The Columbia Spy.

A. M. RAMBO, ... Editor.

Columbia, Pa.

Saturday, July 18, 1868.

COMMUNICATIONS, letters, contributions, generally of merit and interest to the reader, will be acceptable from friends from all quarters.

FOR PRESIDENT,

GEN. ULYSSES S. GRANT,

OF ILLINOIS.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT,

SCHUYLER COLFAX,

OF INDIANA.

Presidency on the Brain.

When we recollect how many men have been induced to abandon their political principles and desert the party that has given them all their prominence and character, for a Presidential nomination by the Copperheads, it is really surprising, because it not only betrays a want of modesty, but a miserable weakness, almost destructive of all future respect for those fellow men, and usefulness.

We adduce a few notable examples, which we think clearly show how easily aspiring to be President can be gulled and led astray by intriguing Copperheads.

John Tyler, our first accidental President, was elected in 1840, Vice President, by the Whig party. No sooner did he become President, by the death of Gen. Harrison, than he was beset by the Loco Foco party, and tampered with, and made to believe that if he would adopt their policy, and give them his patronage, he would be their next nominee for the Presidency. A bolder lie was never invented, but it took, and we all recollect that John Tyler came out of the Presidency despised by all, and was never voted for at all in the Loco Foco convention of 1844.

The next dupe was Millard Fillmore, who became an accidental President by the death of General Taylor. No man stood higher than he, but the slavery party seduced him, as they did Tyler, and when he signed the fugitive slave law in 1850, under a promise made him, and the hope of a Presidential nomination by his life-long enemies, the Loco Foco party, he forfeited forever the respect of all good men, and sunk to be despised by those who had nursed him into political favor.

Daniel Webster, the pet of Massachusetts, the idol of the Whig party, and called the Great Expounder of the Constitution, with the Presidency on the brain, was also led away as innocently as a lamb to the slaughter. He was told that if he would advocate the passage of the fugitive slave bill in 1850, he would secure the votes of the South in the next political convention, for the Presidency. Poor infatuated Daniel swallowed the lie, and performed his task, but never a vote did he receive. He went home, self-based, disgraced and degraded and died the death of a deceived and disappointed man.

Andy Johnson, the fourth victim of misplaced confidence, and the third accidental President, who has only occupied the office to disgrace it; no sooner sworn in, than the demon of ambition seized him, and he was easily led to rely upon the promises of the Copperhead party he had deserted. He abandoned those who had made him—he did his utmost to overthrow the power by which he had ruled—he sacrificed his funds, his honor, his truth and his fealty to the government, in open defiance of right, law and decency; laid himself and his patronage at the feet of the Copperheads, and pardoned all the rebels, as his last grand offer for the nomination, and he came out of the Convention as Jonah came out of the whale, but not quite so pure or respectable.

W. H. Seward, maddened and stung by his defeat, and the success of Lincoln at Chicago, in 1860, determined upon revenge, and from that time to the present has labored industriously to destroy the party, and the political friends who made him what he is. Appointed Secretary of State by that great and good man, Abraham Lincoln, he, with villainous ingratitude, sought to defeat, disgrace and destroy him and the country, by false and wicked counsels only in revenge, because the people preferred a better man for President. A scheme of greater villainy never entered the mind of man. He sought not only to destroy his patron and his pattern, Mr. Lincoln, but, after Johnson became the accidental President, he sought his political destruction, to raise up a new party, by which he might ride into the Presidency, upon the assurance of his newly found allies among the Copperheads. The miserable man thought he was cheating Johnson, and destroying the Republican party, when he was only cutting his own throat. He forgot the grave counsel he used to admonish to his adherents when he prudently told them to beware of Copperhead promises.

Last, but not least, comes our Hon. Chief Justice, S. P. Chase, who, flattered by his success in politics, has come to think no man so great as himself, and that all he had to do was to consent, and the Copperheads would gladly nominate him. Poor, deluded man; with all these examples of treachery before him, he could not resist the temptation was too great, and in one unfortunate hour, he permitted himself to sink from the dignity of the most honored office in the world, and become a very trickster in politics. As President of the Senatorial Court trying the impeachment of the greatest culprit of the day, he forgot his position as Judge, and became the advocate, both in and out of Court, for Andy Johnson's acquittal, under the Copperhead assurance that he should be their Presidential nominee. He forsook his party, his friends, his self-respect and dwarfed himself into the calibre of the meanest political trickster, and verily he hath his reward—with all his coquettings, his billing and cooing, his platform, his promises, he could muster but half a vote when the trial came. Though it over with traitors, and may it ever be. Here is a notable lesson for our great politicians to learn and observe. Honesty is the best policy, and no man need hope to prosper but by a consistency of conduct in accordance with that principle. No man has fallen harder and lower than Mr. Chase, and he, and Andrew Johnson will be forever condemned and despised along with all other traitors who have preceded them.

Seymour and Blair.

It is not among the possible things of this earth that these men can be elected President and Vice President, unless it be accompanied by the most barefaced and shameful frauds; for certain it is, that there is not, and there will not be, a majority of honest men in the Union disposed to elect them. Mr. Seymour is an open and avowed rebel, and Mr. Blair anything at all to make votes. The nomination, although certain to be followed by defeat, is a great windfall to both, because it gives them an undeserved prominence, but much as they may be glorified by it, the fall will be so great for even them, that they will be buried forever, and known only as *things* of the past. The people cannot be trained to prefer to the highest office in their gift, men who have identified themselves with the overthrow of the government, the oppression of their fellow men, the abuse of the soldiers who defeated the rebels, and opposition to equal rights. The time has passed, when such dogmas were popular, and it is surpassing strange, that, without the light before them, there can yet exist a party declaring that "all men are created free and equal," and yet openly opposing this noble declaration. Disaster and defeat must always follow such hypocritical pretensions. Grant and Colfax have records that no one can find fault with; on the contrary, they stand before their fellow men as good and loyal citizens, who have looked only to the best interests of all, desiring a good government as the greatest blessing, and willing to shed their blood in its defense. What rebel, or rebel sympathizer has done as much?

"Duly, duly duck'dling, come and be killed,
The customers are hungry, and their bellies must be filled."

The Copperhead party, who have always boasted of being the "friends of the people, and of equal rights," that all men were born free and equal, but did at the same time all they could to enslave and debase their fellow man because he was colored, reduce him to the level of the brute, and heap untold wrongs upon him, begin to fear they have carried their iniquity too far, and pretend now to see in the colored man, since clothed with the right of suffrage, a new being. Instead of denouncing him as a vile "nigger," a brute without a soul, no better than an ass, unfit for anything, but abject slavery, they have no objection to receive him into their party, and permit him to vote their ticket, no matter if they must endure a little of the scent that was some time ago so disagreeable to them. They are very gracious and considerate to the "colored brethren," and even the hardest task-masters, such as Wade Hampton and other soul-driving brutes, can condescend to talk with, argue and try to convince the poor, unlettered negro how dearly they loved him when in slavery, how mercifully they flogged him, how good it was to be flogged, starved and naked; how kind it was in them to keep him in ignorance and away from schools, to be driven to market and sold like a sheep, how dearly they love him now, and how much more they will love him if they can enslave him again. What, fascinating and winning souls these poor Copperheads are. Now that they have been licked into a consciousness of the evils they have inflicted upon the poor slave, and he has become free, and can vote, they would hypocritically court him, and have the impudence to ask him to his vote, to put them again into power, that they may re-enslave, torture, brand, starve and crack their lash upon him; that they, the lazy, piratical slave-stealing knaves, may live in ease, and fatten upon the fruits of his sweat and toil, his wounds and bruises. Oh! the hypocrisy of Copperheadism is disgusting, and where is the colored man so benighted as not to see and know the hollowness of their pretensions?

FROM certain hints, rumors and insinuations, we are justified in believing that something of a fraudulent character has occurred among some of our immaculate politicians that will hardly bear the light, by which some persons have been enabled to get money unlawfully, and without consideration or right. There is certainly a good deal of whispering and winking after the approved fashion of the most skillful political engineers, and our readers must not be surprised if they learn of a new mode of peculation lately invented. When the facts shall become fully known we have no doubt they will appreciate our efforts to check the dishonesty so rife among some of our public functionaries. There are men in this county who believe and act as if they thought the public a goose, and he a fool that will not pluck her, and hence the only safety that we can have is to select for office those only who are honest and worthy, and are entirely separate and distinct from the rings, cliques and Thugs of the city of Lancaster. We appeal to the taxpayers to enquire into matters, examine for themselves, and deal *justly* with those who deal *unjustly* with them, by a political ostracism.

AMONG all the curious and puzzling matters connected with the Democratic Convention, nothing has bothered us more than a set of resolutions kindly forwarded by Alex. H. Stephens, which began in the following astounding style:

"*Resolved*, That in the future, as in the past, we will adhere with unswerving fidelity to the Union."

The "unswerving fidelity," with which Mr. Stephens adhered reminds us of an inscription, referring to the stamp which some wag once put on the outside of a letter. It was as follows:

"PAID, if the d—d thing sticks."

The newspapers have been asking why prayer-books have looking glasses on the inside of the cover. The Toronto *Leader* says they are aids to reflection.

Frank Blair.

Mr. Blair, who once pretended to be loyal, to obtain office, has announced a new doctrine, that is suggested, not only by the desire, but determination to overthrow the government, if possible. He proclaims open hostility to the power of Congress, to declare all their acts unconstitutional, and nullify all their powers, by the bayonet, if necessary. Now, this is very modest in Mr. Frank Blair. Don't he wish he could? He, like every other traitor, has a disgust for good government and for equal rights, and if he can't accomplish by fair means what he wants, he will do it by force, on the principle of the highwayman, who wants your money, and demands it, on a threat of taking your life.

Mr. Blair has written a letter, dated June 30, as a bid for the Presidential nomination, but it was the most unfortunate act of his life, and when he comes to his senses, if he ever does, he will curse the hour when he deliberately wrote himself down as an arrant traitor and rebel, and unfit for public trust.

"Chase Ben Recanting."

One of the most significant ratification" meetings held since the nomination of Seymour and Blair was that of the Central Chase Association of New York. On the night of the nomination they met and resolved, in substance, that whereas they had for a time been displeased with Republicanism, and had honed in Democracy, and whereas, with the adoption of the platform and announcement of the nominations the scales had fallen from their eyes, and they could now see as far into the stone fences as anybody, and whereas they felt disinclined to butt against it, therefore they would vote for Grant and Colfax. These are very sensible resolutions, and we believe the Central Chase Association represents hundreds of thousands of the drifting and undecided voters from whom we shall soon hear the same response.

AUGUST BELMONT, albeit a very high Democratic dignitary, is not in good odor with all the faith. Pendleton's organ, the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, uses him up in this fashion:—"Mr. Belmont, as chairman, unfortunately of the Democratic National Committee, called the New York Convention to order, and nominated its temporary chairman. This, perhaps, was his right, but he certainly was not called upon to inflict the Convention with a set political speech, which he appears to have done. The country has no desire, no disposition to hear Mr. Belmont, and the less he has to say in the councils of the party the better for the organization. His name is very unpopular in the great West, and his position as the agent of foreign capitalists has long been used by the radical press to Democratic disadvantage. We hope for this campaign—indeed for all campaigns—we have heard the last of the Messrs. Rothschilds' agent."

A Democratic Organ on the Platform.

That old fashioned Democratic paper, the New York *Journal of Commerce*, speaks its mind in a way which will bring the party pressure very heavily upon it. It says of the Democratic platform:

"This is out-and-out repudiation of a solemn obligation, as we understand it, to pay all the bonded debt in gold."

That, on the question of repudiation, "the Democrats are boldly committed to the baser alternative, and will reap the main advantage where this heresy is fondly cherished. There is no excuse for such a proposition. It is both wicked and disgraceful. The authors know very well that the money was borrowed with the express understanding that it was to be repaid in coin, and that anything short of this is repudiation of a solemn covenant."

The same leading Democratic paper says of the candidate:

"Governor Seymour has always warmly insisted on the obligation to pay the bonds in gold. The platform is thus the very opposite of his well-known views. How the two are to be reconciled is not for us to decide."

The Democratic press has been inquiring where the enthusiasm for Grant and the Republican platform is to be found. Such enthusiasm as their own leading papers show cannot certainly be matched elsewhere.

ALEX. H. STEVENS, the Vice-President of the rebel government, offered resolutions in the Copperhead and Rebel Convention in New York. He was tremendously cheered. Breckenridge was also expected to take part. Where was Jefferson Davis? He ought to have been there also. The Convention was a mere transfer of the rebel goverment from the south to New York city, in which their northern allies had an opportunity of participating.

WITH Seymour's friends burning negro Orphan Asylums, and Blair's friends dispersing the State Governments of the South, we are promised lively times in the event of the election of the Democratic candidates.

THE Democratic delegates from the country will have an opportunity of explaining to their people how the game is played in New York.

THE protest of the Democrats in Congress against the admission of the Southern States has accomplished a purpose not anticipated by its authors. Hon. B. F. Butler considered it such an effective campaign document, that he at once moved that 20,000 copies be printed for general circulation. The people will then be able to see what they may expect, should Copperhead principles be successful this coming fall.

SALE OF A RAILROAD.—The Trevorton Railroad, formerly owned by Messrs. Hall, Thomas & Co., has recently been purchased by the Reading Railroad Company. We learn that the new owners intend building a branch to the Trevorton road, that will connect with the Middle creek Railroad, thus largely increasing the business and developing quite an extent of comparatively new territory.

Thaddeus Stevens.

The friends of this gentleman are not generally aware that a plot is on foot to defeat his renomination for Congress. We have assurances that a secret organization has been entered into by which his enemies have conspired to nominate another in his stead. His friends must recollect that this is not the first time sneaking and cowardly shorts have been made to accomplish such a result, but which have always been thwarted by exposure. Quite a number of ambitious gentlemen are impatient to crack their shells, and come forth as Congressmen, but hitherto have been prevented by the Old Commoner's occupying the position, who, they think, has kept them out of it long enough, and overshadowed their wonderful merits, each one feeling himself as if in the grub state, with the desire to become a very nice butterfly, sure to outtop his great excellence, and make his constituents stare, that they have so long over-valued him and under-valued them. Wonderful is Lancaster and its citizens!

The friends of Mr. Stevens had better catechise somewhat closely the traveling gentry who are out through the county hunting material for a ticket that will be palatable to the ring-masters.

IT is a bold thing for the Copperhead party to nominate Seymour and Blair, and disclose the utter contempt they have for all that is near and dear to every lover of his country. They aim at re-establishing slavery in its most odious forms, repudiating the public debt, violating the public faith, and inviting back to honor, office and position, every traitor who had his clutches upon the throat of the government. A Copperhead is seized with the fanatical notion, like the Jews of old, that he is of the chosen, and may do as he pleases, right or wrong; still, like the nimble cat, no matter how far he falls, he will always light upon his feet. He can do no wrong, in his own estimation, and presumes accordingly to trespass upon the rights of every one, and, like the wolf at the head of the stream, complain to the sheep below that he is muddying it. Hard knocks alone will beat anything into his brains, and there is nothing so effectual as the little pellets that drop from honest fingers into the ballot box. Let all Republicans recollect that now, as much as at any time heretofore, the country is in danger, and act accordingly.

ALTHOUGH we seriously and earnestly believe that our candidates, Grant and Colfax, must and will be elected, we are not to suppose it will be done without great effort on our side of the house. If it could be for a moment supposed that our opponents would act honestly, and not seek, by fraudulent votes, to overcome our honest votes, we might rest confident of success; but when we know that fraudulent voting is their greatest element of strength, it is folly not to put our shoulders to the wheel, and do all we can, with a determination to elect our men. Frauds by forged naturalization certificates, bribery, intimidation, trickery and corruption are all their weapons, and tools of daily use, and to sit quietly and idly by, without counteracting their efforts, and resting upon hope, is, in truth, to surrender the election. We must gird on our armor, and go to work seriously, soberly and industriously, and work without ceasing, until the last vote shall be polled. Therefore, organize at once. There is no time to be lost.

Mysterious.

It will be recollected that several Republicans of the Legislature refused for several days to support the caucus nominee—Davis—for Speaker. Finally the recusant members "caved." Some weeks thereafter, Andy Armstrong, a member from this county, arose in his place in the House, and asked to have his friend Illias, from this county, appointed to an extra clerkship, and at the same time intimated that the Speaker and his friends promised him this much. The members could not see the matter in the same light, and very properly refused to create any new offices to accommodate the recusant member from this county, who became indignant thereat. We now learn that the said Andy and another "Thug" from Penn township, went to Harrisburg a few weeks ago, with their pet Illias, and actually drew out of the State Treasury, over *seven hundred dollars*, as salary for this rejected clerk, who, they alleged, acted as paper folder, when, in truth and in fact, he was at his home in Manheim township, slandering Capt. Reinoehl. If we are wrongly informed, we will gladly make the *amende honorable*.

Army Reduction.

There is very little probability, say our Washington dispatches, that the army reduction will be accomplished this session. Why? Because Congress thinks it inexpedient to reduce the army during these perilous times? Because the Southern States are not at peace yet? Because the nation does not really care whether the army expenditure is reduced or not? Oh! no; for none of these reasons. It is simply, and solely because the lobby don't desire the bill to pass. "In monarchial governments," says Comte, "favorites govern, in Democratic governments, the lobby," and we in America are beginning to realize how true the saying is. The lobby is getting to be such a recognized influence in our government, Municipal, State and National, that parties wishing legislative favors go as straight to this legislative *fungus*, and pay their tithing as regularly to this monstrous institution as the people in despotic lands do to the favorite of the King. And similarly, when they wish certain laws not to pass, our independent American citizens go to this same lobby, pay the price, and lo! in nine cases out of ten, the law is not passed.

That the officers of the army have done this we will not assert, but if Congress shall refuse to reduce the army to a peace establishment, and to relieve the tax payers from a useless burden, we shall think it looks very much like it.

—One of our exchanges praises an egg which it says "was laid on our table by the Rev. Mr. Smith," Mr. Smith seems to be a layman as well as a minister.

Correspondence of the Columbia Spy.

COLUMBIA, PA., July 11, 1868.

The nomination of Seymour and Blair, wet blanket on the rebel party of Lancaster county. Few Northern men contributed more to strengthen the rebellion than he; why then this ingratitude? He is one of the ten millions of Copperheads in the North who sympathized with the rebels, and rendered them every aid in his power, discouraging enlistments, and thereby encouraging desertions, and resistance to the draft. It is true that he put on an external semblance of sustaining the government, in its struggle for existence, but it was only to work the more certain ruin.

If those ten millions of venomous Northern Copperheads had ceased their infernal opposition to the government and the prosecution of the war, the rebellion would soon have been crushed out. Eight millions of Confederates battling in front, and ten millions of Copperheads, led on by such men as Seymour, keeping up the fire in the rear, necessarily prolonged the bloody contest, and increased the carnage.

I have been puzzled to understand why the Copperheads here should not receive the nomination joyfully, unless, indeed, it be in the fact that they would have preferred a candidate whose tracks had been better covered up.

In the present campaign is involved the same struggle for national existence, that was involved for the campaigns of 1862, '63, '64 and '65. It is the same so-called Democratic party, with the murderous knife at the throat of the nation still.

Secession is a Democratic inheritance. It was Democracy, that taught that the nation was without power to preserve its own existence. It was the Democratic party that transferred our forts, arsenals, ships, arms, ammunition, &c., to the rebels. There cannot be one single healthy war. measure pointed to, that the Democratic party did not oppose; nor did the rebellion cause any disturbance in the party. North and South, they labored to secure a common end—that of the destruction of the government. In the thirty-six battles that it was our lot to participate, I always felt that we were fighting the Democratic party. Every soldier killed in the war was killed by a Democrat. Every ball that sped in its flight to the heart of a Union man, was guided on its murderous errand by a so-called Democrat.

The following incident occurred in the presence of the writer:

During the Presidential campaign in the fall of '64, and whilst our army was fighting one of those bloody battles, under Gen. Sheridan, in the Shenandoah Valley, a McClellan officer from Ohio, who was not at that moment engaged, took it upon himself to expatiate largely in favor of the Democratic party, and, amongst other statements, enquired, with much would-be patriotic emotion:

"*Where is the old, venerable Democratic party, that has served this government since the days of Washington?*"

At the same instant, a brave officer from the same State came riding up, exhibiting a bloody hand, crushed by a minnie ball, and replied:

"*Doctor, one of them has just shot my hand off, and there is about twenty-five thousand more over yonder, shooting at us.*"

It was the truth, and a capital hit, and ended the argument.

Every home made desolate in the inheritance of the Democratic party. The Democratic party kept the rebellion in existence long after its cause was hopeless. When the rebellion was tottering to its overthrow, in the fall of '64, the Chicago Convention, in order to strengthen its tottering footsteps, declared the war a failure, and demanded that immediate efforts be made for a cessation of hostilities; and this same Convention of the Democracy, voted down and repudiated the following loyal resolution, offered by Mr. Washington Hunt:

"*Resolved*, That, in the future, as in the past, we will adhere with unswerving fidelity to the Union and the Constitution, and insist upon *maintaining the Government unity, as the only* means by which our ancestors, the founders of our Republic, secured for us and our posterity the blessings of liberty, and the happiness as a people, and as a framework of government equally conducive to the welfare and prosperity of the States both North and South."

And, over this traitor Convention, this same Horatio Seymour presided. The truth is, the Democratic party has been to this government,

"Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wing of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blindworm's sting,
Lizzard's leg, and owlet's wing,
Form a charm of powerful trouble."

The greatest lie in the whole world is the charge, repeated for the ten thousandth time, "that the Republicans made the war-debt." By it they but magnify their own sins. Every dollar is a Democratic legacy. Every tax is a Democratic gift. Every government stamp, is a Democratic sticking plaster. Every person in the United States drinks Democracy in his tea, his coffee and his whisky, and in the sugar wherewith he sweetens them. Each ingredient pays its quota for the cost of Democracy to the country. The smoker inhales Democracy. The sick man is physicked with Democracy. The laboring man gives about one hour's labor every day to pay for Democracy. The capitalist pays one-tenth of his income for the cost of the Democratic party. Every transfer of property is saddled with the Democratic burden. Before he is begotten the child is subject to the Democratic tax. From the cradle to the grave he never is free from it. The funeral mourning must first pay the penalty of Democratic rule, and a portion of that which is left behind, must go into this Democratic vortex. Generation after generation must carry this Democratic burden from birth to death. Like the original divine curse, it will be felt in the sweat of the brow of the laborer, and in the travail of woman, and in the swallowing up of a portion of the earth's productions of all time. If any human action deserve it, the hounds of hell ought to hunt their souls through all eternity.

CORRICUS.

Editorial Scraps.

—"Harts" is trump.

—Why should a printer go hungry, when he can always convert his work into pie?

—The city of Paris owes $90,000,000 in gold.

—A ton of collar paper, it is stated, is made daily at one mill in Pittsfield, Mass.

—Dr. J. C. Ayer pays the largest income tax in Lowell—on $67,424.

—Never talk to the printer while he is engaged in setting type.

—Mechanics, it is said, are becoming too much like clocks—they strike every hour.

—The Cincinnati *Gazette* calls Chase a "slippery Salmon."

—The weather is too warm for base ball playing, it would seem.

—A wet handkerchief or paper in the hat prevents sun-stroke.

—An exchange in Maine says "Hops and grapevines are propagated by layers."

—Too heavy a weight for the Democracy—the Pendleton.

—Favorite Generals in the South—General Amnesty and General Blair.

—"A heathen god missing." "Mercury has gone up."

—Alaska is now ours. Oh for a little bit of Greenland!

—The highest peak in Colorado is Mount Lincoln, 17,000 feet high.

—A somnambulist at Worcester, fell 40 feet to the sidewalk the other night, and broke his rest.

—Public nuisances—old wigs, long tailed dresses, unmuzzled dogs, church gossips and hypocritical preachers.

—It is said the fruit crop in New England will be good, despite the "cold and wet" spring.

—Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, is a combination and a form indeed, for healing and curing diseases of the throat, lungs and chest. It cures a cough by loosening and cleansing the lungs, and allaying irritation; thus *removing the cause*, instead of drying up the cough and leaving the disease behind.

—One of the Pennsylvania papers recently printed its whole issue on a kind of wrapping paper, which was given to the publisher by a dealer to advertise his wares.

—Intertropical fragrance rises in invisible clouds the moment that a bottle of Phalon's "Flor de Mayo," the new perfume for the handkerchief, is opened; one single drop scents a handkerchief. "Sold by all druggists.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.

In the whole history of medical discoveries NO REMEDY has performed so many or such remarkable cures of the numerous affections of the THROAT, LUNGS and CHEST, as this long-tried and justly celebrated *Balsam*. So generally acknowledged is the superior excellence of this remedy, that but few of the many who have tested its virtues by experience fail to keep it at hand as a speedy and certain cure for sudden attacks of COLDS, feeling believing that its remedial powers are comprehensive enough to embrace every form of disease, from the slightest cold to the most dangerous symptom of pulmonary complaint.

UNSOLICITED TESTIMONY.

From Rev. Francis Dalbell, Pastor of the South Congregational Church, Bridgeport, Connecticut.

"I consider it a duty which I owe to suffering humanity to bear testimony to the virtues of DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY. I have used it—when I have had occasion for it—nearly for twenty years, since Bronchitis Throat—for many years, and never in a single instance have it failed to relieve and cure me. I have frequently been requested to send for it, and I looked forward to the delivery of two sermons on the following day with such misgivings, but by a liberal dose for the Bronchial troubles, I have been enabled to preach without difficulty."

"I commend it to my brethren in the ministry, and to public speakers generally, as a certain remedy for the bronchial troubles to which we are peculiarly exposed."

Prepared by Seth W. Fowle & Son, 18 Tremont St., Boston, and for sale by Druggists generally.

GRICES CELEBRATED SALVE.

From M. E. Tucker, Depot Master, at Salisbury, Mass., Feb. 1st, 1867.

"I have been troubled for years with a bad humor, sometimes outwardly and sometimes inwardly. During the past summer it manifested itself more than usual outwardly, and I used your Salve. All signs of it have since disappeared, without affecting me, inwardly, indicating, I think, the complete eradication of the humor."

SETH W. FOWLE & SON, Boston, Proprietors.

Sold by Druggists at 25c. a box; Sent by mail for 35c.

DEAFNESS, BLINDNESS, and CATARRH treated with the utmost success. Dr. J. ISAACS, M. D., and Professor of *Diseases of the Eye and Ear in the Medical College of Pennsylvania, 12 years experience*, (formerly of Leyden, Holland,) No. 995 Arch Street, Phila. Testimonials can be seen at his office. The medical faculty are invited to accompany their patients, as he has no secrets in his practice. Artificial eyes inserted, without pain. No charge for examination.

SOME FOLKS CAN'T SLEEP NIGHTS.

Very many suffer from general debility, others from weakness of the stomach, and inability to digest their food; some have creeping sensations along the nerve fibres, or pain in the back, with aching and weary throbbing of the limbs. Thousands of ladies suffer through long years from what are called *Female Complaints*, caused by the relaxation of muscle and ligament that and deficiency of vital force. Thousands of business men, overworked in mind and body, use up the nervous fluid, and become unfit for duty or the enjoyments of life. Excesses in youth, and the terrible effects of fever and ague, involve shattered constitutions and the failure of the general functions of health. To sufferers from all these causes,

DODD'S NERVINE AND INVIGORATOR

offers an invaluable boon—a natural and efficient recovery of lost powers. No person, man or woman, suffering from any cause, can afford to neglect this remedy. The Nervine will be found to possess an equalizing and nutritive principle. It allays irritation, and like sleep promotes the secretions of the system. It has affinity for the nervous fibres, and supplies them for the waste that is constantly taking place. Its influence is felt when taken into the stomach. It undergoes rapid digestion, invigorating in its process the digestive organs, and producing a healthy appetite.

CALMNESS AND TRANQUILLITY

follow its use, from the quiet influence it exerts, unknown to any other preparation. It contains no opium or hashish, and so far from producing sleeplessness, it will be found an efficient cure for constipation, and has obtained a world-wide renown for this peculiarity.

WHAT PEOPLE SAY.

"Dear Doctor: The last medicine prescribed by you I obtained, and will say that Dodd's Nervine and Invigorator is all that it claims to be. I feel like a new man; the aching of my limbs is all gone; I sleep well, have a good appetite, and feel stronger than I have for many years past." Contributed by Dr. H. A. Tucker, 259 Clinton street, Brooklyn, New York.

"I have used the Nervine, and can unhesitatingly pronounce it a most valuable remedy." Contributed by Dr. J. W. Bodge, Trice House, N. Y.

"The medicine you ordered (Dodd's Nervine) we have taken in the absence of my husband. My wife says she would rather have one bottle of it than forty doctors. She is certainly better, doubt not she will recover, and we shall be happy to have her home. Her nervous condition every way."

G. H. Marsh, Cashier Glenn House, Long Branch, New Jersey, writes that Dodd's Nervine has cured him of chronic weakness of the stomach, dizziness and sick headache, and greatly strengthened his whole system.

David Hartshorn, 339 State street, Brooklyn, cured of chronic muscular and nervous debility.

John Gilmore, Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "To regulate the bowels without producing cathartic effect, quiet the nervous system, and to build up the system among men, I employ Dodd's Nervine and Invigorator with the highest effect." Its excellent tonic powers are the result of its action upon the bowels is all that can be desired.

DODD'S NERVINE AND INVIGORATOR is employed in the Massachusetts Hospital for the Insane and Lunatic Asylum, Tewksbury, Mass.

FOR PERSONAL TESTIMONIALS

To cures of general debility, indigestion, sleeplessness, kidney complaint, vinaceitic and female complaints in their own families, we refer, with permission, to the following persons in this city:

E. W. Ball, Esq., Fifth Avenue Hotel, N. Y.
W. H. Bodge, Trice House, N. Y.
John Gilmore, Brooklyn, N. Y.
J. W. Peckett, Esq., Clinton st., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Dr. H. A. Tucker, Clinton st., Brooklyn, N. Y.
J. S. Wright, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Hon. Warren Chase, 548 Broadway, N. Y.

For sale at J. H. Parry's, T. A. Myers and R. Williams' Drug Stores, Columbia, Pa.

Price $1 per bottle.

H. B. STORER & CO.,
Proprietors, N. Y.

mar 17-6m-ly

DRY GOODS.

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP!

GOODS WELL BOUGHT ARE HALF SOLD.

The finest and best lot of goods ever brought to Columbia, has just been received

AT THE

"Cheap Store"

OF

P. S. McTAGUE

Where the Public are cordially invited to call and examine the goods and prices. The greater part of the goods were bought before the late advance in the East, and consequently can be sold much cheaper than present Wholesale Prices. The Stock is now full and complete, comprising the different grades of goods, viz:

MOHAIRS,
VALENCIAS,
SUMMER DRAINS,
WOOL DELAINS, of all Colors,
A fine lot of Spring Styles of SUMMER DELAINES, besides MUSLINS, CALICOES, TICKINGS, DENIMS, FURNITURE and SHILTING CHECKS, TABLE DIAPER, GINGHAMS and LINSEYS. Also, all widths of Sheetings and Pillow Cases Muslins of the Best Makes.

A new line of CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, SATTINETS, TRENTON PLAIDS, JEANS, Ladies' Cloaking Cloths, and Ready-made Clothing, Jeans, Cassimeres.

The Subscriber is just entering into the BOOT and SHOE business, and being determined to keep up with the best Goods in the line, and sell at less than usual prices, respectfully solicits the patronage of the public.

P. S. McTAGUE.

Nos. 123 & 125 Locust St.,
Columbia, Pa.

mar 23-tf

215 WALNUT STREET

SHOE AND NOTION STORE!

MRS. R. C. BRUNER,

Would respectfully announce to her friends and the public generally, that she has just returned from Philadelphia with

A Choice Assortment of

LADIES' MISSES' & CHILDREN'S SHOES!

All Shoes purchased direct from the Manufacturers, and are of the best known makes, consequently are of a better grade than are usually sold in similar stores, and at cheaper rates.

A full variety of

TRIMMINGS, BUTTONS, & STATIONERY,

Consisting in part of

LADIES', GENTS' AND CHILDREN'S HOSIERY AND GLOVES,
LINEN & COTTON HANDKERCHIEFS,
CUFFS, LINEN AND PAPER, LADIES' LINEN COLLARS!

A large Assortment of

PAPER COLLARS!

(Dickens, Marquis, Byron, and Lockwood) NECK TIES,

Lacing and Boot Tops, Gloves, &c. &c.

DRESS, CLOAK, PEARL & OTHER BUTTONS,
DONA MARIA YELLING, SEWING SILK & SPOOL THREAD, Together with a thousand variety of Useful and Fancy Articles, NEEDLES, PIPES, WRITING PAPER, &c., to all of which the residence of James Barber, in Chestnut street, is now called the attention of the citizens of Columbia and vicinity, feeling confident that on examination of her Stock will prove satisfactory.

Goods sold for Cash and Cash only.

may 23-tf

UPHOLSTERING!

The undersigned has taken rooms adjoining the residence of James Barber, in Chestnut 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. 16, '68.] SAMUEL CARTER.

FOR SALE.

SEWING MACHINE FOR SALE.—A First Class Empire Sewing Machine with Cabinet Case and Ruffler attachment, inquire at this office. [may 23-tf.

LOTS! LOTS! LOTS!

BUILDING LOTS!

Large or Small, on Sixth street, or Seventh street, and on Locust street, and Walnut street. Those fronting on Locust and Walnut streets 166 feet deep to a 14 feet wide alley.

Apply to J. H. MIFFLIN.

FOR SALE!

A PLEASANT and CONVENIENT HOUSE and LOT, on Second street, Columbia. Inquire at this office. [dec. 14, '67-tf.

FOR SALE!

A TWO STORY BRICK HOUSE and LOT OF GROUND, situated in Walnut street, above 3d, street, Columbia. For terms, &c., apply to

JACOB EARNEST, or
JEREMIAH DENNY.

feb 29-tf

TOBACCO FOR SALE!!

EIGHTY-ONE BOXES of Splendid Redjacket Pennsylvania Leaf TOBACCO is offered for sale at reasonable rates, by

DAVID HANAUER,
Jan. 18, '68-tf.] Front Street, Columbia.

BOOTS & SHOES.

LADIES' SHOE MANUFACTORY.

Having increased my facilities for turning out superior work I would announce to my old customers and all new ones that may favor me with a call, that I am better prepared now to manufacture all kinds of

LADIES' MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S SHOES AND GAITERS,

than ever before. I employ none but the best workmen and am always certain of giving satisfaction. I keep on hand a general assortment of ready made work, all of which is manufactured on the premises.

I keep no ready-made work of other parties. My work is made exclusively for home trade and is sold as such. TERMS, CASH.

We sell as cheap as any other establishment, and ask a share of public patronage.

JAMES SCHROEDER,
Locust Street, between Front and Second.

BOOTS AND SHOES!

WILLIAM WALTON,
JEROME SCHRECH,

Manufacturer of Superior

ENGLISH WALTON BOOTS AND SHOES.

Informs the public that he is prepared to receive orders for work, and that his prices are reasonable.

A splendid assortment of Ready-Made Work on hand.

Repairing always attended to in a prompt and efficient manner.

REMEMBER THE PLACE!

JEROME SCHRECH,
No. 262 Locust St.

HOME MANUFACTURE.

The Subscriber has on hand a large Stock of Boots and Shoes, Gaiters, &c., all of his own Manufacture.

Call at his Store, four doors above R. Williams' Drug Store, Front Street, where he offers an extensive assortment of Goods, either

WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.

His stock consists of as large and general assortment of Men's Boys' Ladies' and Children's

BOOTS AND SHOES,

as can be found elsewhere in the Town.

Those requiring Boots and Shoes, will find it to their advantage to call and examine his Stock, before purchasing elsewhere.

May 26, '67] SAMUEL GROVE.

CARPETS, PAINTS.

IF A HUMBUG

What a wonder
That the doors
Are open wide:
Ever since the
First of August
Thousands have
Pain Paint applied.
Those who lie—
Or call it humbug,
Are the doctors,
Not scalpel;
For they always
Have been jealous
When their patients
Use Pain Paint.
Pile up facts
As high as mountains,
Flesh the truth
Before their eyes,
Still the cry
Is always humbug,
Men of science
Are in fault.

People know that liniments composed of Cayenne pepper, turpentine, hartshorn, ether, &c., will produce inflammation and pain; to produce such trash to stop pain and inflammation is ridiculous. Fire will not stop heat; a drunkard shuns the heat, and knows enough to wade in a pond of water, when wounded, to reduce cool and cure Inflammations and Fevers. Fight Pimps and gamblers' try to look honest, that folks can read the face too plainly. Some try to persuade the people that physic, bitters, etc., cleanse the blood, purge the system, and do a hundred other things equally absurd. Everybody knows that a dose, that is, one medicine can purify or increase a drop of blood. Food makes blood, bone, and muscle, and is the staff of life. Every dose of medicine swallowed is rejected, and hurried out of the system as quick as possible. Pain is an enemy; yes, a deadly foe. Constipation, ill health, and weakness, are the result of dosing, dosing, dosing the stomach. The living system has enough to do without working horses to death in spelling and kicking out the vicious nostrums poured down the throat. Let the weakness when she needs it; Yes, asks for it. Let pill-makers and physic venders stop eating food, and see how long they can subsist on their blood-purifying, invigorating, health-giving medicines and cordials. What humbug is more transparent? A dog would feel so insulted, if offered a bone, he would curl his tail downward in scorn, and run away in utter disgust. All physical pain arises from inflammation. Pain-cut-short and you stop pain absolutely. You can stop pain as easy as you can quench fire with water. Wolcott's PAIN PAINT subdues inflammation, broken fever, one hundred times faster than ice. Thousands have had a practical test