

The Columbia Spy.

A PENNSYLVANIA INDEPENDENT JOURNAL.

COLUMBIA, PA.
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1858.

escape; but just as I rose, away went the dumb-waiter up towards the ceiling with myself inside. The jar of the movement threw me back. I had no time to recover my feet and keep. I could not pull the door as the box ascended, while the paroxysm of laughter that afflicted the girl in the kitchen went to my heart, and smote me with a feeling akin to madness. I would have said myself at that moment for three cents of any decent man's money.

You may guess exactly how I looked when the dumb-waiter having reached the dining-room floor above, I heard the sound of half a dozen voices. Amongst them my heart recognized that of Angelina herself, as she exclaimed:

"Now, pa, do let us have lunch. I am so hungry."

"Yes, you will," I thought, "when you see the cold meat that's ready for you!"—for an angry perspiration was dripping from every pore.

The door of the dumb-waiter was opened, and I walked out.

There was a table set, and around it I beheld Angelina, her father and mother, (as I presumed) two brothers, and two sisters. Angelina shrieked and fainted. I darted towards the parlor door, but not quite in time to escape a blow from the back of a chair aimed at my eye by one of the young gentlemen. I stumbled to my feet, and then you should have seen the race. Fortunately the waiter was just admitting a gentleman at the open hall door as I reached it. Delighted at the chance, I bounded past the visitor, and made one leap to the pavement.

Three more placed me on the platform of a Second Avenue car just passing. Need I say I have never entered Union park since? I detest the spot. As to Angelina, the very thought of her makes my blood run cold; and if you want to create beligerent feelings in my bosom at any time, just say "dumb-waiter" to me, and look out. That's all.

Pilferings from Punch.

A NEW COLUMN.—As the Balladist of Gargantuan dresses keeps expanding with the ladies, we fancy we shall shortly hear an addition to our public cries. This cry will probably issue from the mouth of some strong-shouldered Tinker, who as he promotes our fashionable squares with his pan of lighted charcoal in one hand while the other holds a long pole from which will be dangling something like a monster steel hen-coop, will salute the dining-rooms and drawing-rooms with the following screaming inquiry:—"Any lady's Croomelins, or Petticoats to mend to-day?" From the quantity of work that the enterprising Tinker will doubtless have thrown on his hands, we should think that he would make a very profitable calling of it.

ADVICE TO EAST YOUNG MEN.—If you mean to settle, emigrate.

THE PERSPECT OF JOYING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.—A German hand playing under the window—a young lady practicing the *Ballet de Polka* next door—a Polish Refugee arguing with the landlady in the passage—three gamblers fixing up a "V. R." on the balcony—500 different voices bawling loudly in the distance—and the Printer's Devil whistling *Down Day Tray*, outside on the door mat!

A NEW MILITARY GAME.—The new Order of the Victoria Cross is certainly an inducement to the soldier to go in for a higher game, and to play for worthier stakes.—Very early in the day, it is proved with soldiers, as with sheep, that the Cross breed is decidedly the best.

PURTY THOUGHT.—By a SHEFFIELD GENTLEMAN—Kisses receive their last polish from the soft hands of women.

And do not we, my blades, receive our most polish at the hands of the dear creature?

SEVEN YETTS.—An intelligent American, upon being asked what he thought of the two *Sassy* papers—the *Star* and the *Nation*—replied, characteristically enough, that he thought "it was (S) *Ta-Nation* Un-Eng-Bish."

FERNANDEZ'S FIRMNESS.—Bamba took the earthquake at Naples coolly enough. It did not shake his throne.

GENERAL ADVICE.—Before you come, do not walk slowly. Still may your path be smooth, and your progress rapid. Mark the way, when you are sitting, steady. You were bounding lightly. A point which I may mention. The line of knees does not change. From *Triumph* never ending. Young lady, who you admire. May the first line look set in the royal seat of Uranus. On Princess's throne sits second, I am from to doomsday, not to know. Could an alliance. May those two lines, demand. Bid everyone to be known. By going along with reason. Begun by looking to the right. May they both pull together. Thus begging to admit to you. I say, with England, be so you.

GERMAN SYMBOLISM.—In the procession of Trades Societies at Berlin, which is to welcome the newly-married Royal couple, the journeymen Bakers are to appear with three-cornered hats and swords. We cannot see what Bakers can have to do with swords, although those weapons will perhaps give their wearers a doughty appearance.

HOW TO MAKE TEA.—To do so cheap advertising Grocer's and you will soon learn (to your cost) how tea is made.

A GOOD STRONG TIE.—To celebrate the late Royal Marriage, it took no less than one Archbishop, three Bishops, one Dean, and one Rev. Doctor. We may confidently hope for the permanency of the knot that must have been drawn so tight by such a number of policemen pulling all together.

THE POLICEMAN'S LAST LOVE.—Ar(ja)bolah.
A CORRECT MISOMER.—We knew an old lady, who when she alludes to the leader of the Mormons, always calls him—either an unintentionally, or else by a curious jumble of letters—"Mr. Bigamy Young."

PARADE OF THE FIREFMEN.—On the afternoon of the 22nd, the Vigilant and Columbia Fire Companies paraded in celebration of the day, the former company at the same time housing a new reel, built by Mr. Samuel Carter, of this place. The new accessory "machine" is a remarkably neat and well finished affair, creditable alike to the taste and workmanship of the builder, and to the energy of the company in thus adding to the efficiency of its apparatus. In spite of the heavy state of the streets, the firemen turned out in respectable numbers, the Columbia, headed by the Rolling Mill Band, and drawing their Horse Carriage, the Vigilants with their new reel, led by N. Binehour's Band. "Old Colony" displayed in the ranks a large red and white pennant with the name of the Company, COLUMBIA, in blue letters. The men of both Companies, in their uniforms, looked well, and attracted the usual crowd as they marched through the main streets, the party crossed the river to Wrightsville, on the ice. This, probably the first occasion of a firemen's procession crossing the frozen face of the Susquehanna, added fresh interest to the celebration, and crowds of citizens gathered to watch the slender line of "boys" as it wound with the sleigh track over the snowy mile-wide field, lessening to a thread and finally to a spot, as it neared the York county shore. (Preceding the march on the ice there was a slight parody "On Jordan's stormy banks," and we regret to state that the Rolling Mill B. B., thinking it too hard a road to travel, refused to take to the ice and "took the water" instead, adjoining to—further deponent saith not. There was no back in the boys, however; the order was "Binehour to the front," and they left the shore with drums beating and colors flying.) After giving the citizens of Wrightsville, by whom they were most hospitably received and treated, a touch of their quality, the Companies returned, via the Columbia Bridge, to town, and marching to their respective homes, dismissed, well satisfied with the afternoon's display.

New ADVERTISEMENTS.—J. H. Hunter, *Justice of the Peace*; F. Stouch, *Practising Party*; Columbia Safety Trust Company, *Card*; Columbia P. O., *List of Letters*.

OUR PHILADELPHIA CORRESPONDENT.—We give our correspondent's letter as it reached us, but cannot refrain from differing from him on the "disolution" question. We regard the cry of "disunion" as an arrant humbug, let it come from which quarter it may, North or South.

WE have only room to call attention to Professor Stouch's praesenting party, on Friday evening next. It will doubtless be got up with Mr. Stouch's usual taste and judgment. We trust the party may be well attended.

THE RED MEN'S HALL, ON THE 22ND.—Announced in the *Spy*, the hall of the I. O. of R. M., was thrown open to visitors on Monday last. During the greater part of the day it was thronged with visitors, and in the evening it was a perfect jam. The ladies formed a large proportion of the crowd, and every one expressed pleasure at the interesting exhibition. The Room was very tastefully decorated, some of the wigwags being curiosities of construction well worth examination. The Rolling Mill Band was present during the evening, and their exquisite strains added materially to the attractions. A tally was kept of the numbers entering the room. During the day it was visited by fifteen hundred and five persons.

The Red Men understood the tastes of our citizens, and in throwing open their Hall they gratified a natural and innocent curiosity, and deserve the thanks of the public.

ACCIDENT ON THE RIVER.—On the afternoon of Monday, the 22nd inst., Dr. E. Haldeman's team, driven by himself, in a sleigh, broke through the ice on the river opposite Walnut Street, and a short distance from shore. The occupants of the sleigh were in no danger, except from the plunging of the terrified horses, but the animals were rescued with some difficulty. The accident happened in a fortunate spot; one hundred feet farther from shore the depth of water would almost have insured the loss of the horses, but as it was, a somewhat protracted cold bath was their most serious inconvenience. Plenty of willing hands readily lent assistance, and the delicate task of roping the floundering beast from their uncomfortable berth was performed without further accident.

DELEGATE ELECTION.—On Saturday, 20th inst., an election of delegates to the Democratic County Convention was held in Columbia, and resulted as follows:

In the North Ward the Leecompton constitution was made an issue and we give the entire vote.

Leecompton.

Samuel Wilson,	80
John D. F. Elberlein,	75
Paul Hamilton,	74
John C. Moldiron,	71
Jacob S. Roth,	72

Anti-Leecompton.

Daniel Herr,	35
Thomas Welch,	43
Amner Dickinson,	42
James S. McElroy,	42
George H. Barwell,	36

In the South Ward, Leecompton did not enter into the contest. The following gentlemen were elected:

F. H. Elber, James Collins, Lewis Treadwell, Scott Patton, Morgan Hayes.

The delegations from both wards adopted resolutions endorsing President Buchanan.

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY CONVENTION.—This body met on the morning of Wednesday, 24th inst., at Fulton Hall, Lancaster, for the purpose of electing delegates to the State Convention, which meets at Harrisburg on Wednesday 2nd prox.

Geo. M. Steinman, Esq., was unanimously elected Chairman, and Messrs. Fruilly and Rhodes, Secretaries.

Messrs. Geo. M. Steinman, Joseph Buchanan, Adam L. Ringwalt, H. H. Brenehan, C. J. Rhodes, and Jacob E. Cross, were the delegates elected.

The Resolutions adopted endorse the Leecompton policy of the President, and that gentleman himself, together with Messrs. Cass, Cobb, Floyd, Toucey, Brown, Thompson, Black, Packer and Cabint, and Bigler.

THE BURNING OF THE PACIFIC HOTEL.—St. Louis.—We have received from Dr. N. B. Wolfe, too late to do more than mention, and thank him for, his courtesy, some particulars of the terrible fire in St. Louis, by which some forty or fifty lives were lost. By telegraphic dispatches, to city dailies we perceive that three individuals, one the proprietor of the hotel, have been arrested for setting fire to the premises. The excitement is intense and should there be grounds for the charge the shirt of the prisoners is likely to be a short one.

HARVEY'S PATENT WASHING MACHINE.—Last week Mr. N. G. Hinton, who has purchased the right of A. I. Harvey's patent washing Machine for this County, exhibited the mode of operation with the new washer. The work done was thorough, so adjudged by experts in the art. We have the authority of excellent judges for pronouncing this simple machine of Mr. Hinton's as admirably adapted to its purpose, and a saving of labor and time. We understand that Mr. H. has met with success in the disposal of the wash-

mother's and dar I finds her keepin' company 'long wid Sam Woodhouse. 'F cou'se I lammed her. Dough bit you see, 'Squah, dar's no use talkin'; de way 'cety is on de hill a man must lick his wife 'casionally, or he can't keep her decent. If de 'Squahs 'bout dis yer water is goin' to gib law to ebery nigger woman dat feels de weight ob her husband's hand when she deserves it, dey'll hab 'large dat buildin' down to Lancaster, sure." Or words to that effect.

The Justice, on the conclusion of Hardy's elaborate defense, stilling the tumult of delight and recrimination on the part of plaintiff and friends, addressed a "few brief but eloquent remarks" to the assembled Town Hillers, in which he deplored the lax state of the Hill morals, and severely censured Cornelia for her, not to put too fine a point on it, indiscreet conduct. He expressed a thorough appreciation of defendant's painful position, and while he admitted palliative circumstances, and the abstract justice of John's plea of a husband's inherent right to wholenomely, from time to time, chastise the wife of his bosom, yet, could not, with the evidence before him, (including marks on Cornelia's head, and a pocket full of hair exhibited on trial,) do less than hold prisoner in the sum of four hundred dollars for future good behavior. The bail not being within the limit of John's confidential friends, he had to go down for the April Sessions.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.—Harper for March opens with an unusual excellence of woodcuts, illustrating "The Upper Mississippi," and "Tropical Journeys." Thackeray's "Virginians" is continued, carrying us again to England, where we make further acquaintance with the Castledowns, sorry representatives, not in delineation, of our old friends, Lord and Lady Castledow, Colonel Harry, Viscount Francis, and Mistress Beatrix Esmond, (now Baroness de Bernstein), with a strong family resemblance to the old dowager Lady Castledow (Charles Reed's Elephant Story, "A Jack of All Trades," is concluded, and a number of shorter tales and articles complete the table of contents. Altogether a most readable number.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.—We have reviewed Household Words for March. The monthly number of this magazine is a never failing source of entertainment to us. We find in its pages a greater proportion of really good and pleasant writing, than in any other periodical amongst our exchanges. While its articles show a scholarship equally finished with that displayed in those of Blackwood and the Reviews, in them is embodied a strain of delicate irony that renders them piquant, while the driest and hardest subjects are embellished by quaintness of treatment and devices. The work is republished by Janson & Co., New York, at \$3 per annum.

KICKSHODDER.—Old Knick comes earlier than usual this month. He is kindly welcome at all times and all seasons. We owe him many a hearty laugh, and many an hour of quiet enjoyment. Eschewing illustration and puffery, our true-blue friend keeps on his even way; rejoicing, no doubt in a sufficient circulation, and daily making new friends for the old ones who depart for the better land; for we cannot conceive a subscriber being lost to old Knick through anything but the inexorable interference of King Death, who stops all our papers one day. The present number is rich in all its departments.

LONDON QUARTERLY AND EDINBURGH REVIEWS.—We have received these publications for the January Quarter. The London Quarterly contains: Difficulties of Railway Engineering; The Historic Peerage; Tobias Smollett; Wilshire; Church Extension; Sense of Pain in Man and Animals; Woolwich Arsenal and its Manufacturing Establishments; Our Indian Empire. The contents of the Edinburgh are: Prospects of the Indian Empire; Millman's History of Latin Christianity; Scottish University Reform; The Angel in the House; The Addington and Pitt Administrations; Tom Brown's School days; *Albe Le Dieu's* Memoirs of Bossuet; The Hawker's Literature of France; Lord Overstone on Metallic and Paper Currency.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.—Tis favorite Philadelphia monthly has been received. It is filled with its usual variety of readable matter, and illustrated with an infinity of fashions, patterns, &c., for the ladies.

PROCEEDINGS OF COUNCIL.—February 19, 1858.—Council met.—Members present, Messrs. Black, Murphy, Maxton, Pellan, Pfahler, Pusey, and Bletz, President. Minutes of last meetings read and adopted. The following bills were read and ordered to be paid: C. Hook, \$12.50; D. Holsley, \$10.25. On motion of Mr. Black, the following bills were rejected until certified to: Jno. Cooper, \$8.34; Jos. Hogenotzer, \$56.93 and \$12.82. George Martin, (late Sheriff) bill for \$2.39 was read and referred to J. W. Fisher, Esq.

Mr. Pusey moved that no bills be passed, contracted under the supervision of the Road Committee, which was agreed to. A communication was read from D. E. Bruner, Esq., in relation to the payment of a bond Mr. E. Hershey holds against the Borough. On motion of Mr. Pfahler it was referred to the Finance Committee. Mr. Pusey, from the Finance Committee, submitted a report, which was accepted and ordered to be published.

Mr. Maxton, from the Road Committee, reported that the work on Fifth street was completed, and that the repairing of Fourth street would be commenced as soon as practicable. Mr. Pusey, from the Ordinance Committee, reported that the Committee had not been able to get together, and were not prepared to report upon the revision of the ordinances. A communication was read from J. W. Fisher, Esq., solicitor, in relation to the claim of Mr. Reese, of Mount Joy, for damages incurred by the breaking of his carriage on Front street, some time since. Council refused to take any action upon the claim whatever. Council adjourned. Attest: WM. F. LLOYD, Clerk.

Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 24, 1858. After a two days' storm of wind and snow, last Sunday morning broke upon us more bright and mild than it had been for a week before. Though all the grog-shops were closed, as usual on the first day of the week, the "sun was strong in every one's eyes" 'til past the hour of two in the afternoon, and the pedestrian who entered one of our dimly lighted modern churches, was for a few minutes as helpless in his efforts to gain, or discern a vacant seat, as would be a blind mendicant bereaved of his canine guide.—The weather is now excessively cold, and the sleigh-drivers have as firm and broad a platform upon which to vindicate their principles, as has any political party in Kansas or out of it.

A vast deal of fuss has been made lately in some of the city papers about the weighing of coal; and many citizens complain bitterly of the gross swindles practised upon them by some of the dealers in this necessary of life. Various remedies have been suggested for this evil through the columns of the *Lohy*, which were daily loaded with the random suggestions of correspondents; some recommend the cart scale, by which the coal is weighed in the cart at the door of the purchaser; others oppose this method, mainly on the ground of the unreliability of the apparatus, which is said to be constantly in need of adjustment, and never right at that. There is a very simple remedy for all this trouble, which has been used in the city of New York for more than twenty years past. Every load of coal is weighed by a public weigher, and his certificate is necessary to effect a sale of the article; the cost of weighing is only twenty-five cents, and is uniformly shared equally between the vendor and the purchaser.

Last Monday, (the 22d) I passed off with something of the old style honors; but there was not a great deal of enthusiasm even among the "military," who, though they turned out in pretty good force and marched the streets with flags flying to the rattle of the spirit-stirring drum, seemed to have rather a fatiguing and dreary time, with a sallow tramp through the narrow and crowded streets of "the right-angled village of Philadelphia," as our great city is imperially designated by the cockney prints of metropolitan "Noo Yawk." In early morning the chimies of St. Stephen's honored the day with a long and lively exercise of their melodious quality. But strange to say, the bells of *Christ's* were silent during the live-long day, and sounded not a note in honor of the name which is still cherished within its ancient walls, in the empty show of a vacant pew where once the father of our country joined in the worship of the God of our fathers. Indeed the day is evidently losing its interest as a national festival, and perhaps the time is not far distant when its advent will be noticed no more, or it may give place to the birth-day honors of a Hamilton or a Burr, or perhaps of a Paine, in some sections of the country—and following out our train of thought to its conclusion—may not this be but one of the harbingers of more important events, the results of differing tastes and opposing interests, which before many years, shall lead the different sections of our country to seek, in separate state, that peace, harmony, and happiness, which for a quarter of a century past, a distinction of race and opposing opinion have never vouchsafed to the whole country, except in the brief intervals between the sessions of our National Legislature?

It may be asked, "and must this be so?" No other than infinite intelligence can answer the question. Nothing is certain in human affairs. Events are shaped by contingencies which may arise, and necessities which will compel action best adapted to the peace and happiness of communities.—Though the event may be painful to contemplate, and humiliating to the American patriot, what is there so really terrible in it, after all?

When two men enter into a business co-partnership, and find that, from a difference in temper or disposition, or from an opposite interest, agreement and harmony, prosperity and success are utterly impossible, do they not calmly agree to disagree, to separate, and each following the bent of his own inclination, pursue the path of life with single aim and unembarrassed energy?

When husband and wife have found by sad experience, that owing to peculiarities of temper in one or both—a similarity of taste, a unity of feeling, and a common sympathy are out of the question, do not a decent sense of propriety, a respect for the opinions of others, and that last and only bond of sympathy (a regard for the welfare of their children,) demand that they shall separate? Who may question the propriety or the duty of the parties to come to such a decision? If then, in this most sacred of all social relations, and which is the foundation of our social fabric, separation is the only panacea for irreconcilable differences—what in the name of common sense, we may ask, is the reason that communities and states cannot be guided by the same rule of propriety and expediency? and why may not an empire be divided with as little violence and risk as a family.

Recent news from Mexico give the sequent events to the expulsion of Ignacio Comonfort from the Presidency, and his voluntary retreat from the country. Felix Tulvaga, the "provisional President," is a friend of the church, and supposed to be a partizan Santa Anna, and it may be questioned whether the rumor that Tulvaga will soon give place to Ouello, "a man of extraordinary decision and energy of character," and favorable to a Spanish protectorate—is anything more than a ruse to divert the popular mind, and more effectually pave the way for the return of Santa Anna to the administration of affairs. It is certain that Santa Anna has a strong party in the United States as well as in Mexico, sustained mainly in the former by the force of large claims against the Mexican government; while in the latter country, the overthrow of Comonfort's policy, the restoration of church property, and the power of the clergy, leave the lovers of Holy little to choose, between

Santa Anna and any other military President or Dictator.

The various rumors which have been for a few days past diligently circulated by "telegrams" and news-letters that Mr. Grow, member of Congress from Pennsylvania, and Mr. Keitt, a member from South Carolina, had gone north to settle a recent dispute by a resort to arms—may be regarded as set to rest, by the announcement on Tuesday last that Mr. Keitt delivered a lecture before the Masonic fraternity in Baltimore, on the evening of the 22nd. And this may be considered as rather an aggravated example of the criminal mendacity and recklessness with which certain news-mongers manufacture and circulate rumors prejudicial to the safety of individuals and the peace of society. Indeed, it is a sad truth that some of the more "enterprising" of the metropolitan journals, would scarcely hesitate to stir up strife which might sacrifice the lives of men, provided it might create an excitement, and stimulate the curiosity of the newspaper reading portion of the community.

Since our last letter, the citizens of Philadelphia, a large circle of friends, an estimable and affectionate family, and the fraternity of civil engineers, have lost in the death of Mr. Sam'l H. Kneass, a useful member of society; an honorable man and sincere friend; an excellent husband and father; and an accomplished and intelligent member of a useful profession.

There is little change in the business matters of the city since last week. Money can be had at very reasonable rates on first-rate security, and without that it can't be had at any price. There is evidently a strong disposition among capitalists to stock speculations owing to the slow demand for cash among merchants. But the time for realizing fortunes by this kind of adventure is about three months past; for though Penn'a R. R. at \$46 (or 92 per cent) is a capital investment, the chance for a speculation at that figure is but indifferent compared with the same stock at \$31 (or 62 per cent).—What fortunes might have been realized during the last three months, if men had but "confidence," or the information of men familiar with the internal improvements of Pennsylvania and the west; unfortunately, this last class of individuals are not generally well provided with the means to turn their information to practical account.

That poetical wag Dela has issued an invitation in the newspapers to all whom it may concern to make common cause, and institute legal proceedings against all persons concerned in the late frauds, speculations, swindles, and mismanagement of the late Bank of Pennsylvania. At this rate, Mr. Dela may find it necessary to proceed against all the Boards of Directors, all the Presidents, and about one-half the Stockholders of the Bank who have had an interest in its management during the last twelve years at least. In the meantime Dela solves himself and amuses the public by publishing satirical verses in the daily papers.

For the Columbia Spy.—Please announce that Jefferson Snyder will be presented by his friends, as a candidate for the office of constable at the approaching election. He is a young man of energy, determination, and good health, and possesses in a very high degree the mental and physical qualities to fit him for an efficient and successful police officer. He is not a politician, and will not prostitute his office in the service of any partizan ends, but devotes himself to the conservation of the public peace, without fear, favor, or affection. I understand he will run as an independent candidate, and if successful will be independent, looking only for the approval of the people for a faithful discharge of duty. It can hardly be said that this course will do our town any harm. Then let the people support him for the peace and quietness, and the suppression of the innumerable vices that prevail now with impunity.

GOOD ORDER.

THE LUMBER TRADE.—There has been quite a change effected during the last ten days in the prospects of the Lumber Business of this County. Within that time, plenty of snow has fallen, which has rendered the hauling excellent, and given new impetus to the business. Considerable timber has been hauled to the banks of the streams, and more will be got in. We have no data by which to make an estimate of the amount of business that will be done on the river the ensuing spring; but taking into consideration the fact that little or no hauling was done in January, we are inclined to think that it will not be quite as large as usual.—*Reflexion's Journal*, Feb. 17.

PROMOTED.—Col. B. A. Schaeffer, one of our representatives in the State Senate, was elected, on Monday last, Brigadier General of the Brigade composing the military of Lancaster. The General's military duties will not be very severe, for we believe the whole Brigade (!) is composed of one company—the Lancaster Pencilers.—*Examiner*.

Items of News.

Press of local matter crowds out our items of news, and we can only say that in Congress they still hammer away at the blessed Kansas question. In the Senate the Army Bill has been defeated. Our Legislature has done nothing more noteworthy than appoint a committee to investigate the affairs of the Lancaster Bank. We regret our want of time and space to tell how Messrs. Clay and Collin did not fight a duel, and how Lieuts. Bell and Williams did, and how the latter was severely though not mortally wounded in the last.

The Pacific Hotel, St. Louis, Mo., was destroyed by fire about 3 o'clock, A. M., on Saturday. Every body in the house being asleep when the first alarm was given, the greatest alarm ensued, and ten persons were killed and many others seriously injured by leaping from windows. A second dispatch makes the loss of life more formidable, over forty persons being missing.—Many were suffocated in their rooms.

On Saturday evening the Methodist Protestant church in Eighth Street, Cincinnati,

was partly destroyed by an explosion of gas. A prayer meeting being assembled at the time, eight or more persons were severely wounded, two or three of whom are not expected to live.

PICTURES OF CHINA.—The CHINESE Passion for OPIUM.—Yet there never was found, in any age or in any clime, a tribe, a race, or a nation, which had not some stimulant in which they habitually indulged. Mrs. Chinaman takes her mungdungus; her husband varies the same pleasure with an occasional whiff of the stronger narcotic. I wish he would drink beer, or whisky, or gin, or British Brandy, for they are all recognized means of intoxication, and British manufacturers. But he steadfastly refuses—*Que voulez vous? Il est fait comme cela.* A Chinaman loves opium as he loves nothing else. The head of a Parsee house at Hong Kong, was so civil as to take me into his warehouse, and to open two chests of opium, that I might see the drug as it passes in commerce. The first consisted of balls, the size of a large apple dumpling, and when cut open the mass was found to be solid; the other was full of objects which a commander in the navy not long since ordered his men to return to the owners of a captured junk.—"Ain't you ashamed, my lads, to loot a lot of miserable Dutch cheeses?" The "Dutch cheeses" were fine Patna opium, worth about five pounds each. They are globes of thick, dark jelly, inclosed in a crust, not unlike the rind of a cheese. My Parsee acquaintance tapped one with a fragment of an iron fastening of a chest, and drew forth about a spoonful of the evil-smelling drug. It was not the opium which engaged my attention; it was the effect produced by it upon the surrounding coolies. I never before saw real excitement in a Chinaman's face. I've seen them tried for their lives and condemned to death, and I've seen them test the long-suffering patience of Mr. Tudor Davies in the Hong Kong police court, where the gentleman is daily engaged in laborious endeavors to extract truth out of conflicting lies. I've seen them laugh heartily at an obscene gesture at a singsong, and I once saw a witness grin with great delight as he unexpectedly recognized his most intimate friend, a tradesman of reputed wealth, among a crowd of prisoners in the dock. But these coolies, when they saw that opium, opened their horizontal, slit-shaped eyes, till they grew round and staring; their limbs, so lax and limp when not in actual strain of labor, were stiff from excitement; every head seemed ready to clutch. There was a possibility that it would be put down upon the window sill near which we were standing. I could see the shadow of fingers ready to slide in. It was almost certain that it would be thrown aside; there was the grand hope of an opium debauch gratis; and this was the state of mind that hope created. The Chinese Governments have long ceased to strive against this passion for opium. I doubt whether they ever really did strive against it. At one time, when the balance of the trade was against China, the opium was drawing the Sycee silver out of the country, and Lin thought it absolutely necessary, as a matter of State policy, to stop the traffic. A Chinese official is the Joseph Surface of diplomacy; he is his deeds good or evil, they are certain to be concealed under a mass of fine sentiments.

ABOUT SNEEZING.—St. Aubin tells us that the ancients were wont to go to bed again if they sneezed while they put on their shoes. Aristotle has a problem, "Why sneezing from noon to midnight was good, but from night to noon unlucky?" Eustachius on Homer says, that sneezing to the left was unlucky, but sneezing to the right. Hippocrates, that sneezing cures the lickup, and is profitable to various diseases. Ptolemy, Apuleius, Petronius, and a dozen others, have all something to say about it; and Buxtorf tells us that "sneezing was a mortal sign, even from the first man, until it was taken off by the special supplication of Jacob. From whence, as a thankful acknowledgment, this salutation first began, and was after continued by the expression of *tebicham* or *visa lona*, by standers by, on all occasions of sneezing." When his majesty the king of Minamotoja sneezes, those who are near him salute him so loud a tone that the persons in the antechamber hearing it, join in the acclamation. In the adjoining apartments they do the same, till the noise reaches the street, and becomes propagated through the city; so that at each royal sneeze a most horrid cry results from the salutations of his many thousand vassals. A somewhat different custom prevails in Senary, where, when his majesty sneezes, his courtiers immediately turn their backs on him (for that time only) and give themselves a loud flap on their right thigh.

In a scarce tract, by Gerbier, master of the ceremonies to Charles the First, Oxford, 1665, he gives as a rule of good-breeding:—"It is not the custome, when a prince doth sneeze, to say, as to other persons, *Dieu vous ayde*, God help you, but only to *taken a low reverence*."

A HOPEFUL "HEREDITARY LEGISLATOR."—Lord Brougham's son, who is yet a minor, and consequently dependent upon his father for support, has been noted somewhat of late for his attention to a young actress in the French theatre. His father recently wrote the following laconic epistle: "If you do not quit her, I'll stop your allowance." To which the son replied: "If you do not doubt it, I'll marry her." The son will enjoy a seat in parliament when he becomes of age.

A GOOD JOKE.—A woman was testifying in behalf of her son, and swore "that he had worked on a farm ever since he was born." The lawyer, who cross-examined her said: "You assert that your son worked on a farm ever since he was born?"

"I do."

"What did he do the first year?"

"He milked."

The lawyer evaporated.—*Hartford Courant*.

A MERRY.—A thing that holds a young lady's hand without squeezing it.