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CHARRICK WESTBROOK,

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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.
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PROSCRIBE NOT THY BROTHER.

BY E. F. H.
Proscribe not thy brother:
His heart may be right,
Though his mind may be wandering
In error and night.
Proscribe not thy brother,
For freedom of thought
Is the gem which our forefathers
Fearlessly sought,
When, rending the fond ties
That bound them to home,
They unmoored the frail Mayflower,
Old ocean to roam—
Then though ye may differ,
Proscribe not thy brother,
Although he was proscribed
Who said "Love one another!"
And when the red flag
Of proscription is flying,
The wrong may be strongest
And truth may be dying,
And "the land of the free
And the home of the brave"
See her stars set in blood
And be liberty's grave!
Proscribe not thy brother,
Whose heart may be right
Though his mind may be wandering
In error and night!
Sept. 18, 1847.

THE DISOBEDIENT ONE.

A NOVEL.—BY JAMES W. WARD.
CHAPTER I.
"Twas a rough night,—Macheth.
The storm howled horribly. The wind swelled and struggled impetuously through the forest.—The trees rocked and crashed together; and fire and hail, and a horrible tempest poured madly from the skies. Indeed the wild havoc of the hurricane was terrible to witness. In a momentary pause of the tumult, a voice was heard amid the uproar; a voice of fear: a voice for help in the darkness.—The cottager by the road side heard the mysterious voice; his heart leapt at the cry, and he rushed out into the storm. A blast of wind dashed the pine brand from his hand in an instant; and he stood alone without a guide in impenetrable darkness. Again that voice of terror was heard amid the tumult, and he pressed bravely to the rescue.

CHAPTER II.
She says she will die if he loves her not; and she will die ere she will make her love known.—Macheth.
"Light there!" cried the harsh voice of the woodman. In an instant the pine brand from the cottage door flashed in vermilion glare upon his tall and swarthy figure. The light disclosed in his arms the fainting form of a pale sweet maiden.—Her dishevelled locks lay heaped in glossy ringlets upon a neck of snowy velvet. Her eyes were closed, her arms folded helplessly upon her bosom.
"O Charles!" she timidly articulated.
"Charles who?" replied the Forster, as he bore his lovely burden into the cottage.
"Who are you, rough man?" she exclaimed slightly starting.
"Who's Charles, tender kitten?" he rejoined.
"Oh, I cannot, must not tell."
"Pshaw!" you must.
"Oh, no, no, no,—do not make me do that."
"I say you must,—perhaps I can."
"It is"—she began—"Charles"—she paused—"Charles"—she panted—"Charles"—she whispered—"Charles"—she liped—"Stuart"—she faintly.

CHAPTER III.
Neither bended knees, pure hands held up, Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears, Could penetrate her uncompassionate ps.—Two Greats of Verona.
"You have broken her heart, Mr. Maring."
"Broken her fiddle-fiddle! She must learn obedience, Mrs. Lawson."
"You cannot teach it by cruelty."
"Kindness in disguise, Madam. I seek her true happiness."
"At the expense of her heart."
"Her heart must yield to her judgment."
"Against her inclinations, Mr. Maring."
"She must have no inclinations."
"That is, she must have no heart."
"She don't want any."
"She will do something wrong. She'll leave you."
"She shall not."
"You can't prevent it."
"I will."
"You can't."
"I shall."

CHAPTER IV.
You are looked for, and called for, and asked for, and sought for.—Romeo and Juliet.
Mr. Maring in his dressing-gown and slippers, paced his room fretfully. He was nervous and irritated. Suddenly, with an excited jerk, he pulled the bell-rope. His servant opened the door.
"Have word to Miss Julia, I wish to see her before she retires."
"Please your honor, her maid was just in the kitchen to say, sir, that Miss Julia was—"
"Was what, sir?"
"Was not, sir—"
"Not what, sir?"
"In the house, sir."
"Then where is she, sir?"
"Can't say, your honor."
"Get my coat and hat—send Thomas here—"

bring me the lantern—ring the bell—give me my boots—bring my pistols—leave the room—quick, sir!"

"Please your honor, it storms."
"Let it—so will I!"
"It's furious, sir."
"So am I—begone!"

CHAPTER V.

Prithce, take him in thy arms, I overheard a plot of death upon him.—King Lear.
Crushed by the anguish of his despair, Charles Stuart bowed his head upon the table in his solitary room and meditated on the desperate scheme his friend had proposed. The hurricane beat upon the casement, but he heard it not.
"Oh, Julia!" he sighed; "beloved of my life! sweet star in the gloomy horizon of my youth! Why am I parted from thee? Why do I pine for the light of thy smiles? Why do our hearts suffer thus? Must it be so? Shall we never be united?"
"Never!" shouted a mad voice at the door, which was flung suddenly open, and admitted Mr. Maring, driven in by a thunder gust, that had left its dark scowl upon his face.
"Where is she, villain? Where's my daughter, scoundrel? Speak, puppy! Don't look on me, monkey! Where is she, hound? Speak, or I'll blow you into dog's meat!"
"You'll do nothing of the sort!" bawled a louder voice at his back: as a strong arm felled him senseless on the floor. 'Twas the arm of the woodman. Kicking over the table and lamp, he seized the bewildered Charles by the waist, threw him over his shoulders, and strode out into the storm, as if he were but bearing a hare from the hunt.

CHAPTER VI.

"Let them kiss one another, for they love well."—King Henry VI.
In the woodman's cottage was neither light nor fire. All was dark and lonely. A light would have disclosed a weeping maiden, in a melancholy plight, seated on a low stool in a corner of the apartment. She had committed a rash act, but love had led the maiden from duty. She had no comfort in her affliction—no hope for the future. Suddenly the door flew open, and the cottager entered, and threw into her arms the dripping form of the half unconscious lover.
"Who's this?" he exclaimed.
"Alas!" she moaned.
"Is it possible?" he asked.
"Is it Charles?" she murmured.
"It is," he faltered.
"Am I not your Julia?" she sighed.
"Oh, bliss unlooked for!" he whispered.
"Ah!" she sobbed.

CHAPTER VII.

Oh how the spring of love resembleth The uncertain glory of an April day, Which now shows all the beauty of the sun, And by and by a cloud takes all away.—Two Greats of Verona.
The storm with its tumult had passed away.—The early dawn dimly lighted the quaint columns and high arches of the old chapel of Arnewood.—The single undying candle burnt faintly before the altar. The pious old priest knelt solemnly at his devotions, while the happy Charles walked musingly back and forth, awaiting impatiently the coming of the bride. He had completed the arrangements they had agreed upon. Presently she entered; blushing in her beauty, and leaning on the arm of the sturdy cottager who found her in the forest.—She slowly approached the altar, and looked tenderly upon the bridegroom.
But she started back in affright.
"Good heavens!" said he.
"Good gracious!" said she.
"What blunder is this?" said he.
"Horrible!" said she.
"Some wretched mistake!" said he.
"You are not my Charles!" said she.
"Nor you my Julia!" groaned he.
"No!" she shrieked; and was carried out fainting in the arms of her unlucky preserver.

CHAPTER VIII.

"If I have too severely punished you, your compensation makes amends."—Tempest.
Mr. Maring sat despondingly in his study, his head bound in flannel, his feet on a cushion. Mrs. Lawson entered good naturedly and sat down beside him.
"Was I not right, Mr. Maring?"
"Yes."
"You will be careful how you tempt her again?"
"Yes."
"You have heard the story?"
"Yes."
"Ridiculous!"
"Yes."
"She is very penitent."
"Yes."
"Will you see the other Charles now?"
"Yes."
"And will also—"
"Yes."
"Then all will be well—and I will answer for her discretion and prudence for the future. She has had a valuable lesson."
"Yes."

Dr. Ure has invented a very simple and elegant instrument for ascertaining the precise quantity of absolute alcohol contained in any sample of fermented liquor, wine or spirit. If any liquor is found to contain only a small quantity of alcohol, at the same time that it is known to possess a strong intoxicating power, the inference is that it is drugged. Hence the instrument will be found of great use to the trader, as it is against the brewer, distiller or compounder who supplies him, and also to the public as against the trader, of whom they are the customers.
We are informed that the notorious Maria Monk is now an inmate of the State Prison at Sing Sing, having been sent thither on a conviction for grand larceny.—Brooklyn Advertiser.

"SHOW YOUR TICKETS."

A RAILROAD SKETCH.

BY SOLITAIRE.
On the rail cars between Albany and Buffalo, the conductors are frequently changed, during a single trip, and as each new one takes charge, he announces himself in office by the exclamation—"Show your tickets!"

On a night trip, recently, a testy old Yankee was one of the passengers, and having exhibited his ticket to the first conductor, he carefully placed it in a well-worn pocket-book, buttoned it up in the breast pocket of his coat, pulled his hat tightly on his head, and folding his arms, resigned himself to the care of Morpheus. His nasal organ had scarcely proclaimed him in dream-land, before another conductor came along, with—"Show your tickets!" The old Yankee awoke with a start, and having been made conscious of what was wanted he exclaimed—

"I reckon you don't want tew be seen' it all the time, dew you?"
"Once will do me, sir," says the conductor.
"Well, you hev seen it that offin," replied the old gent, "so you kin pass on."

The conductor insisted upon looking at it, and the disturbed passenger unbuttoned his coat, unstrapped the old pocket-book, handed out the ticket and the conductor passed by.

"Them fellars air mity afraid of gittin' chiesled," says he, as, placing his ticket in his vest pocket, he again resigned himself to sleep.
The conductor, thinking he had missed some of the passengers, came back again presently, and asked to see the tickets.

"What, agin?" exclaims the old man; "well, I s'wore, you are the most peskid bother I've ever sced. Jest take a good look now, and hev done."

The conductor passed on again, and the old man stuck his ticket in his hat-band, and this time got fairly asleep. The motion of the cars in a short time loosened his hat, and it fell off, which a sleepless wag in the cars perceiving, he picked up the conductor's lamp, and approaching the old gent, shouted in his ear—"Show your tickets!"

"Patience massy," says the old man, "ef here ain't another of these ticket fellars," and then he pulled out his pocket book, searched it, put it back, felt in his vest pocket, but in vain. "You've got it," says he; "I gin it tew you, I know. Here he recollected sticking it in his hat-band, and now commenced a search for his head-piece. The hat, amid the shuffling of the passengers' feet, had been kicked along under several different seats. After a busy search of some minutes, he thought he perceived it beneath a fat old lad's seat. In reaching for it, he awoke her.

"What do you want?" she inquired snappishly, as even the most amiable old lady would do, when awakened out of a sound sleep.
"I'm on'y reachin' for my hat, marm," says he; "it's got under your seat."

"I tell you 'taint," says she. "That's a nice excuse to be coming feeling round a body widdy when they are asleep. I'll tell the agent, see if I don't!"

"Why, good gracious, marm," says he, "you might sleep an age in the same biddin' with me and I'd never dream of techin' you."
"You might 'nt dream of doing so," said she, "but you ain't a bit too good to, I'll be bound—coming waking people up in the middle of the night when they are all alone, (there were fifty in the car) talking about a hat—why don't you git your hat, if it's there and go away; but I tell you 'taint there, now, and that is enough, I think, for any reasonable person—always a disturbing people this way—why don't you take it, I say?"

Thus commanded, the distressed old gent reached under the seat at the dark-looking object, which he fancied was his hat, and the old lady's small pet dog, which he caught hold of by the neck, seized him in turn by the fingers, with a *uu-u-u-u-u-u-u!*
"Ow-ah! cuss the consarned thing!" exclaimed he; "why it's a little varmint!"

"Now," says the old lady, "I reckon you are satisfied that it aint the kind of hat you are looking for, and you can go somewhere else and search for your old hat."
A jolt of the cars had nearly thrown him into her lap, on which she gave a slight scream, and called for protection.

"Perhaps this is your hat, sir," said the wag who was personating the conductor, at the same time handing him his chapeau, with the ticket safe in the hat-band. With an exclamation of pleasure, he seized it.
"Here take the consarned ticket, will you?" he exclaimed, handing it out promiscuously; but everybody refused.

"Won't nobody hev it?" he inquired.
"I vow to gracious I won't carry it another minit."
"Show your tickets!" exclaimed the conductor entering, to which he added—"We are at Auburn gentlemen."

"Here, take it," says the old Yankee, in a high state of excitement; "I'd jest rather be locked up in your dod-rotted old jail here than travel by night in these waggins. A man's eternally showing his ticket—runnin' agin cross dogs, or what's an all-fired eight wuss, cross old wimen!"

As he leaped from the car his waggish tormentor shouted after him, "Show your tickets!"
"Durn your tickets and the hull bilin' on you," he shouted back, as, making tracks for the hotel, he disappeared in the darkness.—St. Louis Revueille.

At a lecture last month delivered at the London Western Institution, on the Qualities and Uses of Ice, a remarkable object in the room was a model castle, with towers and battlements complete, the whole raised of chemically created ice.

A CARAVAN FROM THE SELKIRK SETTLEMENT.

On the 10th of July there arrived at the village of St. Paul, near St. Peters and the Falls of St. Anthony, on the upper Mississippi, the most novel and original caravan that has ever appeared since Noah's ark was evacuated. Our readers are aware of that there is an isolated settlement of several thousand inhabitants in a high latitude of British North America, known as the "Selkirk Settlement." Cut off from the commerce of the world, they rely entirely upon their own resources, their farms, their flocks, and fishing for support—being a community, so to speak, of Robinson Crusoes. Their crops having failed the two last seasons, they have been forced to break out of the wilds again and seek food in the market of the great brawling world.—Formerly their chief point of contact with commerce, was at Toronto; but now, owing to the increase of supplies on the Upper Mississippi, and the abundance of game and furs on that route they trade at St. Paul, the head of steamboat navigation on the Mississippi river. Into St. Paul they came, on the 10th of July, a caravan of one hundred and twenty carts, in single file, wearily moving along by moonlight. Long after the head of the caravan had reached the village, the lengthened train of followers could be seen moving over the undulating prairie, partially visible and partially hidden, between the billowy ridges of the extended plain, crawling onward like some huge serpent, the extreme rear still invisible and partly hidden in the dimness of the distance. They had travelled southward over the prairie six hundred miles, having been nineteen days on their way, through a region abounding in buffaloes—encamping at night in a tent around which the carts were arranged in a circle, to fence in the cattle. They were hindered considerable in crossing some of the streams—and in many places found a scarcity of fuel, and even the dry excrement of the buffalo, which they use for fuel. They often suffered for want of water—as many of the similar streams were so strongly impregnated with the excrement of the buffalo to be unwholesome. They brought along a large elk, a bear and some other animals, which they had captured on their way—and many packages of furs. They had a very choice lot of buffalo robes, well dressed, which they sold at St. Paul by the lot at \$3.50 each.

They had with them also an abundance of specie; they waited a few days at St. Paul, for the arrival of a steamboat load of flour and groceries. The caravan was made up of men and boys of all ages, kindreds, tongues and complexions, including a large proportion of Gumbos. Their dresses were as various as could be imagined, being uniform in only a single article of apparel—all wore moccasins. The carts were made wholly of wood and hides, the hubs being covered with bandages of green hides, drawn on while soft, and there shrinking until they become nearly as tight as bands of iron. Some of these odd two-wheeled vehicles were drawn by little horses, and others by oxen, each animal, horse or ox, being geared in a harness of green hide. They are now again on their way back to the frozen wilds of the north, many of them probably never again to communicate with the great world.—Wisconsin (Grant Co.) Herald.

FISHING.—We have so often objected to fishing, as an amusement, and have shuddered so sincerely as our friends recounted their exploits in this line, that we were rather pleased to meet, in the "Youth's Cabinet," a most capital, sensible, lively little periodical, for children, edited by our correspondent, the Rev. F. C. Woodworth, a defence of the art, less quaint and recondite, certainly, than the logic of Izaak Walton, but home-put and applicable.

"This business of fishing, once in a while, is not a very disagreeable employment to me. I like it. What is the use of minding the matter? I do take not a little delight in introducing a mammoth black-fish, for instance, to a new element. It has been objected, that the fish themselves are not partial to these introductions. Very like. But if they should happen to escape the fisherman, they would probably fall into the jaws of some greedy shark or other. Besides, it is a part of their business to thin out the ranks of the smaller fish. And I want to know—since it is mercy that people talk so much about—why we can't afford a little mercy for the lower classes? Look at the aristocracy of the thing. How does it come to pass that a great fish is so much more deserving of mercy than a little one? * * * I confess I should not take so much delight in fishing, if I believed that the victims of my powers of persuasion had all those delicate sensibilities which people ascribe to them. I do not believe they have. The fish is very low in the scale of animal life.—What angler of any experience has not caught the same sun-fish twice within a couple of minutes? * * * Some years ago two young gentlemen were fishing in a lake, and their stock of bait became exhausted. They then picked out the eyes of the dead perch, and baited their hooks with them. They caught several fish in this manner.—One of the fish so caught struggled so much, as they were taking off the hook, that by some accident the hook took out one of its eyes, while the fish escaped into the water. The hook, with this bait upon it, was thrown into the water, and in a few minutes the fugitive was caught again, having taken his own eye for a bait. What do you think of that, Mr. Philanthropist? * * * On the whole, there are many kinds of amusement current in this world that are much less innocent than that of angling. So thought the pious old Walton, two hundred years ago." We are quite obliged to Mr. Woodworth for meeting some of our scruples, and shall read the new edition of Walton's Compleat Angler with new relish. Next month we intend to ask the reader how he likes Walton, and to give him our own opinion. This month of September is the time to read him.

MISS DIX.—This benevolent lady has succeeded in persuading the legislature of Illinois to make provision for a State Lunatic Asylum. The Chicago Tribune tells an anecdote which strikingly shows her own power over insane people. It relates to the founding of a similar institution in Providence:

"The Legislature of Rhode Island had pledged a certain sum for the object, on condition that 70,000 should be made up by the contributions of the benevolent. It is the custom of Miss Dix to make personal applications to wealthy individuals whose hearts are supposed to be pervious to the appeals of 'melting charity.' There was an old fellow in this case, a citizen of Providence, who was known to possess an abundance of money, but he was equally noted for crabbedness of manners, and for the tenacity with which he clung to his worldly gear. Miss Dix announced her intention of making an experiment upon his sensibilities, but her friends endeavored to dissuade her from the undertaking, assuring her that there was not the least chance of success, and that in all probability she would not even be treated with civility. But she determined to go, and went. She knocked at the old miser's door, was admitted and immediately stated the object of her visit. He was unusually courteous, but still evaded the main question, and endeavored to turn the conversation to other subjects. But Miss Dix would not allow him to wander, all the time urging such considerations as she thought best adapted to touch him on the right spot. Finally he got a little impatient and exclaimed half petulently, 'What would you have, madam?' She tapped him confidently on the shoulder and replied, 'forty thousand dollars!' The old man moved—he paced the floor in agitation—but suddenly stopping before Miss Dix, he said, 'You shall have it.' And he was as good as his word. The projectors of this noble institution have to thank the reputed miser for \$40,000 of the \$70,000, which it was incumbent upon them to raise."

A NOVELTY IN SCULPTURE.—The London Spectator, in describing a piece of statuary which has been exhibited in this city, the work of Raffaele Monti, speaks of the wonderful execution of the design as follows.—"The effigy of a veiled Vestal tending the everlasting flame is a curiosity in sculpture—a feat of art. The figure is the size of life; it is clothed in a robe, and a veil thrown over the head envelops the face, shoulders, and parts of the arms; this veil is transparent. Not merely do you discern the covered forms where they actually swell out and touch the veil but you think you can see through the veil underneath the full and delicately finished features of a most beautiful face; you can detect the retreating curves of the profile and swelling forms of the lips, with a space between that softly but crisply rounded flesh and the covering gauze. You are deceived. Working in transparency of the marble with cunning skill, the sculptor so arranged the thinness and thickness of his material that the refracted lights suggest the forms beneath, which are not carved. The artist has chiselled the outward form of the veil, and in doing so has painted the veiled face in the light and shade glancing through the marble. He calls it *uno scerzo*, and it is so; but it is much more so—it is a very beautiful figure."

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.—About twelve years ago, a young gentleman, whose name we forbear to mention, residing in an interior county of Kentucky, became smitten—as falling in love is usually termed—with the daughter of a wealthy merchant. His love was requited by the fair and lovely girl, but the young man being poor, without influence, and having nothing to depend upon but his own industry and resolution, his suit was looked upon with favorless eye by the wealthy father. In a moment of chagrin and disappointment, the proud youth left the home of his childhood—and twelve years rolled by, during which time no word was heard of him. He went to the West Indies, a penniless adventurer, and one month since returned home, the possessor of an immense fortune. In the mean time, the father of his beloved had failed, and died a poor broken hearted man, leaving his wife and daughter dependent upon the cold charities of the world. Yet in poverty, as well as in wealth, the two lovers had remained faithful to their youthful vows, and two days after the return of the wanderer, he led his long cherished idol to the Hymeneal altar. How beautiful, in a cold, heartless world, like this, is the fidelity of two such hearts!—Cincinnati Chronicle.

AIR LINE RAILROAD.—The charter, as amended at the last session of the Connecticut Legislature, authorizes the Company to organize when \$500,000 is subscribed. Of this amount \$336,000 have already been subscribed in Middletown and vicinity. We understand that books are soon to be opened, with a view to procure \$150,000 or \$200,000 additional, to enable the company to organize without delay, which for several reasons is deemed important. The stock of the Massachusetts section is already taken. From the south-western termination of that section, at or near Blackstone, to New Haven, is 84½ miles; the whole cost of which, including equipments, according to the estimates of engineers, will be \$2,639,000. We are further informed on good authority that recent explorations and surveys have established the fact that no grade on the whole line need exceed 50 feet to the mile, and that only two miles will come up to that.—N. Y. Jour. Com.

"Halloo, steward," exclaimed a fellow in the steamboat, after he had retired to bed; "Halloo, steward!"
"What, massa?"
"Bring me the way-bill!"
"What for, massa?"
"I want to see if these bed bugs put down their names for this birth before I did; if not, I want 'em turned out."

ANOTHER STRANGE WILL.—An eccentric gentleman of Philadelphia lately deceased, left behind him an odd testament in the shape of a will, from which the following is said to be an extract:

"Whereas, my daughter refused me a night's lodging in her house when I had no place of abode, I therefore leave her one cent, and to her henpecked husband, half a cent, as a man who allows his wife to insult her father in his presence, is no man. To my other children I recommend a perusal of the Fifth Commandment. To my mother-in-law, I bequeath six cents, provided she buys therewith a halter to hang herself, for having swindled the Elect out of a gold watch she wears, under the pretence of benevolence and Christian conduct and behavior."

OIL OF STONES.—"Sermons in stones" we had heard of before, but it remained for the French Institute to enlighten the world by means of a "mineral oil" obtained from the mines of Autun. We are told that this remarkable liquid has many valuable qualities; among the rest, that of not staining by contact, and of yielding, a remarkably clear and steady flame. This shows that the manufacture has yet to reach the highest pitch, and also that the oil is adapted to wicked purposes. May it not be a mere figure after all, this oil? Perhaps some miserly Autunnois, out of whose flinty heart none could ever squeeze one drop of pity, finding his lamp expiring, and himself in need of extreme unction, has endowed a hospital, or granted a supply of butter in perpetuity, to a neighboring orphan asylum. Possibly, though hardly so, some wealthy publisher, feeling conspicuous visiting at the last, has left proportionate sums for the relief of the various authors by whose labors he grew rich. In any point of view the story is a remarkable one.—Union Magazine.

AN HONEST FELLOW, TRULY.—A good man—he must have been conscientious (and verdant also)—residing in the country, and employed as a sort of agricultural laborer, having contrived to scrape together fifty dollars, took it to his employer, with a request that he would take charge of it for him.—The request was complied with. The year rolled round; and the laborer applied to another friend to know what would be the interest upon it. He was told three dollars. "Well," said he, "I wish you would lend me three dollars for a few days. My boss has been keeping fifty dollars for me, for a year, and I want to pay him the interest for it."—This is true.

The Spanish Bondholders wish England to go to war to recover their debts. We certainly think the S. B.'s should be paid, and paid in full, but then we do not see why we should fight their battles. We can only remind them of a celebrated line, which doubtless they have heard before, which commences by asking "Hereditary Bondsmen" if they would be free;—and concludes by telling them, if that is their desire, that they "themselves must strike the blow"—only probably the Hereditary Bondsmen of Spain would get more if they were to strike a docket!—Punch.

EDUCATION.—It is objected of many of our "finishing schools" that their finishing is totally irrespective of any beginning. Young ladies revel in theologies before they can write a decent letter, and learn the polka before they can spell poker.—How many dainty crow-quill notes are dated "Tuesday," and if any occurrence is to be communicated, call it "melancholly news." But people have very different views of education. The other day, in a steamboat, we heard a lady, who was cooing a refractory varlet, whisper, "If you'll be a good boy, you shall kill a chicken when we get home."

ADVICE OF COUNSEL.—There is a well known custom prevailing in our criminal courts, of assigning counsel to such prisoners as have no one to defend them. On one occasion, the Court finding a man accused of theft and without counsel, said to a lawyer who was present:

"Mr. —, please to withdraw with the prisoner, confer with him, and then give him such counsel as may be best for his interest."
The lawyer and his client then withdrew, and in fifteen or twenty minutes the lawyer returned into court.

"Where is the prisoner?" asked the Court.
"He is gone your honor," said the hopeful legal limb. "Your honor told me to give him the best advice for his interest, and, as he said he was guilty, and I thought the best counsel I could offer him was to 'cut and run' which he took at once."

CURIOUS CIRCUMSTANCE.—A short time since, while a little child of a gentleman of this place was playing in the yard, it was suddenly attacked by a large rooster and severely injured. The rooster struck it in the head with his spurs, cutting through its cheek and making other deep gashes on its face; it also picked the child's head and breast, and would probably have killed it, if the father had not fortunately happened to come into the yard in time to rescue it. The rooster was immediately killed.—Old Colony Rep.

ELECTRIC VELOCITY.—It has been stated, and generally understood, that electricity in high tension travels at the rate of two hundred and eighty thousand miles in a second of time—that this is the probable velocity of communications by the magnetic telegraph. But from recent observations it appears most probable that no space of time whatever is required in the passage of the telegraphic current from one station to another, whatever the distance. The induction of the fluid at one end of the wire produces induction at the other at the same instant.

The nicest Fourth of July toast we have seen this year, was the following, given at a celebration in Ohio, by J. L. Baker: "Our country-women—may their breast-works ever afford a shelter to the American infant-ry."