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TERMS.—The Columbia Spy is published every Saturday morning at the low price of ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE, or one dollar and fifty cents, if not paid within one month of the time of subscribing. Single copies, THREE CENTS. Advertisements not exceeding a square three times for \$1, and 25 cents for each additional insertion. Those of a greater length in proportion. A liberal discount made to yearly advertisers.

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For the Spy and Columbian.

THE PIC-NIC PARTY.

With some of its antecedents and consequences set forth in a letter from Mary Gay to her cousin Isabella Walters.

Some moments spare, dear cousin Bell,
While in few words I haste to tell
Of Pic-Nic held on Friday week,
Upon the banks of Chiques creek.
For days the appointed time before
Of aught heads could I think more;
At home no more was I content,
But every day out walking went.
On Wednesday morn, to Walnut street
I bent my way, nor on my feet
Did cast a thought, but all intent
Upon the Pic, I onward went
Till splash into a nasty pool
I trod, nor then went home (more fool)
For ere that night I sought repose,
One cheek ached even with my nose,
From tooth to tooth a horrid pain,
A moment's rest I could not gain,
Until a thick spread mustard plaster,
Eased all my pain but (sad disaster)
A frightful mark it left behind,
The swelling not a bit declined,
All night of awful things I dreamed,
Until the morning sun-light streamed
Full in my room—then off I went—
The dentist's skill to try I meant;
He said, had I but come before,
For me he could have done much more;
But as it was he lanced my gum,
And ere that day its course had run,
Its former shape, my face regained,
And nothing but the mark remained;
E'en that next morn with art concealed,
To careless glances was not revealed;
My looks in ringlets fair I put,
A handsome slipper graced each foot,
A matchless dress of balzoline,
Served well to show my form and men,
A velvet band my neck did wear,
A sparkling brooch confined it there,
About my shoulders loosely hung,
A splendid silk tuxen hung,
Rare jewels on my fingers shined,
Rich pins of gold my hair confined,
In gloves made out of finest kid
My hands from wind and sun I hid;
A lengthy veil of richest lace,
In graceful folds o'erhung my face,
A bonnet new did all perfect—
No single fault could I detect,
It took three hours I'll all was done,
The time to me seemed quickly flown,
By nine o'clock all safe and sound,
We landed upon the Pic-nic ground.
The sun with all its splendor shined
On bushes, trees, and clinging vines,
So gently blows the cooling breeze,
It does but move the stately trees,
The air, all fragrance is with flowers,
Gay birds, hid in the leafy b-wers,
Pour forth sweet sounds and haste the hours,
Pure Chiques creek ne'er had before,
A happier group upon its shore;
Some stroll in rural bank along,
Some mount the rocks, some swell the song,
Some on the mossy sod recline,
And some swing on the pendant vine;
All variously the time employ,
But all the beautiful scenes enjoy,
None more than I, and dearest Bell,
Did I but half the number tell,
Of offers that day made to me,
My truth would sure suspected be;
(I hope you will not think me vain,
Because this circumstance I name),
But I will not fatigue you more,
By telling all that happened o'er;
Or how we spent our homeward way,
At eve of that delightful day.

P. S.—
My cheek is yet quite raw and sore,
With sticking plasters covered o'er,
And yesterday at half past one,
The doctor put some caustic on,
Too rapid growth of flesh to stop,
(Oh how it made me dance and hop!)
But I'd endure three times the pain,
To have the Pic-nic o'er again.

Chiques.

"TOO MUCH ALIKE,"

In which it is shown satisfactorily, that architects should never plan or erect two buildings similar in design.

BY THE "YOUNG 'UN."

One of those ludicrous, but singular occurrences, which will sometimes take place even in the best society, came to light a few days since in the "upper ten" circle of a neighboring city, and which, for "richness," out-rival the Oolong and cream-toast of our old acquaintance, Squares, emphatically! We have ascertained that such things will happen. But then, as Mrs. Partington would say, "it's a queer world"—and so it is! But for the story.

A polished little French gentleman, of considerable wealth, who had been educated in the highest school of politeness, had been wedded to a beautiful, but showy woman, for a brief period, and having, with his bride, passed the hey-day of the honeymoon in making the tour of the northern States, concluded to settle down in Quaker-dom. After a little search, he decided upon locating in one of a fine block of houses in Hanson street, a row of buildings erected within a few years, and uniform in their architecture, inside and out. The whole block was occupied, with the exception of that chosen by Monsieur, who furnished it forthwith, in the most elegant style, and took possession.

"I have come to Philadelphia," said the French gentleman, (and he tells his own story most eloquently, and innocently)—"I have come to see city via my wife, and I like her var' mooch. I go via my wife to look for ze grande maison which all please Madame—and ve find him, numero two

hon'rod twenty-tree, Hanson street. I secure him, I furnish him, a la mode, ve settin' down, ve live var' content—eh, bien, vot you sal call 'com-fort-able Anglaise. I hav' foine house, foine compagnons, ma wife var' good—tres bien.

"I hav', sometimes, ennui;—an' I go to ze grand Opera. Mon Dieu! I listen to Tedesco! Ah, Monsieur—zar' be but une Tedesco; var' foine—magnifique! I leave ze Opera, I come home to ma house, ze garcon open ze door, I come in—and I look for Madame. I ask 'vere be Madame? Ze servant sai 'Madame retire.' Tres bien—it is right—Madame fatigue. I sit down, I smoke ma cigare, I read ze 'Courrier,' ze clock strike dix heures—I take ze lamp, and pas to 'ma chambre. I go var' still, not to disturb Madame, who have much fatigue—I open ze door, I place ze light on ze table, I turn roun',—Mon Dieu! I foine to jentleman sou' sleep, in bed via ma wife!

"I take ze jentleman by ze arm, and I call to him, var' loud—eh bien, Monsieur! vot you do in ma bed?"

"He start up var' mooch, an' he cry tieve! rob-bair! mardair! vot you do, Sair?"

"I say 'pardonnez-moi, Monsieur, que diable you do in ma bed!'"

"In you bed?"

"Oui, Monsieur!"

"No, Sair!" he say—"it is my bed—and you are dam robbar, I shall call ze Voch."

"Monsieur—I say to him—it is not you bed. It is ma bed—dis ma house, numero two hun'rod twenty-tree, Hanson street—dis is ma chambre, ma furniture, ma carpet, ma curtain—dat is ma wife! Vot you sai, Sir, to zat?"

"He look at me var' strange—he sit up in ma bed—he look at ma wife—he look at me—he rub his eye—an' he get out on ze floor."

"Monsieur," he said to me, "I beg ten touzan pardon. I hav' maik grande mistak. Ma house is numero two hun'rod twenty-five, Hanson street—an' I have come into ze wrong door. Excusez moi. I sal maik grande ar sage to Madame on ze morrow—I hav' make var' bad mistak! Bon nuit, Monsieur—pardonnez-moi."

"He hav' go down stairs, he hav' pass out, I hav' see ze door lock, fast, myself and I retire via Madame."

"But I no like ze maisons, in vot you call Hanson street; and next day I go to the offices vot you call 'intelligence,' an' I get me house in Rue du Cantoine—vot you sal call a l' Anglaise, Canton street—numero one hon'rod an' fifty-one, Canton street. I have move ma property from numero two hun'rod twenty-tree, Hanson street—vich I no like—be-gair! I have move Madame—ma house var' foine—I have got on var' vell—tres-bien."

"I have reside at numero von hon'rod thirty-von, Canton street, tree little week. Ze house var' mooch aloike, an' I have been content—ze jentleman maik great apoloze to ma wife, an' he call un, deux, trois times to mak ze same to me. I hav' forgot all about ze grande mistak, an I go to ze play vizout Madame."

"I come home to ma house, var' early—Madame, hav' retire, an' I go up ze stairs, not mooch quick, but I reach ze door; I come into ma chambre—von, Diable! I find ze jentleman in ma bed, once more, twice."

"I go to ze bed, I seize the jentleman by ze troat an' I sai—eh bien, Monsieur! Vot you do in ma bed, two time—voince more, eh?"

"He hav' zhumb out on ze floor,—he rub his eye var' mooch—he chocke var' bad—an' he sai, 'vot you do vis my troat?'"

"I ask him vot you do in my bed, Sair?"

"It is not your bed, by gair."

"Not ma bed?"

"No! Monsieur, it is my bed."

"You bed? Monsieur, prenez garde. Is zat you bureau? Zat you var'robe? Zat you escri-toire? a ha! Zat you night-cap? Zat you shirt? Zat you tife? Sacre—Monsieur, you hav' maik var' bad mistak before, you hav' maik no mistak zis time."

"Pardonnez-moi, Monsieur—he say."

"No, Sair. You hav' maik mistak voince, but zis is numero von hon'rod thirty-von, Canton street and not numero two hon'rod twenty-tree Hanson street! Vot you sai now, Sair?"

"Excusez-moi, Monsieur," he sai, "I hav' maik great mistak voince, and two day back, I move from numero two hon'rod twenty-five, Hanson street, to von hon'rod thirty-tree, Canton street. I hav' now maik mistak in ze front door!" He maik many apoloze—I think he have maik mistak—he put on ze pantalon—he bow var' polit—he go out of ma house, Monsieur."

"I pack ma furniture nex' day—I go to ze Baltimore. Be gair!" continued the French gentleman, as he thrust a monstrous pinch of snuff into his nostrils,—"I no like to live in zat Philadelphia—ze house too much 'loike, by dam!"

The Turk.—The traveller, Mr. Barrell, was walking in Constantinople, through a street not open to Christians without an attendant Turk. The stores were supplied with the richest assortments of merchandise; among them he saw one pre-eminent for the costly array of goods. As he discovered one or two articles which he should like to purchase, and by doing so gain a full view of the contents of the store, he proposed to his attendant to enter.

"That is impossible," said the Turk, "as the owner has gone out."

"But," said Mr. Barrell, "the door is open."

"True," replied the Turk, "but do you not see at the door a chair with its back turned towards the street? a sign that no one is within, and that no person must enter."

"But," said Mr. B., "is the owner not exposing his immense amount of property to depredation?"

"Not at all, not at all," said the Turk, "do you not know that no Christians are allowed to enter this street without a Turk to attend them?"

A New York paper published a journal of the adventures and hair-breadth escapes of its "special express" from the capital of Mexico, via Havana, to New York. It will be seen by the following, that the "extraordinary express" of the True Sun, over the same route, encountered and overcome scarcely less difficulties. The coincidences are also certainly remarkable:

MOST EXTRAORDINARY EXPRESS

EVER RUN IN THE WORLD.

Nine Thousand Ninety-nine Miles.
BY EARTH, AIR AND OCEAN!

Santa Anna Headed off by the Duke of Wellington.
Extraordinary Loss of our Correspondent's Shirt!

Our special Messenger from the city of Mexico on the 8th inst., bringing the most extraordinary news ever received, and ten days later than that of Monday evening, arrived by special express last night in the bark Flight, Capt. Swift, with despatches for the True Sun exclusively.

The following is the journal of our bearer of despatches:

MEXICO, August 8th.—Santa Anna has now an army of 80,000 men, well equipped, and will soon be joined by twenty battalions of English, just landed at the Pacific. Where is our blockading squadron? The Duke of Wellington is to be sent Minister to Mexico, and, in case Santa Anna should fall, (and not get up again,) will take command of the Mexican forces. All foreigners have been driven from the city, except the English.—All persons capable of bearing arms, (babies borne in the arms excepted,) are drilled in the main plaza twelve hours each day. The national foundry in the city is turning out one hundred cannon per day. The workmen are principally English, superintended by a corps of engineers lately deserted from the American army. Everything, even dinner-pots, and old jack-knives, are seized by Santa Anna for the foundry. Even the buttons from the soldiers, and officers' clothes have been torn off, and it is now said that Santa Anna is the only man in Mexico who has buttons on his breeches! Marcy would stand a poor chance here. I left Mexico at seven o'clock, A. M., in company with a British officer and two gold mine speculators, who carried with them a mint of money.

I had only thirty-five bags of doubloons—ten of which were given to me by Santa Anna, to bear a love-letter from him to a Mexican Senorita, near Vera Cruz. We had a guard of thirty men, who rose upon us for our money. They killed my three companions, but I instantly despatched twenty of them with my twelve huge revolvers which I carry in my belt. The other ten fled, and I escaped with my doubloons. I then fell in with a band of twenty-one armed robbers, whom I compelled to act as my guides. At Pinon, twenty-one miles from Mexico, I found ninety-five thousand men constructing fortifications, which were already twice as strong as Gibraltar. This is all owing to the fact that they were aided by ten regiments of United States deserters. Santa Anna will have 60,000 men and 300 cannon to defend this position. The first night I slept sixty miles from Mexico.—Before turning in I took the guns, swords and pistols from my brigand guides. I was aroused in the night by two hundred guerillas, who surrounded the ranch in which I was. I fired through the key-hole, and killed upwards of a hundred of them, when the remainder scampered off. I then took my horse to bed with me, and snozed the rest of the night in quiet. In the morning, I accused my landlord of having betrayed me. He looked guilty, and I blew out his brains, killed his wife, his children, and two big dogs, then set fire to the ranch, and rode off.

August 9th.—The leader of my guides had a suspicious wink of the left eye, which I did not like. Accordingly I called him up and shot his head off. I served all the rest in the same manner, except one, whom I left off to tell the story. I then took all their twenty-one muskets, twenty-one swords, twenty-one pistols, as trophies of my valor, and dashed off alone to Puebla—passing within a few paces of numerous guerrilla bands—and delivered the weapons to Gen. Worth. I found Scott in the Cathedral, where he spends all his time with the priests saying mass. They call him there, "Father Scott," and they say also that he is soon to be made Bishop of Puebla, the present incumbent being about to be promoted to the bishopric of Mexico. Scott will not leave Puebla until after Christmas. He is going to wait for his consecration, which is to take place there. Besides, he has made an agreement, through the mediation of the British minister, to wait until Santa Anna says "come on."

August 10th.—On this day I did not use more than six of my revolvers until I got this side of Jalapa. It was in the afternoon—I was in company with six soldiers returning home. We had a Mexican guide, who took us out of the way under pretence of calling on his wife, who told us that we were betrayed, and that two hundred robbers were at hand. We started at full jump, the robbers after us. Our guide looked so guilty that I deemed it my duty to halt and blow out his brains out. I ordered him on his knees, and as soon he had muttered a few prayers, I put six revolvers at his head, and he fell back—a corpse. I instantly reloaded. During this time my companions had shot ahead out of my reach and I never saw them again; the robbers were at my heels. I put spurs to my horse and dashed ahead, firing ten revolvers at a time over my left shoulder, and popping off eighty or a hundred men from their horses at each fire. The robbers now received a reinforcement of fresh horses, when I began to throw off my doubloons until I had emptied twenty-five bags, containing I know not how much in value. This detained the robbers so that only about twenty kept up the pursuit, when I turned upon them, and despatched the whole gang, horses and all, with one discharge of my revolver.

I rined the corpses of their money and clothes

and dressed myself in Mexican garb, so that I was, enabled to pass the remainder of my way as a messenger from Santa Anna. I felt fear for myself but once—it was when I met a couple of Mexican butchers killing a white calf! I dashed up to Vera Cruz just before night, and not stopping to deliver Santa Anna's letter, let loose my horse worth a thousand dollars, and with him went my five bags of doubloons, which my haste would not permit me to secure, and dashed through Vera Cruz on foot and alone to meet the steamer Great Western, which I had chartered expressly to take me to Havana. I rushed on, but seeing the steamer had started and was out half a mile, I plunged into the water, and being a good swimmer soon overtook her.

BARK FLIGHT. August 23.—In my plunge into the bay at Vera Cruz I lost my revolvers and the little money I took from the Mexican corpses.—I spoil my only shirt. I am under great obligations to Captain Swift, who had the charity to take me on board his vessel and furnish me with another shirt. But for Captain Swift I believe I should have starved to death.

P. S. The True Sun is the only American journal in Cuba. Gen. O'Donnell wants you to buy the whole island. Your agent, who formerly circulated 1500 copies daily of your paper in the city of Mexico, has been shot by order of Santa Anna, and your paper proscribed. If you or Polk don't buy Cuba, you will lose your 2000 circulation in that island, too.

THE VENTRILOQUIST.
A few years ago, towards the dusk of the evening a stranger in a travelling sulkey was leisurely pursuing his way towards a little tavern situated at the foot of a mountain, in one of the Western States. A little in advance of him, a negro returning from the plough was singing the favorite Ethiopian melody,

Gwine down to Shimbone Alley,
Long time ago.
The stranger halted him—"Hallo! uncle, yun, snowball!"

"Sah!" said the blacky, holding up his horses.
"Is that the half-way house ahead yonder?"
"No, sah; that massa Billy Lemond's hotel."
"Hotel, eh?—Billy Lemond's?"
"Yes, sah; you know massa Billy? he used to live at the mouf ab Cedar Creek; he done move now though—he keeps monsons nice house now, I tell you."

"Indeed?"
"Yes, sah; you stop dah dis eberning, I speek; all speckable gemmen put up dah. You chaw bac-cah, massa?"
"Yes, Sambo; here is some real Cavendish for you."

"Tankee, massa, tankee, sir; Quash my name."

"Quash, eh?"
"Yes, sah, at your service. Oh!" grunted out the delighted African, "dis nice; he better dan de Green River—tankee, sah, tankee."

"Well, Quash, what kind of a gentleman is Mr. Lemond?"

"Oh, he nice man, monsons nice man; emper-tain gemmen in de fust style, and I take care uv de horses. I b'long to him, and though I say it, massa Billy mighty clever. He funny too, tell a heap uv stories 'bout ghosts and spirits, notwithstanding' he fraid on 'em heeself too, my 'pinion."

"Afraid of ghosts, eh?" said the traveller, musing.
"Well, go ahead, Quash—as it's getting late, I will stop with Mr. Lemond to-night."

"Yes, sah—goe up here, Dobbin, go along live-ly; and setting out at a brisk trot, followed by the traveller, the musical Quash again broke out in

Gwine down to Shimbone Alley.

The burden of "Long time ago" was apparently taken up by one in an adjoining corn field, which occasioned Quash to prick up his ears with some surprise; he continued, however, with

Long time ago.

And the same voice responded from the field.

"Who dat?" exclaimed the astonished negro, suddenly checking his horses and looking around on every side for the cause of his surprise.

"Oh, never mind, drive ahead, snowball; it's some of your master's spirits, I suppose."

Quash in a thoughtful mood led the way to the tavern without uttering another word. Halting before the door, the stranger was waited upon by the obliging Mr. Lemond, a bustling talkative gentleman, who greeted his customer with "Light, sir, light. Here, John—Quash—never mind your umbrella, sir—here Quash, take off that trunk—walk in, sir—John, take out that chair box—come, sir; and carry this horse to the stable—do you prefer him to stand on a dirt floor, sir?"

"If you please, sir. He is rather particular about his lodging."

"Carry him to the lower stable, Quash, and attend to him well; I always like to see a horse well attended to, and this is a noble critter, too," continued the landlord, clapping him on the back.

"Take care, will you?"

"What the deuce!" exclaimed the landlord, starting back.

"None of your familiarity," said the horse, looking spitefully around at the astonished landlord.

"Silence, Belzebub!" said the traveller, caressing the animal; and turning to the landlord observed: "you must excuse him; he is rather an aristocratic horse—the effect of education, sir."

"He's a witch, sir."

"Who hos, Belzebub—loose the traces, Quash. What are you staring at? He'll not eat you."

"Come, landlord," said Belzebub, "I want my oats."

Quash scattered—the landlord backed into the porch—and the traveller was left to jump into the vehicle, and drive round in search of the stable himself. Having succeeded to his satisfaction in disposing of his horse, he returned to the tavern.

Amid the supper came on. The eggs had appar-

ently chickens in them; the landlord confused at such a mortifying circumstance, promised the traveller amends from a cold pig, which, as he inserted the carving knife into it, uttered a piercing squeal, which was responded to by a louder one from the landlady. Down went the knife and fork, and the perspiration began to stand in large drops upon the forehead of the host, as he looked fearfully at the grunter; his attention was taken, however, by a voice from without, calling out,

"Hillo! house! landlord!"

"Ay, coming, gentlemen—more travellers—du help yourself, sir."

"Coming gentlemen! here, John, a light, bring a light to the door—Sally, wait on the gentleman," and out the landlord bounced, followed by John with lights, but soon returned with a look of disappointment—he declared there was no living being without. The voices called again—the landlord after going out returned a second time, declaring his belief that the whole plantation was haunted that night by evil spirits.

That night, rumor sayeth, Mr. Billy Lemond slept with his bible under his head, and kept a candle burning in his room; and those who pass there to this day, may, upon close examination, see the heels of horse shoes peeping over the door case, as a bulwark against witches, hobgoblins, and other evil spirits.

From the Boston Investigator.

POOR MAN'S PATRIMONY.

Smith in his "Wealth of Nations," says—"The patrimony of a poor man lies in the strength and dexterity of his hands; and to hinder him from employing his strength and dexterity in what manner he thinks proper, without injury to his neighbor, is a violation of his sacred property." This is true in principle, and as principles are unconditional truths, any system of social or civil polity which infringes upon this principle, must necessarily be erroneous. There is a custom purely legislative and arbitrary, extant among civilized nations, of allowing one man to control the natural and absolute necessary source and means of subsistence of thousands. What is the inference and effect? That the system is wrong, and the thousands deprived of their natural rights by this custom, must accept of artificial rights from those who thus control their natural rights, and thus wronged thousands becomes the dependents, slaves, or serfs of the "one."

This is the exact condition of a large portion of the laboring population of every country where land monopoly has spread its baleful influence, and here, in this republic, where the infant condition of this course presents a monopoly of judicial power, has the destruction of this monopoly been discussed, and nearly become a test question in political elections. The principle that no man ought to control the means of subsistence of a class, is just, and no word can be urged against the truth. But when any attempt is made to realize the truth in institutions,—when it comes in conflict with some of the interests engendered and fostered by this monopoly, then, indeed, opposition arises. All great abuses engender corrupt interests, and like the scorpion, they will bite when trampled on. Hence, all reforms clash with existing interests, and the opposition is virulent and intense in exact proportion as those abuses and corrupt interests are at war with unconditional truths. The proposition to give to the poor man his natural patrimony, his right to the soil, when first announced, was received with general derision. But it was correct in principle, and consequently spreads as all other truths will spread when not opposed by despotic brute force,—like wildfire.

We cannot but think that permanent and abiding reforms are at hand, and to be realized from that simple proposition that "the land shall not be sold forever." It seems a simple proposition indeed,—merely to limit each landholder to 160 acres, and to render that inalienable. It is simple as all great truths and laws are simple,—simple merely because they embrace the very last analysis. But the influence of the abolition of this land monopoly upon society would be too vast for a century to manifest, or for a generation to portray. Few are aware how deeply monopoly has engrafted itself upon the institutions of the day. Upon monopoly are thrones and empires erected, churches are founded and sway the world; kingdoms are conquered through the obedience to the grasping spirit of monopoly, and its poisonous influence extends downward through all the accumulative and productive processes of society. Destroy this institution as regards the land, and its base is gone forever. The thrones and despotisms which exist through it would come tottering down, and the damning cries of chattel slavery and serfdom would vanish like morning dew. The relations in individual society would speedily undergo a marked and radical change, and the enormous per centage of power now swayed by capital over labor, would be reduced to a fraternal rather than an infernal standard. The greatest incentive to moneyed oppressions and land aristocracies would be abolished, and with the disappearance of these would follow a great fraction of the disgrace and menial servitude which now attach to her labor alone. The family relation would be elevated beyond all calculation, inasmuch as the right of the family to the soil, to the homes, the alters and the graves of their fathers, could not be extinguished, and the memory of the "Homestead" to the scattered progeny of the yeoman would be the memory of a privilege and a right ever held most sacred among all nations. The enormous dividends which capital now extracts from labor would be reduced to a more equitable standard, and the independence of labor become something more than a mere pass-word for demagogues, thus rendering demand and supply proportioned to each other, and preventing, in a great measure, those fluctuations and excesses

which alternately elevate the laborer to an ideal heaven, and depress him to a really practical hell. But we have hardly room to speak of these, the legitimate influences of the abolition of what is deemed the course of the civilized world,—the legal land monopoly. We invite our readers to reflect upon this question, to presuppose its influences, and to anticipate all objections that a rational mind can bring to bear upon it. It is worthy of every individual's reflection, for every individual is deeply, vitally interested in its success.

A YANKEE PREACHER'S NOTION.—"I beg the audience to be seated a moment. Rumor has come to my ears, that a large quid of tobacco was dropped into the contribution box last Sabbath. The man who committed that outrage, would do well to pause in his career. He is slipping down a greased plank to perdition....To-night there will be preaching in most of the churches. The public gardens, I am desired to give notice, are also open. On Tuesday night there will be a fire, Providence permitting. On Thursday evening the gates of the battery will be thrown open for the reception of strollers and ardent lovers. There will be a Distracted Meeting held at Tammany Hall on Saturday evening, to commence at early candle-lighting. Admission gratis; on going out, a shilling will be received by a keeper at the door, for the Manual Labor Society for the Education of Indolent Young Men for the A. B. F. Mission, at Nootka Sound....I would observe that one Miller is preaching up the doctrine that the world is to be destroyed in 1848; but don't you believe it. The earth is just as good as new, and will last for a hundred years yet, at the least calculation....Those persons who are in the habit of coming late to church, taking advantage of the proverb, 'better late than never,' would confer a particular favor upon me, and the audience generally, if they would wear pumps. The clanking of iron-heeled boots does not accord with the place, and it also disturbs those who may be taking a comfortable snooze at the time....My friends are particularly requested not to hang round the doors after service is over, as it not only gives the house the appearance of a grog-shop but is extremely annoying to many ladies. It may be proper here for me to state that a part of the receipts arising from the circulation of the Sunday Morning Mercury in which my sermons are printed are appropriated to my benefit; therefore, I wish you all to patronize (that entertaining little paper, for my sake, and your own especial good."—Glasgow Chronicle.

REMARKABLE CASE OF ANIMAL PRESERVATION BY FROST.—The skeleton of an elephant of an extinct species forms part of the remarkable collection of curiosities in the famous Museum of St. Petersburg. The mammoth animal was discovered in 1806 in the ice of the Polar Sea near the mouth of the river Lena, by Mr. Michael Adams. It was first seen by a Chief of the Tonguee tribe in 1799, at which time was imbedded in a rock of ice about 180 feet high, and had only two feet, with a small part of body projecting from the side, so as to be visible. At the close of the next Summer the entire flank of animal had been thawed out. It nevertheless required five Summers, in this inclement region, to thaw the ice, so that the whole body could be liberated. At length, in 1807, the enormous mass separated from the mountain of ice and fell over upon its side, on a sandbank. At this time it appears to have been in a state of perfect preservation, with its skin and flesh as entire as when it had existed antecedently to the Deluge, or to whatever convulsion of the globe may have transported animals apparently of the torrid zone to the confines of the Arctic circle. The Tonguee Chief cut off the tusks, which were nine feet long and weighed 200 pounds each. Two years after, Mr. Adams being at Yakutsk and hearing of this event, undertook a journey to the spot. He found the animal in the same place, but exceedingly mutilated by the dogs and wolves of the neighborhood, which had fed upon the flesh as fast as it thawed. He however succeeded in removing the skeleton, and in recovering two of the feet, and one of the ears, one of the eyes, and about three quarters of the skin, which was covered with reddish hair and black bristles. These are now in the Museum of St. Petersburg.—N. Y. Tribune.

WHY SHOULD THERE BE SO MUCH DISEASE?—Because, in numbers of things, we do just by our nature what we were never intended to do. For example:

1. Man is intended to draw in fresh air every time he breathes. Almost all people, when in their shops, breathe the same air over and over again. To show the necessity of allowing fresh air continually to enter living rooms, and the bad air to escape, during each minute of his life, every man destroys a quantity of air twice as large as himself.

2. Man ought to breathe fresh air every breath. Our sewers and drains are so bad that the vapor and foul gases rise, and we breathe them.

3. Man was intended to take exercise in the open air every day. Neither his heart, his stomach and bowels, his liver, his skin, his lungs, his kidneys, nor his brain will act rightly, without walking exercise every day. Most of us do not get any walking exercise, or only short ones, which are scarcely of use.

4. Man was formed to take simple, plain, wholesome food. He eats all sorts of things, which not only do him no good but do him harm; and drinks large quantities of beer, spirits, and wine, which hurt his stomach, and take away the proper use of his brain.

5. Man ought to wash himself all over with water every day, so as to cleanse the pores of the skin; else they get stopped up; he cannot perspire rightly, and his skin cannot breathe.

6. Man should wear clean clothes next his skin, because his body discharges bad fluids. At present, many people wear the same clothes day after day for weeks together.