

# THE COLUMBIA SPY.

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## CHARRICK WESTBROOK,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.  
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TERMS.—The COLUMBIA SPY is published every  
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Circulars, etc., etc., executed with neatness and despatch  
and on reasonable terms.

## ROSALEL—A SONG.

AT—'Lucy Long.'  
When Rosa was a baby,  
They asked that I would tell  
A name for the little lady,  
And I called her Rosabel,  
Take your time, Miss Rosa,  
Rosa, Rosabel,  
And learn your lesson well.  
Now Rosa's like her namesake,  
That in the garden grows,  
And when she blooms to more shape,  
Oh how she'll plague the beaux!  
But take your time, Miss Rosa,  
Rosa, Rosabel,  
Take your time, Miss Rosa,  
And watch the fellows well.  
For soon they'll come a courting,  
And wondrous things they'll tell;  
Oh, how their hearts are doating  
On pretty Rosabel.  
But take your time, Miss Rosa,  
Rosa, Rosabel,  
Take your time, Miss Rosa,  
No matter what they tell.  
They'll say that you are losing  
The morning of your life,  
And that you should be choosing  
To be somebody's wife.  
But take your time, Miss Rosa,  
Rosa, Rosabel,  
Take your time, Miss Rosa,  
No matter what they tell.  
And O, they will be sighing,  
To prove their passion true,  
And vow that they are dying,  
But just to live with you.  
So take your time, Miss Rosa,  
Rosa, Rosabel,  
Take your time, Miss Rosa,  
No matter what they tell.  
But while the rose is blooming,  
No body minds the thorn;  
Yet don't be too presuming,  
For soon the bloom is gone.  
Don't overstay, Miss Rosa,  
Your time, Miss Rosabel;  
To waste your roses, Rosa,  
Is not to manage well.  
But while your cheek is blooming,  
And many you command,  
On some one be bestowing,  
At once your heart and hand,  
For that's the way, Miss Rosa,  
Rosa, Rosabel,  
That's the way, Miss Rosa,  
To wear your roses well.

## THE OUTLAW

### OF THE SACRAMENTO

PROSEPO. Fair encounter  
Of two most rare affections. Temper.

"Would that the Californian character were as lofty as the Californian mountains!" exclaimed I, extending myself almost breathless upon the loftiest summit of the chain which edges the Sacramento Valley.  
"Not so," returned my friend, quietly; "it would be too hard to climb."  
Harry South was one of those men who reveal to their intimate friends a marked peculiarity of character. There are many such; all indeed may be really so, for every man convinces those who know him best that he possesses a true and full individuality; but, more than any other of my acquaintance, my friend managed to mask a dreamy poetical imagination and a glowing heart under the appearance of a mere fashionable and high-spirited man of the world. His wealth and connections in society of course secured him the position of a gentleman. Nobody suspected him of being a poet; yet though he never wrote lines, he always thought poetry. Between the ages of fifteen and twenty-three he served in the navy as midshipman and lieutenant, and then left the profession to succeed to a valuable estate, and consult his own pleasure by traveling as a gentleman at ease. At Yerba Buena I first met him, and our acquaintance soon warmed into friendship; so that before many days passed, we found ourselves traveling together on a half-journing, half-exploring expedition along the beautiful Valley of Sacramento. Every hour revealed some new trait in his intense character. A peculiar freshness, not of inexperience, but the vivid glance that never dulls by often looking, seemed to form his ideas upon ever subject, and made especially delightful our conversation upon the most delightful of all topics, love and woman's heart. Hitherto untouched by the gentle passion, he had set up for himself an ideal model, not moulded, as he was wont to exclaim, after any form of material clay, but one which rose within his mind in dim yet lustrous beauty, like a translucent mist before the dazzling sun. Such a character he conceived to be Miranda, in 'The Tempest,' and looked upon it as a lovely vision, never to be realized, yet ever before him with delicious, tantalizing presence. Indeed, so often did he rhapsodize upon Miranda, that before two days had elapsed I became heartily sick of my friend's hobby, and sought every occasion to draw him out on other things. In this way we arrived at the edge of that immense valley, and ascended the loftiest mountain to catch a far view of the scenery around us.  
"Yes," said Harry, "it would be too hard to climb. You are ambitious, and can never be stationary; you must either move onward or else

keep out of sight. If I were disposed to compliment, I might say, so is the sun; but the source of light would be degraded by comparison with a merely ambitious man. For my own part, I would simply 'take the goods the gods provide me,' and glide through a happy life, in cultivating, not so much my 'partial acres,' for I confess myself no farmer, as my own heart. The little society I would have must be associates, not rivals nor inferiors. But you would struggle, and prefer rising above the ignorant weak to being surpassed by the educated strong. This is your country. The Californians are too indolent to strive with an energetic man, and will quietly allow him to ride over them, provided he is not rough shod. They have all the pride of Spaniards, half the quick intellect of Frenchmen, and more than the terrible revengefulness of Italian bravo. At the same time, the laziest Turk that breathes through life in a cloud of smoke, would open his eyes at these lumps of Californian clay, forever sleep. Look from this mountain-top, and say, are they worthy of their country? The air, that breathes delicious health through others' veins, enervates them. These noble mountains that we love to climb with soul as well as body, only arouses in them a lazy horror of the troublesome ascent, as they stand below, dully gazing upward. But, by Heaven! there is one below us who is not gazing upward in dullness! That attitude is entirely and despair itself."

I sprang to my feet and looked over the edge of the mountain. Beginning at the spot where we stood an almost perpendicular precipice seemed to slide down full six hundred feet, and then another peak rose aloft, leaving between a little valley with about fifty yards of loose rocks, garlanded with verdure. At that moment I did not notice a rude hunting-lodge in the middle; my attention was wholly fastened on two human beings in that remote place. One of them was very tall, gigantic even, for a Californian, and his herculean limbs, arrayed in the hunter's finery of his nation, bespoke him at once a dangerous neighbor in time of feud. At his feet, in an attitude of exquisite suffering, knelt a young girl, lovely even in the distance; and so truthful was her posture, that we almost fancied we heard a pleading voice, broken with sobs and tears. Yet the hunter stood savage and immovable, looking contemptuously on her for a moment, and then turning away, he walked swiftly out of the ravine.

"There is something here for us to do," said Harry, firmly and rapidly. His words roused me from a gaze of wonder at that singular pantomime, and hastily exchanging glances, we seized our rifles, and descended the mountain in silence.

Some hours passed before we could force our way through the thick underwood down the more gently sloping side, or skirt along the base. Even then there was great difficulty in searching for the narrow gorge. At last, however, we found ourselves near the cabin of the hunter, but our steps were delayed a moment by a huge dog, the Cerberus of these regions, which rushed upon us with a howl that sounded as if the triple-headed monster of old had opened with every throat at once. Our business did not allow of such obstacles, and a shot from one of our revolvers soon stretched him upon the grass. We entered the lodge. In one corner sat the fair suppliant we had seen before, hiding her face in her hands, and moaning to herself that most mournful of all Spanish exclamations: "Ay de mi! ay de mi!" She had evidently mistaken our shot for the return of the Californian hunter. Harry spoke a few words of encouragement, but at the first sound of a strange voice she started up with an instinctive scream, and then, to our utter amazement, clasped each of us in her arms with a shower of tears, and a broken cry of half-hysterical joy.

We drew back at this strange reception, but at the next instant would have surrendered a year of our lives to be in that delicious embrace again.—Strange that we did not feel it at the time, but when the first astonishment wore off, there lingered the idea of a sensation that we might have felt and remembered to the day of our death. But the girl evidently did not intend to repeat the salutation. She stood wondering at her repulse as much as we did afterward, but with better reason. It was a common and innocent token of friendship among the warm, open-hearted sex of her country, and she, poor thing, saw a friend in every stranger at that time. She seemed about seventeen, and her form exhibited a rare mingling of grace and voluptuous symmetry that I had before deemed impossible. All California senoritas possess the latter, but it is united with a spreading luxuriance of limb that form a magnificent contrast to the sylph-like airiness of some other climes. Here, however, the two were so connected that it seemed hard to know to which class of beauty she belonged. At that time, indeed, no critical thought entered my head; I saw before me only the Californian glancing her dark eyes on us in fearful hope, and wondered that I had ever thought the phrase "billyow bosom" an extravagant expression. She came forward again, and taking a hand of each, pressed them between her own, saying inquiringly, and with inexpressible softness of tone: "Amigos?" Then, without waiting for an answer, she hurried on. Her father, she said, was a wealthy planter near the Sacramento river, herself his only child. A young man, the companion of her youth, had been convicted of a capital crime and sentenced to death; but a few days before the execution he had escaped, and was supposed to be lurking near the mountains. He had once been an unsuccessful suitor for her love, and his flight relieved her from the load of fear she had always felt of his character and designs.—But, two days since, she extended her evening walk too far, and suddenly the outlaw stood in her path! He stopped for no vain entreaties; they would be useless; but placed her behind him on a swift mustang, and fled for his home in the mountains. No pause or rest was allowed; in one day they

crossed the valley, and stopped at last before his cabin. Here he lifted her from the horse, faint with terror, fatigue and hunger, and leaving a savage hound as her keeper, he had just started forth with his rifle in search of game. She told this brief story simply and artlessly, as if conscious that words were not wanted to color the deed; and then dropping our hands, still in her beauty and distress. Excited as I myself was, I involuntarily started at the first word of Harry South. His usually calm exterior changed into an expression of terrible meaning, and even then I saw that something more than mere compassion and anger agitated my friend. What he said was broken, and evidently came struggling up from his heart. He promised her protection and safe return, and without wasting words, urged an immediate departure. We turned to go, and our eyes fell upon the gigantic form of the hunter, terribly lacerated, and dripping blood, as he leaned against the doorway for support. He appeared hardly able to stand; but the dull, glassy look of faintness in his eye seemed to surround a fierce gleam of foiled malice. A fearful contest was going on between his wounded body and the unconquered will of his soul. The latter prevailed for a moment, as with an actually blazing eye, he rushed toward us, raising aloft his clubbed rifle. The blow was easily warded off, and the exhausted desperado fell.

Never did I fully appreciate the womanly loveliness of Clara, holding the head of dying Marmion to her breast, until I saw the young girl strive to raise her enemy and staunch his wounds. We soon found that he was not dead; and having carefully deposited him upon a rude couch, the perplexing question arose, "What is to be done?" He deserved nothing at our hands but death, yet common humanity forbade us even to leave him in that dangerous condition. We therefore remained there full four days, while he was balancing between life and death. The cause of his wounds we could not then inquire, though they were evidently received in close fight with some wild beast. During this time, I acted as hunter and purveyor of food; the Californian, of course, was the nurse; and Harry, equally of course, elected himself surgeon.

From what the hunter afterwards said, it appeared that he had wandered some distance up the mountain in search of wild sheep or "broad-horns," and suddenly found himself in close vicinity to a grizzly bear; almost the only animal which the bold western hunter fears to meet. It is nearly impossible for one to kill it; rifle-balls bury themselves in its body, and seem but to increase its ferocity. Knowing that the eye was the only part open to mortal wound, he calmly waited until the fierce monster was just about to rush upon him, and then fired with deliberate aim. Vain hope! The bear moved a little at that instant, and received the bullet in its thick skull. It was staggered at first, but instantly recovering itself, it seized the hunter in a terrible embrace. Nothing but his calmness of nerve saved him then. Torn and breathless as he was, while the monster's hot breath was yet upon him, and the foam ground from those frightful jaws flew into his face, he drew the long slender dagger, worn by Californians for a hunting-knife, and applying it with steady grasp to the eye, drove it suddenly up to the haft. Both fell together, but that deadly thrust had saved him. The animal struggles were short, and the hunter arose, fearfully mangled but still alive. He tottered back as well as he could, and arrived only to find new enemies in his own home.

At the end of four days the question, "What shall we do?" was as perplexing as ever. The hunter was fast recovering; too fast indeed for our wishes, for we could not expect him tranquilly to relinquish his prize; and it was accordingly determined by the council of peace to leave him secretly after placing within his reach provisions enough to last him several days. The next morning saw us five leagues distant.  
During the journey, I had few opportunities of learning the character of our fair companion. She was mounted on the same mustang which had carried her before, and Harry walking by her side, kept up incessantly a low-toned conversation, so that I took the hint and led the way. At the close of the first day we bivouacked in true hunting style, and making up a lumpy couch for the Californian girl, laid ourselves upon the soft moss in silence. I was just falling into a gentle doze, when a single word from my friend awoke me.  
"Strange!"  
"That you have found your tongue at last?—What else?"  
"Why, I never thought to ask her name."  
"Perhaps I can inform you."  
"You! How did you learn it? What is it?"  
"What can it be, but—Miranda?" said I, mischievously.  
"No more of that, Hal!" he replied with many a blush. "But yet," added he, more earnestly, "she is Miranda in truth. In a few words she unveils her whole soul. So innocent, so child-like, and yet so womanly. I could say to her with Ferdinand—

"Full many a lady I have eyed with best regard; and many a time The harmony of the tongue hath into bondage Brought my too diligent ear, for several virtues Haves I liked several women; never any With so full a soul, but some defect in her Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owned, And put it to the foil; but you, O you, So perfect and so peerless, are created Of every creature's best."

Her beauty and distress more than interested me first, and since that—why should I not confess it?—our conversation has showed me a fresh, noble soul, and has actually, not, as I was about to say, made a fool of me, but a wise and happier man."  
"Happier! I may congratulate you, then. But her old lover, he will of course recover, and he is a Californian. The stab in the dark."  
"True; but a Californian practices gratitude as

well as revenge. I hardly know which he feels towards us. We probably saved him from a lingering death, but at the same time robbed him of something more than life. Let us mention him no more. He is a dark shadow in my path, but thank heaven! behind me. I fear him not. Strange that I never thought to ask her name!"  
With this soliloquy, he turned over and went to sleep.

The second day gave me no better opportunity than the first for examining more minutely into the character of our fair friend. Harry was still her constant cavalier, and I sometimes fancied that his treatment in excluding me might be aptly termed by the same word. But situated as he was, it was a point of honor to give him exclusive possession of her company, especially as we expected soon to reach her home. Still, as I occasionally glanced back, and marked her free, artless bearing, or heard the musical murmur of her laugh, I could hardly help envying Harry, and his place by her side. Towards the close of the afternoon we left the valley and ascended the first hill beyond. When the summit was gained, a faint outcry of joy from our companion, as she pointed towards a large hacienda about a half a mile distant, showed that she recognized her home. We stopped and were almost instantly seen by a straggling slave, who ran to the hacienda, and in a few moments, a gray-headed old man spurred toward us at full speed, with a crowd of servants following him.

"My father!"  
"You have another friend to welcome," said a deep voice at our side, and the tall form of the outlaw stepped from behind a rock.

"I have waited for you here," he continued, with singular calmness. "Your companions I might have waylaid and shot down before this, but they once spared and even saved my life, when I expected death from them. I cannot recover you without injury to them, and now, at this our last meeting, I come with one request. By the memory of our childish days, by the depth of my love for you, grant it! Let me see you alone for the last time—forever!"

He hesitated; but—  
"It cannot be, Herinan," murmured faintly by the girl, and "It must not be," more authoritatively from Harry South, decided the matter.

"Then what I have to say, I will say before witnesses."

He paused, and his fingers worked convulsively upon the barrel of the rifle on which he was leaning.  
"Why have I left my retreat and followed you thus, while fever ran in my veins, and my wounds opened at every step? Need I tell you? 'Tis the same cause that curbed my proud nature in boyish days; the same that drove me forth, the same that gained you but to lose all. Need I tell you now? You shrink, and well you may. Forgive me; the days of violence have passed, and you will seek peace from another. I must not live to see this; I have come now to bid you farewell, and to terminate the existence which torments me. Farewell! I commend you to the Holy Virgin."

He held his open hand toward her a moment, then suddenly raised his rifle and fired. I caught her in my arms, dead!

A maddened scream actually convulsed my friend. He instantly recovered himself, and with frightful slowness presented his rifle and deliberately covered the outlaw's heart.

"Fire!" cried he, baring his breast; you save me from self-murder, which would be hateful to God, and in her sight!"

"No," replied Harry, lowering his weapon, "thou Satan of fallen angels, I will not murder you.—Wounded though you are, you shall have an equal chance for life; but we cannot both live. Imagine the ground to be duly measured," he added with a mocking, ghastly smile.

He took a pair of pistols from his belt and handed me one. I received it mechanically, and gave it to the Californian. They stood opposite each other. I counted, and at the last word there was a single explosion.

The outlaw held his pistol in the same position as before. He tottered, and pressing one hand upon his bosom, staggered to the body of his victim.

"Let me die here, by her side!" he cried as he fell. Then looking up to Harry with a horrible smile, "It was a poor shot, I thought you were a better marksman." He raised the pistol to his head and pressed the trigger.

Though years have passed, I never can forget that scene; the body of that lovely being, stretched beside her gigantic lover; my noble friend gazing on them with life-long agony in his look, and in the distance, a gray-haired father hastening to his child!

A CAPITAL JOKE.—The Lord Chancellor of Ireland having made an appointment to visit the Dublin Insane Asylum, repaired thither in the absence of the chief manager, and was admitted by one of the keepers, who was waiting to receive a patient answering the description of Sir Edward. He appeared to be very talkative, but the attendants humored him, and answered all his questions. He asked if the Surgeon General had arrived, and the keeper answered him that he had not yet come, but that he would be there immediately. "Well," said he, "I will inspect some of the rooms till he arrives." "Oh, no," said the keeper, "we could not permit that at all." "Then I will walk for a while in the garden," said his lordship, "while I am waiting for him." "We cannot let you go there either," said the keeper. "What!" said he, "don't you know I am Lord Chancellor?" "Sir," said the keeper, "we have four more Lord Chancellors here already." He got into a great fury, and they were beginning to think of a stratagem to get him, when fortunately the Surgeon General arrived.—"Has the Chancellor arrived yet?" asked he. The man burst out laughing at him, and said, "Yes, sir, we have him safe; but he is by far the most dangerous patient we have."

A PROPHECY.—The Cherokee Advocate of the 12th ult., gives a candid account of a young prophetess who has sprung up among the Creek Indians out West. She throws out Kinney (our Biloxi prophet) altogether into the shade. It is not likely that she has been magnetized by some young brave who possesses the power of clairvoyance, without being aware of it!

In these latter days (says the Advocate) there has appeared a remarkable "prophetess," in the person of a young girl of the Creek nation. She lives a few miles from Fort Gibson, and we have great reports of the sensation and moving she has caused in the "dry bones," around her. We cannot pretend to relate all the marvellous things we have heard of her sayings and doings—it would require to do so greater faith and more time than we have to bestow on such a subject. Suffice it, then, that the person alluded to is about fifteen years of age, of Creek descent, illiterate, and not remarkable in former days for any qualities of mind that would distinguish her above many of her countrywomen. About three months ago, while engaged in some household duties, she uttered a scream and fell senseless. Her friends supposed that she was dead, and made ready to bury her; but after remaining in that state for several hours, she gave signs of life and gradually regained her strength. She had been in a trance, and when revived gave a lucid account of her intercourse with the spirits of the upper world—all that she saw, of all that was told her, and of certain events which should come to pass. She has been in the same state once or twice since, and professes to have had communion with the Saviour of men, whose wounds open and bleed afresh upon the perpetration of every wicked act committed here below; and who has taught her the words of a sweet song, which she sings with great beauty and effect. She has predicted one or two deaths which have come to pass, and told, from her own feelings, of a murder, at the very time it was committed at a distance of several miles from home. She has also purchased her burial clothes, and certain signs which would then be seen, and from which the world could judge of the sincerity of her professions and the truth of her revelations.

People from all sections are flocking to see her, and as she goes off again to-day, for the last time but one, it is said that an immense crowd will visit her. There are many who consider her case a remarkable one, and who, believing in her inspiration, have become alarmed, and forsook the errors of their ways.

These are some of the accounts we have heard of this modern prophetess, whom every body should visit—those who have some knowledge of such things, to visit what may be, perhaps an interesting case in medical science, and those who are ready to be led away by every windy doctrine, to see what shadows they are, to have something wonderful to talk about, and to become frightened into a proper course of life, if they cannot be reasoned and persuaded into it.

EXTRAORDINARY COURAGE.—On the 3d ult., a youth about 18 years of age, son of a gentleman well known in Manchester, proceeding along the Newbury road, when he was either met or overtaken by a dog which bit the little finger of his left hand, he immediately made after the dog, which bore every appearance of being in a rabid state, and killed it; then remembering the fatal consequences from the bite of a mad dog, and thinking he might have imbibed the hydrophobic poison, he deliberately took out a pen knife and cut off the finger by the first joint. After this he went to the office without taking any further notice of the matter, and went about his usual business without giving intimation to any one what had happened. At last, however, a quantity of blood which oozed from the wound led to the detection, whence he was sent to Mr. Jordan, surgeon, of Bridge street, who on examining the extremity, found it necessary to amputate the finger at the second joint. This the youth bore with the same indifference as he did the pain which he must have caused himself whilst practising the surgical art upon his own person; the operator in the latter case declaring he had never before met with a patient who showed such great indifference to pain. After the operation was over he went to business as usual.

EXTRAORDINARY FEATURES IN THE GEOLOGY OF KERUELEN ISLAND.—On the south side of the harbor is the extraordinary rock noticed by Cook, which forms so conspicuous an object in his accurate drawings of this place. It is a huge mass of basalt much more recent than the rock on which it rests, and through which it seems to have burst in a semi-fluid state. It is upwards of five hundred feet thick, and rests upon the older rock at an elevation of six hundred feet above the level of the sea; and it was between these rocks of different ages that the fossil trees were chiefly found, and one exceeding seven feet in circumference was dug out and sent to England. Some of the pieces appeared so recent that it was necessary to take it in your hand to be convinced of its fossil state, and it is most curious to find it in every stage, from that of charcoal lighting and burning freely when put in the fire, to so high a degree of silicification as to scratch glass. A bed of shale, several feet in thickness, which was found overlaying some of the fossil trees had probably prevented their carbonization when the fluid lava poured over them. A still more extraordinary feature in the geology of this island is the numerous seams of coal, varying in thickness from a few inches to four feet, which we found embedded in the trap rock.

Cattle are now exported from Michigan. A large drove recently left Marengo, Calhoun County for New York. A few years ago cattle were driven into Michigan from the States of New York and Ohio.

A JEWEL OF A LETTERWRITER.—The Louisville Journal thus serves up one of his contemporaries in Cincinnati.

"He is the rascal, who, a few years ago, acted as the Cincinnati correspondent of the Louisville Journal and Penn's Louisville Advertiser, writing Whig letters for the one, and Locofoco letters for the other. In one case the scoundrel wrote to the Journal that a certain state election would certainly go in favor of the Whigs, and, at the same time wrote to the Advertiser that it would certainly go for the Democrats; and, after the election was over, he wrote to the Journal that it actually had gone for the Whigs, and at the same time to the Advertiser that it actually had gone for the Democrats!!"

We detected the villain and at once exposed him and dismissed him from our employment. He is just fit for the — uses, and the — is just fit for his.

The New York Courier des Etats says that Mr. Glaty, of that city, has a child, which affords an example of the freaks of nature, as follows:—The child is hardly 22 months old, and 30 inches in height. Recently it grew five inches in three days, and then, after twelve days' intermission, it grew four inches in a week. As the Courier is informed, by M. Legrand, the French physician who attended it, it is the most curious phenomenon ever observed; most rapid growth known being three inches in eight days. We add with regret that this abnormal development has exhausted the strength of the child, which is reduced to such a state that the circulation of the blood can be seen in its veins. It lives only by the nursing it receives, and they despair of raising it.

"My brethren and friends," said a preacher out West, "it is necessary to make a great demonstration. We live in an age remarkable for mighty inventions, not the least of which is the patent pill which my eldest brother has given to the world. It is the most astounding, wonderful invention that his ever-gifted genius has conferred upon the world; it is the greatest benefit of the species. From motives of pure philanthropy I have put a few in my pocket, which you can have at the close of the service at a dime a box."

An Illinois Lawyer defending a thief, wound up his speech to the jury in behalf of his injured client with the following rousing appeal: "True he was rude—so air our bars. True he was rough—so air our ballfals. But he was a child of freedom, and his answer to the despot and the tyrant was, that his home was in the bright setting sun."

ABDICATION OF KINGS AND EMPERORS.—Throughout the history of Europe there never existed similar examples of so many sovereigns threatening to resign their thrones as at the present moment. No fewer than three or four potentates are declared to entertain serious intentions of abdicating their power and authority.

This is good news. The time is coming when birth-right crowns will have to go a begging for heads. The poor creatures who have become tired of their sceptres, are the Emperor of Russia, the King of the Belgians, and the Prince of Orange.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEMS.—\$20 Reward to the person who will first give all the magic variations to a square of 16 cells, containing the natural numbers from 1 to 16, by a general form.

\$25 Reward to the person who will place the numbers from 1 to 36 inclusive in 36 cells in the form of a magic square, so that 4, when anywhere taken in the form of a square shall amount to one nine part of the sum of all the numbers, viz: 74—one ninth of Lathalos-Romith divided by 9. This square anciently represented the sun. Who dares to crack the seal. C. P. NEWTON.

Ether has been applied to vegetables by a celebrated professor of natural sciences in Switzerland, the object, to test the effects of either on vegetable life and sensitiveness. The results of his experiments have been communicated in a memorial to the Academy of Sciences of the canton of Vaud, and these go to prove that vegetables are as susceptible of the effects of ether as are animals.

JEWELRY IN AFRICA.—The Jewish Intelligencer states, that a considerable number of Jewish merchants reside and carry on an extensive traffic in Timbuctoo. The great difficulty of intercourse with which is want of water, whilst conveying goods on camels in bales lined with lead within and covered with skins without to preserve the contents from the excessive heat. The Timbuctoo Jews travel to Socham, a town in the Sahara desert, thirty-six days from Mogadore, every spring, and are dark complexioned, but not black. They use the same prayers as the Portuguese Jews, and dress like Moors, only wearing a black cap.

A pamphlet of forty two pages has recently been published, giving an account of Dr. John Williams, who lately died at Brattleboro, and who is generally supposed to have been the celebrated robber, Captain Thunderbolt. It contains the confession of Michael Martion, or Captain Lightfoot, the companion of Thunderbolt. The opinion strengthens that Wilson was really the noted Thunderbolt.

What a glorious world this would be if all the inhabitants could say, with 'Shakespeare's Shepherd,' "Sir, I am a true laborer. I earn that I get; get that I wear; owe no man hate; envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good; contented with my farm."

As the dove will clasp its wings to its side, and cover and conceal the arrow that is preying on its vitals, so is the nature of woman to hide from the world the pang of wounded affections.

Men, like books, have at each end a blank leaf, childhood and old age.