The Columbia Spy.

J. W. YOCUM, Editor. "NO ENTERTAINMENT SO CHEAP AS READING, NOR ANY PLEASURE SO LASTING." $2,00 Per Year, in Advance; $2,50 if not Paid in Advance.

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THE COLUMBIA SPY,
DAILY AND WEEKLY.

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PROFESSIONAL.

J. W. YOCUM,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
COLUMBIA, PA.
OFFICE—Spy Building, Bank Street, near Locust.
Collections made in Lancaster and adjoining counties.
Consultations in English or German.
septl-1yw

A. J. GULICK,
SURGEON DENTIST,
Extracts Teeth without Pain. Nitrous Oxide or Laughing Gas administered.
OFFICE 258 LOCUST STREET.
sept4-69-tfw

B. C. UNSELD,
TEACHER OF MUSIC.
PIANO, ORGAN, MELODEON.
CULTIVATION of the VOICE and SINGING.
Special attention given Beginners and young pupils.
219 LOCUST STREET.
sept4-69-1yw

M. CLARK,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.
OFFICE—No. 12 N. Third street.
Office Hours—From 6 to 7 A. M. 12 to 1 P. M., and from 6 to 8 P. M. [sept-69-tfw

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. HOFFER,
DENTIST,
Would inform the citizens of Columbia and vicinity that he is prepared to attend to all operations in the Dental profession. Office—Front Street, next door to Williams' Drug Store, between Locust and Walnut Streets, Columbia, Pa.

L. 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.

DENTAL SURGERY.
DR. J. S. SMITH, DENTIST.
Graduate of Pennsylvania College of Dental Surgery. Office in Wagner's Building, over Haldeman's dry goods store. Entrance, 270 Locust Street,
Columbia, Pa.
Dr. J. S. Smith thanks his friends and the public in general for their liberal patronage in the past, and assuring them that they can rely upon having every attention given to them in the future. In every branch of his profession he has always given entire satisfaction. He calls attention to the unsurpassed style and finish of artificial teeth inserted by him. He treats diseases common to the mouth and teeth, of children and adults. Teeth filled with the greatest care and in the most approved manner. Aching teeth treated and filled to last for years. The best of dentifrices and mouth washes constantly on hand.
N. B.—All work warranted.
sept-69-1yw J. S. SMITH, D. D. S.

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. sept4-69-tfw

CONTINENTAL HOTEL,
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 PINDLEY, Proprietor.
sept4-69-tfw]

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.
Sept. 19, 1868. H. R. FRENCH, Proprietor.

MISHLER'S HOTEL,
West Market Square, Reading Penn'a.
EVAN MISHLER, Proprietor.
sept4-69-tfw]

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
sept4-69-tfw]

MARBLE WORKS.

COLUMBIA MARBLE WORKS.
The Subscribers would respectfully inform the citizens of Columbia, and surrounding country, that they have opened
A NEW MARBLE YARD IN COLUMBIA,
On 5th Street, between Locust and Walnut Sts., and ask the patronage of the public.
They have had great experience on the work, both in Philadelphia and New York. They will furnish in the highest style of the art, handsome
GRAVE STONES, MONUMENTS,
STATUARY, ORNAMENTS, &c.
also MARBLE MANTLES, BUILDING WORK, &c. Orders promptly attended and executed at cheaper rates than elsewhere. Call and see us. Designs of new styles of Fine work, such as monumental fine arts, &c., will be furnished parties upon application to the proprietors.
HEPTING & NEHL.
sept4-69-tfw

HAIR PREPARATIONS.

HALL'S
VEGETABLE HAIR RENEWER
AND
RING'S AMBROSIA.
These popular Hair Restorers and Tonics on hand, at
R. WILLIAMS' DRUG STORE,
sept4-69-tfw] Columbia, Pa.

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, Cherry, Kummel, 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. & G. 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.
Sole Agency for Lee's London Porter, and Mishler's Bitters.

COE'S COLUMN.

COE'S COUGH BALSAM!
This long tried and popular Remedy is again called to the attention of the public. As often as the year rolls around, the proprietors annually make their bow to the people, and remind them that amongst the many things required for the health, comfort and sustenance of the family through the long and tedious months of winter, Coe's Cough Balsam should not be forgotten. For years it has been a household medicine—and mothers anxious for the safety of their children, and all who suffer from any disease of the throat, chest and lungs cannot afford to be without it. In addition to the ordinary four ounce so long in the market, we now furnish four mammoth family size bottles, which will, in common with the other size, be found at all Drug Stores.

FOR CROUP,
The Balsam will be found invaluable, and may always be relied upon in the most extreme cases.

WHOOPING COUGH,
The testimony of all who have used it for this terrible disease during the last ten years, is, that it invariably relieves and cures it.

SORE THROAT.
Keep your throat wet with the Balsam—taking little and often—and you will very soon find relief.

HARD COLDS AND COUGHS
Yield at once to a steady use of this great remedy. It will succeed in giving relief where all other remedies have failed.

SORENESS OF THE THROAT, CHEST AND LUNGS.
Do not delay procuring and immediately taking Coe's Cough Balsam, when troubled with any of the above named difficulties. They are all premonitory symptoms of Consumption, and if not arrested, will sooner or later sweep you away into the valley of shadows from which none can ever return.

IN CONSUMPTION,
Many a care-worn sufferer has found relief and to-day rejoices that her life has been made easy and prolonged by the use of Coe's Cough Balsam.

IN SHORT,
The people know the article, and it needs no comment from us. It is for sale by every Druggist and Dealer in Medicines in the United States.
THE C. G. CLARK CO.,
Sole Proprietors, New Haven, Ct.

READ WHAT YOUR OWN DRUGGSIT SAYS:
COLUMBIA, PENNA., October 15th, 1868.
The C. G. Clark Co., New Haven, Conn.:
GENTLEMEN.—I have now been selling Coe's Cough Balsam for the past two years, and take this opportunity to say that it has given universal satisfaction, and as a remedy for all Pulmonary Complaints it stands unequalled. I always keep myself well supplied with this truly valuable medicine, and earnestly and conscientiously recommend it to my customers.
Yours very truly,
J. A. MEYERS, Druggist,
Columbia, Penna.

READ! READ!! READ!!!
THE ATTENTION OF THE PEOPLE
IS CALLED TO THE
WORLD'S GREAT REMEDY,
Coe's Dyspepsia Cure.
This preparation is pronounced by Dyspeptics as the only known remedy that will surely cure that aggravating and fatal malady. For years it swept on its fearful tide, carrying before it to an untimely grave, its millions of sufferers.
Coe's Dyspepsia Cure has come to the Rescue!
Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Sourness or Acidity of Stomach, Rising of Food, Flatulency, Lassitude, Weariness, finally terminating in Death,
Are as surely cured by this potent remedy, as the patient takes it. Although but five years before the people, what is the verdict of the masses? Hear what Lester Sexton, of Milwaukie, says:

FROM LESTER SEXTON,
of Milwaukie.
MILWAUKIE, Jan. 24, 1868.
Messrs. C. G. Clark & Co., New Haven, Ct.
Both myself and wife have used Coe's Dyspepsia Cure, and it has proved perfectly satisfactory as a remedy. I have no hesitation in saying that we have received great benefit from its use.
Very respectfully,
(Signed) LESTER SEXTON.

A GREAT BLESSING!
[From Rev. L. F. WARD, Avon, Lorain Co., Ohio.]
Messrs. Strong & Armstrong, Druggists, Cleveland.
GENTLEMEN:—It gives me great pleasure to state that my wife has derived great benefit from the use of Coe's Dyspepsia Cure. She has been for a number of years greatly troubled with Dyspepsia, accompanied with violent paroxysms of constipation, which so prostrated her that she was all the while, for months, unable to do anything. She took, at your instance, Coe's Dyspepsia Cure, and has derived great benefit from it, and is now comparatively well. She regards this medicine as a great blessing.
Truly yours,
January 13th, 1868. L. F. WARD.

CLERGYMEN.
The Rev. Isaac Aiken, of Allegheny, testifies that it has cured him, after all other remedies had failed.

DRUGGISTS.
Any druggist in the country will tell you, if you take the trouble to inquire, that every one that buys a bottle of Coe's Dyspepsia Cure from them, speaks in the most unqualified praise of its great medicinal virtues.

READ WHAT YOUR OWN DRUGGIST SAYS:
COLUMBIA, PENNA., October 15th, 1868.
The C. G. Clark Co., New Haven, Conn.:
GENTS,—I have now been selling Coe's Dyspepsia Cure for the past two years—and take this opportunity to say, that in all cases it has given great satisfaction as a remedy, and is spoken of in the highest terms by dyspeptics. It has proved itself a great and wonderful Medicine in numerous cases—as a certain and speedy cure of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Distress after Eating, Souring and Rising of Food, Colic, Fever and Ague, Bilious Derangements and in fact all diseases arising from a disordered condition of the Stomach or Bowels. I always keed myself well supplied with the article, and most cheerfully and conscientiously recommend it to my customers. Yours very truly,
J. A. MEYERS, Druggist,
Columbia, Pa.

COE'S DYSPEPSIA CURE
Will also be found invaluable in all cases of Diarrhea, Dysentery, Colic, Summer Complaints, Gripping, and in fact every disordered condition of the stomach.
Sold by Druggists in city or country, everywhere at $1 per bottle, or by application to
THE C. G. CLARK CO.,
octl7-1y] Sole Proprietors, New Haven, Ct.

Poetry.

[For the Spy.]

She has Gone Home!

Lines written on the death of Mrs. JANE POINSETT, (Grandmother Poinsett, as she was familiarly called by all), who died in Chester county, Pa., on Thursday, the 26th of August, 1869, in the 80th year of her age.

"Lovely the aged! when like shocks of corn,
Full ripe, and ready for the reaper's hand,
Which garners for the resurrection morn
The bodies of the just, in hope they stand.
And dead must be the heart, the bosom cold,
Which warms not with affection for the old."

She has gone home! Her sons, daughters and grand-children watched over and cared for her tenderly in her last moments, and when this good woman fell asleep in Jesus, they laid her away in her dusty bed, there to slumber until God shall bid her rise on the resurrection morn; and there may those meet, with rejoicing, who have loved her on earth.

She has gone home—gone to a better land
To dwell forever 'mid that agel band,
Whose Golden Harps are ever echoing
And seraph voices sweetly sing
Glad songs of praise on that far peaceful shore,
Where pain and death can enter nevermore;
The gloomy portals of the grave are passed:
Her weary soul has found its home at last.

She has gone home—why shed those bitter tears?
Why dost thou mourn beside her lonely bier?
Her spirit's free from anguish and from pain,
And Oh! ye would not call her back again
To dwell amid these troubled scenes below,
To feel again earth's agony and woe,
To leave that land of rest, that glorious sphere
And meet again the disappointments here?

She has gone home—come gaze upon that brow
And mark the smile that lingers on it now,
It is the spirit's impress pure and bright—
Ere to its Heavenly home it wing'd its flight;
It stamped upon the clay its mark of peace,
As though 'twas glad to meet its long'd release,
Aye, glad to leave this worthless earthly frame,
And seek in Heaven the God from whence it came.

She has gone home—her spirit's happy now,
A starry crown is on her angel-brow,
A Golden Harp she clasps within her hand,
Whose music mingles with an angel band;
She roams the skies where all is fair and bright,
Where day eternal banishes the night,
Where white robed choirs, their thrilling songs do sing,
Forever and forevermore to God, their King.

We'll all go home—the young, the aged, the brave;
'Tis but a step from childhood to the grave;
Death lays his hand, his withering hand on all,
And one by one into the tomb we fall;
But still it matters not how soon we go,
From this cold world of anguish and of woe,
For God a promise to the Christian's given,
Though parted here—their souls unite in Heaven.

We'll all go home—soon will the green sod rest
Upon the grave above our peaceful breast,
Earth's chilling clods our bodies will enfold,
And we shall mingle with its common mold!
But if the spirit's bright that dwelt within,
Have turned to God and shunn'd the paths of sin,
In Heaven they all shall reunited be,
To part no more throughout eternity.

COLUMBIA, Sept. 4, 1869. A. M. R.

The Old Turnpike.

We hear no more the clanging hoof,
And the stage-coach rattling by,
For the steam king rules the travel world,
And the old pike's left to die.
The grass creeps o'er the flinty path,
And the stealthy daisies steal,
Where once the stage horse, day by day,
Lifted his iron heel.

No more the weary stager dreads
The toil that comes coupling hills;
No more the bustling landlord runs
At the sound of the echoing horn;
For the dust lies still upon the road,
And the bright-eyed children play
Where once the clattering hoof and wheel
Rattled along the way.

No more hear the crackling whip
And the strong wheels' rumbling sound;
And ah! the water drives us on.
And an iron horse is found!
The coach stands rusting in the yard,
The horses have sought the plow;
We have spanned the world with an iron rail,
And the steam king rules us now.

The old turnpike is a pike no more;
Wide open stands the gate;
We have made us a road for our horse to stride,
And we ride at a flying rate.
We have filled the valleys and leveled the hills,
And tunneled the mountain's side,
And round the rough crag's dizzy verge
Fearlessly now we ride.

On—on—on—with a haughty front,
A puff, a shriek and a bound;
While the tardy echoes wake too late
To echo back the sound;
And the old pike road is left alone,
And the stagers seek the plow;
We have circled the earth with an iron rail,
And the steam king rules us now.

Miscellaneous Reading.

Notes and Facts, by Quid.

CHURCH ETIQUETTE.

"Away to Church," the parson cries,
And off to Church he goes;
The old go there to close their eyes,
The young to eye their clothes.

There are many things which, according to Divine authority, ought to be done, and others which ought to be omitted, are often committed. Our Amelia, not the girl we met on Locust street the other night, has made many close observations, she is a *very* close observer too, surprisingly so. Girls we all know, are better acquainted with certain habits of young men, than said young men suppose they are, and more so than is good for the comfort of the said young men. Well we have been making some observations in Church, which Amelia thinks are so nice—so perfectly elegant.

For instance it is very proper to walk into Church with your hat on, never taking it off till you get to your seat. Besides you must always come in about ten minutes after services have commenced, so that nobody can see you. To walk very slowly up the aisle and swing aristocratically is another requisite which should never be omitted. When two or three gentlemen occupy a pew, and a lady comes in hunting a seat, let the gentlemen always march out of the pew in single file, face to the front, smile, bow, allow the lady to pass in, then resume their seats; this always during the sermon. When the choir starts up the anthem, everybody should turn around, look up, and gaze at the singers, but when the minister announces his text, close your eyes, and remain perfectly still (even don't snore) for fear you might keep awake; when he closes his bible, shout a fervent "amen," as if you approved every word he said, when you only meant to express gratification at the conclusion. When the collection is taken up, hunt the smallest change you have, it will save the trustees the trouble of counting. Before and after services always whisper in a very loud and audible tone of voice. If any one comes in during services, always turn toward the door to see who it is. It will gratify you and please everybody else.

When the minister makes a point try to believe he means any one else but yourself. Sing as loud as you can, so that everybody can admire your fine voice. As soon as the doxology opens, seize your hat and coat, put on the latter, and be ready to rush out of church. Then let the young gentlemen (!) all arrange themselves in two rows, face inwards, and cast sharp glances at the ladies. Don't fail to do this as it certainly is the highest exhibition of extreme politeness. All this and no more.

—A Marengo, Ia., citizen recently broke his leg riding on a volocipede. Come wheel, come whoa.

Almost a Ghost Story—A Real Incident.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

On a Christmas night, some fifty or sixty years ago there was gathered about the wide fireplace of a large New England kitchen a happy family circle, consisting of a well-to-do farmer, who was eke a magistrate—known far and wide as "Squire Percival"—his comely wife, two fair daughters, a niece, and last, but not least, a son, just home from Yale for the holidays.

The night without was seasonably cold, and brilliant with moonlight and starlight. The large stone farm house stood on the brow of a hill, behind a protecting line of tall pine-trees—the only green in the wide landscape. The steep hillside and wide valley beneath were heavily blanketed with snow.

The early part of the evening had passed merrily with games, jests, and song. But for an hour or two the conversation had taken a drift into the realm of the supernatural. One ghost story had succeeded to another, till, as the "witching time of night" approached, and the fire burned low, the circle instinctively drew closer together with thrills and shudders of strange spiritual dread which is yet akin to the keenest pleasure—an awesome joy, an exquisite terror. The solemn soughing of the winds among the pines, heard in the pauses of ghostly recitals, added its wondrous, wierd effect to the theme.

Just as young John Percival had concluded a wild German legend, which he declared "splendid stuff for dreams," the out-side door was heard to open suddenly. All looked round, more or less fearfully, to see standing on the threshold the slight form of a fair young woman, clad all in white, and looking strangely pure, and cold, and luminous, like incarnated moonlight.

"With the glide of a spirit" she came forward. Her feet were quite bare, and her arms were drooping wearily. Masses of fair hair fell over her, and her eyes were dark and fixed with a melancholly stare. Her lips were slightly parted and almost colorless. She came into the circle about the hearth, and there paused, standing utterly motionless—a beautiful, appalling figure.

For a moment, all the startled group remained as silent as that strange visitor—then one young girl caught her breath in a hystorical scream, which was was instantly answered by a cry from the pale lips of the "woman in white," into whose blank eyes rushed a wild keen light. She gazed upon her in terror and bewilderent, then glanced down upon herself and sunk upon the floor, covering her face with her hands, and giving way to a childish paroxysm of weeping.

The farmer's wife, a woman of rare sense and presence of mind, at once divined the truth.

"She is a sleep-walker!" she said. "She must be half dead with the cold! Girls, bring some wrappings!"

Immediately all was bustle. The farmer and his son discreetly vanished from the scene, and the kind mother, daughters, and niece devoted themselves to their bewildered charge, who still wept and sobbed under the charge kind ministration, but declared that she felt no cold and no pain, though her delicate feet were equally bleeding from the long walk up the icy hillside and over the crusted snow.

After having been tenderly put to bed however, she became sufficiently composed to reply to the few questions put to her. She said she was Lucy Ellet, the niece of the village physicician—that she had lately been taken from school, on account of nervousness, and sent to him for medical treatment, but that homesickness and loneliness had made her worse. She had occasionally walked in her sleep before, but only about the house and grounds at home, and on summer moonlight nights. "I think the moon bewitches me," she said smiling through her tears. That night she said before going to bed, looked across the little valley to the pleasant house on the hill, watched the cheerful Christmas lights gleaming through the pine trees, and longed to be one of the happy party there, though she was a stranger to all.

She had cried herself to sleep, she said, and that was all she knew of her mysterious midnight tramp over snow and stones and ice. Not a memory, not a thought could she recall till the moment when she found herself standing on that hearth, in her nightdress, with so many wandering eyes fixed upon her.

"O dear! what did you think of me? What *can* you think of me now?" she moaned.

"Never mind what we *think* of you, my poor child," said good, motherly Mrs. Percival, "we *love* you already, so just drink this nice ginger-tea, and go to sleep."

The "poor child" got a little natural sleep, and in the morning appeared somewhat less ghostly than the apparation of Christmas night. But she was still very pale, with a painfulshy, grieved look. She was suffering less than was expected from the exposure, but more from the nervous shock of the night before, and by the advice of her uncle, who had been summoned, consented to remain with her new friends for a few days.

Young John Percival was hospitably kind to the invalid guest, not seeming to perceive that she shrank from its attentions in a sensitive, disquieted way. Yet when his eye was not on her, she was observed to study his face with a peculiar inquiring expression. She could not remember having seen that face at the fearful moment of her awakening, and she hoped he had not been a witness of that walking trance, which she regarded with absolute horror.

Finally, on the last day of her visit finding herself alone with him for a moment, under desperate impulse, she asked: "Did you too see me that night, Mr. Percival."

He was touched by the tremble in the voice and the wistful look in the dark eyes; but he answered honestly: "I cannot deny that I *did* see you."

"O sir! what must you have thought?"

"Thought?—why, I thought if ghosts would always come in such shapes, I would never fear them more."

The shy smile and rosy blush that his playful answer called forth seemed first to reveal to the young collegian this pale, sad vision of the night as a lovely waking flesh-and-blood reality.

I never heard of Lucy Ellet "revisiting the glimpses of the moon" as a somnambulist after this, but I did hear that on another Christmas night she stood on the hearth of the old farm-house, dressed all in white, in the midst of the same family circle, and that she gazed about her, and said "I am afraid I am walking in my sleep again," and that she then put up her arms in a pretty, deprecating way, and added: "But if I am, John, don't wake me!"

No age of the world has seen labor so well rewarded, government so free, or religion so charitable, as this; and no country has been those things on so broad a scale as the United States.

THE way to educate children for a virtuous life, is not by keeping them away from temptation, but we must teach them to resist temptation.

A Day at Niagara.

BY MARK TWAIN.

Niagara Falls is one of the finest structures in the known world. I have been visiting this favorite watering place recently, for the first time, and was well pleased. A gentlemen who was with me said it was customary to be disappointed in the Falls, but that subsequent visits were sure to set that all right. He said it was so with him. He said that the first time he went the back fares were so much higher than the Falls that the Falls appeared insignificant. But that is all regulated now. The hackmen have been tamed, and numbered, and placarded and blacguarded and brought into subjection to the law, and dosed with Moral Principle till they are as meek as missionaries. They are divided into two clans now, the Regulars and the Privateers, and they employ their idle time in warning the public against each other. The regulars are under the hotel banners, and do the legitimate at two dollars an hour, and the Privateers prowl darkly on neutral ground and pick off stragglers at half price. But there are no more outrages and extortions. That sort of thing cured itself. It made the Falls unpopular by getting into the newspapers, and when ever a public evil achieves that sort of a success for itself, its days are numbered. It became apparent that either the Falls had to be discontinued or the hackmen had to subside. They could not dam the Falls, so they damned the hackmen. One can be comfortable and happy there now.

SIGNS AND SYMBOLS.

I drank up most of the American Fall before I learned that the waters were not considered medicinal. Why are people left in ignorance in this way? I might have gone on and ruined a fine property merely for the want of a little trifling information. And yet the sources of information at Niagara Falls are not meagre! You are sometimes left in doubt there about what you ought to do, but you are seldom in doubt about what you must *not* do. No—the signs keep you posted. If an infant can read, that infant is measurably safe at Niagara Falls. In your room at the hotel you will find your course marked out for you in the most convenient way by means of placards on the wall, like these:

"Pull the bell rope gently, but don't jerk."

"Bolt your door."

"Dont scrape matches on the wall."

"Turn off your gas when you retire."

"Tie up your dog."

"If you place your boots outside the door they will be blacked—but the house will not be responsible for their return." [This is a confusing, tanglesome proposition—because it moves you to deliberate long and painfully as to whether it will really be any object to you to have your boots blacked unless they *are* returned.]

"Give your key to the omnibus driver if you forget and carry it off with you."

Outside the hotel, wherever you wander, you are intelligently assisted by the signs. You cannot come to grief as long as you are in your right mind. But the difficulty is to *stay* in your right mind with so much insruction to keep track of. For instance:

"Keep off the grass."

"Don't climb the trees."

"Hands off the vegetables."

"Do not hitch your horse to the shrubbery."

"Visit the Cave of the Winds."

"Have your portrait taken in your carriage."

"Forty per cent. in gold levied on all peanuts or other Indian curiosities purchased in Canada."

"Photographs of the Falls taken here."

"Visitors will please notify the Superintendent of any neglect on the part of the employees to charge for commodities or services. [No inattention of this kind observed.]

"Don't throw stones down—they may hit people below."

"The proprietors will not be responsible for parties who jump over the Falls." [More shirking of responsibility—it appears to be the prevailing thing here.]

I always had a high regard for the Signers of the Declaration of Independence, but now they do not really seem to amount to much alongside the signers of Niagara Falls. To tell the plain truth, the multitude of signs annoy me. It was because I noticed at last they always happened to prohibit exactly the very thing I was just wanting to do. I desired to roll on the grass: the sign prohibited it. I wished to climb a tree; the sign prohibited it. I longed to smoke; a sign forbade it. And I was going to throw a stone over to astonish and pulverise such parties as might be pic-nicing below when a sign I have just mentioned forbade that. Even that poor satisfaction was denied me, (and I a friendless orphan.) There was no recourse now, but to seek consolation in the flowing bowl. I drew my flask from my pocket, but it was all in vain. A sign confronted me which said:

"No drinking allowed on these premises."

On that spot I might have perished of thirst, but for the saving words of an honored maxim that flitted through my memory at the critical moment. "All signs fall in a dry time." Common law takes precedence of the statutes. I was saved.

THE NOBLE RED MEN.

The noble red man has always been a darling of mine. I love to read about him in tales and legends and romances. I love to read of his inspired sagacity, and his love of the wild free life of mountain and forest; and his grand truthfulness, his hatred of treachery, and his general nobility of character; and his stately metaphorical manner of speech; and his chivalrous love for the dusky maiden; and picturesque pomp of dress and accoutrement. When I found the shops at Niagara Falls full of dainty Indian bead work, and stunning moccasins, and equally stunning toy figures representing human beings who carried their weapons in holes bored through their arms and bodies, and had feet shaped like a pie, I was filled with emotion. I knew that now at last, I was going to come face to face with the Noble Red Man. A lady clerk in a shop told me, indeed, that all her grand array of curiosities were made by the Indians, and that they were friendly and it would not be dangerous to speak to them. And sure enough, as I approached the bridge leading over to Luna Island, I came upon a noble old Son of the Forest sitting under a tree, diligently at work on a bead reticule. He wore a slouch hat and brogans, and had a short black pipe in his mouth. Thus does the baleful contact with our effeminate civilization dilute the picturesque pomp which is so natural to the Indian when far removed from us in his native haunts. I addressed the relic as follows:

"Is the wawhoo-Wang-Wang of the Wack-a-Wack happy? Does the great Speckled Thunder sigh for the war path, or is his heart contented with dreaming of his dusky maiden the Pride of the Forest? Does the mighty sachem yearn to drink the blood of his enemies, or is he satisfied to make bead reticules for the pappooses of the pale face? Speak, sublime relic of bygone grandeur—venerable ruin, speak!"

The relic said:

"An, is it mesilf, Dennis Hooligan, that ye'd be takin' for a bloody Injin, ye drawlin,' lantern-jawed, spider-legged devil! By the piper that played before Moses, I'll ate ye!!"

I went away from there.

By and by, in the neighborhood of the Terrapin, I came upon a gentle daughter of the aboriginees, in fringed and beaded buckskin moccasins and leggins, seated on a bench with her pretty wares about her. She had just carved out a wooden chief that had a strong family resemblance to a clothes pin, and was now boring a hole through his abdomen to put his bow through. I hesitated a moment and then addressed her:

"Is the heart of the forest maiden heavy? Is that Laughing-Tadpole lonely? Does she mourn over the extinguished council fires of her race and the vanished glory of her ancestors? Or does her sad spirit wander afar toward the hunting grounds whither her brave Gobler of the Lightning is gone? Why is my daughter silent? Has she aught against the pale-face stranger?"

The maiden said:

"Faix, an' is it Biddy Malone ye dare to be callin' names! Lave this or I'll shy your lean carcass over the catharact, ye snirling blagyard!"

I adjourned from there, also, "Confound these Indians," I said, "they told me they were tame—but, if appearances should go for any thing, I should say they were all on the war path."

I made one more attempt to fraternize with them, and only one. I came upon a camp of them gathered in the shade of a great tree, making wampum and moccasins, and addressed them in the language of friendship.

"Noble Red Men, Braves, Grand Sachems, War Chiefs, Squaws and High-you-Muck-a-Mucks, the pale face from the land of the setting sun greets you! You, Beneficent Polecat—you: Devourer-of-mountains—you, Roaring-Thundergust—you, Bullyboy-with-a-glass-Eye—the pale face from beyond the great waters greets you all! War and pestilence have thinded your ranks and destroyed your once proud nation. Poker, and seven-up, and a vain modern expense for soap unknown to your glorious ancestors, have depleted your purses. Appropriating in your simplicity the property of others, has gotten you into trouble. Misrepresenting facts in your sinless innocence, has damaged your reputation with the soulless usurper. Trading for forty-rod whisky to enable you to get drunk and happy and tomahawk your families has played the everlasting mischief with the picturesque pomp of your dress, and here you are, in the broad light of the nineteenth century, gotten up like the rag-tag and bobtail of the purlieus of New York! For shame! Remember your ancestors! Recall their mighty deeds! Remember Uncas!—and Red Jacket!—and Hole-in-the-day!—and Horace Greely! Emulate their achievements! Unfurl yourselves under my banner, noble savages, illustrious guttersnipes—"

"Down wid him!"

"Scoop the blagyard!"

"Hang him!"

"Burn him!"

"Drhown him!"

It was the quickest operation that ever was. I simply saw a sudden flash in the air of clubs, brickbats, fists, bread baskets, and moccasins—a single dash, and they all appeared to hit me at once, and no two of them in the same place. In the next instant the whole tribe was upon me. They tore all the clothes off me, they broke my arms and legs; they gave me a thump that dented the top of my head till it would hold coffee like a saucer; and to crown their disgraceful proceedings and add insult to injury, they threw me over the Horseshoe Fall and I got wet.

About ninety or a hundred feet from the top, the remains of my vest caught on a projecting rock and I was almost drowned before I could get loose. I finally fell and brought up in a world of white foam at the foot of the Fall, whose called and bubbly masses towered up several inches above my head. Of course I got into the eddy. I sailed round and round it forty-four times—chasing a chip and gaining upon it—each round trip a half a mile—reaching for the same bush on the bank forty-four times, and just exactly missing it by a hair's breadth every time. At last a man walked down and sat down close to that bush, and put a pipe in his mouth, and lit a match, and followed me with one eye and kept the other on the match while he sheltered it in his hand from the wind. Presently a puff of wind blew it out. The next time I swept around he said:

"Got a match?"

"Yes—in my other vest. Help me out please."

"Not for Joe."

When I came round again I said:

"Excuse the seemingly impertinent curiosity of a drowning man, but will you explain this singular conduct of yours?

"With pleasure. I am the coroner. Don't hurry on my account. I can wait for you. But I wish I had a match."

I said: take my place and I'll go and get you one."

He declined. This lack of confidence on his part created a coolness between us, and from that time forward I avoided him. It was my idea, in case anything happened to me, to so time the occurrence as to throw my custom into the hands of the opposition coroner over on the American side. At last a policeman came along and arrested me for disturbing the peace by yelling at people on shore for help. The judge fined me, but I had the advantage of him. My money was with my pantaloons, and my pantaloons were with the Indians.

Thus I escaped. I am now lying in a very critical condition. At least I am lying, any way—critical or no critical.

I am hurt all over, but I cannot tell the full extent yet, because the doctor is not done taking the inventory. He will make out my manifest to-might. However, thus far he thinks only six of my wounds are fatal. I don't mind the others.

Upon regaining my right mind, I said:

"It is an awful savage tribe of Indians that do the bead work and moccasins for Niagara Falls, doctor. Where are they from?"

"Limerick, my son."

I shall not be able to finish my remarks about Niagara Falls untill I get better.

OF course, the great feature of the *Atlantic Monthly* this time is the article on Byron and his wife, by Mrs. Stowe. The merits of this article are so fully discussed in all the periodicals of the day that we need not say anything on the subject here. Many of the other articles deserve praise; and, indeed, apart altogether from the great sensation chapter, this number is better than usual.

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