THE COLUMBIA SPY.

COLEMAN J. BULL, 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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Drs. John & Rohrer,

HAVE associated in the Practice of Medicine.
Columbia, April 1st, 1856-tf

DR. G. W. MIFFLIN,

DENTIST, Locust street, near the Post Office. Columbia, Pa.
Columbia, May 3, 1856.

S. ARMOR, M. D.
HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,

OFFICE and residence at Mrs. Swartz's, in Locust street, between Front and Second, directly opposite the Post Office.
Columbia, March 15, 1856-6m*

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 23, 1855.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW, Columbia, Penn'a. OFFICE in Locust street, four doors above Front.
Columbia, May 15, 1852.

DAVIES E. BRUNER, ESQ.,

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—Front street, between Union and Perry. Residence—South side Second street, 2nd door below Union.
Columbia, January 13, 1855-1y

SAMUEL LODGE,
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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 22, 1856.

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. 1, 2 and 6 Canal Basin.
Columbia, January 27, 1854.

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.

Penn'a Rail Road Freight Station.

FREIGHT OFFICE and DEPOT in the new building, corner of Front and Gay streets, near the Collector's Office.
Ticket Office for Passengers, East and West, at the Washington Hotel. ERASTUS K. BOICE,
April 19, 1856-tf Freight & Ticket Agent.

Pittsburg Glass Ware.

JUST received a large lot of Diamond Glass Ware in new and beautiful shapes, which we can sell cheaper than Philadelphia wholesale prices. Call and judge for yourselves.
H. C. FONDERSMITH.
Columbia, March 15, 1856.

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 o 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.

For Making Soap.

CONCENTRATED Lye, warranted to make Hard, Soft and Fancy Soaps, without lime, and with little trouble. For sale by SAM'L FILBERT,
Golden Mortar Drug and Chemical Store, Front street,
Columbia, February 2, 1856.

Silks! Silks!!

800 YARDS Black and Fancy Dress Silks, of THE BEST MAKES AND NEWEST STYLES—the largest assortment ever opened in Columbia—prices, from 50 cents to $2,00 per yard—are now ready, at H. C. FONDERSMITH'S,
April 12. Columbia.

Excellent Dried Beef,

SUGAR Cured and Plain Hams, Shoulders and Sides, for sale by
March 22, 1856. WELSH & RICH.

OATS FOR SALE

BY THE BUSHEL, or in larger quantities, at Nos. 1, 2 & 6 Canal Basin.
B. F. APPOLD & CO.
Columbia, January 26, 1856.

GROCERIES!

THE subscriber would inform the public that he is constantly receiving fresh supplies of the best Family Groceries the market will afford: come and satisfy yourselves. S. C. SWARTZ.
Columbia, June 21, 1856.

ROPES, ROPES, ROPES.

50 COILS, superior qualities, various sizes, just received and for sale cheap, by WELSH & RICH.
Columbia, March 22, 1856.

BIRD SEED'S.—Canary, Hemp, and Rape Seeds. For sale at McCORKLE & DELLETT'S
April 12, Family Medicine Store.

Poetry.

For the Columbia Spy.

[My cousin Bob has sent me the following as an 'evening rhyme,' written after the delightful shower, on Monday last. It is dedicated to his 'love,' which I do not desire you or your readers to think is myself. Oh, that these young fellows had prudence enough to keep out of such scrapes! Bob is growing entirely too sentimental for—yours—(notwithstanding your occasional cold compliments) JEMIMA JOYCELYN.

COLUMBIA, July 31, 1856.

TO ANNA.

The eve is beautiful, my love!
We've had a pleasant and delightful shower,
And though I cannot see, I'm certain every flower
Is lifting up its head in gratitude to heaven,
For this most joyous and enchanting even.

Refreshing is the air, my love!
And though we've had our share of toil and care to-day
The breeze comes *from above* and it can clear away
All of fatigue and trouble in the breast,
And soothe the soul into a quiet rest.

It is so beautiful, my love,
On earth, to-night! what must it be in heaven
Among the hosts whose sins have been forgiven?
Oh how the Angels, with one heart and voice,
Joined to the Saviour's, in pure love rejoice!

Sweet sleep be thine to-night, my own!
The music of thy dreams be Angels songs above!
The whisperings round thy couch their theme of love;
Their God and thine protect thee through the night,
Be in thy visions—keep thee pure and bright.

For the Columbia Spy.

CHARITY.

One gem in the Christian's coronet
E'er beams with holier light
Than all the others clust'ring there,
Yet makes them not less bright;
For though with all their brilliancy,
The other jewels shine,
Without a ray from this pure gem,
They are not quite divine.

'Twas gleaming on an ancient mount
When heavenly truths were given
With matchless love; and wand'rers found
The long sought way to heaven.
It brighter grew on Olivet
And in Gethsemane,
Yet never shed such beams as when
It shone on Calvery.

Dear Saviour, help the pale weak rays
That struggle through the gloom,
Till like thine own, our future days
May Charity illume.
Like thee, the error to condemn,
Yet love the erring one;
Rememb'ring too, deeds may be ours
Which we may wish undone.

YORK, July 26, 1856. M.

For the Louisville Journal.

A voice we loved is stilled,
A place is vacant at our hearth
Which never can be filled;
A gentle heart that throbbed but now
With tenderness and love,
Has hushed its weary throbbings here
To throb in bliss above.
Yes, to the home where angels are,
Her trusting soul has fled,
And yet we bend above her tomb
With tears, and call her dead.
We call her dead, but ah! we know
She dwells where living waters flow.

We miss thee from our home, dear one,
We miss thee from thy place,
Oh! life will be so dark without
The sunshine of thy face;
We wait for thee at eve's sweet hour
When stars begin to burn,
We linger in our cottage porch
To look for thy return,
But vainly for thy coming step
We list through all the hours—
We only hear the wind's low voice
That murmurs through the flowers,
And the dark river's solemn hymn
Sweeping among the woodlands dim.

The bird we loved is singing yet
Above our cottage door,
We sigh to hear it singing now
Since heard by thee no more;
The sunshine and the trembling leaves,
The blue o'er arching sky.
The music of the wandering winds
That float in whispers by—
All speak in tender tones to me
Of all life's parted hours and thee.

I do not see thee now, dear one,
I do not see thee now,
But even when the twilight breeze
Steals o'er my lifted brow,
I hear thy voice upon my ear
In murmurs low and soft,
I hear thy words of tenderness
That I have heard so oft,
And on my wounded spirit falls
A blessing from above
That whispers, tho' thy life is o'er,
We have not lost thy love.
Ah no! thy heart in death grown cold
Still loves us with a love untold.

No need of fame's proud voice for thee,
No need for earthly fame,
Thou art enshrined in our fond hearts,
And that is still the same;
Ay, full of faith, and trust, and hope,
We tread life's troubled sea
Till the last throbbing wave of time
Shall bear our souls to thee—
To thee, oh! it will be so sweet
With all our *sins forgiven*,
To mingle with our loved and lost
In our sweet home in heaven,
To spend with all the blest above
An endless life of perfect love.

GRAPE HILL, Nelson, Va.

Miscellaneous.

THE JUGGLER'S DUEL.

While the old frigate Brandywine lay at Gibraltar, the American Consul, Mr. Sprague, came on board with a man who wished to join the ship, and after some consultation, said man was received by the Captain as a sort of steward, he having agreed to work for his passage and board, and some slight consideration besides. His name was Joe Lattit, and he was a regular specimen of a strolling Yankee; but he dressed well and was remarkably good looking, though there was in his face a peculiar look which indicated that he preferred fun to sound sense, allowing however that fun had some sense in it. The moment I placed my eyes upon the man, I knew I had seen him before, and when I had an opportunity to speak with him, I found that he had been a performer of ledgerdemain and ventriloquism in the United States, and there I had seen him. He had travelled through England, France, and a part of Spain, with his implements of deception, and had just brought up at Gibraltar when our ship came in. He brought his whole kit on board in a large chest which he got permission to stow in the bed room, where it would be kept perfectly dry. He had quite a "pile" of money, which he put in the hands of the purser for safe keeping, but he would tell none of us how much. But he was very liberal and open-hearted, and it was not long before the crew blessed the hour that brought him on board, for he was the very soul of wit and humor.

At length our ship went to Port Mahon, and here our Yankee tars were at home.—One pleasant morning a party of us went ashore, and Joe Lattit was among our number. Joe was dressed in a perfect shore-rig and appeared a gentleman of consequence. Near the middle of the forenoon a few of us entered a cafe or a drinking saloon, and the only occupant besides the keeper, was a Spanish officer, evidently an infantry captain from his dress. We called for wine, and had it served upon a table next to the one at which the officer sat, Joe seating himself so that his back came immediately opposite the back of the Spaniard; but he did not notice when he sat down how close he would be.

Our laugh and jest ran high, and just as Joe said something more than usually funny, he threw himself back and thereby hit the Spaniard with such force as to cause him to spill a glass of wine upon his bosom. The fellow leaped to his feet, but before Joe could beg pardon for the unintentional mishap, he commenced a torrent of oaths and invectives, partly in broken English. His language was so abusive that Joe's temper was up in a moment, and instead of asking pardon as he intended, he surveyed the raving man from head to foot and then said:

"Go on, sir. Your language is beautiful, very beautiful for a gentleman."

"Ah! you call me no gentleman, eh?" said the officer in a towering passion.

"If I were going to call you anything I should call you a jackass," calmly and contemptuously uttered Joe Lattit.

"Aha, a-ha!" half growled the Spaniard, [illegible] "Original!" "No, by Santa Maria, you shall answer for that. I am a gentleman! But you—you—one le-tle cursed puppy! Ah-a-aha! Now you shall fight!"

Joe would have laughed the matter off, but he found that the captain was determined to fight, and at length he resolved to accommodate him. The keeper of the cafe called me to one side, and informed me that the officer was the Captain Antonia Bizar, one of the most noted duellists in the place—that he was always quarrelsome when under the influence of liquor—and that his companions always let him alone, rather than have a fuss with him.

"Not five minutes before you came in," added the keeper, "four of his fellow officers left him because they saw he was ripe for a fuss. So you had better get your friend away."

I pulled Joe away, and told him all that had just been told me, but he only smiled, and assured me that there was nothing to fear. I felt sure at once, from his very manner, that he had some fun in his head, and let him go on.

"My name is Joseph Lattit, sir—a citizen of the United States, and a General of the Order of Sublime Darkness," said Joe very pompously, turning to the Spaniard, "your name sir?"

"Antonia Bizar, Captain in Her Most Catholic Majesty's Seventh Regiment of Infantry. But, your office, sir? I don't comprehend!"

"Oh! you wouldn't know if I should tell you. I am simply General of a body of men who have sold themselves to the gentleman who burns sinners and heretics, down there." And Joe pointed mysteriously down to the floor as he spoke.

The Spaniard smiled a very bitter, sarcastic smile, thereupon Joe took up two large knives which lay upon the bar, and tossed them, one after the other, down his throat, making several wry faces as they took their passage downward. The fellow had evidently never seen anything of the kind before, for he was astounded.

"Now, sir," said Joe, making one or two more grimaces, as though he felt the knives somewhere in the region of the diaphragm, "you will wait here until I go and bring my pistols, and you shall have satisfaction.—Will you wait?"

"I can procure pistols," said the officer, forgetting his astonishment and coming back to his anger.

"I shall fight with my own. If you are a gentleman, you will wait."

Joe turned to us and bade us wait for him.

"Here! here! Oh, gentleman," said the keeper, "where be my knives?"

"I'll pay you for them when I come back," said Joe, and then he beckoned for me to come out. I did so, and he took the knives—one from his bosom and the other from his sleeve—and told me to keep them until he returned.

It seems that Joe found a boat ready to take him off to the ship at once, for he was not gone over three quarters of an hour, and when he came back he had two superbly mounted pistols with him. He loaded them with powder in the presence of the Spaniard and then handing him a ball, he asked him if he would mark it, so he would know it again. The fellow hesitated at first, but at length he took it with a mad gesture, and bit it between his teeth.

"I shall know that," he said, "unless it is battered against your bones."

"Now select your pistol," said Joe.

The man took them and examined them, but he was satisfied that they were both alike and both good, and he told Joe he had no choice.

So our steward put the balls in and rammed them carefully down.

The whole party now adjourned to a wide court back of the cafe, where twelve paces were marked off, and then the combatants took their stations. I trembled for Joe, for I saw not yet how he would make fun out of this.

"Count," said the Spaniard, impatiently.

"One—two—three!"

The captain fired first, and with most deliberate aim; Joe fired into the air, then walking deliberately up to his antagonist, and taking a ball from between his teeth, he handed it to him.

"You can use it next time," said Joe.

The officer looked first at Joe's teeth, and then at the ball. It was surely the one he had seen his foeman take from his mouth. He was unmistakably astounded.

"Come, let's load again," cried Joe.

"San Pablo!" exclaimed Bizar, you must use some—some—what you call him?—some trick, eh? By San Jago, I shall load the pistol myself!"

"Do so," said Joe calmly, and as he spoke he handed over his powder flask.

The Spaniard poured out an extra quantity of powder, and, having poured it in the pistol, he called for the rammer. He then put the same ball in that he used before.—Meanwhile, Joe had been loading his own pistol.

"One moment," uttered Joe, reaching out his hand. "The caps are in the butt of your pistol. Let me get them."

The fellow passed over his pistol, but kept his eye upon it. Joe found a little silver spring at the end of the [illegible] and true, there were some percussion caps. He took out two, and, having [illegible] his own pistol, he tossed it in the air, catching it very [illegible] back the other to the Spaniard. I had watched Joe most carefully, but I saw nothing out of the way; and yet he had changed pistols with his antagonist.

"Now," said he, "I'll put a ball in my pistol and then we'll be ready."

He slipped something in which looked like a cartridge, but no one else saw it.

"Now," cried the Spaniard, "let's see you hold this in your mouth.

Again they took their stations, and again they were ready.

"One—two—three!"

And the Spaniard fired first by aim, Joe firing in the air as before. Again Joe stepped forward and took the self same ball from his mouth and handed it to his foe.—The fellow was completely dumb founded, and so were the rest.

"You no fire at me," gasped the captain.

"I'll fire at you the next time," said Joe in a tone of thunder: "thus far I have only shown you that powder and ball can have no effect on me. Twice have you fired at me with as true a pistol as ever was made, and both times have I caught the ball between my teeth, while I have fired in the air. I meant that you should live long enough to know that for once in your life you had seen, if not the old yellow himself, (pointing meaningly downward) at least one who is in his employ. The old gentleman will like the company of a Spanish Captain of Infantry, and I'll send you along. Come load again."

But the astonished Spaniard did not feel inclined to do so. A man who swallowed carving knives as he would sardines, and who caught pistol balls between his teeth, was not exactly the man for him to deal with. While he was pondering upon what he had seen, Joe took a handful of bullets from his pocket and began to toss them rapidly down his throat, and when these were gone he picked up about a half dozen good sized stones, and sent them after the bullets.

"Holy Santa Maria!" ejaculated the Spaniard, while his eyes seemed starting from their sockets. "What a man! By my soul, 'tis the devil!"

And as he spoke he turned upon his heel and hurried away from the place. After he was gone, Joe beckoned for me to give him the knives. I did so, and then saw him slip them up his coat sleeves. When he turned to the cafe he approached the keeper.

"You want your knives," he said.

But the poor fellow dared not speak. Joe put his hand to his right ear and pulled out one of the long knives. Then from the left ear he drew the other. The keeper crossed himself in terror, and shrank trembling away. But we finished our wine, and having paid for it turned to go.

"Here," said Joe, "I hav'nt paid for the use of the yard yet, and as he spoke he threw down a piece of silver on the counter.

"No! no! no!" shrieked the poor fellow, "don't leave your money here—don't."

Joe picked it up and went away laughing. When we were alone he explained to me the secret of his pistols. They were a pair he had used in his legerdemain performances, and such as all wizards use who perform tricks of catching balls, &c. The main barrel has no connection whatever with the nipple for the cap, but what appeared to be a socket for the rammer, was, in fact, a second barrel—to be sure, smaller than the other, but yet as large as the bore of any rifle pistol—and with this secret barrel the priming tube connected. So the apparent barrel of the weapon might be filled with powder and ball, and no harm could be done. When Joe first returned with his pistols, of course he had these secret barrels loaded with blank charges, and then the other loading was for nothing but effect in appearance. At the second loading Joe had charged the second barrel of his own pistol, while the Spaniard had been filling up the main barrel of his. Then of course it became necessary to make an exchange, else Bizar would never have got his weapon off. As soon as Joe got the other pistol into his possession and made the exchange we spoke of at the time, he had only to press smartly upon a secret spring on the side of the stock, and he had the whole charge, which the other had put in, emptied into his hand. So he had the marked ball to dispose of as he chose.

Ever after that, while he remained in Mahon, Joe Lattit was an object of both curiosity and dread on shore; for an account, all colored to suit the exaggerated conceptions of the cafe-keeper, had been spread over the city, and the pious Catholics there wanted nothing to do with such a man, only to keep on his good-humored side.

THE TOLL-GATE OF LIFE.

We are all on our journey. The world through which we are passing is in some respects like the turnpike—all along which, Vice and Folly have created toll-gates for the accomodation of those who choose to call as they go—and there are very few of all the hosts of travellers, who do not occasionally stop at some one or another of them—and consequently pay more or less to the toll-gatherers. Pay more or less, I say, because there is a great variety as well in the amount, as in the kind of toll exacted at these different stopping places.

Pride and Fashion take heavy tolls of the purse—many a man has become a beggar by paying at these gates—the ordinary rates they charge are heavy, and the road, that way, is none of the best.

Intemperance plays the part of a sturdy villain. He's the very worst toll-gatherer on the road, for he not only gets from his customers their money and their health, but he robs them of their very brains. The men you meet on the road, ragged and ruined in fame and fortune, are its visitors.

And so I might go on enumerating many others who gather toll of the unwary. Accidents sometimes happen, it is true, along the road, but those who do not get through at least tolerably well, you may be sure have been stopping at some of these places. The plain common sense men get through the journey without much difficulty.

This being the state of things it becomes every one, in the outset, if he intends to make a comfortable journey, to take care what kind of company he keeps in with.—We are all apt to do a great deal as our companions do—stop where they stop, and pay toll where they pay. Then the chances are ten to one against us, but our choice in this particular decides our fate.

Having paid due respect to a choice of companions, the next important thing is closely to observe how others manage; to mark the good or evil that is produced by every course of life—see how those do who manage well; by those means we learn.

Be careful of your habits; these make the man. And they require long and careful culture, ere they grow to a second nature. Good habits I speak of. Bad ones are most easily acquired—they are spontaneous weeds, that flourish rapidly and rankly, without care or culture.

THE USE OF LARGE WORDS.

Big words pass for sense with some people, and sometimes may be very successfully employed when nothing else will answer.—As when a man, in great alarm, ran to his minister to tell him he could see spots upon the sun, and thought the world must be coming to an end.

"Oh, don't be afraid, "said the good minister, "it's nothing but a phantasmagoria."

"Is that all?" said the frightened man, and went away quite relieved.

A very smart lawyer, in Wilmington, N. C., had the misfortune to loose a suit for a client who had every reason to expect success. The client, a plain old farmer, was astonished by the long bill of costs, and hastening to the lawyer's office, said:

"I thought you told me we should certainly gain that suit?"

"So I did," answered the lawyer: "but you see when I brought it up there before the judges, they said it was *coram non judice*."

"Well, if they said it was as bad as that," replied the old farmer, "I don't wonder we lost it;" and he paid the costs and a big fee besides, without another murmer.

THE CITY OF GALVESTON.

Galveston, the "city of cottages," is a charming place. Open to the winds on every side, with wide streets and sandy soil, and soft and balmy climate, it is eligibly located for a great and flourishing mart. Orange and lemon trees are found in almost every garden. They grow luxuriently, and were laden with fruit when I was there in December last. The Oleander is the common ornamental shrub in the town. It flourishes even along the sidewalks. The Plantain, too, with its clustering fruit, is successfully cultivated. What the temperature may be in summer I know not; but a visitor in winter would conclude that the good people had the productions of the tropics, without the accompanying fervor of a tropical climate. It is well nigh impossible to conceive of a finer beach than the one around Galveston. An evening ride on these surf beaten sands is a delightful recreation. The beautiful and the sublime—nature and art—the works of God and the inventions of man, combine in panoramic order. The Island with its human habitations, the Gulf, with its ever heaving waters, the steamship, bannered with smoke, proudly defying wind and wave, the seabirds with tireless wing fanning the air or descending to ride upon the billows, the voices merry of the gay and glad, as they gather shells upon the shore, mingling with the everlasting roar of the tide in its ebb and its flow, constitute a scene where one may well pause to think and feel, to admire and adore. Galveston cannot be a sickly place, unless it be by the criminal carelessness of the city authorities, or the bad habits of the people. Yellow fever certainly cannot originate there, and if it prevail at all, it must be by importation. When Texas shall count her citizens by the million, and communication with the interior by railroads shall be opened, this city on the Gulf of Mexico shall become an emporium of wealth and commerce.—*Bishop Pierce's Letter.*

IMPERIAL COURTSHIP.

The Grand Duke Nicholas, about the year 1816, came to Berlin to see some of the Prussian Princesses, would-be [illegible] and the Princess Charlotte was given to understand by her parents that the choice [illegible] fancy [illegible] the pedestal. The time originally fixed for the expiration of the Grand Duke's stay had come, and he was seated at supper on his last evening, next to the Princess Charlotte, when he abruptly told her that he must leave Berlin the next day. He hoped to surprise her into some demonstration of feeling on the occasion, but her maidenly pride withheld her from saying more than some very say-nothing remarks in acknowledgemnt. The Grand Duke thereupon soon assumed another plan of operations; knowing that, however little the eyes of the company might be fixed on him and his fair neighbor, they were, nevertheless, the object of general observation, he commenced telling her in an apparent unembarrassed manner, and playing with a ring of his the while, that he had devoted himself during his short stay there to make himself acquainted with her character and disposition, &c., and that he had found in her every quality that he believed best calculated to make him happy in wedded life, &c.; but, as they two were at that moment the object of scrutiny to many present, he would not press her to any reply to his overtures, but if it was agreeable to her that he should prolong his stay at her father's court, she would, perhaps, have the goodness to take up the ring he had in his hand. The ring he then, apparently playing with the two objects, thrust into the roll of bread lying on the table before him and went on, in seemingly all sang froid with his supper.—With an equal appearance of unconcern the Princess presently put out her hand, and took up the roll, as if mistaking it for her own bread, and unnoticed by the company, withdrew the ring, and put it on her own hand. The rest requires no narration.

CAESAR'S PASSAGE OF THE RUBICON.

The Romans had been taught to consider this river as the sacred boundary of their domestic empire; the Senate had long before made an edict, which is still to be seen engraven on a pillar near Rimini, by which they solemnly devote to the infernal gods, and branded with sacrilege and parricide, any person who should presume to pass the Rubicon with an army, a legion, or even a single cohort. Cæsar, therefore, having advanced at the head of his army to the side of the river, stopped upon the banks, as if impressed with awe at the greatness of his enterprise. The danger he was to encounter, the slaughters that might ensue, the calamities of his native city, all rushed upon his imagination in gloomy perspective, and struck him with remorse. He pondered for some time in fixed melancholy, as he eyed the stream, debating with himself whether he should venture. "If I pass this river," said he to one of his generals who stood by, "what miseries shall I bring upon my country! and if I stop, I am undone." Thus saying and resuming all his former intrepidity, he plunged in, crying out, that the die was cast, and all was now over. His soldiers followed him with equal promptitude, and quickly arriving at Ariminum, made themselves masters of the place, without resistance.

HANNIBAL AS A GENERAL.

Hannibal, in his 28th year was nearly of the same age at which Napoleon Bonaparte led the army of the French Republic into Italy. Bred in the camp he possessed every quality necessary to gain the confidence of his men. His personal strength and activity was such, that he could handle their arms and perform their exercises, on foot or horseback, more skillfully than themselves. His endurance of heat and cold, of fatigue and hunger, excelled that of the hardiest soldier in the camp. He never required others to do what he could not and would not do himself. To these bodily powers he added an address as winning as that of Hasdrubal, his brother-in-law, and talents for command fully as great as those of his father Hamilcar. His frank manners and genial temper endeared him to the soldiery, his strong will swayed them like one man. The different nations who made up his motly army—Africans and Spaniards, Gauls and Italians, looked upon him each as their own chief.—Polybius twice remarks that, amidst the hardships which his mixed army underwent for sixteen years in a foreign land, there never was a mutiny in his camp. This admirable versitility of the man was seconded by all the qualities to make the general.—His quick perception and great sagacity led him to marvellously correct judgment of future events and distant countries—which, in those days, when travellers were few and countries unknown, must have been a task of extraordinary difficulty. He formed his plans after patient inquiry, and kept them profoundly secret till it was necessary to make them known. But with this caution in designing was united marvellous promptness in execution. "He was never deceived himself," says Polybius, "but never failed to take advantage of the errors of his opponent." Nor was he a mere soldier. In leisure hours he delighted to converse with learned Greeks on topics of intellectual interest.

HUMBUG.

The derivation of this word, now in such common use, is not generally known, but it is of Scotch origin. There was, in former years, residing in the neighborhood of the Mearns, in Scotland, a gentleman of [illegible] property whose name was Hume, or Home, and the [illegible] the Bogue, was [illegible] about himself, his family, and everything connected with him, it soon became customary when persons heard anything that was remarkably extravagant or absurd, that is a "Hume o'the Bogue." The expression spread like wild fire over the whole country; and by those who did not understand the origin of the phrase, and applied it only to any extravagant action or saying, contracted it into one word, and corrupted it to "Humbug."

Another definition is thus given:

Everybody, perhaps, is not acquainted with the etymology of the word *humbug*.—it is a corruption of Hamburgh, and originated in the following manner:—During a period when war prevailed on the continent, so many false reports and lying bulletins were fabricated at Hamburgh, that, at length, when any one would signify his disbelief of a statement, he would say, "you had that from Hamburgh," and thus, "that is Hamburgh," or "Humbug," became a common expression of incredulity.

PRECOCITY OF THIS GO-AHEAD AGE.

We never read accounts of extreme advance in life without thinking of the remarkable progress the present age is making, and to help it along, the precocity of modern youthhood—as illustrated—

"Grandfather," said a saucy imp the other day, "how old are you?"

The old gentleman who had been a soldier in the war of the Revolution, and was much under the ordinary size, took the child between his knees, and patting him on the head with all the fondness of a second child of life, said—

"My dear boy, I am ninety-five years old," and then commenced to amuse the lad with some of the incidents in the story of his life at the conclusion of which he addressed the youngster, "But, my son, why did you ask the question?" when the little rascal with all the importance of a Napoleon, strutted off, and hitching up the first pair of pantaloons he ever wore, after the most approved sailor fashion, replied:

"Well, it appears to me you're darned small of your age."

There is none of the right kind of birch that grows around in sufficient quantities where such boys are raised.

THE TABLES TURNED.—Our readers will doubtless remember the feeling occasioned by the exhibition of a mulatto girl in Rev. H. Ward Beecher's Church, in Brooklyn, N. Y., for whose ransom from servitude eight hundred dollars and a valuable diamond cross was given by the congregation. The surplus of the money collected, together with the diamonds, were given to the girl, and the eight hundred dollars were given to her master. We learn from the correspondence of the Baltimore *American* that the girl has lately absconded, taking with her certain little articles of property which are not her own. The whole affair is said to have been concocted by the girl and her master to raise the $1200. The slave is back, with "massa," once more—and those who should know, say, "quite happy."