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.

VOLUME XXVI, NUMBER 38.] COLUMBIA, PENNSYLVANIA, SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 22, 1856. [WHOLE NUMBER, 1,338.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

Office in Northern Central Railroad Company's Building, north-west corner Front and Walnut streets.

Terms of Subscription.

One Copy per annum, if paid in advance, $1 50
" " if not paid within three months from commencement of the year, 2 00

4 Cents a Copy.

No subscription received for a less time than six months; and no paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publisher.

☞Money may be remitted by mail at the publisher's risk.

Rates of Advertising.

1 square [6 lines] one week,		$0 38
"	three weeks,	75
"	each subsequent insertion,	10
1 " [12 lines] one week,		50
"	three weeks,	1 00
"	each subsequent insertion,	20

Larger advertisements in proportion.

A liberal discount will be made to quarterly, half-yearly or yearly advertisers, who are strictly confined to their business.

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.

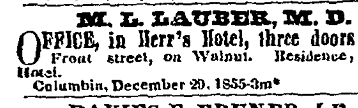
J. C. RISLEY, M. D.,
OFFICE in Walnut, third door above Commerce street, residence, Black's Hotel, Front st.
Columbia, July 1st, 1855-tf

J. E. HACHENBERG,
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*

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,
Daguerreian 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.
[illegible] WHISKY AND BACON,—have just received a large lot of Nonongahela Rectified Whiskey, from Pittsburg, of which they will keep a supply constantly on hand, at low prices, Nos. 1, 2 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, 1855-1y

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 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.

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.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.
O! come from the village, the mountain, and glen,
Ye sickly and ailing, both women and men;
No longer let gloom shroud your comfort and looks,
For Ayer has a mixture that beats all 'The Books!'

Unfortunate creatures, and victims to pain!
Look forward, and hope yet for good health again;
Consumptive diseases must yield and be off,
The Pectoral cures every kind of a cough,

Pneumonia and phthisis! and asthma and cold,
Succumb to its virtues like misers to gold:
It gives to the wasted the rose of good health,
Of value far greater than rivers of wealth.

Delay not a moment, but hasten and try,
This wonderful cure, ere you languish and die;
For all can obtain it, the price is so small,
A blessing designed for the poor—and for all.

Received a large and fresh supply from the manufactory, and for sale wholesale and retail, by the undersigned sole Agent for Columbia.
SAMUEL FILBERT,
Golden Mortar Drug and Chemical Store, Front st., Columbia, Pa. [Feb. 23, 1856.

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; Paramettas, 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.

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 SHREINER'S!
Columbia, April 28, 1855.

SAPONEFIER, 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.

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.

REAL ESTATE AT PUBLIC SALE.
ON SATURDAY, THE 22d DAY OF MARCH, 1856, the undersigned will sell at public vendue, at the Franklin House, Columbia borough, the following described property:
No. 1. A LOT OF GROUND, on which is erected a two-story Frame House, situated at Elbow Lane, north-east of Fifth street, between Union and Cherry streets, in said borough, measuring in front, on a thirty feet wide street, 43 feet, more or less, and extending in depth, 80 feet, more or less, to an alley; an alley also bounds it on the south-west side.
No. 2. A LOT OF GROUND, adjoining No. 1, 43 feet, more or less, in front, on said thirty feet wide street, and extending back 50 feet, more or less, to an alley.
Sale to commence at 2 o'clock P. M. of said day, when attendance will be given and terms of sale made known by JOHN GREEN.
P. S.—The property can be bought before day of sale. Enquire, as to terms, &c., of Samuel Evans, Esq.
Columbia, February 23, 1856-5t

PIANOS.
Z. H. SHEPARD would respectfully inform the citizens of Columbia and vicinity, that he has effected an agency with the
Philadelphia Piano Forte Manufacturing Company,
whose Pianos for superior tone, finish, and durability, have for years stood unrivalled.
He is prepared to deliver them here at the lowest city prices, and would most respectfully solicit the patronage of such as wish to procure a good and substantial instrument.
A specimen of the above mentioned instrument may be seen by calling at his music room, east corner of Front and Locust streets, Columbia.
February 2, 1856.

CIGARS! CIGARS!
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. The undersigned invite the attention of the public to their extensive stock of CIGARS, of all kinds, which they offer at prices *cheaper than ever sold in this town before.*
Also, just received a fresh supply of FAMILY GROCERIES. HEGMAN & FRITSCH,
Corner of Locust and Third streets.
Columbia, February 2, 1856.

GEORGE J. SMITH,
WHOLESALE and Retail Bread and Cake Baker.—Constantly on hand a variety of Cakes, too numerous to mention; Crackers; Soda, Wine, Scroll, and Sugar Biscuit; Confectionery, of every description, &c., &c. LOCUST STREET,
Feb. 2, '56. Between the Bank and Franklin House.

P. R. R. FREIGHT STATION.
THE Freight Office and Depot of the Pennsylvania Railroad in Columbia, is permanently established at the corner of Front and Gay streets in the new building erected by the Company.
BEVERLEY R. MAYER, Agent.
Columbia, December 15, 1855-tf

JOHN MOORHEAD,
(SUCCESSOR TO KING & MOORHEAD,)
COMMISSION Merchant for the sale of PIG METAL AND BLOOMS, No. 27, Wood Street, Pittsburg, Pa.
REFERENCES:
John Graham, Esq., President Bank, Pittsburg;
E. D. Jones, Esq., Cashier Citizens' Deposit Bank, Pittsburg.
G. & J. H. Shoenberger, Iron Merchants, Pittsburg.
Coleman, Hailman & Co., Merchants, Pittsburg.
Lorenz, Stewart & Co., Merchants, Pittsburg,
Musselman & Watts, Marietta, Pa.
January 19, 1856.

COLUMBIA BANK NOTICE.
AFTER the first of January, 1856, the Columbia Bank will receive money on deposit, and allow interest thereon at the rate of

4	per cent. per annum for	3	months.
4½	do. do.	6	do.
5	do. do.	9	do.
5½	do. do.	12	do.

Dec. 8, 1855-4mos SAMUEL SHOCH, Cashier.

MUSIC.
Z. H. SHEPARD would inform the citizens of Columbia, that he is now prepared to give instructions in Vocal and Instrumental music to
INDIVIDUALS, QUARTETTS & CLASSES.
Special attention given to tuning and repairing Pianos and other instruments.
May be found at any hour of the day at the Music Room adjoining the Ambrotype rooms of SHEPARD & CO., corner of Front and Locust streets.
January 19, 1856.

Sunday School and Religious Books.
MURRAY & STOEK are the authorized agents of the American Tract Society, the American S. S. Union, and Carter & Brother's publications; a full supply always on hand. They also furnish at short notice the publications of the Presbyterian Board, all the Sunday School Union's, and the publications of the religious press generally. Full catalogues furnished free of charge.
Full sets of the American Tract Society's Books are now on our shelves, numbering 400 volumes. Also, Henry's, Scott's, Clarke's and Benson's Commentaries; Full sets Cumming's works, and a very large and choice collection of Moral and Religious Books suitable for Sunday Schools, S. S. Teachers, and Family Libraries.
We invite special attention to this department of our business. As we have spared neither expense nor trouble to make our store an object to all classes of the community wishing good books; having been the first in this city to introduce a general assortment of S. School and Religious Books, are determined to spare no pains to keep ahead of all others in the county.
We also invite attention to our very large assortment of good books in every department of Science and General Literature. Juveniles, Gift Books, School Books, Stationery, &c., &c., at prices to maintain our character as the Cheap Book Store.
☞Just received—3d and 4th volumes M'Cauley's History of England. MURRAY & STOEK.
Lancaster, January 26, 1856.

HERE THEY ARE!
ANOTHER large arrival of BOOTS, SHOES, &c. The subscriber has again received, direct from Philadelphia manufacturers, a beautiful assortment of Gents', Ladies', Boys' and Misses' Boots, Shoes and Slippers.
Among which may be found a full and large assortment of De Haven's Ladies Gaiters and Velvet Slippers.
A large and beautiful assortment of Gent's, Ladies and Misses' gum shoes.
We do not think it necessary to enumerate all the different styles of work always to be found at our establishment. CALL AND SEE, every variety, from the pretty little shoe for the infant, to the elegantly finished gaiter for the lady and the splendid boot for the gent, at Phila. CASH PRICES.
☞Please remember that all our work is manufactured in Philadelphia, expressly for our sales, and is of the best material and workmanship, and is warranted as such. CYRUS R. McCLUNE,
Locust Street, 4 doors below Town Hall.
Columbia, Feb. 16, 1856.

Superb Styles New Goods!
THE BEST SELECTION ever made, of beautiful Cloths, Cassimeres and Vesting, for the people of Columbia.
The undersigned very respectfully desires leave *to call the attention of his patrons and the citizens* of Columbia, to his splendid assortment of the above named articles which he has now on hand. His stock embraces a variety of the latest and most *fashionable* patterns of CASSIMERES and VESTINGS, as well as every make, finish and *quality of* CLOTHS, fresh from the importers hands, which have
NEVER BEEN CHEAPER.
He also has on hand a large assortment of Gentlemen's *wearing apparel,* such as Cravats, Handkerchiefs, Collars, Gloves, Hosiery and Fancy Articles.
His reputation as a Cutter and fitter of garments, he thinks, is sufficiently well known to render it unnecessary to speak of it at this time.
His fits are warranted to give satisfaction in every particular, and his prices are lower than ever! Everything very Cheap for CASH.
His customers and others are requested to call and take a look through the stock, at his establishment in Front street, third door below the American House.
H. KREIDLER, Agt.
Columbia, February 9, 1856.

SELLING OFF AT COST!
NOW is the time to secure GREAT BARGAINS.
The undersigned has determined to close up his business in Columbia, and in order to do it as soon as possible, he will commence, on
MONDAY, NOVEMBER 19th,
to sell off his ENTIRE STOCK OF GOODS, AT FIRST COST.
The greater portion of his stock is new and fresh, so that persons will have an opportunity rarely met with, to buy New and Fresh Goods at Philadelphia and New York Wholesale Prices.
Call early and secure the choice. As we sell all our goods
Without any Profit,
we will be compelled to sell for
CASH AND CASH ONLY.
PHILIP F. FRY,
Columbia, Nov. 17, 1855. Opposite the Bank.

NOTICE.
NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber, residing in the Borough of Columbia, Lancaster co., will make application at the Court to be held on the fourth Monday of March next, for a license to sell liquor in said Borough, agreeably to the provisions of an Act of Assembly, entitled "An Act to restrain the sale of intoxicating liquors," approved April 14th, 1855. GUSTAVUS HEGMAN.
Columbia, March 8, 1856-3t

Poetry.

From Sartain's Magazine.

LEIGH HUNT.

"The claim of Leigh Hunt to be enrolled and cherished among the elect, the poets of the world, may rest, (had he written nothing else,) *upon those brief lines, which a high authority has declared, 'will live a thousand years,'* and if a thousand years, then forever; and which we make haste to quote, assured that, enriched with such a gem, the present article, slight as it may be, will possess a positive value."

"Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lilly in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold;
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room, he said,
'What writest thou?' The vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, 'The names of those who love the Lord.'
'And is mine one?' said Abou, 'Nay, not so,'
Replied the angel. Abou spake more low,
But cheerly still, and said, 'I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.'
The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest."

"The sentiments of this pure poem is an ancient and world-wide truth. The two great commandments are *mingled into one;* and was there language ever more musical! How delicious to the ear, the discord in the *fourth line! How mysterious and indefinable the angelic presence!* How complete its vanishing! How grand its reappearance! How the returning light floods and awakens the soul, and leaves it bathed in an exceeding peace!

"The poet, to whom such a vision has been accorded, may well afford to look upon life, with all its struggles and sorrows, with a loving and benignant spirit."

Short Stories.

COUSIN BEN.

BY MIRIAM F. HAMILTON.

"Visitors!" exclaimed Kate Bennett, impatiently, as she laid aside the book she had *been reading, and in which she had been* deeply interested, and took the cards.

"Dear me, how provoking! Just as I am in the most exciting part of the story—and that pert, disagreeable Emily Archer, too," she added, reading one of the cards; "who else I wonder?"

Was there magic in that simple bit of pasteboard, inscribed only with the two words "Richard Warren?" It would almost seem so, so instantaneously did her countenance change. The frown that had disfigured her beautiful brow disappeared, her eyes sparkled, without another thought [illegible] glance in the mirror, that her toilet was exceptionable, and left the room.

As she entered the drawing-room, and greeted her guests with all that grace and elegance of manner for which she was distinguished, Emily Archer surveyed her with one rapid, critical glance; but dress, as well as manner, was faultless.

"It must be confessed that Kate Bennett enters a room like a queen," she thought, with a pang of envy and jealousy, as in Richard Warren's face she read undisguised admiration of the lovely girl before them.

What casual observer, who had marked the meeting of these young ladies, would have dreamed that, under all their outward friendliness, each hated the other with her whole heart?

Yet so it was. Kate and Emily were rival belles, and their claims to admiration were so equally ballanced that it required no little exertion on either side to gain the ascendency and be acknowledged the victor.

If Kate, with her classical features, queenly dignity, elegant figure, and exquisite *taste, at first sight threw her rival into the* shade, Emily's piquant style, sparkling, animated countenance, and sprightly conversation, were by many preferred to Kate's statuesque beauty. It was impossible to decide which was the loveliest; each had her adherents and admirers, but as they were equally numerous, it seemed probable *that the season would draw to a close with*out the all important decision of the question, which had been *par excellence,* the belle.

Just at this time, Richard Warren returned from Europe. The arrival of so undeniably elegant, handsome, and wealthy a gentleman, was an event—all the fashionable world was in a flutter, and the rivals saw at once that the important epoch had arrived. She whose claim he advocated, whom he favored with his admiration, would at once stand upon the precarious pinnacle of belleship. Each left nothing undone to win him to her side, though their tactics were entirely different.

*Emily brought to bear upon him the bat*teries of her sprightly wit, while Kate adroit*ly laid the mine of* apparent queenly indifference. As yet, though it was evident that Richard admired both, his preference was not known—perhaps he hardly knew himself which he thought the most charming.

But during this exposition of the claims of the rivals, a lively conversation had been discussed, as well as some of their mutual friends, and in the midst of some wickedly witty remarks of Emily on a would-be-fashionable lady, a loud voice was heard in the hall. It came nearer the door, and the words could be distinctly understood:

"You no-brained, impudent jackanapes, I'll teach you manners, I'll make you laugh on t'other side of your mouth!"

The door was flung open, and in walked a tall, athletic and sunburnt young man, whose really fine form was disguised in an ill-fitting suit of evidently domestic manufacture, and who stood off for a moment awkwardly looking around him, then, hastily approaching Kate, he flung his arms around her, and gave her a loud smack on the cheek.

She withdrew herself, [illegible] and haughtily, from his embrace.

"Sir!" she said, with [illegible] dignity.

"Law! don't ye know [illegible]?" exclaimed the new comer, in no wise disconcerted; "Waal, now, I do *actually believe you've* forgot me. Don't ye know yer cousin Ben? Ye see, I don't like farming no how you can fix it, so I quit that and come to the city.—Jim Simpson was down to our p'ace, and he's doin' fusrate here. He said 'twas dreadful hard work to get a start in the city, but I guess I ain't a goin' to slump through *where he gets ahead. I'll risk it anyhow.*"

At the commencement of this speech, Catharine had alternately flushed and paled for she was deeply mortified that Richard Warren and Emily Archer should have been the witness of such a scene. She caught a triumphant and scornful glance from Emily. It restored her pride.

With all the grace of which she was mistress, she turned to the new comer:

"You must excuse me, cousin Ben," she said, "that I had forgotten you. A few years make great changes, and I can hardly *retrace in your countenance* a feature that *reminds me of the lad* who went nutting with me in the dear old woods of Hampton. Allow me, Miss Archer," she added, turning to her, "to present to you my cousin, Mr. Adams—Mr. Warren, Mr. Adams;" and with perfect composure she saw his awkward bow and scrape.

Emily Archer at once mischievously commenced a conversation with Mr. Adams, and was proceeding to draw him out most ludicrously when Kate came to the rescue.

"You forget, Miss Archer," said she, "that my cousin has just arrived in town, and has not as yet had an opportunity to *see the lions. He will be able to give you* his opinion of them in a few days, when I shall have the pleasure of acting as his cicerone."

Mr. Warren, like a well-bred gentleman, as he was, addressed some remarks to Mr. Adams on subjects with which he was familiar, and shortly after he, with Miss Archer took leave.

Kate could have cried with vexation, as she thought of the sarcastic and ludicrous description of the scene which Emily would delight in giving, but she controlled herself. She was a kind hearted girl and could not forget the pleasant visits she had paid to her dear Uncle and Aunt, and cousin Ben's untiring efforts [illegible] quite fascinated poor [illegible] made all sorts of inquiry about the old farm.

No sooner had Richard Warren, with Miss Archer, left the house, than she began with all her powers of sarcasm, as Kate had foreseen, to ridicule the scene they had witnessed. Mr. Warren smiled, but seemed absent.

"I had no idea that the Bennetts had such vulgar relations," continued Emily, well-knowing that the fastidious Richard Warren would consider this a serious objection in the woman of his choice.

"Notwithstanding all Kate Bennett's elegance there is a certain something about the family that betrays low blood."

"Yes," returned Warren, hardly knowing what he said; and feeling that she had gained one point, Emily talked on, in the best possible spirits, internally triumphing over the discomfiture of her rival.

That evening at the opera, who should be at Kate's side but cousin Ben, dressed in excellent taste, and evidently much interested in the performance, while Miss Bennett listened with polite *attention to his frank* and sensible criticisms. At parties, too, he was *rather attendant; and this* open acknowledgement of her relation quite blunted the point of Emily's satires. Mr. Bennett assisted the youth to a situation, and very speedily his rusticity wore off. He had both good looks and good sense, and under his cousin's judicious training he very soon did her no discredit, even among the crowd of fine gentlemen who surrounded her.

Emily Archer saw all, and bit her lip with vexation. She could not but acknowledge the superiority of Kate's strategy, and that she had triumphed in the event which she had hoped would humiliate her.

From that time Richard Warren was her constant attendant and ere long he had acknowledged his preference by offering her *his heart and hand.*

"My dear Kate," he said, shortly after their betrothal, "I shall never cease to thank cousin Ben for giving me my bride. I admired you as a belle, but his coming and your reception of him, proved that you were something better than most young ladies."

Kate smiled one of her most bewitching smiles.

"I certainly do not look upon his mal apropos arrival as a misfortune at present," she said, "whatever I may do in future."

Her glance of loving confidence contradicted her last mischievious words, and she listened with downcast eyes and blushing cheeks, to the assurance of her lover that no exertions of his should be wanting to keep her from regretting the event which had given him a glimpse into her heart. Many years had passed. In the sober matron, Mrs. Warren, one would hardly have recognized the dashing belle, Kate Bennett.

Blessed with wealth, a cheerful home, a fond husband and lovely children, she had led a happy life, and time but increased the attachment of the wedded pair. But cloudless as her life had been, a storm was gathering. Her husband, always cheerful, grew moody, restless and unhappy. She tried in vain to discover the cause of his gloom, but he made only evasive replies to her inquiries and she could only guess at his troubles; that they were connected with business, she imagined; her surmises were correct. He entered the room where she was sitting and *exclaimed, flinging himself on a sofa:*

"Kate, we are ruined. In vain I have struggled for weeks past; it is useless to attempt it any longer. To-day I shall be known a bankrupt—penniless and worse than penniless. In trying to double my fortune I have lost all. You and my children are beggars."

"Why should loss of wealth trouble you, dear Richard?" said his wife, tenderly approaching and taking his hand. "That is, after all, but a trifling misfortune. While we are spared to each other, blessed with health and good children, why should we repine at the mere loss of fortune?"

The husband groaned.

"Ah, to be dishonored, Kate;" he said; "to fear to look men in the face, because I am bankrupt—unable to pay my honest debts. Kate, the very idea of this, nearly drives me mad. To avoid this what have I not done? I have *passed sleepless nights* and anxious days, but all in vain."

With fond caresses and soothing words, his wife strove to comfort him; but alas, he paid little heed to her efforts.

Just then, a servant entered, saying that a gentleman wished to see Mr. Warren.

"Tell him that I cannot," replied his master, "I will see no body."

"But you will," replied a cheerful voice, and a gentleman who had closely followed the servant entered.

"How is this, my dear Dick?" he said; you are in trouble and did not apply to me. That was not right."

"And of what use would it have been?" returned Warren. I am weary of borrow*ing from* one friend to repay the other, day after day. Even that has failed me at last, and I have come home to hide myself from the prying gaze of those who will too soon be talking of my disgrace."

"I had heard rumors of this, Dick, and went to your office to see you; as you were not there I followed you here. Now, my dear fellow, listen to me: You have two hours yet before bank hours are over. Here is a blank check; fill it up yourself and it shall be duly honored. Repay it at your convenience. No thanks; it is only a loan. I know your business well, and that in a little time, with perhaps a little assistance, all will be right again." [illegible] grasp his friend's hand, while his eyes filled with an unwonted moisture.

"How can we ever thank you enough, dearest cousin Ben?" cried Kate. "How can we ever repay you?"

"Tut, tut, Katie; I am only discharging a part of a debt I owe you, my dear girl.—I owe all I possess—all I am—to you.—When I first came here, a raw, ignorant, awkard, country booby, you were not ashamed of me. You took me cordially by the hand, influenced your father to assist me, and, more than all, by unvarying kindness, offering me a home and innocent amusements in your society, kept me out of the many temptations that beset a lonely, inexperienced lad, such as, without you, I should have been. I thanked you for it then, even when I did not appreciate the sacrifice it was to a fine lady, to have a bumpkin like myself about her; and when I knew more of the world, and understood the rarity of such conduct, I loved you the better for it, and felt the more grateful. I have had no opportunity to show it before in any substantial form. But now you see you are under no obligation; I am only getting rid of a little of the heavy load you placed me under long ago. Be off Dick, and hereafter rely on me in all cases like the present. Don't get discouraged too easily—business men of all others, should have elastic temperaments. Good bye, now," he added, as Warren disappeared, kissing the tears from Kate's cheek, "and be assured that Ben Adams, the millionare, has never forgotten, and will try to repay your kindness to your poor and awkward cousin."

"I am richly repaid," she murmured.—"How little I dreamed, long ago, that twice in my life I should owe my highest happiness to the trifling acts of kindness towards my good cousin Ben."—*Ladies' Visitor.*

A DUELLIST DISGUSTED.

A very laughable circumstance is said to have occurred in Albany, during a session of the Legislature at the Capitol, several years ago—of course, before the prohibition of duelling by statute in that State.

It was an exciting political time, and owing to "some words spoken in debate," by a heated member, "during the heated term," touching somewhat upon the character of a brother member, a challenge was forthwith despatched to the offending member by a "friend," as such a messenger is called in the language of the code of honor.

The challenge was at once accepted.

Pleased with his promptness, the second said: "When can we expect your friend?"

"Don't want any friend," said the challenged party. "I waive all such advantages. He can have a dozen if he wishes."

"This is magnanimous but it is not according to the 'code.' Well sir, if I am to confer with you directly, what weapons?"

"Broadswords."

"The time."

"Day after to-morrow at 12 o'clock at noon precisely."

"At what place?"

"At O——, on the St. Lawrence. Your principal shall stand on one side of the river, and I will stand on the other, and we will fight it out."

The "second" frowned. "*This is no jesting matter, sir. You are not serious.*"

"Why, yes, I am, too! Has'nt the challenged party a right to the choice of weapons and place?"

"Well—yes sir—but not to unusual weapons in unusual places."

"Very well; pistols will not be objected to, of course."

"Assuredly not; the gentleman's weapon."

"Very good, then. We will meet to morrow in the little village of P——, and at 12 o'clock precisely we will fight on the "Sugar loaf Hill; standing back to back, marching ten paces, then turning and firing. Will that arrangement be satisfactory?"

"It will. We shall be there."

And the parties separated. Now "Sugarloaf Hill," "at the place aforesaid;" was exactly what its name imports—a sharp conical pillar of ground, remarkable all over the immediate country round for its peculiar formation.

The time arrived, and the "parties" appeared on the ground; but the state of the case "leaked out" very quick.

"Sir," said the second, "as he arrived with his almost breathless "principal" at the apex of the Sugar-loaf, and surveyed the ground—"Sir! this is another subterfuge! What kind of place is this for a duel with pistols, back to back, and a forward march of ten paces? Why, sir, both parties will be out of sight at eight paces, let alone ten; and in turning to fire, you must fire into the side of the hill!"

"So much the better for both of us!" answered the party of the second part: "we are on terms of perfect equality, then, which is not often the case in modern duels."

Out spake the challenging "principal" then, in words too plain to be misunderstood:

"Sir-r!" he said to the second "principal" at the same time looking daggers at him, "Sir-r! you are a coward!"

"Well, s'posin' I am! You knew I was or you would not have challenged me!"

"They do say" that the two "parties" that went down the steep sides of Sugarloaf Hill, on that memorable occasion, were as difficult of reconciliation as when they ascended its sides; and moreover, that they were as different in temper as possible. One party was laughing, and the other breathing out threatening and slaughter;" but nothing came of it, after all. This was the last of that duel.

And, thoughtfully regarded, it seems to us, that there is something of a lesson in this [illegible] tual occurrence before our readers.

ABOUT LUCK.

Henry Ward Beecher, in a recent lecture, says:

"I may here, as well as *anywhere,* impart the secret of what is called good luck and *bad luck. There are men who supposing Providence to have an implacable spite* against them, bemoan in poverty to a wretched old age the misfortune of their lives. Luck forever ran against them and for others.

"One with a good profession, lost his luck in the river, where he idled away his time *fishing when he should have been in the office.* Another, with a *good trade,* perpetually burnt up his luck by his hot temper, which provoked all his employees to leave him. Another, with a lucrative business, lost his luck by amazing diligence at everything but his business. Another, who steadily followed trade, as steadily followed the bottle. Another, who was honest and constant at his work, erred by perpetual misjudgments; he lacked discretion.—Hundreds lose their luck by endorsing; by sanguine speculations; by trusting fraudu*lent men,—and by dishonest gains.* A man never has good luck who has a bad wife. I never knew an early-rising, hard-working, prudent man, careful of his earnings, and strictly honest, who complained of bad luck. A good character, good habits and iron industry, are impregnable to the assaults of all the ill luck that fools ever dreamed of.—But when I see a tatterdemalion creeping out of a grocery late in the forenoon, with his hands stuck into his pockets, the rim of his hat turned up, and the crown knocked in, I know he has bad luck—for the worst of all luck is to be a sluggard, a knave or a tippler."

MEANNESS DON'T PAY.

There is no greater mistake that a business man makes than to be mean in his business—always taking the half cent for the dollars he has made and is making.—Such a policy is like the farmer who sows three pecks of seed when he ought to have sown five, and as a recompense for his meanness of soul, only gets ten when he ought to have got fifteen bushels of grain.—Every body has heard the proverb of "penny wise and pound foolish." A liberal expenditure in the way of business is always sure to be a capital investment.

There are people in the world who are short-sighted enough to believe that their interests can be best promoted by grasping and clinging to all they can get, and never let a cent slip through their fingers. As a general thing it will be found, other things being equal, that he who is most liberal is most successful in business. Of course we do not mean it to be inferred that a man should be prodigal in his expenditures, but that he should show to his customers, if he is a trader, or to those whom he may be doing any kind of business with, that in all his transactions, as well as social relations, he acknowledges the everlasting fact that there can be no permanent prosperity or good feeling in a community where benefits are not reciprocal.—*Hunt's Merchants' Magazine.*

Sunday Reading.

THE BRIDEGROOM COMETH.

Behold! the Bridegroom is returning!
Rise, trim your lamps and have them burning!
The final hour is nigh;
Watch! 'twill approach with stealthy creeping!
Watch! lest it come and find you sleeping!
Watch! lest it leave you wailing, weeping—
Dying, yet ne'er to die!

When ye shall hear the trumpet's warning,—
Lo! 'tis the resurrection morning!
When they shall live who died;—
They who His palmy pathway crowded,
Who praised his glory while 'twas shrowded,
Shall then behold his face unclouded,—
And they who pierced his side!

Ye then shall hear a loud lamenting,—
The woe of men too late repenting;
These shall be left to mourn;—
The power that rent in twain the temple,
Shall cause the earth and heaven to tremble,—
But lo! the Lord shall then assemble
His ransom'd and first-born!

Hail! day of triumph, long appointed!
Hail! day that brings the Great Annointed!
Ye little flock, rejoice!
Ye shall look forward without fearing!
Redemption dawns with His appearing!
Lift up your heads—the hour is nearing!
Elect!—lift up your voice!

Beethoven Collection of Sacred Music.

THE MOTHER'S CARES.

"When I consider the anxieties of mothers, I wonder how many of them can be sustained without religion. So many watchful hours, so many periods of suspense, so many days of anguish, when their offspring are ill, or in danger. Surely grace is doubly sweet to one in such circumstances. How unwise, eternity apart, to remain without so great a solace!

"It is true that religion brings anxieties *all its own to the mother's heart.* Having learned to be concerned about her own soul, she becomes concerned for the soul of her child. Many a petition ascends over the couch of infancy. Only in eternity can we learn the value of such nursery devotions.—A mother was once heard to say: 'Never did I take one of my numerous children to my bosom for nourishment, that I did not, at the same time, lift up my heart to God in prayer, that he would bestow on it his salvation. The case of Monica, the mother of Augustine, is well known. Her son was yet unconverted, profligate and addicted to the heresy of the Manichees. She went with her cares to a pious minister of Christ, who after witnessing her anguish and her devotion, dismissed her with these words: 'It is impossible that the son of such prayers and tears be lost.' [illegible] fered for mothers to become true Christians. An unchristian, a prayerless mother! Let the very phrase carry horror to the soul, and drive the convinced sinner to God."

BEGINNING AT ONCE.

Faith is the *starting point of obedience;* but what I want is, that you start immediately—that you wait not for more light to spiritualize your obedience, but that you work for more light, by yielding a present obedience up to the present light which you profess—that you stir up all the gift which is now in you; and this is the way to have the gift enlarged, that whatever your right hand findeth to do in the way of service to God, you now do it with all your might.—And the very fruit of doing of his authority, is that you will at length do it because of your own renovated taste. As *you persevere* in the labors of His service, you will grow in the likeness of His character. The graces of holiness *will both brighten* and multiply upon you. These will be your treasures, and treasures for heaven, too—the delights of which mainly consist in the affections and feelings, and congenial employments of the new creature.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

HAPPINESS IN THE SERVICE OF GOD.

The Christian does not serve God for happiness, but God by a sublime necessity has attached happiness to his service. Along the ranks of his army goes the *command* to rejoice; above it floats the banner of love.—Felicity is the light which rests over it all. From the helmets of the seraphim that light is flashed back in full unclouded blaze; on us of the human race, who, as Isaac Taylor says beautifully, "seem to stand almost on the extreme confines of happiness," its first rays are even now descending. Happiness is the spheral music in which a God, whose name is Love, has ordained that holiness must voice itself; his light, as it sweeps over the *Æolian harp of immensity, kindling* every dead world into beauty, breaks forth in the Memnonian anthem of joy.

BEAUTIFUL AND TRUE.

In a late article in Frazier's Magazine this brief but beautiful passage occurs:

"Education does not commence with the alphabet. It begins with a mother's look—with a *father's smile* of approbation, or a sign of reproof—with a sister's gentle pressure of the hand, or brother's noble act of forbearance—with hands full of flowers in green and daisy meadows—with bird's nests admired but not touched—with creeping ants and almost imperceptible emmets—with humming bees and glass beehives—with pleasant walks in sandy lanes, with thoughts directed in sweet and kindly tones, and words to mature to acts of benevolence, to deeds of virtue, and to the source of all good, to God himself."

BE SINCERE.

The great thing to be attended to in prayer, that which is the very essence of it, is reality! Every sentence must be the vehicle of truth. All falsehood is wicked: never is it so wicked as in prayer. The utterance of lies, direct in the face of God and truth, is the very climax of iniquity. As the Searcher of hearts, he "desires truth in the inward parts." He is pre-eminently "the God of truth, by whom actions are weighed," and to whom "all things are naked and open."