once with all pains and possibility of pains and diseases it was liable to, or capable of making him suffer.

Our friend and we were invited abroad on a party of pleasure which is to last forever. His chair was ready first, and he has gone before us. We could not conveniently start together; why should you and I be grieved at this since we are soon to follow and know where to find him?—*Dr. Franklin's Works.*

Hold on Boys.

Hold on to your tongue when you are just ready to swear, lie or speak harshly, or use any improper word.

Hold on to your hand when you are about to strike, steal or do any improper act.

Hold on to your feet when you are on the point of kicking, running away from study or pursuing the path of error, shame, or crime.

Hold on to your temper when you are angry, excited or imposed upon, or others are angry about you.

Hold on to your heart when evil persons seek your company, and invite you to join in their games, mirth and revelry.

Hold on to your good name at all times, for it is much more valuable to you than gold, high places, or fashionable attire.

Hold on to the truth, for it will serve well, and do you good throughout eternity.

Hold on to your virtue, it is above all price to you, in all times and places.

Hold on to your character, for it is and ever will be your best wealth.

The Mission of Little Children.

The annexed beautiful and touching extract purports to come from a "Discourse on the Mission of Little Children:"

"No one feels the death of a child as a mother feels it. The father cannot realize it thus. True, there is a vacancy in his home, and a heaviness in his heart. There is a chain of association that at set times comes round with its broken link; there are memories of endearment, a keen sense of loss, a weeping over crushed hopes, and a pain of wounded affection.

"But the mother feels that one has been taken away who was still closer to her heart. Hers has been the office of constant ministration. Every gradation of feature developed before her eyes: she detected every gleam of infant intelligence; she heard the first utterance of every stammering word; she was the refuge of its fears, the supplyer of its wants, and every task of affection wove a new link, and made dear to her its object. And when her child dies, a portion of her own life, as it were, dies with it. How can she give her darling up, with all these loving memories, these fond associations? The timid hands that have so often taken hers in trust and love—how can she fold them on its sinless breast, and surrender them to the cold grasp of death? The feet whose wanderings she had watched so narrowly, how can she see them straightened to go down into the dark valley? The head that she had pressed to her lips and bosom, that she had watched in peaceful slumber, and burning sickness, a hair of which she could not see harmed, oh! how can she consign it to the darkness of the grave? It was a gleam of sunshine, and a voice of perpetual gladness in her home, she had learned from it blessed lessons of simplicity, sincerity, purity, faith; it had unsealed within her gushing, never ebbing tide of affection; when suddenly it was taken away, and that home is left dark and silent; and to the vain and heart-rending aspiration, 'shall that dear child never return again?' there breaks in response through the cold gray silence, 'Never more!—oh, never more!' The heart is like a forsaken mansion, and that word goes echoing through its desolate chambers."

While speaking of the death of children, these quaint and touching lines by Lydgate, an early English poet, come familiarly to the mind:

"A well-a-day! most angle-like of face,
A babe, young in his pure innocence,
The goodly fairc that lieth here speechless,
A mouth he has, but words hath he none,
Cannot complain, alas! for none outrage,
He grudgeth not, but lies here all meane,
Stiffen lambe, wrost meek of his visage;
What heart of steele could do him damage,
Or suffer him die, beholding the mirere
And look benign of his twin even clere?"

The Art of Being Polite.

First and foremost, don't try to be polite. It will spoil all.

If you keep overwhelming your guests with ostentatious entreaties to make them at home, they will very soon begin to wish they were there. Let them find out that you are happy to see them by your actions not by your words.

Always remember to let bashful people alone at first; it is the only way to set them at their ease: Trying to draw them out, has sometimes the contrary effect of *driving* them out—of the house.

Leading the conversation is a dangerous experiment. Better follow in its wake, and if you want to endear yourself to talkers, learn to *listen* well. Never make a fuss about anything—never talk about yourself—and always preserve perfect composure, no matter what solecisms or blunders others may commit. Remember that it is a very foolish proceeding to lament that you can not offer to your guests a better house, furniture, or viands. It is fair to presume that the visit is to you—not to these surroundings. Give people a pleasant impression of themselves, and they will be pretty sure to go away with a pleasant impression of your qualities. On just such slender wheels as these the whole fabric of society turns. It is our business then to keep them in perfect revolving order.—*Life Illustrated.*

Ladies and Newspapers.

It has been estimated that there are six readers to every newspaper, and that four of these are ladies. In fact, taking it into consideration that ladies as a rule give more time to the newspaper and "finish up" divers and sundry departments which gentlemen seldom touch, such as the stories, marriages, and fancy store advertisements, it will be seen that every journalist has an immense proportion of muslin in his congregation. Though you should get up a newspaper solely for railroads or tobacco, said a friend of ours once, and a man of ancient experience in editing and publishing, be sure and have a corner in it for the ladies. It is said that women of character do not care for publications which are gotten up entirely and solely for their sex, and we do not much wonder at it. To those who prefer to frequent society where gentlemen are not excluded, our weekly meetings in types are, we trust, not devoid of attraction. Subscribe for the "Spy," all ye ladies.

THE WHEAT.—The wheat is said to present a very healthy and flourishing appearance, and the farmers as a general thing, are jubilant now over the fine prospects of a good crop. The wheat has taken such a firm hold under the protection of the snow, that no fears are entertained from "March freezes," "frust," or "weevil." This will certainly be gratifying to every family, and if the crop should turn out well, we may look for a great reduction in the price of flour, &c.

THROW your *lamps* on this issue of the "Spy," and subscribe.

Farm and Household.

ADVICE UNTO LIFE is the most needful and profitable employment of man.—WASHINGTON.

COMMUNICATIONS, Selections, Recipes and articles of interest and value, are solicited for this department of the paper. We desire to supply the public with the best practical information in reference to the farm, garden, and household.

[For the "Spy."]

GARDENING.

"Loveliest of lovely things are they,
On earth, that soonest pass away!
The rose that lives its little hour,
Is prized beyond the sculptured flower."

MR. EDITOR.—It is not only to the poet, but almost universally, a flower yard or garden, prepared with taste, affords enjoyment to almost every one.

It is not at all unusual to see large yards or pieces of ground in front of private dwellings, entirely devoid of cultivation, and presenting a dreary and forbidding aspect to the passer by—and yet a very trifling expense, in many cases none other than the care bestowed, would convert them into cheerful flower gardens, the admiration of all who behold them. Permit me to make a few suggestions on the subject of *gardening*, having myself had some experience in that line. Now, if a graceful arbor were placed at the entrance, and either the honey-suckle or grape vine trained over it, it would not only add to the beauty of the place, but forms a pleasant resting place in the hot days of July and August, in which one can profitably while away an hour with book or friend. You can intersperse your bed with the perfumed lilac, or wistaria or clematis, all of which, wafted through the grounds as you leisurely walk along, seem to have a soothing and invigorating effect upon the whole system. We might with equal propriety, mention the rose—and who does not love the rose? Who has no love for all those gentle flowers whose name is legion? a fact, show me a man or woman who cares not for, or is indifferent in regard to the cultivation of flowers, and you have before you a person coarse in taste, and without those fine, sensitive feelings that belong to the better formed organizations.

In conclusion I would say, by all means trim up your gardens, all friends who are lovers thereof. I may have something more to say on this subject, in some future number of your valuable paper. Every family in the county should subscribe for the SPY. J. S. G.

IS SNOW A FERTILIZER?—"Farmer," of Sullivan Co., N. Y., writes.

"I have frequently heard it said that snow is very beneficial to land, and hence it is often called the "poor man's manure." Although this is a commonly received opinion, I have hitherto failed to meet with any one who could explain, upon philosophical principles, and have been led to doubt the truth of the assertion.—Why is it said to be so?"

ANSWER.—Snow absorbs from the atmosphere very considerable quantities of ammonia, which is especially abundant in the air near cities, as it is set free from coal and other fuel. It is a warm covering, protecting the plants covered by it, especially such as the grasses and winter grains, from the unfavorable action of frost, for it matters little how deeply the ground is frozen, a good bed of snow lying upon it several weeks will thaw it all, and even permit a growth of grain and grass to take place under it. When it melts, the soil has the benefit of the ammonia, and any fertilizing dust that the snow may have caught, and the snow-water besides contains much oxygen—hence the effects are like those of manure, and the reason for the popular judgment, which is quite right.

The Studious Farmer.

None are so likely to adapt their crops to the quality of the soil as he who has made the nature of that soil a study; and none so apt to apply the proper manure at the proper time and in the proper manner, as he who has made himself familiar with the composition of fertilizers and their effects upon different plants. No man is so likely to make a really valuable improvement in an agricultural machine as the farmer who, while using it, sees its defect, and possesses the mechanical skill and training to originate and construct. It is, in fact, from the efforts of men like this that the real advancement of agriculture must be derived; and by farmer improvements in the management of crops and of stock, in machinery and in manure, farming will be brought to claim its true dignity, and become in name as it is already in fact—a noble science.

CLOVERSEED is usually sown in March, upon the grain crops. Should there be a little snow on the ground no injury will ensue by sowing upon the snow, as when it melts the water carries the seed with it into the soil. Many farmers prefer thus to sow their cloverseed.

It is generally admitted by newspapers throughout the country that the winter has been an exceedingly fair one for farmers. There has been snow enough to protect the wheat, and there is every prospect of abundant crops.

SILVER CAKE.—Take the whites of eight eggs, two cups of sugar, half a cup of butter, three quarters of a cup of sweet milk, and three cups of flour. Add two teaspoonsful of baking powder. Flavor to the taste.

GOLDEN CAKE.—The yolks of eight eggs, one cup of sugar, half a cup of butter, half cup of sweet milk, and a cup and a half flour. Add two teaspoons of baking powder. Flavor to the taste.

CREAM SPONGE CAKE.—Take one cup of sugar, one cup of flour, half a cup of cream, and two eggs, well beaten.