

THE COLUMBIA SPY.

SAMUEL WRIGHT, Editor and Proprietor.

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Poetry.

Summer Evenings Long Ago.

Fret behind my window-sill,
In the hot and dusty town,
The sun behind the airy walls
Was slowly sinking down.
The breeze above my misgotten
Came breathing sweet and low,
To wake and sleeping memories
Of evenings long ago!
I thought that I had driven back
Such memories as these,
But now they all return again
On a whispering summer breeze,
Fond words come ringing through my brain,
That fill my heart with woe and pain.
O God! what brought them back to-night,
Evenings of long ago!
I see the green lanes where we strayed,
Thy dear hand clasping mine;
The smile beside that fanned my cheek
Sweeps softly over mine;
And words of love pour from thy lips,
Not measured, cold, and slow,
As those I now hear. Oh! I know
For the evenings long ago!
I thought I had forgotten thee;
Had schooled my aching heart
To pass through life as best I may,
And act my weary part.
Alas! the mocking vision's o'er,
To roam, alas! I know
'Twas but my loneliness that dreamed
Of evenings long ago!

Trust and Rest.

Fret not, poor soul; while doubt and fear
Disturb thy breast,
The pitying angels, who can see
How vain thy wild regret must be,
Lay, trust and rest.
Plan not, nor scheme—but calmly wait;
Thy choice is best.
While blind and erring is thy sight,
His wisdom sees and judges right,
So trust and rest.
Strive not, nor struggle, thy poor might
Can never wrest
The measure of things to serve thy will;
All power is His alone, be still,
And trust and rest.
Desire not, self-love is strong
Within thy breast,
And yet He loves thee better still,
So let him do his loving will,
And trust and rest.
What dost thou fear? His wisdom reigns
Supreme confessed;
His power is infinite; His love
Thy deepest, fondest dreams above—
So trust and rest.

Selections.

A Flirtation.

Mme. de Vitry had been early left a widow; young, handsome and rich; suitors had not been wanting, but Mme. de Vitry had refused every one; one experience of marriage had sufficed her, and she had concentrated all her affections on her son.
He was now about twenty-two and in every way calculated to gratify the vanity of a mother's heart. Mme. de Vitry, however, who appeared to have had within her heart some hidden history of life's experience, for her ostensible history was the simplest in the world, mourned in secret over the inactivity in which his life was passed and strove in all ways in her power to draw him from the life of useless pleasure and luxury he was leading.
Rich and in the highest social position, all that Mme. de Vitry aimed at was a diplomatic appointment to some foreign court that should take him from Paris and by degrees infuse serious ideas into his head.
Mme. de Vitry had every chance of obtaining what she desired for a distant connection of hers, a young heiress whom she had brought up, was married to her nephew and was the sister of the minister for foreign affairs then in power. Still, by some unaccountable means Albert de Vitry's appointment seemed always to fail just at the very moment it appeared on the eve of success.
At length, towards the close of the winter, the minister announced a grand ball, and Mme. de Vitry resolved to try her personal influence by appearing at it, and herself soliciting of the minister what she ardently wished.
She had been for some time in the crowded drawing rooms, not only without seeing the minister but without meeting her son. Learning on the arm of an old friend of her husband's she at length came into one of the ante-rooms distant from the fete to rest herself.
"I tell you, de Moncour," said she, as she seated herself comfortably on a sofa, "that there is some mystery in this inexplicable delay in Albert's appointment. With the influence we have we should only have to ask to obtain; I am convinced that there is a plot against me."
"I cannot think," replied de Moncour,

"why it is that you desire to separate yourself from your son; he is all you have in the world."
"He is; but I cannot endure to see him in gilded idleness. I hate to see a fine, hearty, brilliant young fellow get up at twelve o'clock, then smoke, then ride a little on horseback, talk a good deal of nonsense, smoke again, dine, change his dress for dinner, then re-smoke for the third time, put on a pair of yellow kid gloves, talk a little more nonsense at some theatre or ball, and go home to bed, concluding the day with a parting smoke. Do you think such a man as this when he dies deserves an epitaph on his tomb?"
"You had better ask Caroline, your ward, Favieres' wife, to get him appointed."
"Caroline! why she has taken an absurd dislike to Albert, and refuses her influence; but I am waiting for Albert."
"Here he comes and as I don't want to listen to your scolding, I will wish you good night."
"Well, really Albert, I think you might have found me out sooner," said Mme. de Vitry, trying to look angry, but the admiration and love she felt for her son, peeping out spite of herself, "you should take some pity on your mother. Ah! my child you cannot think how we mothers feel, when after having for twenty years nursed you, watched you, cherished you, a mother sees her son cut loose from her and launch himself with all the heedlessness and impetuosity of twenty into that mysterious and unknown region in which young men spend their lives. Who knows what influences may counteract the principal we have instilled; who knows but all our work may be destroyed?"
"Why, darling mother, you look so young and so handsome in this new dress of yours that it seems absurd to hear you preach like a grandmother. What is worrying you? Always this same appointment?"
"Yes; you don't want to leave Paris, I see that, clearly."
"Well, I confess I do not."
"You are in love?"
"Perhaps."
"Who is it, a young girl? Not a married woman, I hope? Albert, that would make me very wretched."
"Suppose it is with a widow?"
"Oh, a widow can do as she likes. Do you mean to marry her?"
"Candidly, no; but do not be angry; our love is of the most ethereal kind, worthy of the age of chivalry. No, but I am waiting for news from her."
"News?"
"Yes, you must know that this widow of mine has a guardian; so we have contrived a signal."
"A signal?"
"Yes, a signal; the presence or absence of a certain ruby ring on the hand of this husband—I mean guardian—"
"Albert, do not strive to deceive me; I understand all; and you have made me even more wretched than before. Ah! surely, you must have heart and soul enough not to waste your life in an intrigue that will bring misery and disgrace on all."
"Mother, I will try to obtain a mission to Madrid; it was offered to me last night."
"Well, Caroline can obtain it for us. You have neglected her of late. I know she could do anything she pleased with her brother, the minister. You must come and see her with me to-morrow."
Albert bowed and turned away with a sort of mysterious smile. At that moment an inner door, concealed by the draperies, opened, and M. de Favieres, the Secretary of State, appeared before them. Albert, glad of the opportunity to escape, seeing his mother had some one with her, slipped away and entered the ball-room, whilst M. de Favieres saluted his aunt.
"Where do you come from—through that secret panel—like in a play?"
"From my office. Dear aunt, I am overjoyed to see you."
"One would scarcely think so, for I have been trying to get you for a long time and always failed. How about Albert's appointment?"
"Oh, it is not my fault. Albert quarrelled with Caroline, or has not striven to conciliate her, else all would have been well. By the way, how has he offended my wife?"
"How should I know if you don't?"
"If I don't?—I am Foreign Secretary of State; the home department is not mine. Ask me what is going on in Sidney, in China, or in Japan, and I will tell you, but here at home, in Paris, why I don't even know what o'clock it is."
"That's all very well, my dear nephew. It may be very well for a statesman to know what's going on in Japan, but it strikes me that a married man had better know what is going on at home."
"But I have no time."
"I know you have interests in a great many countries."
"In the five quarters of the globe."
"There is a sixth ought to interest you a little?"
"A sixth?"
"Yes; the house inhabited by your wife, the Countess Caroline de Favieres."
"I am less there than anywhere else."
"You come to your office early?"
"At dawn of day."
"You breakfast?"
"Here. I have no time to go home."
"You dine here probably too?"
"Only three times a week."
"I wonder you go home to sleep."

"I don't half the time, waiting for telegrams and dispatches."
"Poor Caroline."
"Why do you say poor Caroline? There is not a more loving or a more faithful woman in all Paris."
"Faithful; yes, you have no mistress, but do you think it makes any difference to Caroline whether you neglect her for politics or a pretty face. She is just as much neglected."
"I assure you she does not feel neglected; we are as happy as the first day we were married; we have a thousand little attentions for each other; even this very evening she made me a present; see this ruby ring, and she insisted on my wearing it."
Mme. de Vitry gazed for a minute, stupefied, on the ring held before her. Albert's words concerning a ruby ring came back to her, and she felt that she had found the key of a great mystery. What was to be done? This was evidently the signal of a secret meeting. At all hazards, Albert must not see the ring. She pretended to admire it, and at last found courage to ask her nephew to lend it to her to get one like it. Scarcely had she obtained it than she turned the conversation, recurring once more to the appointment. At length, when Albert returned, M. de Favieres told his aunt that he would proceed immediately that very evening to obtain the promise of the minister.
"Well," said Albert, "M. de Favieres goes without shaking hands with your cousin."
"Scenepage, we have been talking all the time of you, now let me go."
"Mother," said Albert, "I am going to leave the ball; good night."
"So suddenly? Ah! I see the telegraph has not spoken. You have seen the man of the ruby ring, but minus the ring."
"I have seen him as you say, minus the ruby ring, that is what makes me so happy."
"So happy?"
"Yes, for the presence of the ring signified leave Paris; I have repented; I can never see you again; but the absence of the ring means come. I am alone, I wait for you. So I am off."
"Good gracious, Albert!" exclaimed Mme. de Vitry, in the greatest consternation; "Albert, you shall not go."
At this moment M. de Favieres re-entered the room hastily, through the private door.
"My dear aunt," said he, "the minister will receive you himself, and reply in person to your demand; but pray do not lose an instant; go there, he is yonder in the grand saloon; the British Minister is talking to him, if you let him finish, and somebody else gets hold of him, you will lose all chance."
"But I cannot leave Albert, he must not stir from here."
"Why, then I know what has become of it."
"An absurdity if you please, but much more important than all the affairs of Sydney, Japan or China, I assure you. I'll take him with me."
"No, that would spoil all; go, my dear aunt, I will keep guard over Albert."
Meantime, Albert, much astonished at this strange freak of his mother's, began to wonder whether she had guessed anything, but seeing her leave the room he made quietly for the door.
"No, no, my good fellow," said de Favieres, "I promised to keep you a prisoner on parole, and I'm going to do it; sit down and hold your tongue, here is a newspaper to amuse you."
"Hang the newspaper; either by the window or the door, I must go out."
"Oh! oh! some love appointment, eh?"
"Wall, yes; my mother suspects it, but what is it to her?"
"What, indeed; but have patience, when my aunt returns I will speak to her; it is certainly very absurd in her."
"I will not wait. Really de Favieres, for a serious politician, a secretary of state, you are playing a very singular part."
"So it seems to me. Do I know the lady?"
"No."
"Never mind, the first appointment should always be kept; it is of no use to give time for scruples and reflections."
"Particularly with a tender, susceptible nature."
"Driven no doubt to despair by the faults of the husband; ah! Albert, they don't know that husbands are the best allies of all you that are playing a very singular part."
"My child," at length said Mme. de Vitry, "I have come to ask a favor of you. I want you to write to your brother and obtain this appointment for Albert. I am very unhappy about him. He is, I am afraid, getting entangled in an intrigue that will lead to his misery and mine."
"An intrigue?"
"Yes. He is in love with a married woman. He is young—that is his excuse; but he does not know how terribly he will pay for his dangerous happiness. He, a man of honor, reduced to act a part of deceit, to clasp the hand of the man he is dishonoring, to toward him a living lie, to feel that he has forever destroyed his happiness—oh! this is all horrible to think of; is it not, Caroline?"
"Indeed it is."
"The woman he loves, too, I know her also. She has a noble and a generous heart; but she is unhappy because life—her married life—has not been to her all her young imagination pictured; but she could not endure remorse or shame. But I will save her from both, and one day, in years to come, in her old age, when she is surrounded by respect and affection, then she will

"It is, I tell you, death, misery, disgrace. Oh! why did you set him free?"
"I can find him, I can find him; he is gone fast to the Palais Royal; my carriage is below; be sure I will find him."
With these words M. de Favieres hurried away, leaving his aunt perplexed and alarmed, and utterly undecided in which way to act.
Meantime Caroline Countess de Favieres sat at home in her boudoir, alone. She had married M. de Favieres, loving him with all the enthusiasm of eighteen, and had pictured to herself a life of enjoyment and happiness. What had she found? It, young and beautiful as she was? A life of solitude, of weariness. She had not learned yet to hate her husband, but she felt deeply irritated against him; and she had been vain to her wounded vanity to find that she had inspired Albert with a passion he declared profound and eternal, and which evidently formed the principal interest of his life.
What was she to her husband? Nothing. Yet she had a yearning for love and happiness; why should she refuse them—why? And so, in a moment of irritation, when de Favieres had again told her he was going to leave her, and could not even come back to her for this ball, she gave him the signal which was to bring one who adored her to her side.
Now she sat waiting for him, when all at once she heard on the stairs the voice of her husband, and then presently another voice—Albert's; yes, it is Albert's. Have they met, and have they quarrelled? Caroline trembled as she heard them approach.
"Caroline," exclaimed de Favieres, entering, "you must excuse me for intruding on you, but I had a prisoner in my custody, and I didn't know what prison to bring him back to."
"Is M. de Vitry your prisoner?"
"Yes; Albert de Vitry. I cannot tell you what horrible social revolution he was meditating, but his mother discovered it, and I promised to prevent his keeping a certain appointment. Now I have done my duty, I have no more time to waste on him. He is here safe in your drawing-room; consider him your prisoner. I am off, watch over him, and try to be a little amiable to him. You have quarrelled, I believe; let me reconcile you."
As he spoke, M. de Favieres playfully seized his wife's hand and Albert's, and was about to join them when Caroline, looking at her husband's hand, exclaimed:
"M. de Favieres, where is the ruby ring I placed on your finger a few hours ago?"
"Well, if I must tell you the truth, my aunt took such a violent fancy to it that I lent it to her to get one made like it. Do you forgive me?"
"Yes, now I know what has become of it."
"Well, then I will leave you. Take care of my prisoner." And so M. de Favieres vanished.
Scarcely was he gone before Caroline, turning to Albert, exclaimed:
"To what have I been exposed? But, thank heaven, you knew my better instincts had conquered; you knew I had determined not to see you. Now leave me."
"You forgot that I am a prisoner on parole. Besides, Caroline, have you really determined to drive me to despair? Why reject to-day the consolation and affection you were yesterday so inclined to accept?"
"Affection is not possible between us. Ah! I felt, in the few moments my husband was here, that I could not live a life of deceit. Your affection was love."
"And, if it is, it is love without hope, without exactions; it required no sacrifices; it was content to live in the atmosphere that surrounds you."
"That is but self-deception. I love my husband still. But, hark! surely that is Madame de Vitry's voice; yes."
"Yes, it is my mother. She must not see me here."
"No!"
"No; she might suspect. Here in this recess, behind these curtains, she will not see me."
He had scarcely time to conceal himself before Mme. de Vitry entered. Nothing in her manner indicated that she had any suspicions, and Caroline, who in reality was innocent of all but a flirtation, soon recovered her presence of mind, and conversed freely with her visitor.
"My child," at length said Mme. de Vitry, "I have come to ask a favor of you. I want you to write to your brother and obtain this appointment for Albert. I am very unhappy about him. He is, I am afraid, getting entangled in an intrigue that will lead to his misery and mine."
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"The woman he loves, too, I know her also. She has a noble and a generous heart; but she is unhappy because life—her married life—has not been to her all her young imagination pictured; but she could not endure remorse or shame. But I will save her from both, and one day, in years to come, in her old age, when she is surrounded by respect and affection, then she will

bless me and thank me. You must help me."
"I will do all I can," replied Caroline, her voice trembling with emotion.
"Then write to your brother, obtain this appointment; let Albert leave Paris. Come, Caroline, sit down to your desk, I will go here, out on the balcony among the flowers in this calm moonlight; it will do me good, and I shall not interrupt you."
Mme. de Vitry, as she spoke, stepped on to a sort of terrace, and turned her back to the room. Then Albert quickly, but noiselessly, rushed from his hiding-place, and darting across the room, seized Caroline's hand, pressed it to his lips, and whispering an accent of despair, disappeared from the room. Mme. de Vitry, who had seen the whole proceeding, breathed again, while Caroline, sitting down at the table, thinking herself unseen, buried her face in her handkerchief and wept.
Then Mme. de Vitry stepped back again into the room, and going up to Caroline laid her hand on her shoulder.
"Have courage, Caroline."
"Ah! you knew all—and you so good, ever so virtuous, will despise me."
"Do you think, Caroline, that because I am virtuous I do not know what virtue costs? On the contrary."
"Ah! if I had only been loved by my husband as you were!"
"As I was! Ah, Caroline, M. de Vitry was an excellent soldier, an engineer, and between his campaigns and his military inventions, thought very little of me; but the time of peril is past; you will be as happy as I am when you are my age."
"He loved me! Ah, Madame de Vitry, he was in despair. Do you think he would commit any desperate act?"
"Desperate act! Never fear, Caroline, he is like all young men, dramatizing his life after the most approved models; but here comes your husband again."
"Victory," exclaimed M. de Favieres, as he entered; good news—Albert has his appointment."
"Thank Heaven!"
"Yes; he is enchanted."
"Have you then seen him?" eagerly inquired Caroline.
"Yes, he was just on the steps of the Opera House as I passed."
Mme. de Vitry smiled as she glanced at Caroline, for a look of disappointment overspread her face. She would rather have heard he had shot himself than that he was enjoying himself.
"You don't ask me to where Albert is appointed; you have very little curiosity; to Madrid."
"To Madrid? I an appointment? But is there not a new ambassador to be appointed?"
"He is appointed."
"Who is he?"
"No less a person than myself. Mme. la Comtesse de Favieres, are you not glad to be an ambassador?"
"Certainly."
"And you, my dear aunt, are you not happy to think that your son will be with us? I shall put him under Caroline's care. I assure you he will be safe."
Mme. de Vitry drew on her gloves and bit her lips.
"Really," said she to herself, "it is no use my being his guardian angel; his evil genius is the strongest. Well, after all, this is only a flirtation—at least in Paris—what will it become in Madrid? What a pity my nephew does not use his diplomatic penetration at home, instead of prying into the affairs of Congo and Japan. Against fate there is no use in fighting—so I leave them to chance."

was the utmost the picture was worth, and from this goodly sum must be deducted all the charges incurred, which meant, in other words, that I had to pay whatever sum was due over the said ten pounds. I settled the matter and bid adieu to my picture, and my advice to others is now exceedingly prudent. I say to them—if you are rash enough to buy an old painting, at least be wise enough to shun all repairs and cleaning. It is like gilding a bronze, you waste your gold, and your bronze is spoiled. Now, my friend, that you have had your smile at my simplicity, let us hear your adventure."
"It is soon told. When I was in Italy I had the opportunity of seeing many very choice pictures in private collections, and on my return to England I was astonished to learn that one of these collections had been sent to this country, and to be sold by an eminent auctioneer in Bond street. I took care to attend the sale, as there were two pictures which I desired to possess; the one was the painting which caused your afflictions, and the other was a cabinet picture, very small, but delicately finished, and thought to be the best production of that master. The attendance was good, and the contest for the little painting was very spirited, but stopped very suddenly when the last bidding had reached to nine hundred and fifty pounds. Upon this I advanced twenty-five pounds, and no one seemed, as I thought, willing to exceed that sum, when a Jew cried out a thousand pounds. I bid again twenty-five pounds, and felt assured that the picture would be mine; but, as the hammer was falling, my opponent, the Jew, called out:
"Make it guineas."
"The bidding ceased, and the auctioneer turned to me a first, a second, and even a third time, and almost entreated me not to lose the picture. I said 'I cannot go higher,' and the picture, the next morning, became the property of the Jew. A very few minutes afterwards a foreigner entered the room in great haste, and coming up to me inquired, in broken English, when the cabinet picture was to be sold, pointing to the catalogue. I replied:
"It is already sold."
"What do you mean, sir?" he exclaimed.
"I mean, was my reply, 'that you are too late; for the lot you mention has been put up at auction and sold."
"The gentleman left me, but shortly afterwards came to me again:
"I do understand, sir," he said, 'that you have bought that picture.'
"You are misinformed, sir," I replied. 'I bid for the picture, but I was not successful. Had I purchased the painting, it would have been added to my little collection; but the person who has obtained it, if I am not in error, has bought it for sale, and the purchaser you will find standing in yonder corner. I may tell you for your guidance that my bid was one thousand and twenty-five pounds, and the successful offer was one thousand and fifty pounds."
"The foreigner expressed his thanks for the information, and after a short time he returned to me, bringing with him the buyer of the picture, and requested me to do him the favor to step aside to witness his arrangement for the purchase of the painting. The terms agreed upon were that the foreigner was to pay the auctioneer the one thousand and fifty pounds purchase money, and whatever charges there might be, and to pay to the Jew one thousand five hundred pounds as profit upon the picture. When the terms were settled the fortunate Jew—finding that without drawing one pound from his purse he was to deposit one thousand five hundred pounds into it—could not conceal his delight, and in the exuberance of his exultation, he laughed, and leaped, and rubbed his hand. The French gentleman, unable to comprehend this active kind of mirth, mistook it for ridicule, and regarded it as an insult on the part of the Jew. The offended man's wrath rose to actual rage; when, clenching his fist at the Jew, he cried out:
"You laugh at me, sir, you in insult me—yes, sir, you mock me because you have gained one thousand pounds by me. Now, sir, as you do make do sport of me, I will tell you something. I belong to de King of Holland, and my master says to me, 'There is such a picture to be sold in England; there are but two of that kind in de world, and I have de one, and I desire very much to have de other. Now, you go directly to England, and buy that picture, and you hear me, sir,' said the king, 'you never come back to Holland if you do not bring that picture with you.' Why, sir, in place of giving you two thousand and five hundred pounds for de painting, I would have given you five thousand pounds if you had asked me that price for de picture—yes, sir, I would have given you five thousand pounds."
"No sooner had the Jew heard that he might have obtained two thousand five hundred pounds above the price he had asked, than his joy vanished in a moment, and he set up a roar, wringing his hands in deep agony. The one thousand five hundred pounds profit already obtained was lost sight of in the overwhelming grief of thinking that had it not been for his modesty in asking, he might have walked out of the room a richer man by four thousand pounds. The foreigner's triumph was complete, and if the Jew be living, it is more than probable that his chagrin continues to this day, and what is worse, that he never will forgive himself while life lasts. If revenge

were the angry Frenchman's object, never was revenge more effectually accomplished. When I consider the opposite results to the Jew and to yourself, the two buyers of these pictures, I fear there is some truth in honest Sancho's sentiment: 'that some men are born with a silver spoon in their mouths, and others with only a wooden ladle.'

A Talented Pig.

The Rev. J. G. Wood, in his "Animal Traits and Characteristics," thus glorifies one—"A curious animal is a pig, gentleman! Very cunning, too—a great deal more sensible than people give them credit for. I had a pig aboard my ship that was too knowing by half. All hands were fond of him, and there was not one on board who would have seen him injured. There was a dog on board, too, and the pig and he were capital friends; they ate out of the same plate, walked about the decks together, and would lie down side by side under the bulwarks in the sun. The only thing they ever quarrelled about was lodging. The dog, you see, sir, had got a kennel for himself; the pig had nothing of the sort. We did not think he needed one; but he had his own notions upon that matter. Why should Toby be better housed of a night than he? Well, sir, he had somehow got into his head that possession is nine parts of the law; and though Toby tried to show him the rights of the question; he was so pig-headed that he either would not or could not understand. So every night it came to be 'catch as catch can.' If the dog would get in first, he would show his teeth, and the other had to lie under the boat, or to find the softest plank where he could; if the pig was found in possession the dog could not turn him out; but looked out for his revenge next time. One evening, gentlemen, it had been blowing hard all day, and I had just ordered close-reefed top-sails, for the gale was increasing, and there was a good deal of sea running, and it was coming on to be wet; in short, I said to myself, as I called down the companion-ladder for the boy to bring up my pea-jacket, 'We are going to have a dirty night.' The pig was slipping and tumbling about the decks, for his ship lay over so much with the breeze, being close-reefed, that he could not keep his hoofs. At last, he thought he would go and secure his berth for the night, though it wasted a good bit to dusk. But, lo and behold! Toby had been of the same mind, and there he was safely housed. 'Umph, umph!' says piggy, as he turned and looked up at the black sky to windward; but Toby did not offer to move. At last, the pig seemed to give it up, and took a turn or two, as if he was making up his mind which was the warmest corner. Presently, he trudges off to the lee scuppers, where the tin plate was lying that they had their cold potatoes off. Pig takes up the plate in his mouth, and carries it to a part of the deck where the dog could see it, but some way from the kennel; then, turning his tail toward the dog, he begins to eat as if he was eating out of the plate, making it rattle, and munching with his mouth pretty loud. 'What!' thinks Toby, 'has piggy got victuals there?' and he pricked up his ears and looked out toward the place, making a little whining. 'Champ, champ!' goes the pig, talking not the least notice of the dog; and down goes his mouth to the plate again. Toby couldn't stand that any longer; victuals, and he not there! Out he runs, and comes up in front of the pig, with his mouth watering, and pushes his cold nose into the empty plate. Like a shot, gentlemen, the pig turned tail, and was snug in the kennel before Toby well knew whether there was any meat or not in the plate."

It is probable that the city of Jerusalem is a kind of architectural geology, whose various strata would record opus of human history. The Russian Government has been building a grand cathedral and other works. In carrying out these, ground near the Holy Sepulchre has been excavated to a depth of 35 feet. Here the remains of pillars and porticoes, which formed part of the principle entrance to the Holy Sepulchre in Constantine's time, were found. Signor Pierotti, the Pasha's Engineer, has discovered that built upon successive strata of ruins, the modern city rests upon "deeply levelled and enormous stones," which he attributes to the age of Solomon; that above it, to the age of Zorobabel; that following, to Herod's time. Superimposed upon this the remains of the city of Justinian came to be hidden from those from that of the Saracens and Crusaders. He traced a series of conduits or sewers leading from the "Dome of the Rock," a Mosque on the site of the Altar of Sacrifice, in the Temple, to the Valley of Jehosaphat, by means of which the priests were able to flood the whole temple area with water, and so carry off the blood and offal of the sacrifices to the Brook Kedron. Two years ago Signor Pierotti discovered a fountain at the Pool of Bethesda, which on being opened, has continued to flow. "The Jews were greatly excited by this discovery, and regarded it as ominous of the coming of the Messiah. The engineer identifies it with that built by Isoskiah and referred to by Josephus."

The Birmingham Journal says that constructing a new dictionary, "It is a general term, embracing all the words of this is a sample, the new dictionary will be comprehensive enough, at least for the present."