THE COLUMBIA SPY.

STEPHEN GREENE, Editor and Publisher. "NO ENTERTAINMENT IS SO CHEAP AS READING, NOR ANY PLEASURE SO LASTING." $1,50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE, $2,00 IF NOT IN ADVANCE.

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United States Life Insurance Annuity and Trust Company.
OFFICE, S. E. Corner Third and Chestnut Sts., Company's Building. Charter perpetual. Capital, ascertained value of Premiums and Assets, Jan. 1, 1855, $1,210,029 06.
The eminent success which has resulted to this Company arises chiefly from its distinctive and simple plan of operation, combining Stability with Security, Perpetuity and Availability, Annual Dividends, conferring the entire benefit to the assured of all premiums.—Premium payments quarterly, &c
The undersigned has been appointed agent for the above company, in this place, and is prepared to furnish policies at the shortest notice.
JAS. S. McMAHON, Columbia News Depot.
Columbia, June 23, 1855.

Brick of all Kinds.
M. F. MULGREW, Mountville, Lancaster county, manufactures and has constantly for sale, PAVING AND BUILDING BRICK, of best quality, which he will deliver in Columbia, at the lowest rates. Orders solicited.
April 7, 1855-1y

BAR IRON.
THE undersigned are prepared to manufacture and furnish country merchants, with BAR IRON, of every size, and of the best quality.
Orders for any size desired, filled promptly
SMITH, RICHARDS & CO., Rolling Mill, Columbia.
Columbia, April 22, 1855.—tf.

Shaving and Hair-Dressing Saloon.
THE undersigned invites attention to his Saloon, No. 1 Arcade, Walnut st., opposite the Washington Hotel, where all persons can receive a CLEAN AND EASY SHAVE, and have their hair cut and dressed in the most fashionable and exquisite manner.—There is something soothing in a good shave: if any are disposed to doubt it, let them try me, and I will fully demonstrate the fact.
WILLIAM CLEGGETT.
Columbia, March 27, 1852-tf

Gas Fitting.
HIRAM WILSON gives this branch of business particular attention. As he executes all work in this line himself, it will be warranted equal to any in the country, and at as low rates.
Thankful for the patronage with which he has already been favored, he respectfully solicits a continuance of the same. HIRAM WILSON,
One door above Jonas Rumple's Hardware Store.
Columbia, Feb. 24, 1855.

Cedar Ware.
CONSTANTLY on hand, an assortment of Cedar-Ware, to which the attention of housekeepers is invited. HENRY PFAHLER.
Columbia, October 29, 1853

Copy Books.
LATEST fancy of Slates, Pencils, Pens, Ink, &c., of the very best brand, ready at a moment's notice, at McMAHON'S,
Oct. 27, 1855. Columbia Book and News Depot.

FRENCH MERINOES, &c. I have just opened a large assortment of Ladies' Dress Goods, consisting in part of French Merinoes, all shades; French Cashmeres, all shades; Figured and plain De Laines, Parametths, all colors; Chintzes, Calicoes, Ginghams, &c. Also a fine assortment of Sack Velvets and Flannels. Call and see our assortment, as you may rely on getting good and cheap goods.
PHILLIP F. FRY,
Columbia, Oct 6, 1855. Opposite the Bank.

FLANNELS AND BLANKETS.—We are now opening our Fall Stock of Flannels, consisting of Scarlet, White, Yellow, Green, Blue, Twilled Flannels. Also all colors of plain flannels at a great reduction from last year's prices. Blankets all prices, and very cheap. PHILLIP F. FRY.
Oct. 6. Opposite the Bank.

FARR & THOMPSON'S justly celebrated Commercial and other Gold Pens—the best in the market—just received. P. SHREINER.
Columbia, April 28, 1855.

WHY should any person do without a Clock, when they can be had for $1,50 and upwards, at SHRIGINER'S!
Columbia, April 28, 1855.

SAPONIFIER, or Concentrated Lye, for making Soap. 1 lb. is sufficient for one barrel of Soft Soap, or 10lb. for 9 lbs. Hard Soap. Full directions will be given at the Counter for making Soft, Hard and Fancy Soaps. For sale by R. WILLIAMS.
Columbia, March 31, 1855.

DRUGS, Medicines and Perfumery, by wholesale and retail. I have just received from the Cities of Philadelphia and Baltimore, a large stock additional to my former stock, with a general variety of other goods kept in Drug Stores, which I am determined to dispose of at the most reasonable prices.
Persons desiring to purchase will do well by calling on the subscriber R. WILLIAMS,
Front street, Columbia Pa.
Columbia, March 31, 1855.

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral and Cathartic Pills—We have just received a fresh supply, direct from the manufacturer. Call at the Family Medicine Store, and procure the genuine article.
Columbia, October 20, 1855.

BIBLES, Prayer and Hymn Books, of all denominations, beautiful and varied. Just received and for sale at McMAHON'S.
December 22, 1855.

ALMANACS.—The great depot of English fashion and folly is fully unfolded in a work of this title just out and for sale cheap, at
October 27, 1855. McMAHON'S.

Poetry.

For the Columbia Spy.

STANZAS.

Spangled blossoms, summer's bringing,
Deck no more the prairie plain,
And, alas! the wild bird's singing
Greets the ear no more as then.

Brightest flowers, greenest verdure,
Withered, hang on winter's shrine;
And have gone the birds of summer,
To a more congenial clime.

Fairy clouds, with "silver lining,"
Bask in summer beams no more,
Twilight zephyr's gentle whining,
Through the leafy grove is o'er.

Bleaker clouds, through heaven soaring,
Darken up the wintry sky;
Through the grove the tempest's roaring,
With its cheerless, mournful sigh.

Merry, blithsome sounds of summer,
Chime no more through dell and hill,
And how changed the rippling murmur,
Of the gentle, gliding rill.

Sad and dreary sounds of winter,
Tremble on the sullen air;
And the brook, with muffled murmur,
Moves along its icy lair.

To the scene, in mournful cadence,
Sadly chimes the lonely heart;
Joys agone, in sad remembrance,
Pierce the soul with keen sat dart.

Like a "far-off-wind-harp's" sounding,
Like a distant, gloomy wail,
To the heart with sorrow bounding,
Comes the moaning, wintry gale.

SUMMERVILLE, Ill., 1856. R. S FUNN.

Select Story.

THE RUSSIAN SLAVE.

It was the epoch of the Congress of Vienna, when the fate of half Europe was decided amidst pomps and festivities without a rival in modern history. Tournaments, carousals, masked balls, theatres and operas, horse-racing and gaming, regattas, illuminations, fire-works, everything which the imagination could devise, was employed for the amusement of these "kings taking a holiday." Amid the programme of festivities prepared by the Imperial Committee, there figured a stag-hunt, and the woods in the neighborhood of Schœnbrun were gay with the crowd assembled to witness or participate in the sport. One person alone, elegantly dressed and mounted on a high-bred steed, took no part in the amusement of the day. His eyes were intently fixed on Sir James Railly, an Englishman, noted for his wealth, his eccentricities and his passion for play; he followed him whereever he went, and seemed to wish to attract his attention.

"What does this mean?" said Sir James to himself. "Twice my eyes have encountered this young man, and he has made the same mysterious gesture. I cannot be deceived; it is intended for me?" and he turned his horse's head toward the stranger. The latter, seeing the movement, advanced to meet him.

"Sir," said he, bowing low, "I have had the honor to meet you before."

"Yes," replied the Englishman, who was vainly interrogating his memory; "yes, your face is a creditor which torments me, and which I cannot satisfy by giving him the name he asks for."

"You have never known my name. We met at Moscow."

"In society?"

"No; at the Hotel Sans Souci, and in public places. Pardon me if, with no claim to your notice, I have ventured to accost you at so inopportune an hour. The importance of the motive will, I hope, be some excuse to a mind so generous as yours."

"What can I do for you?" said Railly, in a tone of extreme courtesy, yielding to the sympathetic interest which the pleasing face and manners of the young man had inspired.

"I have come to ask for liberty."

"Of me?"

"Of you."

"Are you not mistaken?" asked Sir James, with some hesitation, not knowing exactly what to make of such a singular demand, "I am Sir James Railly, an Englishman by birth, remarkable for nothing but a love of play."

"And for success in it," cried the young man. "It is my only hope. If I should tell you, sir, it is perhaps reserved for you to rescue a fellow man from an opprobrious condition, to efface from his brow a mark which devotes him to humiliation and scorn, what would you reply?"

"You embarrass me; for I do not see what such an hypothesis can have to do with a gentleman like yourself."

"A gentleman! Yes, by elevation of soul, perhaps also, by education; but not by accident of birth. I am a slave."

"You!" said Railly, with astonishment.

"My name is Swerkof-Feodorwitz, and the estate on which I was born belongs to Prince Gouloubskoff."

"How can I serve you?" asked Railly, extending his hand affectionately to the young man. "I would gladly do more than pity you. But let us go this way," he added, taking the direction of a path which led from the throng; "it is more prudent. You know, perhaps, that the Prince is here."

"Yes; but I could not choose the moment to speak to you. This evening, I believe, the court gives a fete at the Betterburg."

"Yes."

"You will not return to Vienna, for after the fete you are to go to the chateau of Count de Solensk."

"Yes."

"To play there?"

"The whole night, and Gouloubskoff will be there."

"I was well informed." He hesitated a moment and a deep shadow passed over his countenance.

"Is not that the livery of the Prince which I see near us?" asked Sir James.

"It is."

"He cannot be far off. Shall we not avoid meeting him?"

"With all my heart. Not that I fear to be recognized immediately; long years have passed since we met; but I could not exchange ten words with him without exciting remembrances, and all hope would be lost."

"Let us follow this path, then," and putting spurs to their horses they soon found themselves out of sight and hearing of the chase.

"Here," said Sir James, "we are safe from observation."

"Before going farther," resumed the young Russian, "I must ask you to take charge of this," handing him a pocket book. "Within it are bank notes to the amount of a million roubles."

"A million!" exclaimed Railly, surprised out of his usual calm by the amount.

"Take it, sir, I beg of you, and deign to listen to me. My father and I were born on a small estate near the Volga. The estate belonged to Prince Gouloubskoff, the father of the Prince now in Vienna. My father was attached to his person for a long time, and served him with such zeal and devotion, that at his death, he bequeathed him a considerable sum; but unfortunately for our family, he forgot his enfranchisement. My father trafficked in furs with Southern Russia, and being intelligent and energetic, he grew rapidly rich. My education was entrusted to a French emigrant, and to his care I owe all my success, for when I grew up I joined my efforts to those of my father, and extending our operations to the East, I doubled his fortune in the course of a few years. Our positions as serfs excited the solicitude of my friend, the Frenchman, and he urged me to seek an adopted country in the Western world; but, though I ardently desired to withdraw my neck from the yoke of bondage, I could not fly without leaving my poor father a prey to my master's vengeance. If I once left Russia finally, the smallest chastisement for him would be the loss of his property and a return to the rudest labors of slavery. I could not do it. Besides, I nourished a hope which strengthened me each day to await the morrow. I thought that Alexander, who, it was said, was ambitious of the title of regenerator of his country, would associate his name with the abolition of servitude. But all the philanthropy of the Emperor, restrained as it was by the hateful and ridiculous sophistry which dictated the ukase, which forbade the individual sale of the serf; they could only be sold with the estate. I had waited in vain.

"Why did you not try to purchase yourself?"

"It would have been useless. The great Muscovite lords have made a horrible compact, binding themselves not to accept the ransom of a slave. Are you ignorant that a serf of Count Schereметoff offered two million of roubles for his liberty and was pitilessly refused. Yet the Count receives but a small annual tribute from this man; only a few roubles: but these great lords find a cruel pleasure in counting the number of their vassals, and absolutely dependent on their caprice, millionaires, whose fortunes they could ruin at a word. I have borne my hard lot with the fortitude of a Christian. I have sought to forget it in business, travel and deeds of charity; but now my courage fails, for I love—and the woman who accepts me for a husband must accept the chain of slavery."

After a moment's pause, the young Russian resumed: "Prince Gouloubskoff, I have said, possesses an estate on the borders of the Volga. It counts only fifty hearths, yet he will not sell it at any price. But the Prince plays, and play with him is an unbridled passion, for which he will sacrifice everything. In the feverish excitement of this passion, he may be led to risk this estate. If he does so, he may lose. In this village I was born—my father was born there—my family are still there—gain this village for me—Man, Englishman, Christian—under this triple title I put my fate in your hands—you have an unlimited credit over my purse—stake everything—triumph at any price—if fate should be against you, if I must lose everything, and yet remain a slave, I will bless you for having tried to break my chains."

"I accept the task," said Railly.

"This night?"

"No, this night circumstances will not serve. They will play lansquenet. Besides, I have an engagement with O'Bearn. But the day after, I think, a favorable occasion will offer naturally between Gouloubskoff and myself. He will not recoil, I judge, by the temerity he showed yesterday. I will profit by it.

"Thanks! Sir James," said Swerkoff; "and now we must separate. Your friends will seek you. I would avoid meeting them."

Four days after this conference, a dense crowd was collected in one of the gaming halls, around a small table under the rotunda, at which were seated two players. They were Sir James Railly and Prince Gouloubskoff. For two days, these two had been contending for victory—now at lansquenet, now at faro, now at ecarte, and the losses of Railly amounted to 100,000 roubles. The game at present was ecarte, and had been four against four; but the bettors, becoming alarmed, thought it prudent to resume their stakes; they were renewed by the Prince and Railly, and the stake now amounted to the round sum of 80,000 florins.

The cards were shuffled and distributed; the trump card was hearts; they were to be renewed twice.

Fire sparkled in the eyes of the Prince, but those of Railly were impenetrable. It was not a man, but a statue, the expression never changed.

"Hearts!" said the Prince.

"I have it."

"Hearts!" he replied.

"Here it is."

"Hearts!" again.

"Here!"

"Hearts!"

Railly leaned back in his chair, looking with indifference on the table at the heap of gold, to which the hands of the Prince were eagerly extended.

The joy of Bouloubskoff amounted to intoxication; "you will not quit playing, I hope, Sir James," he said, "an Englishman never abandons the field of battle."

"Never, Prince! nor a Russian either. Is it not so?"

"It is a national prejudice with us; but perhaps you would like to change the game. Will faro for two suit you?"

"Faro let it be."

The two adversaries entered the list again. The Prince held the bank and gained 20,000 roubles. His good fortune seemed fatality itself. Yet the perfect calmness of the Englishman was not less astonishing. He pursued his object with the impassibility of his compatriots before the French batallions at Waterloo, when Wellington, seeing his soldiers fall one after the other, took his watch and said: "They die at so many a minute; I have yet such a number of men; it will be an hour before the last one falls; Blucher will have time to arrive; the victory is mine!"

Railly dealt in his turn. This time fortune passed over to his side. He gained. He doubled his stake, and gained again.—He had just gathered up 80,000 roubles, when he announced that he had tripled his stake.

The Prince was too good a player to recoil. Railly still gained. Gouloubskoff still played on, till he had exhausted all the gold and notes at his disposal. He then proposed to play on credit, chalking the stakes upon the table. Railly accepted and gained three times in succession.

"By St. George," he cried, "I have gained 900,000 roubles."

"I congratulate you," said the Prince, with a nervous contraction of the countenance. He began to suffer.

"You will not quit playing, I hope, Prince. A Russian never abandons the field of battle."

"Never, Sir James, I've told you. But shall we change game? Let us go into the garden. You have a reputation as a marksman; suppose we try a shot."

Railly, who saw the feverish agitation of his companion, readily accepted. Besides, custom required that he should be at the disposal of his adversary.

In a moment the hall was empty.

"What shall be the stake, Sir James?"

"Two hundred thousand roubles."

"Agreed, but I have no more gold; and I must not exhaust my credit at the bank of Vienna, which is quite indispensable to me."

"Then I will wager 200,000 roubles against one of your estates."

"Do you wish to become a Muscovite proprietor?"

"It is a mere whim, like any other."

"And one which I am not disposed to thwart. I have something of that value near Moscow. It is on the declivity of a hill, from which you can see admirably the yet smoking ruins of the holy city. I have also one at two miles from Vologda."

Railly shrugged his shoulders. "It is too cold," he said.

"Ah! then I have something else which may suit you, a charming little village near the Volga."

"Here goes for the Volga, then. And you estimate this property——"

"At something more than 200,000 roubles."

"Then I add 50,000 to my stake."

"Agreed; but I have not the title-deeds here."

"Pen, ink, and paper can supply them."

Writing materials were brought, and the Prince engaged in writing to transfer to Sir James, if he were the winner, the title of his domain upon the Volga.

The bet was to be decided by ten shots. They drew lots for the first fire, and the Prince won, and took his place.

About seventy feet before him were placed, in a circular line, five small cages, twelve feet apart, each containing a pigeon. Cords were attached to the trap-doors which closed the cages, and were sufficiently long to reach the spot where the marksmen stood, which was called the post.

These cords, by the rule of the game, were to be placed in the hands of the adverse party, who always stood behind the marksman; and, while the latter had his eye intently fixed upon the cords, his antagonist was permitted to agitate them, and to feign to pull before doing so; thus it was impossible to foresee on which side the shot was to be directed, yet it was necessary to aim quickly, for the bird, from its love of liberty, departs instantly and with an energetic wing.

You might have heard a pin fall upon the turf when Railly and the Prince had taken their position, and the signal was given. The cords were agitated, and a door fell on the left. The Prince turned his weapon in that direction and fired.

'Down!' cried distinctly the voice of the official.

The same stillness prevailed, when it was Sir James' turn to fire. The trap fell. The shot followed instantly.

'Down!' exclaimed the voice again.

'Did you say, Prince, that this estate borders on the Volga?'

'From the balcony of the house, you can see the course of the river!'

An explosion was heard.

'Down!' said the same voice.

'There are magnificent plantations of young trees, grouped with infinite art. Delicious fruits, fine peaches.'

'That is my favorite fruit.'

'Down!'

The strife continued, with success on both sides, till the sixth shot, when Railly failed.

'Missed!' said the crier.

At the eighth trial, the Prince having failed and Railly succeeded, and they were again equal, the two sportsmen took a moment for repose.

The Prince again took his place, fired and missed.

Railly was more fortunate. The bet was approaching its solution.

What passed then in the souls of the Prince and Sir James? It was a mystery beyond human intuition. To some the approach of an important event is announced by low inward voices; To others presentiments seem mere follies and chimeras. But it was remarked that, when the Prince took his carbine again, it was without a word, without display, without the haughty look which was natural to him.

He fired. The bird which had flown in a straight line, suddenly turned.

'Wounded!' said some.

'Dead!' said others.

'No, no!' cried several voices.

Every eye was fixed upon it; but it mounted, its flight became stronger, and it disappeared, while Railly calmly whistled "God save the King!"

Railly having killed the ninth bird, the bet was decided by a single shot, for the Prince failed again.

The two adversaries were superb at this moment, each in his fashion; the Prince by his courage which raised him above his loss, and Railly by the deep, concentrated joy which he felt in thinking of the serious consequences of his success. They extended their hands to each other, and separated the best friends in the world. It was an incident of sportsman life, which might have its counterpart to-morrow.

Fifteen days passed. The act of cession first made out in the name of Railly, then transferred to that of Feodorwitz, was fully authenticated, and Sir James quitted Vienna.

He attempted to restore the million roubles, which was entrusted to him, not wishing to profit by what, he said, was chance; but he could not resist the entreaty of the ransomed serf. Feodorwitz forced him to accept it, inscribing upon the pocket book these words;

'To the free man who has made me free.'

Miscellaneous.

SCENE AT THE BRITISH COURT

On the Recognition of American Independence.

Soon after my arrival in England, having received at the Insurance office, one hundred guineas, on the event of relieving Gibraltar, and dining the same day with Copely, the distinguished painter, who is a Bostonian by birth, I determined to devote the sum to a portrait of myself. The painting was finished in most admirable style, except the back-ground, in which Copely designed to represent a ship bearing to America the intelligence of the acknowledgement of Independence, with a sun just rising upon the stripes of the Union, streaming from her gaff. All was complete save the flag, which Copely did not esteem prudent to hoist under present circumstances, as his gallery is a constant resort of the royal family and the nobility.

I dined with the artist on the glorious fifth of December, 1782, after listening with him to the speech of the King, formally recieving and recognizing the United States of America as one of the nations of the earth. Previous to dining, and immediately after our return from the House of Lords, he invited me into his studio, and there, with a bold hand—a master touch—and an American heart, attached to the ship the *stars and stripes.* This was, I imagine, *the first American flag hoisted in old England, on canvas!*

At an early hour, on the fifth of December, 1782, in conformity with previous arrangement, I was conducted by the Earl of Ferrers to the very door. He whispered, "get as near the throne as you can; fear nothing." I did so, and found myself exactly in front of it, elbow to elbow with the celebrated Admiral Lord Howe. The lords were promiscuously standing as I entered. It was a dark and foggy day, the windows being elevated; and constructed in the antiquated style, with leaden bars to contain the diamond-cut panes of glass, augmented the gloom. The walls were hung with dark tapestry, representing the defeat of the Spanish Armada. I had the pleasure of recognizing in the crowd of spectators, Copely, and West, the painter, with some American ladies. I also noticed some dejected American royalists in the group. After waiting two hours, the approach of the King was announced by a tremendous roar of artillery. He entered by a small door on the left of the throne, and immediately seated himself upon the chair of state, in graceful attitude, with his right foot resting upon a stool. He was clothed in royal robes. Apparently agitated, he drew from his pocket the scroll containing his speech. The Commons were summoned, and after the bustle of their entrance had subsided, he proceeded to read his speech.

I was near the King, and watched, with intense interest, every tone of his voice and every emotion of his countenance. It was a moment of thrilling and dignified exultation. After some general and usual remarks he continued, "I lost no time in giving the necessary orders to prohibit the further prosecution of offensive war upon the continent of North America. Adopting, as my inclination will always lead me to do, with decision and effect, whatever I collect to be the sense of my parliament and my people, I have pointed all my views and measures in Europe, as in North America, to the entire and cordial reconciliation with the Colonies. Finding it indispensable to the attainment of this object, I did not hesitate to go to the full length of the powers vested in me, and offer to declare them." Here he paused, and was in evident agitation, either embarrassed in reading his address by the darkness of the room, or effected by a very *natural emotion.* In a moment he resumed: "And offer to declare them free and independent States. In thus admitting their separation from the crown of these kingdoms, I have sacrificed every consideration of my own to the wishes and opinions of my people. I make it my humble and ardent prayer to Almighty God, that Great Britain may not feel the evils which might result from so great a dismemberment of the Empire, and that America may be free from the calamities which have formerly proved in the mother country, how essential monarchy is to the enjoyment of constitutional liberty. Religion, language, interest and affection may, and I hope will, yet prove a bond of permanent union between the two countries."

It is remarked that George III. is celebrated for reading his speeches in a distinct, free and impressive manner. On this occasion he was evidently embarrassed; he hesitated, choked, and executed the painful duties of the occasion with an ill grace that does not belong to him. I cannot adequately portray my sensations in the progress of this address. Every artery beat high, and swelled with my American blood! It was impossible not to revert to the opposite shores of the Atlantic, and not to review, in my mind's eye, the misery and woe I had myself witnessed in several stages of the wide-spread desolation, resulting from the stubbornness of this very King, now so prostrate, but who had turned a deaf ear to our humble and importunate petitions for relief. Leaving the House, I jostled Copely and West, who, I thought, were enjoying the rich political repast of the day and noticing the special [illegible] depicted on the long visages of our American Tories.—*Personal Recollections of Elkanah Watson.*

I HAVE NO TIME TO READ.

The idea about the want of time is a mere phantom. Franklin found time in the midst of all his labors to dive into the hidden recess of all his philosophy, and explore the untrodden path of science. The great Frederick, with an empire at his direction, in the midst of war, on the eve of battles which were to decide the fate of his kingdom, found time to revel in the charms of philosophy and intellectual pleasures.—Bonaparte, with all Europe at his disposal, with kings in his ante-chamber begging for vacant thrones, with thousands of men whose destinies were suspended by the brittle thread of his arbitrary pleasure, had time to converse with books. Cæsar, when he had curbed the spirits of the Roman people, and was thronged with visitors from the remotest kingdoms, found time for intellectual conversation. Every man has time; if he is careful to improve it as well as he might, he can reap a three-fold reward.—Let mechanics make use of the hours at their disposal, if they want to obtain a proper influence in society. They can if they please, hold in their hands the destinies of our Republic; they are numerous, respectable and powerful; and they have only to be educated half as well as other professions, to make laws for the nation.

☞ Stop that boy! A cigar in his mouth, a swagger in his walk, impudence in his face, a care-for-nothingness in his manner. Judging from his demeanor, he is older than his father, wiser than his teacher, more honored than the Mayor of the town, higher than the President. Stop him! he is going too fast. He don't see himself as others see him. He don't know his speed. Stop him ere tobacco shatter his nerves; ere pride ruins his character: ere the loafer master the man; ere good ambition and manly strength give way to low pursuits and brutish aims. Stop all such boys! They are legion, the shame of their families, the disgrace of their town, the sad and solemn reproach of themselves.

☞ A colored servant sweeping out a hotel boarder's room, found a sixpence which he carried to its owner.

'You may keep it for your honesty,' said he.

Shortly after he lost a gold pencil case and inquired of the servant if he had seen it.

'Yes, sah' said the darkey.

'What did you do with it?'

'I keep him for my honesty,' said the darkey with entire simplicity.

☞ When you meet with neglect, let it rouse you to exertion instead of mortifying your pride. Set about lessening those defects which expose to neglect; and improve those excellencies which command attention and respect. The world may not love you, but they cannot withhold their respect, when you continue to deserve it.

☞ Genius is the gold in the mine: talent is the miner who brings it out.

Sunday Reading.

"I DREAM NOT OF JOY."

I dream not of joys, or perfection of bliss,
Or of happiness pure, 'mid a scene such as this;
In a land intermix'd so with sunshine and cloud,
The robe of the bride—with the sepulchre shroud.

Where poverty moping, bewilder'd and drear,
Is jostled by wealth, or some haughty one's sneer;
Where the mean and the liberal join in their way,
And the sad and the sorrowing mix with the gay.

Where ignorance, rolling in riches, hastes on,
With a frown at your lowly, intelligent one;
Where a smile from a lordling can cheer the sad heart,
Or his scowl can bid *all* from the bosom depart.

Where worth lies low humbled, near villany's court,
Where the vicious are flattered—the pious a sport;
Where fraud flaunts in satins—the honest in rags,
And the poor hugs his tatters—the miser his bags.

"I would not live always"—nor linger for aye,
In a land mix'd with roses and thorns all the way;
Where oppression triumphant usurps the control,
Not alone of the body—but chains, too, the soul.

More than dream I, of lands far uplifted above,
E'en the land of the sinless—the "Eden of love;"—
The pure seats of bliss, far removed from the land,
Where virtue stoops lowly, where vice stalks so bland.

Where Spring is eternal, where Winter ne'er frowns,
And the great one, his long banished object now owns;
Who are freed from all—unmoved by alarms,
Are sheltered secure by Omnipotent arms.

BE CHEERFUL.

I once heard a young lady say to an individual, "Your countenance to me is like the rising sun, for it always gladdens me with a cheerful look." A cheerful countenance was one of the things which Jeremy Taylor said his enemies could not take away from him. There are some persons who spend their lives in the world as they would spend their lives if shut up in a dungeon. Everything is made gloomy and forbidding. They go mourning and complaining from day to day that they have so little, and are constantly anxious, lest what little they have should escape out of their hands. They look always on the dark side, and can never enjoy the good that is present for the evil that is to come. This is not religion. Religion makes the heart cheerful, and when its large and benevolent principles are exercised, man will be happy in spite of himself.

The industrious bee does not stop to complain that there are so many poisonous flowers and thorny branches in its road; but buzzes on, selecting his honey where can find it, and passing quietly by the places where it is not. There is enough in this world to complain about and find fault with, if men have the disposition. We often travel on a hard and uneven road, but with [illegible] for his mercies, we may walk therein with comfort, and come to the end of our journey in peace.

PERSONAL DEVOTION.

No Christian can be comfortable or prosperous without retirement. Popular ministers may preach, converse, or pray in company, to the edyfying of others, and yet decline in their own souls for want of self-examination, humiliation, and secret prayer, suited immediately *to their own case.* Nay, the most able preachers will generally cease to be very useful, if their personal religion is neglected, or hurried over in a formal manner. This the fervent Christian knows. He will, therefore, redeem time for retirement at the expense of many inconveniences; and the friends of popular ministers should this, and not too much intrude upon the regular and needful hours for retirement of those persons in whose company they most delight. In prosecuting the work of God, our own inclinations, and those of our beloved friends, must often be thwarted; we must not "spend our time" with them when duty calls us another way, or when a prospect is before us of doing more essential good.—*Thomas Scott.*

WORTH PRESERVING.

Master your passions, or they will master you.

Waste nothing; neither money, time nor talent.

Let every thing have its place, and every business its time.

Omit no duty, commit no unkindness.

Obey promptly that you may learn to command.

Keep the body perfectly pure, as an indication of purity of the mind within.

Resolve to perform what you ought; perform what you resolve.

Eat not to dullness; drink not to elevation.

Speak the truth, or be silent.

Be courteous, be charitable—in honor preferring one to another.

If you can say nothing good of one, say say nothing at all.

Without application, the finest talents are worthless; and with application they may be valuable.

POVERTY OF SPIRIT.

A man must be emptied of himself, in order that he may be filled with the blessing of the gospel. He must become poor in spirit, in order that he may become rich in faith and a partaker of the kingdom of heaven. Blessed, therefore, is the man who thinks meanly of himself, and highly of his Maker and Redeemer. Blessed is the man who walks humbly with his God, and is also humble towards his fellow-creatures. Blessed is the man who both feels and manifests this poverty of spirit. This temper may not exalt him in the eye of the world, but it is the temper befitting his condition—it is a temper honorable to God, and truly beneficial to his fellow-creatures. It is the temper which Christ has pronounced to be characteristic of the Christian.—*Thornton.*

☞ Prayer was not invented; it was born with the first sight, the first sorrow of the human heart; or, rather, man was born to pray; to glorify God, or to implore him, was his only mission here below; all else perishes before him or with him; but the cry of glory or admiration, or of love which breathes towards the Creator, does not perish on its passing from the earth; it reascends, it resounds from age to age, in the ear of the Almighty, like the reflection of his own magnificence. It is the only thing in man which is wholly divine, and which he can [illegible] and pride in homage to [illegible] age alone is due—the infinite [illegible] being.