

THE COLUMBIA SPY.

50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

"NO ENTERTAINMENT IS SO CHEAP AS READING, NOR ANY PLEASURE SO LASTING."

\$2.00 IF NOT IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME XXVII, NUMBER 38.]

COLUMBIA, PENNSYLVANIA, SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 28, 1857.

[WHOLE NUMBER, 1,372.]

ISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

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

Terms of Subscription. Copy per annum, if paid in advance, \$1 50. The very poor must bear. You do not see the silent tear. By many a mother's eye, An childhood offers up the prayer, "Give us our daily bread."

4 CENTS A COPY. A subscription received for a longer time than six months, and no paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid, unless at the option of the publisher. Money may be remitted by mail at the publisher's risk.

Rates of Advertising. Square (6 lines) one week, \$0 38. Each subsequent insertion, 10. Three weeks, 75. One month, 2 00. (12 lines) one week, 1 00. Three weeks, 2 00. One month, 3 00. Larger advertisements in proportion. A liberal discount will be made to quarterly, half yearly or yearly advertisers, who are strictly confined to their business.

Dr. John & Rohrer, associated in the Practice of Medicine. Office, No. 122, Market street, Philadelphia.

DR. G. W. WIFFLIN, Dentist, Locust street, near the Post Office, Columbia, Pa.

A. M. NORTH, Attorney and Counsellor at Law. Office, No. 122, Market street, near the Post Office, Columbia, Pa.

J. W. FISHER, Attorney and Counsellor at Law. Office, No. 122, Market street, near the Post Office, Columbia, Pa.

GEORGE J. SMITH, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Groceries, Dry Goods, and Boots. Office, No. 122, Market street, near the Post Office, Columbia, Pa.

DAVID S. BRUNER, Esq., Attorney at Law and Conveyancer. Office, No. 122, Market street, near the Post Office, Columbia, Pa.

B. F. APFELD & CO., General Forwarding and Commission Merchants. Office, No. 122, Market street, near the Post Office, Columbia, Pa.

DEALERS IN COALS AND IRON, and Dealers in Whiskey and Brandy. Office, No. 122, Market street, near the Post Office, Columbia, Pa.

OATS FOR SALE, BY THE BUSHEL, or in larger quantities. Office, No. 122, Market street, near the Post Office, Columbia, Pa.

ROPES, ROPES, ROPES. 50 COILS, superior qualities, various sizes, just received and for sale cheap. Office, No. 122, Market street, near the Post Office, Columbia, Pa.

50 BUS. PRIME GROUND NUTS, at J. F. SMITH'S Wholesale and Retail Confectionery Store. Office, No. 122, Market street, near the Post Office, Columbia, Pa.

CHILDREN'S GOLD PENS, on hand, an assortment of Gold Pens, of various kinds, and suitable for all purposes. Office, No. 122, Market street, near the Post Office, Columbia, Pa.

Excellent Dried Beef, SUGAR-CURED and Plain Ham, Shoulders and Sides, of the best quality. Office, No. 122, Market street, near the Post Office, Columbia, Pa.

Just Received, A Large Lot of Children's Cigarrettes, of the best quality, and suitable for all purposes. Office, No. 122, Market street, near the Post Office, Columbia, Pa.

Under the name of Cook & Co.'s GUINIA PERFECTION, warranted not to corrode; in elasticity they almost equal the quality. Office, No. 122, Market street, near the Post Office, Columbia, Pa.

A Large Lot of Shaker Corn, from the Shaker settlement in New York, just received, and for sale cheap. Office, No. 122, Market street, near the Post Office, Columbia, Pa.

Family Medicines, for sale at McCORKLE & BELLETT'S Family Medicine Store, Old Fellows' Hall, Columbia, Pa.

Dr. Jones, Bachelor's, Peter's and Son's, warranted to cure the hair, and without injury to the scalp. Office, No. 122, Market street, near the Post Office, Columbia, Pa.

MRS. WILSON'S Family Celebrated Compound, for the cure of all kinds of Coughs, Colds, and Hoarseness. Office, No. 122, Market street, near the Post Office, Columbia, Pa.

VERY FINE FLOUR, by the barrel, for sale at McCORKLE & BELLETT'S Family Medicine Store, Old Fellows' Hall, Columbia, Pa.

10 1/2 lbs. per cwt. per pound; 10 1/2 lbs. per cwt. per pound; 10 1/2 lbs. per cwt. per pound. Office, No. 122, Market street, near the Post Office, Columbia, Pa.

ANY person who without a Clock, can be had for \$1.00 and upwards, in any city in the United States. Office, No. 122, Market street, near the Post Office, Columbia, Pa.

DR. J. W. FISHER'S, for the cure of all kinds of Coughs, Colds, and Hoarseness. Office, No. 122, Market street, near the Post Office, Columbia, Pa.

AGENTS for the sale of all kinds of Groceries, Dry Goods, and Boots. Office, No. 122, Market street, near the Post Office, Columbia, Pa.

DOZEN BROOMS, in BOXES CHEAP. For sale at McCORKLE & BELLETT'S Family Medicine Store, Old Fellows' Hall, Columbia, Pa.

SUPERIOR ARTS of PAINTING, by the barrel, for sale at McCORKLE & BELLETT'S Family Medicine Store, Old Fellows' Hall, Columbia, Pa.

Poetry.

THE POOR.

Have pity on them for their life is full of grief and care; You do not know one half the woes, The very poor must bear. You do not see the silent tear, By many a mother's eye, An childhood offers up the prayer, "Give us our daily bread."

Deal gently with these wretched ones, Whately wrought their woes; For the poor have much to tempt and tease, That you never know. Then judge them not, for hard indeed is their dark lot of care; Let heaven console them, but human hearts With human faults should bear.

Oh, when with faint and languid voice, The poor implore your aid, It matters not how, step by step, When smiling faces brighten round, It matters not, if shame has laid Its shadow on their brow— It is enough for you to see That they are suffering now.

Deal gently with these wretched ones, Whately wrought their woes; For the poor have much to tempt and tease, That you never know. Then judge them not, for hard indeed is their dark lot of care; Let heaven console them, but human hearts With human faults should bear.

Invocation to Spring. Lovely season! balmy Spring! Come and all thy glades bring! Come on beds of fairest flowers, With fragrance of magnolia bough! Come and paint the violet blue, And the lily's ethereal hue; Love's season! balmy Spring! Come and all thy glades bring! Come and all thy glades bring! Come and all thy glades bring!

THE ALLIGATOR AND BEAR. A graphic account of a contest between an alligator and bear, evidently written by an eye-witness, appeared many years since. Every incident is brought vividly to the mind's eye.

"The witness while fishing on the banks of a beautiful stream in Western Louisiana was startled by a roaring of some animal in the cane break near by, apparently getting ready for action. These notes of preparation were succeeded by the sound of feet, trampling down the cane, and scattering the shells on the ground. Rushing to the traying, instead of their being, what was supposed, two prairie bulls mixing impetuously in battle, there was a large black bear, raised upon his hind legs, his face smeared with white foam and sprinkled blood, which, dropping from his mouth, rolled down his shaggy breast. Frantic from the smarting of his wounds, he stood gnashing his teeth and growling at his enemy. On a bank of snow-white shells, in battle array was Bruin's foe, a monster alligator. He looked as if he had just been dipped in the Teche, and had emerged, like Achilles from the styx, with an invulnerable coat of mail; he was standing on tip toe, his back curved upward, and his tongueless mouth thrown open, displaying his wide jaws, two large tusks, and rows of teeth. His tail, six feet long, raised from the ground, was constantly waving like a boxer's arm to gather force, his big eyes starting from his head, glared upon Bruin, while sometimes uttering sounds between the teeth.

My Lost Friend.

Finally, he made a fourth charge with a degree of dexterity which those who have never seen this clumsy animal exercising would suppose him incapable of. This time he got close to the alligator, before he could recover his feet; Bruin grasped him around the body, below the four legs and holding him down on his back seized one of the reptile's legs in his mouth. The alligator was now in a desperate situation; he attempted in vain to bite, for his neck was so stiff that he could not turn his head around. Seized with desperation, the amphibious beast issued a scream of despair; but being a warrior by "blood and field," he was not yet entirely overcome. Striking it against a tree which stood next the bank—aided by this purchase he made a convulsive bound, which precipitated himself and Bruin, locked together, into the river.

"The bank from which they fell was four feet high, and the water below seven feet deep. The tranquil stream received the combatants with a loud splash, then closed over them in silence. A volley of ascending bubbles announced their arrival at the bottom, where the battle ended. Presently Bruin rose again, scrambled up the bank, cast a glance back at the river, and all dripping, made off to the cane break."

"INGINS ABOUT." A Texan correspondent of the New Orleans Picayune, tells a good story in one of his letters of a "surly-faced, grizzly-haired, snuffy and moon-eyed chap," who persecuted a roughish dame with his attentions, but was thrown off in the course of true love by the following ruse:

It being the water moon season, and Betty's father having a fine supply, all the youngsters for miles around assembled there on the holiday to feast on melons. C. was prominent in the circle, till in the afternoon when Betty held a private interview with the other young men, and arraigned that C. should be decoyed from the house and frightened by the cry of Indians from some of his comrades, which it was thought would wound his pride and drive him away. Five young men, with C. walked out. A bath in the river, three hundred yards distant was proposed by one, and seconded by several. Of course, C. was "in."

THE DRUNKARD'S DEATH. What a spectacle is this! What a lesson does it teach! The destruction of man's corporal frame is not pleasant under any circumstances. The taking down his "clay tabernacle," even when he hopes to enter a "building not made with hands," in the upper skies, has something melancholy in it. But when we see a mortal stretched upon his dying couch whose life has been spent in debauchery and revelry, what is there connected with him or his, either past or present, or future, that does not present the most horrible and forbidding aspect? Life is gone—property wasted—character blasted—wife and children beggar—there he lies upon his bed of straw, with parched lips, bloated countenance, and blood-shot eyes, the very personification of ruin. Tossing upon his hard and comfortless couch, panting for breath, and calling for help, but all in vain. Death marks him for his victim; and now, for a while he is relieved from frightful ghosts and demons which hitherto haunted his disordered imagination, and conscience, the sleepless monitor, with redoubled vigor, assails his still conscious soul, and brings up before him every act of worthless life, to blast all hope, to plunge him in deeper agony, and to hurry his affrighted spirits into the presence of his God. How loudly and bitterly does he complain of himself, of life, of friends, of God.

He pined, but it is the angry imprecation of a doomed spirit, demanding of his Maker a speedier discharge. The wild glare of his scorched eyes, his restless tossing, his retching hic-cough, and his deep hollow groans, tell us how hard it is for a drunkard to die. The very presence of one loved wife and child, kindle in his bosom, in advance the very fires of hell. The soothing voice of mercy and the plaintive prayer of the man of God kneeling by his bedside, but add fuel to the already raging flame. He calls for water! water! now, ere he takes up his habitation where "one drop" will not be allowed him; but, all the cool draught only adds force to the devouring fire. Friends gather around to take a last farewell, and his tremulous hand is extended to bid them adieu; thoughts of the past, and of the future send their withering arrows, barred with the poison of death, to his bursting heart; and with one strong, agonizing struggle, his ruined soulstaggerers into the spirit land to receive its sentence. Pity, compassion, humanity, would let the veil drop here, and cover up till the great azure doom of the deluded, misguided wretch; but divine truth has said, "All drunkards shall have their portion in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone.—Spirit of the Age.

Preaching without notes, it has recently been discovered, is more common than it was supposed to be, that is preaching without bank notes.

Preaching without notes, it has recently been discovered, is more common than it was supposed to be, that is preaching without bank notes.

A Desperate Conflict.

The Doctor and his guides had just merged into a narrow defile between two rocky hills, when they heard an angry growl, which they knew to be that of the "march of the forest." At the distance of not more than forty yards in advance of them, a gemsbok stood at bay, while a huge tawny lion was crouched on a rocky platform, above the level of the plain, evidently meditating an attack on the antelope; only a space of about twenty feet separated the two animals. The lion appeared to be animated with the greatest fury—the gemsbok was apparently calm and resolute—presenting his well fortified head to the enemy.—The lion cautiously changed his position, descended to the plain and made a circuit, obviously for the purpose of attacking the gemsbok in the rear, but the latter was on the alert, and still turned his head toward his antagonist.

This maneuvering lasted about half an hour, when it appeared to the observers that the gemsbok used a stratagem to induce the lion to make his assault. The flank of the antelope was for a moment turned to his fierce assailant. As quick as lightning the lion made a spring, but while in the air, the gemsbok turned his head, bending his neck so as to present one of his spear-like horns at the lion's breast. A terrible laceration was the consequence; the lion fell back on his haunches, showing a ghastly wound in the lower part of the neck. He uttered a howl of rage and anguish, and backed off to the distance of fifty yards, seeming half disposed to give up the contest, but hunger, fury or revenge once more impelled him forward. His second assault was more furious and headlong; he rushed at the gemsbok, and attempted to leap over the formidable horns in order to alight on his back.

The gemsbok, still standing on the defensive, elevated his head, seized the lion by the side, and inflicted what the spectators believed to be a mortal wound, as the horns penetrated to the depth of six or eight inches. Again the lion retreated, groaning and limping in a manner that showed that he had been severely hurt; but he soon collected all his energies for another attack.—At the instant of the collision, the gemsbok presented a horn so as to strike the lion between the two forelegs, and so forceful was the stroke, that the whole length of the horn was buried in the lion's body. For nearly a minute the two beasts stood motionless; then the gemsbok, slowly backing, withdrew his horn, and the lion tottering and fell on his side, his limbs quivering in the agonies of death. The victor made a triumphant flourish of his heels, and trotted off apparently without having received the least injury in the conflict.

THE CONSIDERATE DOCTOR.

A poor girl who had just recovered from a fit of sickness, gathered up her scanty earnings, and went to the doctor's office to settle her bill. Just at the door, a lawyer of the place passed into the office before her, on a similar errand.

"Well, doctor," said he, "I believe I am indebted to you, and I should like to know how much."

"Yes," said the doctor, "I attended upon you about a week, and what should you charge me for a week's services?"

"Oh!" said the lawyer, "perhaps seventy-five dollars."

"Very well, then, as my time and profession are as valuable as yours, your bill is seventy-five dollars."

WHAT MAKES OLD MAIDS AND BACHELORS.

We will paint a picture—one in which the lights and shades appear strong, perhaps, but which every one will recognize as not outraging the truth of nature. There are two houses built side by side. In the one dwells a widow and her daughter, fair, light-hearted, the sunshine of her mother's declining years, but alas! not rich. With all the affectionate instincts of a woman's heart, with all the capabilities to create happiness in a man's house, she remains unseen and unchosen. As time passes on, she gradually deepens into old-maidism. Where once she was heard singing about the home, like Una making sunshine in the shady place, her voice is now heard shrill in complaint; parrots and cats accumulate, taking the place of a more human love, and her words are those of sharp reproof and spite against those very instincts of maternity which have been so long the master-spirit of her thoughts. Her affections, after in vain throwing themselves out to seek some sympathetic answer, turn in with bitterness upon her own heart, and she remains that most melancholy of all spectacles—a nature with aspirations unfulfilled. In the next house lives a bachelor—young, open-hearted and generous.—Bused in the struggle of life, he has perhaps no time for parties; he sees little of society, the female portion of it especially; a knowledge of his own brusqueness of manners at first prevents him from coming in contact with womankind, and this shyness in time becomes so strong as not to be overcome. It might seem strange, had we are convinced it is the fact, that some men are much more afraid of women than women are of men, and fearing "to break the ice" is a fruitful cause of old bachelordom.—Gradually age grows upon him, chalk stones gather in his knuckles, gout seizes hold of his toes; served by menials, he is a stranger to the soft and careful hand of affection; and he goes to the grave, his death not only unlamented but absolutely rejoiced over by his heir-at-law. A wall of but six inches thick has this time divided these two people. Society does not allow them even a chink, which, like Pyramus and Thisbe, they might whisper through, although by nature they might have been formed to make a happy couple, instead of two miserable units.

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT. As in the light of cultivated reason, you look abroad and see a wealth of beauty, a profusion of goodness in the work of Him who has strewn flowers in the wilderness, and painted the bird, and enamelled the insect, in the simplicity and universality of his laws you can read this lesson. An uneducated man dreams not of the common sunlight which now in its splendor floods the firmament and the landscape; he cannot comprehend how much of the loveliness of the world results from the composite character of light and from the reflecting propensities of the most physical bodies.—If, instead of red, yellow and blue, which the analysis of the prism and experiments of absorption have shown to be its constituents, it had been homogeneous, simple white, how changed would all have been! The growing corn and the ripe harvest, the blossom and the fruit, the fresh greenness of spring, and the autumn's robe of many colors, the hues of the violet, the lily and the rose, the silvery foam of the rivulet, the emerald of the river, and the purple of the ocean, would have been alike unknown.—The rainbow would have been but a pale streak in the grey sky, and dull vapors would have canopied the sun instead of the clouds, which in the eyes of flaming brilliancy, outlined his rising up and going down. Nay, there would have been no distinction between the blood of children, the flush of health, the paleness of decay, the hectic of disease and the lividness of death. There would have been an unvaried, unmeaning, leaden hue, where we now see the changing and expressive countenance, the tinted earth and gorgeous firmament.

EVERY FARMER GROWING HIS OWN SUGAR.

The great demand made at the Patent Office, this year, for the Chinese Sugar Cane, indicates that the cultivation will be very extensive, the only difficulty in the way being the want of cheap and portable machinery for extracting the juice of the cane. This difficulty, we see, our own inventors are already endeavoring to remove. A Mr. Hedges, of Cincinnati, has a machine on exhibition at Washington, which is designed for a sugar mill. It consists of three vertical cast-iron rollers, supported between cast-iron plates, resting upon a triangular wood frame, about eight feet on its sides.—Under each corner is a large truck wheel, adjusted when working so as to revolve in a circle, the shaft of one of the rollers occupying the centre of the frame, and clutched fast to a timber below, preventing its turning, while the other two, being geared into it at the top, are made to revolve around it, as the whole frame is turned by the horse.—On one corner is a feed table, from which a man feeds the cane, which having been acted upon by the two rollers, passes out upon a table on the other corner, which is removed as often as a sufficient quantity accumulates. The juice passes down through the bed plate, and is received in a vessel made for that purpose. Cheap and portable machinery is all that is wanted to test the great experiment which is now being tried with the Chinese Sugar Cane.

SCANDAL.

The devil has a wonderful penchant for rebuking sin. Eyes which are full of beams have an unaccountable clearness of vision in detecting notes in others' eyes. Some people are brought into the world to accomplish a marvelous mission, and that mission is to ferret out obliquities in others. Of course it is not expected that these apostles have any business with themselves; their mission is violent, and does not admit of time to scrutinize their own position.—What profit is it that they should stop to consider their own peccadilloes, when the enormities of their neighbors loom up like mountains?

So goes it the world over. Everybody minds everybody's business, but everybody neglects his own. What sort of a world would this be, if we were all without each other to feed upon? Men have eyes and ears for some purpose, and what else could they find for them to do, if not to hear and see each other's failings, derelictions, errors, transgressions, enormities. They have tongues which must stand uselessly idle, if not employed in giving currency to such delinquencies. So it is with man. The obliquities of his offended brother furnishes the chief staple of conversational interest.—Human error is the current coin of intercourse, and too often the coin comes from the speaker's brain.

A SINGULAR FASCINATION.

An English paper relates the following unaccountable occurrence: One of the most singular instances in connection with material things exist in the case of a young man, who not long ago, visited a large iron manufactory. He stood opposite a large hammer, and watched with great interest its perfect, regular strokes. At first it was beating immense lumps of crimson metal into thin black sheets, but the supply becoming exhausted at length, it only decended on the polished anvil. Still the young man gazed intently on its motion; and he followed its stroke with a corresponding motion of his head; then his left arm moved to the same tune, and finally, he deliberately placed his fist upon the anvil, and in an instant it was smitten to a jelly. The only explanation he could afford was that he felt an impulse to do it, that he knew he should be disabled, that he saw all the consequences in a misty kind of kind manner, but he still felt the power within above sense and reason.—A morbid impulse, in fact, to which he succumbed, and by which he lost a good hand.

AN EDITOR IN HEAVEN.

Under the above caption, an exchange gives an obituary of a brother of the quill, from which we extract the closing paragraph:

THE CONSIDERATE DOCTOR.

"Well, doctor," said he, "I believe I am indebted to you, and I should like to know how much."

"Yes," said the doctor, "I attended upon you about a week, and what should you charge me for a week's services?"

"Oh!" said the lawyer, "perhaps seventy-five dollars."

"Very well, then, as my time and profession are as valuable as yours, your bill is seventy-five dollars."

"The poor girl's heart sank within her, for if her bill should be anything like that how could she ever pay? The lawyer paid his bill and passed out, when the doctor turned to the young woman and kindly enquired her errand.

"I came," said she, to know what I owe you, though I know not as I ever can pay you."

"I attended you about a week," said he. "Yes, sir."

"What do you get per week?" "Seventy-five cents," said she. "Is that all?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then your bill is seventy-five cents," said he.

The poor girl paid him thankfully, and went back with a light heart. An old and rich man of my acquaintance, was once remarking to the doctor that no one earned their money so easily as the doctor, or got rich so easily. The doctor reminded him of the many losses incurred, as they must visit the poor as well as the rich.

"Well," said the old friend, "you must charge the rich the more, and then you can afford to lose by the poor."

Not many weeks after, the old man was obliged to employ the doctor for some time. At the last visit his bill was presented, and he strongly protested against it as enormously high.

"But," said the doctor, "you know what you told me, and I have only followed your advice."

Not a word more was said, but the amount was immediately paid.

Be kind in your reproofs, and reserve them till the morning. No one can sleep who goes to bed with a sea in his ear.

Remember all that is truly good and beautiful in life, blooms around the altar of domestic love.

REMEMBER ALL THAT IS TRULY GOOD AND BEAUTIFUL IN LIFE, BLOOMS AROUND THE ALTAR OF DOMESTIC LOVE.

The devil has a wonderful penchant for rebuking sin. Eyes which are full of beams have an unaccountable clearness of vision in detecting notes in others' eyes. Some people are brought into the world to accomplish a marvelous mission, and that mission is to ferret out obliquities in others. Of course it is not expected that these apostles have any business with themselves; their mission is violent, and does not admit of time to scrutinize their own position.—What profit is it that they should stop to consider their own peccadilloes, when the enormities of their neighbors loom up like mountains?

So goes it the world over. Everybody minds everybody's business, but everybody neglects his own. What sort of a world would this be, if we were all without each other to feed upon? Men have eyes and ears for some purpose, and what else could they find for them to do, if not to hear and see each other's failings, derelictions, errors, transgressions, enormities. They have tongues which must stand uselessly idle, if not employed in giving currency to such delinquencies. So it is with man. The obliquities of his offended brother furnishes the chief staple of conversational interest.—Human error is the current coin of intercourse, and too often the coin comes from the speaker's brain.

A SINGULAR FASCINATION.

An English paper relates the following unaccountable occurrence: One of the most singular instances in connection with material things exist in the case of a young man, who not long ago, visited a large iron manufactory. He stood opposite a large hammer, and watched with great interest its perfect, regular strokes. At first it was beating immense lumps of crimson metal into thin black sheets, but the supply becoming exhausted at length, it only decended on the polished anvil. Still the young man gazed intently on its motion; and he followed its stroke with a corresponding motion of his head; then his left arm moved to the same tune, and finally, he deliberately placed his fist upon the anvil, and in an instant it was smitten to a jelly. The only explanation he could afford was that he felt an impulse to do it, that he knew he should be disabled, that he saw all the consequences in a misty kind of kind manner, but he still felt the power within above sense and reason.—A morbid impulse, in fact, to which he succumbed, and by which he lost a good hand.

AN EDITOR IN HEAVEN.

Under the above caption, an exchange gives an obituary of a brother of the quill, from which we extract the closing paragraph:

"Are we not also glad that such an editor is in Heaven? There the cry of 'more copy' shall never again fall upon his distracted ears. There he will no more be abused by his political antagonists, with lies and detraction that should shame a demon to promulgate. There he shall be no more used as a ladder for the aspiring to kick down as soon as they reach the desired height, and need him no more. There he shall be able to see the immense masses of mind he has moved, all unknowingly and unknown as he has been, during his weary pilgrimage on earth. There he will find all articles credited—not a clap of his thunder stolen, and there shall be no horrid typographical errors to throw him into a fever. We are glad the editor is in Heaven."

LOVE'S STRATAGEM.

The Shippensburg (Pa.) Democrat relates a pretty little romance of real life, the parties in which are young Germans in humble life. Two young men formed an attachment for two maidens in their fatherland, and desired to marry. The young women reciprocated the tender regard, and were willing to marry the swains. But the parents were not satisfied with the standing of their daughters' lovers, and refused consent. It was then agreed between the parties that the young men should come to America, earn money sufficient to pay the fare of their sweethearts, and then send for the girls, agreeing faithfully to follow their lovers. The young men found employment near Shippensburg, saved their money, and last fall sent for their betrothed. They came, promptly, without the consent or knowledge of their parents, and a few days since were clasped in their lovers' arms, as they descended from the cars at the Shippensburg depot.

RELIGIOUS TOLERATION IN SWEDEN.—At the opening of the present Parliament, the King of Sweden, in his speech from the throne, recommended the abolition of the old laws which prohibited dissent from the national church, and convictees or prayer meetings among its lay members. Following up this recommendation, the Government has laid before Parliament definite proposals for permitting native Swedes to become Dissenters, on the mere condition of announcing this to the parish minister; but at the same time providing that any person spreading error about the principal doctrines of Christianity, beyond the limits of a dissenting congregation, or proselytizing, by permission or bribes, shall be visited by fine or imprisonment.