One day, an old fellow rode up to him and objected to his method; Sinker wheeled wrathfully around, and, with a blow of his clenched fist, knocked over the old gentleman's horse. He was never interfered with afterwards.

It may be inferred that Delaware Sinker is not a timid man. No, not a *very* timid man. Timidity is a virtue to which the Sinker family never made any pretensions. Of the two bad boys who used to fight with Delaware in the little attic chamber, one has settled down into a clerk in a village store, and is apparently the quietest, easiest man in the world. So he is; but rouse him, and he will take the town. The other bad boy, after he grew up, became the terror of the neighborhood. He is the fellow who, when his 'dander' was up, required the military of F. to be called out to suppress him. He went to California, and worked like a horse until he had seven thousand dollars; planked it all on a single card, and lost it, of course. What difference did it make to Phil. Sinker?

If anything is to be done in Buckingham and everybody is afraid to do it, Delaware Sinker is the very man who ain't. He will go his death upon anything within the bounds, not of reason, but of honesty; and the nearer he goes to his death, the better he likes it. He has a notion that he is made of whip leather, and that however near he may come to it, there is no danger of his being killed. His opinion is that he will never die, but be taken bodily somewhere above or below, it matters not which.

Beyond his pluck, his sharp home-spun wit, and his disposition to stand by you through thick and thin, the greatest charm about the fellow is his extraordinary faculty of improvising those short fictitious narratives which country people call 'lies.' Emerson says that Bonaparte was a boundless liar; my candid opinion is that Delaware Sinker could give Bonaparte, or anybody else, 'two and the deal,' and beat him.—Often and often he has lied to me until I almost doubted my own existence. He persists in his statements, and persists with an earnestness and truthfulness of face that would do credit to any lawyer. Meeting me after we had been separated several months, he goes on somewhat in this fashion:

'Whack, old fellow, I am mighty glad to see you. I'm nearly dead; but you can't kill me; nothing can't hurt me. Never worked so hard in all my life; I sow guano, strip tobacco, maul rails, drive wagon, plow, cuss niggers, and whip 'em, and pray for 'em, do everything, and keep at it night and day the whole year round. Look at my hands! I tell you po' Sinker is mighty near gone. Got drunk the other day when I went to ——— (the fellers that will make me drink,) come back at night, pitch dark, hard as I could rip, run into the fence and knocked down fifteen panels, and tore my buggy all into shatters. Tried to ride home, but fell off my horse and my foot got hitched in the gear, and I wish I may drop dead in my tracks if that horse didn't drag me like lightning even two miles, over rocks and everything. He stopped right at that gate, and we stayed there till broad daylight. It took a nigger more'n a hour to git me loose, and then he had to cut the gear.

'Thar ain't one partikle of skin on my back; if you don't believe me, I'll pull off my coat and show you. Well, sir, it never siled me. I slept the whole time, heap better than if I had been in bed. I can sleep on the ground the coldest night that ever come along, and it won't freeze me. I never sleep in the house in the summer; sleep right flat on my back, without a rag over me. Wake up in the morning, and take a gourd full of caterpillars and lightning bugs out of my ears.

'But I sleep mighty little, I tell you. I haven't closed my eyes for—to-night will make fifteen nights. Haven't slept with both eyes shut for four years; it's the truth, Whack, if I ever told it.

'I have the delirium sometimes, and that fice thar gits on my track, and chases me all over creation. That same fice has run me forty miles many and many a night. I pledge you my word that very dog chased me one night in sight of Lynchburg and back again—short night at that. It's a fact, and I'll swear to it.'

From this it will be seen that Delaware's fictitious narratives are in every respect equal to the engaging exploits of Hercules or those of the great Munchausen himself. I do not know that the tendency to exaggerate prevails more in Buckingham than in any other county, nor would I have it understood that Delaware Sinker is the type of the men of Buckingham, but I do affirm that a county full of such men would be the greatest county (to use Delaware's own expression) that 'ever come along.'

What Delaware says of his drinking, has in it so little of the fictitious narrative as to have subjected me, for some weeks past, to serious uneasiness. We (that is Delaware and myself) have struck a sort of matrimonial bargain, to the effect that I shall exert my influence with a certain young lady to induce her to become Mrs. Delaware Sinker, in return for which I am to have Delaware's daughter, when she grows up.

I shall carry that young lady to the hymeneal alter with fear and trembling, lest, on the very night of my wedding, my fiery-bearded, hot-blooded father-in-law may get 'tight,' and thrash me like blazes.

☞Some people have a fashion of thinking that the truth is a species of dull tomahawk, and that its efficiency is precisely proportioned to its power of *mangling*.

That's the Question.—If a man addicted to smoking marries a widow, does it follow that he must lay down his pipe because she gives up her weeds?

☞Johnson gives the following defaition: *Garret*—The highest room in the house. *Cockloft*—The room over the garret.

☞There are two kinds of family jars: into one you put your sweetmeats, and into the other you put your foot.

☞Can a new watch with a second-hand be called a second-hand watch?

The Columbia Spy.

A PENNSYLVANIA INDEPENDENT JOURNAL.

COLUMBIA, PA.
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1857.

☞Rev. David Sterrett will preach in the Presbyterian Church next Sabbath *morning and evening.*

☞We are indebted to Dr. N. B. Wolfe, of St. Louis, for late western and southern papers.

New Advertisements.—R. Williams *Drugs &c.;* J. M. Lindsay, *Great Medical Discovery;* Haldeman's, *New Goods;* J. D. Griffith, *New Caps;* J. W. Cottrell, *Roofing Slate;* Smith & Whipper, *Cars for Sale;* Columbia Gas Company, *Election;* J. Waylan, *Cheoplastic Process;* Henry Scherff, *Sausage Skins.*

☞We are requested to give notice that the male department of the Washington Institute will be opened on Monday morning, 23d inst., for the reception of pupils.

Injured.—On Thursday afternoon Peter Graub, while detaching a team from a train of cars at the Columbia end of the Bridge, was crushed by being caught between some cars which were pulled back for the purpose of coupling, and his own train. No bones were broken, but the hurt being internal (his body was jammed between the bumpers) may prove serious. He suffered much pain during the night, but on Friday was pronounced better; and although his physicians cannot indicate the certain extent of his injuries, they think his recovery probable.

A painful report of the drowning of Andrew Graub, brother of Peter, was received here on Thursday morning. He is represented to have been knocked from a boat in the Tide Water Canal, near the Slab Tavern, by a collision with another boat. Although his body has not been brought home, and we have received no certain intelligence of the truth of this report, there seems to be no reason to doubt its authenticity. Messengers have been dispatched, to recover the body, if the account prove correct.

Railroad Accident.—On Tuesday morning last, Cyrus Strickler, of this place, had his arm crushed below the elbow, while coupling the cars of his train, the Express Freight, on the siding at the Canal Basin.—The arm is badly injured, but his physicians have hopes of saving it. At the last accounts he was doing well.

☞At a meeting of the stockholders of the Columbia Bank, held on the 11th inst., the following named gentlemen were elected Directors for the ensuing year:

Barton Evans, Wm. McConkey, David Wilson, Jacob S. Mann, Henry Copenheffer, Samuel Truscott, Benj. F. Appold, Benjamin Hershey, Michael H. Moore, Jacob C. Pfahler, John W. Clark, William F. Given.

Barton Evans was, on the 17th instant, unanimously elected President, by the Directors.

☞Const. Betner has opened a "New and Cheap Cash Confectionery," in this place, on Front street, two doors above the Bellevue House. He has on hand a large and fine assortment of choice confectionery, &c., the prices of which are guaranteed to be so low as to give satisfaction to purchasers—both wholesale and retail. His designs of ornamental work are beautiful. The store is fitted up in excellent style, and full preparation made for showing customers every attention.

Harper's Magazine.—Harper for December has been received. Although no admirer of Harper's practice of filling the pages of the Magazine with specimens of his pictorial publications, we cannot but express our admiration and appreciation of the exquisite illustrations from a forthcoming volume, "The Poets of the Nineteenth Century," a foretaste of which we have in the present number. Darley's inimitable pencil has been employed to illustrate some of our first American poets, and to say that he has worthily interpreted Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes and others, is to do but justice to our great draughtsman.

In this December number, too, we meet with two or three pictures from another hand which we greet with more pleasure than even Darley's; for they are accessory to the author's great works of fiction. Pictures by Thackeray bespeak a new novel by Thackeray, and we welcome the first number of the "Virginians," which Harper's enterprise has secured for his Monthly.

Altogether the number before us is without equal. It is a Christmas number.

Household Words.—The publisher, John Jansen, New York, furnishes us with the December number of Household Words. This most popular of English magazines has taken its place among our own monthlies as an established favorite, and in desert is second to none. Every line in it is worthy of perusal, and for instruction and pleasant recreation we know no medium superior to Household Words. The present number contains the whole of Dickens' new story, "The Lazy Tour of Two Idle Apprentices," besides a number of most entertaining tales and sketches from the pens of eminent English authors. We cannot too strongly recommend this periodical to the attention of our readers. It is a thousand times superior to nine-tenths of the trash that circulates so extensively.

Godey for December.—A number which upholds Godey's name as a discriminating caterer to the taste of the public. It is filled with a thousand good things, pictorial and otherwise, calculated for the instruction and amusement of his host of lady readers. To look at the fashion plates you would think "hard times" a myth. How can times be hard, and Godey dress his large family of angels so richly?

The Relief Fund.

The managers of the late Ball for the Benefit of the Poor, make the following statement in regard to the amount of funds realised by that enterprise:

Amount received for tickets,	$125.00
" Expenses, (music,)	21.00
Balance in hands of Managers,	$104.00

In addition to the above there is subscribed by citizens not desiring to take part in the ball, but willing to contribute the price of a ticket to the fund, the sum of $54.00, giving a total of $158.00.

Subscribers are requested to meet at the office of A. S. Green, on Tuesday evening next, at 7 o'clock, for the purpose of appointing a committee in whose hands the fund shall be placed for proper distribution.

By Order of the Managers.

It will be seen by the above that the ball has proved a successful means of collecting a very respectable sum of money, to be applied in relief of the distress and suffering of the poor of our town. We trust that the efforts of the committee to be appointed, will not be confined to the distribution of the funds already collected, but will extend to the solicitation of further aid, which we feel certain will be willingly extended by many of our citizens if waited upon by the proper parties.

It has been suggested that an understanding between the dispensing committee of the Sanitary Fund, and the committee of distribution of the Ball Fund, in the kind of relief to be afforded by each, would contribute greatly to the proper expenditure of the money in the hands of both. No union of the two funds is contemplated, but simply an agreement that while one charity gives fuel the other shall contribute provisions, so that the two may not interfere in their operations.

We trust that whatever relief may be given, will be wisely and judiciously given. Although it is better to assist the undeserving rather than risk neglecting the suffering, yet in a season like the present, it is the duty of every man to see when he bestows a charity that it does not go to a drone who robs a more needy brother. The lazy and dissolute are always loudest with their cry of distress. To these the "no work" plea is a God-send, and on them the disbursers of these public charities will have to keep a vigilant eye.

The Cheoplastic Process.—In our advertising columns to-day will be found an advertisement from Dr. John Waylan, of Lancaster, of this process, which has met with so much favor from those who have tested its merits—both Dentists and patients. We have heard it spoken of very highly, and believe it deserves the consideration of those who desire artificial teeth which will combine at once comfort, utility, durability and beauty. We are informed of one case in this place in which a partial set put up on the Cheoplastic process by Dr. Waylan, is now used, after a trial of several gold pieces, and it is considered far preferable to either of the latter, giving full satisfaction. See advertisement.

Guilty.—Mary Jane Sebastian, of Marietta, was convicted on Wednesday last, at the Court of Quarter Sessions, of this county, of murder in the first degree, she having administered arsenic to her husband last summer. Mr. Fisher, her counsel, has made application for a new trial, on the ground of the discovery of important testimony since the conclusion of the case.

☞Resolutions adopted at a meeting of Hope Lodge, No. 45, I. O. of G. T., Tuesday evening, Nov. 16, 1857:

Whereas, it has pleased Almighty God, in his divine Providence, to remove from our midst, very suddenly, Sister Elizabeth Grosh, of Susq. Lodge, No. 281, I. O. of G. T., one of our most energetic and faithful advocates in the cause of Temperance, who by her amiability and many estimable qualities, and the deep interest manifested by her in the welfare of this Lodge, had endeared herself to all our members, therefore,

Resolved, That in this sad bereavement we recognize the hand of Him who "doeth all things well," and who holdeth us all as in "the hollow of his hand;" and while we bow in humble submission to his sovereign will, we deeply deplore the loss of one of our most devoted friends in the great cause to which we have pledged our lives, and which we are earnestly striving by our organization to advance,—cut down, as she was, in her early womanhood, when hopes were brightest, friends most dear, and life was fair before her.

Resolved, That in this affliction, her husband, parents, and friends, have our deepest sympathy—an affectionate wife, a dutiful daughter, a kind mother, and a warm friend, her memory will always be held in sacred remembrance.

Resolved, That this dispensation is keenly felt by the members of Hope Lodge, No. 45, I. O. of G. T., who always listened with attention and profit to our late Sister Grosh's advice and instruction; associated as she was, so long with the Good Templars.

Resolved, That we most cheerfully coincide with our brothers and sisters of Marietta, in saying, her place will not soon be filled as an active Good Templar, as a kind and pleasant neighbor, and as a friend in all hours of distress.

Resolved, That these resolutions be published in the *Marietta*n, the *Columbia Spy*, and that a copy be transmitted to the husband of the deceased, and to Susq. Lodge, No. 281.

Resolved, That the hall of Hope Lodge, No. 45, I. O. of G. T., be hung in mouning for the space of thirty days.

WM. L. SMEDLEY,
G. M. CLAWGES, } Committee.
J. H. MENGES,

Pigs and Humans.—Mr. Rives, of the Washington Globe, is in New York, and occasionally favors his friends with some sententious criticisms on municipal affairs.—Here is his last view:

"I don't believe in this feeding the poor from the public crib. I always noticed when we used to feed the hogs from a crib down in Virginia, two or three big hogs got all the corn and did well, and the rest got lean, but they all staid in the lane where the corn was thrown, and never put their noses to the ground to help themselves the whole winter. But those that were turned out and not fed from the crib, went off to the woods and in the spring were all as fat as butter, and their tails curled up so tight that they could hardly get their hind legs on the ground. It is the same with men as with pigs; if you want their tails to curl, you must make them root for themselves and not teach them to go to the crib."

Items of News.

The Lecompton correspondent of the St. Louis Republican, repeats the statements we have previously published from another source, that a majority of the Kansas Constitutional Convention, headed by Calhoun, the President, propose to submit the Constitution to a vote of all the actual residents of Kansas, with a choice for and against slavery, the election to take place on the 20th of December. The Convention was to have adjourned by the 7th inst. On the other hand, the Kansas correspondent of the St. Louis Democrat says that a radical pro-slavery constitution has been drafted; that no chance to vote it down will be shown; and that the only thing submitted to the people will be a proposition for a provisional government with a pro-slavery clause—a sort of dodging of the question.

By the way of New Orleans and Havana we have later news from California. The San Francisco Vigilance Committee had revoked the penalties attached to their sentence of banishment. This allows the exiles to return without molestation.

The California papers contain accounts of the massacre of an emigrant train of one hundred persons by Indians, who spared only a few children, and sold them to the Mormons. The latter, it was thought, were at the bottom of the affair.

An arrival from China says that all the European residents at Ningpo were banished on the 4th of August.

The Kansas Constitutional Convention adjourned on the 7th. It formed a provisional government with General Calhoun as Governor, to go into operation immediately. The only part of the Constitution to be submitted to the people, is the clause sanctioning slavery.

The Legislature of Texas has elected J. Pinckney Henderson and J. W. Hemphill, United States Senators.

Captain Strom, of the schooner Merchant, was arrested by a United States Marshal's deputy at New York, on Saturday, on a charge of fitting out the Merchant for the slave trade.

The New York State Senate will stand 16 Republicans, 14 Democrats and two Americans. To the Assembly there are elected 63 Republicans, 60 Democrats, and 5 Americans.

The result of the Minnesota election is still involved in doubt. According to the St. Paul Pioneer, Sibley, Dem., is elected Governor by 618 majority. This, however, is disputed by the Minnesotean, which says that, in order to reach that majority, the Pioneer has included a variety of bogus returns from unorganized counties. McLeod county includes 183 votes for Sibley, alleged to have been polled at Cedar Lake precinct, where no election took place. Pembina, which an official report made to the Canadian government estimated to contain 500 inhabitants, is set down at 700 majority for Sibley. Most of these fraudulent returns, though counted by the Pioneer, are not returned to the Secretary of State.

The steamship St. Louis arrived at New York on the 16th with the California mails to the 20th and $1,170,000 in gold. Two severe shocks of earthquake were felt at San Francisco on the 19th ult. The Indians attacked the settlements of Honey Lake Valley, driving out the inhabitants and carrying off all the stock and provisions. An express had arrived at Sacramento, asking aid to pursue the marauders. P. A. Burnett has been appointed Supreme Justice of California, in place of Judge Murray, deceased.—Business at San Francisco was unusually dull for all kinds of produce. Money was in easy demand. The receipts of gold dust are quite satisfactory. The St. Louis brings home Commodore Mervine, late of the U. S. ship Independence, with a portion of her officers and crew.

Official despatches, received at Washington, announces that Brigham Young has declared martial law in Utah, by virtue of his authority as Governor, which has not yet been superceded. He forbids the government troops to approach the settlement.

The reports concerning the aggressions committed by the Mormons upon the contractors' trains are confirmed by dispatches from Col. Alexander. Brigham Young, in his expressions of hostility to the U. S. Government is implacable. He had issued a proclamation to the U. S. troops, in which he warned them to keep out of Utah, and counseled his people to bear towards them unrelenting enmity. Col. Alexander replied to Young in very decided terms.

Foreign.

By the arrival at New York on Friday of the steamship Arabia, from Liverpool the 31st ult., we have news from the old world one week later than previous dates. She brings advices from India, and intelligence of the capture of Delhi, after a conflict lasting six days. The American horses, Prioress and Babylon, have both been badly beaten in the Cambridgeshire stakes. Mr. J. B. Roberts, the American tragedian, has been playing a highly successful engagement at Manchester. The steamships City of Washington and Fulton from New York, had arrived out. The Borough Bank of Liverpool suspended on the 27th ult. The liabilities are estimated at a million and a half sterling but are fully secured. Several Liverpool firms have suspended, and a number of the strongest firms of Manchester have also gone. The Indian mail brings important intelligence. The British troops assaulted Delhi on the 14th of September, and effected a lodgement, and, after six days' obstinate resistance, had, on the 20th, obtained posession of the entire city.—Great numbers of the mutineers escaped, among them the King of Delhi and his two sons. The British had lost in killed and wounded up to the 16th, 600 in all, including 50 officers. General Wilson had ordered no quarters to be given, but that the women and children should be spared. Gen Outram had reinforced Gen. Havelock at Cawnpore. The latter had started for Lucknow, at which place the garrison had held out gallantly.—The news from the Bombay Presidency is favorable, although cases of disaffection had occured. A serious plot had been discovered to murder the Europeans at Kurrachee and been thwarted. Considerable reinforcements have arrived at Calcutta.—Lord Ousely goes as a special Minister to Central America, by the way of Washington. General Cavaignac died suddenly of disease of the heart. The Spanish Ministry has been organized. Gen. Armero is Minisiter of War and President of Council; M. Mion is Minister of Finance; M. Dela Rosa Foreign affairs. The Prince of Prussia has undertaken the conduct of public affairs, but the health of the king is improving. The Swiss elections have resulted largely in favor of the Liberals. More failures have occured at Vienna, but the worst of the crisis is believed to be over. The dates from Hong-Kong are to Sept. 10th, and Shanghae to the 1st. The U. S. sloop-of-war Portsmouth has sailed for Japan. The Levent and San Jacinto were at Shanghae. The blockade of the Canton River was strictly maintained. The American ship North Wind had put in dismasted. Teas had considerably advanced at Hong Kong.

A Happy Burlesque.—If Matt Peel, of the counterfeit darkey fraternity, had been upon the levee yesterday he might have got a happy wrinkle in his line from the performance of the genuine colored gentry. The carte of this entertainment was a burlesque auction sale. One of the darkey men, selected for his tongucy qualities, mounted a box, and in good set auctioneer phrase, announced to a large assemblage of idle negro laborers that he was now about to offer them, for cash 'to de highest bidder in dis crowd a fus rate boy, A 1, soun' an' healthy, an' warranted not to eat in de eye, balk in de step, nor steal chickens dat don't 'long to him; also 'ditional dis boy wars only one par shoes a year, an' dey's good at de end of it, takes keer on his close partickler, an' nebber goes cortin'; don't go to sleep ober his work, is 'spectful an' 'bedient; is six feet tree inches high, weighs two hundred an' twenty pouns, an' can do more in hous or fiel' dan any other one nigger. Step up hyar, Sam, an' show yourself to dese gemmen! Libely now! Dar he is, gemmem! "Mire him for yourself!"'

And the sable auctioneer pointed with triumphant gestures to the subject of extravagant eulogium—a scrubby, knotty, runted gray headed specimen of a field hand about four feet and a half high, who mounted the box beside him, amid vast roars of laughter from the crowd.

'Dar he is, gemmem! 'zamine him an' start him at suffin, for be mus' be sole!—What does you say?' Several colored gemmen mounted the stand and proceeded to "zamine" him. One violently pulled his mouth open and reported—'dis nigger not sound—one jaw toot done gone.' Another tried to straighten out a lock of his wool, with 'don't like dis—h'ar kink too much—nigger lazy!' Another pretended to discover something besides ideas running through his wool, and concluded 'nigger's head too poplar'—(populous.) Another said 'nigger's foot too long an' slim—long foot nigger ain't worf jail fees.' Another—'nigger's toe-nails too long—scratch paint off'r my parlor floor. No wants dis nigger!—Yah! Hy ah! Yah! Yah!

'Well, gemmen! is you done lookin' at dat nigger? Is you satisfy? He's a prime lot! What do you say for the boy? Start him at suffin? He's got to be sole—prumitory sale!'

'Ten cent!' came from the laughing crowd. 'Ten cent!—ten cent!—going at ten cent—ten—ten—ten.'

'One dime' from the crowd. 'Thank you sar! One dime, one dime, one dime—go-i-n'! at one dime—d-i-m-e! Too bad gemmen, make me sacfize dis artikel dat way! Say 'leben?'

'One bit' from the crowd. 'Much 'bligged sar! one bit—one bit—one bit—bit—bit—bit—goin'—goin'—won't nobody say 'leben for dis A 1, warranted,' &c., 'boy? going at one bit—goin'—g-o-i-n'—gone at ten cent! Yours 'sar, an' a dog sight more dan he's worf.' And he 'knocked down' the property to the quasi purchaser with a tremenduous blow on the head with a barrel stave he used as a 'hammer,' which broke it in the middle, and 'knocked down' the sold off the box without his apparently feeling the blow, so massive was the conformation of his cranium. That was the greatest auction sale that ever we saw.—*True Delta.*

John Chinaman And The Yankee.—A San Francisco paper relates the following incident as having occurred lately at a shoe store in that city. The parties concerned were the proprietor of the store and a John Chinaman. Examining a pair of boots, the price of which was $5, John inquired:

"How muchee you axee for um bootee?"

In a spirit of waggery, it is presumable, the owner replied:

"Two dollars and a halfee, John. Very cheap bootee, nintee?"

"Cheap bootee," said John, who thereupon examined a pair, and concluded to buy, offering a quarter eagle.

"But," said the dealer in leather, "this is only enough for one bootee. They are $2,50 a-piece; two boots cost $5."

John was somewhat astonished, said he would not buy, and demanded the return of his money; but the man of leather was inexorable.

"No, John," said the latter, "you have got one boot and have paid me for it. Now give me another piece just like this and take the other."

John saw the drift of the game, and was at once resolved.

"Well," sai he, "this bootee be mine, may be: I paid for un?"

"Yes," said the dealer.

"And you no give me the other bootee?" asked John.

"Not without the money," said the other.

"Well," said John, "I do um bootee what I likes—I cuttee um up."

And thereupon John whipped out a knife, cut the boot to pieces and threw it into the street exclaiming, as he departed:

"That um my bootee; that other be your bootee; you sell um to next fool Chinaman what come along."

At last accounts the Yankee boot dealer was looking for the man with the wooden leg, to whom he might sell the odd boot, and thus save expenses.

From the Westminster Review.

Female Dress for 1857.

Three years and a half ago, when treating of manners and fashions, this Review made the avowal "There needs, then, a protestantism in social usages;" and the writer proceeded to point out how the ridicule played off by the humorists of society against our most glaring social follies must inevitably overthrow them. "Signs are not wanting that some change is at hand. Ridicule has always been a revolutionary agent. That which is habitually assailed with sneers and sarcasms cannot long survive. The time is approaching, then, when the system of social observances must pass through some crisis, out of which, it will come purified and comparatively simple." Thus it appeared in 1851 that we had reached such a pitch of extravagance in our tastes and usages, that we could scarcely make ourselves more absurd; yet, during the intervening years, the gravest of these social extravagances, that of female dress, has become so much more conspicuous, that at any time within three generations, that the expected crisis must be very near indeed, and the conventional protestantism must be ripe for promulgation, if reform is really to come about by such means. We see reason to believe, as we will presently show, that the prophecy of 1851 was a rational one; and we venture to hope, that the fathers and mothers of the rising female generation will have less to suffer in mind and purse from the follies of their fair relatives, than our neighbors of the present day.

We doubt whether in any age of our national history, or on any spot of the globe, a more indefensible mode of dress could be pointed out than we have displayed before us at this momoment, in the World of Fashion, published by Simkin and Marshall, and (as the title page declares) patronized by the queen; and in the Ladies' Gazette of Fashion, distinguished by its faithful presentments of the actual mode of upper class dress. Putting aside Punch, and every kind of caricature, we have plenty of prints of existing ladies before us every day to meditate upon with more leisure than the mind can obtain in Parks, Crystal Palaces, and Chiswick Gardens, where we have met the originals; and a quiet contemplation of the garb of 1857 can leave no other conviction, we are confident, than that, if our ladies were rational five years ago, no more reliance can be placed on reason than on caprice. But the truth is, dress is not a matter in which reason has ever yet had much concern. It may be occasionally reasonable; but it is not, therefore, determined by reason.

The female world, which, in the absence of any particular perturbation, some years ago, dressed in gowns of an easy length and breadth, of moderate weight in the skirt, and a natural division at the waist, now plays the fool in a costume which barbarians might mock at, and all this because Paris is charming to the imagination, and venerable in the traditions of the toilette, and because the womankind of Paris is ruled by a second Josephine, with whom dress is her favorite branch of the fine arts, and who is also a sprightly witch, well inclined to find how far she may go in caprice with the world at her heels, and to put to the proof the power of her beauty in making fools of "all ladies in all lands." A crowd of emotions—curiosity, wonder, admiration, and all the feelings which go to make up what we call romance—have urged the women of England, Russia, America, and perhaps a good many more, into extravagant exaggerations of the caprices of an extravagant beauty. One article alone, the full skirts, will remain a monument of their impressibleness. It was convenient to the graceful empress to disguise her figure for a time, and every dowager, and every young maiden just emerged from the school room, adopted the device without any consciousness of the absurdity of the imitation. Thus are our ladies proving themselves no wiser than their great grandmothers, though they plumed themselves for a time on being so. Their feelings have hurried them away into a fanaticism of fashion, which Punch may expose, but can hardly caricature.

Glancing at the fashion for 1856, what do we see? On the head is a something, the purpose of which it would be difficult to discover by reason—a structure of silk and straw, crowded on the angle of the jaws and the nape of the neck, and with its fore part just reaching the crown of the head. We have Mr. Spurgeon's authority for the effect to the eye of the spectator in front. Being advised to preach against the prevailing folly in head gear, he paused as he stood upon the platform, looked around him, and said, "I have been requested to rebuke the bonnets of the present day; but, upon my word, I don't see any." This is the bonnet of the year '57, pinned to the head in some troublesome way, leaving the face exposed in such a manner that one need not be a Turkish parent to disapprove, causing the hair to be powdered with dust, and the head and face alternately heated and chilled by sun and wind, so that the physicians are easily believed when they declare that cases of eye disease, of tooth ache, and neuralgic pains in the head and face, are beyond all precedent in their practice.—For many months past, English women and the ladies of America, where the extremes of heat and cold are greater than with us, have been subjecting themselves to the inconveniences of going bareheaded, with the added annoyance of an apparatus which heats and worries the back of the neck. The broad brimmed hats are a piece of good sense in the midst of a mass of folly. Punch, and other satirists, may quiz the hat as a device for looking young, but the ridicule touches only the elderly wearers, and leaves the hat unimpeached. Some quizzical specimens, plumed and be-ribboned, and so turned up and twisted about as to serve no more useful purposes than the prevailing bonnet, may be seen here and there; but the simple original hat, with a brim which shades the eyes, and a crown which protects the head, is worthy of all approbation, while it is exceedingly becoming to young wearers.

As to older people, if they decline wearing the bonnet which exposes their gray hair to the very crown, and feel that the hat is too jaunty—why do they not recur to the indigenous, serviceable, becoming, unobjectionable, English straw bonnet, of all times? Not the fancy chip, or the open shell work of straw, filled up with silk, but the veritable straw fabric, (Tuscan or Dunstable at pleasure,) which will outlast all changes of fashion in a climate like ours. There is no occasion to wear it in coal scuttle fashion, like holy District Visitors, so that a pious woman is always to be looked for at the end of a long bonnet, nor do milliners insist on all ladies going bare-headed. The straw bonnet admits of all reasonable modifications; and that of five years ago, enclosing the face modestly, and covering the head comfortably, gratified good taste then, while it satisfies sound reason now. Instead of it, we daily see old ladies in one of two extremes—either their lank jaws are exposed by the dark strings of a slouched hat, or their wrinkled faces and grey hair are encompassed with blonde and artificial flowers, as the trimming of the little excrescence called a bonnet in our day. One would think that no woman could fail to perceive that wreaths and garlands are a youthful adornment, and that no one should wear artificial flowers who could not fittingly dress her hair with natural ones; yet we see dowagers with roses and foliage clustering around their cheeks at every turn.

Remarkable Marriages.—Of the many Chinamen in New York, not a few keep cigar stands upon the sidewalks. Their neighbors in trade are the Milesian applewomen. Twenty-eight of these applewomen have gone the way of matrimony with their elephant-eyed, olive-skinned cotemporaries, and most of them are now mothers in consequence. The physiologists aver that the human being is improved as is the domestic branch of the quadrupedal animals, by "crossing." If this be true—and we suspect it is—the natives of this country ought to be remarkable for physical strength and beauty—for surely there never was such a mixture of races in any part of the world.—Representatives of all nations have located and married here. We know of two Bedouin Arabs, part of an exhibiting troupe, that came to this country several years ago, who married wives and are rearing up offspring in one of the Hudson river counties. Siam has his representatives here in the famous twins, and in one of the up-town streets a wealthy native of Morocco domiciliates with a Westchester county spouse.—The mixture of Dutch, Italian, French, Spanish, English, Irish, Danish, Swedish, &c., is perfectly bewildering; but the amalgamation of the Irish and Chinese is more than bewildering—it begets a chaos of ideas from which no ray of intelligibility can be safely eliminated. Imagine a scion of this stock chatting gaily about "Josh" in one moment, and speaking of his father Ping-Sing-Chi, and in the next whirling a shillelah at a primary election, and swearing that he goes in, tooth and nail, or rather Body and breeches, for the nomination of his mother's brother, Patrick O'Dowd. Oh, what a country this is!

Mediums and Ink.—The following analysis of the manner in which spiritual music is sometimes produced, occurred a few days since, in Lowell. The Vox Populi says:

"The celebrated 'Davenport mediums,' who have been performing here for the last two weeks such wonderful tricks as drawing music from various instruments without touching them, were outwitted, a day or two since, by a printer of this city. The two boy mediums were tied hands and feet, and put into a dark (of course!) place with the instruments, the whole arrangement being first examined by the spectators. Now on this occasion the said printer was a visitor, and he had been to apply a little private test for his own satisfaction. He took along with him a very little printing ink, (which is as tenacious as wheel grease,) and marked therewith the instruments. The performance went on; the mediums were firmly tied and bound to their seats, to convince the audience that they could not touch the instruments; then came the darkness; then instrumental music by the spirits; then the manager said 'Let there be light,' and the mediums were unbound and came forth—each with fingers well bedaubed with printers' ink!"

☞When Col. Lee, of New York, was collecting subscrptions for the equestrian bronze statue of Washington, now standing a monument of patriotism and art at the corner of Union park, he had occasion to visit an old curmudgeon in the neighborhood, and pulling out his subscription paper, requested him to add his name to the list.—But old Lucre declined respectfully.

"I do not see," he said, "what benefit this statue will be to me; and $500 is a great deal of money to pay for the gratification of other people." "Benefit to you?" replied the Colonel; "Why, Sir," it will benefit you more than anybody else. The statue can be seen from every window in your house; it will be an ornament, and add dignity to the whole neighborhood, and it will perpetually remind you of the Father of his Country—the immortal Washington!" "Ah! Colonel," answered old Lucre, "I do not require a statue to remind me of him, for I always carry Washington here!" and he placed his hand upon his heart. "Then let me tell you," replied Col. Lee, "if that is so, all that I have to say is, that you have got Washington in a d——d tight place!"—*Washington Union.*

CURED BY THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.

From Gen A. C. Dodge, Delegate in Congress from Iowa, now minister to Spain

Washington, D. C., May 18, 1857.

Dr. Geo. B. Green—Dear Sir, The Oxygenated Bitters with which you were so kind as to furnish me, have had a most salutary effect in my case. I was troubled with dyspepsia for four years, during which time I tried many remedies, but never met with any so good as your Bitters. I am now in the enjoyment of good health, and I hope, and believe, that all who use the Oxygenated Bitters, will find them as serviceable as I have found them. With high respect your Obedient Servant,

A. C. DODGE.

We commend the above certificate to all those who suffer from Dyspepsia, in any of its forms. Try the Oxygenated Bitters, before you say there is no cure for this disease.

Sold by W. Fowle & Co., 138 Washington street, Boston, Proprietors. Sold by their agents everywhere.

Nov. 21, 1857.

Holloway's Pills and Ointment—Beware of Imposture—The Genuineness of these invaluable remedies is easily known. Look to the Water Mark! If the words, "*Holloway, New York and London*," are not to be seen in semi transparent letters in the paper of the book of directions, when held to the light, the same is spurious. The family provided with these medicines is fortified against the dangerous effects of dyspepsia, liver complaint, nervous disease, disorders of the bowels, eruptions, ulcers sores, and exterior inflammation generally. All these yield to Holloway's unapproachable remedies.

Nov. 21, 1857.

THE DEAD RESTORED TO LIFE—A few years ago it was generally supposed that gray hair could not be restored to its original color, or made to grow on bald heads; but since the advent of Prof. Wood's Hair Restorative, many persons who *dyed* years ago are now seen *daily in the* various walks of life, appearing in all the vigor of youth, wearing their own dark flowing locks, simply from having used this great Restorative.—*Louisville Times.*

Nov. 21, 2t

☞Equality to All—Uniformity of Prices! A New Feature in Business! Every one his own salesman.—Jones & Co., of the Crescent One Price Clothing Store," No. 200 Market street, above Sixth, Philadelphia, in addition to having the largest, most varied and fashionable stock of Clothing in Philadelphia, *made expressly* for retail sales, have constituted every one his own salesman, by having marked in figures, on each article, the very lowest price it can be sold for, so they cannot possibly vary—*all must buy alike.*

The goods are all well sponged and prepared and great pains taken with the making, so that all can buy with the full assurance of getting a good article at the very lowest price.

Remember the Cresent, in Market, above Sixth, No 200

JONES & CO.

June 13, 1857-1y

All City Bank Notes Taken at Par—
All City Bank Notes taken at Par.
All City Bank Notes taken at Par.
All City Bank Notes taken at Par.
All City Bank Notes taken at Par.
All City Bank Notes taken at Par.

For *Clothing*, at the Brown Stone Clothing Hall of Rockhill & Wilson, Nos. 603 and 605 Chestnut street, above Sixth, Philadelphia. [Oct. 17, 1857.

1000 DOLLARS REWARD will be paid for any Medicine that will *cure* PRATT & BUTCHER'S MAGIC OIL, for the following diseases:—Rheumatism, *Neuralgia*, Spinal Affections, Contracted Joints, Choice Pains, Pains in the Side or *Back*, *Headache*, Toothache, Sprains, Sore Throat, Cuts, Bruises, Burns, and all Diseases of the Skin, Muscles and the Glands. None genuine without the signature of PRATT & BUTCHER attached to each label. Principal Office; 206 Washington street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The great number of persons that have been immediately relieved in all the cities and towns where it has been used, as well as in this city, sustain them in saying, in all candor, that it is the greatest cure in the world for pain, ever sold.

Dr. E. B. HERR, Sole Wholesale Agent for Columbia. Sold by all respectable Druggists throughout the United States and Canada. [Oct 17, 1857-1y

Read the following-it needs no Comment.

Manville, Jefferson co., N. Y., June 4, 1855.

P. V. R. Coventry & Co.:—Gents—My daughter's affliction with ulcerated throat and stomach, palpitation of the heart, and nervous debility, in fact a complete derangement of the system, rendered her case almost hopeless, indeed, I have tried every syrup, balsam, and nostrum prescribed, with no avail, until a friend learned her case and sent her some of your "Buch's *American Compound*" by her brother. He was very confident that it would cure her. She very reluctantly tried it for a few days, but thinking it made her worse, because her stomach and throat smarted so, she said she would not take it for it hurt her, and laid it aside with her other medicines, until her friend (who knew of similar cases cured with the Compound) wrote her saying if she would *follow directions* strictly for one month and it did not cure her he would forfeit a small farm. Well, she said she would give it a fair trial, for she was sure of the farm. Well, she used it faithfully for a fortnight, when she said she must give up the farm, for her throat and stomach had got well. The palpitation left her, in fact she was well. For the past three months she has continued to gain strength, and has not enjoyed better health in eight years.

You may make what use you please of this for the benefit of like complaints. I have since seen the good effects of this Compound in other cases, and I truly think too much cannot be said in its praise for all nervous