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CHARRICK WESTBROOK,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Printing Office-Front Street, opposite Barr's Hotel Printing Office—Front Street, opposite Barr's Hotel Publication Office—Locust Street, opposite the P. O. Tenys. —The Columbia Sry is published every flatured w morning at the low price of ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE, or one dollar and fifty cents, if not paid within one month of the time of subscribing. Single copies, THREE CENTS.

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portion. c5-A liberal discount made to yearly advertisers.

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A vigorous prosecution of the War, the best means to secure a speedy and

HONORABLE PEACE.

No. 42.

Front St.

No. 42.

WALNUT COLONNADE, CHEAP FASHIONABLE

CLOTHING EMPORIUM.

JANES L. PREESMAN,

O. 42, Front street, directly opposite the Bridge, and three doors below Black's Hotel,

COLUMBIA, PENNA.,

Would respectfully call the attention of the public to his stock of Fashionable and Cheap Clothing, which exceeds in extent, elegance, and variety, any hitherto opened in this vicinity, and which he pledges himself to sell at prices lower than even he has before offered. Just look at the prices: Gentlemen's Fine Cloth Dress \$5.00 to \$10.00

Coats, from
Gentlemen's Fine Cloth Frock
4.00 to 10.00 Coats, from 4.00 to 10.00 Gentlemen's Fine Cloth Sacks

Gentlemen's From 2.50 to 5.00 Gentlemen's Fine Cloth and Casters, from 2.50 to 4.00 simere Pants, from Satinand Silk Velvet Vests, Plain

Satine and Silk Velvet Vests, Plain and Fancy, being the only kind of this quality for sale in this place, from 2.50 to 3.00 Roundabounts and Pea Jackets, 1.00 to 3.00 Shirts, plain and fancy, 37½ to 1.50 Satinet Pantaloons, 1.50 to 3.00 Gentlemen's Cotton Half-hose, 6½ to 183 "Silk Handkerchiefs, 37½ to 1.00 Cravats, a new article, 37½ to 1.00 Suspenders, 6½ to 37½ Umbrellas, 31½ to 1.50 Leather and Hair Trunks, 50 to 1.00 Travelling Bags and Vulices, 1.00 to 2.50 Ladies' Travelling Bags, a beautiful article, 2.00 to 2.50 A Large Assortment of Fine and Medium Cloaks. ALSO—A large assortment of

ALSO-A large assortment of BOYS' CLOTHING,

Such as Pants, Vests, Roundabouts, and Shirts, and, in short, every article of apparel required by the gentleman, the mechanic or the laborer, with a variety of fancy goods, calculated to tickle the taste and secure the patronage of all classes and condi

tions of men.
My thanks are due, and I hereby tender them t the world of my patrons, for former favors, and an determined to prove the sincertly of my gratiude, by untiring efforts to furnish a Fashionable Wardrobe to every patron of the Colonade Hall of Fashions, as cheap as the cheapest, and as good as

REMEMBER THE 3 BIG DOORS,

ner's Walnut Front.

NEW FALL GOODS.

THE subscribers have just received their supply Fall and Winter, Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, to which they invite the attention of their friends and the public generally.

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, &c.

Their stock consists of superior French, and English Black, Blue, Brown, Mixed, and Olive Cloths; plain and Fancy Cassimers, Sattinets Tweeds, Jeans; Velvet and other Vestings.

A weeds, Jeans; velvet and other Vestings.
Grv de Rhine, Swiss and Matteona Dress Silks.
ALPACAS.—Plain, Plaid, and Striped, at 18,
25, 31, 37, 50 ets., &c. English, German, and
French Merinoes; Plain Paris Cashmeres and De Laines, Luma and Tarter Plaids.
French, Earlston and Manchester Ginghams

Prints of every style and price; Plain and Plaid Linseys; Tuper Gauze and other White and color-

ed Flauncis.

SHIRTINGS.—Three quarters, four quarters, five quarters, six quarters and ten quarters Bleached and Brown Sheetings, Blankets, Tickings, Checks, Doeskins, &c.

A splendid assortment of Trimmings, Gimps,

Silk and Cotton Fringes; Thread, Victoria and Bobbin Edgings and Insertings; Lisle, Victoria and Brussels Luce, Collerettes, Gloves, Hosiery, &c. GROERRIES. Loaf, Pulverised, Crushed, Havanna and Brown Sugars; Syrup, L. H. N. O. Molasses; Honey; Rio, Laguayra and Java Coffees; and the superior

Teas of the Canton Tea Company of New York Oils, Fish, &c. ALSO: China, Glass & Queensware.

LOWEST, for each or produce.

Thankful for the liberal share of patronage

heretofore received, they will by strict attention to business endeavor to merit a continuance of the ublic's favor. J. D. & J. WRIGHT. Columbia, Sept. 1847.—tf.

Stoves, Stoves. THE subscribers have constantly on hand a full assortment of Wood, Coal, and Cooking Stoves of every size and description, Cannot Stoves. Also, Hendenburg's Patent

AIR-TIGHT PARLOR STOVES, which has given full satisfaction in all cases.
The public are invited to call and examine for themselves, at the Hardware Store of Oct. 9—tf RUMPLE & HESS.

FRESH assortment of all kinds of the best spices just received at sept11'47-tf YOUNG & CASSEL'S No. 50.

The following pretty lines were written by a little girl not yet in her teens, and are intended as a thank-offering to a gentleman who presented the authoress with a volume of poems. It gives us pleasure to be the chosen medium of communication between the gifted and the generous :-

For the Spy and Columbian. FOR MY FRIEND.

I thank thee for thy gift to me Of precious thoughts, and poesy, And hope that thou thyself may'st be Sometime a poet;

For they of all mankind are blest, Tho' oftentimes with grief oppressed. It cankers not within the breast,

Campbell has struck the Albin lyre

To tones of beauty, and of fire, Such music from the Scottish wire Ne'er came before:

Save when the Poet, the peasant's son, Warbled a song, and such an one As fame for the peasant Barns, bath won; That song is o'er.

"Twill come not till another day;
Where it has gone I cannot say;
I sing no more.

Owego, Sept. 30, 1917.

BETTING. Bets are the blockhead's argument, The only logic he can vent. His more and his major; 'This to confess your head a worss Investigator than your purse, To reason with a wager.

'TIS USELESS TRYING.

'TIS USELESS TRYING.

You will never succeed—'tis useless trying," was the answer we received one day when talking of something quite unimportant to you, dear reader, but very near our own heart. The voice was one we always listen to, and not seldom follow; but this time its discouraging arguments were unheeded. We did fry, and we did succeed.

The fact set us moralizing on the good or evil tendency of these three words—"Trs useless trying." And the conclusion we came to was this, that for one vain idea dispelled, one wild project overturned by their prudent influence, these chilliant and life-sustaining hopes, and paralyzed into apathy a thousand active and ardent minds, who might otherwise have elevated themselves, and helped the world on in its progress. What would America have been it that strong-hearted Columbus had been discouraged by sneers and arguments about the uselessness of his attempt to discover a new world? Or where would have been Newton's about the usclessness of his attempt to discover a new world? Or where would have been Newton's stupendous theory, if, at the commencement of his researches, some meddling friend at his ear had whispered, "Don't try; you will be sure to fail?" In aid of the "Never-try" doctrine comes vanity, with its potent arguments that no attempt at all is better than a failure. We deny the fact in toto. Should a man fail in a project too high for him, he at least becomes acquainted with the extent of his own powers; he loses that inflated self-exaliation which is the greatest bane of real merit; and in finding his own level, he may yet do well. And better, far better, that all the pretenders in the world should sink back into deserved obscurity, than that one spark of real telent should be extinguished by the cold-hearted-check—"Tis uscless trying!" Now, having prosed enough, let us enlightened our arguments by a story.

the place to buy cheap Clothing, No. 42, Front Street, Columbia, Pa., directly opposite the Bridge, and three doors below Black's Hotel.

For further particulars, anguire of the Captain on board.

Columbia, Oct. 9th, 1847.

N. B. Abranch of the above establishment, where all the articles enumerated, and at the same prices, may be obtained, has been opened in No. 4, Shreimay & Walant Front.

not deserted. The Friends took care of him; and when he was able to earn his livelihood, one of their number received him as an apprentice. Such was the short and simple story of the barber's boy. Without entering ou metaphysics, every human being has some inner life which the world knows nothing of. Thus from his earliest childhood the passion of Reuben Vandrest had been music. He would follow the itinerant ministrels of the city through one street after another, often thus losing his meals, his rest, everything except his schooling, which precious thing he was too wise to throw away even for music. He made friendship with ing, which precious thing he was too wise to throw away even for music. He made friendship with blind pipers, Italian hurdy-gurdy-ists, and, above all, with wandering fiddlers; for with an intutive all, with wandering nauters; for with an indutive perception, the violin—the prince of etringed instruments—was the chief favorite. From all and each of the wandering musicians Reuben was inten on gaining somthing; they were won by his childish manners and his carnest admiration for love of praise is the same in a blind fiddler as in an opera-singer—and by degrees Reuben not only listened, but learned to play. No instrument came amiss to him; but his sole private property was an old fife; and with this simplest of all orchestral varieties the poor barber's boy used to creep his garret, and there strive with his acute car and retentive memory, to make out the tunes he

had heard in the streets, or invent others. But the grand cra in the boy's life was coming. One day as he stood wistfully looking at a violin which he held in his arms fondly and lingeringly. rior to returning it to its right owner, a poor street prior to returning it to its right owner, a poor street musician, the idea of its construction first entered Reuben's mind. He had been accustomed to regard a violin as a mysterious thing—a self-creating, sound-producing being; and never once had he considered of what it was made, or how. Now he began to peep into its mysteries, and to find out that it was anly word and cateryt after all. He began to peep into its inveteries, and to find out that it was only wood and catgut after all. He questioned his friend the fiddler, but the man had scraped away during a lifetime without once casting a thought on the mechanism of his instrument. True, he could replace a broken string, and at times even manufacture a bridge with his penknife, but that was all. When Reuben inquisitively wanted to learn how violins were made, the fiddler shook his head, and said he did not know.

"Do you think I could make one?" pursued the "Do you think I could make one?" pursued the anxious boy.

A bust of laughter, so cuttingly derisive, that Renben's face grew crimson, was the only answer.

"Why you little simpleton," cried the fiddler, when his mirth had subsided, "surely you'll not be so silly as to try? You could as soon build a house."

"But violins must be made by somebody."

"Yes by people whoknow all about it: not by a lad like you. Take my advice, and don't try."

Reuben said no more; but he could not get the idea from his mind. Every violin that he saw he

Reuben's face grew crimson, was the only answer.

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"Yes by people whoknow all about it: not by a lad like you. Take my advice, and don't try."

Reuben's face grew crimson, was the only answer.

"I myself."

"With my whole heart and soul!" cried the young man enthusiastically.

The stranger skilfully drew from Reuhen the little history of himself and his violin, and talked to him long and carnestly. "You have at rue feeling for that noble art, to which I, too, belong," he said. "You may have many difficulties to encounter; but never be discouraged—you will surmount them construction, the sort of wood used, the thickness

and fashion of the strings; and after weeks of consideration, he at last determined to try and make one for himself. During the long light summer nights, he worked hour after hour in his garret, or on the roof of the house; his natural mechanical skill was aided by patience and ardor; and with the few tools which he borrowed from the good-natured carpenter who had given him the wood, he succeeded in forming the body of the violin. But here a long cessation took place in Reuben's toil; for he had not even the few pence necessary to purchase the strings; and the bow, which he could not make, it was utterly out of his power to buy. He sat looking in despair at the half-finished instructions of your career remember this, and take make, it was utterly out of his power to buy. He sat looking in despair at the half-finished instrument—a body without a soul—and even his fife could not console him.

could not console him.

But one day a kind-hearted customer noticed the slight, pale-hooking boy who had arranged his locks so gently and carefully, and Renben became the glad recepient of a dollar. He flew to buy catgut and an old bow, and with trembling hands strung his instrument. Who can describe the important

Reuben, delighted, began one of his most touching airs; but his master stopped him. "That will do," said he; "I only want to see if it sounds—all tunes are the same. And I suppose ou will turn musician ?"

you will turn musician?"
Reuben hung his head and said nothing.
"Well, that thou canst never do, so I would advise thee not to try. Forget the fiddle, and be a good barber. However, I will say no more; only thou must play out of doors next time."
But all the discouragements of the old Quaker could not repress Reuben's love for music. He cut, and cerled, and shaved, as in duly bound, and then fled away to his violin. From the roof of the house the music went forth; and in this most original sognethrous, with the open sky above him.

oor Reuben, who had opened his eyes. poor recuren, who had opened his eyes.

The boy recovered, and she disappeared again among the dancers; but many a time did the auburn curls, and soft, brown, sympathizing eyes of the little school-girl float before the vision of Reuben Numbers; and the young musician often caught himself repeating to his sole confident—his violin— the pretty name he had heard on his waking, and

imly recognized as her's—Cora Dacres.

Long before he was twenty one P Long before he was twenty one, Reuben had en-tirely devoted himself to the musical profession.— The turning point in his career was given by a curious incident. One moonlight night, as he was playing on the roof as usual, he saw a head peep out from the uppermost window of the opposite This head was drawn in when he ceased playing, and again put forward as soon as he re commenced. A natural feeling of gratified vanity prevented the young man from yielding to his first shy impulse of retiring; and besides, sympathy in anything relating to his art was so new to Reuben, that it gave him pleasure to be attentively listened to even by an unknown neighbor over the way.— He threw all his soul into his violin, and played

until midnight.

Next day, while at his duties in his master's shop, the apprentice was sent for to the house op-posite. Reuben went, bearing the insigna of his lowly trade: but instead of a patient customer, he saw a gentleman who only smiled at his array of brusho

"I did not send for you to act as barber," said the "I did not send for you to act as strongly sinctured with a foreign accent, "but to speak to you about the violin-playing which I heard last night. Am I rightly informed that the performer was yourself?"

"It was, sir," answered Reuben, trembling with

eagerness. "Who taught you?"

which his face was hidden by his hands, "in all the trials of your career remember this, and take warning."

"I will—I will!" cried Reuben, much moved.

"And now, after having told you this terrible secret in my life, it is well that I should not reveal my name; and besides, it could do you no good, as I set out for Europe to-morrow. But should you ever be in Paris, come to this address, leave this writing, and you will hear of me."

The gentleman wrote some lines in a foreign language, which Reuben could not make out, though among his musical acquaintence he had

glad recepient of a dollar. He here to buy earling and an old bow, and with trembling hands strung his instrument. Who can describe the important moment? Leverier's crowning calculation for the new planet, Lord Rosse's first peep through his giant telescope, are little compared with Reuber's first attempt to draw sounds from his violin. The sounds came; and string after string was applied; and the violin hada soul! Feeble and thin the notes were, but still they were distinct musical tones; and the boy lugged his self-made treasure to his beating heart, actually sobbing with joy.

He played tune after tune; he never noticed that evening darkened into night; he forgot his supper; he forgot too—what but for his musical enthusians would long since have come into his mind—that though the childish fife might pass muster in the liouse of his master, a violin never would. The good Quaker, one of the strictest of his seet, thought music was uscless, sinful, heathenish; and a fiddler in his cyes was equal with a thief. Therefore who can picture Reuben's consternation when his garret door opened, and his master stood before fore who can picture Reuben's consternation when his garret door opened, and his master stood before have one all Ephraim's wrath in silence, only he took care to keep his driling violin safe from the storm, by pressing it closely in his arms.

"Thou hast been neglecting thy work and stealing fiddles," cried the angry man.

"I have not neglected my work," timidly animate the house of his most."

"He wildst thou get it?"

"I made it mysel."

Old Ephriam looked surprised. All the music in the world was nothing to him, but he had a fancy for mechanical employments, and the idea of making a violin struck him as ingenious. A facey for incelhanical employments, which the idea of making a violin struck him as ingenious. Revere the boy, and I have not selected my work," timidly an fancy for mechanical employments, which he does not making a violin struck him as ingenious. Revere the boy and an all bears of the to play it.

By degrees the young violinist rose to note, and became received into society where he could hardly have dreamed that he should ever set his foot. But it is a happy peculiarity in the domestic manners of the new world, that real talent ever finds its way, of the new world, that real talent ever finds its way, and takes its own rank in society. Thus many a rich citizen was pleased to welcome to his house Mr. Vandrest, the young and unassuming musician, whose gentle manners and acknowledged talent were equally prized. The barber's apprentice of New York was utterly forgotten, or only thought of as a poof of how much a man's fortune lies in his own hands, if he will only try.

In one of these clarent remains which were

its potent arguments that no attempt at all is better than a failure. We dony the fact in toto. Should a man fail in a project too high for him, he at least becomes acquainted with the extent of his own powers; he loses that inflated selfexulation which is the greatest bane of real merit; and in the finding his own level, he may yet do well. And better, far better, that all the pretenders in the world should sink back into deserved obscurity, than that one spark of real telent should be extinuity. The stripping of the wide world well will be cold-hearted-check—"Ts useless trying:" Now, having prosed enough, let us entitle the cold-hearted-check—"State useless trying:" Now, having prosed enough, let us entitle the world should sink twenty years ago—the precise to the stripping of the streets with this violin at night, to gain a few cents to purchase guished by the cold-hearted-check—"State useless trying:" Now, having prosed enough, let us entitle the cold-hearted-check—"State useless trying:" Now, having prosed enough, let us entitle the cold-hearted-check—"State useless trying: "Now, having prosed enough, let us entitle the cold-hearted-check—"State useless trying: "Now, having prosed enough, let us entitle world store a grand-table to a world wenty years ago—the precise to be admitted into a wandering bind.

One night when this primitive orchestra was the altered him set as a substitute. It was a daring thing. The other to Vark a barber's apprentice, a young boy named generation, had been corrupted from Van der Dest to Vandrest, while for his Scriptural name he was indebted to a worthy Quaker, his maternal grand-father, who had come over with William Penn—had the propension, as from his cride he had been an orphan, east on the charity of the wide world. But to excellent sect to which Reaben's mother had been good, is one of the fire who never east the lambs from their boson, and the orphan chards when he was a lot to carn his livelihood, one of their number received him as an apprentice. Such when he was a sa timent in its highest, purest, and most enduring character.

Reuben Vandrest (hate him not, dear reader, for having so unhero-like a name; I will engage that if Cora loved him, she thought it most beautiful and so would you, if any one dear to you hore the same;) well, Reuben Vandrest, who had hitherto same;) well, Reuben Vandrest, who had hitheric cared for nothing on earth but his violin, soon learn-ed to regard Miss Dacres with the enthusiastic at tachment of an carnest and upright nature; for with all the allurements of a musical career, Reu-ben continued as simple-minded and guiteless in character as the primitive sect from which he And Cora was worthy to inspire the love Reuben did not consider-he was too utterly abserbed in the new delight of loving, and of loving her, to think of asking himself the question. He visited at her house, and became a favorite with her father—a would be amateur, who took pleasure n filling his drawing-rooms with musicians, and treating them as costly and not disagreeable play-

But at last Mr. Dacres was roused from his apathy by the evident and close friendship between his daughter and young Vandrest. Though he liked the violinist well enough, the hint of Reuben marying Cora sounded ill in the cars of the prudent man, especially when given by one of those odious good-natured friends with whom the world abounds The result was a conversation between himself and Vandrest, in which, utterly bewildered and dispairing, poor Reuben declared his hidden and treasured love, first with the shrinking timidity of a mar who sees his inmost heart rudely laid bare, and then with a firmness given by a consciousness that there is in that heart nothing for which an honest man need blush.

man need blush.

"I am sorry for you, Mr. Vandrest," said the blunt, yet not ill-meaning citizen. "But it is impossible that you can ever hope for Cora's hand."

"Why impossible?" said the young man, recovering all his just pride and self-possession. "I covering all his just pride and self-possession. "I am not rich; but I have an unspotted name, and the

world is all before mc. Do you object to my pro-fession?" By no means; a musician is an honorable man

just as much so as a store-keeper.' At any other time the very complimentary com-At any other time the very complimentary comparison would have made Reuben smile; but now he only answered, while the color deepened on his check, "Is it because of my early life? My father was of good family; but, it may be, that you would blush to remember that your Jaughter's husband

once served in a barber's shop ?' "My dear sir," said Mr. Dacres, "you forget we are Republicans, and talent and wealth are our only aristocracy. The first you undoubtedly possess; but without the second, you cannot marry Cora, and there is no chance of your ever becoming a "Will you let me try?" eagerly cried Vandrest.

"Will you let me try?" eagerly cried Vandrest.
"It would be of no use; you could not succeed."
"I could—I could!" exclaimed the young man impetuously. "Only let me hope. I would try anything to win Cora!"
And in this carnestness of love did Reuben pursue his almost hopeless way. He had pledged his word that he would not speak of his love to Cora, that he would not try to win hers—this her father imperatively demanded; but Mr. Dacres also promised that he would leave his daughter free, nor arge her to accept any other husband during the three years of absence that he required of Reuben Vandrest.

They parted—Reuben and Cora—with the outward seeming of ordinary acquaintance; but was

They parted—Reuben and Cora—with the outward seeming of ordinary acquaintance; but was it likely that a love so deep and absorbed as that of the young musician should have been entirely suppressed by him, and unappreciated by her who was its object? They parted without any open contession; but did not Cora's heart follow the wanderer as he sailed towards Europe?—did she not call up his image, and repeat his unmusical name, as though it had contained a word of melody in itself?—and did she not feel as certain in her heart of hearts that he loved her, as if he had told her so a hundred times?

When Vandrest was preparing for the voyage he When Vandrest was preparing for the voyage he accidentally found the long-forgotten note of the stranger musician. It directed him to Paris; and to Paris he determined to proceed, as all Europe was alike to one who knew not a single soul on the wide expanse of the old world. He arrived there; and found in his unknown friend the kindhearted and talented Swede, who, on the death of Paganini, had become the first violinist in the world—Ole Bull.

The success of the reneg American was now

world—Ole Bull.

The success of the young American was now made sure. The great violinist had too much true genius to fear competitors, and no mean jealousy kept him from advancing the fortunes of Vandrest by every means in his power. Reuben traversed Europe, going from capital to capital, everywhere making friends, and, what was still more important to him, money. He allowed himself no pleasures, only the necessaries of life; and laid up all his gains for the one grand object of his care—the acquiring a fortune for Cora. He rarely heard of her; he knew not but that her love might change; and some times a sense of the utter wildness of his project came upon him with freezing reality. But intense love like his, in an otherwise calim and unimpassioned nature, acquiries a strength unknown impassioned nature, acquires a strength unknown to those who are alive to every passing impulse; and Reuben's love,

By its own energy, fulfilled itself "

In its own energy, fulfilled itself."

For the three years had expired he returned to America, having realized a competence. With a beating heart the young musician stood before his mistress, told her all his love, and knew that she loved him too. It was sweet to hear Cora reveal, in the frankness of her true heart, which felt no shame for having laved one so worthy, how her thoughts had continually followed her wandering lover, and how every success of his had been doubly sweet to her. But human happiness is never unmixed with pain; and when Cora looked at the altered form of her betrothed, his sanken and colorless face, and his large bright eyes, a dreadful fear took possession of her, and she felt that joy itself might be bought with too dear a price. It was so indeed. Reuben's energy had sustained him until same the reaction of hope fulfilled, and then his health failed. And a long illness followed. But he had one blessing; his affianced wife was near him; and amidst all his anguish, Cora felt thankful that he had come home first, and that it was her had one home first, and that it was her bleved, and that she could pray he might live for her.

And Reuben did live. Love struggled with death, and won the victory. In the next year, in the lovely sees on of American spring, the musician weedded his betrothed, and took her to a sweet country home, such as he had often dreamt of when large the first and practical from one Court to another, and the received with a sum of the large costs, and finally recover sixty dollars more than he had lost.

Things went excelly as he expected, and the case was carried from one Court to another, and case has he had often dreamt of when

her.

And Reuben did live. Love struggled with death, and won the victory. In the next year, in the lovely senson of American spring, the musician wedded his betrothed, and took her to a sweet country home, such as he had often dreamt of when he used to sit on summer evenings on the house-top in New York looking at the blue sky, and bringing music from his rude violin. And in Reuben's pleasant home was there no relie more treasured than this same violin, which had first taught him how much can be done with a brave heart and a good courage to try.

person by the heartless and dangerous sentence, 'Tis uscless trying."

AERONAUTICS .-- From Galignani's Messenger we learn that Mr. Green, the English acronaut, made his 174th ascent on Oct. 24th, at Brussels, taking up with him an officer of the British navy, and M. Bischoffsheim, son of the barker at Amsterdam. After floating in the air for about two hours, having attained the height of 2,500 yards, Green and his companions alighted safely on the plain outside of the gates of Lierre. On the ap-pearance of the balloon the commandant of the station saluted it by hoisting the National flag, which the aeronauts answered by waving the Eng-lish and Belgian colors, which they had with them. On the same day a M. Godard made an ascent from Lille. But his aerostatic apparatus was too economical, and as it proved dangerous, for his balloon was of paper, and his car consisted of a deel plank. In the ascent the halloon had several fisplank. In the ascent the balloon had several his-sures made in it, and the gas escaped in large vol-umes. After rising to about forty yards it sank again, and was caught by a chimney. M. Godard was dragged along the roof of the house, and struck on the head by bricks forced from the chimney. on the head by bricks forced from the chimney.—
At length, however, he was able to make his escape
through a sky-light, and got down to terra firma,
with only a few slight bruises. Three aeronautic
ascents took place at Bordeaux—two by M. Mever,
and M. Bechmann, and 3d by Madame Masse. The
two gentlemen descended without accident near he fown: but the balloon came down on the roo the town; but the balloon came down on the roof of the house occupied by M. Expeleta. By some chance the eards which connected the balloon to the ear got cut across, dividing the apparatus in two parts. Fortunately the net work of the car, caught in the corner of the entablature of the nouse, and remained there suspended. The slightes nouse, and remained there suspended. The slightest inovement would have precipitated the whole to the ground, and the utmost alarm was felt for Madame Marse's safety. Ladders were brought but they proved to be too short, and she was obligated to sent in the same provided for the state of the same provided for the same provided f need to remain in her very unenviable position for nearly ten minutes. At last longer ladders were procured, and she descended in safety, amidst the heers of the spectators.

The difference between the weather in this country and England may be judged from a fact which we stated in a London letter written on the 3d we stated in a London letter written on the 30 instant. The writer says that the office occupied by him is called a light room; yet, he adds, "I am now writing, at 12, noon, with two large candles, and can seracely see what I write," Well may he say to his American readers "rejoice in your bright skies and pure atmosphere"; for whilst he has been groping in darkness, our people have been enjoying weather as delightful as has over been experienced at this season of the year.

ASIATIC CHOLTRA TREATED WITH SULPHURIC ETHER.—In the present emergency, when Asiatic Cholera is advancing, for the second time, towards Europe, the following fact, related in the Gazette des Hospitaux, seems to us worthy the attention of

get Europe, the following fact, related in the Gazette des Hospitaux, seems to us worthy the attention of the medical faculty:

Dr. Bruno-Taron, surgeon in the Ottoman army, ex-inspector of health in Bulgaria, Syria, &c., was, in 1837, practising medicine at Mirseilles at the time the cholera made its second appearance in that city. Devoted entirely to the duties of his city and hospital practice, he was, one day, suddenly attacked by the epidemic so severely as to have no doubt upon the nature of the symptoms he experienced. But let us listen to Dr. Taron's own statement of his case. It was midnight, says he, and about one hour after I had gone to bed, when all at once a general chill ran over me, accompanied with cold sweat, vomiting, &c. One hour after, violent cramps manifested themselves in the thoracic and abdominal extremities. These were, certainly, sure symptoms of cholera.

I was alone; my family had fled the infected city; not a servant was at hand. Without assistance, in the middle of the night, prostrated by the disease as much as by the terrible presentiment of an impending death. I was without any other medicine, except a large bottle of sulphuric ether, which, fortuitously was in my room. Having no other resources, I grasped the bottle, and inhaled the vapors of ether. All at once, my respiration, which was then very much embarrassed, became more fice, and I felt immediately a sense of intermission and general easiness; the perspiration, which was cold and fatiguing, became warm and agreeable;

fice, and I felt immediately a sense of intermission and general easiness; the perspiration, which was cold and fatiguing, became warm and agreeable; the action of my senses were soon suspended, and I fell into a profound sleep.

All this happy improvement took place in a very short time, under the influence of the inhalations of sulphuric ether. My sleep had been perfectly calm during six hours; when I awoke, experiencing great weakness in all my body. I had, unconsciously, perspired during the whole night. I recovered my strength gradually, and was perfectly restored to my usual health.

Dr. Turon terminates his letter, by confessing that being then unacquainted with the action which

Dr. Turon terminates his letter, by confessing that being then unacquainted with the action which ether exercises upon the nervous centres, he did not secribe his care to the agent, but to one of those capricious whims of nature which it is impossible to explain.

It is to be regretted, says the Gazette des Hose

It is to be regretted, says the Gazette des Hospitaux, that our colleague's observation should be isolated and unique; but it is, however, very important, and as a stay upon which other experiments may rest. The Gazette du Midi asserts that such experiments, confirming the observations of Dr. Turon, had been successful made in some parts of the Levant, where the disease had made it first appearance. It becomes the duty of medical institutions to make careful inquiries into this adject, and to order some new experiments under all possible conditions in order to render them positive, and

more than he had lost.

Things went exactly as he expected, and the case was carried from one Court to another, and came up for final decision. The defendant had been through the whole litigation, without that tangible proof of his innocence, which was likely, to have much weight with the jury, and the probability seemed to he that he would loose his case and suffer a heavy injury.

Just as the testimony was closing, the Court suggested, as the complainant declared that he had lost just one hundred silver dollars in his purse, whether it would not be well to see how much the purse in question would hold. Here considerable confusion arose, but the one hundred silver dollars were brought into the Court and the experiment of getting them into the purse was tried, when lot how much can be done with a brave heart and a good courage to try.

Reader, the whole of Reuben Vandrest's life was influenced by his acting up to that little word was influenced by his acting up to that little word there is much sterling wisdom in old proverbs—say, "Everything must have a beginning," and "No man knows what he can do until he tries." Now, kind reader, keep this in mind; and never, while you live, damp the energies of yourself or any other person by the heartless and dangerous sentence. ninely-nine were all that it could be made, in any way, to hold. It was then decided that the purse and money found by the defendant could not be that lost by the complainant. The mortification and burning rage of that brother who had taken such a course to injure another, and got himself essentially bitten, may be more easily imagined than described. His heavy bills of costs, and the sum he had so unwittingly given his and the sum he had so unwittingly given his brother, taught him that Honesty would have been the best policy.'— Yankee Blade.

> THE GOOD POPE .- A letter from Rome says that the Pope has caused letters to be written to different towns in the Pupal States, where subscriptions are being raised for the erection of monuments in hon-or of him, to request that they will devote their money to a more useful purpose-namely, the foundation at Rome of a central hospital and almshouse for aged persons .- Spirit of the Times.

> SELLING BAGGAGE AT AUCTION. — "Fourteen seventy-five! Fourteen seventy-five!" roared the porter as he was calling off the baggage at the Boston and Worcester Railroad station upon the A countryman, who had been semetime loi about the premises in expectation of "secir Elephant," hereupon made his "secir arrival of the Western train a few evenings since. Elephant," hereupon made his way through the crowd and exclaimed, "Oh, come now mister, that's a pretty considerable good looking trunk to go for that price, Ill bid fifteen dollars on it!"

Jour Firen .- While John Fitch, the man celebrated in his connection with the steamboat, was confined on Prison Island, he made himself a set of tools with scarcely any means at his command. His tools were an axe, handsaw, chisel, iron woodwedge, shoemaker's hammer, fore-plane, augur, grind-tone, jack-knife blade and some old hoop iron. With these tools he constructed nine wooden timepieces, three hundred pairs of brass sleeve-buttons, eighty pairs of silver ones, repaired buttons, and engraved names. John Fitch was the most ingesious and contriving man that ever lived.

The first striking clock was made in Arabis, where the arithmetical figures were invented, and the first Encyclopedia prepared.

A journalist has discovered that, all things considered, railways are very slow, and behind the age. He says that when travelling he blushes to think the message on the telegraph flies like lightning, while he is lazily creeping on at only thirty or forty

It has been observed that some spiders, with an instinctive sagacity, select as the greatest security from disturbance, the lids of charity boxes in