

THE COLUMBIA SPY.

AND LANCASTER AND YORK COUNTY RECORD.

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COLUMBIA, PA. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1847.

[WHOLE NUMBER, 906.]

CHARRICK 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 time of subscribing. Single copies, THREE CENTS.
ADVERTISEMENTS.—Advertisements not exceeding a square three times for 81, 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!! FIRE!!!
OUR CELEBRATED
AIR-TIGHT STOVES.
J. FYNDALE, 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. F. would caution the public against Air-Tight Stoves, made by most Stove makers, as they do not answer the purpose intended.
Philadelphia, 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 in moderate prices, every article of fashionable clothing, consisting of Gentlemen's Wardrobe, for which our 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 prepared to accommodate customers in the best manner.
Philadelphia, August 11, 1847-6m

CHEAP OIL STORE,
PHILADELPHIA.
RIDGWAY & KEENE,
37 North Water Street, 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.
Winter-pressed Lard Oil.
Winter Bleached and White 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 on my location, that my stock of goods 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 done 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 First Tea, imported by the Pekin Tea Company. Any Tea 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 corner of Front Street and Locust 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 cleansing and burnishing all metallic and glass surfaces, such as Gold, Silver, Brass, Britannia, Steel ware, Window Panes, &c. Sold by
R. WILLIAMS-
a21'48-4f.

Written for the Spy and Columbian.
THE SPIRITS OF THE MIDNIGHT HOUR.
THE SPIRIT OF GLOOM in due majesty reigns,
Environed with mists of Old Night;
His wide sable pinions stern darkness maintains
O'er the scene of Earth's day-glorious bright.
Though sombre thy sway, potent spirit of gloom,
Yet my soul 'mid thy dark courts would dwell;
And visions created in fancy's fraught womb,
Sweet enchantment would lead to the spell.

THE SPIRIT OF SILENCE broods o'er the hour,
Broke alone to the soul's mystic sense,
Which feasts upon sweet strains of magical power.
That seem wafted from blissful spheres hence.
Oh spirit of silence! wherever night lures,
Still hoverest thou o'er his throne, [the skies,
Though he mounts through yon calm azure depths to
Yet with him even there art thou down.

THE SPIRIT OF BEAUTY o'er silence and gloom,
At the soft witching hour of midnight,
Sheds an influence sweet, like the opening bloom,
Of some lone flower o'er regions of bright.
Oh, spirit of beauty! 'mid yon glimmering host
Thou dividest the throne with Old Night
Creation in chaos again would be lost.
Were it not for thy presence in light.
Columbia, Sept. 29th, 1847. I. C.

A PICTURE OF THE PRAIRIE.
BY ALBERT PIKE.
The world of Prairie which lies at a distance of more than three hundred miles west of the inhabited portions of the United States, and south of the river Arkansas and its branches has been rarely trodden by the foot or beheld by the eye of Anglo-American. Rivers rise there in broad level waste, of which, mighty though they become in their course, the source is unexplored. Deserts are there, too barren of grass to support even the hardy buffalo—and in which water, except here and there a hole, is never found. Ranged over by the Canaanites, the Pawnees, the Kiawas, and other equally wandering, savage and hostile tribes, its very name is a mystery and terror. The Pawnees have their village entirely north of this part of the country; and the war parties—always on foot—are seldom to be met with to the south of the white and civilized Indian settlements. Extending on the south to the Rio del Norte, on the north to a distance unknown, eastwardly to within three or four hundred miles of the edge of Arkansas Territory, and westwardly to the Rocky Mountains, in the range of the Canaanites. Abundantly supplied with good horses from the immense herds of the Prairie, they range, at different times of the year, over the whole of this vast country. Their war and hunting parties follow the buffalo continually. In the winter they may be found in the south, encamped along the Rio del Norte, and under the mountains—and in the summer on the Canadian, and to the north of it, and on the Pecos. Sometimes they hunt the Canadian in the winter, but not so often as in the summer. It is into this great American desert that I wish to conduct my readers.

Imagine yourself standing in a plain to which your eye can see no bounds. Not a tree, not a bush, not a shrub, not a tall weed, lifts its head above the barren grandeur of the desert; not a stone is to be seen upon its hard-beaten surface; no undulations, no abruptness, no break to relieve the monotony—nothing, save here and there a narrow track worn into the hard plain by the constant hoofs of the buffalo. Imagine, then, countless herds of buffalo, showing their unweidly dark shapes in every direction as far as the eye can reach, and approaching at times to within forty steps of you; or a herd of wild horses feeding in the distance, or hurrying away from the hateful smell of man, with their manes floating and tramp like thunder.—Imagine here and there a solitary antelope, or, a whole herd, fleeing off in distance, like the scattering of white clouds. Imagine bands of white, snow-like wolves prowling about, accompanied by the little gray colubines or prairie wolves, who are as rapacious and as noisy as their bigger brethren.—Imagine, also, here and there a tiger-cat, lying crouched in some little hollow, or bounding off in triumph, bearing some little luscious prairie-dog whom it has caught straggling about at a distance from his hole. If to this you add a band of Canaanites, mounted on noble swift horses, with their long lances, their quivers at their backs, their bows, perhaps their guns, and their shields ornamented gaudily with feathers and red cloth, and round as Norval's or as the full moon—and imagine them hovering about in different places, chasing the buffalo, or attacking the enemy—who have an image of the Prairie, such as no book ever described adequately to me.

I have seen the Prairie under all its diversities, and in all its appearances—from those which I have described, to the uneven lush prairies which lie south of the Red River, and to the illimitable Stake Prairie which lies from almost under the shadow of the mountains to the heads of the Brazos and of the Red River, and in which neither buffaloes nor horses are to be found. I have seen the Prairie, and lived in it, in summer and winter. I have seen it with the sun rising calmly from its breast, like a sudden fire kindled in the dim distance, and with the sunset flushing in its sky with quiet and sublime beauty. There is less of the gorgeous and grand character, however, belonging to it, than that which accompanies the rise and set of the sun upon the ocean, or upon the mountains; but there is beauty and sublimity enough to attract the attention and interest the mind.

I have seen the mirage, too, painting lakes and fires and groves on the grassy ridges near the bounds of Missouri, in the still autumn afternoon, and cheating the traveler by its splendid deceptions. I have seen the Prairie, and stood long and weary guard in it, by moonlight and starlight, and in storm. It strikes me as the most magnificent, stern, and terribly grand scene on earth—a storm in the Prairie. It is like a storm at sea, except in one respect—and in that it seems to be superior—the stillness of the desert and illimitable plain, while the snow is raging over its surface, is always

more fearful to me than the wild roar of the waves; and it seems unnatural—this dead quiet while the elements are fiercely disturbed;—it seems as if there ought to be roll and roar of the waves. The sea, the woods, the mountains, all suffer in comparison with the Prairie; that is, on the whole—in particular circumstances either of them is superior. We may speak of the incessant motion and tumult of the waves of the ocean—the unbounded greenness and dimness, and the lonely music of the forests—and the high magnificence, the grandeur, and the summer snow of the glittering cones of the mountains; but still the Prairie has a stronger hold upon the soul, and a more powerful, if not so vivid an impression upon the feelings. Its sublimity arises from its unbounded extent—its barren monotony and desolation—is still, unmoved, calm, stern, almost self-confident grandeur—its strange power of deception—its want of color—and, in fine, its power of throwing a man back upon himself, and giving him a feeling of lone helplessness, strangely mingled at the same time with a feeling of liberty from restraint. It is particularly sublime, as you draw nigh to the Rocky mountains, and see them shoot up in the west, with their lofty tops looking like white clouds resting upon their summits. Nothing ever equalled the intense feeling of delight with which I first saw the eternal mountains marking the western edge of the desert.

From the New York Spirit of the Times.
BILL JINKIN'S TROUBLES.
ON THE FIRST NIGHT OF HIS MARRIAGE!

Bill Jinkins was a very modest man; and although he had mingled with the world at barbeques, shooting-matches, bar-rooms, and at many of the *et cetera* places where men may occasionally be found—yet he was modest, very—whenever placed in the company of ladies. He trembled when a pretty girl would speak to him, and felt like a culprit at the stand when he was called upon to "see Miss So-and-so home." Bill could never explain or account for this timidity. He would sing, frolic, and be as wild as a Rover, among men, but a petticoat would unnerve him instantly.

Lucey Ann Jiggins, a young widow, had "set her cap" for Bill and was determined to "lead him or die." Bill, to tell the truth, loved Lucey, and was as miserable out of her company as he was timid in it,—but as to "popping the question," that was impossible. Lucey knit purses, hemmed handkerchiefs, worked shirt bosoms, and gave them to Jinkins, as well as several gold rings, but still Bill "would not propose." Lucey declared to him repeatedly that she loved and was miserable when he was absent from her, and her happiness in life depended upon being his wife—but Bill was dumb. At last Lucey was determined that he should "dumb thumper," and when he next visited her, after some preliminary soft talk on her part, she very affectionately said, "Billy my dear, when are you going to ask me to marry you? for I want to get my dress ready."

Bill fainted on the spot, and harts horn and water were applied for half an hour before he was finally restored.
"What has been the matter, Miss Lucey?"
"Oh, nothing much; you fainted when you were about to ask me to marry you—but I told you yes—and, oh, how happy we will be when we are married!—I will love you so dearly; and, as you say next Tuesday, why I am willing the wedding should be then—my dear Billy, how I do love you!"
"I am willing, Miss Lucey," was all that Jinkins could articulate, while Lucey almost kissed him into fits. What a glorious victory!
Here we ought to stop, but justice to our narrative requires that we should proceed to the finale.
"The next Tuesday" had come, and Jinkins was trembling at the approach of evening—something seemed to harrow up his mind, and to no friend even would he communicate his deep distress.
"You are not afraid, certainly, to go up and get married—why, to marry such a beautiful, charming and intellectual being, as Mrs. Jiggins, I should wish that time would fly like news upon the Electric Telegraph line. Cheer up, Jinkins—cheer up!"
"Oh," replied Bill, "you don't know what distresses me. I can go up and get married—it is easy enough, but there is something—I know it—I feel it—there is one thing I am satisfied I never will be able to do, unless Lucey will assist me."
"Explain yourself," replied his friend, "and if I can with propriety I will endeavor to render you comfortable."
But Jinkins could not explain—he dared not—it was his timidity—he saw the Rubicon before him, and he knew he could not pass it—but he was determined to get married and trust to luck and Lucey.
The night came—and they were married. All were merry; the laugh, the chat, the song, and the dance, made up a lively party until midnight—they commenced to disperse, and at one o'clock Bill Jinkins was left "solitary and alone" in the hall.—Lucey Ann had retired, and her bridesmaids were off in a distant room. Bill Jinkins' waiters and friends had gone home with the ladies. Bill was now at the point where he thought his firmness would fail him. His situation was a peculiar one. He was not certain which was Lucey Ann's room, although he had been told—and even had he known he could not go to it.
The watch cried "past two o'clock," and yet Jinkins was still alone and apparently engaged in perusing an old almanac, which, by chance, had been left in his coat pocket. An old female darkey, who resided in the family, had been prevailed upon by the ladies, who noticed Jinkins' bashfulness, to show him his bed, and she accordingly introduced herself to him in as modest a style as she well could.
"Mr. Jinkins," said she, "it's past two o'clock."
"Oh, yes—I know it—I'm going home in a few minutes. Old woman, where is my hat?"
"It's in Miss Lucey's room, sir—you can get it

there if you'll go in. Mr. Jinkins, why don't you go to bed? Miss Lucey is there waiting for you—don't be so modest—the ladies will laugh at you. Come with me, and I'll show you the room, for I want to put out the lights, lock up the house, and go to bed."

The old woman seized hold of Jinkins and pulled him along until she got out of the hall, and his gaze was fixed for a moment upon the entry door—but she was determined to put him into Miss Lucey's room, and after violent efforts succeeded. There he stood with the knob of the door in his hand—but the old darkey had been smart enough to lock the door outside. Lucey pretended for some time to be asleep; but that sort of gammon would not answer—at last she said—
"My dear Billy, what is the matter?"
"I want my hat!" screamed Jinkins, and Lucey, knowing his modesty, leaped out of bed, and after carrying him for some time, Billy went to bed with his clothes and boots on—and trembled till morning.

How Jinkins subsequently managed "matters and things in general," can be known by application to his dear Lucey Ann.
Reader, strange as it may appear, there are Jinkins all over the world; but the iron-masonry of wedded life draws the curtain before the eyes of the uninitiated. Going to bed on the first night after marriage must be among the most delicate situations in life. Ask your married neighbor how it was with him! We have no experience, exactly, in that way!

BLASTING A HEAD OF HAIR.

"Major, what turned your hair white?"
"My hair, Jim?" Why, by the Lord Harry, my hair was once as black as a nigger's face in an eclipse. When I was in the last war, it streamed in the wind like a shining horse-tail. But it has got blasted here in the mines."

"But how happened that, Major? You look quite hale and hearty, young enough yet to marry one of the gals."
"Why Jim, about twelve years ago, when I first came to the mines, I got into a bit of a row with Jake Ropes, who was one of the bullies then—licked up—burnt out now, a mere old hulk—we had a bit of a fight which began with a game of crack-tie; and I flaxed him like thunder; however, it passed off at that, and the next spring Jake and I were prospering together. We had sunk a rock shaft fifty feet. The patent safety fuse had just come in fashion, and we thought we would try to blast with it. We had drilled a hole right plumb in the bottom of the shaft with a churn drill, thirty inches deep. Jake staid below to put the charge of powder in, and cracked away the tamping iron, putting in a half yard extra of safety fuse; and as soon as he got everything right, piled the tools in the bucket, roared out 'hoist!' and I drew him out with the windlass. Says I, 'Jake where are your matches? Didn't you light the fuse?' 'No,' said Jake; 'blow me if I put on that blast.' 'Enough said,' said I. So taking the matches I stuck my foot in the nose of the rope, and Jake let me down. I all the time charging Jake to—"now," says I, "as jerk me out of the shaft quicker than shooting. I got to the bottom, and—I felt a little dubious, but I draws a match across my left coat sleeve, and touches the blaze to the end of the fuse, and it began to fizz-z-z—hoist!" says I. Up I went about ten feet, and there I hung dangling."
"Jake," says I, "for God's sake—"
"What's the matter?" says Jake, looking down the hole, laughing like a fiend.
"Hoist," I screamed. In another minute I shall be blown to—"
"O! you infernal old scoundrel. Next time jump on Jake when he is drunk, and lick him, will you?"
All this time the safety fuse was fizzing away like a haltered comet. I felt the chills creeping along my back and curdling and mantling over my scalp.
Jake took a pin and stuck it into the frame of the windlass, so as to project and fasten the handle of the windlass beam; then looked into the shaft and grinned like an incarnate devil. "I have you now," said he; "just do you hang there, Major, till perdition hits you off." And there I did hang for fifteen minutes, with that infernal fuse hissing under me—it was a little eternity of pandemonium condensed. At last the fuse burnt out, and Jake drew me out of the shaft, scared nearly to death.
"Didn't the blast go off, Major?"
"Go off! No! Don't you think, Jake had charged the rock with just no powder at all, cracking away there with his tamping rod half an hour to ram the hole full of dry sand! He did, as sure as you are born, Jim—the infernal scoundrel! and when I got home and looked in the glass, my hair was as white as a snow bank—and all the hair-dye in creation can't never make it black no more!—What is your hair-dye worth a bottle!"

MORAL HEROISM.—The New York Express relates a touching anecdote, and one well calculated to illustrate the moral heroism of the poor. The editor says—A day or two ago, a young female visited the Alms-house for permission to transport a twin sister to the Lunatic Asylum. On inquiring into her condition, it was found that she was the only healthy member of a very poor and afflicted family. Her father is in the Lunatic Asylum, and in compliance with her prayer, her little sister was sent to the same desolate abode. Her mother, two little sisters and a little brother are in feeble health, and every morsel of food which they have eaten for months past, has been hardily earned by the daily labor of the little girl in question. What a noble spirit of self-denial and self-sacrifice! How such characters in the humble of life adorn and dignify human nature!

Wit is brushwood; Judgment is timber. The first makes the brighter flame, but the other gives the more lasting heat.

FELIX ATHER THE FAYR.—Yesterday morning, we had occasion to pass down Tchoupitoulas street. In a grocery-store, about mid-way between Race and St. Mary's Market, we happened to see a native of the "green isle of the ocean," who was giving the proprietor of the store his experience, so far as the yellow fever was concerned. Felix—we'll call him so, for he seemed to be very happy—was reading the remarks of the Delta on Friday morning last, in regard to the "Iconidas" letter hoax, and his countenance was radiant with pleasure. He was dressed in a pair of coarse blue trowsers, a blue flannel shirt, and a pair of brogans. The hair had been shaved from the back of his head, and the marks of the cups were plainly visible on his neck.

"Felix," said the proprietor of the establishment, who, by-the-by, is a sandy-haired, good-looking fellow, with a bright blue eye and a heart as big as his own head, "did ye ever have the yellow fever?"
"Is it the favir ye mane? Oh, by the powers, as the cow said to the lady when she was about pluckin a daisy, it's a beauty. I had it lovely, sur, and God bless the docters say I, that attended me."
"How did they treat you, Felix?"
"Oh, they blistered and poulticed me. Thin they cupped—cupped did I say? he gor, I believe they sauced me! There was one small man, sur, who had a pair of gold spectacles on his nose, who wanted to have me take what he called a mustard bath; thin there was a broad-shouldered man, wid a big shtick in his hand, who politely told me that if I didn't have a quart or so of blood let out of the back of me neck, that I'd be a corpse in the course of a day or so."
"Well, and what treatment did you submit to, Felix?"
"Thratment! Sur, I submitted to all kinds of thratment; and had it not been that I had a constitution shun like a juckass, I believe the 'thratment,' as they call it, would have put me under the ground."
"How did you feel, Felix, when you were first taken?"
"Falo, sur? Be me sowl, I fill as if there was a blacksmith with a hammer bangin away at the back of me neck, an a could piece of ice soakin in to me warm brain. Thin me legs! Oh mother of Moses! the stars was all out of thin sur, and they wur as limber as rags. As for me stomach, as the old lady said who stuttered whenever she thought of vomitin, it spoke for itself. Oh, I thought I had Jonal's whale inside of me, and Mister Moorsac's tiliagraph in full motion in my bowels!"
"How did they proceed to cure you, Felix?"
"How? As the blind man said when he wanted to pick up a pin from the flure, I'm not exccely sartain as to the point. They leeched me, sur, an the leeches, had luck to 'em, sucked as if they wur half starved infants an I was their mother. Thin the poultices, an the baths, and the drinks hot an cold, an the fayvir, the shiverin, an all the other beautiful situations of the lovely disase, made me falo as if me time was come an I had no money to pay for the same!"
"How did you get cured, Felix?"
"That's more than the like of me can till. But thin I can take me sfyiday to. One mornin, when the two docters was quarrelin as to which was the best way to kill me, there was a gig come to the doore, and a man as big as Brian Boroinne jumps out. He had a piece of a stump of a segar in his mouth, an at first I thought he was the Sheriff comin to seize me body. He looked at meas fere as if I had done him mortal injury, and catechin hold of me hand, he said in a gruff voice, "What's the matter with you?" "Its the fayvir I have," sez I. "You're a poor man?" sez he. "I am," sez I. "You be d—d," sez he; and wid that he gave me, some stuff that cured me in a day or so. I saw him thin mornin ridin in his gig, an sez I to him, 'God be wid ye, sur, for your kindniss to me!' He politely told me to 'go to h—ll, to pay him for his services if ever I was able, and in the meantime, if I wanted a dollar, to call on him an I could get it!"
"Don't you know the name of the person?"
"Begor! I was too sick to ask him for his name, but his face though it's as ugly as that of the devil's second wife, is in me own heart, and there it will stay till the eyes or me soul are blind. He's a big, heavy-built man, sur, and don't seem to care a d—d what he says; but he's kind to the poor, and saved the life of me beautiful self. Some one told me his name—it's a hard name, but may the colored gentleman below fly away wid me if I can remember it!"
"On ONE CONDITION.—Some years ago, when one of the middle states was framing a new constitution, the discussion was warm and obstinate.—Many days had been spent in fiery debate, and the vote was at length about to be taken. Just at that moment a country member, who had been absent for some days, entered the house and took his seat. Another member, who was in favor of the amended constitution, went to him and endeavored to make a convert of him.
"You must vote for the new constitution, by all means," said he.
"I will think of it returned the country member.
"But you must make up your mind at once man, for the vote is about to be taken."
The country member scratched his head and seemed puzzled.
"Come, why do you hesitate? Will you promise to vote for the new constitution? I am sure it will give satisfaction."
"I will vote for it on one condition," said the country member.
"What is that?"
"And no other?"
"But what is it?"
"Why, provided that they will let it run by my farm."

KIDNAPING IN MAINE.—A resident of Clinton in this county, who has a wife and several children, after coming down the Penobscot with a drive of logs, was beguiled by rowdy companions into a groggery—where he became intoxicated. How long he kept it up we are not informed, but before he got through with his "spruce" he found himself enlisted in the army for five years. When he became sober he began to think of his wife and children in Clinton. Either with or without the consent of the officer, he went to see them before departing for Mexico. Their appeals and their grief were too much for him. He did not return to Bangor, and a sergeant was sent after him as a deserter. He was not to be found. Neither the wife nor the neighbors would give any account of the whereabouts. Some days were spent in hunting for him. Finally the sergeant told his wife that if she would bring him over to China he would get his release. Relying on this promise she persuaded him to go with her to China, where, instead of getting a release, an officer was ready to seize him and carry him off to Bangor, and the poor woman was sent home alone to her children, the victim of a vile deception, to console her now fatherless little ones as best she could, and get them bread as she might. But she did not give up her husband without an effort. She started off immediately to Bangor, to make a further attempt to rescue her husband. She saw him there, but all efforts for his release were vain. He was carried off like a culprit, to do deeds of blood. He was wanted in Mexico to kill other men of whom he knew nothing, and who perhaps were forced into the army just as he was; who in fact never signed their names to an agreement, drunk or sober. Cases similar to this are no doubt common, and they will multiply if the war continues.—Kennebec Jour.

SEPARATION IMPOSSIBLE.—The following is from the *Courier des Etats Unis*, of Saturday. A man and wife, who had been married ten years, were established in the mercantile business in the street St. Denis; having a dispute, they resolved to separate, and agreed to leave the decision of their matter to the justice of the peace of their district.—Accordingly they each went to state their grievances to the magistrate. "Have you any children?" asked he. "Yes sir." "How many?" "Three, two boys and a girl, and exactly here lies the difficulty, since we each wish to have the care of two of them; decide." "Will you abide by my decision?" "Entirely," said they, both at once. "Very well, my good friends, I condemn you to have a fourth child, as then you may each have two. You may then call on me again." The two parties, well pleased, then withdrew, deferring their separation for a time. Two years had elapsed, and the justice had not heard a word from the couple, until yesterday, when he met the husband. "Ah, well," said the justice, "about that separation?" "Always impossible! instead of four children we now have five."

NEWSPAPERS.—There are at the present time, or were in April last, in existence and being published throughout England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales and the British Isles, five hundred and fifty-five journals, including dailies, tri-weeklies, semi-weeklies, and weeklies, semi-monthlies and monthlies. The great majority of these are of course, published in England. Of this number there were established in 1600, one; in 1660, one; in 1665, one; in 1689, one; in 1695, one; in 1700, one; in 1700, one; from 1710 to 1720, five; from 1720 to 1730, four; to 1740, six; to 1750, ten; to 1760, six; to 1770, twelve; to 1780, eleven; to 1790, seven; to 1800, sixteen; to 1810 thirty-three; to 1820, twenty-eight; to 1830, seventy; to 1840, one hundred and forty-four, and from 1810, to April 1847, one hundred and eighty; showing that to increase in numbers in proportion as their value is appreciated.

There are we believe, something near two thousand different newspapers published in the United States, or over three times the number that are issued in all Great Britain; and it is believed, more than all that are published in all other parts of the world together.

NEW FASHION FOR HAIR.—A letter from New York says:—I was amused at a new fashion of wearing the hair which has lately been introduced by our super-elegants, and which I saw in perfection last evening. The peculiar thing in it is to reduce the whole head to the state of a stubble field, and he is the most elegant man who comes nearest to having his scence shaved perfectly smooth. One gent, last evening, wore his hair about a quarter of an inch long, and as its color was red, the effect was ludicrous enough. The man looked as though his upper works were set thickly over with short, fiery bristles. However, if others laughed he admired and, both parties being well pleased, the thing could not have been better."

HER INSURRECTION PROVEN.—The jewelry alleged to have been stolen by the servant girl, at St. Louis, Elizabeth Reddick, who committed suicide one day week before last, has been found at the house of her former mistress, and in the very spot where it was placed by her accuser, who afterwards forgot the circumstances.

An honest Dutch farmer thus writes to the Secretary of the Massachusetts county Agricultural Society: "Gentlemen, you will have the goodness to enter me on your list of cattle for a bull."

The value of three things is justly appreciated by three classes of persons. The value of youth by the old, the value of health by the diseased, the value of riches by the needy.

An Indian chief being asked his opinion of a jug of rum, said he thought it was the juice of women's tongues and iron's hearts—for after drinking it he could talk forever and fight the devil.