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.

VOLUME XXVII, NUMBER 19.] COLUMBIA, PENNSYLVANIA, SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 8, 1856. [WHOLE NUMBER, 1,371.

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
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Larger advertisements in proportion.

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

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.

H. M. NORTH,

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

J. W. FISHER. P. L. HACKENBERG.
FISHER & HACKENBERG,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
Columbia, Pa.
Columbia, September 6, 1856-tf

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

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.

SAMUEL LODGE,
Daguerreian Artist.
Corner Front & Locust sts., Columbia, Pa.
Pictures taken for 25 cents
And upwards, and satisfaction guaranteed.
☞No Pictures 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. 1, 2 and 6 Canal Basin.
Columbia, January 27, 1854

J. SHROEDER,
Ladies Boot & Shoe Manufacturer,
No. 1 Locust street, Columbia, Pa.

RESPECTFULLY tenders his sincere thanks for the very liberal patronage he has received, and would announce to his patrons that he has just supplied himself with a large and choice variety of materials, and is prepared to make up, in addition to his large stock of ready-made work on hand, Ladies, Misses, and Children SHOES, GAITERS, BOOTS, SLIPPERS, &c., in the latest and best styles. He solicits a continuance of the favor so liberally bestowed by the public.
JAMES SHROEDER,
March 15, 1856. Columbia, Pa.

Penn's 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. ROICH,
April 19, 1856-tf Freight & Ticket Agent.

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.

Balm of Thousand Flowers,

DISCOVERED by Dr. Fontaine, Paris, for beautifying the complexion, curing all the diseases of the skin, for Shaving, cleansing the teeth, for the Toilet and the Nursery; for bathing and manymedical purposes. For sale by SAM'L FILBERT,
Golden Mortar Drug Store, Columbia, Pa.
Columbia, March 22, 1856.

Rapp's Gold Pens.

CONSTANTLY on hand, an assortment of these celebrated PENS. Persons in want of a good article are invited to call and examine them.
Columbia, June 30, 1855. JOHN FELIX.

Excellent Dried Beef,

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

GEORGE J. SMITH,

LOCUST STREET, has just commenced manufacturing LEMON BEER, and keeps constantly on hand, a full assortment of SUMMER DRINKS.
Columbia, April 19, 1856

Just Received,

A LARGE LOT of Children's Carriages, Gigs, Rocking Horses, Wheelbarrows, Propellers, Nursery Swings, &c. GEORGE J. SMITH.
April 19, 1856. Locust street.

CHINA and other Fancy Articles, too numerous to mention, for sale by G. J. SMITH, Locust street, between the Bank and Franklin House.
Columbia, April 19, 1856.

Feed, Feed, Feed.

CORN, Oats and Flour, can be had at S. C. Swartz's Store, at Mill prices. Delivered free of charge.
Sept. 27, 1856.

PRIME HAMS, 12 1-2 cts. per pound; Shoulders, 10 do do Dried Beef, 14 do do
Tide Water Canal Money received for goods.
WELSH & RICH.
Columbia, May 17, 1856.

ALCOHOL and Burning Fluid, always on hand, at the lowest prices, at the Family Medicine Store, Odd Fellows' Hall.
February 2, 1856.

WHY should any person do without a Clock, when they can be had for $1,50 and upwards, at SHREINER'S?
Columbia, April 26, 1855.

Real Estate at Private Sale.

THE subscriber offers at private sale, a **Lot of Ground,** containing three-quarters of an acre, more or less, situate at the junction of the Columbia and Lancaster turnpike and the Mill road, adjoining property of John Kauffman. It is a desirable lot for the construction of a private residence. Apply to
JOHN D. KLINGLER.
Columbia, August 16, 1856-tf

For Sale--Very Cheap,

FOUR BRICK HOUSES, in good condition, with all modern improvements, situate in Perry and Union streets. For terms, &c., apply to A. CALDWELL.
Columbia, June 7, 1856-tf

TO LET,

THE front room and basement story of the house at the corner of the alley, adjoining the Lutheran Church and Second street. For terms, &c., apply to ANDREW GOHN.
Columbia, September 20, 1856.

BUILDING LOTS FOR SALE.

ONE TRIANGULAR PIECE, containing an acre and a quarter, at the corner of Marietta turnpike and the ore road, about one-quarter of a mile from the depot, Columbia.

And also, ONE THOUSAND FEET FRONT upon the ore-road, which will be divided into lots to suit purchasers—a beautiful situation for **Cottage Residences**, the soil being in good condition, would suit well for VEGETABLE GARDENING. Or the whole tract of 15 ACRES will be sold together. Apply to
J. H. MIFFLIN.
Columbia, July 19, 1856-tf

MONEY WANTED.

SIX THOUSAND DOLLARS wanted on mortgage, on unincumbered real estate, worth ten thousand Enquire of DANIEL HERR, President,
of Board of Trustees Columbia Public Ground Company.
Columbia, June 21, 1856.

GERHARD BRANDT,

CONTINUES to occupy the large building at the corner of Second and Locust streets, and offers to those desiring comfortable boarding the greatest conveniences. At his Saloons and Restaurant will be found Luxuries of all kinds in season, which will be served up in the best manner and at the shortest notice. He respectfully solicits a share of patronage. [Columbia, May 10, 1856.

Mount Vernon House, Canal Basin, Columbia, Pa.
HENRY K. MINICH, PROPRIETOR.

☞The best accommodations and every attention given to guests, who may favor this establishment with their patronage. [April 19, 1856-1y

Franklin House, Locust st. Columbia, Pa

THE subscriber continues to occupy this well-known Hotel, and will do every thing in his power to comfortably entertain all who may patronize him. His facilities for accommodating Horses, Droves, &c., are superior.
MARTIN ERWIN.
April 19, 1856-1y

Washington House, Columbia, Pa.
DANIEL HERR, PROPRIETOR.

THIS old and well-known house is still in the occupancy of the subscriber, and offers every inducement to the traveller, in the way of comfort and convenience. The Cars, east and west, start from the establishment, and it has other advantages unsurpassed by any. Terms reasonable.
D. HERR.
Columbia, April 12 1856-1y

Bellevue House,

N. E. CORNER of Front and Walnut streets, JOSHUA F. TAULT, PROPRIETOR. (Successor to Bardwell & Breneman and Mrs. Hines) The House is furnished with all Modern Improvements, and every attention will be given to secure the comfort of guests. Charges moderate.
Columbia, April 12, 1856 tf

NEW STOCK OF FANCY GOODS.

THE undersigned respectfully announces to her friends and the public, that she has now on hand a new assortment of FANCY ARTICLES, such as Infants' Caps and Bonnets, Trimmings of every variety, Blocke Collars, Embroidery of all kinds, also, a large assortment of Ladies' Fancy Baskets. I respectfully solicit an examination of my goods, from those who are in want of the above mentioned articles.
MARTHA J. MILES.
Columbia, September 13, 1856.

PRIME GERMAN SEGARS.

I HAVE JUST RECEIVED 200,000 MORE of those PRIME SEGARS, which I will sell CHEAPER than any Store in this or any other town.
Storekeepers,
and others will do well by giving me a call before purchasing elsewhere.
The above mentioned Segars can be seen at
J. F SMITH'S
Wholesale Confectionary establishment, Front street, two doors below the Washington House, Columbia.
Columbia, Aug. 30, 1856

Music and Musical Instruments.

THE undersigned having made arrangements with Mr. J. E GOULD, would respectfully inform the Ladies of Columbia and vicinity that he is now prepared to furnish Music at the shortest notice.

Persons in want of first-rate Violins, Flutes, Guitars, Banjos, or any other Musical Instruments, are respectfully invited to call at the Headquarters and News Depot.
S. R. SWARTZ

N B—A very fine assortment of Violin and Guitar Strings, always on hand.
August 2, 1856-3m

NEW ARRIVAL of Preserved Pine Apples, Canon, Crab Apples, Limes, Pears, Plums and Blackberry Jam, at
S. C. SWARTZ'S,
Aug. 30, 1856. Odd Fellows' Hall, Columbia.

HAIR DYE'S, Jones' Batchelor's, Peter's and Egyptian hair dyes, warranted to color the hair any desired shade, without injury to the skin. For sale by R. WILLIAMS,
May 10, Front st, Columbia, Pa.

CITRATE MAGNESIA, Seidlitz Powder, Soda Powder, and Mineral Water, always to be had, of a superior quality, at
McCORKLE & DELLETT'S
Family Medicine Store, Odd Fellow's Hall.
July 26, 1856

PICKLES, Pepper Sauce, Mixed Pickles, Gherkins, Tomato Ketchup and Spanish Olives, just received and for sale by S. C. SWARTZ.
Columbia, Aug. 30, 1856.

FARR & THOMPSON'S justly celebrated Commercial and other Gold Pens—the best in the market—just received P. SHREINER.
Columbia, April 26, 1855.

SAPONIFIER, or Concentrated Lye, for making Soap. 1 lb. is sufficient for one barrel of Soft Soap, or 4 lbs. 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.

SOLUTION OF CITRATE OF MAGNESIA, or Purgative Mineral Water.—This pleasant medicine which is highly recommended as a substitute for Epsom Salts, Seidlitz Powders, &c., can be obtained fresh every day at SAM'L FILBERT'S Drug Store, Front st. 1y

JUST RECEIVED, a large and well selected variety of Brushes, consisting in part of Shoe, Hair, Cloth, Crumb, Nail, Hat and Teeth Brushes, and for sale by
R. WILLIAMS,
March 22, '56. Front street Columbia, Pa.

A SUPERIOR article of PAINT OIL, for sale by
R. WILLIAMS,
May 10, 1856. Front Street, Columbia, Pa.

A SUPERIOR article of TONIC SPICE BITTERS, suitable for Hotel Keepers, for sale by
R. WILLIAMS.
May 10, 1856. Front street, Columbia.

FRESH ETHEREAL OIL, always on hand, and for sale by
R. WILLIAMS,
May 10, 1856 Front Street, Columbia, Pa.

JUST received, FRESH CAMPHENE, and for sale by
R. WILLIAMS,
May 10, 1856. Front Street, Columbia, Pa.

DE GRATH'S ELECTRIC OIL. Just received, a fresh supply of this popular remedy, and for sale by
R. WILLIAMS,
May 10, 1856. Front Street, Columbia, Pa.

A NEW lot of WHALE AND CAR GREASING OILS, received at the store of the subscriber.
R. WILLIAMS.
May 10, 1856. Front Street, Columbia, Pa.

EXTRA FAMILY FLOUR, just received and for sale by
S. C. SWARTZ.
June 21, 1856

Poetry.

A SICK MAN'S DREAM.

This beautiful piece of poetry was written by the late Judge Robert Raymond Reed, of Georgia, afterward Governor of Florida. It has never appeared in print before, and the lady for whom it was penned—now a resident of our city—has kindly consented to give it to the public through our columns. It is one of those choice yet unobtrusive gems, struck out from a rich mine of thought, that has only to see the light to have its beauties appreciated.—*Montgomery (Ala.) Journal.*

Methought that in a sacred wood,
I slumbered on a bank of flowers,
Soothed by a streamlet's wandering flood,
That gurgled thro' the whispering bowers;
And dreams did visit me—so bright,
An Elysium only could beget them;
They brought me such intense delight,
I never, never can forget them.

It seemed that thou wert present there,
Thine eyes with living lustre beaming;
The star of morning decked thy hair,
And all around its radiance streaming,
Imparted to thy lip—thy cheek—
The brightness of immortal glory;
O! we can ne'er such visions seek,
But in some old romantic story!

And near thee hung a lyre of gold,
Beneath a bower of shading roses—
Roses—like those that love enfold,
When from his toils the god reposes;
And when thy fingers touched the strings,
They yielded numbers rich and swelling,
As when some spirit sweetly sings
At evening, from her viewless dwelling.

Yet changeful was that music strain,
It told of hope, of youth, and gladness;
Of pleasure's wreath, of true love's chain,
And then of blighted joys and sadness,
At last an answering voice there came,
From a bright cloud that then descended,
And while it spake a quivering flame
Was with the fleecy whiteness blended.

I may not tell the words so kind,
By that same plaintive voice then spoken;
For the dark night-storm's rudest wind
Came o'er my dream, and it was broken.
But lady, tranquil be thy hours,
And smooth the path of life before thee,
Far surely, from celestial bower,
Some happy spirit watches o'er thee!

For the Columbia Spy.

MY MOUNTAIN HOME.

BY WINNY WOODBINE.

Day is breaking, sunbeams waking;
Swiftly glides the boat from shore,
Land's receding, disappearing,
Home and friends we see no more.
Then farewell, farewell to thee,
Far o'er the waves we roam;
Far, far away o'er land and stream,
To my wild mountain home.

All the joys we there shall know,
All the roaming 'mong the mountains,
Bright with silver-frosted snow.
But so gladly, now as sadly,
Come the heart-throbs faint and slow,
When the pencil bright of mem'ry,
Paints us scenes of long ago.

But when weary, tired and weary,
Our valley home seems bright and fair,
From the mountains, glad returning,
We will meet you loved ones, there.
Then farewell, farewell to thee,
Far o'er the waves we roam;
Far, far away, o'er land and stream,
To my wild mountain home.

"LIZZIE."

BY MYRTA MAY.

When the summer flowers were dying,
And the Autumn winds were sighing
Mournfully and low,
Then we left our loved one sleeping
Where the willow-tree is weeping
And the flowers grow;

Where the violets are springing,
And the woodland birds are singing
All the summer day,
There our darling one reposes,
With the blushing summer roses
She has passed away.

But our hearts are very lonely,
For she was the first and only
Link in love's bright chain;
Yet, although on Earth 'tis over,
Soon in yonder glorious heaven,
'Twill be joined again.

Miscellaneous.

"DON'T ILLUMINATE."

We are indebted to our London Correspondent, for the following placard; which has been posted about all parts of the British metropolis:

"People of England—Don't illuminate.—Save your money.

"It is wasteful stupidity to stick candles in your windows by way of rejoicing for peace.

"It will be time enough to rejoice for peace when you have some of the fruits of peace.

"It will be time enough (if the money is to be wasted) to light up your windows, when there is an end of the war taxes; when the double income tax is taken off; when the war tax on tea, and the war tax on sugar are taken off.

"It will be time enough to light up (if there is to be such child's play by way of of rejoicing) when we know the cost of the war, and have done adding to the national debt, to pay for the blunders and mismanagement, and disgraceful waste of the war.

"Save your money—don't illuminate. It will be time enough to throw money away on illumination, when time proves that the peace is an honorable peace, an honest peace, a real peace, a peace to last. It may turn out to be a mere sham—a mere paper peace.

"Save your money—don't illuminate.—Rejoice in your homes, and in your hearts, that there is peace. Thank God that there is peace. Pray God that it may continue.—But save your money—don't illuminate.—The war has cost us thousands of brave men. Spare your money for their widows and orphans.

"Don't illuminate—spare your money.—Give it to educate the sons and daughters of the men who have fallen in battle, or died of wounds; who have died of cold, and hunger, and sickedness, and neglect, in all this war.

"Read the Report of the Crimea Commission. Read how your brave soldiers were unhoused, unclad, unfed, uncared for—uncared for in the camp, on the field, on shipboard, in the hospitals, in sickness, in wounds, in death.

"Don't illuminate—save the money. Save it to comfort the wounded. Save it to welcome home the remnant of your army swept down not by the enemy, but by the incompetency of its leaders and providers, and by the incapacity and neglect of the department entrusted with its care at home.

"Don't waste your money—don't illuminate. Don't go about idling, and staying out all night, to celebrate peace. Save your money. Save it from the illumination, to found with it some memorial in honor of the common soldiers in this war. Generals have had honors—staff officers have been promoted. Alma and Inkerman were soldiers' battles; they were won not by generals, there was no plan, no genius of command, the battles were fought out by the stern unflinching bravery of the common men. What honors, what rewards, have the common soldiers had in all this war?

"Don't illuminate—don't waste your money upon mere candles in your windows. Let the peace be made memorable by some lasting good to the common soldier. Let there be an end to the system of purchasing commissions and purchasing promotion.

"Insist upon it, that commissions shall be the prize of merit; that commissions shall be open to the private soldier.

"Insist that the most tried, the ablest, the bravest men, the men who have won the right to be trusted, shall care for your soldiers, and command your armies.

"Let there be an end of all favor and affection in army and navy appointments, and in promotion in the army and navy.

"Don't illuminate—don't waste your money. Have the peace made memorable by a thorough reform of the army system; a thorough reform of the civil service; a reform that shall make way for the common soldier; a reform that shall open every employment in the state to the fittest men; a reform that [illegible] however high, for neglect of the duties they undertake.

"Don't illuminate. Shopkeepers, working-men, householders! put by what the candles, the gas, the lamps, the fittings, would cost. Remember the siege of Kars; remember the deaths by hunger in Kars—the agony of mothers laying down their children dying of hunger at the commander's feet—the brave defence—the repulse of the Russians—the vain applications for aid—the neglected despatches—the bravery of Gen. Williams.

"Don't illuminate Have the guilt of the fall of Kars searched out, and the guilty, however high, punished.

"Save your money. Lay by something of what it would cost to illuminate to do honor to Gen. Williams.

"Look up the lis of real heroes in the war. Save it to honor them, be they general officers or private soldiers, honor them.

"Don't illuminate—save your money.—Insist that the blame of the sufferings of the army in the Crimea shall be brought home; that the Chelsea Commission shall be brought home; that the investigation shall go on; that the inquiry shall be open, honest, real, fearless; that the guilty, be they who they may, shall be disgraced and punished.

"Don't illuminate. The lighting up throughout England would cost a half a million. In London alone, the illumination would, one way or other, cost a hundred thousand pounds.

"Don't illuminate—save the money. The money the light would cost would found a glorious college for the people. An English college—a commercial college—a college where the working-man could send his son, and have him taught as well as the highest in the land. A college that would train men to be good civil servants of the state—good soldiers—good commanders.

"Don't illuminate—put by at once,—put by honestly, the pounds, the shillings, the pence it would cost you to illuminate—the money you would spend on cabs and cars to see the illuminations.

"Save the money to be called for, to found a people's college. A college memorable to the soldiers fallen and wasted in the war.

"Save it to be called for to do honor to the heroes of the war.

"Save it, to do honor to the correspondents of the newspaper, who have, in the face of danger and difficulty, in camp and in battle, kept those at home in knowledge of the facts of the war, and who stood by the common soldier, and fought with their pens for truth and right, and the honor of England.

Don't illuminate. Rejoice in the peace as men of sense—as Christian men—spend the money for real, permanent national good.

"Don't illuminate—Don't let half a million of money be wasted."

GOOD HUMOR.

Keep in a good humor. It is not great calamities that embitter existence; it is the petty vexations, the small jealousies, the little disappointments, minor miseries, that make the heart heavy and the temper sour. Don't let them. Anger is a pure waste of vitality. It is always foolish and always disgraceful, except in some very rare cases, when it is kindled by seeing wrong done to another; and even that noble rage seldom mends the matter. Keep in a good humor.

No man does his best except when he is cheerful. A light heart maketh nimble hands, and keeps the mind free and alert.—No misfortune is so great as one that sours the temper. Until Cheerfulness is lost, nothing is lost. Keep in a good humor.

The company of a good humored man is a perpetual feast; he is welcomed everywhere, eyes glisten at his approach and difficulties vanish in his presence. Franklin's indomitable good humor did as much for his country in the old Congress as Adams' fire or Jefferson's wisdom; he clothed wisdom with smiles, and softened contentious minds into acquiescence. Keep in a good humor.

A good conscience, a sound stomach, a clean skin, are elements of good humor.—Get them, and keep them, and—be sure to keep in a good humor.

MOORISH BEGGARS.

It is a common observation of those who have visited Mahometan countries, that no present of pure liberality should be made to either Turks or Moors, lest it introduce a custom, which, when the advantage is on their side, is insisted upon as a law, both at Algiers and at the Levant. This has laid the consuls under the inconvenience of making many presents to those in the administration, when their predecessors had some private end in setting the example. If a stranger on any particular occasion, makes a present to a Turk or Moor, he constantly demands it on the like occurrence, and his successors look upon it as an established perquisite of their employment.

The practice of extortion is so burdensome and so frequent, that liberality cannot be too much on its guard. In the year 1691, in the reign of Hagi Chaban Dey, a Greek merchant, who resided at Algiers, used almost every year to make a voyage to Tunis, or Egypt, retailing his cargo. A countryman of his dying, left him his executor, and among other pious legacies, a certain sum for charitable uses. One day the merchant passing by a Moor, who was sitting in the street upon a piece of mat, lame [illegible] was the more inclined to give, be[illegible] industry in making thread laces, when incapable of other work. He dropped him his handful of aspors, which unusual sight so transported the beggar, that he followed the merchant upon his crutches, calling out upon heaven to shower down its blessings upon him. The beggar did not leave following his benefactor, till he discovered his house, and afterwards took past in a place where the merchant must daily pass by him. Next day the Moor implored charity, and the Greek repeated it, which gained him great reputation, and a crowd of customers. The Mahometan priests were not wanting to proclaim the virtue which God had given to this charitable Greek, who finding the sweets of a charity which really cost him nothing, continued his daily benevolence till the time of his departure from Egypt. The beggar still kept his post, but missing his benefactor, he inquired after him and had the mortification to hear that he had gone out of the kingdom. When his clerk passed by, he used to lift up his hands and pray for his master's happy return, which happened five or six months after. The beggar was overjoyed to see him; and when the merchant, in return for his compliments, was going to be low his charity upon him, declined it, saying it was better to pay him for all his arrears at once.—The Greek told him he did not know what he meant by arrears. To which the other replied, that he had been absent near six months, and consequently that there was about one hundred and eighty rails due.—The Greek did not know whether the fellow's impudence deserved most to be laughed at, or chastised. But the Moor laid his complaint before the Dey, and the Greek merchant was sent for to make his defence. The Moor alleged that the merchant had, for the continuance of a whole month, daily given him a rail, but that this charity had greatly increased his customers, and been a fund of riches; and that as to himself, upon such a daily income, he was very glad to leave off working; which from having nearly lost his sight, had become very painful to him; that the merchant went away without giving him the least notice that his pension was to cease: that he had still kept at his post, praying to God for his return; besides that relying upon his accustomed liberality, he had contracted some debts for his support; but upon demanding his arrears, the merchant had laughed at him, and threatened to chastise him.

The Greek did not disown the truth of the premises, but insisted that alms being a voluntary action, its continuance depended upon the will of the doner. After a discussion of the affair in council, the merchant was condemned to pay the beggar a rial for every day since his departure, to the day of his decision, with a piastre over and above as a compensation for his reproaches. He empowered him at the same time to declare that it was his intention never to give him any alms or gratuity for the time to come. This the merchant many times protested, adding, that such a sentence would not soon be forgotten.

The story here related is given on the authority of a respectable traveller; and we have no reason to doubt its truth. Nay, we who live in a christian land may too often discover a striking analogy between the Moorish beggar's idea of justice, and the conduct of many who clamorously demand as a right, that which they have been long accustomed to receive as a benefaction.—Happily we have no law to enforce such a demand; but we have a powerful word to mark our sense of such conduct—and that is—ingratitude!

THE GREAT FRAUD UPON THE RAILROAD DU NORD; HOW THE AFFAIR WAS DONE.

Charpentier, the principal of this immense breach of trust, conducted the affair with a coolness, a method, a surety of execution which denotes a great aptitude for financial transactions. He is but twenty-five years of age, and was a man of high life—what we would call a fast man. It is remarkable how this fact could have escaped M. Rothschild's attention. On one occasion in company with one of the directors of the company, Charpentier left fall a hundred franc bill. His companion made a motion to pick it up, when Charpentier, with his fine patent leathers, kicked it into the fire with the exclamation, "How! *mon cher*, do you stoop to pick up such rags as that?"—He had a residence in town, another in the country, &c., and all without other ostensible resource than his seven thousand francs annual sallery. His predecessor who enjoyed a sallery of ten thousand francs, having died, the administration of the company said to themselves, "Here is a chance to make three thousand francs; let us make young Charpentier cashier," which was done.

Charpentier was about to marry a young girl at Rouen, daughter of a merchant of that place. Two weeks ago he asked and obtained permission to go and see his intended, to arrange preliminaries "for the happiest day of his life," &c., and he departed.

But the father of Charpentier, an honest and assiduous clerk in the banking house of M. Rothschild, received a letter a few mornings afterwards from the father of the young lady in question, who was growing tired of the delay, and demanded that the delinquent should be "forwarded by return of post."

Whereupon M. Charpentier hastened to [illegible] lies about his lost son.

"Your son," they replied, "has been at Rouen more than forty-eight hours.

"No, he is not there."

"Yes."

"No."

"Let some one call Grelo." [Grele is the assistant cashier.] He appears and is interrogated—

"Do you know where Charpentier is?"

"At Rouen," responds Monsieur Grele, with the most honest air possible.

"They say that he has not been seen there."

"Ah that is even possible; he had a desire to pass by Trouville. He is just the kind of fellow that would like to amuse himself two or three days on the road."

"That's a pity," replied one of the directors, far from conceiving the least suspicion; "this direction has precisely need of his presence for an urgent affair, with the intention of giving him leave of absence later on.—Suppose you go after him at Trouville."

"Me, Monsieur! And my cash box?"

"No matter for that. To-morrow is Sunday; you have thirty-six hours before you, which is more than you need to find yourself at your post Monday morning."

"But"——

"Come my dear Grele, it is service which the direction begs of you."

"I will go, Monsieur, I will go. Will you receive my cash box before I start?"

"Certainly."

And the director called an employee, whom he charged to accomplish that formality.

Grelo opens his box, displays to the dazzled eyes of the deputy an array of twelve hundred thousand francs in gold, silver, and bills, hands over the keys, and takes sudden leave for Calais, where his friend and accomplice, Charpentier, awaits him with the proceeds of the 5,747 shares substracted from the safes and sold under the nose of the employees whom the company pay forty francs a day to watch over its interests.

At Liverpool, where the two hastened, a third accomplice had already secured their passage on a steamer to New York, and, in company with a trio of ladies, the party set sail for America.

GREAT DESTRUCTION OF FISH.—The Sandusky *Register* states that the recent heavy gales have been very destructive to fish ponds in the vicinity of the Islands and Marblehead, several of the largest ones have been swept away, and others greatly injured One of the principal fishermen also informs the editor that the prevalence of winds has rendered the season thus far, the most unfavorable one for years, and that ten or twelve days probably will be required to elapse before it will become entirely propitious. White fish, he states do not usually run in large numbers until after the opening of November, while a heavy gale or storm is sure to retard their coming, as the supply brought into port has fallen far below the demand, and will continue so until the weather again becomes settled.

☞Half witted people have a talent for talking much and saying little.

ELLEN MAY.

BY MARTHA HAINES BUTT.

I never could persuade myself that that is a happy match. The very idea of a young girl of eighteen marrying a girl old enough to be her grandfather. Why the thought drives me quite frantic—only think of a fidgety, pussy, old fashion, notion fogy wedding a gay young girl like Ellen May.—What will she do for balls, parties and flirtations now, I would like to know. Every time he gets a fancy for being petted he will pretend he is awful sick, so you see Ellen will be fixed for the day since she will be obliged to stay home and nurse him—but, I would pretty soon tell him another story.

There is that handsome nephew of his—but wasn't the old uncle cunning not to permit him to show his face outside the college door until he succeeded in securing his prize first—if I was Ellen, wouldn't I get up a tremendous flirtation; and if there was any jealousy in the old man, wouldn't I bring it out with a vengeance? Wouldn't I let him see he had woke up the wrong one?—Wouldn't I take a notion to go to the opera or somewhere else when I knew he could not go, just for the sake of having his nephew as an escort. It was all folly for Ellen to marry that old man; I feel satisfied gold was the bait there, for he has no other attraction as I see. But girls will make themselves ridiculous occasionally.

Not a happy match; you would not have thought so were you to take a peep at Ellen's bright face as she presides with so much dignity at the table; it is her pleasure to do everything she thinks will please her husband. What if her marriage was like mating May and December? Who did everything to make her happy; who selected the choicest fruits and fairest flowers? Who insisted on her going to the opera and everywhere else with the "nephew" when he could not make it convenient to go himself? Who put no limits whatever on the purse? And who folded dimple arms around the old man's neck and said in her heart (in spite of the many disappointed ones who smiled at the bare idea of her making fond of the "old grandfather," as they pleased to term him,) that she would rather have married him than all the flirty poppinjays in the the old man's heart.

PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY.

Rev Lewis Trapier, of Charleston, has addressed a letter to the Charleston *Mercury*, October 22, in which, speaking of the Episcopal General Convention recently held at Philadelphia, he says:

"And from first to last, (with the exception of a single speech, which though inflammatory enough, fell like a spark on the water,) not a word has escaped from any one, however far away in the North, or the East, or the West, which might not have been spoken at the corners of Broad and Meeting streets, and would not have met approval there. Aye, more, *we Southerners have been greeted with most cordial affection, listened to with respectful attention, and treated altogether with such fraternal consideration, that our hearts are very full of love in return, and of thankfulness to God.*

South Carolina and Massachusetts are on the best of terms; New York and Virginia exchange and interchange continual courtesies; Ohio and Mississippi are arm in arm; Maine and Texas go side by side; and the whole convention in both houses, by acclamation, agree to meet next, south of Mason and Dixon's line, in Richmond, Virginia, especially to give proof to the southern brethren, of confidence and affection, and evidence to all the rest of the world that however conscientiously we may differ, even about the '*questio vexata*' of the day, we are determined that we will not, therefore, break the bond of Christian fellowship; but rather, if we may, *help with that fellowship to stay the torrent which also may sweep away the fair fabric of our civil Union.*"

JENNY LIND AND THE STUDENTS.

In a certain German town there was a tremendous furore about Jenny Lind, who, after driving the whole place mad, left it early one morning. The moment her carriage was outside the gates, a company of student, who had escorted it, rushed back to the inn, demanded to be shown Jenny's bed chamber, and rushing up stairs into the room, tore up the sheets and wore them as decorations. An hour or two afterwards, a bald old gentleman, of amiable appearance an Englishman who was staying in the hotel, came to breakfast at the *table de hote*, and was observed to be much disturbed in his mind and terrified whenever a student approached. At last he said in a low voice, to some gentlemen near him at the table:

"You are English, I observe. Most extraordiary people, these German students; raving mad."

"Oh, no!" said somebody, "only excitable but very good fellows, and sensible."

"By heavens! sir," returned the old gentleman, much discomposed, "then there's something political in it, and I am a marked man. I went out for a walk this morning, and while I was gone they burst into my bed room, took away the sheets, and are now patrolling the town in all directions with bits of them in their button holes."

☞In order to judge of another's feelings, remember your own.