

gazed. Behind her, on a small table, stood the feeble light that was to be the beacon of her life.

"Marcella does not love me truly, or he would not thus abuse my reputation, my happiness—he has no right. Poor Regis, he with every right, leaves me free; he is ambitious, but for me; for me are his honors; for me his fame; without me he would renounce them. Pray Heaven! they do not tempt."

Madame de Chelles, agitated and anxious, advanced on the broad balcony opening from her window. There is a rustling among the leaves below; the pattering at the denique that twice over the pillars are rapidly shaken; a shower of their blossoms lie at her feet; now a faint glimpse of the landscape; then a head appears; another moment, and a man leaps over. Madame de Chelles, scarcely suppressing a shriek, recoils into her room; a man is at her feet and clasps her knees. Amelie has shut her eyes and dares not look, a voice pronounces her name. With a sob of joy she opens her eyes, and, exclaiming Regis in a tone of joy and love, she is clasped in her husband's arms.

"Amelie," exclaimed Regis, "you love me then; again you choose me for your husband; then, then, is our second wedding day—happier than the first. Say you love me."

"Yes, Regis, with deep passion and holy tenderness," replied Amelie, raising her head from her husband's shoulder. At the same moment she cast a rapid glance at the garden, and on the top of the wall she perceived de Laung preparing to descend. "What was to be done? They stood within the threshold of the room. With the quickness of woman's wit, Amelie conceived the plan. Turning rapidly round, she covered the table and the light; then, with a beating heart and trembling frame, sunk into a chair.

"Amelie, dearest, are you hurt?" said Regis.

"No," faintly replied Amelie. "I will get another light directly."

"Do, darling, and I'll close the window." Still agitated and trembling, Amelie glided along her room into an adjoining dressing-room, whilst Regis closed the window. He was long about it, but when he heard his wife open the door he stepped out on to the balcony and leaning over it, said, speaking in a loud whisper, clearly audible, through the silliness of the night:

"Good night, de Laung. Don't climb the wall, you might hurt yourself; here's my key of the little postern gate; that's the way I came in—that's the way you had better go out."

With this, concluding with a laugh as de Laung's footsteps were heard on the gravel beneath, M. de Chelles retreated into the room, closed the windows and drew the curtains just as Amelie, light in hand, appeared at the door.

"I am sorry your Excellency has had so much trouble," said de Chelles, taking the light from her, "for you mean to be an Excellency, don't you, and go with me to St. Petersburg?"

"Anywhere, Regis, with you—here in solitude, together, if you prefer it."

"No," eagerly replied Regis, "I have had enough of solitude and sentiment; we shall be more together in the world than here; at least I have found it so."

Amelie blushed, and then looked up with a clear, bold look at her husband.

M. de Laung had lost the race. Although M. and Mme. de Chelles were at St. Petersburg, de Laung did not spend the winter there at Paris. He is studying geology in Sweden.

SEVERAL APPREHENSIONS.—Dr. Holmes, in one of his American papers, says:—"Self-approbation is a slow and gradual process. At first a child thinks he can do every thing; I remember when I thought I could lift a house if I ate first had enough. So I began with the hind wheel of a heavy old family coach each week, in which my lady bountiful carried little King Pippin, if you happen to remember the illustrations of that story. I lifted with all my might, and the planet pulled down with all its might. The planet bent. After that my idea of the difference between my will and muscular force was more accurately defined. Then came the illustration that I could, of course, "blow" some one out of "spunkish" various small boys who had been or might be obnoxious to me. The event of the laborer "blowing" to which this hypothesis led not only confirmed this another limitation of my possibilities was the consequence. In this way I groped alone into a knowledge of my physical relations to the organic and inorganic universe. A man must be very stupid indeed, if by the time he is fully ripened, he has not learned tolerably well what his physical powers are. His weight, his height, his general development, his constitutional force, his good or ill luck, he has had time to find out; and he is a fool if he does not carry a reasonable estimate of his fitness for the conditions with him always. It is a little harder with the mind; but some qualities are generally estimated fairly enough by their owners. Thus, a man may be trusted when he has a good deal of memory. Not so of the opinion of his own judgment or imagination. It is only by a very slow process that he finds out how much or how little of these qualities he possesses. But it is one of the best of the privileges of growth, that we can't help having a much clearer sense of what we can do than what we want, and settle down to our work quietly, knowing what our tools are and what we have to do with them."

"Some one was telling an Irishman that somebody had eaten ten saucers of ice cream; whereupon Pat shook his head."

"No you don't believe it?" With a shrug and Pat answered, "I believe in the crane, but not in the saucers."

A distinguished American visitor in writing against what he considers a prevailing inclination to credulity, says:—"The present generation seem a race of gull geese." It is most certainly except the few who are only seekers.

The Columbia Spy.

COLUMBIA, PA.
SATURDAY, JAN. 22, 1859.

SEE NEW ADVERTISEMENTS OF A. M. RAMBO, OLD FELLOWS' HALL, IN TO-DAY'S PAPER.

Gen. Shaeffer of the Senate and A. S. Green of the House will please accept our thanks for favors.

OUR NEIGHBOR.—The arrangements of Mr. Griffith for supplying a public want occasioned by the absurd action of the Northern Central Railway Company in abolishing the office at this place; have, we are glad to learn, met with the entire approbation of Lumber, Iron and other merchants of Columbia, Marietta, &c., as evinced in their application to Mr. G. when in want of cars. He supplies facilities for transportation at so reasonable a commission that freight to Baltimore and other points on the R.R. Road, is shipped at as low rates as is hereafter by the Company. We call attention to Mr. Griffith's advertisement in to-day's Spy, where he announces his readiness to supply cars or forward goods from this point to all stations on the road.

A BIRD'S EYE VIEW.—After an unpropitious winter of one week, more or less, we have entered upon a spring that must have been "blessed" indeed—It is so naturally forward. The anticipations of last week fall most miserably of fulfillment, and late jubilant joy vendors look at the late liquidating face of the river with tears in their eyes—evidently thawed out—and water-gate expression of commiseration. Slates freeze their irons and bang them up in despair. Livery horses draw long, feeble breaths as if relieved of weighty cars, while their owners anxiously watch the vane on the Town Hall and still hope for yet another "snow." If the present "spell" holds, we shall look for the Yankees in another week.

A FINE HORSE KILLED.—On Friday of last week one of the horses of Miss Mulliken's splendid car team was killed on the Columbia Bridge. A train of cars had got off the track and two teams were attached to replace them. The teams started together and the rear horse of one of them, slipping on the timber guard of the carriage way, fell—the other team drawing the train upon the animal. This is the second horse killed out of this fine team within a few months. It was a noble specimen of the draught horse, and valuable.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.—The February number of Household Words contains more interesting matter than two thirds of the serial publications of the day. Every article is of merit, and written in the peculiar and originally sparkling style of the Household Words corps of authors. We consider it as the best, and it is, or should be, the most popular journal of all the English periodicals. Three dollars per annum is the very low subscription price.

LITTLE LIVING AGE.—Little for January 18th contains Shipwrecks; the concluding chapter of Hector Garret of Oter—a most readable tale; The Boat Files of Mexico; an interesting paper from Chambers Journal; The Four Be-Lies—a capital story; Her First Appearance; Amourizing England, &c., &c. This choice Miscellany improves, if possible, with each weekly number.

LEWIS & BROWNELL'S BANK NOTE REPORTER.—The January number of this valuable Reporter has been received. Among the new counterfeits noticed in it we find 50 on the Union Bank of Reading and 50 on the Western Bank of Philadelphia. This is one of the best Bank Note Reporters issued, and should find a place in every counting house and store.

POLICE ITEMS.

RECORDED BY OUR SPECIAL "RECORDER."
FETTERED.—On the 7th inst., one Fritz Dunkel, a German, peacefully arrested, caused the city gears at the extreme upper boundary of the North Ward, announcing himself as a committee (self appointed) to test and pronounce judgment on the quality of the larger Leas of the borough, at the same time expressing his confident belief in his capability of creating a drought in this little town. He started at the upper end of the Basin and drank regularly down to the National Telegraph Office, when he seated himself on an Express trunk and trapping on a neighboring box, held up his forefinger to the gentlemanly operator, calling out "Pat! Pat!" The gentlemanly and accommodating operator gazed through the bars with a doubtful smile, playing the Devil's raton the while on the instrument.—Dutifully grew impatient and reiterated his order, when the electric fluid entering the right arm of the "electrostatic" caused the member to put itself in communication with the collar of the thirty one, and the message "Move on!" was distinctly enunciated.

Seventh and last round; Teuton prostrate on the pavement; the Sauty sailing brightly through the window. The defeated candidate gathered himself up and hurled a "bottom trunk" containing his entire wardrobe at the battery, breaking a glass and otherwise injuring property of Telegraph Company. The vessel pursued his course down Front street, in conscious of what was ahead of him, until he reached the Blue Front, where he was invited in by Hollingsworth; and requested to make a statement. He denied intoxication, protesting that as he had had but one glass of lager at each hour, there being but thirteen hours, he could not possibly be other than brutally sober. With regard to the telegraphic bore, he claimed that any house not keeping lager ought to be "busted up." Justice Weger sent him down for thirty days at hard labor.

WINTER QUARTERS.—On the 5th inst., William Jones came before Justice Welsh, and testified that he had been

served out 30 days in Lancaster County Prison on a charge of vagrancy. Being afraid to steal and ashamed to beg, destitute and out of work moreover, he applied, on the recommendation of a fellow prisoner, to Esquire Welsh for a little magisterial assistance in getting back to comfortable quarters at the expense of the county. The personal appearance of Mr. Jones being strongly in his favor, Hollingsworth was ordered to escort him to the desired surgery, with a certificate of his worthiness entitling him to a residence of sixty days at hard labor.

TATTLER.—On the 10th inst., Adam Muckness, watchman, of Lancaster city, made complaint before Justice Welsh against John Dorwart for stealing from a lady at Dillersville a shawl, victorine and set of furs. John had just been emancipated from county thrall, and on his way homeward encountered a tempting opportunity at the Dillersville Hotel, picking up the above articles from a table and appropriating them to his own special use and profit. A warrant was issued upon which Dorwart was brought before the Squire who remanded him for a hearing before Mayor Barrowes, of Lancaster. He was taken down in charge of the officer.

AN EXAMPLE.—On the 15th inst., complaint was made before Justice Welsh against William Hunter, for stealing a bag of coal from the coal yard of J. G. Hess, in this borough. William was arrested by Hollingsworth and brought before the magistrate, when he had a hearing. Testimony was damaging, both to Bill's asserted general good character and to his plea of innocence of the alleged appropriation.—Strychnine Whiskey was William's only visible means of support, and it was conclusively proven that his supplies were mainly procured by sale or barter of coal stolen from the yards of the various dealers of the town. William pled manfully in his own behalf, but his antecedents were well known to the Squire (who committed him for thirty days last Spring, for vagrancy) to permit any mercy. It was adjudged that as William had no suffering family in want of fuel, and maintained an internal fire of sufficient strength to keep himself in a glow, he had better go down for trial at the approaching term.

To follow the fortunes of the light-fingered William, we may state that on Tuesday, 15th inst., he had his trial and was sentenced to five months imprisonment at hard labor, in the County Prison. We congratulate this community on the gratifying result.

For the Columbia Spy.
Mr. Emory.—The Ladies connected with St. Paul's Episcopal Church, have recently resolved themselves from a Sewing Society, for the benefit of their church, into a Dames Society. They have done so for the purpose of giving their labors towards assisting the deserving poor, not merely of their own church, but of Columbia. Under these circumstances, and as there is no other Dames Society in town, they appeal to the public for aid. They have begun without any funds in their treasury. With confidence they appeal to the generous citizens of the town to help them in their labors of love. Any donations of money, clothing, fuel, or groceries sent to the residence of Mrs. Dr. John, Vice President of the Society, will be very gratefully received. A.

LIST OF JURORS.
To serve in the Court of Common Pleas, commencing Monday, Jan. 31, 1859.
Henry Bauman, Mayor.
John B. Barlow, Columbia Bar.
Benjamin Bushong, Upper Leacock.
John S. Byer, West Donegal.
Samuel Carter, Earl.
Christian Behrman, East Coalingo.
John Evans, West Earl.
Samuel H. Bell, Coalingo.
Henry Geyer, Coalingo.
Amos P. Dyer, West Lampeter.
George Hildebrand, Earl.
David Hamilton, Earl.
Benjamin Hertzler, Lan. township.
Martin H. Kessler, West Lampeter.
Lovi Metzger, East Earl.
Francis McClure, Salisbury.
A. S. Miller, West Lampeter.
John Miller, Manheim.
Samuel S. Nagle, Marietta Bar.
Jacob Nisler, Mount Joy.
Jacob G. Palmer, Columbia Bar.
Horace Radlow, Oley.
Benjamin Raves, Eggenburg.
Elias H. Roberts, East Coalingo.
Simon S. Reist, Manheim.
Jacob S. Rhoads, Elizabethtown Bar.
Robert Scott, Little Britain.
Henry H. Sirk, East Coalingo.
Christian Sholly, Eggenburg.
George Sholly, Coalingo.
Joseph Shwartz, Drumore.
Henry Shaeffer, Manheim.
Benjamin E. Sholer, Backcock.
William Vonida, Backcock.
Joseph Wenger, Upper Leacock.
Jacob Zetzer, Oley.

LIST OF JURORS.
To serve in the Court of Common Pleas, commencing Monday the 24th day of January, 1859.
Abraham Bauman, Mayor.
Peter Brady, East Donegal.
Peter Baum, Leacock.
Elisha Brown, Coalingo.
A. Scott Clark, Drumore.
William Crouse, West Coalingo.
George Duchman, East Earl.
John Deinger, Jr., Paradise.
Henry M. Engle, East Donegal.
Benjamin E. Eldeman, Coalingo.
Jacob Grubill, Upper Leacock.
Martin Huber, Providence.
William Hamilton, Paradise.
Samuel J. Henderson, Salisbury.
Jacob Fawch, East Coalingo.
G. B. Leas, Oley.
Israel Fawch, Manheim.
Samuel Mellinger, West Coalingo.
Andrew Metzger, East Hempfield.
John Martin, Coalingo.
F. A. Melchland, Salsbury.
Cary Carter, McGeeory, Oley.
Jacob W. Newley, Mount Joy.
David Pflantz, Oley.
Henry Rhoads, Salisbury.
Alvan Rudy, West Earl.
Jacob Rudy, Manheim Bar.
John P. Reiser, Providence.
Geo. K. Reed, Oley.
John Reiser, Eggenburg.
Samuel Sholly, West Coalingo.
Erick Smith, Coalingo.
Jacob Smolinger, East Hempfield.
Samuel Slobem, Salsbury.
Jacob B. Slobem, Warwick.
Samuel Worst, Salisbury.

If a journeyman dyer can earn three shillings a day by dying, what should it be for a free man?

Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 19, 1859.
A Bachelor's Complaint.—A Suggestion.—Children—Their Uses and Abuse.—A Band of Invaders—Curious Young Damsel—An Explanation, and what came of it.—A Green Horn—His Situations—His Charities—Advice.

Reader, you may be a bachelor; then peruse this letter, you at least will understand it, you will appreciate it, you will acknowledge the justice of its views.
If you are not a bachelor, oh reader! turn your eyes in the direction of your left shoulder, and read the "police reports," the ups and downs of the *Africa* race, the meanderings and stumblings of the luckless Hibernian; comfort yourself with the assurance of the colored man's elevation to splendid accommodations in palaces of stucco adorned with gates of iron; meditate upon the foreigner's enjoyment of free institutions in a land of liberty and corn whiskey; or else turn your physiognomy a little to the right, and glance over the advertisement of the philanthropic compositor of the *Crowing* glory among pills, which conceals all sin, and can impart a virtue if you have it not.

Now, persistent and most obstinate reader, with this timely caution, you are supposed to be a bachelor—or you ought to be—on the shady side of five and thirty, with chances slender, and gradually growing "smaller and beautifully less" of ever, being "any thing else," except plus a score or two of years, when your equation will change its sign to minus, and you will soon fade away and disappear like any other unknown quantity.

But you are yet in the prime of bachelorhood, you still carry a rather contented smile—unless your squire box is empty—you do not yet know that you are in the hall, at some risk of exposing the sins and sins of many summers gone, you are no cynic, and take you for all in all, you are what the world—saving and except the envious portion of it—would call a tolerably happy man.

Of course you "boast" it is not considered virtuous for a bachelor to be a housekeeper—or to have one—and you have regard for public opinion—yet. You board in a hotel, of course you do, for private boarding houses you have voted long ago—and carried the election *non. con.*—to atrocious nuisances. You do not board at a "first class" hotel, for your pocket though deep, is consequently not so easily sounded and you are indifferent to the glory of paying twenty York shillings per diem for the privilege of being slapped on the back by the *recherche* barkeeper, and called "follow."

As you are a quiet man, you are fond of reading, and rather prefer a quiet room to read in. You take possession of the parlor, and hold it without dispute for weeks, until the house is invaded by a band of juvenile Gobs and Vandals who turn your retreat into a bedlam, and stir your sober ideas into a tempest of confusion and rage. You are, as we have said, no cynic, and consequently no hater of children; on the contrary, you are deeply fond of (pretty and quiet) children. Theoretically, you are inclined to the belief that a child coming under the former conditions, and being between the ages of six months and six years, is the most lovely specimen, animate or inanimate, of all created things. But some what in opposition to this pure aesthetic view, you are rather sympathetic in your affinity for, and rather shy of your own contemplation of these rare flowers of divine favor which are showered among men and women to show them what they once were, and may hereafter be. You don't care about compromising your principles by a too near approach to, and a too familiar intercourse with these young emigrants from Paradise; you are perhaps distrustful of your own powers of appreciation, you doubt your own constancy, or are fearful of an explosion in your aesthetic theory occasioned by some little adventurous Guy Fawkes given to bold experiments and startling effects. You have dim remembrances of infantile chewers of ends who never could manage the cud without frequent and untimely expostulations, unheeded with these old quorks and eccentric notions you are wont to retreat on leisurely attentions to the quiet parlor, and enjoy your book in cheerful solitude; until a certain unlooked day when the population of your mansion house receives a large accession to its numbers, and the boarding establishment is suddenly transformed into a gymnasium, a ball-room, a racing ground, or any thing else that rampant juvenility may please to turn it out. Five boys have taken possession of your retreat. You rest your book quietly on your nose, and commence the study of character.—There are two blue-eyed youngsters of sturdy frame and tardy gait, two black-eyed boys and two of the former, and a grey-eyed youth, perhaps an embryo "hero of destiny," but at present given to tumbling in an excessive degree. They are probably the five most restless, uncertain, vacillating, and spasmodic minkies on the face of the whole earth; they enter the room with a wild burst, and all in a heap, as if they were about to storm something; but they have hardly gained the citadel before a new idea seems to take possession of the crowd, and they move off in single file, with admirable precision, the last in line being a boy of some consideration shifts the door—with a deafening crash.

You utter an exclamation of gratitude, draw your old arm chair, put your feet on the fender and make ready for a long read—when a shuffling of one hundred feet is heard in the hall, the door is burst nearly off its hinges, and the regiment is on you again.—There seems to be a meeting, or an intentional war is raging, the troops are without a captain and every boy is contending violently with each other about the possession of a package of cigars.

At this juncture, a five year old damsel, rejoicing in the Byronic appellation of *Ada*, enters the room, and begs you to show her the "spiteful" in the *New York Ledger*. You explain them in what you conceive to be the most interesting manner, to the juvenile mind; you endeavor to invest each with a personal interest and tell her that the *Scythian* once who is listening to a rignarole of lies from her stern uncle concerning the estate of her deceased father—is *Ada*, that the Spanish *Servants* with the dagger at the bosom of her fifteenth decoder—is *Ada*; that the black-eyed cousin just received from the ravenous jaws of an undergarment by her gallant sutor—is *Ada*; that the young lady who appears to be dying off between two verses of poetry, had enough to kill girls of sterner stuff—is *Ada* too.

Your little auditor looks quizzically at you and asks if they can be *Ada*. You answer, "yes certainly," and you try to say it sweetly which elicits the triumphant rejoinder, "Well, but must be my paper, then?"—accordingly

she appropriates it, and vanishes in search of her widowed mamma.

The boys seem to have made a "quarter settlement" in your domain, and perhaps are contemplating a "constitution" to exclude "furriners." This brings up the conscious feeling that you are nothing but a bachelor—a person of no authority, and little account—so you bury from the scene, and rush to half a dozen in the shell," with a foaming glass of "Massey's" old stock." Miserable man, this Bachelor! mistakable indeed to be called a freeman!

Our excellent young friend, Green Horn, is engaged in the hopeful and exciting occupation of hunting up a "situation"—"salary not so much an object, as permanent employment, and a knowledge of business." And though Green Horn does not seem to secure any fixed establishment, it is perfectly astonishing how vast and various is his experience in the rudiments of all sorts of business.

He has had an excellent situation (for a beginner) in a thread-and-needle store, which cost him only one dollar and a half, paid out to a disinterested informer; but as the proprietor was out of town at the time of the purchase, and somehow or other does not return, he embraced a "splendid opportunity" to enter the drug business in a Western city, paying \$4 for the chance, and will enter upon his duties early in the ensuing spring.

The next essay of our friend, as he wishes to be doing something all the while, was a dash at the liquor business in which he embarked as a partner—"active" of course, engaging to do all the out-door business—for the moderate sum of \$25 paid into the "capital account." The other partners however, have not yet quite "concluded their arrangements," which leaves G. H.'s a little time to himself, and this he employs to the best purpose—good amiable soul that he is—in charitable enterprises. A few weeks ago, this touching advertisement caught his eye: "Wanted—by a young lady, a loan of Ten dollars, to be repaid in sewing." Fortunate thing for Mr. Horn as he remarked, for he was very much in want of shirts just at that time, owing mainly to the fact that his washerwoman had a "uncle" to whom she appeared to be so much attached, that she was continually bestowing upon him, not only her own property, but the property of every one else who is rash enough to trust it to her care.

Now, thought Green Horn, here is a chance to replenish my wardrobe, and do an act of charity besides. Accordingly, the advertisement was answered, the opportunity to set up a deserving young lady was embraced, and G. H. advanced the \$10, "needed for a particular purpose," besides \$2 for the more general purpose of needles, thread and other sewing necessities. He thought it prudent to purchase his own machine and linen which he took, with an old garment for a "pattern"—all done up in rather a formidable bundle, along with an unlimited amount of confidence, to the residence of the young lady in Fitzwater street.

After various directions relative to the increase of collar, and decrease of wristband, &c., and with a constantly accelerated faith in the virtues and traits of the young lady in question, G. H. returned home and commenced the pleasant occupation of waiting for his shirts. Well, he waited for the space of three weeks and then went in search of them; but lo! and behold, his bird had flown. The apartment recently occupied by the interesting young lady, was vacant, and she had disappeared with all of G. H.'s stock in trade.

He is meditating now, and hesitating between a beneficial sewing society, and a gentleman's furnishing establishment. We have recommended neither, but instead, have urged young Green Horn to return to the paternal roof in the vicinity of Shippensburg, and in early spring time to "take up the shovel and the hoe," would we advise every young man fortunate in the possession of a paternal roof, instead of coming a situation hunting to the great city of Philadelphia.

Ike Partington and Paganism.

Mrs. Partington was much surprised to find Ike one rainy afternoon in the spare room, with the rag-bag hung to the bedpost, which he was laboring very justly with his fist as huge as two one cent apples.—"What grim-tine—are you doing here?" said she, as she opened the door. He did not stop, and merely replying "training," continued to pitch in. She stood looking at him as he danced around the bag, busily punching its rotund sides. "That's the Morrissey touch," said he, giving one side a dig, "and that," hitting the other side, "is the Benicia Boy." Stop, and he immediately stopped after he had given the last blow for Morrissey. "I'm afraid the training you are having isn't good," said she, "and I think you had better train in some other company. I thought your going into compound fractures in school would be dilatory to you. I don't know who Mr. Morris is, and don't want to, but I hear that he has been whipping the Pernicious Boy, a poor lad with a sore leg, and I think he should be ashamed of himself." Ike had read the Herald with all about the great prize fight in it and had become entirely carried away with it. "How strange it is," said Dr. Spooner, as we told him the above, "that boys take so naturally to cruelty and violence. In the time of boyhood, the reason has not got control, and hence temptations to tyranny and wrong have at this time potent force. We all remember the tale of a child—not a candall but a native—who was seeing a picture of the holy martyrs torn to pieces by lions in the days of Nero, wherein one, according to perspective, that was in the background, appeared smaller, and, as it appeared to be taking no part, the child, instead of being horrified, struck at the scene, remarked with considerable anxiety that the little lion wouldn't get any martyrs if he wasn't very quick. So, a few days since, two urchins in school were punished by their teacher for trying to punch and whipping it to death. It was in such cases that the doctrine of man's total depravity was based. Boys who thus began, with none to guide them by the dangerous period, kept right on in wickedness, whereas the most virtuous of the boy to part might have saved them. The boy is the least unadvised of anything in the animal kingdom." There's an opinion as it is an opinion.

THE ALBANY STATESMAN

The Albany Statesman alluding to a candidate for office, who was defeated in that city, says he had such an itching for office that his friends concluded to scratch him!

The editor of the *Plaindealer*, Cleveland, Ohio, says he is for popular sovereignty against Congressional sovereignty, and for Douglas against the world, the flesh and the devil.

Artemus Ward among the "Spirits."

Baldwinsville Ind. Dec 9, 1858.
GENT.—I make bold to have made a "quarter settlement" in your domain, and perhaps are contemplating a "constitution" to exclude "furriners." This brings up the conscious feeling that you are nothing but a bachelor—a person of no authority, and little account—so you bury from the scene, and rush to half a dozen in the shell," with a foaming glass of "Massey's" old stock." Miserable man, this Bachelor! mistakable indeed to be called a freeman!

My nabours in mourn half crazy on the new fangled ideas about sperrets. Sperretou Circles is held nightly & 4 or 5 long hared fellows has settled here & gone into the Sperret biznis exclusively. A atempt was made to get Mrs. A. Ward into the Sperret biznis but the atempt failed. F of the long hared fellows told her she was a ethereal creator & wood make a sweet meojum, whereupon she atack him with a wop handle & drove him out of the house. I will hear oars that Mrs. Ward is an invulnerable woman—the partner of my joys & sharer of my sorrows. In my absence she watchis my interests & things with an Eagle Eye & when I return she welcomes me in affectionate stile. Trooly it is with us it was with Mr. and Mrs. Iguoner in the May, to wit—

My nabours induced me to attend a Sperretou Circle at Squire Smiths when I larrove I found the west room full in dind all the old mades in the village & the long hared fellows asaid. When I went in I was saluted with "hear cums the benited man?" "here cums the unbelcever?" "here cums the hoory haled skoller at truth," & etsetery, etsetery. Sez I my friends its too imo hear and now Bring on your Sperrets. I of the long hared chaps arose & sed he would make a few remarks. He sed man was a critter of intelluck and was movin on to a Gole. Sum men had bigger intellucks than other men had and they would git to the Gole the soonest. Sum men was beasty & would never git into the Gole at all. He sed the Erth was material but man was immaterial and bens man was different from the Erth, continued the speaker, resolves round on its own axceltree once in 24 hours, but as a man haait got no axceltree he cant resolve. He sed the ethereal essence of a koodinate branchis of super human natur becum mettymorfesed as man progress in harmonical coexistence & eventually anty humanized themselves and turned into regular sperretoulers. [This was verisifurly applauded by the company and as I make it a pit to git along as pleasantly as possible, I sang out "bully for ye old boy."] The company then drew round the table and the Sircle konvest to go it. They axed me if ther was any lady in the Sperret hand which I wood like to talk with, & I said if Bill Tompkins who was onct my partner in the show biznis was sober I should like to converse with him a few periods. "Is the Sperret of William Tompkins present?" sed I of the long hared chaps and there was three knox on the table. Sez I "William how goz it?" He sed things was rather rough. Sez I me you in the show biznis William, & John Bunyun was travellin with a side show in connectoon with Shlakeper, Janson & Co's con-soliderated mabagery & circus. He said old Ben (Manning Mc Bunyun) stired up the anermills and ground the organ while he tended foot. Occasionally Mr. Bunyun sung a comic song. The circus was doing middle well. Bill Shlakeper had made a good bit with "Old Bob Billy" and Ben Janson was deltin the people by his trooly great acts of ho-manship without addid or bridle. Sez I William kan you pay me that 18 dollars you owe me, & he sed no with one of the most tremendous knox I ever experimenced. I then called for my grandfather and learned that he was meatin with fare success in the peanut biznis & liked very well, altho the climate was rather warm.

When the Sircle stopt they asked me what I thawt of it. Sez I my friends ive been into the show biznis now gon on to 23 years. Theress a article in the constitution of the United States which sez in effect that everybody may think just as he drn pleazes & them is my sentiments to a hare. You dowtis believe this Sperret rapping while I think it is a little mixt. Just so souss amun becumes a reglar out & out Sperret rapper he leetres of workin, lets his hare grow all over his face and commensis rppun his livin out of other people. He eats all the dicks & munnies he can find & goz round chock full of big words, a scardin the wimin folks & little children & destroy the piece of mind of every famerle he enters. He dont do no body no good & is a cuss to Society and a pirit on honest peples corn beef barrils. Admittin all yu say about the doctrine be troo, I must say the reglar professional sperret rappers—they as make a biznis on it—sir about the most ornery set of cusses I ever encountered in my life. So enyin I put on my surtout and went home.

TO MARRIED LADIES.

It is peculiarly suited. It will, in a short time, bring on the monthly period with regularity. Each bottle, price One Dollar, bears 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 liable to miscarriage, but at any other time they are safe.

In all cases of Nerve and Spinal Affections, Pain in the Back and Limbs, Fatigue on slight exertion, Palpitation of the Heart, Hysterics and Whites, these Pills will afford a cure when all other means have failed, and when a powerful remedy is not contained here, calomel, antimony, or anything hurtful to the constitution.

Full directions in the pamphlet around each package, which should be carefully preserved.

Sole Agent for the United States and Canada, Dr. J. C. BIRDWELL & Co., Rochester, N. Y. N. B.—\$1.00 and 6 postage stamps enclosed in any authorized agent, will insure a bottle, containing 50 Pills, by return mail.

For sale by Dr. E. B. HERR, Agent, for Columbia Co., N. Y., DRYTT & SOXS, Wholesale Agents, Phila. May 29, 1858.

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