

# THE COLUMBIA SPY.

## AND LANCASTER AND YORK COUNTY RECORD.

NEW SERIES, VOL. I, No. 17.]

COLUMBIA, PA. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1847.

[WHOLE NUMBER, 908.]

### CHARICK 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.

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 despatch and on reasonable terms.

### FIRE! 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 improvement.

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.

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 at moderate prices, every article of Fashionable Clothing, constituting 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 the 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

### CHARLES STOKES'

GLOBE HALL OF FASHION,

No. 296, Market Street, Philadelphia.

CLOTHING—A necessary and useful article, it will be found profitable to buy 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 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.—1f

### Agency of the

PEKIN TEA COMPANY.

THE SUBSCRIBER keeps constantly on hand an assortment of Peck 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 BLOCK, 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.—1f

### Notice.

AN Election for thirteen Directors for the Columbia Bank and Bridge Company, will be held at the Banking House in Columbia, on Wednesday the 10th day of November next, between the hours of ten and four.

SAMUEL SHOCK,

Cashier.

Lancaster Examiner & Herald, and Union & Tribune, please copy.

### LOOKING GLASSES of all sizes and at reduced prices.

For sale at FRY & SPANGLER'S.

FRENCH WORKED COLLARS.

LATEST style French needle work collars, for sale at FRY & SPANGLER'S.

TIN PLATE AND SHEET IRON, of the best brands, for sale by RUMPLE & HESS.

Columbia, April 7, 1847.—1f

### Selected for the Spy and Columbian.

BROKEN TIES.

The broken ties of happier days, How often do they seem

To come before the mental gaze Like a remembered dream.

Around us each dispersed chain In sparkling ruin lies.

And earthy hands can ne'er again Unite these broken ties.

The parent of our infant home, The kindred that we loved,

Far from our arms perchance may roam To distant scenes removed;

Or we have watched their parting breath, And closed their weary eyes,

And sighed to think how sadly death Can sever human ties.

The friends, the loved ones of my youth, They, too, are gone or changed,

Or worse than all, their love and truth Are darkened and estranged.

They met us in a glittering throng, With cold, averted eyes,

And wonder that we wear our wrong, And mourn our broken ties.

Oh! who in such a world as this Could bear their lot of pain,

Did not one radiant hope of bliss, Unclouded yet remain!

That hope the sovereign Lord has given, Who reigns beyond the skies,

That hope unites our soul to heaven By truth's enduring ties.

Each care, each ill of mortal birth, Is sent in pitying love,

To lift the lingering breath from earth, And speed its flight above.

And every pang which rends the breast, And every joy that dies,

Tell us to seek a heavenly rest, And trust to holiness.

From the New York Mercury.

### CUTTING A FELLOW OUT.

BY A VICTIM.

I once attempted to cut a fellow out, that is, I poked my nose into his business, meddling with the affections of his gal, and got kicked for my pains.

She is a nice gal; a fine gal is Mary Haines; a little conceited, and great at the destruction of pork and beans. I admire her for that more than any thing else in the world, unless it be her conceit.

Next to that, a girl can possess no higher claim upon my admiration than a good appetite for pork and beans—an appetite that will stand by her through all seasons and circumstances. Well, Mary Haines loves pork and beans, with an implacable, unyielding, unappealing, inexorable affection—ah! who could not love such a girl? I am not he—I love her for her love for them; I love her for her conceit! Ah! Mary Haines, little do you know of the fierceness of the Vesuvius of love that burns in my bosom! little do you know of the blaze you have kindled there, fed, and kept alive, by the charms you brought to play upon my feelings, when on a Sunday afternoon, you, you and I, fed together on pork and beans—O Haines! Mary Haines, O! can Levi Smith love you as I do? does he appreciate your capacity for pork and beans? O! Haines does he love you for your conceit? does he worship you for these two prominent qualities that so much embellish and adorn your own dear self? No, I say it. He cannot love you as I do; you know that he does not—cannot; and yet, you stood quietly by, and as quietly allowed him to kick me from your presence. O, Mary Haines!

"'Twas false you be to love and me, I'll ne'er pursue revenge; For still my charmer I approve, Though I deplore the change."

Mary Haines loves her blessed self better than all the world besides, better, in fact, than she loves pork and beans, and that is saying a great deal.—There is not on living for whose sake certainties more unwavering affection than for—Mary Haines.—Talk about the friendship of your Demons and your Pythias—'tis nothing, absolutely nothing, when compared with the friendship she cherishes for—Mary Haines. She is the living tie of friendship, wrapped up in as comfortable looking five feet five inches of humanity, as ever fell head over ears in love with herself. And no one can find fault with her for so doing; she is privileged, has an undeniable right so to do—and Mary Haines is a good, wholesome young lady—skin fair but not exactly like alabaster—teeth good, yet anything but pearls—lips, delicious, but not rubies—eyes, bright, sparkling, piercing, still not diamonds—hair always neatly combed, curled, frizzled, and all that sort of thing; and then she dresses her robust, corn-fed frame in the neatest manner possible, and Mary Haines sports a bustle of genteel dimensions; and, altogether, "take her by and large" as they say in Yankeland, she is a gal to be loved—she is loved and by nobody so well as by herself, Mary Haines is the best looking, the neatest dressed, best natured, most sensible girl in our own circle, in her own opinion, and for her opinion I have a sort of profound reverence. She is a capital judge of womankind, in my opinion.

Mary Haines owns up to a husband; and, I never think of him only in connection with kicks. Levi Smith had been her acknowledged admirer for several years. He attended to all her little affairs of amiability, and it was said that they were, and had been for a long time engaged to be married, that I believe, is the explanation. I wouldn't say a word against Levi for the world, but somehow it has become impressed upon my mind, that he is a spongy; besides, he kicked me—I can't forget that—I wouldn't if I could. 'Twas the happiest moment of my life; I felt proud, tickled, to think I had been kicked by a Smith. Smith, he kicked me with a heartiness that convinced me that he was in earnest, and thought he was serving me right. True, I felt mortified at the same time, not that I was kicked; but, for what I was kicked.—O! Smith! Levi Smith! you kicked me in the presence of Mary Haines—and for what?

Smith courted Mary Haines about five years before I ever thought of upsetting his apple cart.—

Everybody, because it is customary for everybody to meddle with the business of everybody else, wondered why they did not get married; old folks said it was scandalous; young folks said they would not stand it; and the girls especially declared that they would sack him off. I considered the matter; I concluded to cut him out and take her myself; go the whole figure; besiege the fortress, and carry off the prize. I long had cherished a sneaking notion for her, and now I determined to let my feelings have full swing. Accordingly, I opened a talk with Mary on the subject; I appealed to my admiration of her love of pork and beans; I tickled her conceit with the long straw of flattery; I pitched into Smith till her dander rose up; I convinced her that Smith was trifling with her feelings; I promised to marry her in three weeks; that fixed the flint, and she launched into my arms with a rush; it was all over, I loved her, and she loved me. But how to get rid of Smith? for three weeks we held a two hours' conversation each day, and every day we grew fonder of each other; but how to get rid of Smith? It was the first thing thought of when we parted. At length, we settled on a plan which we deemed honorable and just the thing. Honorable, as far as Smith was concerned, and just the thing for our comfort. To tell the truth, I did not feel altogether tranquil when I reflected upon the fact of my going the whole length into Mary Haines' affections, knowing that she was engaged to him, and that she was deceiving Smith or myself; possibly myself, more probably Smith. One day Smith came to our house on a business errand, I drummed up sufficient courage to invite him on a walk with me down to the brook, a goodly distance from the house, where we could not be interrupted. Once there, I seated myself on a rock, and invited him to help himself to another, and the following talk took place:

"I should like to know why you have trotted me away down here."

"Smith," said I emphatically, at the same time putting on a look of awful portent, "Smith I will tell you."

"Well out with it—what do you look so devilish silly for?"

"Silly, Smith? do you love Mary Haines?"

"None of your business."

"Business, Smith? Do you intend to marry Mary Haines?"

"Why, you infernal Jackass?"

"Jackass, Smith? Are you fooling Mary Haines?"

"Fooling, the devil? What's the matter with you?"

"Matter, Smith? I love Mary Haines."

"Mary Haines?"

"Mary Haines, Smith! I intend to marry her."

"I've got a good intention to give you a thrashing!"

"Thrashing, Smith? I wouldn't fool Mary Haines."

"No, I don't think you would; you're too big a fool for that."

"Am I Smith? look here, I'm going to cut you out."

"And if you go there I'll kick you out!"

"Now Smith keep cool and listen. You have courted Mary Haines for five years—"

"That's none of your business!"

"And everybody says you're fooling her. Now if you are courting her for the sport of it, then I calculate I have a perfect right to go for the sport; but if you intend to marry her I won't interfere. Now—"

"Well, what next?"

"Do you intend to marry her?"

"As I told you before, it is none of your business; and, if I catch you poking your ugly nose round the house, I'll punch your head for you. Now do not open your lips again—but just think over how you can best profit by my advice to you. Be careful of your stupid pate, that's all."

Levi Smith travelled. I stuck to the rock. At first stunned at his display of stupidity in not appreciating my disinterested intentions; then indignant that he treated me so cavalierly; by and by, furious, to think that I had condescended to inform him of the laudable motives that induced me to cut him out. Finally I pulled off my boots and went wading after polly wogs in shallow water thinking that it might cool me off; and thinking of Mary Haines, I got out of my depth, put my foot into a hole, and down I went all over into the creek, which, instead of cooling my ardent, aroused a fierce desire to flog Levi Smith: not forgetting that he was considerable of a man, and I considerable of a boy, some six years his junior, and in size I bore about the same relation to him that a pile of chips does to a cord of wood. For all that, I felt that my pluck was equal to his big body, and, if opportunity had offered just then, I should have taken efficient measures to secure to myself a most uncomfortable thrashing.—I haven't the least doubt of it.

Night came. I was boiling over with indignation: as enraging as a hyena after a brisk stirring up, and in that very pleasant state of mind, made Mary Haines a visit. Walking into the front room in my usual way without announcing my approach by a series of raps on the door casing, I made direct for the parlor, and as I stepped over the threshold was struck hard enough to fell an ox, by the discovery of Levi and Mary snugly stowed away in a corner engaged in the very animating and gratifying (to me) pastime sometimes denominated hugging and kissing. I made a sort of a stop, sudden—"good evening," said Mary, in novice disconcerted. I dropped in the nearest chair, and brought my left leg to a horizontal, resting over my right knee, then hung my straw tie over my boot rump, and stamped Levi Smith to just "knock it off."

"You stamp me do you?"

"I stamp you; dare ye."

No sooner said than done. Smith stepped promptly up and gave me a kick that sent it flying out of the parlor into the entry, then applied the toe of his boot to me in a manner that sent me out of the front door. I thought that I had never encountered a fellow more powerful in the legs—He did not follow me out—if he had, hang me if I don't think he would have met something that would have induced him to renew the operation—Mary smilingly passed out my hat, and advised me to run right home. The advice I considered particularly good, and availed myself of it immediately. But the way I pitched the rocks into Levi Smith's chicken coop, as I passed his father's house, wasn't lazy, ha!

Well the very next Sunday the Town Clerk, after the forenoon service was over, rose up in the pulpit, and read from a slip of paper, "Marriage intended between Levi Smith and Mary Haines." About a month after I danced at their wedding I have, ever since, comforted myself with the reflection, that if I did not succeed in cutting Smith out, I stirred him up and made him do his duty. Mary will never forget it. She named her first boy for me—a smart little fellow about seven years old. She's got five besides, all younger. A darling wife, a treasure of a wife is Mary Haines, that was—but Levi Smith will never forget me for hurrying up his cakes of matrimony. Poor devil!

A LADY'S STRATAGEM.—The Boston Atlas translates the following story from the Paris Standard. It is a good story enough, but we would not advise the reader to be very pertinacious in believing it:

One of the dangers at Ostend most to be guarded against, are the professed gamblers. During the seasons of the carnival and lent, these knights of the green cloth keep themselves at Paris; but when Summer comes they scatter themselves all over Europe. They follow the fashion, and tread in the footsteps of its gilded votaries; they navigate, at full sail, in all the maritime and mineral waters of Europe. This year these birds of prey have spread in large numbers over Belgium. They have already made some strokes; they speak of a Russian who was pillaged, in a single night, of two hundred thousand francs and who paid it the next day, apologizing for having made them wait. In these watering places, where the hells are under no regulations, the inexperienced are necessarily exposed to being plundered by sharpers. Two or three have been driven away, but there are enough left to hover over the shipwrecked in the stormy nights of languishment. One of these Greeks has recently been the hero, or rather the instrument, in a recent adventure at Ostend. Just at the commencement of the bathing season there arrived an English lady, mature in age, and possessed of a great fortune.

Her wealth had come to her late, and that explains how it chanced she was not married. But she sought to make up for lost time by marrying according to the wishes of her heart, which had inclined towards a young gentleman of twenty-five. All the other aspirants had been discarded—dismissed, but dismissed. The mature young lady was only willing to listen to the youthful and handsome Sir Edward. But, unfortunately, the youthful and handsome Sir Edward would have nothing to say to her, and little suspected the flame he had kindled. How could he suppose that a miss of forty-five wished to have him for a husband? The fortune of the lady did not tempt him, for he had recently inherited ten thousand pounds sterling, and he felt himself rich enough to pass his youth in gaiety and freedom, prepared to enlist only under the banners of Hymen when he reached the age of reason, or the end of his ten thousand pounds.—His frugal and economical habits drove the aged Miss Anna to despair—for she would have been glad to see him ruined and poor, as in that case more likely to be tempted by her wealth. She had come to Ostend because she knew that Sir Edward was there. Her attacks, however, met with no more success than they had at London, Bath, Newmarket, Brighton, and all the other places where she had followed the indifferent youth. She could obtain from him nothing but cold politeness. She in vain displayed before his eyes the riches she possessed. His manner seemed to say, what do I care—I am satisfied with my present case.

Seeing that ordinary means met with no success, Miss Anna resolved to have recourse to a somewhat eccentric expedient. She was a lady of spirit; she was possessed both of audacity and imagination. The expedient could not fail.

These things took place a month ago. There chanced then to be a Greek here in Ostend, one of the heroes of that nation—a clever chief of the Hellenic confederation. He was a master of masters, and an irresistible player, winning whenever and whatever his chance. Nothing had occurred to betray his true character, and Ostend considered him as an honest player, when our English lady found him and said to him: "I know who you are; I have received positive orders in regard to you.—Here are copies of them. You see I can ruin you." The blanket turned pale—he saw that he was at the mercy of the lady, but at the same time, the cunning knave saw that she had something to demand of him, and was only trying to frighten into granting it. "I can ruin you," resumed the marrying lady, "but I will spare you if you will consent to do me a service." The fellow had expected this, but he was delighted with the commencement. "Speak madame," said he, "I await your orders." "Do you know Sir Edward?" "Yes madame." "He does not often play, but he does not dislike it. You must make him play." "I should like nothing better." "Will you then go to the Hotel des Bains, where he dines; there get up a discussion wherein you shall be in the wrong; propose a wager of some bottles of champagne, which you shall lose; make Sir Edward drink, and when his head is heated, you shall lead him off to a game." "That is our usual way of proceeding," replied the sharper. "You must then

win all his money; you must induce him to play upon his word of honor, and lead him on until he has lost his whole fortune, ten thousand pounds." The blackleg was stupefied. He reflected a moment and said: "I understand, I will win his ten thousand and then share them with you." The haughty English woman repressed a motion of indignation and replied in a disdainful tone: "No, you will keep it yourself." "And is this the condition upon which you consent not to ruin me?" "Yes but reflect well upon it. I insist that Sir Edward shall be completely stripped. If you leave him the smallest balance, these letters concerning you shall be made public. You shall have no reason to complain of me."

On the following day the dinner came off. The champagne was drunk; the parties engaged in the game; and before night was over, Sir Edward had lost everything. It was then that our English lady appeared to advantage; the young man, now ruined, opened both eyes and ears. The first, it is true, were not charmed by the personal attractions of Miss Anna, but he listened with complaisance to the detail and amount of her wealth, which she offered with her hand. It is an affair of three millions of dollars. The age of the bride disappeared, and the absence of personal charm was amply atoned by such a fortune. Sir Edward accepted, and the wedding has just been celebrated.

### A TEXAS LAUNCH;

A THRILLING SKETCH.

Gloomy forebodings pervaded the American Squadron stationed off Vera Cruz and at the time the battle of Buena Vista was reported in favor of Gen. Santa Anna. It was about dusk in the evening when this news so joyful to the Mexicans, was made known within the walls of Vera Cruz.

The fire of cannon, the blast of rockets bursting in mid-air, the rolling drums, displaying of flags from every prominent point, and the loud huzzas of the population struck dismay among the brave tars composing our navy. These rejoicings of the Mexicans, however, were to perish by the rising northern blast, like budding flowers which sometimes fall before they ripen to perfection of beauty in the early spring time.

For while the rejoicings were progressing, a speck much whiter than the crested wave appeared bobbing up and down in the far distance. The glasses were soon brought into requisition, and the little speck was magnified into a sail, above which floated in glorious triumph, the Stars and Stripes of America. The fierce "norther" freshened every moment, and foaming billows succeeded each other in mad and powerful array.

Great solicitation was felt by every one in the squadron for the safety of the frail craft which bore aloft the flag of our country. Now she was seen, and then to disappear—presently she arose "once more upon the waters," and came dashing proudly on.

She soon became an object of universal attraction. The bright galaxy of stars, shedding their lustre from an "enormous" flag at her mast head, cast so much light upon the real character of the little skipper of the seas, that the attention of the Mexicans was alarmingly attracted. Sounds of rejoicing within the walls seemed to cease and a big gun was elevated at the Castle of San Juan d'Ulloa, to give the stranger rather a warm reception. As she came dashing through the spray, every heart in our squadron beat quicker and quicker, with indelible emotion—all was breathless attention and anxiety—it was, so to speak, like the calm which is the usual precursor of the storm.

The news must be of a cheering nature thought they on board our gallant navy, or such an "enormous" flag would not be unfurled to the gale. The launch came on before the breeze, and did not deviate from a given point inside the vessels. To have gone to leeward, she never could have made the vessels. Her course was straight, and when within three hundred yards of the fortress, a cannon was fired therefrom, and the ball passed across her bow. It made no difference to the stout hearts on the little craft. Her course was steady—and when within one hundred and fifty yards of the Castle, immediately in front, another cannon, much larger than its predecessor, was fired, but it only gave the crew a good drenching, which, however, they had become familiar with by this time. So far, the little craft escaped, and the vallant heroes at the Castle determined to sink her. They fired another gun, but its huge "messenger of death" fell harmless. It was the parting gun. The launch soon hauled up alongside the flag ship of the Navy, and gave the joyous news that "Gen. Taylor had a rough and ready fight with Santa Anna at Buena Vista, and had put old wooden leg and his army to flight." What a glorious reaction took place among our brave officers and seamen. The good news was spread through the squadron by means of naval telegraphs, and every strip of bunting flung to the breeze—every sailor manned the rigging, and such hearty cheering and rejoicing was never heard before. It was now our turn; long toms were brought out, and sent the news of the glorious victory of American eagles into the very heart of Mexico.

One word in conclusion. That little Texas launch was manned only by two men and a small boy, all of whom hail from Texas. One of the men was born in Massachusetts—the other somewhere in Maine—and the boy in Texas. The little fellow had the helm at the time of the firing from the Castle, and his steady and devoted attention to the commands of the two men, is such as reflects the highest honor upon his head and heart. We only regret that we have not the names of the little and gallant crew to hand down to posterity.

The gallant Brevet Major HOWE, who lost an arm at the battle of Resaca de la Palma, has now command of the garrison at Baton Rouge.

VISIT TO THE SIAMSE TWINS.—A correspondent of the Raleigh (N. C.) Biblical Recorder, under date of Aug. 2, 1847, gives the following account of a visit to Chang and Eng, the celebrated Siamese twins, who it will be remembered visited this city some fifteen years since.

In company with my friend, William M. Nance, Esq., I called to see the Siamese twins, Chang and Eng, residing about one and a half miles from Mount Airy, on a valuable farm which they have lately purchased, and removed to from the county of Wilkes. To my great disappointment, they were not at home, being absent on a visit to their plantation in Wilkes. The wife of one of them was at home, and four of their children, all of whom favor them much in appearance. They have each of them children about the same age. In addition to their names they have assumed the name of Banker, in honor of their banker of that name in the city of New York. The Mrs. Banker whom we found at home appeared to be a good-looking, intelligent woman, with a free and open countenance, apparently about twenty-five years of age. There appeared to be a number of servants about the premises of different ages and sexes. Their house is small, but they are making arrangements to build a new and commodious one. The wife of one of them, and two of their children, were at Wilkes. Their live alternately at each place, and will so continue until they build a new house, or sell their plantation in Wilkes, which they design to do. They take much pleasure in farming, have a fine crop, and are quite plain and economical in their dress and manner of living, are fond of hunting, and, with their wives and little ones, apparently quite happy and contented.

Their wives are said to be members of the Baptist Church, of respectable parents, and the twins occasionally go to church with them. They are punctual in attending the elections and vote the Whig ticket. I learn that in addition to their property in North Carolina, they have an invested fund in New York. As they are fond of farming, it would be much better that they were situated where they had facilities for getting their productions to market. I suppose, however, the inducements of the chase make them prefer a residence near the mountain.

AN INCIDENT.—A few mornings since, just as the cars had started from the depot, in this city, a countryman, his wife and daughter, were observed a distance up the street running with great speed towards the depot. One of the agents of the railroad, or some person also observing the efforts of the party, started after the train, and succeeded in giving the engineer a sign to stop for passengers. As it was the accommodation line, the train was stopped some distance on the road, and awaited the approach of the man, his wife and daughter. They were all pretty much exhausted by the long and hard run they had, and by a new effort climbed a small pile of plank close at hand, and stood looking at the cars, and commenced remarking upon the appearance of the vehicles. The old man gave something like a combination of a blow and grunt, and said, addressing his wife, "Well, I don't think they look so very dangerous, do you?" "Why, don't think they do," responded the lady wiping her face; "Lah, mother," said the daughter, "ain't they pretty coaches—so many seats and windows so pretty painted," taking a short breath and fanning herself with her handkerchief. "Jump in jump in," said the conductor. "Oh," said the old gentleman, "we don't want to get in 'ee out wanted to see them!"—Deleavers Journal.

NATURAL GAS JETS.—We learn from Chambers Edinburgh Journal that in a village of Wigmore in Herefordshire, there are fields which may be, in two houses which are, lit up with a natural gas.—This vapor, with which the subjunct strata seem to be charged, is obtained in the following manner.—A hole is made in the cellar of the house, or other locality, with an iron rod; a hollow tube then placed therein, fitted with a burner similar to those used for ordinary gas lights, and immediately on applying a flame to the jet, a soft and brilliant light is obtained, which may be kept burning a pleasure. The gas is very pure, quite free from any offensive smell, and does not stain the ceiling as is generally the case with the manufactured article. Besides lighting rooms, &c., it has been used for cooking; and indeed seems capable of the same applications as prepared carburetted hydrogen. There are several fields in which this phenomenon exists, and children are seen boring holes and setting fire to the jets for amusement. It is now about twelve months since the discovery was made; and a great many of the curious have visited, and still continue to visit the spot.

WATERMELON EXTRAORDINARY.—"How much do you seek for that melon?" said a canteen dapper looking chap, to a sturdy darkey, who was mounted on a cart before one of the principal hotels in Philadelphia, a day or two since.

"For dis big un? why, massa, I reckon he's wut tree leevies, I does."

"Is it ripe?"