The Columbia Spy.

Editor.

Columbia, Pa.

Saturday, Sept. 4, 1869.

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

The Primary Elections.

The most bitter contest for office ever known in this county closed on Saturday, and we are now ready to enter upon a vigorous State campaign. The majorities of the different successful candidates are not definitely known, but the ticket as nominated is now before the people. So far as heard from, with one exception, the elections have been honestly conducted. In this Borough everything proceeded with the same honesty and order as at the general elections. If this be the case everywhere, there can be no cause for dissatisfaction with the election officers.

The fight has been a hard one and we believe much personal abuse indulged in. That there have been corruption and trickery displayed, there is no room for doubt. But politics makes strange bed fellows, and none stranger anywhere than in Lancaster county. We are almost as bad as the Democracy of Berks. They are, however, mere cautious—their papers don't tell tales out of School.

The following is the ticket nominated:

Senate—E. Billingfelt and John B. Warfel.

Assembly—Capt. A. Godshalk, Maj. A. O. Reinoehl, Dr. E. B. Herr, John E. Wiley.

Sheriff—Frederick Meyers.

Register of Wills—Henry S. Shenk.

Prothonotary—Capt. W. D. Stauffer.

Clerk of Quarter Sessions—William Barton.

Clerk to Orphans' Court—Geo. W. Keen.

Treasurer—William Roberts.

Commissioner—John R. Reed.

Directors of the Poor—Benjamin F. Cox and Adam Lefever.

Prison Inspectors—Christian Gast and Henry S. Musser.

Coroner—Abraham F. Bair.

Auditor—Geo. W. Hensel.

Our system of nominating officers at the primary elections, though originally borrowed from the Crawford County Ring cans, and for a long time bearing their name, now belongs to Lancaster County as her own. It is the old system so modified and so improved as to meet and check the tricks of designing politicians of every faction and plique whatever. It is really what may be termed a *system*, and the result of last Saturday is the most complete vindication of its justness and fairness. Where majorities are so large and the struggle for office so prolonged and contested, there is no safer or better way of testing the sentiment of the people. Under the old system, delegates were often uninstructed, conventions were packed, and a candidate who might have been most popular with the people, had no slightest chance in a Conventional Ward all know that delegate elections were generally called, organized and manipulated by the few or many designing office hunters. The people, as a rule, was virtually voiceless, now they have a voice, though we believe everyone is more or less controlled by political aspirants. With the intelligent, thinking class of voters, political trickery finds no encouragement, and under the present system all can and most usually do become personally acquainted with the men of their choice. There are, however, some serious objections to the system which we will at some day point out, but we believe none better than this has yet been devised.

Our legislative ticket is a strong one, and our interests are safe in their hands. Both the Senators (for we may safely anticipate their Senatorial election) are men of sterling worth and indisputable honesty. While Mr. Billingfelt brings to the Senate large legislative experience, Mr. Warfel possesses business capacity, and has the other qualifications which will give him immediate influence as an honest and fearless officer. Many good men were disappointed, but that is a fate which all must or at least ought to expect.

The House delegation, embracing the names of two very popular soldiers, Messrs. Godshalk and Reinoehl, together with Messrs Herr and Wiley, is unexceptionable. The endorsement received by the two former in their very large majorities is flattering to these gentlemen, and is an indication of the strong hold they have upon the people. Among the unsuccessful candidates, who have reason to feel complimented by their vote, are Messrs. Engle and Fraley. Neither of these gentlemen made any special exertions. The latter we know attended strictly to his business pursuits, and secured his large vote merely by the announcement of his name, and the exertions of his personal friends. We congratulate them, not upon their defeat, but upon this exhibition of their real strength in the county.

Of the nominees for county offices we have not space to speak individually. The important duties to which they will be called, require an honest and conscientious performance, and if they fail to do so, the popular verdict will certainly be against them. The large majorities by which the soldier candidates have been elected show that military services and sacrifices in the cause of our country are still held in high appreciation by the Lancaster county people. The contest for some offices was very warm, the candidates numerous and the majorities small. The most significant endorsement was that of Capt. W. D. Stauffer for Prothonotary. Coming out with the ticket and Geary and Williams as our standard bearers, we will carry the democratic works as did Geary with the White Star Division on Lookout Mountain.

Penny Packer.

This good old Montgomery county name, borne by some of the best families of this and the adjoining county of Chester, was most grossly maligned the other day by a *Democrat* hurrahing for Asa Penny Packer, when, that is to be our next Guy'ner. We *Herald* for one, [illegible]

[illegible]

Editorial Correspondence.

GETTYSBURG, August 24.

This day we live over again the terrible scenes witnessed at Gettysburg in 1863. The struggle then was the forerunner of the final victory that was to follow, and the reign of quiet and peace, which to-day makes us a happy nation. The scenes enacted upon the hills of Gettysburg will never be forgotten. There are too many motives for keeping them in remembrance, too dear to induce the American people to consign them to oblivion. The living actors in there scenes, the loving hearts that weep over fallen heroes, the historian who writes for after times and the military spirits of the age, keep alive the grandeur of this terrible drama. Here we meet on the most important battle field of the war. This was the Waterloo of American Rebellion. Here were risked the nation's life, the nation's hope. Had we failed here, no power could have saved the nation from defeat, disgrace, anarchy, and death.

Six years ago we came here in the ranks of the Army of the Potomac, wearied, hungry, and despairing. Long marches, meagre rations, and desponding hearts had made us weak in the face of a foe flushed with victory, and eager for new plunder and devastation. Yet we vividly recall every event of those days of fire. To the actors it was terrible; to the spectator it was sublime. "The hard dry earth trembled beneath the tread of the advancing [illegible] moments before the bugle sounded the charge, we had knelt upon the earth, that was soon to drink fraternal blood, and with heads uncovered, and eyes upturned towards Heaven, while a strong unflinching hand was grasping the trusty musket, we joined the faithful chaplain in prayer, that the God of battles might protect the cause of truth and right, against wicked rebellion. When the dark columns were moving across the open field, and the union batteries had belched forth their charges of fire and death, musketry mingled with the shrieks of the wounded and the dying made a scene, which held the spectator in terror and suspence. We can never forget it. Near the Peach Orchard we led the charge, and there heaps of the slain marked the effect of the murderous fire. To-day we revisit and live over again these fearful scenes. We mark where Meade fixed his colors, where Sickles was wounded, where Reynolds and Zook fell, where the rebel Barksdale was shot, and where column after column of the rebel hordes pressed in through all this carnage to the cannon's mouth. As one line went down, the gap was quickly filled, and they moved either to fall in death, or to pass through the lines as Prisoners. To recall only a few of the interesting features of that memorable day would fill pages.

But now how changed. Here we meet comrades who endured the same hardships, who marched the same marches, who fought the same battles. We came to see where our fallen comrades sleep, to kneel by the side of the little mound, and write in sadness and tears, he died that the nation might live. And as we stand there we drop a tear for the memory of one we held dear as earthly ties could bind us. Here he sleeps his last sleep—but it is well, he died for us. All is peace and prosperity. The farmer has gathered his crops of grain, and the grass is growing green, where six years ago, we marshaled in battle array. Here we meet comrades, who fought side by side with us. The old red cross of the white star and the green of the Irish Brigade, mingle in peaceful harmony. Then we were soldiers of one and the same great army, now we are citizens of same great country. Everything is changed, and we approach each other with different emotion. Camp stories are told over again, we gather at the approach of evening as we did at the bugle call to rest. The morning bell wakes us as did the roll of the noisy drum, and we move as if guided by the same stern commands of superiors. But this is habit—that was reality. We stand upon Round Top, so historical in the record of precious lives, a group has joined us, and as the fainting echo of the bugle, or other days seems to ring in the evening air, we bid adieu, break ranks, and leave the historic hills of Gettysburg, to be visited in after times, as the grand mausoleum of our sainted dead.

The seven loaves and two fishes adopted at Harrisburg have whetted many a keen appetite, that has long been enduring a short allowance. How much disappointment there will be when the hopes of thousands will be blasted by the defeat of Packer. The democratic party, like the Salt Lake saints, will fail to please its adherents. During the time of eclipse the other week, it is said, that a saint gave a piece of smoked glass to his wives to look at the sun, but the eclipse passed off before the glass could be handed round to them all. Gentlemen, there are too many of you, living in expectation of receiving the loaves and fishes. The fragments to be taken up will scarcely fill twelve baskets, much less supply the vast army who are making a flank movement on the public crib.

In glancing over the political field we observe that our opponents have changed their principles in different States to suit the people. This shows a spirit of accommodation for which we must not fail to credit them. Do you ask why the leopard change his spots? certainly; for we are told, that if he doesn't like one place he can go to another. So with those democrats who are dissatisfied in one State, they can go to another. If variety is the spice of life, our friends seem bound to have the benefit of it. Democracy is now served up in various styles. After the elections are over we will have Pendleton roasted, Adams stewed, and Packer pickled.

One grand result ought to come out of the Boston jubilee, according to Dr. Cuyler, of Brooklyn, who says: "It ought to establish congregational singing everywhere. After being carried up on the chariot of twenty thousand voices in the National Anthem, for what a farce it would be to scream a psalm tune through a house through the petty squeak of a quartette."—*Star.*

General John W. Geary—Position in History.

In reading "Sherman's March to the sea," the following allusions to the Republican candidate for Governor are worthy of note. The writer being a New Yorker and correspondent of the *Herald* cannot well be suspected of partiality to a Pennsylvanian, and particularly to one of Gen. Geary's political connection. Speaking of General Logan, he says:

"There are men who are soldiers by inspiration. Logan is one. Geary too, was a civilian general, and won fame and reputation on field after field—upon the bloody crest of Lookout Mountain, upon the rugged cliffs of Mill Creek—through every battle that many a trained West Point veteran should feel proud of. Of civilian soldiers, he and Logan stand amid the foremost."

Again, in one of the skirmishes—more properly *Battles*—around Dallas and Altoona, the rebels made a fierce attack on Gen. Williams' division, which was barely abled to hold its position, the ammunition being nearly exhausted and the troops wavering, when "Geary's White Star division formed in three lines, and advanced to the support. Geary reserved his fire until he was close upon the enemy and and then poured a deadly volley into them which made them waver."

At Kenesaw and Lost Mountain, during three days' fighting, "we captured a large number of prisoners, in all about two thousand. Geary, in his assault, captured about one half these."

In the last battle, before Atlanta was surrendered, "the first of Hood's desperate assaults, and for which he paid dearly," Geary took a prominent and active part. When at the close of Sherman's matchless "match to the sea," he had invested Savannah, he intimated to his commanders that the first of them to enter the city should be made its military governor. Hardee was summoned to surrender the city, but the braggart answered that he had plenty of supplies and men and could hold out as long as he chose. Only three nights after he sneaked away. Geary always wide awake, suspecting the movement, ordered his division under arms and advanced his pickets. Pushing on further without opposition, crawling through the abatis and floundering through ditches, he scaled the first line of works and found it deserted. Here he was met by the mayor and citizens, who formally surrendered the city. As he had fairly earned, he received, as promised by Sherman, the governorship of Savannah. The writer here takes occasion to speak of our gubernatorial candidate's ability as an

EXECUTIVE OFFICER.

"General Geary has had great experience both as a soldier and executive officer. In his former character his name has been prominet before the country. In the latter I mean to treat him now.

He was long the alcalde of San Francisco, and subsequently mayor. His first administration as Governor of Kansas in troublous times helped much to tranquilize the disaffected there. He has firm administrative abilities, is a man of great force of character and resolution and of a kind accessible disposition. He patiently listens to the complaints and entreaties of all, but administers justice with a firm, impartial hand.

His government of Savannah gave great satisfaction, when General Sherman was about commencing his campaign through Carolina, a deputatati on of the most respectable citizens waited on him requesting him to leave General Geary in command of the city. General Sherman could not well spare so active an officer from the field, and therefore declined.

General Geary and the officers of his staff will be long and kindly remembered in Savannah for his upright adminstration and courteous behavior to all parties.

He did all in his power to encourage the citizens to establish friendly relations towards the Federal Government, and to make them feel that their interests were reciprocal."

Such testimony, from a source not only disinterested but rather more likely to be prejudiced against a Pennsylvania soldiey of Republican proclivities, speaks volumes in favor of General Geary. It was given after the close of the war, when no further military honors could be bestowed upon its subject, and before General Geary was spoken of for Governor of Pennsylvania—a position to which the people have elevated him once, and will elveate him again.—*Trieville Herald*

There are a greatmany people who claim to be conservatives. There was a time when it meant something but of late, the term has been so often misapplied that there is no importance whatever attached to it. A modern conservative is one, who pushes, going down hill, and pulls back, going up. There is a fair sprinkling of these gentlemen in the democratic ranks. They delight in the word and roll it as a sweet morsel under their tongues. Always standing aloof when help is needed, and moving like the crab, backward, they have been quite successful in working themselves out in the cold, and are likely to stay out. Truly the wrong man in the right place.

Are you Registered?

Every voter should see to it that his name is on the registry list. If it is not he will not be able to vote, without great trouble and inconvenience, if at all. No name can go on the list after the *2d day of October*. It is made the duty of the Assessor to place all names on the registry, when asked to do so, by the parties in person, and every one is personally interested to see that his name is on the list. A copy of the list will be found upon the door of the house where the election is to be held and every voter should see by a personal inspection, that he is not debarred of his rights as a freeman. See to it that you are registered, and don't neglect it, whatever else you may do.

There appears to be no doubt at all the report that Phil Sheridan has been proposed to, and that he has accepted.

The weather for the past few days has been delightfully cool.

County Committee Meeting.

The following members of the Republican County Committee, elected on Saturday, August 28, 1869, will meet for organization on Monday, September 6th, at 11 o'clock, in the Orphans' Court room.

JOHN I. HARTMAN,
President of the Board of Return Judges.

City—1st Ward, John P. Weiso.
2d Ward, Jacob K. Barr.
3d Ward, Wm. A. Wilson, esq.
4th Ward, J. W. Johnston, esq.
5th Ward, S. A. Wyile.
6th Ward, D. F. Rosenmiller, jr., esq.
7th Ward, Frederick Eugle.
8th Ward, Stephen J. Hart.
9th Ward, Dana Graham.

Drumore, Slater B. Russell.
Elizabethtown, L. W. Harmany.
Maytown, East Donegal, H. S. Book.
Petersburg, H. W. Grabill.
Earl, Abraham Settley.
Elizabeth twp., Moses M. Brubaker.
Manheim borough, C. J. Snavely.
East Cocalico, J. G. Garman.
Salisbury, H. H. Kurtz.
Slasburg borough, D. E. Potts.
Carnarvon, John Z. Hertzler.
Martic, Dr. J. C. Gatchell.
Bart, Samuel H. Rockey.
Colerain, John P. Lovett.
Fulton, S. W. P. Boyd.
Warwick, H. H. Tshudy.
Marietta, East Donegal, Theodore Hiestand.
Columbia borough, 1st ward, D. J. Wallings.
" " 2d ward, A. J. Kauffman, esq.
" " 3d ward Geo. P. Tate.
Sadsbury, Samuel Slokom.
Leacock, Amos Rutter.
Brecknock, D. H. Sullenberger.
Mount Joy borough, Dr. J. L. Zeigler.
West Lampeter, John H. Miller.
Conestoga, Andrew Good.
Washington borough, Julius L. Shuman.
Ephrata, Wm. K. Seltzer, esq.
Conoy, Frederick Smith.
Manheim township, Peter S. Riest.
Millersville, A. M. Brubaker.
West Earl, Jacob Wolf.
Hempfield, West, J. S. Clair.
Strasburg township, H. N. Breneman.
Indiantown, Manor, Martin Miller.
West Cocalico, John W. Mentzer.
East Earl, Adam Ranck.
Paradise, Wm. Hamilton.
Rohrerstown, Martin Hess.
Lancaster township, Jacob F. Fry.
East Lampeter, Jacob Shirk.
Little Britain, R. Gibson.
Leacock, Upper, J. S. Eby.
Penn, R. J. Erb.
Adamstown, Esaias Billingfelt.
Clay, Henry S. Eberly.
Pequea, J. B. Good.
Providence, Mifflin Elliott.
Eden, S. L. Kauffman.
Mount Joy twp., Upper, Wm. F. Hamilton.
Donegal, West, Joseph B. Breneman.
Mount Joy twp., Lower, Breneman's S. S., J. H. Rayman.
Rapho, (S. S. House) Geo. Eby.
Donegal East, Springville, Geo. Long.
Rapho, (Newtown) L. H. Shenk.
Manor, New, B. U. Shuman.

Romance of a Beautiful Quadroon.

One of the most beautiful girls in New York, a quadroon, and yet full as fair as many noted brunette beauties, has for two or three years past been the object of much tender solicitation on the part of colored gallants. But she was as coy as she was beautiful, and none of them could boast of the least impression which their advances had made upon her. She was supposed to be an orphan, and resided with her adopted parents up town, and through their means had received a splendid education.

At length a scion of white aristocracy saw, and fell desperately in love with her. He made her acquaintance, and finding that she was as polished in mind as she was beautiful in person, he proposen to make her his wife. This proposition was the first one of the kind she had ever considered for a moment, but finding that he was his own master, and could marry whom he liked without the fear of being cut off from any fortune, she finally consented to give him an answer in a week's time.

There are thousands of pure white girls who would have immediately consulted some seer or fortune-teller, and it is little to be wondered at that this one should seek the old Obi-Woman. She told her frankly the particulars of the case, and requested that she should search the realms of her occult science to see if good luck should attend on her in case she became the young millionaire's wife. The old woman immediately went into a semi-trance state, and proceeded to investigate, while the beautiful quadroon sat down beside her, a picture of intense interestedness.

For some minutes she remained in this state, and then she suddenly awoke with a shudder. The result was anxiously sought for, but the old woman instantly declared that under no circumstances must she marry the gentleman who had proposed to her, and gave as a reason for her decision that she had seen the spirit of the young girl's father, and that it was also the spirit of the young man's father—thus making them half brother and sister.

The majority of people would have entirely disregarded such a wild charge, but the young quadroon somehow believed and communicated it to her lover. He, of course, scouted the idea; but it was finally agreed to leave it to her adopted parents, and if they decided that such was not the case, their betrothal should follow. So they sought her parents, and the whole affair was gone over, together with the statement of the old Obi-woman.

The adopted parents of the girl consulted together for a few moments, when a clean breast was made of the whole secret. By whatever means the old woman had learned it, she had spoken the truth. They were half brother and sister, and the young man's late father had always provided liberally for her support and education.

Such are the outlines of this strange and romatic story. I leave the reader's imagination to fill up the picture. The young quadroon is at present in Italy, whither she has gone that change of scene may help dull the memories so lately and so strangely awakened.

When Dear Ones Die.

When dear ones die, our lives are like
Some sky-bereft of sun or moon;
A broken harp whose chords can strike
To jangled discord, but no tune.

We see the grass grow green and fair
Upon their graves, and, weeping, say:
"How sad to think they're sleeping there—
The mould smells strongly of decay."
Oh, friends, question if we look,
By eyes of faith and hopeful trust,
Beyond the green and shady nook
Where dear forms moulder back to dust;
For if we did, I think the tears
Would cease to dim our mournful gaze,
Unless when thinking of the years
Spread out before our earthly ways,
Should we not see our loved ones there,
Beyond the river, with the bloom,
Of fadeless youth on features fair?
Ah, yes! for u remains the gloom!
Oh, weep not for the ones we lose:
They gain the endless peace of heaven;
Such peace as weary hearts would choose—
The peace for which we all have striven.

[Written for the SPY.]

The Little Tear Drop.

BY ERASMUS COLVILLE, MD.

Oh, heart how mute the language is,
And yet how much it tells;
When from the bosom torn and rent,
The silent tear drop wells.

That little tear drop, seeming slight,
Such volumes does contain;
And in its mute and silent way,
It Tells but of woe and pain.

How vain our meek endeavors are,
With sad hearts to seem gay;
One little pearly tear-drop can,
Our hidden thoughts betray.

It tells of blasted hopes, that once,
Soared high on wings above—
All earthly things, it tells us—
Of unrequited love.

[From the Daily SPY.]

Telegraphic Summary.

MONDAY, August 30.

President Grant arrived at Saratoga on Saturday night, from the White Mountains.

The Acting Secretary of the Treasury has directed bonds to be sold and gold purchased on Treasury account during September, the same as in August.

Gold closed on Saturday at 134. Government securities were unsettled, and ½@¼ lower. The general stock market was dull, but quoted steady at the close.

TUESDAY, August 31.

Over one thousand miners from various coal fields went to Scranton yesterday, avowedly to prevent the coal miners of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Company from working. Meetings were held in Scranton at the call of the Mayor, and volunteers were enrolling to protect the working miners. The miners of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company, at Oliphant, have agreed to resume work.

President Grant has gone to Washington, and will attend a meeting of the Cabinet today.

Mr. George Peabody left the White Sulphur Springs for the North yesterday morning. He will stop in Philadelphia a day or two. His health is reported to be much improved.

Nine men were injured by the explosion of a boiler in one of the Phœnix Iron Company's mills, at Phœnixville, yesterday morning, and two of them died soon after. Two others are not expected to recover.

At Buffalo, yesterday morning, a drove of Texas cattle, just landed from the ferry boat, ran furiously through the streets, attacking everything in their way. Several persons were injured, a woman being fatally gored. Five or six of the cattle were shot by citizens.

The loss by the burning of Hoffman & Co's. factory, at Tremont, New York, is $60,000.

There were heavy rains in the South and Southwest yesterday.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 1.

A disastrous fire occurred at Cape May Tuesday. It began in Boyton's Japanese store, at half past two o'clock in the morning, and destroyed the United States, American and Atlantic Hotels, Post-office, and a number of other buildings and cottages. The loss is about $240,000.

The looking-glass and picture store of J. S. Earle & Son, 816 Chestnut street, was almost entirely destroyed by fire last evening. The stock was valued at $65,000, and the building at $75,000. The losses are covered by insurance. The clothing store of John Wanamaker, and furnishing store of Scott & Co., adjoining, were damaged by water.

The livery stable and flour and feed store of Tyson & Worthington, on North Broad street, was burned last light. Thirty-eight horses perished in the flames.

The President arrived at Washington early Tuesday morning, and attended to Executive business. A Cabinet meeting was held at noon, which lasted four hours, but it is said no definite action was taken upon the matters discussed. Secretary Fish read a telegram from Mr. Burlingame denying the reported rejection by the Chinese Government of the treaty with the United States.

Mr. George Peabody arrived in Philadelphia last evening. He will stop for a day or two.

The miners of the Delaware and Lackawanna Company at Scranton voted yesterday 441 to 211 to resume work.

The gas in an empty oil tank of a freight train of the Boston and Albany Railroad, exploded on Monday night, burning the conductor to death, and injuring a brakeman.

Wm. J. Saville, an apothecary's clerk in Boston, who sold laudanum for rhubarb, causing the death of a lady, has been held in $2000 bail to answer for manslaughter.

At Savanah, yesterday, the Deputy Postmaster was thrashed by the proprietor of the Morning *News*, a Democratic paper, because he refused to deliver the mails of that paper, and would give no explanations.

THURSDAY, Sept. 2.

California elected a State Legislature and County officers on Wednesday, but no reports of the result were telegraphed as we go to press.

The public debt statement for Sept. 1st shows a total, less cash, sinking fund and purchased bonds in the Treasury, of $2,475,962,501—a decrease since August 1st, of $5,604,234, and a decrease since March 1st, of $40,500,758.

The Treasury warrants issued during August, to meet the expenses of the Government, aggregated $20,788,651. This does not include payments on account of the public debt.

The President left Washington last night. He is not expected to return to the capital for two weeks.

Among those who had interviews with the President yesterday, were Governor Senter, of Tennessee, and Governor elect Walker of Virginia. Senor Ruiz, a Cuban representative, also had a private audience of the President.

The National Temperance Convention met at Chicago, yesterday. It organized with the selection of Hon. James Black, of Pennsylvania, as President. A committee on platform was appointed, and an evening session held for speech making.

Thirty men have left New York for Halifax, to join a Cuban expedition.

Several new frame buildings in Louisville were yesterday destroyed by fire. Loss $24,000.

A fire at Broome and Thompson streets, New York, last night, destroyed about $30,000 worth of property.

There was a severe storm on Mount Washington on Tuesday evening. Ice two inches thick formed on the telegraph wires, and the thermometer fell to 28 degrees.

Fence or no Fence.

This is a question fast becoming a subject of serious reflection, and of vital importance to the Western farmer. The cost of building and maintaining fences amounts to nearly the price of the land, which is a serious drawback to the settling of the vast prairies of our Western States.

We will suppose that a substantial fence with the necessary repairs, will last fifteen years, at a moderate expense of one dollar per rod. With this for a basis, it would cost the State of Iowa to inclose its area into eighty acre farms, after allowing four rods in width on all section lines for public roads, a sum approximating one hundred and twenty-nine millions of dollars for fence alone every fifteen years.

If this question were kept in agitation as much as some others, of less real importance to the body agricultural, we should ere long be blessed with statutory protection from all kinds of stock, and farmers would have a shorter road to competence and the State to agricultural wealth.

When it costs so much to fence whole farms, and so little comparatively to inclose pastures, should not the whole agricultural population arise as one man, and demand protection from stock by law, enabling us to dispense with the labor and expense of fencing out our neighbor's cattle, and permitting us to expend the same on beautifying our homes and enriching our minds and souls, besides our gratification of preserving our woods and groves of timber for purposes that are absolutely essential?

Of course there are men who would be opposed to the passage of such a law, but we believe the friend of the poor man and of general improvement will ever be found advocating the right side of no-fence question.—*Exchange.*

THE Morning *Post* says that some Philadelphia Medical Colleges sell diplomas to persons who have never studied. Is there any wonder that people are poisoned by wrong prescriptions, and that ignorant physicians are no longer exceptions in the profession.—*Star.*

Spy-ings.

—Altoona has a new Baptist Church.

—Shreveport, Ind., packs Texas beef.

—Used up when it rains—an umbrella.

—The drought has got the corn by the ear.

—All the Pittsburg girls have dirty faces.

—A Packer Glee Club is forming in Reading.

—Allegheny River bath-houses are a success.

—Barlett pears are abundant in Harrisburg.

—Light literature—the books of a gas company.

—Bucks county had a glimpse of the great meteor.

—Penn Square in Reading is filthy and odorous.

—Carl Schurz is rehearsing his tale in San Francisco.

—Meadville is to have a regatta on Conneaut lake.

—"Larboard Watch" was A. Ward's favorite song.

—A Cincinnati graveyard has become a beer garden.

—The letters of the word tears will form forty words.

—Brass buttons will be worn in ladies' cloth dresses.

—An exchange calls the Grecian bend, back gammon.

—Bathing in the Pittsburg basins has been prohibited.

—Jersey City is bothered with locomotive whistle blowings.

—Durham township, Bucks county, is to have two bridges.

—North Carolinians complain of short measure in wood.

—Coulter plowed the Allegheny's wave faster than Hamill.

—Theadore Tilton is tilting against Harriet Beecher Stowe.

—Union torpedoes are the aversion of squalling tom cats.

—Frank Blair is not going into the Life Insurance business.

—Lots of hats and gloves bet on the international boat race.

—Willmington, N. C., colored folks are to have a steam engine.

—Out in Ohio they call John A. Bingham "Gorgeous Bingham."

—The ghosts of Andersonville are chasing Jeff. through Scotland.

—The young men of Newark are in a Worrell of excitement.

—Whisky, sugar and water makes the fly killer, or man killer either.

—Reading is to have a Circus, and the editors are to get in for nothing.

—Splinters says the scarcity of water has exposed all the base-sins of the city.

—The Scranton *Register's* subscription increases three thousand in two hours.

—A contemporary regrets that "Ole Bull's forthcoming life is to bound in calf."

—Indianapolis claims to be the greatest walnut lumber market in the world.

—Harrisburg street-car passengers pay low fares, but ride on filthy cushions.

—South Carolina is showing a northern disposition by having frosts in August.

—Eighteen American ladies announce themselves as lecturers for next winter.

—Mercator, known to school children by his "projection," is to have a monument.

—Grand Duchess Helena, of Russia, is called the best looking princess in Europe.

—A. Jackson, of Pittsburg, had his leg broken by the front wheel of a velocipede.

—They have Good Templar pic-nics every day at Elmira and a camp-meeting on Sunday.

—Commodore Vanderbilt paid $500 to the clergyman who recently tied the knot for him.

At Greene, N. Y., they have a red-eyed boy who sees better in the dark than in the light.

—The landings along the Missouri river are all crowded with wheat awaiting shipment.

—The new French Minister of War is an Irishman—one of his Christian names being Patrick.

—Dr. Mudd has regained all his old practice; but has relinquished some of his old practices.

—"Come down," says the Schuylhill to the rain. "Dry up," says the rain to the Schuylkill.

—The Great Western Brass Band will toot for the fire boys of Meadville, on the 10th of September.

—James B. Mode hung himself to a fence in Chester county. A curious mode of acting on defence.

—Schwenksville had a pic-nic and a row, in which strong-minded women pulled each others' chignons.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

SCHENCK'S PULMONIC SYRUP,

Seaweed Tonic and Mandrake Pills, will cure Consumption, Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia, if taken according to directions. They are all three to be taken at the same time. They cleanse the stomach, relax the liver, and put it to work; then the appetite becomes good; the food digests and makes good blood; the patient begins to grow in flesh; the diseased matter ripens in the lungs, and the patient outgrows the disease and gets well. This is the only way to cure consumption.

To these three medicines Dr. J. H. Schenck, of Philadelphia, owes his unrivalled success in the treatment of pulmonary consumption. The Pulmonic Syrup ripens the morbid matter in the lungs, nature throws it off by an easy expectoration, for when the phlegm or matter is ripe, a slight cough will throw it off, and the patient has rest and the lungs begin to heal.

To do this, the Seaweed Tonic and Mandrake Pills must be freely used to cleanse the stomach and liver, so that the Pulmonic Syrup and the food will make good blood.

Schenck's Mandrake Pills act upon the liver, removing all obstructions; relax the ducts of the gall-bladder, the bile starts freely, and the liver is soon relieved; the stools will show when the Pills can do nothing has ever been invented except calomel (a deadly poison which is very dangerous to use except with great care). It will unlock a gall-bladder and start the secretions of the liver. Use Schenck's Mandrake Pills.

Liver Complaint is one of the most prominent causes of Consumption.

Schenck's Seaweed Tonic is a gentle stimulant and alterative, and the alkali in the Seaweed, which this prescription is made of, assists the stomach to throw out the gastric juice, to dissolve the food with the Pulmonic Syrup, and it is made into good blood without fermentation or souring in the stomach.

The great reason why physicians do not cure consumption is, they try to do too much; they give medicine to stop the cough, to stop chills, to stop night sweats, hectic fever, and by so doing they derange the whole digestive powers, locking up the secretions, and eventually the patient sinks and dies.

Dr. Schenck, in his treatment, does not try to stop a cough, night sweats, chills or fever. Remove the cause, and they will all stop of their own accord. No one can be cured of Consumption, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Catarrh, Canker, Ulcerated Throat, unless the liver and a omach are made healthy.

If a person has consumption, of course the lungs are in some way diseased, either tubercles, abscesses, bronchial irritation, pleura adhesion, or the lungs are a mass of inflammation and fast decaying; in such cases what matter does it do to stop the cough? the lungs that are wasting, but it is the whole body. The stomach and liver have lost their power to make blood out of food. Now the only chance is to take Schenck's three medicines, which will bring up a tone to the stomach, the patient will begin to want food, it will digest easily and make good blood; then the patient begins to gain in flesh, and as soon as the body begins to grow, the lungs commence to heal up, and the patient gets fleshy and well. This is the only way to cure consumption.

When there is no lung disease, and only Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia, Schenck's Seaweed Tonic and Mandrake Pills are sufficient without the Pulmonic Syrup. Take the Mandrake Pills freely in all bilious complaints, as they are perfectly harmless.

Dr. Schenck, who has enjoyed uninterrupted health for many years past, and now weighs 225 pounds, looks as healthy as a mere skeleton, is the very living judge of Pulmonary Consumption, his physicians having pronounced his case hopeless and abandoned him to die like a dog. He was cured by the inspired medicines, and since his recovery many thousands similarly afflicted have used Dr. Schenck's preparations with the same remarkable success. Full directions accompanying each, make it not absolutely necessary to personally see Dr. Schenck, unless the patient wishes their lungs examined, and for this purpose he is professionally at his principal office, Philadelphia, every Saturday, where all letters for advice must be addressed. He is also professionally at No. 32 Bond Street, New York, every other Tuesday, and at No. 35 Hanover Street, Boston, every other Wednesday. He gives advice free, but for a thorough examination with his Respirometer the price is $3. Office hours at each city from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.

Price of the Pulmonic Syrup and Seaweed Tonic each $1 50 per bottle, or $7 50 a half-dozen. Mandrake Pills 25 cents a box. For sale by all druggists.

DR. J. H. SCHENCK, No. 15 N. 6th St., Philadelphia.

sept-69-1tw]

STEAM PRINTING.—Call at the Steam Printing House of the COLUMBIA SPY, rear of Columbia National Bank, and examine specimens of Letter Heads, Notes, Cards &c.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

THE GREAT MEDICAL MISTAKE

Of former days was an utter neglect of sanitary precautions. No efficient means were adopted for the prevention of sickness. Sewerage was unknown in cities; drainage was rarely attempted in the country. Heaps of offal were left to rot in the public streets, and domestic cleanliness, the great antidote to febrile diseases, was sadly neglected. Is it not so now. Wise laws, philanthropic institutions, and a vigilant sanitary police, have, to a great extent, remedied the evil. Nor is this all. Preventive medication has helped materially to lessen the rates of mortality. It is not to much too say that tens of thousands escape sickness in unhealthy seasons in consequence of having invigorated their systems in advance by a course of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. This pure and wonderful vegetable tonic and alterative comprises the extracts and essences of a variety of roots and herbs, renowned for their strengthening, soothing, vitalizing and purifying properties. These medicinal agents are incorporated with a spirit absolutely free from the acrid poison which defiles, more or less, all the liquors of commerce, and their effect is diffused through the whole frame by this active, yet harmless stimulant. The results: such a condition of the system as renders it all but impervious to the exterior causes of disease, such as damp, fog, sudden alternations of temperature, &c. Strength, and the perfect regularity of all the functions of the body, are the best safe-guards against atmospheric poison and the effects of unwholesome water, and HOSTETTER'S BITTERS are the best strengthening and regulating medicine at present known. For dyspepsia and biliousness they are a specific absolute. [sept-69-tfw

DEAFNESS, BLINDNESS and CATARRH treated with the utmost success, by J. Isaacs, M.D., and Professor of *Diseases of the Eye and Ear, (his specialty) in the Medical College of Pennsylvania, 12 years experience*, (formerly of Leyden, Holland.) No. 805 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. [sept-69-tfw

PAIN KILLER.

MANHATTAN, Kansas, April 17, 1866.

MESSRS. PERRY DAVIS & SON,

GENTLEMEN:—* * * I want to say a little more about the Pain Killer. I consider it a very valuable medicine, and always keep it on hand. I have traveled a good deal since I have been in Kansas, and never without taking it with me. In my practice I used it freely for the Asiatic Cholera in 1849, and with better success than with any other medicine. I also used it here for Cholera in 1855, with the same good results. A. HUNTING, M.D.

* * * I regret to say that the Cholera has prevailed here of late to great extent. For the last three weeks, from ten to fifty or sixty fatal cases each day have been reported. I should add that the Pain Killer, sent recently from the Mission House, has been used with considerable success during this epidemic. If taken in season, it is generally effectual in checking the disease.

REV. CHAS. HARDING, Sholapore, India.

sept-69-tfw

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