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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H. M. NORTH,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Columbia, Pa.
Collections, promptly made, in Lancaster and York Counties.
Columbia, May 4, 1850.

SAMUEL EVANS,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE. Office in the Odd Fellows' Hall, Second street, Columbia, Pa.
Columbia, August 25, 1855.

J. C. RISLEY, M. D.,
OFFICE in Walnut, third door above Commerce street, residence, Black's Hotel, Front st.
Columbia, July 14, 1855-tf

J. E. BACHENBERG,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Columbia, Penn'a. Office in Locust street, four doors above Front.
Columbia, May 15, 1852.

M. L. LAUBER, M. D.
OFFICE, in Herr's Hotel, three doors above Front street, on Walnut. Residence, Herr's Hotel.
Columbia, December 29, 1855-3m*

Dr. WM. M. LOAG, Dentist.
OFFICE and residence in Locust street, next to the Franklin House, Columbia, Pa. [April 14, 1855-1y]

DAVIES E. BRUNER, J. P.,
ATTORNEY AT LAW AND CONVEYANCER, offers his services to the citizens of Columbia, and assures them that he will attend with promptitude to all business entrusted to his care. Office—Locust street, between Second and Third. Residence—South side Second street, 2nd door below Union.
Columbia, January 13, 1855-1y

SAMUEL LODGE,
Daguerrean Artist,
Corner Front & Locust sts., Columbia, Pa.
Pictures taken for 25 cents
And upwards, and satisfaction guaranteed.
☞ No Picture need be taken from the Gallery unless it is such as is really desired.
Columbia, March 31, 1855.

B. F. APPOLD & CO.,
GENERAL FORWARDING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS, RECEIVERS OF
COAL AND PRODUCE,
And Deliverers on any point on the Columbia and Philadelphia Railroad, to York and Baltimore and to Pittsburg;
DEALERS IN COAL, FLOUR AND GRAIN, WHISKY AND BACON, have just received a large lot of Monongahela Rectified Whiskey, from Pittsburg, of which they will keep a supply constantly on hand, at low prices. Nos. 4 and 6 Canal Basin.
Columbia, January 27, 1854.

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 ly

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 28, 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; Paramattas, 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.
PHILIP 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. PHILIP F. FRY,
Oct. 6. Opposite the Bank.

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

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

SAPONIFIER, or Concentrated Lye, for making Soap. 1 lb. is sufficient for one barrel of Soft Soap, or 1lb. 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 McMAHON'S.
October 27, 1855.

MONEY WANTED,
IN SUMS OF $500, and upwards, for one year or more, secured by mortgage of judgment on real estate. Apply at this office.
Columbia, January 12, 1856-tt

REAL ESTATE.
THE undersigned has several VALUABLE DWELLING HOUSES, which he will sell on very reasonable terms.
Jan. 19, 1856-3t H. M. NORTH.

Estate of Henry D. Brown, dec'd.

LETTERS of Administration to the estate of Henry D. Brown, deceased, late of the borough of Columbia, Lancaster county, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate, are requested to make immediate payment and those having claims, will present them, duly authenticated, for settlement to
JAMES HOLLINGSWORTH,
A. R. DORSEY, Administrators
december 29, 1855-6t

The Greatest Medical Discovery OF THE AGE.
DR. KENNEDY, of Roxbury, has discovered in one of our *common pasture weeds* a remedy that cures
EVERY KIND OF HUMOR,
from the worst scrofula down to a common pimple.
He has tried it in over 1100 cases, and never failed except in two cases, (both thunder humor.) He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its virtue, all within twenty miles of Boston.
Two bottles are warranted to cure a nursing sore mouth.
One to three bottles will cure the worst kind of Pimples on the face.
Two to three bottles will clear the system of Biles.
Two bottles are warranted to cure the worst canker in the mouth and stomach.
Three to five bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of Erysipelas.
One to two bottles are warranted to cure all humor in the Eyes.
Two bottles are warranted to cure running of the ears and blotches among the hair.
Four to six bottles are warranted to cure corrupt and running ulcers.
One bottle will cure scaly eruption of the skin.
Two to three bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of ringworm.
Two to three bottles are warranted to cure the most desperate case of rheumatism.
Three to five bottles are warranted to cure the salt rheum.
Five to eight bottles will cure the worst case of scrofula.
A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the above quantity is taken.
Reader, I peddled over a thousand bottles of this in the vicinity of Boston. I know the effect of it in every case. So sure as water will extinguish fire, so sure will this cure humor. I never sold a bottle of it but that I sold another; after a trial it always speaks for itself. There are two things about this herb that appear to me surprising; first that it grows in our pastures, in some places quite plentiful, and yet its value has never been known until I discovered it in 1846—second, that it should cure all kinds of humor.
In order to give some idea of the sudden rise and great popularity of the discovery, I will state that in April, 1853, I peddled it and sold about six bottles per day—in April, 1854, I sold over one thousand bottles per day of it.
Some of the wholesale Druggists who have been in business twenty and thirty years, say that nothing in the annals of patent medicines was ever like it.—There is a universal praise of it from all quarters.
In my own practice I always kept it strictly for humors—but since its introduction as a general family medicine, great and wonderful virtues have been found in it that I never suspected.
Several cases of epileptic fits—a disease which was always considered incurable, have been cured by a few bottles. O, what a mercy if it will prove effectual in all cases of that awful malady—there are but few who have seen more of it than I have.
I know of several cases of dropsy, all of them good people, cured by it. Fearful cases of disease of the Liver, Skin, Stomach, Dyspepsia, Asthma, Fever and Ague, Pain in the Side, Diseases of the Spine, and particularly in diseases of the Kidneys, &c., the discovery has done more good than any medicine ever known.
No change of diet ever necessary—eat the best you get and enough of it.
DIRECTIONS FOR USE.—Adults one table spoonfull per day—Children over ten years, dessert spoonfull—Children from five to eight years, tea spoonfull. As no directions can be applicable to all constitutions, take sufficient to operate on the bowels twice a day.
Manufactured by DONALD KENNEDY, No. 120 Warren street, Roxbury, Mass. Price $1,00.
Wholesale Agents, New York city, C. V. Clickner, 81 Barclay street; C. H. Ring, 192 Broadway; Rushton & Clark, 275 Broadway; A. B. & D. Sands, 100 Fulton street.
Sold in Rochester by J. Bryan & Co., Wholesale Agents, No 112 State street, also, by L. Post & Co.
GENERAL AGENTS FOR PENNSYLVANIA.—T. W. Dyott & Sons.
For sale in Columbia by R. Williams, M'Corkle & Dellett, and W. J. Shireman.
April 28, 1855-1y.

J. B. STAFFORD'S OLIVE TAR.
TO cure diseases of the Throat and Lungs,
Olive Tar is applied and inhaled.
To cure diseases of the Nerves, Muscles and Joints, Olive Tar is applied.
Olive Tar mixed with Mutton Tallow forms an ointment which speedily and radically cures every disease of the skin.
Olive Tar can be applied to the most feeble person, or to the tenderest infant without danger.
The Magical Curative Power of Olive Tar is due to Electricity.
The Electrical Effect of Olive Tar is to expel disease, and not to drive it in; to relieve in all cases, and to cure all who are not beyond hope.
Pain cannot exist where Olive Tar, or Olive Tar Ointment is applied.
Olive Tar does not irritate, nor discolor the skin.
Olive Tar contains neither a mineral, nor vegetable poison.
The principal ingredients in Olive Tar are extracted from Pitch Pine Tar and Olive Oil.
Olive Tar is an oily fluid, slightly volatile.
The Odor of Olive Tar is Ozone, (Electrified Oxygen,) the most perfect disinfectant known.
Olive Tar is Aromatic, combining the agreeable odors of the Olive and Pine.
For Inhaling the Odor of Olive Tar, or for preventing Contagion or Infection, either of the following methods, (according to circumstances,) may be adopted:
1st. Wearing next to the body an Oiled Silk Plaster medicated with Olive Tar.
2nd. Wearing an Oiled Silk Open Bag in which is placed a piece of Woolen Cloth wet with Olive Tar.
3d. Placing a small quantity of Olive Tar in a saucer over heated water.
4th. Wetting a sponge with Olive Tar, and suspending it in a warm room.
The Odor of Olive Tar needs but to be perceptible to be effective, either for Inhalation, or as a Disinfectant.
Diseases of the Throat, Lungs, Nerves, Muscles, and Joints, will be much sooner relieved and cured, if the Oiled Silk Plaster is used in connexion with Olive Tar.
Price of Olive Tar, 50 cents a bottle.
" Olive Tar Ointment, 25 " "
" Oiled Silk Plaster, 25 " "
A pamphlet with full explanations, will be sent, free of post age, on receipt six cents or stamps, by the
STAFFORD OLIVE TAR CO.,
Nos. 22 and 24 New St., New York,
Sold in Columbia, by R. WILLIAMS, Druggist.
November 3, 1855.

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, $1,240,629 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, convertible in cash, or appropriated to the payment of 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.

Dissolution.

THE PARTNERSHIP existing under the name and firm of COTTRELL & DILLER, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. All persons indebted to the late firm will make payment to J. W. COTTRELL, and those having claims against the same will present them to him for settlement.
J. W. COTTRELL,
Columbia, April 14, 1855. GEO. J. DILLER.

THE subscriber returns his thanks to his friends and customers for the liberal patronage heretofore extended to him, and hopes by strict attention to business to have a continuance of the same.
J. W. COTTRELL.
Columbia, April 14, 1855. [Ap. 21-tf

LIME FOR SALE.
THE subscriber takes this method to inform the public, that he is prepared to furnish the
BEST QUALITY OF LIME,
in quantities to suit purchasers, at the shortest notice. This Lime is particularly adapted for plastering and white-washing. It will be delivered if desired.
JOHN ELWIN.
February 24, 1855-tf Wrightsville, York county.

FOR SALE,
50 TONS No. 3 PIG IRON. For terms, &c., apply to HENRY PFAHLER.
Columbia, October 20, 1855-tf

Poetry.

A THOUGHT SUGGESTED BY THE NEW YEAR.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

The more we live, more brief appear,
Our life's succeeding stages;
A day to childhood seems a year,
And years, like passing ages.

The gladsome current of our youth,
Ere passion yet disorders,
Steals, lingering, like a river smooth
Along its grassy borders.

But as the care-worn cheek grows wan,
And sorrow's shafts fly thicker,
Ye stars that measure life to man!
Why seem your courses quicker!

When joys have lost their bloom and breath,
And life itself is vapid,
Why, as we reach the falls of death,
Feel we its tide more rapid?

It may be strange; yet who would change
Time's course to slower speeding,
When, one by one, our friends have gone,
And left our bosoms bleeding?

Heaven gives our years of fading strength
Indemnifying fleetness;
And those of youth a *seeming length*,
Proportioned to their sweetness.

Miscellaneous.

DR. KANE.

A SKETCH, BY DR. WILLIAM ELDER.

When a man's life is heroic, and his name has passed into history, the world wants to know him personally, intimately. The "grave and reverend chronicler," passing over his beginnings, presents him abruptly in his full-grown greatness; men render the admiration earned, but the sympathetic emulation awakened is concerned to know how he grew into his maturity of excellence. This curiosity is not an idleness of the fancy, but a personal interest in the facts that springs out of those aspirations which put every man upon the fulfilment of his own destiny. How came this man to excel—what was in him—what happened to develop it? "Some men are born great; some achieve greatness; some have greatness thrust upon upon them." How came this man by it?—Is it within my reach also? and, by what means? History provokes us with such queries as these: Biography answers them.

Dr. Elisha Kent Kane is not quite thirty-four years old, yet he has done more than circumnavigate the globe; he has visited and traversed India, Africa, Europe, South America, the islands of the Pacific, and twice penetrated the Arctic region to the highest latitude attained by civilized man. He has encountered the extremest perils of sea and land, in every climate of the globe; he has discharged in turn the severest duties of the soldier and the seaman; attached to the United States Navy as a surgeon, he is, nevertheless, engaged at one time in the coast survey of the tropical ocean, and in a month or two, we find him exploring the frigid zone; and all the while that his personal experiences had the character of romantic adventure, he was pushing them in the spirit of scientific and philanthropic enterprise.

As a boy, his instinctive bent impelled him to the indulgence and enjoyment of such adventures as were best fitted to train him for the work before him. His collegiate studies suffered some postponement while his physical qualities pressed for their necessary training and discipline. It was almost in the spirit of truancy that he explored the Blue Mountains of Virginia, as a student of geology, under the guidance of Professor Rodgers, and cultivated, at once, his hardihood of vital energy and those elements of natural science which were to qualify him for his after services in the field physical geography. But, in due time he returned to the pursuit of literature, and achieved the usual honors, as well as though his college studies had suffered no diversion—his muscles and nerves were educated, and his brain lost nothing by the indirectness of its developement, but was rather corroborated for all the uses which it has served since. He graduated at the University of Pennsylvania—first, in its collegiate, and afterwards, in its medical department.—His special relishes in study indicated his natural drift: chemistry and surgery; natural science in its most intimate converse with substance, and the remedial art in its most heroic function. He went out from his *Alma Mater* a good classical scholar, a good chemist, mineralogist, astronomer, and surgeon. But he lacked, or thought he lacked, robustness of frame and soundness of health. He solicited an appointment in the navy, and upon his admission, demanded active service. He was appointed upon the diplomatic staff as surgeon to the first American Embassy to China. This position gave him opportunity to explore the Phillippine islands, which he effected mainly on foot. He was the first man who descended into the crater of Tael; lowered more than a hundred feet by a bamboo rope from the overhanging cliff, and clambering down some seven hundred more through the scoriæ, he made a topographical sketch of the interior of this great volcano, collected a bottle of sulphurous acid from the very mouth of the crater; and, although he was drawn up almost senseless, he brought with him his portrait of this hideous cavern, and the specimens which it afforded.

Before he returned from this trip, he had ascended the Himalayas, and triangulated Greece, on foot; he had visited Ceylon, the Upper Nile, and all the mythologic region of Egypt; traversing the route, and making the acquaintance of the learned Lepsius, who was then prosecuting his archæological researches.

At home again when the Mexican war broke out, he was ordered to be removed from the Philadelphia Navy Yard to the field of a more congenial service; but the government sent him to the coast of Africa. Here he visited the slave factories, from Cape Mount to the river Benin, and through the infamous Da Souza, gained access to the barracoons of Dahomey, and contracted, besides, the Coast Fever, from the effects of which he has never entirely recovered.

From Africa he returned before the close of the Mexican war, and believing that his constitution was broken, and his health rapidly going, he called upon President Polk, and demanded an opportunity for service that might crowd the little remnant of his life with achievements in keeping with his ambition; the President, just then embarrassed by a temporary non-intercourse with General Scott, charged the Doctor with despatches to the General, of great moment and urgency, which must be carried through a region occupied by the enemy. This embassy was marked by an adventure so romantic, and so illustrative of the character of the man, that we are tempted to detail it.

On his way to the Gulf he secured a horse in Kentucky, such as a knight errant would have chosen for the companion and sharer of his adventures. Landed at Vera Cruz, he asked for an escort to convey him to the capitol, but the officer in command had no troopers to spare—he must wait, or he must accept, instead, a band of ruffian Mexicans, called the Spy Company, who had taken to the business of treason and trickery for a livelihood. He accepted them, and went forward. Near Puebla his troop encountered a body of Mexicans escorting a number of distinguished officers to Orizaba, among whom were Major General Gaona, Governor of Puebla; his son, Maximilian, and General Torejon, who commanded the brilliant charge of horse at Buena Vista. The surprise was mutual, but, the Spy Company had the advantage of the ground. At the first instant of the discovery, and before the rascals fully comprehended their involvement, the Doctor shouted in Spanish, "Bravo! the capital adventure, Colonel, form your line for the charge!" and down they went upon the enemy; Kane and his gallant Kentucky charger, ahead. [illegible] principle that sends [illegible] a plant, and that the momentum of a body is its weight multiplied by its velocity, he dashed through the opposing force, and turning to engage after breaking their line, he found himself fairly surrounded, and two of the enemy giving him their special attention. One of these was disposed of in an instant by rearing his horse, who, with a blow of his fore foot, floored his man; and wheeling suddenly, the Doctor gave the other a sword wound, which opened the external iliac artery, and put him *hors de combat*. This subject of the Doctor's military surgery was the young Maximilian. The brief melee terminated with a cry from the Mexicans, "We surrender." Two of the officers made a dash for an escape; the Doctor pursued them, but soon gave up the chase. When he returned, he found his ruffians preparing to massacre the prisoners. As he galloped past the young officer whom he had wounded, he heard him cry, "Senor, save my father." A group of the guerrilla guards were dashing upon the Mexicans, huddled together, with their lances in rest. He threw himself before them—one of them transfixed his horse, another gave him a severe wound in the groin. He killed the first-lieutenant, wounded the second-lieutenant, and blew a part of the colonel's beard off with the last charge of his six shooter; then grappling with him, and using his fists, he brought the party to terms. The lives of the prisoners were saved and the Doctor received their swords. As soon as General Gaona could reach his son, who lay at a little distance from the scene of the last struggle, the Doctor found him sitting by him, receiving his last adieus.—Shifting the soldier and resuming the surgeon, he secured the artery, and put the wounded man in condition to travel. The ambulance got up for the occasion, contained at once the wounded Maximilian, the wounded second-lieutenant, and the man that had prepared them for slow traveling, himself on his litter, from the lance wound received in defence of his prisoners! When they reached Puebla, the Doctor's wound proved the worst in the party. He was taken to the government house, but the old General, in gratitude for his generous services, had him conveyed to his own house.—General Childs, American commander at Puebla, hearing of the generosity of his prisoner, discharged him without making any terms, and the old general became the principal nurse of his captor and benefactor, dividing his attention between him and his son, who lay wounded in an adjoining room.—This illness of our hero was long and doubtful, and he was reported dead to his friends at home.

When he recovered and returned, he was employed in the Coast Survey. While engaged in this service, the government, by its correspondence with Lady Franklin, became committed for an attempt at the rescue of Sir John and his ill-starred companions in Arctic discovery. Nothing could be better addressed to the Doctor's governing sentiments than this adventure. The enterprise of Sir John ran exactly in the current of one of his own enthusiasms—the service of natural science combined with heroic personal effort; and, added to this, that sort of patriotism which charges itself with its own full share in the execution of national engagements of honor; and besides this cordial assumption of his country's debts and duties, there was no little force in the appeal of a nobly brave spirited woman to the chivalry of the American navy.

He was "bathing in the tepid waters of the Gulf of Mexico, on the 12th of May, 1850," when he received his telegraphic order to proceed forthwith to New York, for duty upon the Arctic expedition. In nine days from that date he was beyond the limits of the United States on his dismal voyage to the North Pole. Of this first American expedition, as is well known to the public, he was the surgeon, the naturalist, and the historian. It returned disappointed of its main object, after a winter in the regions of eternal ice and a fifteen month's absence.

Scarcely allowing himself a day to recover from the hardships of this cruise, he set on foot the second attempt, from which he has returned, after verifying by actual observation the long questioned existence of an open sea beyond the latitude of 82°, and beyond the temperature, also, of 100° below the freezing point. His "Personal Narrative," published early in 1853, recounts the adventures of the first voyage, and discovers his diversified qualifications for such an enterprise.

The last voyage occupied two winters in the highest latitudes, and two years and a half of uninterrupted labor, with the risks and responsibilities attendant. He is now preparing the history for publication. But that part of it which best reports his own personal agency, and would most justly present the man to the reader, will of course be suppressed. We would gladly supply it, but as yet this is impossible to us. His journal is private property, the extracts which we may expect will be only too shy of egotism, and his companions have not spoken yet, as some day they will speak, of his conduct throughout the terrible struggles which together they endured.

To form anything like an adequate estimate of this last achievement, it is to be recollected that his whole company amounted to but twenty men, and that of this corps or crew he was the commander, in naval phrase; and when we are apprised that his portfolio of scenery, sketched on the spot in pencil, and in water colors kept fluid over a spirit-lamp, amounts to over three hundred sketches we have a hint of the extent and variety of the offices he filled on this voyage. He was [illegible] leader of expedition.

This man of all work, and desperate daring and successful doing, is in height about five feet seven inches; in weight, say one hundred and thirty pounds or so, if health and rest would but give him leave to fill up his natural measure. His complexion is fair, his hair brown, and his eyes dark gray with a hawk look. He is a hunter by every gift and grace and instinct that makes up the character; an excellent shot, and a brilliant horseman. He has escaped with whole bones from all his adventures, but he has several wounds which are troublesome; and with such general health as his, most men would call themselves invalids, and live on furlough from all the active duties of life; yet he has won the distinction of being the first civilized man to stand in latitude 82° 30′ and gaze upon the open Polar Sea—to reach the northernmost point of land on the globe—to report the lowest temperature ever endured—the heaviest sledge journeys ever performed—and the wildest life that civilized man has successfully undergone; and to return after all to tell the story of his adventures.

The secret spring of all this energy is in his religious enthusiasm—discovered alike in the generous spirit of his adventures in pursuit of science; in his enthusiastic fidelity to duty, and in his heroic maintenance of the point of honor in all his intercourse with men.

In his deportment there is that mixture of shyness and frankness, simplicity and fastidiousness sandwiched rather than blended, which marks the man of genius, and the monk of industry. He seems confident *in* himself but not *of* himself. His manner is remarkable for celerity of movement, alert attentiveness, quickness of comprehension, rapidity of utterance and sententious compactness of diction, which arise from a habitual watchfulness against the betrayal of his own enthusiasms. He seems to fear that he is boring you, and is always discovering his unwillingness "to sit" for your admiration. If you question him about the handsome official acknowledgements of his services by the British and American governments, or in any way endeavor to turn him upon his own gallant achievements, he hurries you away from the subject to some point of scientific interest which he presumes will more concern and engage yourself; or he says or does something that makes you think he is occupied with his own inferiority in some matter which your conversation presents to him. One is obliged to struggle with him to maintain the tone of respect which his character and achievements deserve; and when the interview is over, a feeling of disappointment remains for the failure in your efforts to ransack the man as you wished, and to render the tribute which you owed him.

We wish we could be sure that he will not, in his forthcoming work, give us the drama without its hero; or we wish the expedition and its hero had a chronicler as worthy as he would be were he not the principal character in the story.

Dr. Kane's Narrative of the Expedition, now preparing, and in process of publication by Messrs. Childs & Peterson, of Philadelphia, will embrace the important discoveries made in the frozen regions far beyond the reach of all the predecessors of the American exploring party, and their perilous adventures, crowded with romantic incidents, which, in the language of the Secretary of the Navy, "not only excite our wonder, but borrow a novel grandeur from the truly benevolent considerations which animated and nerved him to his task."—*Graham's Magazine, Feb. 1856.*

AN ADVENTURE OF JENNY LIND.

The Swedish Nightingale remained three weeks in Paris without singing, without speaking the language, even—such is her antipathy—and was about to pass the straits to Dover, to meet a London audience; for being a woman, she was tired of silence.

She had left Paris by railroad, but before crossing the Channel, she took her room in the hotel of the Port, to recruit her strength for her disagreeable voyage, by a night's rest.

The musical dilettanti of the city—Boulogne, Havre, Calais, it did not appear which—were anxious to hear her, and thought at first of crossing the Channel, in order to enjoy the exquisite voice, which was denied to France and its provinces.

The process was expensive and stupid.—They thought of a better one.

No sooner was the cantatrice installed in her apartment than three grave gentlemen entered, and with an air of authority, and of severity, even, demanded her passports.

Astonished, but faithful to her vow of silence on the soil of France, Jenny Lind handed them the paper, without uttering a word.

The gentleman read it with an air of distrust, and then replied with soberness:

"Oh! we know you have neglected no precaution, and that you are travelling under a fictitious name!"

"For whom do you take me, then?" demanded Jenny Lind, obliged to break the silence.

"Do not attempt to impose on us, madame. You shall see that we are well informed.—An intriguante of assumed rank has just fled from Paris, where she has made numberless dupes, and is now attempting to escape to England."

"And you suppose, perchance—?"

"That you are the woman. Your features and person correspond with our description. Our instructions are precise."

[illegible] broke out into earnest remonstrances, which were replied to with cold irony. Had she any witnesses? None! Could she give bail? She knew no one! Then it would be necessary to take custody of her person! A threat so alarming drew out a new volley of remonstrances, which were repeated, till at last the spokesman of the three said:

"Well, madame, there is one method of proving your identity. You pretend to be Jenny Lind. There is no need of bail or of witnesses. You bear with you the unmistakable evidence of your identity. Nothing is easier for you than to give proof of your wondrous talent. Your own voice will pronounce your acquittal. I am myself too good a musician not to be in that case a good judge."

The artist hesitated, and was confused.

"Ah! we are sure of it. Quit, then, this disguise, which you are unable to maintain; and do not disgrace an illustrious name."

"It is my name, monsieur."

"Enough of that, madame, your assertions are disproved by your inability to give so simple a proof. We must execute our warrant."

"Well," exclaimed the songstress, "since I must do it, listen and judge."

And after a pause, in which she calmed herself, she burst forth with the cavatina from Norma. She sang with all the richness of her melodious voice. The three gentlemen listened in ecstacy.

"Bravo! It is admirable; it is sublime!" they cried as it closed.

"Admirable! sublime!" echoed many voices in the ante-chamber, where several had gathered to await the chance of the experiment.

We need not translate the story farther, nor tell how gracefully and eloquently the guilty authors of the imposition begged pardon, setting forth that their longing to hear that voice had so wrought upon their minds that they had become desperate; and how gracefully the Swedish nightingale forgave them. We leave all that to the imagination of the readers.

A BATH IN THE DEAD SEA.

I proposed a bath, for the sake of experiment, but Francois endeavored to dissuade us. He had tried it; and nothing could be more disagreeable; we risked getting a fever, and there were four hours of dangerous travel yet before us. But by this time we were half undressed, and soon were floating in the bituminous waves. The beach was fine gravel, and shelved gradually down. I kept my turban on my head, and was careful to avoid touching the water with my face. The sea was moderately warm and gratefully soft and soothing to the skin. It was impossible to sink; and even when swimming the body rose half out of the water. I should think it possible to dive for a short distance, but should prefer that some one else would try the experiment.

With a log of wood for a pillow, one might sleep as on one of the patent mattresses.—The taste of the water is salt and pungent, and stings the tongue like saltpetre. We were obliged to dress in haste, without even wiping off the detestable liquid; yet I experienced a very little of that discomfort which most travellers have remarked. Where the skin had been previously bruised, there was a slight smarting sensation, and my body felt clammy and glutinous, but the bath was rather refreshing than otherwise.—*Bayard Taylor's Travels.*

Sunday Reading.

COMFORT.

Hast thou o'er the clear heaven of thy soul,
Seen tempests roll?
Hast thou watch'd all the hopes thou would'st have won,
Fade, one by one?
Wait till the clouds are past, then raise thine eyes
To bluer skies!

Hast thou gone sadly through a dreary night,
And found no light,
No guide, no star, to cheer thee through the plain—
No friend, save pain?
Wait, and thy sad soul shall see; when most forlorn,
Rise a new morn.

Hast thou beneath another's stern control,
Bent thy sad soul;
And wasted sacred hopes and precious tears?
Yet calm thy fears,
For thou canst gain even from the bluerest part,
A stronger heart!

Has fate o'erwhelmed thee with some sudden blow?
Let thy tears flow;
But know when storms are past, the heavens appear
More pure, more clear;
And hope, when farthest from their shining rays,
For brighter days.

Hast thou found life a chent, and worn in vain
Its iron chain?
Hath thy soul bent beneath earth's heavy bond?
Look thou beyond;
If life is bitter, there forever shine,
Hopes more divine!

Art thou alone, and does thy soul complain
It lives in vain?
Not vainly does he live who can endure.
O, be thou sure,
That he who hopes and suffers here can earn
A sure return.

Hast thou found nought within thy troubled life,
Save inward strife?
Hast thou found all she promised thee, Deceit,
And Hope a cheat?
Endure, and there shall dawn within thy breast,
Eternal rest!

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

From the Fall River *Monitor* we take the following account of a touching incident:

In passing down Broomfield street, we think it was, we met a man in the winter of life, his grey hair falling over his pale features, and with staff in hand, laboring to reach his home. The bad work he made of it led the bystanders to think him intoxicated. He would walk a short distance in a very unsteady manner, then pause and lean upon his staff, a source of merriment to the boys and of merriment to the men, who like the Levites of old, wagged their heads and passed by on the other side.

Pausing a moment to look at the old man, we noticed a little girl—God bless her!—anxiously watching his movements, and evidently desiring to do something to assist him. She might have seen fourteen winters, was richly dressed, with a pretty face, and an eye full of meaning, expression, and soul, with books in hand, was probably on her way to school. The little Samaritan did not remain long inactive. Approaching a gentleman, (?) she inquired with a faltering tongue, while a tear was seen on her fair cheek,

"Is that old gentleman sick or intoxicated?"

"Drunk, I guess!" was the heartless reply.

At which, with the soul of a hero, this little angel of mercy approached the old man, and after a moment's conversation, the two were seen wending their way along the street, the little girl supporting the tottering form of him whom the unfeeling crowd had left to his fate. On inquiry, we learned that the old man was a worthy person, and having gone out on a morning walk, was suddenly overtaken with a sort of blindness, which was the occasion, though unconscious of it himself, of his unsteady gait. He is a temperate man, and sickness subjected him to the jibes and jeers of the multitude, save that noble hearted girl.

We tried to learn her name, but were unable to do so. How like an oasis in this desert, selfish world, such conduct appears! Whoever that girl may be, we say, God bless her!

A PARENT'S SADNESS.

A profligate youth who had formerly disregarded all the pious instructions of his parents, on one occasion went with them to hear a popular minister who had come to the town where they dwelt. The subject of discourse was "the heavenly state," and the minister described, in glowing language, the nature of the happiness, employment, and company of the spirits of just men made perfect. On his return home the youth expressed his admiration of the speaker's talents; "But," said he turning to his mother, "I am surprised, that while approbation was visible on the countenance of all around me, you and my father appeared gloomy and sad, and more than once were in tears.—I am surprised," continued the youth, "because I thought, that if any could claim an interest in the subject, you were the happy persons."

"Ah! my son," replied the anxious mother, "I did weep; but it was not because I feared my own personal interest in the subject, nor that of your pious father. I wept when I thought of *you:* it was the fear that you, my son, the son of my vows, would be banished at last from the delights of the celestial paradise, which caused my bursting heart to seek vent in tears."

"I supposed," said the father, turning to his wife, "those were your reflections. The thought of the spiritual condition of our son forcibly impressed my own heart, and made me weep too." The pointed, yet cautious and tender admonition of the mother was sanctioned by her husband [illegible] the youthful heart of her child [illegible] ted in his saving [illegible]

"Return! return! [illegible] your blame is [illegible]