

seemed as if I eagerly expected something to interpose and prevent the consummation of that holy engagement. And as the day approached I grew more and more, and wretched, till finally, on a sudden impulse, I determined to go down to my father's to look once more upon the old familiar scenes, the village church and Holme Place, before I should have promised away my freedom, miserable as it made me thinking of past days.

I went, and the first sound that greeted me as I entered the village was the tolling of the bell, and the carriage drew up beside the road as a funeral procession passed. In the first carriage sat Leander Holme, very pale, but calm. It was his wife—she whom I always thought of as occupying my place—that they were conveying to the tomb.

I remained at my father's for many days, not that I hoped or wished to see Leander Holme, but because I literally lacked the strength and energy for my homeward journey. My sole thought was that now Leander was free. If he still loved me, he would not have promised away my freedom, miserable as it made me thinking of past days.

At last, as the day came that I was to start on my return, I felt that I had gone too far to retract, and must fulfill the promise that I had voluntarily made an honorable man. I happily knew the freedom that I would almost have given life itself to secure was already mine.

I had scarcely reached my home when a messenger arrived to beg me, in the name of Arthur Meridon, to go at once to his house. He had been thrown from his horse that afternoon and fatally injured. He was still living, and sensible, and most anxious to see me once more. Only my intense how I reproached myself for the first intense feeling of gladness that flooded my soul as I heard these terrible tidings.

I stood beside him to the last, determined, as a penance for my unfeeling joy, to spare myself no one of his painful though short sufferings. In a few hours, on the very morning that was to have dawned upon our wedding, he breathed his last. His death set me free.

Yes, I was free, but my freedom did not bring me any hope. Leander had gone to Europe immediately on the death of his wife. Holme Place was closed, and it was said the farm was getting into a ruinous condition as years passed on and its master did not return. He held no correspondence with any one at home, except in the briefest business letters.

So, more years passed away. I busied myself in the education of my sister and introducing her into society, as she grew up a beautiful and brilliant girl, while I ceased to feel sensible to the tide of "old maid," and took my place peacefully among the elders, and brushed my still luxuriant hair, now thickly streaked with gray, beneath a tasteful cap.

I had become almost satisfied with my lot, and had ceased to think very frequently of Leander Holme, when I was startled out of my usual placidity by hearing that he had returned to his home. The letter that brought these tidings stated further that he was making alterations and improvements in the old place, and that it was conjectured that he was again about to bring a bride thither.

"That old maid!" exclaimed my pretty sister, as she read this item; "Sister Katharine, can you conceive of a man marrying at his age?"

I smiled and reminded the blushing little beauty that the man she called old could be over forty-five, although it seemed a great age to her, I sighed a little as I glanced at the mirror and saw my faded features as reflected from its surface.

Soon after, my sister married. I gave her to the man she had chosen, well pleased, for I felt that he was worthy of my treasure.—But it was with a very heavy, saddened heart that, after the wedding breakfast was over, and the newly wedded pair and all the guests departed, I went to shut myself into my own room. I wept a little, for I was growing old and was all alone, and the future seemed very bleak and drear to me as I thought what might have been had I been loyal to my heart's allegiance.

"Did he send his card or name?"

"No, ma'am, he said he was an old friend, and would be in a few moments."

"Go back and say that I can see no one to-day, except on business—tell him that my sister has just left me, that I am not well."

The girl went back, and I listened as I lay for the clang of the street door. But, instead, it was with a feeling of vexation that I heard footsteps returning. She came in, and, perhaps, seeing my impatience of interruption, laid a card in my hand and retired without speaking.

The letters came before my eyes, and I trembled so that I could scarcely stand, and I tried to adjust my eye before the mirror. At length, with unsteady steps, I descended to the parlor; I opened the door and stood in the presence of the man I had loved, and from whom I had been separated so long.

His hair was gray; there were lines of suffering all over his face, only the bright, dark eyes were unchanged. I gave him my hand; he looked at me steadfastly a little while. Then he drew me toward him, and without a word I lay sobbing upon his bosom.

"At last—at last," he murmured.

"You were I reunited to my first and last love. We were very happy now at Holme Place. My husband is all that is good and noble, and my life is spent in ministering to his happiness, and in trying to fill a mother's place to the long-neglected children of the wife he had never loved."

A distinguished Berlin professor has lately produced a paper in regard to the world's population, in which he arrives at the conclusion that the world is at present inhabited by twelve hundred and eighty-three millions of people.

# The Columbia Spy.

COLUMBIA, PA.  
SATURDAY, SEPT. 11, 1858.

A sermon will be preached in St. Paul's Episcopal Church on Sunday morning next, by the Rev. Samuel E. Appleton, on the subject of Christian Liberty.—Service to commence at 10 o'clock in the morning, and in the evening at 7 o'clock. The public is respectfully invited to attend.

FALL GOODS.—We call attention to Haldeman's advertisement of a new stock of Fall Goods. Everything in the line of business can be had at Haldeman's in perfection, and at as reasonable prices as the town will afford. Call and examine this extensive assortment.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—On Wednesday morning at about 7 o'clock the Express Train on the P. & R. R., which left Philadelphia at 11 o'clock Tuesday night, by the displacement of a switch ran off the track and into the rocks at the side of the road, crushing the head of Mr. Jeremiah Kane, the Adams Express messenger, and injuring the fireman. The passengers were not disturbed in their seats. The injured man lingered until 6 o'clock P. M. in great agony. Mr. Kane, bore a high character on the road and was much esteemed by the public. The accident happened near Mount Union, and the trains both ways were stopped behind time. The road however was speedily cleared and the late freight of the same day found the track open.

DROWNED.—On Monday, 10th inst., the body of a negro was found lodged on the rocks outside the raft channel at Turkey Hill Falls, near what is known as Steel rock. A jury was summoned and an inquest held by Esq. G. C. Hawthorn, of Highville. The body was decomposing under the skin, and from an apparent bruise on the upper jaw, and blood on the clothing it was deemed prudent to hold a post mortem examination. Dr. H. S. Mollinger inspected the supposed injury and made a general examination of the body. He pronounced that there were no indications of violence, and that the deceased had evidently come to his death by drowning. A verdict of accidental drowning was accordingly rendered. Dr. M. was of the opinion that the body had been in the water from eight days to two weeks. The remains were interred on the river shore near the place of their discovery.

The body was clothed in dark drab satin trousers, walking shoes and two calico shirts, the outer one white with a yellow stripe, the under one white, dappled with purple. On it was found a silver escapement watch, and a buckskin purse containing 7 cents in silver and copper and a large tooth. These articles are in possession of Esq. Hawthorn who desires that the friends of the deceased may claim them. A member of the jury thought he recognized in the deceased, from general appearance, clothing, &c., the person of Thomas Jefferson Jay, originally of Turkey Hill, lately known to have been working at Columbia and Wrightsville.

NORTH BRITISH REVIEW.—We have received from Leonard Scott & Co., New York, the August number of the North British Review, containing Clateaubriand, by M. Villennin; Gladstone's Home State Papers—Pre Reformation Period; Biblical Interpretation—Epistles to the Corinthians; British Art—Painting and Sculpture; The Modern British Drama; Egypt and Syria—Western Influence; Researches on Light—Sanitary, Scientific, and Aesthetic; Our Army in India; The Literary Fund; Political Parties; Recent Publications.

CONYER'S LUBY'S BOOK.—Godley is out for October ahead of all competitors. The number is a good one, and of the usual variety. Godley is so universal a favorite that we scarcely need to commend it. It is most extensively read, and our number is in constant demand and use.

POLICE ITEMS.  
REPORTED BY OUR SPECIAL "MORCHERD."  
A BLACK FEED.—On the morning of Wednesday the 31st ult., Esquire Welch was startled from a severe mental struggle over the problem—"given a doubtful *carabole* on the 'reds,' is it policy to 'pocket the white?' by the irruption of two woolly-headed imps in desperate combat by four active, searching hands, and followed by a couple of perspiring bodies seemingly reluctant to take part in the raging fight.—The Justice commanded peace by the gentle interposition of his "baton," and by dint of impartial exercise of that arm of the law reduced the conflicting elements to comparative calm, they resolving themselves into the bodies of Mrs. Louisa Sawney and her stepdaughter, "Cilla Sawney."

The stirring course of training through which these ladies had just put each other did not tend to "jack down" the little asperities occasionally exhibited by the most amiable of the sex, but on the contrary gave ardor to their mutual recriminations, besides acting as a salubrious and inducing a balsamic atmosphere unrivaled by the choicest exhalations of the first class tonorial emporium next door. The magistrate, after stepping into the street and inhaling a supply of the unaltered, which, like the camel's big drink, was calculated to last through the approaching atmospheric Sahara, politely asked the meaning of the turmoil.

Mrs. Louisa, *loy*—"Squial, dis no use! I can't stan' dese niggas no longer; dey just lead me de life of a dog, an' 'em's bou' to sen' a passel ob 'em to de penten-hary.—Yore's dis dis 'Cilla, she's 'bout de wast ob de lot. Now, 'Squial, sen' her right 'bout what's dat Hollins-wut?' he's neighbor 'bout sept when I doesn't want to see him."

"Cilla interposed:—"Mr. Welch, 'Cloud's dar, 'Cloud's dar 'gin, she's yo' bou', 'Squial, Welsh, de ole soundre's back. Didn't you say if ole Cloud come back you'd sen' him to jail? He's done come back, 'Squial! He's dar."

The government at Washington has contracted with the American Colonization Society to take care of the captured Africans, on their arrival at Liberia, and subsidize them one year for \$50,000, and, in the meantime, send them to school, and teach them how

by industrial pursuits, to support themselves after the expiration of that period. The Secretary of the Interior will forthwith authorize the purchase of the necessary clothing and blankets to insure them a comfortable voyage.

The Williamsport Encampment, ordered by Gov. Packer for purposes of instruction, commenced on Tuesday last, the 7th inst.—The town and hotels were crowded with spectators, the estimated number of visitors being five thousand. About twenty-three military companies were on the ground.

A MINISTER'S WALK AND CONVERSATION.—The Editor of the N. L. Presbyterian, who is at the Virginia Springs, has heard a good story of Speaker Orr and the Rev. Dr. W. of Lexington. Not long since, the story goes, they were both at the Warm Springs, and met in a public room of the hotel.—They had been sitting with other company, and after awhile the Dr. rose and walked across the room with the usual limp in his gait. Mr. Orr immediately recognized him, and asked if he were not the Chaplain at the University of Virginia at such a time, naming the year. The Dr. replied that he was. "I was there," said Mr. Orr, "a student at the University, and I knew you by your limp." "Well," said the Dr., "it seems my limping made a deeper impression on you than my preaching." The joke placed Mr. Orr in an awkward predicament, and most men would have been unable to extricate themselves, but he replied with ready wit: "Ah, Dr., it is the highest compliment we can pay a minister to say he is known by his walk rather than by his conversation."

By the arrival at New York of the steamship Africa, and at St. John of the steamship Pacific, we have advice from Europe to the 24th. The London papers criticise unfavorably the last paragraph of the President's telegraph message. The bombardment of Jeddah by a British vessel of war took the French government by surprise, but explanations were made. The disease of the King of Prussia was getting worse, and his abdication becoming necessary.—The news of the Chinese treaty of peace was received by the overland route via St. Petersburg, and lacks confirmation, but is generally believed.

By the steamship Asia, at Halifax from Liverpool, we have later news from Europe. The Liverpool cotton market had slightly advanced, but was, at this close, less buoyant. Provisions were steady. Breadstuffs firm.

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A Paper on Tobacco. We find a lively passage on tobacco in the pleasant new book by Alphonse Karr. It must be borne in mind that, in France, tobacco is a monopoly—and a very productive one—in the hands of government.

There is a family of poisonous plants, among which we may notice the henbane, the atropa stramonium, and the tobacco plant. The tobacco plant is perhaps a little less poisonous than the atropa, but it is more so than the henbane, which is a violent poison. Here is a tobacco plant—as fine a plant as you can wish to see. It grows to the height of six feet, and from the centre of a tuft of leaves, of a beautiful green, shoot out elegant and graceful clusters of pink flowers.

For a long while the tobacco plant grew unknown and solitary in the wilds of America. The savages to whom we had given brandy, gave us in exchange tobacco, with the smoke of which they used to intoxicate themselves on grand occasions. The intercourse between the two worlds began with this interchange of poisons.

Those who first thought of putting tobacco dust up their noses were first laughed at, and then persecuted more or less. James L. of England, wrote against snuff-takers a book entitled "Miscenopos." Some years later, Pope Urban VIII, excommunicated all persons who took snuff in churches. The Empress Elizabeth thought it necessary to add something to the penalty of excommunication pronounced against those who used the black dust during divine service, and authorized the beaules to confiscate the snuff-boxes to their own use. Amurath IV forbade the use of snuff, under pain of having the nose cut off.

No useful plant could have withstood such attacks. If before this invention a man had been found to say, "Let us seek the means of filling the coffers of the State by a voluntary tax; let us set about selling something which everybody will like to do without. In America there is a plant essentially poisonous; if from its leaves you extract an empyreumatic oil, a single drop of it will cause an animal to die in horrible convulsions. Suppose we offer this plant for sale, chopped up or reduced to powder. We will sell it very dear, and tell the people to stuff the powder up their noses."

"That is to say, I suppose, you will force them to do so by law?"

"Not a bit of it. I spoke of a voluntary tax. As to the portion we chop up, we will tell them to inhale it, and to swallow a little smoke from it besides."

"But it will kill them."

"No; they will become rather pale perhaps, feel giddy, spit blood, and suffer from cholera, or have pains in the chest—that's all. Besides, you know, although it has often been said that habit is second nature, people are not yet aware how completely man resembles the knife, of which the blade first and then the handle had been changed two or three times. In man there is no nature left—nothing but habit remains.—People will become like Mithridates, who learned to live on poisons."

"The first time that a man will smoke, he will feel sickness, nausea, giddiness, and colic; but that will go off by degrees, and in time he will get so accustomed to it, that he will only feel such symptoms now and then—when he smokes tobacco that is bad or too strong—or when he is not well, and in five or six other cases. Those who take in powder will sneeze. Have a disagreeable smell, lose the sense of smelling, and establish in their nose a sort of perpetual blister."

"Then, I suppose, it smells very nice."

"Quite the reverse. It has a very unpleasant smell; but, as I said, we'll sell it

very dear, and reserve to ourselves the monopoly of it."

"My good friend," one would have said to any one bold enough to hold similar language, "nobody will envy you the privilege of selling a weed that no one will care to buy. You might as well open a shop and write on it—Kicks sold here; or, Such-a-one sells blows, wholesale and retail. You will find as many customers as for your poisonous weed."

"Well! who would have believed that the first speaker was right, and that the tobacco speculation would answer perfectly? The Kings of France have written no satires against snuff, but have had no noses cut off, no snuff-boxes confiscated. Far from it. They have sold tobacco, laid an impost on noses, and given snuff-boxes to poets, with their portraits on the lid, and diamonds all round. This little trade has brought them in I don't know how many millions a year. The potato was far more difficult to popularize, and has still some adversaries."

A DINNER IN THE LIREM.—At the entrance of the dining-room stood two Arab slaves richly attired. To each lady, as she entered, one of these held a beautiful silver bowl, while the other poured rosewater over her hands from a vase of the same richly chased material. Two little slave girls presented fine napkins, the ends embroidered in gold, on which we each shook the rose-water from our fingers. The dining-room was a most luxurious apartment closely latticed, for it looked into the street of Stamboul, but cheerful and rich in crimson divans and carved and painted flowers on the walls and ceiling. All had been done to make the cage bearable. Riva Pacha's harem is, I am told, one of the most "fashionable," which accounted for seeing an European table, adorned with a handsome centre piece and four beautiful vases of flowers and fruit, after the French fashion. The dinner service was of rare and beautiful China; the silver knives and forks were extremely handsome, the *service* delicately fine; the flowers exquisitely arranged; and mingled with oranges and lemons, in Eastern fashion; the slaves were standing round, three or four deep, awaiting our slightest sign. First of all, they placed to each guest a sparkling water-bottle and glass.—Then a fine china plate containing a flat roll of a kind of rye bread, called *se-meet*, quite new and warm, and covered with a small seed, which, not being a canary or a linnet, I objected to. That soup was served—a great novelty in a harem, it was most excellent—chicken and vermicelli. Then came a dish of pilau of chicken and rice, done brown. I sat next to the chief wife, on her right hand; as she laid the dish, she pointed out the nicest pieces, begging me to take them. The fair Circassian sat opposite to me. I was curious to see if they really seemed to like the modern innovation of knives and forks. For the first few minutes they used them—evidently to do us we did; but the Circassian beauty failing to secure the particular piece of chicken she coveted with a troublesome fork and spoon, threw those incompetent auxiliaries down, and grabbed successfully, and to her entire satisfaction, with her fingers. She then looked at me and laughed, and showed me how to take a piece of bread *la Turque*, which they were all doing themselves, fast and furious; and to please them we accordingly picked a few chicken bones with our fingers. We had all three been enchanted with the fair Circassian, as I have told you—with her beauty, her winning, yet lofty manners, and exquisite grace; we had seen her smoke, and admired her still; we had even forgiven her for loving the barbarous noise in the "concert of music;" but to see her lick her fingers up to the last joint after each dish—to see her lick her favorite tortoise shell spoon bright, after successive and never-to-be-believed enormous platefuls of sweet pancakes, drenched with honey, and tarred too puscious for the Knave of Hearts—this was too much for Venus herself to have done with impunity; we were perfectly disenchanted long before the feast was over.

The rest were not so bad, (excepting Mad. Liston, who might as well have a trough at once,) but we began to feel rather sick after the first few dishes were dispatched, and the animal passions of some of the ladies began to be roused by their favorite sweets and jellies, which they tore to pieces with their fingers, and threw down their throats in large lumps. The jester waited at tables, presenting the principal dishes with jokes which caused bursts of laughter from the ladies and the slaves in attendance, who seen perfectly at home, and on very free and easy terms with their mistresses, notwithstanding their complete submission to them. The jester was a wild and most extraordinary looking woman, with an immensity of broad humor and drollery in her face. We thought it quite as well that we could not understand the jokes at which the fair Circassian, between the intervals of licking her fingers and spoon and popping tidbits on our plates, laughed so complacently, and which sometimes obliged the Arabs and eunuchs at the door to dive under the arras to conceal their uncontrollable fits of mirth.

Jim II., out west, tells a good yarn about a "shell bark lawyer." His client was up on two small charges, "frivolous charges," as shell bark designated them, (fudging a note of hand and stealing a horse.) On turning his eye over the jury he didn't like their looks, so he prepared an affidavit for continuance, setting forth the absence in Alabama of a principal witness. He had it in a whisper to the prisoner, who shaking his head, said, "Squire, I can't swear to that, 'ar a'kyuntin'." "Why?" "Kase 'til 'aint true." Old shell inflated and exploded loud enough to be heard throughout the room.—"What! forge a note, an' steal a horse, an' can't swear to a lie! D—n such infernal folk." And he left the conscientious one to his fate.

The head of Mr. Paulsen, the renowned chess-player, is said to be the largest in the world. This may or may not be true.—It certainly measures more in inches (v.)

How THE CHINESE EAT.—"It cannot be denied that there is nothing in which nations are more capricious than in their adoption and rejection of articles of diet. A Chinese cook in the service of a European at Macao sent up a dish of snipes without the trail. Host and guests, of whom Mr. Huo was one, rated him for his ignorance, and told him, to his astonishment, that he had committed a crime which could not be pardoned twice. A few days afterwards he had to dress some birds which were not snipes, and was careful to preserve their precious contents. He was dismissed, despairing ever to comprehend the culinary code of Europeans, and wondering as much at the gross taste which could venture upon the entrails of a bird, as we of the west can marvel at the Chinese relish for earth worms. Frogs are esteemed throughout the empire. They are brought to the towns in tubs or baskets, and the frog-monger, in the intervals between serving his customers, chops off the heads of the animals and draws off their skins. They are sold, like everything in China, by weight.

"Another custom, which at first little favor with either M. Huo or Mr. Fortune, they discovered upon experience, to be exceedingly agreeable. Towels, from which hot water has been wrung out, are brought round in trays after meals, and each of the guests wipes his face with a reeking cloth. The same process is gone through after journeys. It is, in fact, the Chinese mode of washing, and, though not the most effective, Mr. Fortune pronounces it far more refreshing than cold bathing to a person who is hot and tired with walking. The natives rarely use soap. When our party of six had seated themselves at the centre table, my attention was attracted by a covered dish, something unusual at a Chinese meal. On a certain signal, the cover was removed, and presently the face of the table was covered with juvenile crabs, which made their exodus from the dish with all possible rapidity. The crabs had been thrown into a plate of vinegar just as the company sat down—such an immersion making them more brisk and lively than usual. But the sprightly sport of the infant crabs was soon checked by each guest seizing which he could, dashing it into his mouth, crushing it between his teeth, and swallowing the whole morsel without ceremony. Determined to do as the Chinese did, I tried this novelty, also. With two of those I succeeded—finding the shell soft and gelatinous, for they were tiny creatures, not more than a day or two old. But I was compelled to give in to the third, which had resolved to take vengeance, and gave my lower lip a nip so sharp and severe as to make me relinquish my hold, and likewise desist from any further experiments of this nature."

LAOICONG DOGREL.—Barney Becker, the host of the Voorhes House, Syracuse, received the following poetical dispatch a day or two since:

Barney Becker,  
"Voorhes House,"  
Across the bridge,  
Syracuse,  
For a dinner,  
(Good one, too.)  
Half a dollar  
I owe you.  
Sixteen just stamps  
I enclosed,  
Thought you'd lose it,  
I suppose.  
Apologies?  
Am late, truly,  
Machintosh.

Home, Townsville,  
and all Over of the Sun, Mieser's and the Ground,  
Eighteen hundred  
Fifty-eight.

There are more lies told in the brief sentence, "I am glad to see you," than in any other single sentence in the English language.

Belle Brittain has defined flirtation to be attention without intention.

WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY, Cures Bronchial Affections and all Diseases of the Lungs. From the Boston Evening Traveller, Jan. 6. "It is perfectly a simple net of justice to the proprietors of Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry for us to say that our personal experience in the use of this article, has induced us warmly. One of the proprietors of the Traveller was entirely cured of a severe case of acute Bronchitis, contracted from the use of four months' confinement, by the use of the Balsam of Wild Cherry. The patient, who has since had a trial of the article, has found it of great service in relieving all severe coughs and shortness of breathing, with which they had been afflicted."

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY. SIR JAMES CLARKE'S CELEBRATED FEMALE PILLS. Prepared from a prescription of Sir J. Clarke, M. D., Physician Extraordinary to the Queen. This invaluable medicine is uniting in the cure of all the most painful and dangerous diseases to which the female constitution is subject. It moderates all excess and removes all obstructions, and a speedy cure may be relied on.

TO MARRIED LADIES. It is peculiarly suited. It will, in a short time, bring on the monthly period with regularity. Each Box contains One Doz. but the Government Stamp of Great Britain, to prevent counterfeits.

These Pills should not be taken by females during the FIRST THREE MONTHS of Pregnancy, as they are sure to bring on miscarriage, but at any other time they are safe.

Full directions in the pamphlet around each package, which should be carefully preserved. Sole Agent for the United States and Canada, JOB MOSES, (40 & 41 C. Baldwin & Co., Rochester, N. Y. N. B.—All of our medicine and surgical apparatus are authorized agents, will insure a bottle, containing 50 Pills, by return mail. For sale by Dr. E. B. HERR, Agent, for Columbia, T. W. DYOTT & SONS, Wholesale Agents, Phila. May 29, 1858.

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Full directions in the pamphlet around each package, which should be carefully preserved. Sole Agent for the United States and Canada, JOB MOSES, (40 & 41 C. Baldwin & Co., Rochester, N. Y. N. B.—All of our medicine and surgical apparatus are authorized agents, will insure a bottle, containing 50 Pills, by return mail. For sale by Dr. E. B. HERR, Agent, for Columbia, T. W. DYOTT & SONS, Wholesale Agents, Phila. May 29, 1858.

How THE CHINESE EAT.—"It cannot be denied that there is nothing in which nations are more capricious than in their adoption and rejection of articles of diet. A Chinese cook in the service of a European at Macao sent up a dish of snipes without the trail. Host and guests, of whom Mr. Huo was one, rated him for his ignorance, and told him, to his astonishment, that he had committed a crime which could not be pardoned twice. A few days afterwards he had to dress some birds which were not snipes, and was careful to preserve their precious contents. He was dismissed, despairing ever to comprehend the culinary code of Europeans, and wondering as much at the gross taste which could venture upon the entrails of a bird, as we of the west can marvel at the Chinese relish for earth worms. Frogs are esteemed throughout the empire. They are brought to the towns in tubs or baskets, and the frog-monger, in the intervals between serving his customers, chops off the heads of the animals and draws off their skins. They are sold, like everything in China, by weight.

"Another custom, which at first little favor with either M. Huo or Mr. Fortune, they discovered upon experience, to be exceedingly agreeable. Towels, from which hot water has been wrung out, are brought round in trays after meals, and each of the guests wipes his face with a reeking cloth. The same process is gone through after journeys. It is, in fact, the Chinese mode of washing, and, though not the most effective, Mr. Fortune pronounces it far more refreshing than cold bathing to a person who is hot and tired with walking. The natives rarely use soap. When our party of six had seated themselves at the centre table, my attention was attracted by a covered dish, something unusual at a Chinese meal. On a certain signal, the cover was removed, and presently the face of the table was covered with juvenile crabs, which made their exodus from the dish with all possible rapidity. The crabs had been thrown into a plate of vinegar just as the company sat down—such an immersion making them more brisk and lively than usual. But the sprightly sport of the infant crabs was soon checked by each guest seizing which he could, dashing it into his mouth, crushing it between his teeth, and swallowing the whole morsel without ceremony. Determined to do as the Chinese did, I tried this novelty, also. With two of those I succeeded—finding the shell soft and gelatinous, for they were tiny creatures, not more than a day or two old. But I was compelled to give in to the third, which had resolved to take vengeance, and gave my lower lip a nip so sharp and severe as to make me relinquish my hold, and likewise desist from any further experiments of this nature."

LAOICONG DOGREL.—Barney Becker, the host of the Voorhes House, Syracuse, received the following poetical dispatch a day or two since:

Barney Becker,  
"Voorhes House,"  
Across the bridge,  
Syracuse,  
For a dinner,  
(Good one, too.)  
Half a dollar  
I owe you.  
Sixteen just stamps  
I enclosed,  
Thought you'd lose it,  
I suppose.  
Apologies?  
Am late, truly,  
Machintosh.

Home, Townsville,  
and all Over of the Sun, Mieser's and the Ground,  
Eighteen hundred  
Fifty-eight.

There are more lies told in the brief sentence, "I am glad to see you," than in any other single sentence in the English language.

Belle Brittain has defined flirtation to be attention without intention.

WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY, Cures Bronchial Affections and all Diseases of the Lungs. From the Boston Evening Traveller, Jan. 6. "It is perfectly a simple net of justice to the proprietors of Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry for us to say that our personal experience in the use of this article, has induced us warmly. One of the proprietors of the Traveller was entirely cured of a severe case of acute Bronchitis, contracted from the use of four months' confinement, by the use of the Balsam of Wild Cherry. The patient, who has since had a trial of the article, has found it of great service in relieving all severe coughs and shortness of breathing, with which they had been afflicted."

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY. SIR JAMES CLARKE'S CELEBRATED FEMALE PILLS. Prepared from a prescription of Sir J. Clarke, M. D., Physician Extraordinary to the Queen. This invaluable medicine is uniting in the cure of all the most painful and dangerous diseases to which the female constitution is subject. It moderates all excess and removes all obstructions, and a speedy cure may be relied on.

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