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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THE COLUMBIA SPY,

[ESTABLISHED IN 1816.]

Published Every Saturday Morning.

OFFICE--LOCUST ST., OPPOSITE COLUMBIA BANK.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

$2.00 per year, if paid in advance; six months, $1. If not paid until the expiration of the year, $2.50 will be charged.

SINGLE COPIES.....FIVE CENTS.

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

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EIGHT LINES SPACE MAKE A SQUARE.

	1 w	3 w	6 w	3 m	6 m	1 yr.
1 Sqr., or less,	$ .75	$1.75	$2.75	$3.50	$5.50	$10.00
2 Squares.....	1.50	3.00	4.50	4.00	9.00	14 00
3 Squares.....	2.50	3.50	6.00	8.00	12.00	18.00
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½ Column.....	8.50	10.00	15.00	25.00	40.00	60.00
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PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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

J. W. FISHER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Office on Front Street, between Locust and Walnut, Columbia, Pa.

A. J. KAUFFMAN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Collections made in Lancaster and adjoining Counties.
Pensions, Bounty, Back Pay, and all claims against the government promptly prosecuted.
Office—Locust street, between Front and Second streets.

SAMUEL EVANS,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.
Office, on Second St., adjoining Odd Fellows' Hall, Columbia, Pa.

J. Z. HOFFER,
DENTIST.
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;
offers his professional services to the citizens of Columbia and vicinity. He may be found at the office connected with his residence, on Second street, between Cherry and Union, every day, from 7 to 8 A. M., and from 6 to 8 P. M. Persons wishing his services in special cases, between these hours, will leave word by note at his office, or through the post office.

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 travelling public.
MARTIN ERWIN, Proprietor.

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

MISHLER'S HOTEL,
West Market Square, Reading Penn'a.
EVAN MISHLER, Proprietor.

EXCHANGE HOTEL,
MOUNT JOY, PENNA.
First-Class Accommodations. The Choicest Liquors at the Bar.
ALEX. D. REESE, Proprietor.

MALTBY HOUSE,
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.
This hotel has been lately refitted with all the necessary improvements known to hotel enterprise and therefore offers first-class accommodations to strangers and others visiting Baltimore.
A. B. MALTBY, Proprietor.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MARVIN'S PATENT ALUM & DRY PLASTER, FIRE AND BURGLAR PROOF SAFES.
Warranted the best in the world! Never corrode the Iron. Never lose their fire-proof qualities. Are the only Safes filled with Alum and Dry Plaster.
Please send or call for an Illustrated Catalogue.
MARVIN & CO.
Principal Warehouses:
No. 265 Broadway, New York.
No. 721 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.
March 9, 1867-1y. P.

GEORGE BOGLE,
DEALER IN
LUMBER OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.
Also, PLASTERERS' HAIR.
Office—Front Street, between Locust and Union, COLUMBIA, PA.

WINDOW SHADES,
LOOKING GLASSES,
FURNITURE,
Of all descriptions, and at reduced prices, at our NEW WARE ROOMS,
Locust Street, above Second, south side.
JOHN SHENBERGER.
Columbia, Mar. 2, 1867-tf.

PURE WINES AND LIQUORS!
For Pure, Unadulterated Wines and Liquors, go to the store of the subscriber. He has elegant
CATAWBA WINE,
Which for quality and flavor, cannot be excelled; also, the celebrated ROOSTER WHISKEY, Yankee Rum, Jamaica Spirits, Blackberry Brandy, Cherry and Currant Wines.
We have Wines, Brandies, Gins, Cordials, Old Monongahela of all grades. Give us a call and examine for yourself.
CHARLES GROVE,
Corner of Commerce and Walnut Sts., Columbia, Pa. [dec.22,'66-tf.

CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED!
THE TRUE REMEDY AT LAST DISCOVERED.
UPHAM'S FRESH MEAT CURE!
Prepared from the formula of Professor Trousseau, of Paris, cures Consumption, Lung Diseases Bronchitis, Dyspepsia, Marasmus, General Debility, and all morbid conditions of the system, dependent on deficiency of vital force. It is pleasant to taste, and a single bottle will convince the most skeptical of its virtue as the great healing remedy of the age. $1 a bottle, or six bottles for $5. Sent by Express. Sold by
S. C. UPHAM,
No. 25 South Eighth St., Phila.
Sold by J. A. Meyers, Apothecary, Odd Fellows' Hall, Columbia, Pa. Circulars sent free.
Mar 2, '67-3mo.

UPHOLSTERING!
The undersigned has taken rooms adjoining the residence of James Barber, in Walnut street, where he is at all times prepared to do all kinds of work in his line, such as Hanging Curtains, cutting, making and laying Carpets, repairing Sofas and Chairs, making Spring, Corn-husk or Hair Mattresses, Cushions, &c., &c.
Mar. 10, '66.] SAMUEL CARTER.

POUDRETTE!
(Seventeen Years Fair Trial.)
There is no better Manure in the Market, for all kinds of Crops.
POUDRETTE—at 40 cts. per bushel, or $20 per ton, delivered at railroad and steamboat depots, in Philadelphia.
Manufactory—Gray's Road, above the Arsenal, Philadelphia. Poyson's Farm, Glocester, N. J. Woodbury Railroad.
Dealers—French, Richards & Co., 4th and Callowhill streets, Philadelphia, and for sale by Seed and Agricultural Implement Dealers generally.
Office—Library street, No. 420, back of the new Post Office, Philadelphia.
Liberal DISCOUNT to Dealers.
Feb. 23, '67-3mos.

CONFECTIONERY AND FRUIT OF ALL KINDS IN SEASON.
Parties and Families supplied with
ICE CREAM,
by the Freezer, or in Moulds, with promptness at
GEO. J. SMITH'S,
Adjoining the Franklin House, Locust street.
P. S.—Also, a fine assortment of TOYS and Fancy Articles, constantly on hand. [Apr 6, '67.

H. W. HUNTER & CO.,
WHOSESALE DRUGGISTS.
No. 41 North Third Street,
PHILADELPHIA.
Importers and Grinders of Spices, dealers in Drugs, Chemicals, Dye Stuffs, Patent Medicines, Oils, Paints Varnishes, Glass, &c. Manufacturers of "Kaign's Syrup of Tar." [Nov. 17, '66-1y

RAILROAD LINES.

READING RAIL ROAD.
SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.
April 8th, 1867.
GREAT TRUNK LINE FROM THE NORTH AND North West for Philadelphia, New York, Reading, Pottsville, Tamaqua, Ashland, Lebanon, Allentown, Easton, Ephrata, Litiz, Lancaster, Columbia, &c., &c.
Trains leave Harrisburg for New York, as follows: At 3.00, 8.10 and 9.35 A. M., and 2.10 and 9.00 P. M., connecting with similar Trains on the Pennsylvania R. R., and arriving at New York at 5.00 and 10.10 A. M., and 4.10, 5.20 and 10.25 P. M. Sleeping Cars accompanying the 3.00 A. M., and 9.00 P. M. Trains without change.
Leave Harrisburg for Reading, Pottsville, Tamaqua, Minersville, Ashland, Pine Grove, Allentown and Philadelphia, 8.10 A. M., and 2.10 and 4.10 P. M., stopping at Lebanon and principal Way Stations; the 4.10 P. M., making connections for Philadelphia and Columbia only. For Pottsville, Schuylkill, Haven and Auburn, via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Rail Road, leave Harrisburg at 3.20 P. M.
Returning: Leave New York at 9.00 A. M., 12.00 Noon and 5.00 and 8.00 P. M.; Philadelphia at 8.15 A. M., and 3.30 P. M. Way Passenger Train leaves Philadelphia at 7.30 A. M., returning from Reading at 6.30 P. M., stopping at all Stations; Pottsville at 8.35 A. M., and 2.45 P. M.; Ashland 6.00 and 11.30 A. M., and 1.05 P. M.; Tamaqua at 9.45 A. M., and 1.00 and 8.55 P. M.
Leave Pottsville for Harrisburg, via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Rail Road at 7.00 A. M.
Reading Accomodation Train: Leaves Reading at 7.30 A. M., returning from Philadelphia at 5.00 P. M.
Pottstown Accomodation Train: Leaves Pottstown at 6.20 A. M., returning leaves Philadelphia at 5.30 P. M.
Columbia Rail Road Trains leave Reading at 7.00 A. M., and 6.15 P. M., for Ephrata, Litiz, Lancaster, Columbia, &c.
On Sundays: Leave New York at 8.00 P. M., Philadelphia 8.00 A. M., and 3.15 P. M., the 8.00 A. M. Train running only to Reading; Pottsville 8.00 A. M.; Harrisburg 9.35 A. M., and Reading at 1.20 and 7.20 A. M. for Harrisburg, and 11.25 A. M. for New York and 4.25 P. M. for Philadelphia.
Commutation, Mileage, Season, School and Excursion Tickets, to and from all points, at reduced Rates.
Baggage checked through; 80 pounds allowed each Passenger.
G. A. NICOLLS,
General Superintendent.
Reading, Pa., April 8th, 1867.

PENNSYLVANIA RAIL ROAD.
TRAINS LEAVE COLUMBIA GOING EAST,
Lancaster Train..... 8.30 A. M.
Harrisburg Accommodation..... 5.38 P. M.
TRAINS LEAVE WEST,
Mail Train..... 11.55 P. M.
Harrisburg Accommodation..... 6.30 "
Lancaster Train Arrives..... 8.10 "
COLUMBIA ACCOMMODATION,
Leave Columbia for Lancaster..... 1.40 P. M.
Arrive at Lancaster..... 2.10 "
Connecting with Day Express for Phil'a.
Leave Lancaster at..... 2.45 P. M.
Arrive at Columbia..... 3.20 "
WM. F. LOCKARD,
Superintendent, Phila. Div.

NORTHERN CENTRAL RAILWAY.
YORK AND WRIGHTSVILLE R. R.
DEPARTURE AND ARRIVAL OF THE PASSENGER TRAINS AT YORK.
DEPARTURES FROM YORK:
For Baltimore, 4.15 A. M., 7.00 A. M., 10.40 A. M., 2.50 P. M. and 9.55 P. M.
For Wrightsville, 6.15 A. M., 11.45 A. M., and 3.30 P. M.
For Harrisburg, 12.30 A. M., 7.10 A. M., 10.40 A. M., 11.43 A. M., 2.45 P. M., and 10.30 P. M.
ARRIVALS AT YORK:
From Baltimore, 12.25 A. M., 10.35 A. M., 11.38 A. M., 2.30 P. M., 6.50 P. M., and 10.25 P. M.
From Wrightsville, 8.45 A. M., 2.35 P. M., and 7.30 P. M.
From Harrisburg, 4.10 A. M., 10.35 A. M., and 2.45 P. M., and 6.35 P. M., and 9.52 P. M.
On Sunday, the only trains running are the one from Harrisburg, 10.35 in the morning, proceeding to Baltimore; and those from Baltimore at 12.25 A. M., and 10.25 P. M., proceeding to Harrisburg.
No train arrives from Baltimore at 10.25 on Saturday night; and none from Harrisburg at 4.10 on Monday morning.
J. N. DU BARRY,
General Superintendent.

READING AND COLUMBIA R. R.
On and after
MONDAY, NOVEMBER 26th, 1866,
Trains will run between
LANCASTER, COLUMBIA, AND READING,
AS FOLLOWS:
Leave Lancaster and Columbia, 8.00 a. m.
" " " 3.00 p. m.
Arrive at Reading, 10.20 a. m., & 5.30 p. m.
Returning, leave Reading at 7.00 a. m., & 6.15 p. m.
Arrive at Lancaster 9.20, and Columbia 9.25 a. m., and 8.30 p. m.
Through tickets to New York, Philadelphia and Lancaster, sold at principal stations, and baggage checked through. Freight carried with the 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.
GEO. F. GAGE, Supt.
E. F. KEEVER, Gen. Frt. and Ticket Agent.
dec 1 '66.

CAMDEN AND AMBOY R. R.
PHILADELPHIA TO NEW YORK, via Camden—At 6 and 8 a. m., and 2 and 6 p. m. Via Kensington—At 11 a. m., and 4.30, 6.45 and 12 p. m.

LOCAL FREIGHT NOTICE.
The Pennsylvania Rail Road Company are now prepared to receive or forward Freight, between Columbia and Lancaster, and all stations on the Pennsylvania Rail Road and its branches.
RATES BETWEEN PHILA. & COLUMBIA,

First Class.	2nd Class.	3rd Class.	4th Class.
25 cents	21 cts.	18 cts.	15 cts.

Flour in Car loads, 28 cents per Barrel.
BETWEEN PHILADELPHIA & LANCASTER.

First Class.	2nd Class.	3rd Class.	4th Class.
23 cents	20 cts.	17 cts.	14 cts.

BETWEEN COLUMBIA & PITTSBURGH.

First Class.	2nd Class.	3rd Class.	4th Class.
71 cents	56 cts.	46 cts.	36 cts.

Freight consigned to stations where the Company has no Agent, must be prepaid.
All Freights payable on Delivery.
H. H. HOUSTON,
General Freight Agent, Phila.
☞For further information apply to
S. B. KINGSTON, Frt., Agt., Phila.
E. K. DOICE, Frt., Agt., Columbia.
A. F. SLAYMAKER, Frt., Agt., Lanc'r.

HAIR PREPARATIONS.

HALL'S
VEGETABLE SICILIAN
HAIR RENEWER,
The effects of which
ARE TO RESTORE THE HAIR
TO ITS
Natural Color,
AND PROMOTE ITS GROWTH.
It is an entirely new scientific discovery, combining many of the most powerful and restorative agents in the VEGETABLE KINGDOM.
It cures all diseases of the scalp, and allays all that heat and irritation, and furnishes a nutritive principle by which the hair is nourished and supported, and by its remedial virtues, it causes the hair to grow where it has fallen out, and restores it to its natural color when gray. The old in appearance are made young again. It will keep the hair from falling out.
It is not a Dye, it strikes at the roots and fills the glands with new life and coloring matter.
IT IS THE BEST
HAIR DRESSING
Ever used, making it moist, soft and glossy.
It removes dandruff, and all those scurvy eruptions. It does not contain oil and alcohol, which dry up the secretions upon which the vitality depends.
No person, old or young, should fail to use it. *It is recommended and used by the FIRST MEDICAL AUTHORITY.*
☞ASK FOR HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN HAIR RENEWER, and take no other.
Our Treatise on the Hair sent free upon application.
R. P. HALL & CO.,
Proprietors,
Sold by all Druggists. Nashua, N. H.

WHISKERS
AND
MUSTACHES!
Forced to grow upon the smoothest face in from three to five weeks, by using Dr. Sevigne's TESTAURATEUR CAPILLAIRE, the most wonderful discovery in modern science, acting upon the Beard and Hair in an almost miraculous manner. It has been used by the elite of Paris and London with the most flattering success. Names of all purchasers will be registered, and if entire satisfaction is not given in every instance, the money will be cheerfully refunded. Price by mail, sealed and post-paid, $1. Descriptive circulars and testimonials mailed free.
Address, BERGER, SHUTTS & co., Chemists, No. 285 River Street, Troy, New York.
Mar 9,'67-1y] Sole agents for the United States.

Poetical.

[For the "Spy."]

I Think of Thee.

BY HENRY J. HOWARD.

I think of thee when morning's sun
Dispels the gloom of night,
And o'er this busy world of ours
Speeds on his rapid flight.

And when the burning rays of morn,
The little buds expand,
My thoughts are borne away to thee—
And to a distant land.

When twilight shadows, gathering o'er,
Envelop land and sea,
I love to spend eve's gentle hour
In thinking, love, of thee.

And through the silent hours of night,
While slumb'ring placidly,
My thoughts are stolen by bright dreams
And borne away to thee.

At early morning, noon and night,
Where'er I chance to be,
My mind and heart are borne away
Beloved one, to thee.

As on Time's chariot wheels you move,
With spirit light and free,
One boon, 'tis all I ask of you,
That you'll remember me.

[For the "Spy."]

TO A FRIEND.

BY WILLIE WARE.

In this cold world of care and sorrow,
Where clouds so often come,
To darken life's bright, sunny sky,
And cheerless make our home;
Where selfish hearts so often give
The thorns instead of flowers,
And few endeavor with a will
To quell grief's falling showers.

How blest it is to feel and know
Kind hearts do linger still,
And strive to brighten shady paths
With a determined will;
Kind hearts to feel another's woes,
And make our sky more clear—
Ah, they will have their best reward
Hereafter, if not here!

Original.

[For the "Spy."]

SAMUEL DERGEN;

OR,

The Wonder of the Neighborhood.

Founded on Fact.

Whatever person is athirst,
Oh! let him spurn the wine;
And freely drink the spring of life,
At pure, cold water's shrine.

Intemperance is one of the most alarming evils that ever infested human society. A vice so odious in its nature, so injurious in its consequences, and attended with so many circumstances of suffering, mortification and disgrace, that it seems difficult to understand how it should ever have become a prevalent evil among mankind; and more especially how it should have come down to us from the earliest period of society, gaining strength, and power, and influence in its descent. That such is the fact requires no proof. Its devastating effects are too obvious. In these latter times more especially, it has swept over our land, with the rapidity and power of a tempest, bearing down everything in its course. Not content with rioting in the haunts of ignorance and vice, it has passed through our consecrated groves, has entered our most sacred enclosures; and oh! how many men of genius and letters have fallen before it! How many lofty intellects have been shattered and laid in ruins by its power? How many a warm and philanthropic heart has been chilled by its icy touch? It has left no retreat unvisited. It has alike invaded our public and private assemblies—our political and social circles—our courts of justice, and Halls of Legislation. It has stalked within the very walls of the Capitol, and there left the stain of its poluting touch on our National Glory. It has leaped over the pale of the Church, and even stretched up its sacrilegious arm to the pulpit and dragged down some of its richest ornaments. It has revelled equally on the spoils of the palace and the cottage, and has seized its victims with an unsparing grasp, from every class of society. The private citizen and public functionary, the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the enlightened and the ignorant; and where is there a family among us so happy as not to have wept over some of its members, who have fallen by the hand of this ruthless destroyer?

By way of illustration, I will give a leaf from real life, as I well remember when the occurrence took place—not many years ago. The story is literally true—the names alone are fictitious in part.

Samuel Dergen lost his father at an early age, and his education devolved on the mother, who was of a delicate constitution. When he had completed his fourteenth year, he met with a sad bereavement in the decease of his mother. He bore his loss with fortitude, and resolved to exert himself to get a situation, and not become a burden to any one of his acquaintances. He was successful. His continued attention to business, and his devoted solicitude for the interests of his employer, who was an aged man, earned for him the merchant's high regard. Every year his salary was increased. He became acquainted with many young men who frequented bar-rooms, and sometimes accompanied them. At first he drank without having any propensity, but he soon manifested a love for the intoxicating cup. Time rolled on; he had some difficulty with his employer, and in a fit of passion he left him. Having been idle about two months, he resolved to turn his attention to the trade that he had served a few years at, in early life. He could not accomplish all he intended, as his constitution was weak; and furthermore he had to struggle against the temptation to join as usual with his boon companions. He avoided them, but he drank very often during the day. He practiced economy in dress, and at the end of eight years he had saved a few hundred dollars. Among his acquaintances, he selected a young lady, to whom he proposed, and afterwards made her his wife. For the first year he worked steadily and spent his evenings at home. During the next he indulged freely in drink, and not only was seen intoxicated at night, but even during the day. A beautiful daughter was born during the second year of his marriage; she seemed, however, to have no attraction for him. The glass was his predominant attraction, which soon reduced him and his family to poverty. The mother worked at home, and by her unceasing industry, she supported the little darling of her heart and her drunken husband for ten years, without ever uttering a word of complaint.

One evening, when Jacob Price, a friend of the family, was sitting in company with Mrs. Dergen and her daughter, Samuel came in reeling, and gave every sign of passion. All the entreaties of his wife and the persuasions of Jacob, could not cool his unbridled anger. The friend left the house with a sorrowful heart. When he met Samuel about two days after, an apology was given for the worse than brutal conduct which the husband had exhibited on the aforesaid evening. Jacob, taking advantage of the occasion, urged him to sign the pledge. With much persuasion, he complied. In ten minutes both were seen about to receive the pledge. Oh! happy moment! From that day fortune favored Samuel. He has not since that time broken his solemn promise. He commenced to work in earnest, and industry has met its just reward; for after six years of unceasing toil he now enjoys the fruits of his labors. He lives in a beautiful house in Media, Delaware county, and receives quarterly a handsome income from two others built since his reformation. His daughter, last year or so, after having witnessed the happy change in her beloved father, and after having aided her affectionate mother, for years, departed this life with the well-grounded hope of being received in the heavenly Jerusalem.

The father and mother still live. Both are zealous in the cause of temperance. From his birth, Samuel has nearly all the time resided in his native place and State; and as he manifests such a great change at present, when contrasted with his former life, he receives the appellation of *the wonder of the neighborhood.*

Reader! learn from this simple narrative to avoid the intoxicating cup. Be on your guard against the delusions of those who entwine within their enticing grasp too many innocent victims. Look with pity upon the duped and deluded young men who perhaps fell like Samuel Dergen, whenever you may chance to meet them; extend, as Jacob did, a helping hand to redeem them from the slavery of intoxicating drinks; let them at least see that a desire is felt for their return to the path of sobriety and respectability, and you do that which shall prove a blessing and be rewarded by Him who looks with approval and delight upon the humblest endeavors of the well-inclined.

J. S. G.

Miscellaneous.

Gems of Thought.

Prosperity is no just scale; adversity is the only balance to weigh friends—Plutarch.

The most happy man is he who knows how to bring into relation the end and beginning of his life.—Goethe.

Idleness is the stupidity of the body, and stupidity the idleness of the mind.—Seume.

He that preaches gratitude pleads the cause both of God and man; for without it we can neither be sociable nor religious.—Seneca.

The greater part of men have no opinion, still fewer an opinion of their own, well reflected and founded upon reason.—Seume.

When a noble life has prepared old age, it is not the decline that it recalls, but the first day of immortality.—Madame de Stael.

Man ought always to have something which he prefers to life, otherwise life itself will appear to him tiresome and void.—Seume.

The happy people of this world think that the unhappy ought to perish before them with the same grace as that which the Roman populace exacted of the gladiators.—Goethe.

The integrity of the heart, when it is strengthened by reason, is the principal source of justice and wit; an honest man thinks nearly always justly.—Rousseau.

A truth which one has never heard causes the soul surprise at first, which touches it kindly; but when it is accustomed to it, it becomes very insensible there—Nicole.

To despise theory is to have the excessively vain pretension to do without knowing what one does, and to speak without knowing what one says.—Fontenelle.

Pleasant recollections promote cheerfulness, and painful ones gloom. Thus the happiness that flows from the right regulation or the feelings tends to perpetuate itself.

Few things in this world trouble people more than poverty, or the fear of poverty; and indeed it is a sore affliction; but like all other ills the flesh is heir to, it has an antidote, its reliable remedy. The judicious application of industry, prudence and temperance is a certain cure.—Ballou.

Sound economy is a sound understanding brought into action; it is calculation realized; it is the doctrine of proportion reduced to practice; it is foreseeing contingencies and providing against them; it is expecting contingencies and being prepared for them.—Hannah More.

Abraham Lincoln.

His was a great life, but his death was greater still—the greatest, perhaps, that had moved the world for a thousand years. When he stood with his tender arms around the North and South holding them to his heart that both might soften theirs at its spirit, his life's work was done. Then began the sublime mission of his death. While those sunken eyes were shining with the gladness of his soul at the glimpse given him, as to Moses on Pisgah's top, of the Canaan side of his country's future, in a moment their light was quenched forever on earth. An assassin pierced his brain as with a bolt of lightning; and he fell, and great was the fall of that single man. With him fell a million enemies of his cause and country at home and abroad. If the last act of his life was to close the rift in a continent, the first act of his death was to close the chasm between two hemispheres. Never before was England brought so near to this country. In the great overflow of her sympathy the mother country was flooded and tided towards her first-born daughter, weeping at the bier of the great departed; and she bent over the mourner with words of tender condolence. Blood is thicker than water; and the latent instincts of nature came forth in generous speech and sentiment towards a sorrowing nation. In that overflow of fellow-feeling, the sympathy with the South and its unrighteous cause was drowned, or burnt up by a spirit of indignation at the taking-off, which seemed to consume at a breath the animus that had sided with secession. There was light as well as heat in that fire; and in the light thousand of Southern sympathizers saw in a different aspect the cause they had upheld.—*Elihu Burritt.*

Mr. Seward's Infirmities.

A Washington correspondent writes: "The mental and bodily condition of Mr. Seward is very far from being satisfactory to his friends. I have seen him several times of late, and can only speak of him as a man entirely broken down. Physically, he is shattered beyond hope of repair. He has never fully recovered from the shock of Payne's attempt upon his life, and careful medical men—not his advisers, but friends or acquaintances—say he never will. I do not allude to the common talk of his personal or political enemies, when I add that many of his late vagaries are attributed to mental derangement consequent upon bodily infirmities. His step, his eye, his talk, are those of one who has left the force, and clearness and shrewdness of manhood behind him. His is not the infirmity of old age merely; with that is conjoined the weakness and whimsicality of a mind diseased and disordered, in part by his course of life, and in part by the personal afflictions of the last two years. He talks much of the ingratitude of the world, particularly of politicians who owe their start in life to his help. He speaks of old political associates in New York not unfrequently with great bitterness. He expects that men in that city, and in Albany, and Rochester, and Buffalo, who were once only too ready to fall at his feet, will meet him next time he goes to Auburn with averted eyes and indifferent commonplaces."

How to Raise Fruit Every Year.

If rightly understood, few trees unless absolutely dead or rotten, need occupy ground without yielding a plentious crop. After a long and varied series of experiments, I gradually adopted the following mode: As soon as the winter has sufficiently disappeared, and before the sap ascends, I examine my trees; every dead bough is lopped off, when sap has risen sufficiently to show where the blossoms will be, I cut away all the other branches having none on, and also the extremity of every limb, the lower part of which bears a considerable number of buds, thus, concentrating the sap of the tree upon the maturation of its fruits, and saving what would be a useless expenditure of strength. In the quince, apricot, and peach trees, this is very important, as these are very apt to be too luxuriant in leaves, and destitute of fruit. You may think this injures the trees, but it does not; for you will find trees laden with fruit, which formerly yielded nothing. Of course all other well known precautions must be attended to; such as cutting out worms from the roots; placing old iron on the limbs, which acts as a tonic to the sap, &c. Try it, ye who have failed in raising fruit.

Virtue.

"There is but one pursuit in life which it is in the power of all to follow and all to attain. It is subject to no disappointments, since he that perseveres makes every difficulty an advancement, and every contest a victory; and this is the pursuit of virtue. Sincerely to aspire after virtue, is to gain her; and zealously to labor after her wages, is to receive them. Those that seek her early, will find her before it is too late; her reward also is with her, and she will come quickly. For the breast of a good man is a little heaven commencing on earth; where the Deity sits enthroned with unrivaled influence, over safety from danger, resourse from sterility, and subjugated passion, "like the wind and storm, fulfilling his word.

THE OLDEST MASONS in the country, according to a Maine paper, are Nathaniel Fullerton, of Bellows Falls, Vermont, who is 92 years of age, and Moses Wingate, of Haverhill, Massachusetts, aged 98, who has been a Mason 64 years. To these may be added John Foster, of Boston, nearly 95 years of age, who has been a Mason 67 years.

Twilight.

"Of all the myriad sources of enjoyment which nature unfolds to man, I know few equal to those elicited by a balmy summer sunset. The idea is old, but the reflections it recites are perpetually varying. There is something in this hour, so tender, so holy, so fraught with simple, yet sublime associations, that it belongs rather to heaven than to earth. The curtain that drops down on the physical, also descends on the moral world. The day, with its selfish interests, its commonplace distractions, has gone by, and the season of intelligence—of imagination, of spirituality is dawning. Yes, twilight unlocks the Blandusian fountain of fancy; there, as in a mirror, reflecting all things in added loveliness, the heart surveys the past, the dead, the absent, the estranged, come thronging back on memory; the Paradise of inexperience, from which the flaming sword of Truth has long since exiled us, rises again in all the pristine beauty of its flowers and verdure; the very spot where we breathed our first vows of love; the slender, girlish figure, that, gliding like a sylph beside us, listened entranced to that avowel, made in the face of heaven, beneath the listening evening star; the home that witnessed her decline; the church yard that received her ashes; the grave wherein she now sleeps, dreamless and happy, deaf alike to the syren voice of praise, and the withering sneers of envy—such sweet but solemn recollections sweep, in shadowy pomp, across the mind, conjured up by the spells of twilight, as he waves his enchanted wand over the earth."

Politeness.

This is a quality with us considerably below par. Indeed it is assumed by some, that *picayunish* is more consonant to western character, the truth of which we shall not now stop to discuss. *Certes*, there is no denying that no small amount of boorishness does yet cling to us. But that cannot last forever. A writer upon this subject, says:—

Politeness is not less the sign of a kindly heart than a sound understanding; for, since there is no other sin of omission so heavily visited as the witholding of customary attentions, nor any assumption so fiercely resisted as that implied superiority which affects to overlook in the case of others the well understood observances of civilized life, it follows that the exercise of it is as politic as its practice should be grateful, especially as there is not one man so much greater than another, either in intelligence or in rank, but that his failings usually reduce him almost to a level with the meanest, whilst the virtues of those whom he has affected to underrate, often more than counterbalance the advantages of wealth and station.

An officer in command of a company in an engagement, happening to bow to another officer, a shot from the enemy killed the man immediately behind him. "You see," he facetiously remarked, "that a man never loses by politeness."

How to Keep Silk.

Silk articles should not be kept folded in white paper, as the chloride of lime used in bleaching the paper will probably impair the color of the silk. Brown or blue paper is better; the yellowish, smooth India paper is best of all. Silks intended for dress should not be kept long in the house before they are made up, as lying in folds will have a tendency to impair its durability by causing it to cut or split, particularly if the silk has been thickened by gum. Thread lace veils are very easily cut. But dresses of velvet should not be laid by with any weight above them; if the nap of a thin velvet is laid down, it is not possible to raise it up again. Hard silk should never be wrinkled, because the thread is easily broken in the crease, and it never can be rectified. The way to take the wrinkles out of silk scarfs and handkerchiefs is to moisten the surface evenly with a sponge and some weak glue, and then pin the silk with some toilet pins on a mattress or feather bed, taking pains to draw out the silk as tight as possible. When dry, the wrinkles will have disappeared. The reason of this is obvious to every person. Some silk articles should be moistened with weak glue or gum water, and the wrinkles ironed out by a hot flat-iron on the wrong side.—*Leisure Hour.*

The Cattle Plague.

An eminent lecturer relates the history of the disease from the fourth century to the nineteenth, showing that it arises in the steppes of Russia; that thence it spreads westward, through Poland, Moldavia, Holland, and by importation into England; that it is the most fatal disease that has ever yet seized living beings; that were it arises, ninety per cent. of the cattle affected with it die; that in some cases the collections of cattle all die, and that there is no cure for it; but that its prevention and arrest can be accomplished by the use of carbonic acid, a white crystalline solid recently discovered.

A WEATHER GUIDE.—Two drachms of camphor, half a drachm of pure saltpetre, half a drachm of muriate of ammonia, and two ounces of proof spirits, in a glass tube or narrow phail, will make a pretty sure weather guide. In dry weather the solution will remain clear. On the approach of change, minute stars will rise up in the liquid; while stormy weather will be indicated by the very disturbed condition of the chemical combination.

To be Read Either Way.

I always did intend
Single my life to spend,
It much delighted me,
To live from woman free,
To live without a wife,
A female to my mind,
I ne'er expect to find,
A bachelor to live,
My mind I freely give,
To take to me a wife,
Would grieve my life
To think upon a bride,
I can't be satisfied.
The woman is the thing
Such trouble on us bring,
The joy I can't express,
So great is singleness,
I never could agree,
A married man to be.

Poetical.

[By Request.]

THE DEAD.

"Wherefore I praise the dead more than the living."—*Solomon.*

They dread no storm that lowers,
No perished joys bewail,
They pluck no thorn-clad flowers,
Nor drink of streams that fail;
There is no tear-drop in their eye,
Nor change upon their brow,
The placid bosom heaves no sigh,
Though all earth's idols bow.

Who are so greatly blest?
From whom hath sorrow fled?
Who find such deep unbroken rest
While all things toil?—The dead!
The holy dead!—Why weep you so
Above their sable bier?
Thrice blessed! they have done with woe,
The living claim the tear.

Go to their sleeping bowers,
Deck their lone couch of clay,
With early Spring's tin-colored flowers,
And when they fade away,
Think of the amaranthine wreath,
The bright bowers never dim,
And tell me why thou fly'st from death;
Or hid'st thy friends from him?

We dream, but they awake;
Dark visions mar our rest—
Mid thorns and snares our way we take,
And yet we mourn the blest!
For those who throng the eternal throne,
Lost are the tears we shed;
They are the living—they alone,
Whom thus we call the dead.

Twenty Minutes for Dinner.

The following experience of a humorous traveler, who attempted to get a dinner at Xenia, is worth reading by those who have had a similar experience:

"Twenty minutes for dinner," shouted the brakesman as we approached Xenia.

Arrived there, I entered the dining-room and inquired of the waiter—

"What do you have for dinner?"

"Twenty minutes," was the hurried reply.

I told him I would try half a dozen minutes raw, on the half shell, just to see how they went. Told him to make a minute of it on his books. He scratched his head trying to comprehend the order, but finally gave it up and waited upon some one else.

I approached a man who stood near the door with a roll of money in his hand.

"What do you have for dinner?"

"Half a dollar," says he.

I told him that I would take half a dollar well done. I asked him if he couldn't send me, in addition, a boiled pocket-book stuffed with greenbacks, and some seven-thirties garnished with postage-stamps and ten cent scrip. Also a confederate bond, done brown, with lettice alone (let us alone). I would like to wash my dinner down with national bank notes, on "draft."

He said they were out of everything but the bank notes, and he then ordered the waiter to go to the bank and "draw" some.

A Mixin' of Babies.

An exchange gets off the following funny row among the babies and their mothers: Some time ago there was a dancing party given up "North;" most of the ladies present had little babies, whose noisy peevesity required too much attention to permit the mothers to enjoy the dance. A number of gallant young men volunteered to watch the young ones while the parents indulged in a "break down." No sooner had the women left the babies in charge of the mischievous imps than they stripped the infants, changed their clothes, giving the apparel of one to another. The dance over, it was time to go home, and the mothers hurriedly took each a dress of her own and started some to their home, ten or fifteen miles off and were far on their way before daylight. But the day following there was a tremendous row in the settlement; mothers discovered that a single night had changed the sex of their babies—observation disclosed physical phenomena, and then commenced some of the tallest female pedestrianism. Living miles apart it required two days to unmix the babies, and as many months to restore the women to their sweet dispositions. To this day it is unsafe for any of the baby mixers to venture into the territory

A Horse's Foot.

The foot of the horse is one of the most ingenious and singular pieces of mechanism in the animal structure, and scarcely yielding to any in regularity and complexity of parts, under simplicity of design. The hoof contains a series of vertical and thin lamina of horn, so numerous as to amount to about five hundred, and forming a complete lining to it. Into this are fitted as many lamina to the coffin-bone, which sets are elastic and adherent. The edges of a quire of paper, inserted leaf by leaf into one another, will convey a sufficient idea of this arrangement. Thus the weight of the animal is supported by as many elastic springs as there