

THE COLUMBIA SPY.

A FAMILY PAPER: DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, EDUCATION, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

J. G. L. BROWN, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

"NO ENTERTAINMENT IS SO CHEAP AS READING, NOR ANY PLEASURE SO LASTING."

\$1.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

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THE COLUMBIA SPY.

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Advertisements will be inserted three times at the rate of \$1 per square; for every subsequent insertion after the third, 50 cents will be charged. The number of insertions desired must be marked, or the advertisement will be continued until ordered out, and charged accordingly.
A liberal deduction will be made on the above prices to yearly advertisers.

AGENCIES.
V. B. PATZER, Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore, and Boston.
J. W. CARL, P. M., and J. WENZEL, Philadelphia.
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J. S. JONES, Lancaster city.
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DOCTOR D. I. BRUNER,
After an extensive practice of twenty years' consulting, offers his professional services to the citizens of Columbia and vicinity. Office in Locust street, opposite the Bank.
Columbia, Nov. 2, 1850-3mos.

J. C. RISLEY, M. D.
Office in Locust street, in the building formerly occupied by Dr. J. S. Clark—residence at Herr's Washington Hotel, corner of Front & Walnut streets, Columbia, August 31, 1850-ly.

DOCTOR N. B. WOLFE.
Office in Front street, six doors north of Col. John Barr's Hotel.
Columbia, March 16, 1850-ly.

DOCTOR V. FRIEDEMANN
Has professional services to the citizens of Columbia and vicinity—Office in Locust street, in the room formerly occupied by Dr. J. S. Clark.
Columbia, February 16, 1850-4f.

REMOVAL.
HENRY S. MYERS.
ATTORNEY AT LAW, has removed to the south-west corner of Centre Square, next door to G. H. Bonberger, and two doors west of the Lancaster Bank.
Lancaster, August 3, 1850.

PHILIP GOSSLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW—Office in Walnut street, between Front and Second. Columbia, Nov. 3, 1850-4f.

H. M. NORTH,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Office in Front street, second door above Locust, Columbia, May 4, 1850.

WESLEY A. MARTIN,
Wholesale and Retail Tobacconist,
Walnut street, second door above Front, south side, Columbia, July 27, 1850-4f.

M. H. LOCHER,
SUCCESSOR TO H. C. LOCHER, wholesale and retail dealer in Leather, Morocco, Sheep Skins, Laces, Suspenders, Trunks, Stationery, &c. West King st., one door west of Steinman's Hardware Store, Lancaster, Pa.
If all orders promptly attended to.
Cash paid for leather in the rough.
Lancaster, April 13, 1850-ly.

POWDER, POWDER.
ALWAYS on hand a full supply of
ROCK A. M. POWDER,
SAFETY FUSE, and SHOT.
Also a general assortment of BAR IRON, of all sizes. Columbia, Aug. 10, 1850-4f. JONAS RUMPLE.

CAMPINE AND ETHERAL.
A FULL and fresh supply can always be had at the Hardware Store of the undersigned in Locust street, between Front and Second. Call and see them.
Columbia, Aug. 10, 1850-4f. JONAS RUMPLE.

LIME! LIME!
FOR LAND OR BUILDING, constantly on hand at the Lane Kid, near the Depot. Columbia, Jan. 12-1850-4f.

WHITE LEAD, OIL, VARNISHES, &c.
200 RINS WETHERELL & BROTHERS' PURE and WHITE LEAD, Boiled Linseed Oil, Varnishes and Paints of all kinds, for sale by
J. W. COTTRELL,
Aug. 29, 1850-4f.

LIGHT, LIGHT, LIGHT.
THE undersigned, respectfully announces that he has again replenished his stock of Lamps, and has now on hand the very latest and most improved assortment of Solar or Oil Lamps, and all kinds of Lamps, and has ever been in the place. Call and see them. Prices reduced to suit the times. For sale by
W. A. LEADER,
Golden Mortar Drug Store,
Columbia, Sept. 7, 1850.

COMBS, COMBS.
ENGLISH Horn and Buffalo Riding, English Barter, 2 Pocket, Buffalo Fine Tooth, Ivory Fine Tooth, Infant Combs, &c. a complete assortment, for sale by
R. WILLIAMS,
Columbia, September 21, 1850.

SUPERIOR LIQUORS,
FOR medicinal use—Port Wine, Madras Wine, Sherried Wine, Old Monongahela Whiskey, French Brandy, Blackberry Brandy, &c. for sale by
R. WILLIAMS,
Columbia, September 11, 1850.

INK, INK, INK.
ROSS' BLACK, Hoover's No. 1, Arnold's Red, Bond's G. G. CLAIBORNE'S
Columbia, April 6, 1850. Book Store.

HAIR BRUSHES!
WITHOUT exception, the Golden Mortar Drug Store can sell the cheapest and most splendid HAIR BRUSHES that have ever been brought to Columbia. Over thirty patterns—call and examine them for yourself.
Columbia, Sept. 7, 1850. W. A. LEADER.

TRUSSES,
FROM infant to adult size, a complete assortment, for sale by
R. WILLIAMS,
Columbia, September 14, 1850.

CHEAPER THAN EVER!
FAMILY BIBLES, \$1.00, (largest size.) Letter Paper, 50 cents per quart, at
G. G. CLAIBORNE'S
Columbia, April 5, 1850. Book Store.

MORE CHEAP PAPERS.
WE have just received another lot of those extraordinary cheap WALL PAPERS. Splendid new patterns from 10 to 40 cts. per piece—warranted nice yards. Also, another splendid assortment of Queens' Ware, &c.
H. H. FRY & CO.,
Columbia, May 4, 1850.

DRESS GOODS, DRESS GOODS!
A BEAUTIFUL ASSORTMENT of Serge, Barège, Delaines, Trains, Foulard Silks, Lawns, Linen Laces, Gingham, Gingham Lawns, &c., just opened at the new store of
J. G. HESS & CO.,
Columbia, May 11, 1850.

HYMN BOOKS.
ENGLISH LUTHERAN,
Presbyterian,
Methodist, (new edition),
Camp Meeting, at
G. G. CLAIBORNE'S
Columbia, April 6, 1850. Book Store.

FURNISHING GOODS.
H. H. FRY & CO. have just received a large assortment of Furnishing Goods, of every description, consisting in part of
Chests, Trunks, &c., in great variety; 4-4, 6-4, 8-4, and 11-4 Bleached Sheetings; Floor and Table Oil Cloths; Linen, Wool, and Dimmed Table Cloths; Carpeting and Taper Toweling; Napkins. Also, Carpets, Blankets, a great variety of Queens' Ware, Looking Glasses, &c.
We have just received another lot of those cheap Paper Hangings.
Columbia, March 23, 1850.

GREAT COUGH REMEDY.



CHERRY PECTORAL:

For the Cure of
**COUGHS, COLDS,
HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, CROUP, ASTHMA, WHOOPING-COUGH AND CONSUMPTION.**

In offering to the community this justly celebrated remedy for disease of the throat and lungs, it is not our wish to pride us on the lives or health of the afflicted, but frankly to lay before them the opinions of distinguished men and of the evidence of its cures, from which they can judge for themselves. We sincerely pledge ourselves to make no wild assertions or false statements of its efficacy, nor will we hold out any hope to suffering humanity which facts will not warrant.

Many proofs are here given, and we solicit an inquiry from the public, and will publish, feeling no medicine I have ever known has proved so eminently successful in curing diseases of the throat and lungs.

PROF. CLEVELAND,
of Bowdoin College, Maine, writes: "I have witnessed the effects of your 'CHERRY PECTORAL' in my own family and that of my friends, and it gives me satisfaction to state in its favor that no medicine I have ever known has proved so eminently successful in curing diseases of the throat and lungs."

REV. DR. OSGOOD
Writes—"That the 'CHERRY PECTORAL' is the best medicine for Pulmonary Affections ever given to the public," and states that "his daughter, after being obliged to keep the room four months with a severe cold, cough, accompanied by raising of blood, night sweats, and the attendant symptoms of 'Consumption,' was cured by the use of the 'CHERRY PECTORAL,' and had completely recovered."

EX-CHANCELLOR KING,
of New York, says: "I have been long afflicted with Asthma which grew yearly worse, until last autumn it brought on a cough which confined me in my chamber, and began to give me the alarming symptoms of consumption. I had tried the best advice and the best medicine to no purpose, until I used your 'CHERRY PECTORAL,' which has cured me, and you may well believe me, gratefully yours."
J. D. PHILLIPS.

If there is any value in the judgment of the wise, who speak from experience, here is a medicine worthy of the public confidence.

THE REMEDY THAT CURES.
PORTLAND, Me., Jan. 10, 1847.
Dr. Ayer: I have been long afflicted with Asthma which grew yearly worse, until last autumn it brought on a cough which confined me in my chamber, and began to give me the alarming symptoms of consumption. I had tried the best advice and the best medicine to no purpose, until I used your 'CHERRY PECTORAL,' which has cured me, and you may well believe me, gratefully yours."
J. D. PHILLIPS.

Prepared by J. C. AYER, CHEMIST, LOWELL, MASS.
Sold in Columbia by W. A. LEADER,
September 25, 1850-3mos.

SEGARS—15,000 Segars just received at Spangler's Head Quarters and News Depot. They need no recommendation after being tried. Call and give them a trial, ye smokers.
Columbia, October 26, 1850.

IVORY TABLETS—I have just received a most beautiful assortment of Ivory Tablets, suitable for business purposes, and are American manufacture, and made in the nearest as well as most durable manner. Persons in want of the article will find it to their interest to call at
Head Quarters and News Depot,
Oct. 26, 1850. Head Quarters and News Depot.

ALMANACS for 1851—Palmer's Business Man's Almanac; Family Christian do.; Pease's do.; 12c. "S. M. do.; Farmer's National do.; Brother Jonathan do.; with a variety of Choice Almanacs, all for sale by
B. F. SPANGLER'S Head Quarters
and News Depot,
Columbia, October 26, 1850.

ANDERSON'S FINE CUT TOBACCO—This article is being now the rage. SPANGLER, at his Head Quarters and News Depot, has supplied himself with a good assortment, and is now ready to supply whoever chooses, (wholesale.) Give him a call. Also, a new article of Canebush Tobacco.
Columbia, October 26, 1850.

BOOK BINDING—Persons having books to bind can have them done in any style, or at any price, by leaving them at
Head Quarters and News Depot,
Oct. 26, 1850.

RIBBONS—Bonnet, Neck and Waist Ribbons, of the latest and richest styles, at
W. A. S. PATTON'S,
Columbia, Oct. 19, 1850.

SUBSCRIPTIONS received at G. G. Claiborne's one penny Store for all the monthly Magazines and weekly News-papers published in New York, Philadelphia and Boston.
Oct. 12, 1850.

SATINETS, of all colors and qualities, ranging in price from 24 to 27, extra per yard, at
SPANGLER & KAUFFMAN'S,
Oct. 12, 1850.

FEATHERS—300 pounds live Geese Feathers, of the best quality, just received at
SPANGLER & KAUFFMAN'S,
Oct. 12, 1850.

200 lbs. Bicarbonate of Baking Soda, for sale very low by
R. WILLIAMS,
Columbia, September 11, 1850.

Select Poetry.

From Eliza Cook's Journal.
Try Again.

King Bruce of Scotland flung himself down
In a lonely mood to think;
'Tis true he was monarch, and wore a crown,
But his heart was beginning to wink.

For he had been trying to do a great deed,
To make his people glad,
He had tried and tried, but couldn't succeed,
And so he became quite sad.

He flung himself down in low despair,
As grieved as man could be;
And after awhile, as he pondered there,
'I'll give it up!' said he.

Now just at the moment a spider dropped,
With its silken web o'er his head,
And the king in the midst of his thinking stopp'd
To see what the spider would do.

'Twas a long way up to the ceiling dome,
And it hung by a rope so fine,
'That how it would get to its cobweb home,
King Bruce could not divine.

It soon began to climb and crawl,
Straight up with strong endeavor,
But down it came with a mighty scrawl,
As near to the ground as ever.

Up, up, it ran, not a second it staid,
To enter the least complaint,
Till it fell still lower and there it laid,
A little dizzy and faint.

Its head grew steady—again it went,
And reached a half-way higher,
'Twas a delicate thread it had to bend,
And a road where its feet would tire.

Again it fell and swung below,
But again it quickly mounted,
Till up and down, now fast now slow,
Nine brave attempts he found.

'Sure!' cried the king, 'that foolish thing
Will strive no more to climb,
When it tells so hard to reach and cling,
And tumbles every time.'

But up the insect went once more,
Ah, he, 'tis an anxious mood,
He's only a foot from his cobweb door,
Oh, say, will he lose or win it?

Steady, steady, inch by inch,
Higher, and higher he got,
And a little red run at the very last pinch
Put him into his native spot.

'Bravo, bravo!' the king cried out,
'All honor to those who try,
The spider up there defied despair,
He conquered, why shouldn't I?'

And Bruce of Scotland braced his mind,
And gazed till he was blind,
That he tried not to fail.

Pay goodly heed, all ye who read,
And beware of saying 'I CAN'T';
'Tis a cowardly word, and leads to
Idleness, Folly and Want.

Whenever you find your heart despair
Of doing some goodly deed,
Can't over your strain, try bravely again,
And remember the Spider and King!

The Coming Winter.
BY T. B. REED.

Autumn's sighing,
Mourning, dying,
Clouds are flying
On like steeds;
Walk like widows
Decked in weeds.

Red leaves trailing,
Drooping, sailing,
From the wood,
That upland
Stands defiant,
Like a giant,
Dropping blood.

Winds are swelling
Round our dwellings,
All day telling
Us their woe;
And at vesper,
Frosts grow crisp,
As they whisper
Of the snow.

From the unseen land,
Frozen inland,
Down from Greenland,
Winter glides,
Like a bound!

Shedding lightness,
Like the brightness
When snow whitens
Fills the dunes;
Now bright pleasure's
Sparkling measures
With rare treasures
Overflow!

With this gladness
Come what sadness!
Oh, what madness!
Oh, what woe!

Or, a worse ill,
Bag a mused
At some door sill!
Like a bound!

Storms are waiting,
Winds are trailing,
Howling, railing,
At each door,
'Maid this trailing,
Howling, railing,
Lift the walling
Of the poor.

The Pin and the Needle.

Lem Smith, the philosophical editor of the *Madison Record*, tells the following witty fable, which is as good as anything we have seen out of *Æsop*. A pin and a needle, says this American Fontaine, being neighbors in a work-basket, and both being idle, began to quarrel, as idle folks are apt to do:

"I should like to know," said the pin, "what you are good for, and how you expect to get through the world without a head?" "What is the use of your head," replied the needle, rather sharply, "if you have no eye?" "What is the use of an eye?" said the pin, "if there is always something in it?" "I am more active, and can go through more work than you can," said the needle. "Yes, but you will not live long." "Why not?" "Because you have always a stitch in your side," said the pin. "You are a poor, crooked creature," said the needle. "And you are so proud that you can't bend without breaking your back." "I'll pull your head off, if you insult me again." "I'll put your eye out if you touch me; remember your life hangs by a single thread," said the pin. While they were thus conversing a little girl entered, and undertaking to sew, she very soon broke off the needle at the eye. Then she tied the thread around the neck of the pin, and attempting to sew with it, she soon pulled its head off, and threw it into the dirt by the side of the broken needle. "Well, here we are," said the needle, "we have nothing to fight about now." "I was rather gratified by this piece of admiring attention. But to be left alone in a little room, with half a dozen girls, requires some nerve, and I confess I began to feel rather qualmish. I am rather bashful, besides—very bashful—and therefore had a mortal repugnance to being thus exhibited gratis, and so to put an end to the scene, I said in as careless a tone as I could command, 'What's the matter, Mary?'"

"Well, sir," she answered, "I see you don't understand our ways, but you must sit in this chair if you please." And she indicated a chair which I had not perceived, in the back of which were entwined laurel, ivy and flowers.

Anxious to conciliate them, I complied with her request, resigning myself to my fate with

Miscellaneous.

Fulton's First Steam Voyage, AND HIS FIRST PASSAGE MONEY.

Some twenty years since, I formed a travelling acquaintance upon a steambot on the Hudson river, with a gentleman, who, on that occasion, related to me some incidents of the first voyage of Fulton, to Albany, in his steamboat, the *Clermont*, which I have never met with elsewhere.—The gentleman's name I have lost; but I urged him, at the time, to publish what he related; which, however, so far as I know, he has never done.

I chanced, said my narrator, to be at Albany on business, when Fulton arrived there in his unheard-of craft, which every body felt so much interest in seeing. Being ready to leave, and hearing that this craft was to return to New York, I repaired on board, and enquired for Mr. Fulton. I was referred to the cabin, and I there found a plain, gentlemanly man, wholly alone, and engaged in writing.

Mr. Fulton, I presume.
Yes, sir.
Do you return to New York with this boat?
We shall try to get back, sir.
Can I have a passage down?
You can take your chance with us, sir.

I enquired the amount to be paid, and after a moment's hesitation, a sum, I think six dollars, was named. The amount in coin, I laid in his open hand, and with an eye fixed upon it he remained so long motionless that I supposed there might be a miscount, and said to him, is that right, sir? This roused him as from a kind of reverie, and as he looked up at me, the big tear was brimming in his eye, and his voice faltered as he said, excuse me, sir; but memory was busy as I contemplated this, the first pecuniary reward I have ever received for all my exertions in adapting steam to navigation. I would gladly commemorate the occasion over a bottle of wine with you; but really I am too poor, even for that; just now; yet I trust we may meet again, when this will not be so.

Some four years after this, when the *Clermont* had been greatly improved and two new boats made, making Fulton's fleet three boats regularly plying between New York and Albany, I took passage in one of these for the latter city.

The cabin, in that day, was below; and as I walked its length, to and fro, I saw I was very closely observed by one I supposed a stranger.—Soon, however, I recalled the features of Mr. Fulton; but without disclosing this, I continued my walk and waited the result. At length, in passing his seat our eyes met, when he sprang to his feet, and eagerly seizing my hand, exclaimed, I knew it must be you, for your features have never escaped me; and although I am still far from rich, yet I may venture that bottle now.—It was ordered; and during its discussion Mr. F. ran rapidly but vividly over his experience of the world's coldness, and sneers, and of the hopes, fears, disappointments and difficulties, that were scattered through his whole career of discovery, up to the very point of his final, crowning triumph, at which he so fully felt he had at last arrived. And in reviewing all these, said he, I have again and again recalled the occasion and the incident of our first interview, at Albany; and never have I done so, without its renewing in my mind, the vivid emotion it originally caused. That seemed, and still does seem, to me, the turning point in my destiny—the dividing line between light and darkness, in my career upon earth; for it was the first actual recognition of my usefulness to my fellow men.

Such then were the events coupled with the very dawn of steam navigation—a dawn so recent as to be still recollected by many—and such as Fulton there related them, were the early appreciations, by the world, of a discovery which has invaded all waters, causing a revolution in navigation which has almost literally brought the ends of the world in contact.

A Kissing Holiday.

The English correspondent of the *New York Commercial Advertiser* gives the following description of one of the Easter Holidays, which he passed at a small town in the heart of Staffordshire:

"On descending to the little parlor of the inn, on Monday morning, I perceived that all the household were in their gayest attire, and that no one entertained any serious notions of work or business. I had despatched my solitary breakfast of ham and eggs, and other country dainties, and was looking out with mixed feelings of delight and envy upon the prospect before me, when the door of my room was suddenly flung open, and six rosy cheeks, ringletted young women entered, tittering very much, and looking very foolish at each other, and then to me.

I am not vain—but I am a rather handsome fellow—my mother has told me so a thousand times, so upon the whole, I was rather gratified by this piece of admiring attention. But to be left alone in a little room, with half a dozen girls, requires some nerve, and I confess I began to feel rather qualmish. I am rather bashful, besides—very bashful—and therefore had a mortal repugnance to being thus exhibited gratis, and so to put an end to the scene, I said in as careless a tone as I could command, 'What's the matter, Mary?'"

"Well, sir," she answered, "I see you don't understand our ways, but you must sit in this chair if you please." And she indicated a chair which I had not perceived, in the back of which were entwined laurel, ivy and flowers.

Anxious to conciliate them, I complied with her request, resigning myself to my fate with

Sunday Reading.

Filey Bridge.

THE LITTLE BAIT GATHERER.
On Filey Bridge I sat alone,
Upon a summer's day,
Till on that long dark bridge of stone,
The light of evening lay.

And there was silence all around,
But for the sea-bird's cry,
And waves that told, with warning sound,
The flowing tide was high.

They struck and struck, with solemn shock,
Each louder than the last,
As on the lonely bridge of rock
The sea was rising fast.

Even so, with life's advancing years,
Returning lullabies come,
Telling to man's wondering ears,
That this is not his home.

The waves were breaking all in foam,
In the dark northern bay;
The south, between me and my home,
Smooth as the mirror lay.

And sweet hues were gleaming bright
Over the rising sea;
So days of age in heavenly light,
May sweet and pleased be.

A little lives in wild attire,
And high the waters waters greet,
Come onward softly creeping nigher,
Till by my side she stood.

And then she said, 'It's time to go,
The tide will soon be here.'
Henceward we went our pathway slow,
The sea still flowing near.

To gather bait on her arm,
She looked but she went;
A little child—the feared no harm,
'There by her father sent.

'Yet once,' she said, 'too long I staid,
And high the waters waters greet,'
'What then?'—'O! I was not afraid,
I thought my father knew.'

'I thought my father saw me there,
Would send a boat from shore—
But a grey shadow, I did not dare
To stay there any more.'

'Look at that cliff, I often knew
It shatter run up on high,
And sleep were climbing on it too,
And so I thought might.'

'Were you not frightened there to pass,
So steep a way to find?
'Oh no,' replied the little lass,
'I never looked behind.'

And such, I thought should Christians be,
In danger not afraid,
Trusting their Father's eye to see,
Their Father's hand to aid.

And when he bids them climb the hill,
That leads them to their home;
Then let them say, obedient still,
'Father, to thee I come.'

Nor look behind on evil past,
But onward, onward, gaze;
And not a glance be downward cast
O'er earth's dark dreary ways.

There is a Rock that safety gives,
To all that seek its side;
The Lord of life, to all that lives,
Saviour, and Friend, and Guide.

O seek him then when storms arise,
And evening darknesses in the sky,
When evil winds in the sky arise,
He is the Way, the Light.

Reflections.

I have often thought, while gazing on the lifeless remains of the young and beautiful, how hard it must be to die in early life—to leave earth, and its attractions, and endearments, ere we have become fully capable of enjoying and appreciating them. It is—it must be—very trying to resign life when all nature smiles upon us in gladness, and we go forth in the morning of our days to mingle and commune with the kindred spirits around us.

Since man is allotted but "three score and ten," why is he not permitted to live that period? Why should he be cut down in the prime and vigor of youthful days, and be gathered to the chill and lonely tomb, ere he has learned the great end and object for which he was created? There may be repining in the inquiry, yet it has often suggested itself to my mind; it weighs upon me when I see youth and loveliness marred by the pallor of death, and rounded and supple limbs cold and motionless in the repose of the grave. But I doubt not it is all right. That God and Father who rules above, and who knoweth our wants better than we do ourselves, will doubtless finally make his inscrutable ways plain, and we shall then see sought but unmixed goodness to admire, and sinless perfection adore, in His dealings with the weak and erring children of earth.

Let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, both reason and experience forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in the exclusion of religious principles.—Washington.

Supposing revealed religion to be a fiction, what harm can in the end befall him who practices it? He will not, certainly, suffer more after death than the atheist. But if it be true, and the arguments in its favor are ten to one, how great will be the Christian's gain! How great the unbeliever's loss!

Asthma.

There is no complaint more harassing than Asthma. The *Newark Daily Advertiser*, a reliable paper, pledges itself to cure this distressing disease with the following simple remedy:—Take one and a half ounces of sulphur; one ounce cream tartar; one ounce senega; one half ounce amissed, pulverize and thoroughly mix the same, and take one teaspoonful in about two tablespoonfuls of molasses on going to bed, or at such time through the day as may best suit the patient; the dose once a day may be increased or diminished a little, as may best suit the state of the bowels of the individual.

The *Clemens-Dan and Scripps*—"If we are to live after death, why don't we have some certain knowledge of it?" said a skeptic to a clergyman. "Why didn't you have some knowledge of this world before you came into it?" was the caustic reply.