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Written for the Spy and Columbian.

THE ALBUM'S ORIGIN.

When Friendship's court was held one day—
'Twas long ago, before the way
Of education taught mankind
That pleasing art, from mind to mind,
Which tells by many a magic token,
The tale of love or hate unspoken—
Just as within the glowing West
The sun was sinking to his rest,
A silence, gloomy and profound,
Reigned for a time o'er all around—
The earthward eye and swelling heart
Proclaimed, it was the hour to part.
Majestic even in her tears
The queen of that bright court appears—
A look of love around she threw,
And, ere she bade her court "adieu,"
Summoned her herald, to proclaim,
At her behest, and in her name,
That she should share her throne and heart,
Who'd find a balm to heal the smart
Of Friendship's doom to separation:
With shouts of joyous acclamation,
The arches of the palace rung—
'Amén, Amén!' cried every tongue:
Love, standing near, a requish boy,
Listened, and filled with eager joy,
Whispered to Hyman, "Did you hear
The proclamation? 'Twill be queer
If you and I can't hit some plan,
To benefit the race of man?"
Hyman responds, "My votaries deem
The pangs of parting, fancy's dream;
And bear, with stoic resignation,
Or glory in, a separation:
But where we jointly reign, the heart
Doomed by an adverse fate to part
On the beloved one, would fain
Aught that could cheer its loneliness!"
But 'twas not theirs to win the prize,
For, from the realm beyond the skies,
Borne on a cloud in sunset dyes,
The wondering crowd a scroll copied,
In character of living light,
Inscribed with Jove's high ord'ance "Write!"
No mortal hand the symbol wrought;
But all could read the pictured thought,
Scarce could an angel tongue express
Their joy—their fervent thankfulness.
Rude were the first attempts of men
To wield the Heaven-invented pen;
And not until a distant age
Did they employ the fair white page
Which we call paper—many a kid
Has from this troublesome life been rid,
To furnish vellum for the scribe;
And earlier still, men used to scribe
On bark or stone or well dried leaf,
The record of the joy or grief.
But in the onward march of mind,
Some lucky genius chanced to find,
That rags, by help of glue and vapor,
Might be converted into paper.
'Twas then, that (as a sort of caveat
For friendship's gens) made kept a basket,
In which, for safety-sake, they threw
Their friendly notes and billet doux.
Then, when some precious line was lost,
Alas! how many sighs it cost—
What anxious search! Ah, lucky thought!
A neat blank book some maiden bought,
Copied each word, in verse and prose,
And from the darling fragments rose
The Album—every lady's pride.
No longer, now, the maiden sighed
O'er her lost treasures—safe and sound
She kept them—for she kept them "bound."
A fellow anxious to display
His penmanship, proposed, one day,
To be his own annuance
And modern album-writing thence is;
For she acceded to the offer,
And ever since, she keeps the coffer
Where all can see it, and demands
A contribution from all hands—
And men must write when girls demand it,
And good or bad, the girls stand it.

AN HOUR IN THE PENITENTIARY.—During our sojourn in Philadelphia, last summer, we one day accepted an invitation to visit the Penitentiary, there. We had letters to the kind-hearted Warden, Mr. Scattergood, (a most appropriate name, by the way,) who extended to us all the courtesies we could have desired. We were conducted through the Prison, and in company with Mr. S. we entered several of the cells. The Superintendent learning we were from Boston, informed us that a prisoner was confined there, for passing counterfeit money, who hailed from Massachusetts. He had been there some two or three years, and we found him a very intelligent man. His cell was exceedingly clean, and upon the little table in the corner, we discovered several standard books, a bible, &c., which gave evidence of having been thoroughly read by the prisoner. He was said to be very industrious, and certainly appeared comfortable, under the circumstances. His name was George —. He remarked that he was very glad to see any one from Boston, and seriously regretted that he should have been one of the few Bostonians, comparatively, who had disgraced the honored name of the "Old Bay State." He was happy, apparently, and as we parted, we shook his hand, and remarked that it was possible we might call on him again, in a few weeks. "You will be sure, Sir, to find me at home," said he, with a smile, as we left the door of his cell.

As we entered the reception room once more, a bulky despatch was handed to the Warden by one of his deputies, and upon opening it, he informed us that it was a pardon for one of the convicts. We inquired if it would encroach upon the prison rules, under such circumstances, to accompany the Warden to the cell, while he should read it to the prisoner, and were kindly informed that we could do so. We soon reached the cell, where we

found a fresh faced young man, of perhaps twenty-four, who was busily engaged at a little loom, weaving.

"Good morning, John," said the Warden, blandly, as we entered.
"Good morning, Sir."
"These keeps busy, John?"
"O, yes Sir—but it's very dull!"
"Does thee tire of work, John?"
"No Sir—but I think of home?"
"And thee would like to visit home once more?"
"Oh, Sir—if I could but do so!"
"And thee would not return again?"
"I would try to deserve better, Sir."
"Well, John, what would thee say, if I should tell thee that I had a pardon for thee?"
"Oh, Sir, such news would be too good."
"But thee would like to hear it?"
"I care not for myself, so much," said the poor prisoner, and tears filled his eyes—"but for my wife and child, I would be too happy!"
"And thee would shun wicked company, John?"
"Oh yes—and I would labor for my wife and little one!"
"Well, John, here is thy pardon," continued the good old man—and he read the document, which freed this unfortunate being, who had been the dupe of other knaves. We had the pleasure of seeing him released, after a three years' confinement; and of learning that he joined his young family, to whom he has since been a faithful guardian.

We passed out to the anteroom again—where we encountered a new comer, who had just reached the prison as we re-entered. He had been sent up for five years, on a charge of embezzlement.

He was elegantly attired in the latest style of fashion, and possessed all the non-chalance and devil-mo-care appearance of a genteel rascal. He twirled his watch chain, looked particularly knowing at a couple of ladies who chanced to be present, and seemed utterly indifferent about himself, or the predicament he was placed in! The Warden read his commitment, and addressed him, with—
"Charles, I am sorry to see thee here."
"It can't be helped, old fellow!"
"What is thy age, Charles?"
"Twenty-three?"
"A Philadelphian?"
"Well—kinder, and kinder not!"
"Thee has disgraced thyself, sadly."
"Well, I ain't troubled, old cock."
"Thee looks not like a rogue."
"Matter of opinion!"
"Thee was well situated?"
"Yes—well enough!"
"In good employ?"
"Well—so-so."
"And thee has parents?"
"Yes!"
"Perhaps thee hast a mother, Charles?"
The convict had been standing during this brief dialogue, perfectly unconcerned and reckless, until this last interrogatory was put. Had a thunder-bolt struck him, he could not have fallen more suddenly than he did when the name of "mother" fell on his ear! He sank into a chair—a torrent of tears gushed from his eyes—the very fountain of his heart seem to have burst, on the instant! He recovered, partially—and said imploringly to the Warden—
"Don't you, Sir—for God's sake don't call her name in this dreadful place! Do what you may with me, but don't mention that name to me!"

There were tears in other eyes besides the prisoner's, and an aching silence pervaded the group who surrounded the unfortunate convict. * * * The black cup was drawn over his head, he was led to the adjoining apartment and stripped, and shortly afterward re-appeared upon the corridor.—He passed silently on, in charge of a Deputy keeper, to a lonely cell in a distant part of the prison, the door creaked on its hinges, he disappeared, the chain dropped from the outside bolts and Charles — was a close prisoner for five years to come!

We left the prison with heavy hearts, relieved however, by the reflection that this was one of the best devised institutions of its kind in the world (notwithstanding the libels of Charles Dickens,) and that its administration in the hands of Mr. Scattergood, secured to its unfortunate inmate the most "equal and exact justice."—Boston Times.

THAT PRECOCIOUS YOUTH.—The Cincinnati Commercial, of the 10th instant, says:—The youth of fourteen mentioned in the Daily Commercial, not long since, as cutting a pretty tall swell at the Broadway Hotel, drinking juleps, &c., &c., has given farther evidence of precocity, far exceeding that already upon record. On Saturday last, he hired a barouche and a pair of ponies, from Stevens & Cole, for the purpose, he said, of taking a ride with a lady at the Broadway Hotel, to the Four Mile House. Not appearing that night, a man was sent to the Four Mile House, but no "Mr. Beach" was to be found. Pursuit was made yesterday, with a warrant, and his trail was stricken upon in the vicinity of Oxford, where he was seen driving like mad from the North. We presume he will be caught. His board and bar bill at the Broadway Hotel was somewhat extensive; upon the credit of which he retired to the Galt House. His effects like himself, were pretty small, as he swelled out in the shirts of other people, which he borrowed. If he has parents in Baltimore, as he claims to have, they should take him home—if they can get him!

PRECIOUS GENIUS.—Peter Barnocks, come up and say your lesson.

Yes sir.
What made Eve eat the forbidden fruit?
Because she was told she didn't ought to.
How do you know that made her eat it?
Because when our July was forbid to speak to the fella, she went and sot rite down in John Diddle's lap.

THE BIRTH-PLACE OF SHAKESPEARE.—On the skirts of the county of Warwick, situated on the low meadowy banks of a river, there is a little quiet country town, boasting nothing to attract the attention of the traveller but a fine church and one or two antique buildings, with elaborately carved fronts of wood or stone, in the peaceful streets. There would seem to be little traffic in that place; and the passing traveller, ignorant of the locality, would scarcely cast a second look out of his carriage window. But whips its name into his ear, and hand in hand with his ignorance his apathy will straightway depart! He will order his horse to be stopped. He will quit from his carriage. He will explore those quiet streets. He will enter more than one of the houses in that quiet little town. He will visit that old church; he will pause reverentially before its monuments. He will carry away with him some notes—perhaps sketches; and remember what he saw and what he felt that day to the very close of his life. Indeed, who will seldom fail to see, even in that quiet little town, small groups of people on whose faces and in whose demeanor you will recognize the stranger-stamp. There is something to see in those unfrequented streets, and they have come a long way to see it.—What wonder? The town is Stratford-on-Avon! It is the birth-place and burial-place of William Shakespeare. It is with the former we have to do. There is a humble tenement, not long ago a butcher's shop, in one of the streets of Stratford, over the door of which is a board bearing the inscription—
"The Immortal Shakespeare was born in this house." The upper room, which is said to have witnessed the nativity of the poet, is invested with an interest peculiarly its own. The surface of the walls is one great sheet of autographs—including many of the most renowned of modern names—so densely packed together that not a vestige of the original tement of the wall can be seen. Of all the heart-stirring relics which this old country boasts, there is not one so deeply interesting as this; there is not one which would less willingly suffer to disappear—there is not one in the removal of which by the sacrilegious hand of modern avarice or utilitarianism would inflict a more lasting reproach upon the nation: and yet, the house is to be sold by auction; and may be carried away piecemeal and cut into tobacco-stoppers! The property is now in the possession of a family which cannot long retain it among themselves—and it is therefore to be thrown into the market. The sale, we understand, will take place at the end of some two months from the present time. Among the parties named as the probable purchasers of the hallowed edifice is the corporation of Stratford.—But this body is not, we are informed, prepared, perhaps not in a position to exceed a certain outlay—and may therefore fail to grasp the prize.—The sum which the property is expected to realize is between two and three thousand pounds. There are, it is stated, American "speculators" in the field, who are willing to go as far as the latter sum: but on this point we have no specific information. The property, however, will go to the highest bidder. An American may carry it off bodily, set it on wheels, as a perambulating rare-show, and take the tour of the United States. A Frenchman may purchase the abode of the "immortal William," pull it down, and make it into snuff-boxes. A Dutchman may cut it into pipes. A Chinaman into card cases.—London Herald.

"IN STATU QUO"—An Admirable Joke.—A New York paper tells the following story of a troublesome news-monger, whose only delight appears to be to gather up everything he can catch in the way of news, and started off to retail it about the streets and public houses:
The "late despatch from the army" were announced on Sunday, and true to his work, M— entered one of his favorite haunts yesterday morning, with his customary interrogatory. He was met by a wag near the door.
"Any news?" inquired M—"Not much."
"What is it?" "From the seat of war."
"Where's the army?" "Oh, in Statu Quo."
"The devil it is?" "Yes."
"How long has it been there?" "Since the 27th."
"Thunder!" exclaimed M—; and away he rushed down State street, with the intelligence, M—, met a friend on the corner of the street, to whom he imparted the information, that "our army had reached Statu Quo"—whereupon the stranger opened his eyes, and advised him to call on S—. He did so, and long before 'Change hour, it was pretty well known that "our army was in statu quo!"
Our witty friend was congratulating himself on having circulated this delectable piece of information long "before any other journal had the news," and was boasting of the fact to a friend, who asked him if he knew where "statu quo" was located.—Well, M— didn't know what department of Mexico it was situated in, but he had the news right from the office, and it must be so.
"You're a thundering fool," said the neighbor.
"Why?"
"Why?—Don't you know that in "statu quo" means in the same state or condition, and that it is a very common Latin phrase?"
M— offered to bet a hat he was right, and at the last accounts he was pouring over Distarnell's Map of Mexico, endeavoring most assiduously to discover the location of "Statu Quo."

THE editor of the London Art Union Journal, says he has recently seen a block of ice two feet long and nearly two inches thick, produced from pure spring water, in twenty minutes, by a patent process.

An Editor way down east, who served four days on a Jury, says that he is so full of law that it's hard work for him to keep from cheating somebody.

CHAIN OF BEINGS.—Women, as we all know, are the link upward between us and angels, and a writer gives us the links downward, thus—

"Bitumen and sulphur form the link between earth and metals—vitriols unite metals with salts—crystallizations connect salts with stones—the amiantum and lytophites form a kind of tie between stones and plants—the polyopus unites plants to insects—the tube-worm seems to lead to shells and reptiles—the water-serpent and the eel form a passage from reptiles to fish—the anas nigra are a medium between fishes and birds—the bat and the flying-squirrel link birds to quadrupeds—and the monkey equally gives the hand to the quadrupeds and to man."

Sir Humphrey Davy goes still upward:—
"There may be beings, near or surrounding us, which we do not perceive, which we cannot imagine. We know very little, but in my opinion we know enough to hope for the immortality, the individual immortality, of the better part of man. The caterpillar on being converted into an inert scaly mass, does not appear to be fitting itself for an inhabitant of the air, and can have no consciousness of the brilliancy of its future being. We are masters of the earth, but perhaps we are the slaves of some great and unknown beings. The fly that we crush with our finger, or feed with our viands, has no knowledge of man, and no consciousness of his superiority. We suppose that we are acquainted with matter and all its elements, yet we cannot even guess at the cause of electricity, or explain the laws of the formation of the stones that fall from meteors."

Of the loves of the links below us, science thus discourses:—

"Nature seems to have intended that the course of true vegetable love, at any rate, should run smooth, if we are to judge from the multiplicity of means she adopts to effect its accomplishment.—Thus, there is a provision against rain supplied to many flowers, the ardour of whose affection might be seriously damaged by a passing shower, or to speak botanically, water has a destructive effect upon the pollen of all plants, and the mischief it might cause is averted in many ways. In some cases the anthers are curiously protected by tiny umbrellas, or underneath splendidly-painted canopies, by being placed so as to lie back in the recesses of the corolla, as in the kalmia; or they are sheltered by being under cover of the petals above, as in the fuchsia; or the corolla is reflected back, as in the American cowslip. What can be more admirably adapted than the flower of the health tribe to defy the beating of the most drenching shower; then again, think of the hotted flowers, and the keel-covered flowers, the trumpet flowers, the casque-like flowers, and the purse-shaped flowers, and a score more that might be added to the list, to show us how in the dark nooks, and vegetable cells, and underneath gaily-painted domes, the requisite protection is found."

A SCHOOLMASTER "BOARDING ROUND."—Extract from the Journal of a Vermont Schoolmaster, published in a Vermont paper.

Monday—Went to board at Mr. B—'s, had a baked goose for dinner; supposed from its size, the thickness of the skin, and other venerable appearances, to have been one of the first settlers of Vermont; made a slight impression on the patriarch's breast.

Supper—Cold goose and potatoes: family consisting of the old man, good wife, daughter Peggy, four boys, the square room about 9 o'clock, and a pile of wood lay before the fire place, saw Peggy scratch her fingers and could't take the hint—felt squeamish about the stomach, and talked of going to bed; Peggy looked sullen, and put out the fire in the square room; went to bed and dreamed of having eaten a quantity of stone wall.

Tuesday—Cold gander for breakfast, swamp tea and some nut cake, the latter some consolation.—Dinner—The legs, &c., of the gander done up warm—only nearly dispatched. Supper—The other leg, &c., cold; went to bed as Peggy was carrying in the fire to the square room—dreamed I was a mud turtle, and got on my back and could not get over again.

Wednesday—Cold gander for breakfast; complained of sickness, and could eat nothing. Dinner—Wings, &c., of the gander warmed up, did my best to destroy them for fear they should be left for supper; did not succeed; dreamed supper all the afternoon. Supper—Hot Johnny cakes; felt greatly relieved, thought I had got clear of the gander, and went to bed for a good night's rest; disappointed, very cool night, and could't keep warm in bed, got up, stopped the broken window with my coat and vest, no use, froze the tip of my nose before morning.

Thursday—Cold gander again: felt very much discouraged to see the gander not half gone, went visiting for dinner and supper, slept abroad, and had pleasant dreams.

Friday—Breakfast abroad; Dinner at Mr. B—s; cold gander and hot potatoes, last very good, ate these and went to school quite contented. Supper—Cold gander and no potatoes, bread heavy and dry, had the headache and could't eat, Peggy much concerned, had a fire built in the square room, and thought she and I had better sit there out of the noise, went to bed early; Peggy thought too much sleep bad for the headache.

Saturday—Breakfast, cold gander and hot Indian Johnny cake, did very well, glad to come off so.—Dinner—Cold gander again, did't keep school this afternoon, weighed and found I had lost six pounds last week, grow alarmed, had a talk with Mr. B., and concluded I had boarded out his share.

Wool.—The Pittsfield, Ohio, Sun, says that many of the wool growers in that vicinity have disposed of their late clip at an advance of from six to eight cents per pound, upon prices of last year.—Sun.

SUBLINELY RIDICULOUS.—We clip the following pathetic specimens of newspaper verbosity from the New York Sunday Mercury. The first is from that well-known paper, the Lakesville Express:

"We have before us a giant of the vegetable kingdom. Wonderful are the developments called forth from the earth by the searching rays of a vivifying God of Light. Neighbor Fuller has sent us a turnip weighing 10 pounds and a half!"

We are in possession of some other curious selections; and the next following we give from a spruce Rhode Island journal, descriptive of the 4th of July celebration:

"From the spangled canopy of night were torn the starry gems that illuminate the silken banner of the free. In the full light of day our golden eagle soars above the stars; and ere we crouch to see the stars fade or the eagle fall, may every subscriber stop his paper!"

The following isn't bad—for the Morning Bluster:

"We had scarcely reached the scene, when the lurid heavens grew into one broad concave sheet of seemingly everlasting refulgence. The furnace-like intenseness of the flame flung fierce and far the hot destroying rays, and in spite of the superhuman exertions of the firemen, the whole was reduced to ruins. Loss not worth mentioning."

Again, we have the description of a horrible attempt at murder:

"At this moment the ruffians were on the point of turning to close the window through which they had just entered, when two of the concealed policemen simultaneously fired. One of the robbers rushed at the clerk with an axe aiming a terrific blow at the young man, which must have stretched him lifeless on the spot, had it taken effect. The villains then escaped, one of them scratching himself on the knee in jumping through the window."

Here is a topological correction of a typographical error:

"In the earnestness of intense mortification, we hasten to offer the amende honorable to our poetical correspondent 'Philo-Byron.' Not having ourselves inspected the proof of 'Linoc to Eliza,' we could not, of course, become aware of the awful blundering made by our heedless compositor until the form was locked up, the sheets worked off, and even the faintest human hope of correction utterly and irretrievably lost. In the seventeenth line, twenty-third stanza, the reader will please substitute 'cooling loves' for 'corner lots.'"

SYMPATHY OF BIRDS.—A gentleman of our acquaintance a week or two since, remarked an unusual collection of brown thrushes in a thicket contiguous to his residence. His attention having been drawn toward them for several successive days by their loud cries and eccentric movements, he was at length induced to investigate more closely the cause of this unwonted congress of his feathered tenants, and ascertain, if possible, the cause of their excitement. Upon examining the thicket he discovered a female thrush suspended by one wing to a limb. Near by was her nest, containing several half grown birds. From the attendant circumstances, he immediately concluded that the immortal bird must have become entangled before the progress of incubation was completed, and that some kindly hearted neighbor had supplied her place in hatching and brooding her callow offspring. He withdrew a few rods, and the committee of relief immediately resumed the self-imposed duty of administering "aid and comfort," in the form of worms and other insects, alternating between the mother and her young—she meanwhile cheering them with their labor of love with the peculiar note which first led to the discovery of her situation.

Having watched this exhibition of charity for about half an hour, our informant relieved the mother bird. She immediately flew to her nest, expressing her gratitude by her sweetest notes.—Her charitable friends, their "occupation now being gone," as the police reports have it, dispersed to their respective places of abode, singing as they went a song of joy.

The above statement may be relied on in every particular. The many pleasing reflections which it suggests, we leave to be recorded by some of our friends abroad.—New Haven Herald.

WIFE'S COMMANDMENTS.—A Sunday paper published in Cincinnati, gives the following as a correct version, for the use of all doubting husbands, of the Wife's Commandments. Listen:—

1. Thou shalt have no other wife but me.
2. Thou shalt not take into thy house any beautiful brazen image of a servant girl, to bow down to and serve her, for I am a jealous wife, visiting, &c.
3. Thou shalt not take the name of thy wife in vain.
4. Remember thy wife to keep her respectfully.
5. Honor thy wife's father and mother.
6. Thou shalt not fret.
7. Thou shalt not find fault with thy dinner.
8. Thou shalt not chew tobacco.
9. Thou shalt not be behind thy neighbor.
10. Thou shalt not visit the rum tavern; thou shalt not visit the tavern keeper's rum, nor his brandy, nor his gin, nor his whiskey, nor his wine, nor anything that is behind the bar of the rum-seller.
11. Thou shalt not visit the Billiard Hall, neither for worshipping in the dance, nor heaps of money that lie on the table.

And the twelfth Commandment is—Thou shalt not stay out later than nine o'clock at night.

CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.—In a number of the London Times, received by the last steamer, is the following advertisement, which speaks volumes for the freedom (?) of elections:—

"Wanted to purchase, of the value of from £50,000 to £70,000, any estate carrying with it sufficient parliamentary influence to enable the purchaser to obtain a seat in the next Parliament."

ORIGIN OF FRUIT AND VEGETABLES.—The common bitter and astringent Crab is the parent, of all apples, and by cultivation, seeding improvements, grafting, and lastly by hybridation, its quality has improved and the qualities of these improved apples increased.

The Peach, originally, was a poisonous almond. Its fleshy parts were then used to poison arrows, and it was for this purpose introduced into Persia; the transplanting and cultivation, however, not only removed its poisonous qualities, but fruit we now enjoy.

The Nectarine and Apricot are natural hybridations between the peach and plum.

The Cherry was originally a berry-like fruit, and cultivation has given each berry a separate stem and improved its quality; the common mazzard is the original of most of the present kinds of cherries.

The common wild Pear is even inferior to the choke pear; but still by cultivation, it has come to rank among our finest fruits. The Cabbage originally came from Germany, and is nothing more than common sea kale. Its cultivation has produced the present cabbage, and its different acclimatizations the different kinds; while its hybridation with other similar plants has produced the Cauliflower.

Cooley Rauber, or Cabbage Turnip is a hybridation between the turnip, and has lately been introduced into America. The Brassica Rapa, Brassica Napus, Esculentia, Naect, and other similar vegetables have been produced by similar means.

Celery, although so tender and fine flavored, is the same plant as the wild celery on the borders of the rivers emptying into the Chesapeake Bay; and is the natural food of the canvass back and black ducks.

The original Potato, which is not an edible vegetable, is a native of Central America, and requires three years cultivation before it is fit for use—first introduced into England by Sir Walter Raleigh.

DISCOVERY IN MAGNETISM.—The phenomena in magnetism have been attracting the attention of scientific men for a long time past, and it appears from investigations as if we were advancing to a knowledge of many of the most secret operations of nature. A very interesting discovery has recently been made by placing a glass trough on the poles of a powerful magnet and filling it with a fluid from which a precipitate is slowly forming, when it is found that the precipitate arranges itself in the magnetic curves. Crystallization taking place under the same circumstances, exhibits also the influence of magnetism on their molecular arrangements—all the crystals tending and arranging themselves in the order of the magnetic curves.—The experiment is very beautifully shown by filling the trough with a solution of the nitrate of silver and placing a globe of mercury on the glass equidistant from the poles of the magnet, when the silver shoots out in all directions in a very beautiful arborescent form, but it maintains in a striking manner the curvilinear tendency and distinctly marks out the lines of magnetic direction. From results already obtained it would appear that this influence is universal.

SERVED HIM RIGHT.—An amusing story was recently enacted in a church in the county of Leicester. The rector, when about to deliver his sermon, observed a man sleeping under the pulpit. The reverend gentleman thereupon refolded his sermon, and sent it whirling at the sleeper's head who started up, rubbed his head, looked at the sermon, and supposing the minister had accidentally dropped it picked it up, and amid the titters of the congregation, mounted the pulpit stairs, and restored the precious roll to the preacher, who forthwith read off his sermon as if nothing had happened.

PARASOLS IN THE DRAWING ROOM.—The introduction of gas-lights in private houses has been taken advantage of by the ladies, who under protest against the glare and dazzling unbecomingness of such bright lights, deliberately spread parasols in an evening soiree, and (incidental advantage) converse under and behind the same very agreeably. A pink parasol judiciously held between a lady's face and a gas burner, throws a tender, roseate hue over the complexion, and can be dexterously manoeuvred, of course, to curtail an annoying prospective monopoly to the privileged. The arts do not seem to have fallen behind the sciences in the march of improvement.

The moon is surrounded by an atmosphere in some respects like our own, but much rarer; and that is differently modified by the peculiar circumstances attached to it. For when we consider that, from the slow motion of the moon on its axis, the principal part of its surface is exposed to the direct force of the sun's rays for fourteen and a half days and nights, without any intermission, and then for a like period deprived of them—the one producing a degree of cold beyond anything we can conceive, and the other a degree of heat sufficient, probably (if there be water in the moon), to produce a temporary atmosphere of steam—how we not every reason to conclude that the atmosphere with which the moon may be, and probably is, encompassed, is materially different in its constitution and properties from that which surrounds our own globe?

PARAPHRASE.—The late popular melody of "Dance boatman, dance—dance all night till broad day light and go home with the girls in the morning," is thus rendered into prose.

"Mingle in the mazes of the dance, thou knight of the oar, while the resplendent liminary of the day has withdrawn his light from these ardu, till bright Aurora gilds the eastern sky with golden light, and then with thy characteristic gallantry accompany the fair and uncharacteristic participants of thy pleasures to their paternal mansions."

Mrs. Partington says she "never could see why people who sat in the gallery of the church should have to answer for the deeds done in the body."