The Columbia Spy.

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

VOLUME XL, NUMBER 37.] COLUMBIA, PA., SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 24, 1869. [WHOLE NUMBER, 2,066.

THE COLUMBIA SPY,
DAILY AND WEEKLY.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
WEEKLY,
$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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M. CLARK,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.
OFFICE—next door to Hess' book store.
Office Hours—From 6 to 7 A. M. 12 to 1 P. M., and from 6 to 9 P. M. [apr.20, '67-1y.

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

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—No. 152, Locust street.

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

J. Z. HOFFER,
DENTIST.
Nitrous Oxide Gas administered in the extraction of Teeth.
Office—Front Street, next door to R. Williams' Drug Store, between Locust and Walnut Streets, 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 9 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.

WESTERN HOTEL,
Nos. 9, 11, 13 & 15 CORTLANDT STREET,
NEW YORK.
THOS. D. WINCHESTER, PROPRIETOR.
This Hotel is central and convenient for Pennsylvanians.
ABLE MISHLER, of Reading, Pa., is an assistant at this Hotel, and will be glad to see his friends at all times. •e10-1fw

"CONTINENTAL."
THIS HOTEL IS PLEASANTLY LOCATED, between the Stations of the Reading and Columbia, and Pennsylvania Railroads.
FRONT STREET, COLUMBIA, PA.
Ample accommodations for Strangers and Travelers. The Bar is stocked with
CHOICE LIQUORS,
And the Tables furnished with the best fare.
URIAH FINDLEY,
Columbia, April 20, 1867.] Proprietor.

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 New York. R. FRENCH,
Sept. 19, 1868. Proprietor.

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

EDUCATIONAL.

LEBANON VALLEY COLLEGE!
FALL TERM COMMENCES AUGUST 3, 1868.
This institution aims to *educate* youth of both sexes in all the solid or ornamental branches. Its officers hold that students should be trained with a view to the sphere of life they are to occupy, and to accomplish this object, the following courses of study have been adopted:
1. A Classical course.
2. A Biblical course.
3. A Ladies' course.
4. A Scientific course.
5. A Teacher's course.
6. An Ornamental course.
7. A Commercial course.
8. A Grammer School course.
These courses are THOROUGH, COMPREHENSIVE and COMPLETE *in themselves*
We invite all who have children or wards to educate, to visit this School before sending elsewhere. It presents many advantages, among which are
1st. Thorough and practical instruction.
2nd. Accommodations not excelled elsewhere.
3rd. 20 per cent. less in cost than other schools of equal grade.
☞ *Folly and fashion* are not part of our program. We aim at *refinement*, but a *refinement* springing from a *good* heart and a *cultivated* intellect.
For Catalogues or further particulars, address
T. R. VICKROY, A. M.,
July 25'68-tf. Annville, Lebanon County, Pa.

MARBLE WORKS.

LANCASTER MARBLE WORKS,
LEWIS HALDY, Proprietor.
All persons in want of anything in the Marble line, will be furnished at the very lowest prices.
Only the best workmen are employed, consequently we are enable to turn out in a superior manner
MONUMENTS, STATUARY, TOMBSTONES, ORNAMENTS, MARBLE MANTLES, BUILDING FRONTS, SILLS,
And Marble Work of every description.
☞ Orders promptly attended to LEWIS HALDY,
May 4,'67] Lancaster City, Pa.

CHARLES M. HOWELL,
MARBLE MASON,
NO. 66 NORTH queen STREET,
EAST SIDE.
The Oldest Marble Works in Lancaster County.
Thankful for the liberal patronage heretofore bestowed upon him, he respectfully solicits a continuance of the same. He has on hand the largest, most varied and complete stock of finished
MONUMENTS, MANTLES,
GRAVE STONES, &c., &c.,
to be found in the city, and which will be sold at the lowest prices. Building work and Jobbing of every description punctually attended to.
Persons in want of Monuments, Mantles, or Grave Stones, are invited to call and examine the stock on hand, also the portfolios of designs.
June 29-tf]

BITTERS.

I. S WATERMAN,
PROPRIETOR OF
WATERMAN'S
Cocktail and Tonic Bitters.
Wholesale and Retail,
No. 1106 Market Street, Philadelphia.

The tonic properties of these Bitters have been certified to by some of our most eminent practising physicians, as the best tonic now in use, and the Cocktail Bitters is the universal favorite among judges of a good gin or whisky cocktail. [jan30-tf

JOB PRINTING OF EVERY Description neatly executed at this Office

BUCHER'S COLUMN.

J. C. BUCHER,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC
Wines and Liquors!
Has removed his Store to his Building, adjoining Haldeman's Store, Locust St., Columbia, Pa., where he has fitted up rooms, and greatly increased his facilities for doing a more extensive business.

MISHLER'S CELEBRATED
HERB BITTERS!
PURE AND UNADULTERATED,
These Bitters are celebrated for the great cures they have performed in every case, when tried.
Dr. Mishler offers *five hundred dollars* to the proprietor of any Medicine that can show a greater number of genuine certificates of cures effected by it, near the place where it is made, than
MISHLER'S HERB BITTERS.

MISHLER'S HERB BITTERS
Is for sale in Columbia by
J. C. BUCHER,
At his Store, Locust Street, Columbia.

WINES AND LIQUORS!
Embracing the following:
Catawba,
Port,
Lisbon,
Cherry,
Maderia,
Malaga,
Champagne,
Claret,
Rhine,
Blackberry,
Elderberry,
Currant and Muscat WINES.

COGNAC, OF DIFFERENT BRANDS.
Also, OLD RYE WHISKEY and
BRANDIES of all kinds:
Blackberry, Jamaica Spirits,
Catawba, Kummel,
Cherry, Ginger,
Rum, Gin,
Superior Old Rye,
Pure Old Rye,
XXX Old Rye,
XX Old Rye X Old Rye,
Pure Old Rye, Monongahela,
Rectified Whisky, London Brown Stout,
Scotch Ale, &c., &c., &c.

AGENCY FOR
MALT AND CIDER VINEGAR.
He is also Agent for the Celebrated
MISHLER'S HERB BITTERS.

FOR SALE
POCKET FLASKS,
DEMIJOHNS,
TOBACCO BOXES,
and FANCY ARTICLES, in great variety,
At J. C. BUCHER'S.

MISHLER'S BITTERS!
PURE & UNADULTERATED
For Sale by
J. C. BUCHER.

BEST STOUT PORTER!
From E. & C. HIBBERT, LONDON.
For sale by
J. C. BUCHER,
Locust Street, above Front.

Agent for the
PURE MALT VINEGAR.
Cannot be purchased at any other establishment in town, and is warranted to keep fruits and vegetables perfect.

The Best Brands of Imported
SCOTCH AND LONDON ALE.
For Sale at
J. C. BUCHER'S.

TO SMOKERS AND CHEWERS.
BUCHER will still keep on hand the Best Brands of
SMOKING AND CHEWING TOBACCO, SNUFF, HAVANA, YARA, and COMMON SEGARS. Also, SNUFF & TOBACCO BOXES, PIPES—a thousand and one varieties. Call at
J. C. BUCHER'S,
Locust Street, adjoining Haldeman's Store.
It is the greatest establishment of the kind this side of Philadelphia.
☞ Only Agency for Lee's London Porter, and Mishler's Bitters.

Original Poetry.

[Written for the Spy.]

Spring.

BY EVA ALICE.

The bright sun shines through an April sky,
The swallows are on the wing,
They seek their nests 'neath the cottage eaves,
And sweet are the thoughts they bring;
They have winged their way from the sunny South,
From the shade of the orange bowers,
They come with the balmy breath of Spring,
To the land of opening flowers.

The welcome peep of the frog is heard,
The insects' musical hum,
And the life that wakes from teeming earth,
All tell that the Spring has come;
The sly buds will soon come peeping out,
And the shooting blades be seen,
And nature, all bedecked anew,
In robes of beauteous green.

The feathered songster will seek his mate,
As he sings from the bush and spray,
The fickle clouds, with rainbow smiles,
Will woo the flowers of May;
Hearts that were buried in Winter's gloom,
Now awake from their drowsy spell,
And voices that breathed a pensive strain,
Into songs of gladness swell.

Beautiful Acrostic.

The following very beautiful and ingenious acrostic was written by Thomas Stanlevant, Jr., a soldier in the 26th Regiment United States Infantry, and a prisoner of war in the province of Canada:

OUR Lord and King, who reigns enthroned on high,
FATHER of light! mysterious Diety!
Who art the great I AM, the last, the first,
ART righteous, holy, merciful and just,
IN realms of glory, scenes where angels sing,
HEAVEN is the dwelling place of God our King.
HALLOWED thy name, which does all names transcend,
BE thou adored, our great Almighty Friend;
THY Glory shines beyond creation's space,
NAMED in the book of justification of grace.
THY kingdom towers beyond the starry skies,
KINGDOM satanic falls, but thine shall rise.
COME let thine empire, O thou Holy one,
THY great and everlasting will be done.
WILL God make known his will, his power display?
DONE is the great, the wondrous work of love,
ON Calvary's cross he died, but reigns above;
EARTH bears the record in Thy holy word,
AS Heaven adores thy love, let earth, O Lord;
IT shines transcendant in th' eternal skies.
Is praised in Heaven—for man the Saviour dies;
IN songs immortal angels hand his name,
HEAVEN shouts with joy and saints his love proclaim.
GIVE us, O Lord, our food, nor cease to give
US that food on which our souls may live!
THIS be our boon to-day and days to come,
DAY without end in our eternal home;
OUR needy souls supply from day to day,
DAILY assist and aid us when we pray;
BREAD though we ask, yet, Lord, thy blessing lend
AND make us grateful when thy gift descend;
FORGIVE our sins, which in destruction place
US the vile rebels of a rebel race;
OUR follies, faults and trespasses forgive,
DEBTS which we can ne'er pay, or thou receive;
AS we, O Lord, our neighbor's faults o'erlook,
WE beg thou'rd'st blot ours from thy memory's book;
FORGIVE our enemies, extend thy grace
OUR souls to save, e'en Adam's guilty race.
DEFFOIS to thee in gratitude and love,
AND in that duty paid by saints above.
LEAD us from sin, and in Thy Mercy raise
US from the temptor and his hellish ways.
NOR in our own, but in HIS name who bled,
INTO Thine ear we pour out every need;
TEMPTATION'S fatal charms help us to shun,
BUT may we conquer through Thy conquering son!
DELIVER us from all which can annoy
US in this world, and may our souls destroy;
FROM all calamities which men betide,
EVIL and death, O turn our feet aside;
FOR we are mortal worms, and cleave to clay;
THINE 'tis to rule, and mortals to obey.
Is not Thy mercy, Lord, forever free?
THE whole creation knows no God but Thee.
KINGDOM and empire in thy presence fall;
THE king eternal reigns the king of all;
POWER is with Thee—to Thee be glory given,
AND be Thy name adored by earth and heaven,
THE praise of saints and angels is Thy own;
GLORY to Thee, the everlasting One:
FOR EVER be Thy triune name adored;
AMEN, Hosanna! blessed be the Lord.

Miscellaneous Reading.

The Disguised Heiress.

Miss Vernon sat thoughtfully at her window, plunged in deep thought. This need be scarcely wondered at, for the question upon which she was pondering affected her nearly.

She was an heiress, having come into possession, at her majority, of fifty thousand dollars. She was possessing in her appearance, and this as was natural, as usual, was considerably exaggerated, and brought her suitors in plenty. Among them she made choice of William Winsor, and in a few weeks they were to be married.

William was engaged in the wholesale clothing business, and had the reputation of an active, sharp man of business. He was of good appearance, and so far as could be judged, was a good match for the heiress. Nothing to his prejudice had come to the ears of Miss Vernon until the day before. A poor woman had come to the door in evident poverty, and asked for relief. On being questioned, she said that she had been employed in making shirts at twelve cents apiece for wholesale dealers—that after making a dozen and carrying them to the store, she had been roughly told that they were spoiled and that nothing would be paid her for her work; but that she might have some more, if she would agree to make them better. She added that this was one of the small ways in which the firm made money out of poor women, by pretending that their work was unsatisfactorily done, when really no fault could reasonably be found.

The sum, small as it was, of which she had been defrauded, was all important to her, as it represented nearly a week's work.

"Only a dollar and forty-four cents for a week's work!" exclaimed Miss Vernon in dismay.

"That's all" said the poor woman.

"How, then, do you live?"

"It can hardly be called living. Its just barely keeping body and soul together said the woman.

"And who is this extortioner that first offers you starvation wages and then defrauds you of them? asked Miss Vernon very indignantly.

"William Winsor."

"Who?" demanded Miss Vernon, firmly, quickly.

"William Winsor."

"I can hardly believe this. I know the gentleman."

"It is true, and if you will investigate the matter you will find it to be so."

"I will investigate the matter. Here are five dollars for your present needs. Come here to-morrow at this time; I may have some work for you to do."

The poor woman departed, invoking blessing upon the heiress.

"I will look into this," said Margaret Vernon, resolutely, "and, if it proves true, the engagement between William Winsor and myself shall be broken. I will not give myself to such a man."

"Nancy," said Miss Vernon the next morning to the chambermaid, "have you an old dress and shabby cloak and bonnet you can lend me."

"I have got some that are so poor that I am not going to wear them again," said Nancy, surprised at such an inquiry.

"Will you lend them to me?"

"Of course, Miss; but what would the likes of you want with such old clothes?"

"A little fun, that is all," said Miss Vernon. "I am going to disguise myself, and see if I can't deceive somebody."

With this exclamation Nancy was content, and produced the clothes. Miss Vernon put them on, and in addition borrowed of another of the servants a thick green veil, somewhat the worse for wear, and then set out on her mission. No one, in her disguise, would have recognized the usually elegant and richly dressed heiress, Miss Margaret Vernon.

Miss Vernon slipped out of the basement door and took her way to a large store, on which was inscribed the name of William Winsor, in large guilt letters.

She entered, and after a while a clerk spoke to her in a rough voice,—

"Well, what do you want?"

"I want to get some work," she said in a low voice.

"We can give you some shirts."

"Anything."

"Can you sew well?"

"I think so."

"At any rate, we will try you."

A half dozen shirts were given to Miss Vernon, and she was informed that if satisfactorily done, she would be paid twelve cents apiece. These she carried home, slipping in at the back door.

About two hours later the poor woman called.

"Here are some shirts for you to make," said Miss Vernon.

"Why, they are the same as I have been making," said the poor woman in great surprise.

"That is true, and they came from the same place."

"Am I to take them back to the store?"

"No, you will bring them here. I will pay you for the work, when done, double the price you have been receiving."

"Thank you, Miss, you are so very kind."

"Sew them as neatly as possible. I wish to see whether they will be rejected as poor work."

"Yes, Miss Vernon, I will take pains with them."

Three days later the poor woman returned with the work completed. Miss Vernon paid her for them, and requested her to call the next day.

"Nancy," said the heiress, after her protege had departed. "I shall wish to borrow your old clothes again."

"Certainly, Miss," said Nancy, "if it is not ashamed you are to appear in such miserable rags."

"No one will know me, Nancy."

"Shure, Miss, you can take them whenever you like."

"I don't think I shall need them again Nancy, but thank you all the time."

Not long afterwards, Miss Vernon, in her shabby disguise, entered the establishment of William Winsor, with the bundle of shirts under her arm.

She walked up to the counter and laid them down.

"What have you got there?" demanded a pert young clerk.

"Some work, sir," said Miss Vernon, very humbly.

"Well, why don't you open the bundle," said the young man, picking his teeth with his knife.

Miss Vernon did so.

The young man deigned to tumble over the shirts, and sneeringly glanced at them carelessly.

"Shocking! shocking!" he said.

"What's the matter, sir!"

"They're wretchedly sewed. That's what's the matter. How do you expect we are going to sell such shirts as these?"

"I am sure I thought they were all well done," said Miss Vernon.

"You thought, did you?" repeated the clerk, mocking her. "We shan't pay you for these shirts. They will have to be sold at a loss."

"But what shall I do?" asked Miss Vernon, in seeming distress.

"That's your business, not mine. We will try you once more, and give you another half dozen shirts. If they are done better, you will be paid for them.

"These are done well," said Miss Vernon savagely, snatching the bundle from the counter, "and I will show them to your employer."

To the indignation of the clerk, who was not used to such independence in the poor women who worked for the establishment, Miss Vernon took the shirts to another part of the counter where she saw William himself.

"Mr. Winsor," she said, "your clerk will not pay me for these shirts. He says they are not well done."

Mr. Winsor took one up, and pretended to examine it.

"No, it is poorly done. We can't pay you for these, but you may have another bundle, and, if they are satisfactorly, you will then be paid."

"Didn't I tell you so?" said the clerk triumphantly. "Now, young woman, how much did you make by that operation?"

"More than you think, perhaps," said Miss Vernon, quietly.

"Don't you wish any work?"

"No, I don't wish any more," she answered, coldly.

"Oh! you're on the high horse, are you? Well, you may be glad to get work some day, when you can't have it."

That evening was the one which William Winsor usually spent with his betrothed. When he was introduced, he went forward warmly, as usual, to greet Miss Vernon.

She drew back coldly, and did not offer her hand to grasp his.

"What is the matter, Margaret?" he asked, surprised and startled. "What have I done to entitle me to such a reception?"

"My hand has taken yours for the last time, Mr. Winsor," said Margaret.

"Good heavens! what is the meaning of all this, Margaret? Explain yourself. I cannot understand it."

"I cannot take the hand of one who grows rich by defrauding poor women out of their scanty earnings."

"Who says this of me? Some one has been slandering me. Confront me with my accusers. There is some mistake here."

"I will do as you desire. Wait just five minutes."

Miss Vernon left the room and soon reentered in her disguise.

The young man strode up to the woman angrily.

"Are you the one who has slandered me to Miss Vernon?" he demanded.

"I told her the truth."

The young man reflected. Violent contradiction he saw would not avail him; he would try another course.

"Hark ye, young woman," he said, in a low voice, "there was a mistake—I will make it up to you richly. I will give ten dollars on the spot and all the work you want at double rates, if you will tell Miss Vernon it was all a mistake."

"Too late, Mr. Vernon," said the veiled figure, throwing up her veil, and showing the contemptuous face of Margaret Vernon. Your bribe is offered in vain. Good evening, sir."

Confounded and astonished, Wm. Winsor found his way to the door, and has never ventured to enter the house of the heiress since. He was paid for his meanness in his own coin.

A Few Words About Masonry.

MR. EDITOR:—In your paper a short time since, I find an article entitled, "Relics of Anti-Masonry." It is a defense, somewhat in detail, of this ancient and wide-spread institution. The article is valuable in more respects than one, as it exonerates the society from several charges which none but the wilfully blind or grossly ignorant could urge against it. With its political bearings, if there are any, we have nothing to do. Nor would we for one moment deny that this institution has contained, and does contain some, yes, many, of the great and good in our own country. Many clergymen have thought it good to ally themselves with this fraternity. There is scarcely any one who has not friends and dear ones, too, in this order. Nor with its past history have we anything to do.

But as this matter has come up in the columns of your paper, which has for its object the formation of a sound and healthy public sentiment, we would like, with your permission, to draw attention to one or two bearings of the subject, in a moral and religious point of view, which have come within our own observation.

We are actuated by no bitter feeling against the Masons or any other order, but we wish to draw attention to certain facts which apply to any secret voluntary association professing to teach and enforce the doctrines of humanity and brotherly love.

Our proposition is, in brief, that the Bible reveals a *more excellent* way.

Bear in mind the objects aimed at are, as far as they go, one and the same. This is about the sum and substance of what is said in defense of the institution, "A great many good men belong to it." "The Bible is read and honored." "No one but a *good man* can be a true Mason." The question comes up, and must come up, in the mind of every honest enquirer, *How* are these great doctrines of charity enforced?

We know of one whose whole life was spent in doing good, and who, if we are not greatly mistaken, founded an institution or society to carry out *these very ends*—the practice of brotherly acts of kindness—and if we profess to regard Him as Divine, we would prefer to submit to His wisdom rather than to avail ourselves of some worldly contrivances, invented as a kind of substitute for those who will not submit to the yoke of the Gospel.

We are not speaking of this or that individual, but of the general working of these and kindred institutions. We are willing to concede that good may be done, and that for persons who are obliged to travel much there may be some use in secret signs and symbols; but for nine-tenths of our steady, home-abiding citizens we cannot but express our calm and deliberate opinion that two-fold more good would be accomplished if the young men of our country would devote to the Church of Christ the same energy they devote to these man-made institutions.

Now, too, at the state of the case. There are not less than ten or a dozen orders of some kind or other in this Borough. We are not speaking of literary societies or societies for the advancement of science or in the mechanic art. We have the highest respect for the man who earns his bread by the sweat of his face, and can take him by the hand as a friend and a brother, nor will we be betrayed into any loose, clap-trap denunciation of any class, order, or condition of men, high or low, rich or poor, red men or blue men or black men; but we do ask attention to certain plain, patent facts.

We are speaking of these duties to our fellows, charity, care in sickness, &c., which plainly comes within the scope of our Lord's teachings, and for which we think he made provision in his Church, if men were only true to its mission.

Now, what do we see? The lodge preferred to the church, the human to the divine, invariably; men joining by scores and hundreds these societies, and leaving the work of the church to women and children.

But says some one: "They have no heart for the church. This is a matter beyond human ability."

We admit the fact; but if you draw the inference that we must get something that will accomplish the grand end in another way, we think that you are substituting your own wisdom for that of your Divine Master.

If you are not fit to belong to the church, the greater the pity. Confess your fault, and help those who, amid the reeking corruptions of the age, may still be entitled the "Salt of the Earth."

Bring your abilities to bear in the *right* direction. Bring your money into the treasury of the Lord. "Help these women."

We are not in the majority. The church has swerved from the old path, and Christians have not the moral courage to proclaim their allegiance to another king—one Jesus. "Not this man, but Barabbas," is still the plea; not the simple Gospel and the graces of the Holy Spirit and the power of Christ, but some *expedient*, some substitute, albeit the Infidel and the Christian can shake hands as brothers on the same platform, while the glorious doctrines of grace which make us one in Christ, and of which we hear so much in sermons and prayers, are disavowed in our practice and set aside. OBSERVER.

Dead Letters.

Of all the official work done at Washington, none is regarded with more interest by the transient visitor than the Dead Letter Office. Here sit some fifteen or twenty gentlemen—for it is a fact disgraceful to humanity that females cannot be employed, so many obscene letters poison the mails—continually engaged in opening the four or five millions of letters which annually find their way there. More than 15,000 letters are daily emptied on their desks, asking to be opened. When a letter is found to have valuable contents, these contents are indorsed upon it, and the letter returned to the envelope. A record is made of such letters, and they are at once returned to their writers, without return postage. So perfect are the arrangements that it is hardly possible that a valuable dead letter, which has once reached the office, should fail of revisiting the writer, if in the power of the Department to discover him. During the year, 32,000 letters, inclosing $143,231, were received at this office, and nearly 29,000 of them, containing $130,620, were restored to their owners. But besides these money letters there were 22,000 dead letetrs containing bills of exchange and other valuable matter, apprised at over $5,000,000; over 49,000 containing photographs, jewelry, &c.; and 97,000 containing stamps and articles of small value. Nearly all of them were returned to the original writers, and the reason why any of these letters fail to be returned is not the fault of the Department, but of the writers, who either send an unsigned letter, or who will subscribe herself "your loving Susie," or "your affectionate Addie?" and as the Government knows no first names, all such letters are consigned to the chopping-box, and then to the paper mill, to reappear as white paper.

"Catching Cold."

A large number of fatal diseases result from taking cold, and often from such slight causes, apparently, as to appear incredible. But, although the causes are various, the result is the same, and arises from the violation of a single principal, to wit, cooling off too soon after exercise. Perhaps this may be more practically instructive if individual instances are named, which, in the opinion of those subsequently seeking advice in the various stages of consumption, were the causes of the great misfortune, premising that when the cold is once taken, marvelously slight causes serve to increase it for the first few days—causes which, under ordinary circumstances, even a moderately healthful system would have warded off.

Rachel, the tragedienne, increased the cold which ended her life, by insufficient clothing in the cars, traveling from New York to Boston; this was her own statement.

The immediate cause of the last illness of Abbott Lawrence, the financier and the philanthropist, was an unjudicious change of clothing.

An eminent clergyman got into a cold bed in mid-winter, fifteen minutes after preaching an earnest discourse; he was instantly chilled and died within forty-eight hours.

A prominent young teacher walked two miles for exercise, and on returning to his room, it being considered too late to light a fire, sat for half an hour reading a book, and before he knew it a chill passed over him. The next day he had spitting of blood, which was the beginning of the end.

A mother sat sewing for her children to a late hour in the night, and noticing that the fire had gone out, she concluded to retire at once; but thinking that she could "finish" in a few seconds, she forgot the passing time, until an hour or more passed, and she found herself "thoroughly chilled," and a month's illness followed to pay for that one hour.

A little cold taken after a public speech in Chicago, so "little" that no attention was paid to it for several days, culminated in the fatal illness of Stephen A. Douglas. It was a slight cold taken in midsummer, resulting in congestion of the lungs, that hurried Elizabeth Barrett Browning to the grave within a week. A vigorous young man laid down on an ice chest on a warm summer's day, fell asleep, waked up in a chill which ended in confirmed consumption, of which he died three years later. A man in robust health and in the prime of life began the practice of a cold bath every morning on getting out of bed and standing with his bare feet on a zinc floor during the whole operation; his health soon declined, and ultimately his constitution was entirely undermined.

Many a cold, cough and consumption are excited into action by pulling off the hat or overcoat as to men, and the bonnet and shawl as to women, immediately on entering the house in winter, after a walk. An interval of at least five or ten minutes should be allowed; for however warm or "close" the appartment may appear on first entering, it will seem much less so at the end of five minutes, if the outer garments remain as they were before entering. Any one who judiciously uses this observation, will find a multifold reward in the course of a lifetime.—*Exchange.*

Death of a Hermit—A Cultivated Gentleman Becomes a Recluse—A Romantic Story.

William Knight, a notable hermit, has just died near Rockingham, Iowa, aged seventy-five years. Thirty years ago he left England without a word to his relatives, and going direct to Iowa, resumed his business as an attorney, rapidly winning fame in that capacity. His friends in England advertised descriptions of him, with offers of reward for tidings of his whereabouts. For years their efforts were fruitless. Knight possessed a heavy gold watch of very peculiar construction. Descriptions of this watch were sent to the leading watch dealers in America. Knight's watch got out of order. He sent it to Philadelphia, to an establishment in which a description of the watch was posted. The proprietor wrote to London parties that he had received the watch. Over came Knight's friends, making their way to Davenport as rapidly as the meagre traveling facilities would allow. They found the runaway. They had conference after conference with him to induce his return to England. They restored to strategy, and endeavored to secure his arrest for some offense that he might be sent back a prisoner. All in vain. From that time forward until his death, on Sunday last, Knight was a changed man. He bought a small farm near Rockingham, a heavily wooded tract; erected a sort af a shanty in the forest, and there, alone, with no companions but his pipe, books and papers, he spent his time. He received papers from England regularly and loved to read of new and noted books and their authors. He cooked his own food, washed his own clothes, cut his own wood, and was his own servant generally. He rarely received callers. Sometimes he would be seized with a letter-writing fit and a letter to his lawyers every day for a fortnight would be the result—an answer being expected by him as fully as though the matter of correspondence was of the utmost importance. And thus he lived the life of a hermit, save in relation with his attorneys alone. Why he, who was so gifted by nature and so splendidly educated, chose to abandon his luxurious home and wealthy friends, make his way to the frontier of the American wilds for a residence and then when discovered by his friends, resort to the life of a hermit, is explained only by an admission in one of his letters to his legal friends, wherein he admits having been hopelessly cast down by disappointment in a love affair—he wooed, won and lost a lovely English girl—lost her because she preferred a "belted knight" and a castle to a young barrister, who being a younger son, had to make his own way to fortune and to fame.—*Cincinnati Commercial, April 10th.*

Andrew Johnson Insane.

There can be little doubt in the minds of any one wades through Mr. Johnson's recent speech at Knoxville that he is insane. The whole speech is that of a man out of his senses. It is incoherent, full of repetitions, and full, too, of that singular fancy which madmen frequently have, that they are the victims of some one's vindictive persecutions.

For instance, he repeated over and over and over and over again, that he has "run the round," that he has "held all the offices from Alderman up," that he has "filled all the offices in the Government that one might aspire to," that he has "filled all the offices from the highest to the lowest," and so on. Then he is full of sneers at the people whose "path is paved with human craniums," he boasts of his pardon of counterfeiters and whisky thieves, saying that he has "liberated the captives;" and then he begins again that old tale of his having held "all the offices, State and Federal, from the highest to the lowest."

Certainly Mr. Johnson is deranged, and if he has any friends, they should either put him in an insane asylum or under the care of skillful physicians at home. It is a pity to see an old man make a spectacle of himself and become the laughing stock for street boys.—*New York Post.*

Cremation.

Many years ago, great indignation was aroused through the West by the burning to ashes of the body of a German, in accordance with his will. The serious proposal in a Philadelphia newspaper, a little while after, to establish cremation of the dead as conducive to health, was received with no more favor.

Yet why shoud not the dead be burned to ashes, instead of being left to decay in the ground, poison the living, and cause in their general disposition a vast amount of expense and trouble? The great objection raised to the custom, when the body of the German already alluded to was burned, was that it was "diabolical" and "heathenish." For the "diabolical" I say nothing; as for the "heathenism," the heathen Greeks also used baths freely, while during the Christian Middle Ages a cardinal edict forbade their too frequent use, especially by women because they were conducive to personal beauty and vanity. Yet no one of the present day condemns the use of baths as heathenish, unless it be a few of the ultra-orthodox, who strictly hold that everything to which *they* have not been accustomed is contrary to the spirit of the Bible. That there are in this city, however, many very upright gentleman who are are positively opposed to providing baths for the poorest classes, because they are seriously persuaded that baths are mere luxuries, I have, to my amazement, learned within a few hours.

A dead body placed in a furnace constructed for the purpose can be reduced to ashes in an hour, at less expense than an average coffin. The ashes in an urn are not less consecrated by affection than the grave with the horrible associations which mediæval superstitions have accumulated around it. In fact, all our poetical and sentimental phraseology in relation to the tomb is borrowed from that of cremation. People speak of "ashes" and "urns" and the "funeral torch," for the very simple reason that the ideas of aconfin and decay and the worm are disgusting. The ancients had the same deep sentiments attached to their dead which we have, while *unburned* bodies excited their horror. At the present day "we have changed all that," but very little to the benefit of our health or comfort. Every graveyard, be it where it may, is a bed of pestilence, and all its decay, sooner or later, finds its way to the atmosphere and poisons it. Here in America we have inexhaustible mines of coal, and cremation would be neither difficult nor expensive, and, should the custom be established, the popular mind would be freed from all those associations "which render death hideous, and the grave loathsome."—*Cor. Philadelphia Press.*

A Few Short Sentences of Advice.

Never divulge a thing confided to you.
Let nothing ruffle your temper.
Never neglect small matters and expenses.
Keep your own secrets.
Deceive him who attemps to deceive you.
Be prudent and circumspect in all you say and do.
Beware of being duped—the world is full of knaves.
Let your actions be manly.
In everything be cool, determined and vigorous.
All comparisons are odious, and should be avoided.
He scattereth enjoyment who can enjoy much.
Make no one confident.
Consult with feelings, and act with vigor.
Never interfere with other people's concerns.
Never put implicit faith in a man who has once deceived you.
To the poor owe nothing.
Of the rich ask nothing.
Never flatter nor censure the vain.
Never believe the flatterer.
To the blabber, speak not.
To the silent open yourself with caution.
Attempt not to curb a madman or to make a fool wise.
Think of what you are doing.
Man may live content in any situation.
Observe the three great properties—time, place, and person.
Say little—but say that little well.
Never disgrace yourself in order to do honor to any one living.
Whatever you undertake, persevere in; but consider well before you undertake a thing.
Be always punctual in your engagements.
Be industrious and frugal, and you will be rich.
Let nothing throw you off your guard.
Be cautious and reserved with people you do not know.
Never give your opinion if it is likely to be contradicted by any one present.

The "Grecian Bend."

The "Grecian bend" and *panier* have almost disappeared. The former never achieved the dignity of becoming a fashion but it was *affected* by a few silly girls, who chose to carve their spines into what would have been a horrible distortion had it been natural, and make themselves a laughing-stock to the boys whom they met in the street. There is, fortunately, an element of common sense in America and among the American people which prevents such absurdities from obtaining popular sanction.

COVINGTON, Kentucky, has, it is said, almost banished dogs from her streets by means of what is called a "stringent" law. What that law is we do not know, but in these days of hydrophobia, would it not be well for the authorities of our town to enact that every gentleman who takes his dog into the street shall be a "string" gent, or if the dog is found running loose, methods of stringency, which shall include both a string and a beam or a limb of a tree, shall be adopted?

AN exchange speaks of a young lady who broke off a matrimonial engagement because her intended had a habit of snoring in his sleep. Now, we're not prone to inquisitiveness; but we would ask the "knowing ones," How she became acquainted with this fact.

During a fire at a carpenter shop in Baltimore, on Saturday, the front wall of a building fell, burying three firemen and seriously injuring eight or nine others. When the buried men were extricated, one of them was found to be dead, and the others were badly injured.

AUNT BETSY was trying to persuade little Jack to retire at sunset, using the argument that all little chickens went to roost at that time. "Yes," said Jack, "but the old hen always goes with them." Aunty tried no more argument with him.

BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.—When the Breton mariner puts to sea, his prayer is, "Keep me my God! my boat is so small, and thy ocean so wide!" Does not this beautiful prayer truly express the condition of each us?

ROTTEN chips, decayed leaves, muck, hardwood ashes, lime, and old well-rotted barn manure are the best fertilizers for orchards.

There were 286 deaths in Philadelphia last week, an increase of 15, as compared with the preceding week's mortality.

Farm and Household Column.

AGRICULTURE is the most useful and most noble 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.

How to Cook Shad.

Shad should be baked, fried or broiled. For broiling, remove the roes, clean and dry thoroughly, cut into straight halves, and lay with the roes on a well-heated and well-greased gridiron, over a moderate fire; put the cover on so that it will cook through while it is browning, and only turn once; when it is done, remove it to warm dish, spread over a piece of butter the size of a walnut, a little pepper and salt, and put it, for a moment, in the oven; garnish with sprigs of fresh parsley before serving.

FRIED SHAD.—Divide the two halves in pieces two or three inches wide, salt and pepper them and put them