

THE COLUMBIA SPY.

AND LANCASTER AND YORK COUNTY RECORD.

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COLUMBIA, PA. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1847.

[WHOLE NUMBER, 905.]

CHARITABLE WESTBROOK,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Printing Office—Front Street, opposite Barr's Hotel
Publication Office—Locust Street, opposite the P. O.
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 date of subscribing. Single copies, THREE CENTS.
TERMS OF ADVERTISING.—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.
JOB PRINTING.—Such as Hand-bills, Posting-bills, Cards, Labels, Pamphlets, Blanks of every description Circulars, etc., etc., executed with neatness and dispatch and on reasonable terms.

FIRE!! FIRE!!! ORR'S CELEBRATED AIR-TIGHT STOVES.

C. J. TYNDAL, No. 97, South Second Street, Philadelphia, wishes to inform his friends and the public generally, that he still continues to manufacture and sell the genuine Air-Tight Stove, with the latest improvements.

After many years experience in the manufacture of these Stoves, he is now enabled to offer to his customers the Air-Tight Stoves with ovens, suitable for dining rooms or nurseries.

He has also the Air-Tight Stove, on the Radiator plan, which makes a splendid and economical parlor stove, to which he would call the particular attention of those who want an elegant and useful article for their parlors. Also, a large assortment of Coal, Parlor and Cooking Stoves. All of which he will sell at the lowest Cash prices. The public would do well to call before purchasing elsewhere.

Mr. T. would caution the public against Air-Tight Stoves, made by most Stove makers, as they do not answer the purpose intended. Columbia, Sept. 18th, 1847-2m.

B. E. MOORE. I. N. RISDON.

MOORE & RISDON, MERCHANT TAILORS,

No. 70 South Third Street, nearly opposite the Exchange, Philadelphia.

RESPECTFULLY announce to their friends and the public that they are constantly prepared to make to order, of the finest and best materials, and at moderate prices, every article of Fashionable Clothing, consisting of a Gentleman's Wardrobe, for which their complete stock of choice and carefully selected Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings &c., of the latest and most desirable patterns, are particularly designed.

Their own practical knowledge of the business and a personal attention to every garment, enables them to give entire satisfaction, and to both old and new customers they respectfully tender an invitation to give them a call.

Having been for years connected with some of the best and most fashionable establishments in this country, employing none but first rate workmen, and being in the receipt of the latest fashions, and best styles of goods, they are fully prepared to accommodate customers in the best manner. Philadelphia, August 14, 1847.—6m

CHEAP OIL STORE, PHILADELPHIA.

RIDGWAY & KEEMLE,
37 North Wharves, below Race St.,

OFFER for sale at the lowest prices, all the articles of the Oil Trade. Their stock is varied and extensive, and they feel confident of giving satisfaction to those who call. They have now on hand—

Pure Sperm Oil.
White Winter and Fall Oils of different qualities.
Solar Oil.
Water-pressed Lard Oil.
Water Elephant and Whale Oils.
Refined Racked and Common Whale Oil.
Tanners' Oils. Sperm Candles, Guano &c., &c.
Philadelphia, August 14, 1847.—2m.
N. B.—All goods delivered in first rate order.

CHARLES STOKES' GLOBE HALL OF FASHION,

No. 296, Market Street, Philadelphia.

CLOTHING—A necessary and useful article; it will become every one who buys it, before purchasing to look and see where it can be bought cheapest. I am satisfied (and reader, you will be) if you favor me with a call and look over my stock of goods, you will not only buy yourself but tell your friends where.

CHEAP CLOTHING

can be had and they will do the same. If you come to the Globe Hall of Fashion and do not find goods twenty per cent cheaper than at any store in the city I think you will say General Taylor never whipped the Mexicans! I think he never does anything else.

A full stock of clothing suited for the country trade, which merchants and others are particularly invited to examine.
CHARLES STOKES,
No. 296, Market St., 3rd door below Ninth. Philadelphia, August 28, 1847.—3m.

Agency of the Canton TEA COMPANY.

The undersigned being the authorized Agents for the sale of the SUPERIOR TEAS, imported by the Canton Tea Company, of the City of New York, invite a trial of their Green and Black Teas, embracing the best selections this side of China. Every Package Warranted.
J. D. & J. WRIGHT.
Columbia, April 7, 1847.—4f

Agency of the PEKIN TEA COMPANY.

THE SUBSCRIBER keeps constantly on hand an assortment of Fresh Teas, imported by the Pekin Tea Company. Any Teas sold by me that does not give entire satisfaction, can be returned and exchanged, or the money will be refunded.
C. WESTBROOK,
Locust street, Columbia, Pa.
April 7, 1847.

REMOVAL.

P. SCHREINER has removed his WATCH and JEWELRY Establishment to the WALNUT FRONT BL CK, recently fitted up by him, between Barr's and Black's Hotel, Front Street, where the public can be accommodated, as heretofore, with all articles in the jewelry line, at the cheapest rates.
Columbia, July 17, 1847.—4f.

MOUNT Eagle Tripoli, for cleaning and burnishing all marble and glass surfaces, such as Gilt Silver, Brass, Britannia, Steel ware, Window Panes, &c. Sold by
R. WILLIAMS.

ETERNAL JUSTICE.

BY CHARLES MAC KAY, ESQ.

The man is thought a knave or fool,
Or bigot, plotting crime,
Who for the advancement of his kind,
Is wiser than his time.
For him the hemlock shall distill;
For him the axe be bared;
For him the gibbet shall be built;
For him the stake prepared.
Him shall the scorn and wrath of men
Pursue with deadly aim;
And malice, envy, spite and lies,
Shall denigrate his name.
But truth shall conquer at the last,
For round and round we run,
And ever the right comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done.
Pace through thy cell, old Socrates,
Cheerily to and fro;
Trust to the impulse of thy soul,
And let the poison flow.
They may shatter to earth the lamp of clay
That holds a light divine,
But they cannot quench the fire of thought
By any such deadly wine:
They cannot blot thy spoken words
From the memory of man,
By all the poison ever was brewed,
Since time its course began.
To-day absorbed, to-morrow adored,
So round and round we run,
And ever the truth comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done.
Plod in thy cave, grey anchorite;
Be wiser than thy peers;
Augment the range of human power,
And trust to coming years.
They may call thee wizard and monk accused,
And load thee with despair;
Thou wert born five hundred years too soon
For the comfort of thy days,
But not too soon for human kind:
Time hath reward in store;
And the demons of our sins become
The snare that we adore.
The blind zeal, the close lies;
So round and round we run—
And ever the wrong is proved to be wrong,
And ever is justice done.
Keep, Galileo, to thy thought,
And serve thy soul to beat—
And may glow o'er the senseless words they bring
From the pang of thy despair—
They may veil their eyes, but they cannot hide
The sun's meridian glow—
The heel of a priest may tread thee down,
And a tyrant work thee woe;
But never a truth has been destroyed—
They may curse it and call it crime—
Perverse and betray, or slander and slay
Its teachers for a time.
But the sunshine shall light the sky,
As round and round we run—
As the truth shall ever come uppermost,
And justice shall be done.
And live there now such men as these—
With thoughts like the great of old!
Many have died in their misery,
And left their thoughts untold—
And many live, and are ranked mad,
And placed in the cold world's ban,
For sending their bright far-seeing souls
Three centuries in the van.
They toil in penury and grief,
Unknown, if not unguessed—
Portents, portents, bearing the scorn
Of the meaning of mankind.
But the world goes round and round,
And the great seasons run,
And ever the truth comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done.

THE LOST TICKET, OR THE FRENCHMAN IN A STEW.

Mr. Editor.—In returning from a trip to the Lakes a few days since, I witnessed a little affair that makes quite an item in my note-book, and may amuse your readers. After a weary drive in a procession of twelve coaches, that moved solemnly for twelve hours over as many miles of beautiful country; we pulled up in front of the "National" in Springfield at about 9 P. M. The Circus and county Court kept that beautiful little town in a densely populated state, so much so that the sixty or seventy passengers that I counted as travelling companions, could not find beds to rest their weary limbs upon, but were forced to take carpet-bags, trunks, juleps, &c., until the cars for Cincinnati would give us more comfortable quarters. Among the rest, a little Frenchman, whose baggage consisted of a queerly shaped hat-box and a faded silk umbrella, moved restlessly about with the box in one hand and the umbrella in the other, pouring forth an uninterrupted stream of incomprehensible English, in a way sufficiently ludicrous to amuse the crowds. Suddenly the little garlic whorlper discovered to his utter dismay, that he had lost his ticket, purchased at Buffalo and warranted to carry him through to the Henric House in Cincinnati. Here was a predicament, and in the consternation of the moment he dropped both hat-box and umbrella, and vociferated loudly and in razor-grinding-tones for the stage-agent.
"Vere is de stage agent?—Vere I shall find de agent?—Oh mon Dieu!—by gar—I have pay one-two-four—several—great many dollaires for von teckets vich I have no got. Who he peck up von teckets—who have find him—vere is de agent?"
It so happened that Mr. L., the gentlemanly stage manager, and out-door business-man of one of the Cincinnati theatres was one of our passengers, and at the time of Monsieur La Frog's deepest distress was seen standing in the moonlight in front of the Circus talking to a number of friends, when some mischievous wag pointed him out to the little Frenchman, as the stage agent. In a moment he was by the side of L., and breaking in upon the conversation without any ceremony, exclaimed, "Sara, I have lose my passport—no det cux not him—I have lose my passport I have lose my passport you call him ch! ah, yes—I have got him. No, no, I no mean I have got the ting—I mean I have got de name of de ting, I have lost my teckets."
L., who knew nothing of the circumstances, supposing the man meant a Circus ticket, quietly said:
"I am not connected with the Circus, sir."
"Sarc-cuss, dam the Sarc-cuss—vat de dem I

DEACON HEZEKIAH BROWN, THE MAN THAT SLEPT WITH TWO WOMEN.

BY TIMOTHY HARRON.

The busy, bustling little village of B—, in the good State of Maine, boasts of its industrious and thriving men, and of its numerous fair women.—Like all other villages in Christendom, it is blessed or rather cursed, with its quota of busy-bodies; a genus of bipeds not satisfactorily described by any naturalist, from Adam down to those of the present time. A "family jar," brought about through their influence, is to them, as the "b'hoys" would say, "nuts," and if they succeed in stirring a "muss" in the church, or in breaking up a "bone match," they are in their most happy mood, and have attained the highest point of their ambition, the most exemplary life is not exempt from their pestiferous attacks—like drowning men, who catch at straws, they pounce upon every little seeming obliquity, and magnify it into a regular immoral tornado, whose progress will be death to the peace of society and the well-being of the community at large.—Small bubbles of indiscretion, seen floating on the surface of society, which if undisturbed, would be swept away by the first breeze of returning reason,—are caught up by them, inflated with the gas of mischief till they become balloons of no mean dimensions, and then sent on their errands of discord and death—in their progress setting every quid nunc on tiptoe. Every wee-bit of a pimple found on the fair skin of righteousness, which would soon disappear under the salve of repentance—is scratched by their poisonous finger-nails till it becomes, apparently, a running sore of iniquity. Every diminutive excess discovered on the smooth bark of the tree of rectitude, which, by the application of a little lye of persuasion, would soon be extirpated,—is hacked by their caterpillar-hatchets till it is transformed into an unsightly wart, that in time, causes the tree to wither and die.

Deacon Hezekiah Brown was one of the first settlers of B—, and, being a man of property, industry, and goal-head-tive-ness, besides a practical Christian,—under his invigorating and healthful influence, a bustling little village soon sprang into existence; and very soon boasted of its tall-spired church, and a big yellow school house on the hill. A society was soon formed, a church organized, and a pastor settled. Everything went on swimmingly for a few years, the church exercising a salutary influence over the community. At last unfortunately for the peace of the church and the spread of its kindly influence, several busy-bodies were found within its pale, who kept constantly in "hot water." This was a source of much grief to the pastor and the good Deacon, as well as to all others of the flock who were well disposed. But very few escaped investigation at urgent requests of the self-righteous busy-bodies, and among these was the Deacon, against whom they could not bring an accusation, owing to the strict uprightness of his daily walk and conversation. He longed for them to enter a complaint against him for the reason that he desired to give them a little castigation before the society and in their presence; and so strong grew this desire, that he was almost persuaded to commit some seeming trivial sin, to give them a peg to hang an accusation on. An opportunity did present itself, and the Deacon did improve it, at the hazard of his reputation.

One day, while the Deacon was alone in his store, posting books, in came "brother" Gable, with a face as long as a hand-saw.
"Brother Brown," said Mr. Gable, "there's a dreadful rumor afloat, but I do hope it's only rumor."
"Sorry to hear it," remarked the Deacon, continuing about his business.
"They do say that brother Honesty is a little too intimate with sister Unsuspecting; and they do say that—"

"Well, well," broke in the Deacon, "what of that? I have slept with two women myself!"
Mr. Gable suddenly quit the store, perfectly thunderstruck, instantly losing sight of the "dreadful rumor" he was about to communicate to the Deacon, so bound up was he in the case of the Deacon's sleeping with two women. Home he went, as though each leg were a locomotive.
"Oh, Mrs. Gable! would you a-b'lieved? Deacon Brown has been—"

"Has been what, my dear Gable?" broke in his wife.
"Has been—"

"Enot with it, do!"
"Has been a sleepin' with two women!"
"Oh dear! the church! christianity!—the sinful men! How do you know 'tis so, Mr. Gable?"
"He told me so, with his own mouth, not five minutes since!"
"The wretch!—poor Mrs. Brown!—how I do pity her poor innocent soul! Oh! la! you can never can find a perfect man—luddy!"
And Mrs. Gable started, post haste, for Mrs. Tattle's and communicated the sad tidings in no time; and Mrs. Tattle and Mrs. Gable ran to Mrs. Quackles, and after communicating the intelligence, the three ladies went from house to house, spreading the news faster than it could have been done by magnetic telegraph. In less than an hour all the busy-bodies in town were on tip-toe, and finally assembled at Mr. Gable's, "to see what should be did."

Meanwhile Mr. Brown informed his wife, and several of his brethren, of what was going on,—what he said—and he desired that a meeting of the church be called, in case the subject was agitated much, for an investigation.

The busy-bodies chose a committee of men, to visit the parson, and a committee of ladies to visit "poor Mrs. Brown," who, having attended to the painful duties assigned them felt much relieved.
Parson Moody was shocked at the recital of the melancholy news, and ordered that a church meet-

A SHORT ESSAY ON LONG HAIR.

BY TIMOTHY HARRON.

Doubtless, the first thing ever done to the human head was to scratch it. And it is equally as certain, that about the same period of time the hair falling over the eyes of the newly created being and shutting out those scenes on which he would naturally be apt to gaze with wonder and delight, was drawn to the back part of the head and confined there by a plant vine or the bark of a tree. From that memorable epoch to the present day, men and women have studied how to arrange the hair in the most becoming manner, or rather in a manner nearest the prevailing fashion whether becoming or not.

The Ancients were undoubtedly careful of their hair and proud of it withal. The Grecian ladies dressed it in the most tasteful style. The busts of the old ages and warriors, show that their hair and whiskers were full and plentiful, and uncommon curly. The barbers of those days unquestionably, were adepts in their profession; and their minds must have been enlarged by the attempts, they made to add to the nobility of the human countenance. Not like the hair-dressers of modern times, whose genius is stunted and cramped by their general and successful efforts to make men resemble goats and monkeys.

The celebrated Lord Monboddo proved to the satisfaction of himself, if of no one else, that monkeys originated men. It is a poor rule, they say, that will not work both ways. The great wheel has rolled along, and the point where men originated monkeys is reached. Let the hairy men of the present day adopt the queue, and then we have the animal in all his glory, with a tail which has but risen to a higher station during the march of refinement.

Another competent philosopher, at present residing in the Eldridge street prison, has demonstrated in a series of experiments with the blow-pipe on the head of imported jackasses, that long hair has a tendency to weaken the brain. He asserts that the brain of man in particular, is continually throwing off gaseous particles, and it is only to be kept in a natural condition by a free supply of nutriment, derived chiefly from the atmosphere. Now when the hair is long, or what is worse, when it is distributed about the head, under the chin and nose, it attracts to a distance from the brain those nourishing items above mentioned which are necessary to the healthful action of the mental faculties, and in many cases induce idiocy and foolishness. Thus, when you meet a hairy man you need not take a long pole to measure his intellect; should you be an "artist in hair," just step into the National Academy of Design, you have before you a complete picture of Cause and Effect.

This rule, as the learned Doctor —, very justly observes, does not hold good as regards women. Their skulls being much thinner than those of the males, their attraction vastly more great, and the quality of their hair softer and more permeable, nutritious food from the atmosphere, is freely conveyed to the support of the brain, especially during thunder storms, white-squalls and tornadoes of all kinds, consequently, and in an inverse ratio, women with short hair are apt to feel very silly; and their perceptions being quicker than those of the men, they usually become aware of their silliness. Hence, concludes the Doctor, the milk in the cocoa-nut, which in this plain and simple manner is demonstrated to be a hair.

The dye used for coloring the hair has been denounced by the most skillful physicians of France as injurious to the intellect. The dissection of the brain of a celebrated actress who dyed her hair, induced them to give publicity to their discovery. But that this is considered more bagatelle by the fashionable gentlemen of our day, is clearly proved by those you meet in your daily walks, who carry the head of fifteen behind the face of fifty. One of those paragons will saturate his hair at night with the coloring matter, swathe his head and face in oilskin bandages, making what the younger Weller would call an "Egyptian mummy of himself," and retire to his couch in perfect mental security. The most powerful dye cannot reach his brain.

Whether the custom of coloring the hair flourishes among the ladies to any great extent, is yet involved in mystery. But that they wear false hair is well known. Those miniature cake-baskets, technically called braids, now adorning the heads of the gentler sex, are deceptive in the highest degree. A man not initiated into the wonders of the female toilet, gazes on them with innate satisfaction, supposing that to secure the admiration of his sex the ladies spend a great portion of their time in doing up their hair in this handsome style. But alas, nothing is easier than for one of those lovely creatures to dress her hair a little out of fashion for the home market, and lend her cake-basket to a friend.

It would be a rash assertion of any man that the gentler sex are not bewitching, no matter how they wear their hair. This being of little moment then, let them adopt the palm leaf with wavy edges around the face, the Grecian, the cake-basket, or the rope-of-onion style; let them hang ringlets in front and look like angels peeping from gooseberry bushes; or throw their hair down the back in one great and shining mass, after the manner of Indian queens; or cut it short and wear enticing little caps,—they still cap the climax of whatever is left good and lovely in the mingled era of goats, baboons and monkeys.

Recently, during the performance of Hamlet, at the Theatre Royal, Greenock, a young man, who had taken the part of Laertes, at a short notice, got on pretty correctly till he came to the words, "I have a speech of fire," and here he stuck dead. After waiting a few seconds, Mr. D., who was playing the King, replied, "Oh! you have a speech of fire, have you? well, blaze away, by all means." This scene, which the scene shifters put a period to, delighted the audience amazingly.

Hibernian.—The Boston Times says:—The following notice, we are credibly informed, appeared on the door of a celebrated and not green (though perhaps some other color) lawyer's office:—"Mr. — will be in at 3 o'clock—those who can't read inquire at the opposite door."

The Kidd bubble has not yet burst! The workmen are pumping the water out of the coffee dam as lustily as ever, and the steamer is kept up as usual at Caldwell's Landing!

STARBUCK.—A starch factory in Lapeer county, Michigan, consumes yearly 200,000 bushels of potatoes. What a waste of food, just to make frills and shirt collars stick up!

DEACON HEZEKIAH BROWN, THE MAN THAT SLEPT WITH TWO WOMEN.

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Evening came, and the members of the church assembled. Deacon Brown, as usual, seated himself in the big arm chair by the altar, much to the dissatisfaction of the Gables, the Tattles, the Quackles, and their associates, who said "he'd contaminate the sacred cheer." Parson Moody made a fervent prayer; and then, after explanatory remarks, called upon Deacon Brown for an explanation of the alleged sinful charge; and, if he could, to clear his skirts of the foul stain now resting upon them. The Deacon rose, and in a clear voice said: "It has now been eight years since the organization of this church. For the first five or six years,—and Mr. Moody can bear witness of the truth of what I say,—not the least trouble existed—not a discordant note ever broke on the ear. All was peace and happiness. For the last three or four years, things have been quite different. Several busy-bodies have crept into the church, and have kept it in constant turmoil." [Here the Gables and Tattles and Quackles commenced nestling and looking very uneasy, which was noticed by the Deacon.] "If my remarks cut them, all I have to say is, let the galled jades scine!" ["Impudence!" broke in Mrs. Gable.] "Many times have we been called to investigate serious charges, which proved to be mere gossip, originating with busy-bodies. It would be for the peace and well-being of the church and of the town, if these busy-bodies would leave, and live by themselves, far from peaceable and well disposed people. I am charged, as I learn, with the high misdemeanor of sleeping with two women. Have you any proof to establish the charge?"

"Prufe enough, Deacon Brown?" said Mrs. Gable, jumping up, and assuming rather a pugnacious attitude; "prufe enuf sir! Mr. Gable my own husband told me that you told him that you had slept with two women!"
"And Mrs. Gable told me so," said Mrs. Tattle.
"And Mrs. Tattle and Mrs. Gable both told me so!" chimed in Mrs. Quackles.
"Yes, you did tell me so, Mr. Brown!" said Mr. Gable.

"Brethen," said the Deacon, "you have the evidence. The fact is, I did tell Mr. Gable that I had slept with two women, and I told him so for the purpose of having a fair chance to tell the busy-bodies, and mischief-makers, what I think of them."
"A purty git off, I should think Mister Brown!" said the amiable Mrs. Gable.
"No get off at all, madam. What I told is true."
"Wretch!" "Lubertine!" "Scamp!" screamed the ladies.

"Neither," said the Deacon. "I told Mr. Gable, who came to me with a silly rumor that one of our brothers was too intimate with sister —, that I had slept with two women myself, and I told him the truth."
"And you a Deacon of the church!" said Mrs. Gable.
"Yes,—and I a deacon of the church. When a child, like other children, I slept with my mother; and since my nuptials were celebrated, I have slept with my wife!"

Reader, if you ever saw a flock of sheep scatter, you can imagine the very sudden departure of the Gables and the Tattles and the Quackles, and their "chums." They withdrew from the church, declaring that they "wouldn't be seen in a church that had such a Deacon as Deacon Hezekiah Brown—so they wouldn't!"—Yankee Blade.

AN INCIDENT AT THE ATHENÆUM.—One night last week, a tall gaunt looking fellow, from up somewhere in the country, stopped before the Howard Athenæum, just as the crowd was passing in to witness the performance of the Ravel Family, and having satisfied himself that it was a "meetin' us"—he stepped over to the entrance. As he was passing the doorkeeper—"Ticket, sir," announced rather peremptorily by that functionary, set the stranger back somewhat. "A wot?" "Your ticket." "I hain't any." "Where is it?" "I gin it ter the railroad chap!" "I mean your entrance ticket, here." "I tell yer I hain't any." "You can get one below, sir." Our friend went to the office, where he applied for a card of admission. "I want a good seat, mister." Fifty cents, sir. "Luker yer—I can't go the half, stranger, but I'm good for a quarter." An upper circle ticket was handed him, and he mounted the stairs. He had leisure to gaze upon the crowd out for an instant, when Javelli made one of his daring springs upon the tight rope. "Gee—whittler!" exclaimed the stranger—"wot's that?" but his surprise was drowned by the applause which followed; and Javelli threw one of his famous somersets, alighting upon the corde on his feet. "That's the devil, sartin," cried Johnny Raw, "it cint any body else—but this is the persuasion I like! Go it boss—you're one on'em. Thunder and uthquakes! look at 'em! Wal, blinter me if I don't cum to town, and tend this meetin' three times a week, sure!"—Boston Times.

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