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Poetry.

The Tides.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

The moon is at her full, and riding high,
Floods the calm fields with light;
The birds that hover in the summer sky,
Are all asleep to-night.

There comes no voice from the great woodland round
That murmured all the day;
Beneath the shadow of their boughs, the ground
Is not more still than they.

But ever leaves and mosses the restless Deep,
His rising tides I hear:
Afar I see the glimmering billows leap;
I see them breaking near.

Each wave springs upward, climbing toward the fair
Pure light that sits on high:
Spring, eagerly, and faintly sinks to where
The mother waves lie.

Upward again it swells; the moonbeams show,
Again, its glimmering crest;
Again it feels the faint weight below,
And sinks, but not to rest.

Again and yet again, until the Deep
Recalls his blood of waves,
And, with a sultry moon, alsa-lead, they creep
Back to his inner caves.

Brief repulse! they shall rush from that recess
With noise and tumult soon,
And fling themselves, with unavailing stress,
Up toward the placid moon.

Oh, rest e-Sea, that in thy prison here
Dost struggle and complain;
Through the slow centuries yearning to be near
To that fair orb in vain.

Thy glorious source of light and heat must warm
Thy bosom with his glow,
And on those mounting waves a nobler form
And freer life bestow.

Then only may they leave the waste of time
In which they veiled lie;
And rise above the hill of earth and shine
As a new sphere.

—N. Y. Ledger.

Selections.

Huson's Handsome Daughter.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER IV.

There are occasions wherein the greatest hypocrites are candid—when the most complete rogues act honestly and aboveboard. Such was the state of affairs between Murchisson and Huson. They put their heads together, and revealed all that each knew of this matter, and then, to their no small confusion, they discovered that it had been a battle between love and law, and that a certain little curly-pated, rosy-cheeked boy, yeptic Cupid, had fairly outwitted burly jay, in his full flowing wig and gown. It was humiliating, but it was a fact. Nothing now remained but to revenge.

"Leave all to me, Huson," said his friend, "I'll set it all to rights to-morrow. I'll see this youth."

And he did see him next day. Huson went home and said nothing to Lily about the clerk, and next morning, just as Murchisson was preparing a visit to Gray Russell, Gr. y Russell walked into his office.

"Murchisson's a capital good fellow," he said to himself, "and having known my father and mother, he'll take a greater interest in promoting my wishes. I'll tell him all."

So he did, and never was there a man more astonished and good natured in any business of the kind than Murchisson, and most heartily he laughed at the idea of Murchisson's clerk.

"Now, my good fellow," said Gray Russell, entreatingly, "you must do me a kind office. I want you to introduce me in proper form to Huson and his daughter."

"And what will you say about Murchisson's clerk? Huson's a touchy fellow."
"Tell the truth!"
"Humph! won't do. Win the girls' affections first and then come forth with your borrowed skin—be my clerk a little longer, take my advice."
Gray Russell rather liked the notion of winning Lily's love as a poor clerk, and the coming out as Russell, of Russell Court, so he left himself entirely in the other's hands, who took him up to Huson's in the evening, and making the excuse that he and his clerk were going somewhere on business, he formally presented Gray Russell. Of course Huson was cognizant of the whole trick.

don't like all this delay. The young fellow was mad after the girl—what has put him off?
"I cannot make out. I am sick of their love making."
"You have not been letting out, have you?"
"I!" exclaimed Huson. "Why I never was so gauded in my speech in my life. It grows quite unpleasant to be so afraid of giving a bit of one's thoughts bent."

The candor of rogues with one another, the disguise thrown off all wickedness, was ever seemed to us a curious thing to see and study, could it be unseen by them observed.
"I'll tell you what I have thought of, Huson. Who was that young fellow I met one night at your house? He seemed very sweet on Lily."
"Oh, why John Doe's eldest son, a complete noodle."
"Just the fellow we want. Bring him home again with you from the city; encourage him. We will play off one against the other."

"All the better for the purpose we have in view. Ask him home; show him favor and attention, and leave the rest to me."
"Who is that dolt I find every evening now at Huson's?" exclaimed Gray Russell, one day, as he hastily entered Murchisson's office. "I am sick of his spoony face. Who is he?"
"A great friend of Huson's he tells me. There's no accounting for taste, but he seems quite taken up with the fellow."
"But Lily doesn't like him. I am not afraid of her ever doing so; but his presence is a restraint upon every one but Huson."
"You say truly," answered Murchisson, in reply to the first part of the other's speech; "she does not like John Doe, but her father does, and girls often consider that a parent has the right to direct them in those matters."

"You don't mean to say that Lily Huson would be forced to marry such a creature as that?" cried the horror-stricken lover.
"I didn't say forced, my dear Russell. Let us be explicit about terms," said the scrupulous Murchisson; "I meant that good daughters are very obedient, and a father's warmly expressed wish becomes a law with many of them. Lily is a most excellent, loving and dutiful child."
"The deuce!" exclaimed Gray, not in horror of the girl's excellence, but at the idea of what it might lead to.
"You young fellows are a puzzle to me," said Murchisson, carelessly, at the same time looking over some legal documents, as if rather bored by, and indifferent to, the whole affair. "Why not take and marry her out of the way at once?"
"Murchisson, I'll be candid with you—I don't like Huson. I've heard one or two rather startling opinions drop from him late, that has made me anxious to study his daughter a little more. Much as I love her, I would not place a girl in what was my mother's home, who had the slightest laxity of principle in any way, even in thought."

"I knew Huson had put his foot in it; confound him!" thought Murchisson.
"Quite right, quite right, Russell," he added aloud. "I honor your sentiment.—You cannot be too guarded." Then to himself, "I must see after a remedy for this blunder. We shall have to put the screw on John Doe."
And from that moment poor Gray could not get within half a mile of Lily Huson, that "confounded snob, John Doe, was always at her elbow."
"I tell you what it is, Huson," said Murchisson to his dear friend one evening, "your want of caution has ruined all. I see nothing else for it but to make a victim of Lily, lock her up to ensure her into a marriage with Doe"—and he winked knowingly—"that will bring Gray Russell to book if any thing will."

"By jingo, I thought of that myself," answered the father. "But where? How?"
"Leave that to me. But, before we proceed to the like extreme case, we'll give Russell one more chance. On Wednesday you drive her in Gibbon's mail phaeton to the Derby; I'll make him lend it to me, he's not going himself. Doe will be there, and Russell to; we must manage for Doe, as if by accident, to drive Lily home. If that doesn't make the other propose, nothing else will."
A cleverer scheme than the two concocted could not have been imagined, because they had difficult ends to play with, but plans of this kind are so finely set, like mouse traps, that the turning of an hair will start them off. John Doe had an idea that he never looked so well as when mounted on a tall horse. People say when a man sits ill that he looks like a tailor on horseback: a tailor would have been nothing to John Doe. He had exactly the appearance of a monkey in the ring at Astley's running a race on a ruddle. The least jerk made him seize his horse by the mane, or grasp the pompol in front.

The momentous Derby day arrived, a lovely one it was, and despite her many annoyances lately at the persecution of John Doe, and the almost expulsion of Gray Russell, Lily looked lovely, seated beside her father in the mail phaeton, for she knew Gray would be at the races, and it would be so much easier to talk to him there than at home. She was almost cordial with John Doe, who strove hard to amble by her side on his raw-boned horse, but the man and

the animal didn't always agree on that point, and the valorous John was rather afraid to enforce his wishes. However, he consoled himself with the idea that he should have it all his own way coming home, and, as he thought he looked very well, quite killing on horseback, he felt as if but little remained besides to win him Lily's sweet consenting yes. The drive home would do it.
On Epsom Downs they arrived, and bravely entered the best place on the hill; which all know, of course, is a long way from the Grand Stand.
Murchisson had combined every thing, but he did not go; he thought it better to keep away—he had his own game to play.
We cannot say who won the Cup, nor, indeed, say of the stakes; we only know the day was a "pet one" for our climate at that season, and Lily supremely happy, for Gray was constantly beside her; but then John Doe and her father were so likewise. A little annoyed with her at last, for what he fancied something of coquetry on her part, in even speaking to the other (lovers are so unreasonable,) Gray Russell sauntered off towards the Grand Stand. John Doe, who had not quitted his tall horse, watched whether he had gone, and then, unable to resist the temptation of showing off his horsemanship, and believing his rival secure from harming his cause with Lily, off he went, at a sort of long canter, half trot, half run, worthy the brute he bestrode and his own equestrian art, towards the Grand Stand.
"That fellow's on foot, and I'm on 'oss-back," thought cockney. "And before he could get back, I'll return in a 'and gallop."
We must give a sketch of Huson's scheme to point our tale.
Lily was to be left by her father and John Doe as soon as the races were nearly over, and then, at a given point of the course, as both would not leave her together, for John was to go first, Huson to follow him, they were to meet; Huson was to mount the horse, and the other returning, was to tell Lily that he was to drive her off the Downs, as her father was with a friend waiting beyond the ring.
She could not object; and once alone with her, he felt his suit assured of success. And Huson thought that certainly jealousy must urge Gray then or never to propose.
We ought here to state that Huson was making a complete catpaw of John Doe; he never would have consented to his suit with Lily if she, in the perversity of human nature, had fallen in love with him; he cared little about wounding the young man's affections, for even John Doe had the like.—Knowing well that Lily never would marry him, Huson warmly espoused his cause, and entered into every project, as he said, to enable the other to win her. Poor Johnny Doe!

"Oh, Mr. Russell," she cried, "how delighted I am to see you. Papa went to look for some one, here I am left alone with only the groom. I feel terrified." And Lily looked very pale.
"Pray, don't be alarmed," Gray said tenderly; "there's nothing to fear."
"Why, that's Mr. Doe's horse!" she exclaimed in surprise, and smiling—a lover's presence so soon changes tears to smiles.
"Yes," answered Gray, laughing; "he asked me to hold it, so I thought I might as well mount it, too."
"This was so archly said that Lily burst into an irrepressible laugh, in which Gray heartily joined.
"Love's freemasonry—they understood each other."
"If you please, sir," interrupted the groom, touching his hat, "the ostler has brought the 'osses; am I to put 'em?"
"Well, I think you'd better wait till Mr. Huson comes. They may be restive when once harnessed to."
"Please, sir," uttered the man again, lowering his voice, "I don't think Mr. Uson means to come."
"Doesn't mean to come!" ejaculated Gray in surprise.
The man beckoned him a little aside.
"You're a gentleman, sir, I see you are," was the whispered assurance, as Gray leant towards him, "and I don't like to see no tricks played."
"Tricks played! What do you mean?"
"Why this, sir, I hope you won't, please, say I went and told you; but that poor dear young lady—"
"Good heavens! what of her?" exclaimed the alarmed Gray.
"Well, sir, I was round there by them 'ere sticks and dolls yonder—Haunt Sallys they call them—when I heard Mr. Usen and that gent as wr on that 'ere 'oss a setting as 'ow the 'oss was to be left with a feller down in the 'oller yonder for Mr. Usen, and that that 'ere chap as hid the 'oss wr to come back to the phaeton, and say 'ow he wr to drive 'ome young miss, and so drive away with her."
"The—! And anything more?" he asked.
"Well, no, sir," answered the groom.
The other put a handsome coin in his hand, promised secrecy, ordered the horses to be put to, told Lily that her father was to meet them outside, and that he would drive her to him, which in nowise pained her; she liked her charioteer.
It is a delicious wind-up of a Derby day to go home with the man you love beside you! Then Gray gave the raw-boned horse to an ostler, and told him to take it in half an hour to the grand stand, a gentleman there would remunerate him handsomely for doing so, and tell that same individual that Mr. Gray Russell sent it with thanks for the loan.
And off started the two spanking bays, driven by the happy Gray Russell, with his lovely Lily beside him.
"Where shall we meet papa?" asked Lily, as they left Epsom Downs behind them, and found themselves dashing along the road in an exhilarating crowd of other carriages, dimly seen through clouds of dust. "He must have gone on a great way before us, and why did he go?"
Gray turned his head and looked fixedly at her, at the risk of running against something, or of being run against in that crowd.
"I don't know, I'm sure, where he is," Gray said, quietly.
"Don't know where papa is!" exclaimed Lily.
"I haven't the slightest notion!"
"Where did he tell you to meet him, Mr. Russell?" She was beginning to feel a little amazed at his manner.
"He never told me anything at all, Miss Huson—Lily," he whispered, changing his tone to one of tenderness, "can't you trust me? I would shield you from harm with the last drop of my blood."
"I would indeed freely trust you," and she looked up so confidently in his face, "but there is something strange in this affair which alarms me. Tell me truly, where is papa?"
"I haven't the slightest idea; I only know he's quite safe."
"Oh, thank Heaven for that!"
"The fact is, Lily, that your father intended you to be driven home by that gaby John Doe. Lively Johnny was to have done exactly what I did, that is, have driven you off the course under pretense of meeting your father, and to have had a *let-a-tele* with you all the way."
"Surely," she cried, in a doubting, indignant manner, "papa was no party to such an arrangement?"
"It was simply concocted between him and John Doe, only I ran away with the latter's horse when he left me to hold it, and frustrated all the scheme, which a friend told me was in a projected state."
"And what does papa wish me to do?" she asked, and then quickly responded to the question by the doubt, "Surely not to marry John Doe?"
"You cannot have been blind to his intentions on that score, Lily, for a long time past."
"I do assure you," she said earnestly, "that I only thought papa liked Mr. Doe because he fancied him simple, good-natured young man."
"But he's very well off, Lily; nay, will be very rich when his father dies; the John Doe carries on a most extensive business in the world."

"I don't care, I'll never marry him, Mr. Russell," Lily said petulantly, amazed at his urging her, as she fancied, to marry another.
Her eyes filled with tears; she drew down her veil to conceal them, muttering something about the dust.
Gray Russell, despite the imprudence of the act in that crowd, looked long and earnestly in the downcast face beside him.
"Well, then," he said, "I may conclude that you would not marry Mr. Doe, rich as he is."
"What wealth could ever make me a love a man with whom I have not one idea in common, Mr. Russell?" she asked, just glancing up in his face, and then quickly added, "but pray let us drop the subject."
"I cannot, Lily, for I wanted to know decidedly about Mr. Doe before I told you of some one else who loves you. I promised that you should know it. Poor fellow, he wishes you to be conscious of thoughts which ever follow you, idle fancies and day dreams, in which you are as his queen, beloved, respected—ay, and loved, too as a woman; for who may reckon the wayward hearts which fix their fruitless affections on a being, woman in all her feelings, yet who holds the sceptre; woman in all her loveliness, but who reigns above them as an empress or a queen? Lily, the one I speak of—I dare not plead for him—poor, unworthy of you, except for the love he bears, for you should possess wealth, power—a host to do you homage—if your rare beauty were balanced against all these."
"I'd rather marry the man I loved, were he in abject poverty, if worthy my esteem, and toil and labor with him, than be an empress, and not love!" cried the impetuous heart by Lily's rosy lips as she looked up in Gray Russell's face with kindling eyes, which had, with their burning flashes, dried up her tears.
"Then there may be some hope for my friend?" he asked. "Poor, proud, but I may say honorable in all things—may he hope?"
"I don't know him now, so I could never love him."
"Why not, Lily?"
"I never should," she impatiently answered.
"To be so sure of not loving him, one might almost imagine you loved already.—Is it so?"
"I do not understand," she uttered, in a low, fearful voice, "by what right Mr. Russell probes my heart as he is doing. I once more beg that this conversation may cease."
"No, Lily, it cannot; not till I have told you of a poor attorney's clerk who loves you, would toil for you, struggle to rise, if you were to be his reward. Him you do know. What may I say to him?"
"What's his name?" she whispered, looking down; but there was such a glad expression instantaneously came over her face that Gray had the very greatest difficulty in restraining himself from flinging down the reins, reckless of all consequences, the better to clasp Lily to his heart. As it was he did forget himself sufficiently to take his reins and whip in one hand, and with the right one, "hands across," clasp one of hers.
It did not burst away indignantly, neither did it essay to creep from his grasp, but soft, plump and warm, it lay in his, like a sleeping infant in its mother's.
It was an exquisite moment. Lily didn't ask the "poor clerk's" name again, and Gray Russell was in imminent danger of forgetting all about his horses in his excitement and delight, at the race he had won.
He was aroused to a recollection of where he was by a gruff voice just beside him exclaiming:
"I say, you swell there, leave the gallop alone, and look to your 'osses, can't yer? jist see where yer a goin' to."
He was just going, polo foremost, into the back of another carriage.
He heard a titter from the groom behind, and he bent down and whispered to Lily, who was all confusion:
"Your poor clerk, Lily dearest, ought to stick to his pen, and leave horsemanship to others."
She peeped up archly in his face, but she didn't ask what was the name of her poor clerk; indeed I feel sure my readers will agree with me in thing she had no necessity to do so.
And thus they came to the end of their journey, but before it was quite terminated and Lily dropped safely at her door, she had said everything that was consoling to the one beside her, and though she deemed it better to say good-bye at the door-step, Gray Russell went away content; nay, more full of hope and joy!
He and Lily had agreed, so blind was she to her father's real wishes, that it would be best for awhile to conceal their engagement, for engaged they were; a little faltering; "yes" had done it.

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either not meddle with priests or else smite them dead," say the Germans; and Huss, the Bohemian reformer, in denouncing the sins of the clergy of his day, has preserved for us a similar proverb of his countrymen: "If you have offended a clerk, kill him, else you will never have peace with him."
"The bites of priests and wolves are hard to heal" (German). "Priests and women never forget" (German). . . . Popular opinion attributes to the clergy, both secular and regular, a lively regard for the good things of this life, and determination to have their full share of them. "No priest ever died of hunger," is a remark made by the Lironians; and they add, "Give the priests all thou hast, and thou wilt have given them nearly enough." "A priest's pocket is hard to fill," at least in Denmark; and the Italians say that "Priests, monks, nuns and poultry, never have enough."
"Abbot of Cazuella," cries the Spaniard, "you eat up the stew, and you ask for the stew-pan." The worst testimony against the monastic orders comes from the countries in which they are most abundant: "Where friars swarm, keep your eyes open" (Spanish). "Have neither a good monk for your friend, nor a bad one for an enemy" (Spanish). "As for friars, live with them, eat with them, walk with them, and then sell them, for thus they do themselves," (Spanish). The propensity of churchmen to identify their own personal interests with the welfare of the church, are glanced at in the following: "The monk that begs for God's sake, begs for two" (Spanish, French). "Oh, what we must suffer for the Church of God!" cried the abbot, "when the roast fowl burnt his fingers" (German).
"There's no mischief done in the world, but there's a woman or a priest at the bottom of it."

Since the press has become so powerful, and in a measure displacing the public mouth-pieces of old, we should like to add the words, or an editor, after the word priest.
Last, but not least, come the proverbs on "Women, Love and Marriage."
"What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander." This is an Englishman's proverb. The Italian sisterhood complain that "In men every mortal sin is venial; in women every venial sin is mortal." These are almost the only proverbs relating to women in which justice is done to them, all the rest being manifestly the work of the unfair sex:
"If a woman were as little as she is good, a pea-cod would make her a gown and a hood."
This is Ray's version of an Italian slander. The Germans say, "Every woman would rather be handsome than good;" and that, indeed, "There are only two good women in the world: one of them is dead, and the other is not to be found." The French, in spite of their pretended gallantry, have the coarseness to declare that "A man of straw is worth a woman of gold;" and even the Spaniard, who sometimes speaks words of stately courtesy toward the female sex, advises you to "Beware of a bad woman, and put no trust in a good one."

"The crab of the world is sauce very good For the crab of the sea."
But the word of the crab is scarce for a crab That will not her husband obey."
"Spain! a woman, and a wastrel, The more they be beaten the better they be."
There is Latin authority for this barbarous distich. The Italians say, "Women, asses and nuts, require rough hands." Much wiser is the Scotch adage—
"Ye may ding the deil into a wife, but ye'll ne'er ding him out o' her."
"Take your wife's first advice, and not her second."
The French make the rule more general, "Take a woman's first advice," etc. There is good reason for this if the Italian proverb is true, "Women are wise off-hand, and fools on reflection." They have less logical minds than men, but surpass them in quickness of intuition, having, says Dean Trench, "what Montaigne ascribes to them in a remarkable word *l'esprit prime-sautier*—the leopard's spring which takes its prey, if it be to take it at all, at the first bound."
"Summer-sown corn and women's advice turn out well once in seven years," say the Germans; and the Spaniards hold that "A woman's counsel is no great thing, but he who does not take it is a fool." In Servia they say, "It is sometimes right even to obey a sensible wife;" and they tell this story in elucidation of the proverb. A Herzegovinian once asked a Kadi whether a man ought to obey his wife, whereupon the Kadi answered that he need not do so. The Herzegovinian then continued: "My wife pressed me this morning to bring thee a pot of beef-suet, so I have done well in not obeying her." Then said the Kadi: "Verily, it is sometimes right even to obey a sensible wife."
"It's nae mar' for'to see a woman gree than to see a gae gang barefoot!"—Scott.

That is, it is no more wonder to see a woman cry than to see a goose go barefoot.—"Women laugh when they can, and weep when they will." This is a French proverb, translated by Ray. Its want of rhyme makes it probable that it was never naturalized in England. The Italians say, "A woman complains, a woman's in woe, a woman is sick, when she likes to be so," and that "A woman's tears are a fountain of craft."
"A woman's mind and water wind change oft"
"Women are variable as April weather" (German). "Women, wind, and fortune, soon change" (Spanish). Francis I., of France, wrote one day with a diamond on a window of the chateau of Chambord:

"Seekest femme varie; Bien te caches tu bien?"
"Woman changes oft;"
"Who trusts her is right soon?"
His sister, Queen Margaret of Navarre, entered the room as he was writing the ungallant to get the better of either. "One must

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Proverbs of all Nations. If proverbs handle lawyers and doctors severely, they are not more than lenient to the "clergy." The Scotch, German and Spaniards, seem to have suffered most from the clergy, judging by the following:
"It's little shooting at coxies and clergy."
"Crows are very wary, and the clergy are vindictive; therefore, it is ticklish work trying to get the better of either. "One must