

THE COLUMBIA SPY.

SAMUEL WRIGHT, Editor and Proprietor.

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

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Poetry.

From Longfellow's New Book of Poems.

Children.

Come to me, O ye children!
For I hear you at your play,
And the questions that perplex me
Have vanished quite away.

Ye open the eastern window,
That look toward the sun,
Where thoughts are singing swallows
And the brooks of morning run.

In your hearts are the birds and the sunshine,
In your thoughts the brooklets flow,
But in mine is the wind of Autumn
And the first fall of the snow.

Ah! what would the world be to us
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest,
With light and air for food,
Are their sweet and tender voices
Have been hushed into wood—

That to the world are children,
Through these eyes that glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate
Than reaches the trunk below.

Come to me, O ye children!
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your carresses,
And the gladness of your looks?

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung and said;
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead.

Selections.

The Young Englishman.

[From "The Arabian Nights" Entertainment," a new work, just issued by Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston.]

My Lord Sheik, in the southern part of Germany lies the little city of Grunwiesel, where I was born and bred. It is small, as all cities are in that country. In the centre is a little market-place with a fountain, an old guildhall on one side, and round the market the houses of the justice of peace and the more influential merchants; and a couple of narrow streets hold all the rest of the inhabitants. All know each other; every one knows what happens everywhere else; and if the priest, the burgo-master, or the doctor, has an additional dish on his table, by dinner time it is known to the entire city. In the afternoon the ladies go to each other's houses, paying visits as they call it, to talk over strong coffee and sweet biscuits, about this great event; and the general conclusion arrived at is that the priest must have invested in a lottery and won money suitably, or the burgo-master have taken a bribe, or the doctor have received money from the apothecary on the condition of writing expensive prescriptions. You may imagine, my Lord Sheik, how disagreeable a circumstance it must have been for so well regulated a place as Grunwiesel, when a man arrived there, of whom nobody knew whence he came, what he wanted, or how he lived. The burgo-master, to be sure, had seen his passport, a paper which every one is obliged to have among us—

"Is it so unsafe in your streets," interrupted the Sheik, "that you require to have a sultan from your sultan to inspire robbers with respect?"

No, my lord, answered the slave;—these papers are no protection against thieves, but are made necessary by the law, which requires that it must be known everywhere who is who. Now, the burgo-master had examined the passport, and had declared it a *soofoes* party at the doctor's, that it was certainly correctly viced from Berlin to Grunwiesel; but he feared there was something behind; for the man had a very suspicious look about him. The burgo-master had great authority in the city, so it is no matter of surprise that in consequence the stranger came to be regarded as a very doubtful character. His mode of life did not tend to disabuse my countrymen of this opinion. He hired a house for his exclusive use put into it a cart-load of strange looking furniture, such as furnaces, sand-baths, scapulators and the like, and lived henceforward entirely alone. Nay, he even did his own cooking, and his house was entered by no human being, except one old man of Grunwiesel, whose duty it was to buy his bread, meat and vegetables. Even this person was only admitted to the lower floor, where the stranger met him to receive his purchases.

I was a boy of ten years of age when the stranger took up his residence in our city; and I can call to mind, as plainly as if it had happened but yesterday, the excitement the man occasioned in the place. He never

came of an afternoon, like other people, to the bowling green; never on an evening to the tavern, to talk of the times over his pipe and tobacco. In vain did the burgo-master, the justice, the doctor, the priest, each in his turn, in vito him to dinner or tea; he invariably begged to be excused. In consequence of all this, some people regarded him as a desperado; some thought he must be a Jew; and a third party declared with great solemnity that he was a magician or sorcerer. I grew to be eighteen, twenty years old, and still the man was always called in the city "The Stranger."

It happened, one day, that some people came to the city with a collection of strange animals. The troop which showed itself on this occasion in Grunwiesel was distinguished by the possession of a monstrous orang outang, nearly as large as a man, which went on two legs, and knew all sorts of cunning sleights of hand. It chanced that its performances took place in front of the stranger's house. When the drum and first sounded, he made his appearance, at first with visible vexation, behind the dark, dust-begrimed window of his residence. Soon, however, he grew more amiable, and, opening his window, to everybody's astonishment, looked out and laughed heartily at the orang-outang's gambols. Nay, he paid so large a piece of silver for the entertainment that the whole city talked of it.

The next morning the collection of animals went on their way. They had scarcely made a league on their journey, when the stranger sent to the post-house, demanding, to the postmaster's amazement, a post chaise and horses, and set forth by the same gate and on the same road taken by the menagerie. The whole city was furious at not being able to learn whither he was going. It was night when the stranger again returned to the gate in the post-chaise. A person was sitting with him in the vehicle, with his hat pressed closely down over his face, and his mouth and ears bound in a silk handkerchief. The gate-keeper considered it his duty to speak to the second stranger, and demand his passport. His answer was surly, and growled out in some unintelligible language.

"It is my nephew," said the stranger politely, putting several silver coins in the gate-keeper's hand; "he understands very little German. What he said just now was swearing at our being delayed here."

"Ah! if he is your nephew, sir," answered the gate-keeper, "of course he can enter without a passport. He will live in your house, no doubt?"

"Certainly," said the stranger; "and will probably remain with me a long while."

The gate-keeper made no further opposition, and the stranger and his nephew passed into the city. The burgo-master and the whole town were much displeased with the conduct of the gate-keeper. He should at least have taken notice of the nephew's language; it would then have been an easy matter to decide to what nation he and his uncle belonged. The gate-keeper asserted, in reply to these complaints, that it was neither Italian nor French, but had sounded a good deal like English; and, unless his ears had deceived him, the younger gentleman had said distinctly, "Res-biff!" By this the gate-keeper helped himself out of his scrape, and, at the same time, assisted the young man to a name, for nothing was talked of now but the young Englishman.

The young man, however, was no greater frequenter of the bowling-green or the tavern than his uncle was; but he furnished the people much food for conversation in another way. It happened never, not unfrequently, that in the hitherto silent house would be heard a frightful uproar and shrieking, so that the passers-by would stop before the house in crowds, and gaze up at the windows. The young Englishman would be seen dressed in a red frock and green trousers, his hair erect, and his appearance indicating terror, running with great speed through the rooms, from window to window, the old stranger pursuing him with a hunting whip in his hand, and often failing to overtake him. But it sometimes seemed to the crowd below that he had succeeded in catching the young man; for they could hear, issuing from the rooms above, cries of anguish and sounds of blows. The ladies of the city took such deep concern in this cruel treatment of the youthful stranger, that they induced the burgo-master at last to take some notice of the affair. He wrote a letter to the strange gentleman, in which he alluded in vigorous terms to his harsh treatment of his nephew, and threatened him, in case similar scenes continued to transpire, with taking the unfortunate young man under his special protection.

Imagine the surprise of the burgo-master when he saw the stranger entering his doors for the only time in ten years. The old gentleman excused his conduct towards his nephew on the plea of the peculiar directions of the parents of the young man who had entrusted him with his education. He stated that the youth was in most respects clever and intelligent, but that he learned languages with great difficulty; that he wished so earnestly to make his nephew an accomplished German scholar, that he might afterward take the liberty to introduce him into the society of Grunwiesel, and the progress made by him was so discouraging, that on many occasions there was no better course to pursue than to beat it into him by a suitable castigation. The burgo-master expressed himself perfectly satisfied with this explanation, recommended a little more

moderation in the infliction of chastisement, and reported in the evening at the beer saloon, that he had rarely met in his whole life, a better-informed and more agreeable gentleman than the stranger. "The only pity is," he added, "that he goes so little into society; but I think, as soon as his nephew can speak a little German he will visit our circle oftener."

By this single incident the opinion of the city was completely changed. They regarded the stranger as a well-bred man, felt a desire to cultivate his acquaintance, and considered it to be perfectly in order, when now and then a frightful shriek was heard to issue from the desolate house. "He is giving his nephew a lesson in German," the Grunwieseloians said, and went on without paying further attention to the matter. Three months passed by, and the tuition in German seemed to have come to a close; but the old man went a step further. There lived in the city an old, infirm Frenchman, who gave lessons in dancing to the young people. This man the stranger summoned to his house, and told him that he desired him to teach his nephew to dance.

There was nothing, the Frenchman secretly declared, so wonderful in all the world as these dancing-lessons. The nephew, a tall, slim, young man, with rather short legs, made his appearance, he said, in a red frock, his hair nicely curled, white trousers, and white gloves. He spoke little, and with a foreign accent, and seemed, in the beginning, rather intelligent and docile; but he frequently broke out into the most ridiculous leaps, dancing the wildest *tours*, in which he made *entrechats* which surpassed all the dancing masters he had ever seen or heard of. When it was attempted to check his extravagances, he would pull off the delicate dancing-shoes from his feet, throw them at the Frenchman's head, and run round the chamber on all fours. At the noise, the old gentleman would rush out of his room, in a large, red bed-gown, and a cap of gold paper on his head, and lay his whip heavily over his nephew's shoulders. The nephew would at once begin to howl in the most frightful manner, spring on the table and high book-cases, and even on the upper sashes of the windows, and talk all the time a strange, foreign language. The old gentleman would give him no respite, but, seizing him by the leg, would pull him down, beat him soundly, and draw his neck-cloth tighter round his neck by the buckle; after which the nephew would become manners and sober again, and the dancing-lesson go on quietly to its close.

These dancing-lessons very nearly killed the old Frenchman; but the dollar which he regularly received and the good wine which the old gentleman brought out, always took him back to his pupil, often as he resolved never to set foot in the hateful house again.

The people of Grunwiesel looked on these things very differently from the Frenchman. They settled in their own minds that the young gentleman possessed great talents for society; and the ladies in the place all congratulated themselves—suffering as they did from a great lack of gentleman—on the acquisition of so vigorous a dancer for the coming winter.

One morning, the maids, returning from market, described to their masters and mistresses a singular incident. They had seen an elegant carriage standing before the stranger's house, and a servant in rich livery holding the step. Two gentlemen had entered the carriage, the servant sprang into the boot behind, and the carriage—only imagine it!—drove right off to the burgo-master.

Everywhere people were in raptures with the two strangers, and regretted only that they had not made their acquaintance earlier. The old gentleman showed himself to be a well-bred, sensible man, who laughed a little, to be sure, in everything he said, rendering it difficult to know whether he was in jest or earnest; but who talked of the weather, the scenery, and the picnics to the cave in the mountain, so politely and shrewdly that every one was delighted. But the nephew! He bewitched everybody; he won all hearts. As for his exterior, it was impossible to call him exactly handsome. The lower part of his face, especially his jaw, projected too far, and his complexion was extremely dark; while occasionally he made the most remarkable grimaces, shutting his eyes, and snapping his teeth together queerly; but people found the shape of his features exceedingly interesting. "He is an Englishman," people said; "they are all so. We must not be too particular with an Englishman."

Towards his old uncle he was very submissive; for whenever he began to jump too vivaciously about the room, or as he seemed particularly inclined to do, draw his feet up under him on his chair, a single stern glance from the old man served to bring him to order at once. And how could one be angry with the young man, when his uncle, in every house, said to the lady, "My nephew is still a little raw and ill-bred, madam; but I anticipate much from the mollifying effect produced by your society, and I implore your forgiveness for any gaudieries he may happen to be guilty of."

Thus was the nephew at length introduced to the gay world, and all Grunwiesel spoke of nothing else for the two following days but this great event. The old gentleman

renounced his habits of retirement, and seemed to have wholly altered his modes of thought and life. In the afternoons he went, with his nephew, to the cave in the mountain, where the more important citizens of Grunwiesel drank beer and rolled ninespins. Here the nephew showed himself a skillful master of the game; for he never threw less than five or six balls. Occasionally a strange humor seized him. It happened, more than once, that he rushed like an arrow down the steep side of the mountain, making a dreadful racket, and when he made a spare or a ten-strike, the fancy sometimes came over him to stand erect on his nicely curled head, and extend his legs high into the air; or, if a carriage happened to pass, before one knew what he was about he would be seen sitting on the top of the vehicle, making the most ludicrous grimaces, and, after riding on a short distance, return, with prodigious leaps and bounds, to the party he had quitted.

The old gentleman, at such incidents as these, was wont to beg her ten thousand pardons of the burgo-master and the other gentleman, for his nephew's eccentricities. They, in reply, would laugh, ascribe such conduct to his youthful spirits, declare they had been just the same in their youth, and admire the young sprig, as they called him, immensely.

In this way the nephew of the stranger came, before long, to be held in high favor in the city and environs. No one could recall ever having seen a young man like him in Grunwiesel before; and he was, indeed, the strongest apparition which had ever visited their borders. No one could accuse him of cultivation, of any possible kind, except, perhaps, a little dancing, Latin and Greek were both Greek to him. At a round game at the burgo-master's house, it once fell to his lot to be obliged to write something, and it was found that he could not even sign his name. In geography he made the most stupendous blunders; for he made no hesitation in locating a German city in France, or a Danish one in Poland. He had read nothing; he had studied nothing; and the priest often shook his head significantly over the dreadful ignorance of the young gentleman. Still, in spite of this, everything he said and did was held to be excellent, for he was impudently enough to insist always on being right, and the last words of every remark he made were: "I understand this" much better than you."

The scenes of his greatest triumphs, however, were the Grunwiesel balls. No one danced so perseveringly, none so vigorously as he; no one made such bold, such graceful jumps. His uncles dressed him for such occasions in the neatest and handsomest fashions, and, although it was impossible to make his clothes fit, yet everybody considered his dress charming. The gentleman, to be sure, took offence, at these balls, at the new style which he introduced. Hitherto the burgo-master had always opened the ball in person, and the most highly-born young men exercised the right of regulating the rest of the dances; but since the young Englishman's arrival, a total change had been brought about. He would seize the prettiest girl by the hand without leave or license, take his place with her in the figure, manage everything precisely as he pleased, and constitute himself, without ceremony, lord, master, and king of the ball. But as the ladies found these manners extremely elegant, the young men dared not venture on resistance, and the eccentric nephew retained unopposed his self-assumed dignity and rank.

Such was the behavior adopted by the nephew at balls and parties in Grunwiesel. As is too often the case in other matters, bad habits come into vogue much easier than good ones, and a new and striking fashion, especially if it be ridiculous, has ever something in it highly attractive for the young, who have not yet formed an accurate or sensible judgment of themselves and the world. So it was in Grunwiesel with the nephew and his extraordinary manners. For, when the younger world perceived that the young stranger won more admiration than he incurred rebuke or his awkward habits, his loud laughter, and his insolent answers to his seniors, and that these passed merely as evidences of his spiritual nature, they thought to themselves: "Nothing is easier than to make myself exactly such another spiritual brute." They had formerly been industrious, clever youths; but now they thought: "Of what use is learning, when ignorance carries a man so much further?" So, abandoning their books, they spent their time in dissipation on the streets.

Till now, the Grunwiesel young men had entertained a proper dislike to a rough and vulgar demeanor; now they sang all sorts of vile songs, smoked huge pipes of tobacco, and spent much time in low pot-houses, for with them they resembled the young Englishman. At home, or on a visit, they lay down in boots and spurs on the ottomans; at assemblies they tilted their chairs, or put both elbows on the table. In vain their older friends represented to them how foolish, how disgraceful this behavior was; they referred to the shining example of the nephew. It was said to them, in vain, that a certain degree of rudeness must be forgiven in the nephew, in consideration of his English birth; the young Grunwieseloians declared that they had as good a

right as the best Englishman in the world to be vulgar in a spiritual way. In short, it was a general complaint that gentlemanly conduct and behavior had been entirely eradicated from Grunwiesel by the evil example of the young stranger.

But the pleasure of the young men, in their rude and reckless life, was of short duration, for the following incident changed the whole aspect of affairs. A great concert was resolved upon, to close the winter amusements, to be given partly by the regular city musicians, partly by skillful amateurs of Grunwiesel. The burgo-master played the violoncello, the doctor the bassoon, with great skill, the apothecary, though he had no ear, blew the fluted several, and every preliminary had been carefully arranged. The old stranger expressed the opinion, that, though doubtless the concert would be admirable as it was, he noticed that no duet was included in the programme, and that a duet was, as every one knew, a necessary element of every concert. This opinion occasioned a good deal of embarrassment. The burgo-master's daughter, to be sure, sang like a nightingale; but where was the gentleman who could sing a duet with her? They thought, at last, of falling back on the old organist; who had sung an excellent bass in former days; but the stranger announced that all this anxiety was needless, for his nephew had a voice of surprising cultivation and power. The duet, therefore, was studied with all haste, and the evening at length arrived, on which the ears of the people of Grunwiesel were to be enraptured by the concert.

The old stranger was unable to be present at his nephew's triumph, in consequence of illness, but he gave to the burgo-master, who visited him during the day, some rules for the guidance of his eccentric relative.—"He is a good soul," said he; "but now and then he is seized with some strange notions, and breaks out into the wildest freaks. I regret, extremely, my inability to be present at the concert this evening, for his demeanor is perfectly decorous while I am by. He well knows why, the scamp! Let me assure your excellency that this vivacity of his is not a mental vice, but merely a bodily infirmity. Whenever, therefore, any such humor seizes him, so that he seems himself on a music-stand, or attempts to knock down the contra-bass, or the like, if your excellency would take the trouble to loosen his cravat a little, or, if nothing better can be done, take it off altogether, you will see how quiet and well-bred he will at once become."

The burgo-master thanked the sick man for his confidence, and promised, in case the necessity arose, to follow his directions to the letter.

Part first of the concert was over, and everybody was on the tenter hooks of expectation for the second, in which the young Englishman was to perform a duet with the burgo-master's daughter. The nephew had made his appearance in gorgeous costume, and had long ago drawn upon himself the attention of all present. He had thrown himself down, without the slightest ceremony, in the elegant arm-chair provided for a countess of the vicinity, and, stretching his legs to their full length, had stared the audience out of countenance through a huge opera-glass which he had provided in addition to his ordinary spectacles, playing incessantly, meanwhile, with a large moustache which he had persisted in introducing in spite of the regulations prohibiting all such animals. The countess, for whom the arm-chair had been provided, soon appeared but the young Englishman made no movement to resign his seat. On the contrary, he only assumed a more comfortable attitude, and no one present ventured to rebuke his insolence. The distinguished lady was consequently obliged to take her seat in an ordinary cane chair among the other ladies of the city, in a state of intense and natural indignation.

No wonder, therefore, that everybody was curious to see how he would succeed with his duet. The second part began: the city musicians played the introductory bars, and now the burgo-master led up his daughter to the young Englishman, and, handing her a sheet of music, said to him, "My dear sir, are you disposed to begin the duet?" The stranger laughed, showed his teeth, and, springing up, preceded the two others to the music-stand, while the audience was filled with excitement and anticipation. The organist beat the time, and nodded to the Englishman to begin. The latter looked at the music through his spectacles a moment, and gave utterance to some hideous and melancholy howls; whereupon, the organist shouted to him: "Two notes lower, your honor; C;—you must sing C."

Instead of singing C, the stranger pulled off one of his shoes and flung it at the organist's head, making the powder fly in clouds. Seeing this the burgo-master thought to himself: "His bodily infirmity has got hold of him again;" and, seizing him by the neck, he loosened the buckle of his cravat. But, at this, the young man's conduct became more and more outrageous. He dropped the use of German, and confined himself to an extraordinary and unintelligible language, taking all the while the most tremendous leaps. The burgo-master was in despair at this unpleasant interruption to the entertainment, and instantly resolved to take off entirely the cravat of the young Englishman, whom some unusually violent paroxysm must have sud-

denly seized. But no sooner had he done this, than he started back aghast. Instead of a human skin and complexion, a dark brown fur enveloped the neck of the youthful stranger, who instantly proceeded upon still higher and more marvellous leaps; and, twisting his white gloves into his hair, he pulled it entirely off, and, wonder of wonders! this beautiful hair was only a wig, which he threw into the burgo-master's face, and his head made its appearance clothed in the same brown fur as his neck.

He overturned tables and benches, threw down music-stands, smashed the fiddles and clarinets, and in short behaved like a lunatic. "Seize him! seize him!" shouted the burgo-master, beside himself; "he is ravings;—seize him!" This, however, was a difficult matter, for he had pulled off his gloves and showed his brown hands, armed with frightful nails, with which he assailed the faces of the company. A courageous huntsman at length succeeded in taking him prisoner. He pressed his long arms down to his sides, so that he could do nothing except struggle fiercely with his feet, and laugh and shriek in a piercing voice. The audience gathered round to look at the eccentric young gentleman, who by this time had lost every semblance of a human being. Among them, a learned gentleman of the environs, who possessed a large collection of stuffed animals, approached him and, after a close examination, suddenly exclaimed, "Good God! ladies and gentlemen, why do you admit this beast into good society? This is an ape, the *homo tridigitatus Linnæi*, and I will give you six dollars for him if you like and stuff him for my cabinet."

Fancy the astonishment of the citizens of Grunwiesel, when they heard this. "What an ape, an orang-outang in our best society!" The young Englishman nothing but a filthy ape!" They stared at each other in dumb bewilderment. They could not believe it; they would not believe it; they would not trust their eyes, and they examined the animal more narrowly; but, gaze as they pleased, a vulgar ape he was, and a vulgar ape he remained.

"It must be sorcery, devilish sorcery!" said the burgo-master, bringing the ape's cravat. "Look! here in this cravat lies the witchcraft which has blinded our eyes.—Here is a broad strip of parchment, inscribed with strange characters. It is Latin I believe; can anybody read it?"

The pastor, a man of extensive learning, who had often lost a game of chess to the young Englishman, stepped up, and, looking at the parchment said, "Certainly, this is Latin, and means:

"This ape is a very ridiculous creature. And to see through and shun false pretensions will teach you."

"Ay, ay, it is an infernal swindle; in itself a species of witchcraft," he continued, "and should meet with exemplary punishment."

The burgo-master was of the same opinion, and started forthwith to arrest the stranger, who could be nothing but a magician. Six soldiers carried the ape, for they were determined to bring the old scoundrel to instant trial.

They reached the desolate house, followed by a crowd of people, for every one wanted to see how the affair would end. They knocked at the door, they pulled the bell; but all in vain—no one showed himself in answer to their appeals. The burgo-master finally caused the door to be beaten in, and mounted to the sick man's chamber. Nothing was to be seen but old, worthless household rubbish. The stranger had vanished. On his writing-table, however, lay a large sealed letter, addressed to the burgo-master, which the latter opened. He read:

"MY DEAR GRUNWIESELOIANS: When you read this I shall be no longer in your village, and you will have discovered the rank and nation of my darling nephew.—Take the joke which I have ventured to play upon you as a good lesson not to insist on inflicting your society upon a stranger, when he wishes to live in retirement. I felt myself too well-bred to be involved in your eternal tattle, your bad manners, and your ridiculous customs. I procured, therefore, the young orang-outang, whom you have cherished so affectionately, to act as my substitute. Farewell, my friends, and lay this lesson to heart."

The citizens of Grunwiesel were the laughing-stock of the whole country, and felt intensely mortified. Their consolation was, that all this was brought about by supernatural means. But the greatest confusion was felt by the young men of the city, for they had made the bad manners of the beauty ape the object of their approval and imitation. Henceforth they ceased to lean their elbows on the table; they balanced themselves no longer on their chairs; they were silent till addressed, and became modest and civil as of old; and it became a byword with the Grunwieseloians, when any one showed signs of relaxing into such vulgar and ridiculous practices, to call him "the old gentleman's ape."

The orang-outang, who had played so long the part of a gentleman of fashion, was handed over to the proprietor of the cabinet of natural history. This gentleman feeds him, gives him the run of his yard, and shows him to every stranger as a great rarity; and there he is to be seen to the present day.

FROM OUR NEW DICTIONARY.—Dog stealing "in the second degree"—bookish sausages.

From the N. Y. Spirit of the Times.

The Cunning Buck of Twelvepole. I had to transact some business at the County Surveyor's, and so I mounted my horse to ride there. I had just passed the ford, and was riding over the gravelly shoal between the islands, when I heard a horse splashing its way through the water behind me. So soon as it struck the shore, I recognized the noise of the hoofs, and knew it to be Turkey Slather's clay bank mare, which had a peculiar and original gait, curiously compounded of pace, trot and shuffle. So I drew rein and waited.

"Gwine over to Sandy, ole hoss?" inquired Turkey, as he joined me. "Them Marrowbone fullers allowed you'd bin over thar long afore this. Bur! Chaffins was axin' for you yesterday. He sed he hadn't hearn tell you, much less clapt eyes on you for over two months. I telt him you'd staid so long in town you'd dried up, an' that last high wind had jest blowed you off down Gayan."

"I intend to go over to Marrowb nes shortly, Turkey; but to-day I am only going over the creek a little way. Are you off for home?"

"Certingly. I've drunk the last drop there was in town, an' ye don't see me back, ontwell they brings in a few more uv them pooty blue-headed bar's. Nyate stuff, tho', they hoops in 'em—warranted to kill every pop—sure in uvry dose, from one to twenty—an' misses nary time, whether you take it everend or mixt. Ef I wasn't proof agin the o' vitril, and akky fortis, an' struck me, I'd a bin dead long ago. An' that 'mines me that I hev a mose serious affair on han'."

I kin telt you somethin' wlootch don't occur freckwenty. The father of inequity, ole Satan hisself, is in Logan county, an' uses principl'y on the main fork of Twelve Pole—I'm dog goned ef he don't.

"How so, Turkey?"

"You 'member me t'lin' you, t'other day, how I'd seen the tracts uv the mose audaciousst, biggest, bustinest, kinest uv buck, at the head uv the cane patch holler, ferent Billy Irvines' narrow bottom field?"

"I think I do."

"Well, that's him—that's Satan on four legs. Oh! you needn't quel the corner uv yer mouth, an' twist the baird on yer upper lip! He's thar; an' so strong that our sarkit rider couldn't preach him down in a month. Yes sir!"

Let us have the particulars, Turkey?

"Yer see," continued Turkey, "the first time I noticed sign uv that buck was about a fortnight ago. I was gwine uv a dry branch one day, in the cane-patch holler, lookin' for some two year olds, wlootch he'd come down to saltin' an' sposed had stayed outen range. I had my rifle along, for I allowed to git a leetle deer meat; an' as I come high up in the mounting, over agin Browning's jest as I arriv at the top shelf, I sed the master sign uv deer. I sez to myself, ef that ain't as big an ask you kin kill me with a stock of boss deer, an' I am to have his hide. I never sed nothin' like it afore. I drapt all notion of the entill an' followed the trail. Well, it led me, slentin' like, clean through a gap, an' then down uv the ridge an' down a locust holler, on Twelve Pole side—the snakiest plaist you ever seed. I reckon I must hev scairt up about two hundred copperheads, an' as I rattlesnakes—well, they was numerous. You could jest hear em rattlin' all the way down like rain-drops on a new shingle run. When I got down to the water the sign giv out. I crost over the criut, an' thar was the same sign agin—only it pinted t'other way."

"Two crows had met, and joined each other in the creek," said I.

"That was my judgement," replied Turkey, "an' thars whar I was fooled. You see, I thought this buck had met the doo—an' she was a crowder, too—an' the par uv them had tuck the water, an' scuin' the sign pinted that way, had gone down stream. I jest went up an' down that stream for one level hour, an' couldn't see no sign nothar on either bank. Whar the two had tuck theirselfs to, was too shoal for my kunnoo. I loakt round, an' I dubit-ted on the affair, and I come to the conclusion, that I couldn't come to no conclusion about it—unless the par uv animals had flew off, or lep clean over the mounting at one jump. So I give it up at long last, an' went hunting the entill, wlootch I foun' up to their eyes in a ferren paster, an' I driv 'em within range."

"Well, you may know that the whole affair was curious, an' pestered me mightily, an' I couldn't sleep that night thinkin' about it, an' nex' day I sez to Laviser, 'I'm gwine to look up that buck, or the par uv 'em, as the case may be, an' mebbe I'll sample his gizzard with sixty to the pound.' An' sez Laviser, 'You won't find any difficulty, I reckon,' for there's three yinches more snow on the ground 'las' night, an' all fresh sign 'll be mighty plain.' So arter breakfast, I tuck an' put in a splinter new find—you know I nurrer Kerry none uv them fool 'cussion guns—an' I started."

"I tuck down the main creek a ridge, an' then up a drain, an' follered the ridge for about two mile. Terecky, on the low gap, whar a branch uv the Trace Fork heads up, I see the sign deep in the snow. It led clark down to the Trace, an' I crost thar, lookin' to see it on t'other side. Thar it wuz, shore enough; but like it was before, pyntin' t'other way. I allowed, uv course, as I done afore, that the buck had been joined by his mate, an' from the way the sign come, both had gone down stream. I