THE SPY & COLUMBIAN.

SATURDAY MORNING, Dec. 18, 1847.

AGENCIES.

V. B. PALMER, North West corner of Third and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia,
Tribune Buildings, (opposite City Hall,) N. York.
South East corner of Baltimore and Calvert streets, Baltimore, and
No. 12 State street, Boston.
JACOB M. WESTHAEFFER, Lancaster city.
WILLIAM A. PIERCE, Travelling Agent.

☞We are requested to state that Samuel A. Black Esq., will deliver a public lecture in the Lyceum Hall, on Friday evening, the 24th instant, at 6½ o'clock. Subject—"Hints about early education at the hearth, in connection with the religious training of children in sabbath schools, with some strictures upon their reciprocal effect."

We understand the Sabbath School connected with the M. E. Church are making preperations for a celebration. Contributions will be received in behalf of the library.

We have received from the foundry of Messrs. L. Johson & Co., a font of new nonpareil type to be used in the advertising columns of the Spy.—This type is of small size, and will condense the the advertisements into a much smaller space than they now occupy, thereby affording more room for reading matter. This has been done at considerable expense, but as we are determined to spare no labor or warranted expense in rendering the Spy interesting, we hope our friend Monsieur Public will appreciate our desire to please.

A portion of our paper this week is printed on the new type, which will serve to give our patrons an idea of the improvement about to be made in the mechanical execution of the Spy. By the 1st of January, it will appear in its new dress entire.

NEW DRESS—The Lancaster Union and Tribune comes to us enlarged, and beautified with a new dress. It is now printed on bourgeois and minion, and looks exceedingly well. The Union is an excellent news and literary paper.

SONGS FOR THE PEOPLE. — Those enterprising publishers, Zieber & Co., have commenced the publication of a new serial work under the above title, the first number of which is on our table. It is gotten up in a truly elegant style. The present number contains twelve pieces, viz:—Hail Columbia, The Star Spangled Banner, Hull's Victory, Dandy Jim, The Minute Gun at Sea, A Merry Christmas Home, The Bay of Biscay, Buena Vista, Coming through the Rye, Hope Told a Flattering Tale, All's Well, and Peaceful Slumbering on the Ocean. Each piece is illustrated by a fine engraving. We would recommend it to all lovers of the fine arts, painting, music and poetry. For sale by Westbrook & Spangler.

THE JOHN DONKEY.—We have received the first number of this humorous publication. It is a decided improvement on Yankee Doodle, deceased. The illustrations are well conceived and executed, the witticisms pointed and pungent. We commend the John Donkey to all lovers of fun. For sale at Westbrook & Spangler's.

THE WHIG ALMANAC.—Greely & M'Elrath have just published their Whig Almanac for 1848. It contains, as usual, a vast amount of statistical and political information. Westbrook & Spangler have them.

The Susquehanna is very high, with a fair prospect of remaining so. We have heard of no damage by the freshet, either to public or private property.

J. D. Softhead, of the "county seite," will excuse the non-appearance of his beautiful *imitation of the classics*. We think the joke has been carried far enough already.

Turner, the robber, was fully committed, at Lancaster, on Friday last, to take his trial at court. We learn that he has already rendered "the State some service," in the eastern Penitentiary, at which *institution he was a delegate from Harrisburg.*

The articles stolen from the Fulton House, have not been found.

SNOW fell to a dubious depth, for the first time this season, on Thursday evening. The cars were detained in consequence.

A new feature has appeared in the *Anglo Saxon*, which cannot fail to please those interested in the writing and printing reformation. A late number contains Christ's sermon on the mount in Phonographic characters. It is the design of the publishers to furnish a lesson in Phonography every week.

RAIL ROAD ACCIDENT.—On Tuesday last, when the afternoon train of cars were about six miles below Lancaster, they ran over a colored woman near eighty years of age, causing instant death.—The unfortunate old woman was in the habit of taking a walk every evening a few rods from her house, which was situated on the bank of the rail-road. She was walking along the side of the down track and watching a freight train coming up, and not noticing the train behind her, she stepped over in front of the engine and was thrown down, the wheels passing over her neck severing her head from her body.

☞The Lewistown Bank has once more, and, it is presumed, finally closed her doors. The Lewistown Gazette advises holders of its notes not to part with them heedlessly, until the value is better determined than now.

A NEW KIND OF BED.—The Cumberland Civilian publishes an extract of a letter from W. P. Wood, of that town, now in Mexico, which says:

"The night after the battle of Churubusco, we selpt upon the field. I crept under a shed where the surgeons had been engaged in the amputation of limbs, &c. and there slept soundly. In the morning I found that I had been sleeping on a pile of legs and arms, which were very thinly covered with straw."

The remains of Captain Walker and Hanson, on their arrival in Baltimore, will be taken charge of by two Volunteer companies of that city, and escorted to Washington, where they are to be interred. The funeral ceremonies will be very imposing.

LETTER FROM MEXICO.

The following graphic letter from a Lieutenant in General Scott's division of our army in Mexico, has been politely furnished for publication in the "Spy," by a young lady of Columbia. Accompanying the letter, and by way of illustration of the Mexican penchant for the precious metals, alluded to by the writer, was a splendid pair of mitts, of black silk, superbly ornamented with clusters of grapes, the leaves and vines being represented in silver, and the fruit by pearly beads—the whole forming an elegant and unique decoration for the hands of some fair daughter of the Aztecs. But to the letter:—

LA PUEBLA, or City of the Angels
May, 1st 17. }

* * * I am now living in a city where the Roman Church is in its primitive vigor. A city of 80,000 inhabitants, all of them worshippers of the same religion, and yet, there are at least one hundred churches here, and these decorated with scriptural illustrations, painted by the first masters. The convents—"and their name is legion," for there are convents for friars, convents for nuns, convents for the orders of San Francisco, of Santo Domingo, &c., &c.—usually occupy the whole of a square or block of the city, with chapels, cloisters, &c., cutting the interior into rectangles, and smaller squares, which are handsomely ornamented. In some of these are solitary fountains, made of cut stone, with pretty ornaments of carved work; in others, are every variety of fruit, and flowers. It was our "good luck" to be quartered in the convent of Santo Domingo, on our arrival here, and in consequence of my being able to understand the language of the Superior and friars, I was thrown a great deal among them, and confess I was much pleased with them. The Superior did so much to make us comfortable, and yet apologized for not doing more. He stated that he was a Spaniard and that the Mexicans hated his nation, that he was looked upon as a foreigner, and with suspicion, notwithstanding his holy office. He took me around his convent, pointed out paintings of the old masters, and shewed me some fine specimens in apartments which are now in ruins. It is impossible to give you an idea of the immense number and value of the paintings in this city; still, it is a matter of surprise to find, where there is a cultivated taste for the fine arts, a great many daubs; but these, comparatively, are few in number, and, perhaps, in the hands of those too poor to procure better.

The Cathedral of Puebla is the most superb house of worship I have ever seen. It ranks with the seven wonders of the world, and is perhaps, the most magnificent edifice in the new world, and, with the exception of St. Paul's of Rome, equal to any in the old. The paintings are superlatively beautiful, and it is a great treat to gaze on them. It is here that we feel that painters have embodied thought,—the heavens are opened, and we gaze upon the young and happy faces, until we forget that we are chained to this sublunary world. In our convent, I remember having seen a representation of the death of St Domingo, surrounded by his disciples. We see the body, with the disciples, are engaged in the devotions of the Catholic Church; but the departed spirit is about to ascend, and the angels are descending to welcome him into their happy circle. What genius a painter may possess to give life and expression to canvass! The angels are represented with so much skill that they appear to be thin air, but full of vitality, floating in ether, supported by their tiny wings. These convents are also surprising evidences of the perfection to which Spanish masonry had arrived a hundred years ago. These old buildings speak loudly in its praise. A row of columns, supporting arches, generally surround the fountains, making a gallery for the first and second floors, of the convents. The walls under these porticos are completely covered with specimens of paintings, generally by the Spanish masters. Puebla might be called the Philadelphia of Mexico. It is next in size to the city of Mexico. The houses are two, three, and some four stories in height, generally of brick, and some of them very pretty. The walls of the interior of these buildings are mostly painted with a great degree of taste, and well furnished. The streets are straight and at right angles. Puebla has, perhaps, more wealth in and around it than any other place in this country. The city has large public squares, with fine walks, and carriage roads, thus inviting both rich and poor to venture out. In the "Plaza de los Bravos," (Square of the Braves) are four large fountains, with jets of water, and pleasant seats around them. It not only has the shade trees of the public squares of Philadelphia, but fine rose bushes and other beautiful flowers, which shed the most delicious fragrance upon the air. Here the lovers bring their ladies, and in these shady groves, amid the rippling of the waters of the fountains, they pour out, in the rich language of "old Castile" their protestations of love, and receive approving glances from the soft black eyes of the Mexican beauties.

I have, in one of my former letters, endeavored to give you some idea of the country in the neighborhood of Monterey. I have now a more difficult task, in conveying to you a picture of the scenery around Puebla. About one mile to the west of the suburbs of the city, on the road to the city of Mexico, is a very pretty hill, called, from the chapel erected on it, the "Cerro San Juan de Bautiste," (St John the Baptist.) It is famous in history as the position selected and fortified by General Bravo, for the little army of Mexicans who rallied around him, in 1812-13, when they threw off the Spanish yoke. The Cerro San Juan overlooks a luxuriant vale, which stretches its mighty arms to the east and west, even to the bases of the old volcanoes, Orizava, Popocatapit, and Iztatapit. These ancient chimneys of the great workshop of our good mother Earth are silent as the halls of death. No longer do they belch forth gigantic columns of smoke—no longer do their summits glow with fervent heat: but mark the change! now, they are covered with eternal snow! About two leagues from Cerro San Juan, to the west, stands the ancient pyramid of Cholulah, on which, Cortez the Conqueror informs us, the Azteca sacrificed human victims. The village of Cholulah is at its base, and is inhabited by the descendants of the Montezumas. But they are now a conquered, and an abject people. No longer do human victims writhe under the dull stone of the priest, who extracts the bleeding heart. No longer do they bleed upon their prisoners of war. A chapel now adorns the summit of the pyramid, and these poor Indians, better subjects for pity than our Southern slaves, bow down before the mysterious God of the white man, whose favors they supplicate, and in whose protection alone do they find mercy and safety.

But the most agreeable sight is, the extensive fields of wheat, the golden stalks ready for harvest glittering in the morning sun, far as the eye can reach. The green corn, too, looking fresh and healthy, ornaments the plain, and, in short, the country is in a high state of cultivation. Here, and there, you see a fine large grist-mill, or cotton factory; everywhere, chapels, haciendas, and towns.—In this vale, there are little short of two hundred thousand inhabitants. Puebla has, heretofore been very indignant at the presumption of the United States to war with a Republic that threw off the yoke of a Nation, whose power and envalry were once the admiration of the whole world. It was indeed the centre of the war party, and thunders of Mexican vengeance were often fulminated in this belligerant city. They gave their provisions and money freely; but found all to be of no avail, and are now very much disgusted to find us in their city. * *

August. We are now at Tacubaya, rather more than a league from "the City," which presents a beautiful appearance, as seen from our house-top. Between us and the capital is a considerable *commonce, rising up* like a mound, on which formerly stood the country residence of Montezuma. It is the celebrated Grass-hopper hill, or Chapultepec. At its base are still standing a host of Cypress trees, which adorned the grove of Montezuma.—They look as if they may have seen a thousand years.—Chapultepec has now a fine castle on its summit. Tacubaya is a salubrious little village, famous for a short, but well made, street, leading from the main causeway, going into the city, up a rapid slope, to the Achbishop's palace. The Texians, who were captured at Mier, were brought here and compelled to construct this road. The Mexicans deemed this a matter of extraordinary enterprize, and resolved that this master piece of art should not go down to posterity like the pyramids of this country, or those of Egypt, without a line to tell whence they came; and hence, on one side of the road, stood a beautiful monument of carved stone, on which the facts were duly recorded. But we "Northern Barbarians," like the jealous Spaniards, must go to work, and destroy these beautiful evidences of Mexican skill, for a day or two ago I saw the monument fall, amid the shouts of a hundred teamsters, who were incited to the mischief, by one of the unfortunate Texians who had worked on the road. * * * *

* * The Mexican people are very fond of rich ornaments, and some of their breast-pins, bracelets, &c., are magnificent. The ladies are particularly fond of silver and gold tassels, and trim their dresses with fringe of the *same materials, as you ladies do with lace.* * * * *

GEN. TAYLOR IN NEW ORLEANS.—The New Orleans papers of the 4th and 5th inst., contain glowing accounts of the reception of Gen. Taylor in that city, which took place on the 3d.

"He landed at the Place d'Armes amid the thunders of artillery, salutes of one hundred guns having been fired from each of the public squares. In reply to the invitation of the Mayor to become the guest of the city, the gallant hero made a brief but appropriate reply. From the landing he passed through the Place d'Armes, in which a triumphant arch had been erected, and entering the Cathedral, immediately opposite, he listened to an appropriate address from Bishop Blanc. Gen. Taylor replied in an eloquent manner. A grand *Te Deum* was then sung by a full choir, accompanied by a powerful band of instrumental performers.

On the conclusion of the services, the procession was formed and moved through the principal streets of the city, according to the arrangements. The General was escorted to the St. Charles Hotel, where he took up his quarters.

The St. Charles Hotel was brilliantly illuminated, and in front of the gentleman's parlor, a transparency of the General, in his old brown coat, was exhibited, having for the motto, "A little more grape, Captain Bragg."

A splendid supper took place the same evening at the St. Charles Hotel, which was given in honor of the General. Grand displays of fireworks were given during the evening, and the city's guest with his suit, visited the theatres which were crowded to overflowing on the occasion.

On the 4th the presentation of the sword voted to General Taylor by the Legislature of Louisiana was made, accompanied by most interesting ceremonies. The weapon was presented by Governor Johnson, in a long and most eloquent and enthusiastic speech. The reply of the General was brief, but at the same time very appropriate and eloquent.

At the public dinner given at the St. Charles, a complimentary toast to Gen. Taylor was received with long continued shouts, to which the Gen. replied. The Mercury says:—

The old man rose with an appearance of diffidence and timidity, which all knew he never felt in the presence of our enemies, and replied pertinently and appropriately. He said it was difficult for him to express his sense of the honors which were showered upon him by the citizens of New Orleans; but of all the trophies he received, the approving smiles and waving handkerchiefs of the fair daughters of Lousiana affected him the most, and were dearer than a thousand victories on the battle-field. They were triumphs peculiarly gratifying to him, for they were unalloyed by pain, and left no sting behind—he knew not how others felt, but for himself, how much soever he might forget in the hour of battle, the sad consequences of the strife, they always rushed upon his mind afterwards—making his heart to sink, and causing him to feel like a child. He had hoped to have done more for his country than he did—he thought he might have been enabled to accomplish a speedy and honorable peace—an event essential to the welfare of both countries, and particularly our own—but though he did not accomplish as much as he desired, he always endeavored to perform his duty, and he was more than gratified that the people of Louisiana, with whom he considered himself identified, were contented with his conduct.

The Picayune of the 3d instant furnishes the following account of the General's personal appearance:

He seems to be in excellent health and his spirits have not suffered from once more breathing *the air of his own great country.* In person he is thinner than when he left the United States; but no traces of decay can be seen in his gait, his conversation, or his manners. He is the same frank, manly, and single-hearted soldier he was in years gone by—changed in nothing if we except a diffidence which increases with his increasing fame. There is a cordial hospitality in the grasp of his hand—an old fashioned, honest welcome in the candor of his greeting—a generous straightforwardness in his whole bearing, which at once captivates the mind and "gives his heart the truthful quality of disposition, tempers with mildness the *daring expression of his eye, and diffuses even* blandness over the rugged boldness of his camp hardened features."

"There in not him the slightest tinge of self-consequence—no wish to be considered greater than others. He would fain avoid the public reception *that awaits him, did it not savor of affectation* to repel a demonstration of regard by a people who love and honor him. His character is so simple in its construction that success cannot spoil its symmetry or praise deface it with a single pretention. It does one good to be in the presence of this man of mighty deeds, in whose nature self denial is so absolute an element that he blushes at the great things he has himself done."

The late foreign intelligence from Russia and Austria chills the heart with horror. Polish nobles, denounced for having deplored in their own family circles the calamities of their country, have been seized at dead of night, and abducted to distant fortresses, without any one knowing their fate. Young girls have been dragged naked from their beds, outraged by drunken soldiers, and gone mad from shame and fear. Men have been immured, on suspicion, in damp dungeons for six or seven months, till they have confessed imaginary crimes. Land owners have been attacked on the highways, beaten, mutilated, and left for dead, and then claimed by the Austrian police to undergo fresh tortures.

Human nature shudders at hearing with what cruelty the Russian Government treats the Polish imprisoned patriots. Grzegorzewski who signed the Cracow manifesto, imprisoned in the citadel of Warsaw, became very soon insane. The old senator, Wielogloswski, could not endure the torture, and died. The bride of the unfortunate Dobryir was let out of the jail of the Citadel, but she soon died. Morsztya has broken his skull by beating it against the walls of his prison, not being able to support the tortures. Anthony Paprocki, beaten to death, cried out at his last moment, "I am dying for the most sacred cause of Poland."

BIGOTRY DAGUERREOTYPED.—Here is a truthful picture of an infernal monster, drawn by the Boston Chronotype:

"Bigotry is the arch-fiend of this woe-begone world. Did he always stand out in his own drapery *of sable soot, there would be very little trouble* with him. But he takes the robes of religion, of spirituality, even of freedom and liberality. But there is one certain test of his presence. It is the grave. At that sad bourne all human quarrels cease. Humanity there unbends the bow, lets fall the battle axe, and weeps with a full heart over the prostrate brother laid away in his long sleep. Meek-eyed Charity bends over the coffin, remembers all the good and worthy deeds, and forgets and forgives all the ill ones. But there is that which comes with rude manner and sneering lips, plucks aside the winding sheet, exposes every scar and deformity, and spurns the coffin with a grin of contempt. This is Bigotry. No matter if clothed in the vestments of the holiest freedom, and in the most bloodless non-resistence, it is Bigotry—the fiend that has kindled all the 'auto de fes' and Smithfield fires, and invented all the racks and *thumb-screws that have been used in the absurd* work of making men think alike."

A Cincinnati paper says that "hogs and hickory are selling by the cord at nearly the same price," the weather being unfavorable to the "hog crop."

From the Huntingdon Journal

DEATH OF CAPT. JAMES CALDWELL—LETTER FROM HIS SON.—We are truly happy to state that the news received of the death of Alexander Caldwell, who accompanied his now lamented father to Mexico, proves to be incorrect. A letter has been recently received from him, by his younger brother, residing in Williamsburg, from which we take the following extracts:

CITY OF MEXICO, October—1847.

My Dear Brother: * * * As you are well aware of all the dangers we have to go through in Mexico, I hope you will be prepared to hear some sad news, though I wish I could save you the pain of knowing it. Our dear and brave father, as he proved to be on all occasions, received a fatal wound whilst gallantly advancing at the head of his company on the terrible day of Chapultepec; he did not receive the wound in the storming of the Castle; but after that place was taken he advanced to the very gates of the city, where he received a severe wound in the foot, by a fragment of a bomb-shell, of which wound he died a few weeks since. I hope you will not grieve too much about this sad affair, but bear it like a man. It will be some consolation to you to know he fell whilst bravely fighting for his country's honor. It was his wish to be taken home and be buried along side of his dear wife. I have him embalmed and put in a lead coffin, and will take him home with me when I go. I hope you will see that our dear little sisters, Mary and Elizabeth, are taken care of. When I get home I will make suitable arrangements for you all. I have applied for a commission in the Regular Army as Lieutenant, which, if I succeed, will afford sufficient income to educate our sisters without other aid; I think there is no doubt of my getting it, as I have a letter of recommendation to the President, written by Gen. Shields, and signed by Generals Scott, Quitman, Twiggs, Pillow, Pierce, Cadwallader, and also by Mr. Trist, U. S. Commissioner. As soon as I get my commission I will obtain a furlough and go home. I expect to see you in two or three months. I was appointed Commissary's first clerk by General Pierce, as soon as we landed at Vera Cruz. The situation is worth $50 per month. * * * The young men from Williamsburg are all well.

Farewell for a while, and God bless you all.

Your only brother,
ALEX. CALDWELL.

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.—A few rods north of the Armory on the hill, is a deep hollow or dingle down the bank of which the waste dirt of the shops (consisting of old woollen rags and cotton waste, partially saturated with oil, particles of iron mixed with the sweepings of the shops, coal dirt, &c.,) has from to time to time for a long period been thrown, until a large quantity of it has accumulated. This mass of rubbish some six weeks since took fire *spontaneously*, and has been constantly burning since, notwithstanding the late powerful and heavy rains.

Wednesday being the regular monthly meeting of the "Eagle Co." No. 1, Capt. Tower determined to try his skill with the devouring element. After throwing on to the burning pile vast quantities of water, which seemed to have the effect to concentrate the heat rather than to quench it, it burst forth from the uppermost point, ejecting fire, steam and smoke, to a considerable height, giving us a beautiful miniature *volcanic eruption.* It still continues to burn, bidding defiance to the clouds of heaven and the Eagle Co, No. 1. On the bank immediately over the burning pile is a magnificent elm, beneath the shades of which, in by-gone days, many a workman has repaired to refresh himself from the beautiful stream rippling down the bank near by. This burning mass seems to have embraced the roots of the tree, (robbing old Sol of its power,) warming it into summer life, expanding its buds almost to bursting, and in all probability will soon cover it with a beautiful foliage.—*Springfield (Mass) Republican.*

The New Orleans Picayune of the 3d instant, thus refers to the old white horse of Gen. Taylor:

"Old Whitey" will have a share in the pageant to-day. The old fellow's pretentions have been recognized by the committee, and he will have a show for his services. He has been ailing for some days, and may not be in condition to be ridden by Gen. Taylor. If such be the case, the General will ride a brown horse, which carried him through the Florida war, and was wounded at Monterey, and "*Whitey*" will be ridden by General's servant.—This is as it should be. It may be remembered that at Buena Vista, the color of Old Whitey attracted the attention of the enemy, and drew upon his master the fire of one of his principal batteries.

But if he gave exercise to Mexican marksmen, he at the same time was an object of anxious attention to the Americans. Ever and anon they turned their eyes in the direction in which he was, and as long as he could be seen, they knew that his rider was there overlooking the battle which they felt sure would never be lost whilst Rough and Ready kept his seat in the saddle.

STRANGE GIBLETS.—We have often heard of the fowl that laid golden eggs, but we never thought that the fable to a certain extent would be verified. On Sunday last, the members of Major Gally's Battalion invited Gen. Taylor to the anual dinner, given in commemoration of the Feast of St. Babet, the patron saint of artillerists; but as the time for the General's departure was fixed for 9 o'clock, it was impossible for him to attend. The officers and members of the Battalion, however, were determined that the "old hero" should not leave without receiving some testimonial of respect. Accordingly, on Sunday morning last, they sent General Taylor a huge pasteboard turkey, done brown.—When the artificial flower was opened, to the astonishment of all it was found to contain a splendid pair of gold epaulettes and a sash of the costliest description! These were presented by the officers and members of the Battalion, in token of their veneration and esteem for the honored chieftain, who has so nobly fulfilled his part in the battle waged against the foe.

GREAT FLOOD—*Rise in the River—Allegheny Inundated.*—For some days past, says the Pittsburg Journal, the rain has been constant in this section of the country, and our rivers have been swollen to an unusual height—higher we believe than at any period since 1832, and one foot higher than on the 25th November.

We can scarcely doubt that much valuable property has been destroyed on the Allegheny and Monongahela. There were, on Sunday, 23 feet of water in the channel of the Monongahela.

The Allegheny rose very rapidly, and on Sunday afternoon the "Island," and all the adjacent portion of the city, was under water. The river backed water over the second lock of the canal, and the cellars on Ann street, and Robinson street, below Craig, were inundated.

NEGOTIATION WITH MEXICO.—From all we hear, it would seem that the President has consulted Bishop Hughes on the subject of Mexican affairs, and proposed that he should proceed to Mexico in a private capacity, but at the government expense, for the purpose of bringing about, if possible, a pacific disposition on the part of the Mexicans, partly by persuading the Mexicans, *in the first place*, of the sincere affection of our govenment for them, and our earnest desire to do them good.

Such a mission, we understand, the Bishop declined, but was willing to go as an authorized embassador; and the negotiation closed with the understanding that if circumstances would warrant it, the Bishop would be named as one of three Commissioners to treat for peace.—*N. Y. Jour. Com.*

A CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.—It is just thirty-eight years since Massachusetts gave a Speaker to the House of Representatives, and in the same year in which Joseph B. Varnum, the last speaker from that State, was elected. Mr. Winthrop, the present Speaker, was born in Boston.

OBITUARY EXTRAORDINARY!—The widow of an eminent composer, in her obituary of her departed husband, used this language:—

"He has left this life and gone to that blessed place where only his harmony can be exceeded."

The widow of an eminent pyrotechnist, pleased with the idea, adopted it on a similar occasion, with a slight variation and remarked of her war-lord that,—

"He had gone to that blessed place where only his *fire-works* could be exceeded."

TECHNICALITIES.—"My *," said a printer to his sweetheart, "permit me 2m~~ you;" when the termagant immediately made a —— at him, and planted her ☐ between his eyes, which put his head in pi. "This conduct," said the gallant typo, looking †† at her, "is without a ‖."

During a storm at Memphis, Tenn., lately, a gum tree was blown upon the house of Mr. Rome, and killed two little boys, his only children, and dangerously injured the mother. Mr. Rome was also injured.

TRUE—AS PREACHING.—A country cotemporary compares some of his subscribers to *cats!* He says, "you may stroke the fur the right way for years—talk and write to please them, and hear nothing but purring; but accidentally tread on a tail—say something that comes in contact with their fault, prejudice, or interest, and what a scratching and clawing there will be!"

VALUABLE VEGETABLE REMEDY.—*Dr. Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry*, is mild and pleasant to the taste, perfectly safe and harmless in its operation, and yet it is one of the most powerful and certain remedies for Consumption of the Lungs, Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Spitting Blood, Liver Complaint, Pains in the Side or Breast, and general Debility of the Constitution, that was ever invented by the skill of man for the relief of the afflicted public. Certificates and evidences of its wonderful curative powers are daily received from all quarters. It is impossible to conceive the aggregate of suffering and misery that has been relieved or banished by it; nor can we calculate the immense benefit that shall accrue from it hereafter.—All ages, sexes, and constitutions are alike affected by it, and the disease is eradicated from the system, the constitution repaired, and health restored by the use of *Dr. Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry.* How many sufferers do we daily behold approaching to an untimely grave, wrested, in the bloom of youth, from their relatives and friends, afflicted with that fatal malady, CONSUMPTION, which wastes the miserable sufferer until he is beyond the power of human skill. If such sufferers would only make trial of Dr. Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry, they would find themselves sooner relieved than by gulping the various ineffective remedies with which our newspapers abound; the "Vegetable Remedy" heals the ulcerated lungs, stopping profuse night sweats, at the same time inducing a natural and healthy expectoration, and the patient will soon find himself in the enjoyment of comfortable health. The public should bear in mind that Dr. Swayne is a regular practising physician, who has had years of experience in diseases of the Lungs, Chest, &c. The (original and only) genuine article is only prepared by DR. SWAYNE, N. W. corner of Eighth and Race street, Philadelphia.

Dr. Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry is put up in square bottles, enveloped with a handsome steel engraving, bearing the signature of DR. H. SWAYNE, and is sold by agents in all the principal towns throughout the United States.

Sold by Wm. A. Leader, Columbia, and Dr. A. H. Barnitz, York. no13'47-1m.

All the following articles which have obtained unbounded popularity, are sold by W. A. Leader, the only agent for the genuines articles in Columbia, and by James Smith, Lancaster, and John J Libhart, Marietta. *Caution.*—Buy only of the above persons as all others are counterfeit:—

AN UNEQUALLED REMEDY, *And an Almanac for 1848 Gratis*—1st—For Colds and Feverish feelings, and *preventing* Fevers 2nd—For Asthma, Liver complaint and Bilious affections. 3rd—For Diarrhœa, Indigestion and *Loss of Appetite.* 4th—For Costiveness in females and males. 5th—For stomach affections, Dyspepsia and Piles.

The Great Points are, it is not bad to take, *never* gives pain and *never leaves one costive!*

For all these things it is warranted unequalled, and all who do not find it so may *return the bottle and get their money.*

This medicine is *LONGLEY'S GREAT WESTERN INDIAN PANACEA.* Fuller description in an Almanac for 1848, gratis.

Balm of Columbia Hair Tonic—To the Bald and Grey—If you wish a rich luxuriant head of hair, free from dandruff and scurf, do not fail to procure the genuine Balm of Columbia. In cases of baldness it will more than exceed your expectations. Many who have lost their hair for twenty years have had it restored to its original perfection by the use of this balm. Age, state or condition appears to be no obstacle whatever—it also causes the fluid to flow with which the delicate hair tube is filled, by which means thousands (whose hair was as grey as the Asiatic eagle) had had their hair restored to its natural color by the use of this invaluable *remedy. In all cases* of fever it *will* be found the most pleasant wash that can be used. A few applications only are necessary to keep the hair from falling out. It strengthens the roots and never fails to impart a rich glossy appearance and as a perfume for the toilet it is unequalled—it holds three times as much as other miscalled hair restoratives and is more effectual. The genuine manufactured only by Comstock & Co., 21, Courtland street, New York.

Connel's Magical Pain Extractor—It is now conceded *by medical men that Connel's Magical Pain Extractor*, manufactured by *Comstock & Co., 21, Courtland st., New York*, is the greatest wonder of the 19th century. Its effects are truly miraculous. All pains are removed from *burns, scalds*, &c., and all external sores in a few minutes after its application, healing the same on the most delicate skin, leaving no scar. It is equally beneficial in all kinds of inflammatory diseases, such as sore Nipples and Eyes, Sprains, Rheumatism, White Swelling and Ulcers, Bruises, Chilblains Erysipelas, Biles, Tick Doloreau, &c. We might add as proof to all we say the names of many eminent physicians who use it in their practice, and hundreds of the clergy who praise it to their people. Kind parent keep it constantly on hand, in cases of accident by fire life may be lost without it, but by its use all burns are subject to its control, unless the vitals are destroyed. Caution—Remember and ask for *Connel's Magical Pain Extractor*, manufactured by *Comstock & Co., New York* and take no other.

Deafness Cured—*Dr. M'Nair's Acoustic Oil*—Those deaf from old age and from infancy often receive their hearing in a most miraculous manner by the use of this oil. It has the effect to restore the tension and bring into the natural action of the parts so as to restore the hearing when lost or impaired. This will be done in all cases of recent deafness, and many of long standing. All deaf persons should use this oil. *Comstock & Co. 21 Courtland st.* are the wholesalers. Price $1 per flask.

Piles, Sores &c—*The Genuine Hoff's Liniment* is an article more justly celebrated as a cure for the above, than any or all others. Its cures are almost innumerable, and it is only necessary to let those who know the article and used it with such great success that it is to be had true *and genuine of Comstock & Co. 21 Courtland street, New York*, sole proprietors.

Dr. Sphon's Sick Headache Remedy—Why will you suffer with the distressing complaint when a remedy is at hand that will not fail to cure you? This remedy will effectually destroy any attack of headache, either nervous or bilious. It has cured cases of twenty *years' standing.*

Mother's Relief—*Indian Discovery*—All expecting to become mothers and anxious to avoid the Pains, Distress and Dangers of child-bearing, are earnestly entreated to calm their fears, allay their *nervousness and soothe their* way by the use of this most extraordinary vegetable production. Those who will candidly observe its virtues, must approve of it in their hearts—every kind and affectionate husband will feel it his most solemn duty to alleviate the distress his wife is exposed to, by a safe and certain method which is the use of this mother's relief. Further particulars in pamphlets intended for the female eye, are to be had gratis where this *humane cordial is to* be found. The Mother's Relief is prepared only by the new sole proprietors, Comstock & Co. 21 Courtland st. New York.

For Worms—*Kolmstock's Vermifuge* will eradicate and cure children and adult's who have worms. Caution—Beware of all unless the name is spelled *Kolmstock*, the old Dutch name of the inventor. Price 25 cents per bottle. ☞It cannot injure the child should there be no worms, but it will do it good.

To the Halt and Lame, Comstock's Nerve and Bone Liniment and Indian Vegetable Elixir is the most effectual cure for Rheumatism, contracted cords or muscles, and is warranted to cure any case of Rheumatism or Gout.

Expectorant Syrup—*Have You a Cough*—Do not neglect it—thousands have met a premature death for the want of attention to a common *Cold. Have you a cough? Rev.* Dr. Bartholomew's *Expectorant Syrup*, a safe medical prescription, containing no poisonous drugs, and used in an extensive practice for several years, will most positively give relief, and save you from that *most awful* disease, Pulmonary Consumption, which usually sweeps into the grave hundreds of the young, the old, the lovely and the gay.

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PLEASE TAKE NOTICE.—We have been frequently annoyed by a soap vender in Philadelphia named Hauel, who meanly copies our advertisements and applies the same to his own use. Now what principle can a man possess who will condescend to make use of such means artifices to insure his success, and make his articles sell. A man's composition of or his stereotype matter, is as much his property as his stock in business, or goods, wares and chattels; if, then, another man meanly adopts such composition, or property for own use, what better is he than a rogue who will make illegal use of your goods? In a little hand bill of ours which we wrap around our Chinse Medicated Soap, we have at the head of the bills a small paragraph which *reads thus:*

"In an evil hour the sepent entered Paradise, and beauty lost its charm, and the All-Wise gave man power over all animal and vegetable matter, and the mysterious secret of restoring unto woman her former pure, clear and beautiful complexion is combined in *Radway's Chinese Medicated Soap.*"

On looking over the Philadelphia Ledger on Monday, the 18th ult., we were surprised to see our matter made use of for dressing up another man's article, and that man our competitor in business, and for the public's approbation of our respective articles. We offer to the public *Radway's Chinese Medicated Soap* as a sure exterminator of all excresences of the cuticle and a certain cure for all eruptions of the skin. As a Toilet Soap we candidly believe it to be the most superior Soap extant. As a Medicated Soap we sincerely believe it to possess qualities which no other Soap possesses.

For the cure of Salt Rheum, Ring Worm, Erysipelas, Chapped, Cracked, and repulsive skin, we know it is certain in its effects, and is superior to all others ever invented. Lastly, we never condescend to make use of other men's composition to make our articles sell. We furthermore warn this man, Jules Hauel, not to infringe on our rights or make use in any manner whatever of our stereotype composition. With these few remarks, we leave the public to judge the meritis of our Chinese Medicated Soap, and the merits of an article clothed in false colors to make it sell.

Sold for 12½ small, and 25 cents for large cakes, by Zahm & Jackson, George A. Miller, and John F. Long, Lancaster; Bell & Son, Harrisburg; Morris & Co. York; R. Williams, Columbia.

J. & R. G. RADWAY,
No. 2 Courtland street, N. Y.

CHRISTMAS CHEER.—During this season of festivity and joy, when we are all more or less prone to indulge in the good things of this life, and not unfrequently to excess, let us not forget that the pleasures of the table, when enjoyed beyond the bounds of moderation, are always at the expense of health.

To those, however, who are inadvertently led into excess, either in eating or drinking, and who in consequence, suffer from headache, sick stomach, loss of appetite, lowness of spirits, indigestion, and many other complaints, the certain penalty of over indulgence, we earnestly invite a trial of Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, of the North American College of Health. This extraordinary medicine is certain to remove all complaints which arise from irregularity of diet; because they cleanse the body from those bilious and corrupt humors which are the cause, not only of the above distressing symptoms, but of every malady incident to man.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills also aid and improve digestion, and purify the blood and therefore give health and vigor to the whole frame, as well as drive disease of every name from the body.

Beware of Counterfeits! The only original and genuine Indian Vegetable Pills have the signature of William Wright written with a pen on the top label of each box. *None other is genuine, and to counterfeit this is* Forgery.

☞The genuine for sale by FRY & SPANGLER, who are the only authorized Agents for Columbia. Also, by agents advertised in another column.

Principal Office, 169 Race Street, Philadelphia.

In Cincinnati, on the 6th inst., WILLIAM MICHAEL, only son of Augustus D and Martha Spangler, aged about 15 months.

CHRISTMAS COMING!

PERHAPS YOU DON'T KNOW IT: But it is nevertheless a fact indubitable, that Frank X Zengler offers for sale (and will sell it you but gave him a chance) at his shop in Locust street, above the "Town Hall," assing Christmas Knick-knacks and Toys, as ever fell from St. Nicholas' bundle, as well as CANDIES, delectable as the Honey of Hybla. NUTS fit to be cracked by the pearly molars of a Princess, and Fruits dried (though not expressly) for a SULTANA. He does not make any charge for a look at his stock, but extends a Christmas welcome to all. His latch-string is never pulled in, except on Sunday. dec18'47-1t

FANCY, VARIETY,

AND CONFECTIONARY STORE. The subscriber has just received, at the stand formerly occupied by Philip Sharp, Locust street, Columbia, Pa, an extensive assortment of

CANDIES OF ALL KINDS, ALMONDS. English Walnuts, Creamnuts, Chestnuts, &c. FRUIT—Raisins, Prunes, Currants, Citron, Lemons, Dates, Cranberries, Tamarinds, &c.; Grapes, Dried Apples and Peaches. Pop Corn, a new article.

An assortment of TOYS and FANCY ARTICLES, Wax and Kid Dolls, Fancy Brushes, Fancy Boxes, Screw Cushions, Steel Beads, Purses, Combs, Tooth and Hair Brushes, Hair Oils, Cologne; Fancy and Castile Soaps, Violin Strings, &