THE COLUMBIA SPY.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE.] AND LITERARY REGISTER. [$1,50, PAYABLE AT SIX MONTHS.

NEW SERIES, VOL. 1, NO. 47.] COLUMBIA, SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1848. [WHOLE NUMBER, 938.

GEO. W. SCHROYER, Editor and Publisher.

Office—Front Street, three doors above Locust.

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.

PHILADELPHIA ADVERTISEMENTS.

GREAT DESTRUCTION.

HOW many die a most horrible death without the simple cause being suspected. Some linger for years, as they suppose, from dispepsia, when it is worms, which causes most diseases. There has come under our notice several cases of supposed dispepsia, of several years' standing, when we have recommended the Syrup, which has entirely restored them to health. We would say to AULTS when they are afflicted with Sour Stomach, Sick Head Ache, Fits, a frequent deceive to make Stools, Leanness, Bloated Stomach, Nervousness, Sickness after eating, Sensation of rising in the throat after eating, &c., be assured it is simply worms, and it needs but a trial of HOBENSACK'S WORM SYRUP

to satisfy you it is so, and if you have any of the above symptoms and the Syrup fails to cure, the agent will refund the money. TO PARENTS we would say, that the greatest sin you are convicted of, as to let your children suffer and die, when there is a simple pleasant Vegetable remedy at hand. It is said by our oldest Physicians, that Worms cause more deaths yearly, than all the other diseases the human family are subject to. Then, how important it is to have a safe and pleasant remedy at hand. Parents, when your children have sore or inflamed eyes, you may rest satisfied that it is caused by worms, and you will do well to call on the storekeepers of your neighborhood and get a Book of Hobensack's, containing certificates of cures and the symptoms of worms. Always keep a Bottle of Hobensack's Worm Syrup on hand, it is a friend in need.

READ ON! READ ON!! READ ON!!!

PHILADELPHIA, May 25, 1847.

Messrs. J. N. & G. S. Hobensack—*Gentlemen—I have* been for some time using your "Vermifuge" in my practice, and I am happy to say that in my hands it has succeeded in its intention, so as fully to justify my confidence in its use. I think it among the very best preparations in use. C. W. APPLETON, M. D., No. 45, South st

PHILADELPHIA, September 10, 1847.

Messrs. Hobensack—Some time back I bought a bottle of your Syrup for my children, one two years old, and the other four. I gave it to them according to direction, and before giving a bottle they passed a full quart of worms. They are both well and hearty now.

SAMUEL ROSE, 152, Crown st.

LANCASTER COUNTY, January 18, 1846.

Messrs. J. N. & G. S. Hobensack—Having been afflicted for some time, and finding no relief from various medicines, I was *induced to try your* "Worm Syrup," from belief of being afflicted with worms.

I had taken but three bottles of your syrup, when, to my great surprise and immediate relief, I passed a tape-worm 28 feet in length, which I send you. Hoping this may benefit some one afflicted in the like manner, and in justice to the value of your medicine, I respectfully offer this statement. Yours, respectfully, JACOB SHEIFENSIER.

Prepared only by J. N. & G. S. Hobensack, at their Chemical Laboratory, Southeast corner Second and Coates st., Philadelphia. Price 25 cents.

This Syrup is also for sale at the principal Drug Stores, and by storekeepers generally all over the United States

April 15, 1848. no20'17.-1y

CHEAPEST IN THE WORLD!

STEAM Refined Sugar Candies, Twelve and a half cents per pound. Wholesale. J. J. RICHARDSON, No 42 Market street, Philadelphia, takes pleasure in informing the public, that he still continues to sell his very superior Steam Refined Candy at the low price of $12 50 per 100 lbs., and the quality is equal to any manufactured in the United States.

He also offers all kinds of goods in the Confectionary and Fruit line at corresponding low prices, as quick sales and small profits are the order of the day.

Call or send your orders, and you cannot fail to be satisfied. Don't forget the number, 42 Market street.

J. J. RICHARDSON.

Phila. Feb, 26, 1848—3m

UMBRELLAS

AND Parasols Cheap. WILLIAM A. BROWN, Umbrella and Parasol Manufacturer, 36 Market street, Philadelphia. Dealers in *Umbrellas and* Parasols, wishing to purchase hand-some goods, of superior quality, cheap, are invited to call at my Manufactory and Store, No. 36 Market street, one door below Third street, where every variety of Umbrellas and Parasols, are sold cheaper than they can elsewhere be obtained.

A call when you visit Philadelphia is requested. An examination of my goods will satisfy you that it will be to your interest to purchase of me.

Orders by letter will receive strict attention, and goods selected adapted to your markets.

Phila. Feb. 26, 1848—3m

NEW CLOTHING

STORE, Front street, Columbia, Pa., two doors above R. Williams' Drug Store. This establishment has a very cheap and well selected assortment of READY MADE CLOTHING,

which will be sold very low. The stock includes every description of clothes worn at the present day—consisting of Dress, Sack, Frock, Business, and India Rubber Coats; Cloaks, Bangups, &c., Pants, Vests, Pocket and Neck Handkerchiefs, Scarfs, Shams, Flannel and Knit Under Shirts. ALSO, a fine lot of

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, VESTINGS, &c.,

of the finest as well as common qualities always on hand and made to order in good style at very small advances.

The Spring and Summer Fashions just received. Customer work made according to the latest mode, and by firstrate workmen.

Thankful for past favors, I respectfully solicit a continuance of public patronage.

JOHN JORDAN & Co.,

Columbia, March 18, 1848.—tf Merchant Tailor.

CLOTHING! CLOTHING!!

BY B. CRANSTON. The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally that he is now ready to supply them at his New Establishment, the three-story building in FRONT STREET, Columbia, on the lot formerly occupied by John Emey, as a ropewalk. He intends keeping on hand a select assortment OF FASHIONABLY MADE CLOTHING.

He has just returned from Philadelphia and N. York, with a new and splendid assortment of all kinds of CLOTHING, made of the best materials, and in the latest style—consisting in part of superfine blue and black CLOTH COATS, FROCK AND SACK COATS, Pelisse Cloth and Tweeds of every color and quality.

ALSO—a large assortment of plain and fancy Cassimere, Cloth, and all other PANTS, suitable for Spring, Summer and Winter, of every size and description.

VESTS—Figured, Silk, Satin, Merino and Marseilles, suitable for all seasons and of every size, style and quality; to which is added a beautiful assortment of fine Linen bosom SHIRTS, Muslin, Check and Plain do.; Bosoms and Collars, Drawers and Under-shirts.

ALSO—a large lot of Cravats, Suspenders, Half-Hose, &c. An endless quantity of BOOTS and SHOES of all sizes, HATS and CAPS, Travelling Trunks, Carpet Bags and Valises, a variety of notions too tedious to mention.

N. B. Clothing made to order at the Store. He has a large supply of GOODS on hand by the piece and a first rate Tailor in attendance.—Do not mistake the place, three story building on the lot formerly occupied as a Rope Walk.

Persons will find it to their advantage to give him a call as he is determined to sell as low as any other establishment in the county, and warrants all goods. He sells as he represents them when sold or the money will be refunded. Columbia, March 25, 1848.

LADIES'

RIDING BELTS. Just received another supply of the improved

GUM ELASTIC RIDING BELTS FOR LADIES

who are subject to pain in the side while riding on horseback. Also Gum Elastic Money Belts. For sale by

ap15'48-tf W. A. LEADER.

LITTLE ONIONS.

ANY quantity of Little Onins just received and for sale by WM. A. LEADER.

Ap1'48-tf

CARPETS.

A LARGE stock of Carpets just received at W. & S. PATTON'S, which will be sold much below the usual prices. ap22'48-tf

Poetry.

From the New Orleans Delta.

THE SABBATH BELLS.

BY THEODORE A. GOULD.

The bells of the holy Sabbath
Are ringing out soft and clear;
And their solemn and sacred music
Fall pleasantly on the ear;
While their sweet, persuasive summons,
Recalls God's high behest:
"Six days shalt thou have for labor,
But the seventh shall be for rest!"

The tools of the weary workman
Are lying unheaded now;
His arm has ceased from toiling,
And smiles play over his brow:
For he lists to the church-bells ringing,
And blesses that high behest:
"Six days shalt thou have for labor,
But the seventh shall be for rest!"

And the heart, no matter how sinful,
With a purer impulse swells,
As it thrills to the soothing cadence,
Of the blessed Sabbath bells;
For their tones, so calm and earnest,
Are echoed within the breast:
"Six days shalt thou have for labor,
But the seventh shall be for rest!"

Oh, a blessed day is the Sabbath,
With its sweetly chiming bells;
For the spirit of calm devotion,
In their clear vibration dwells;
When the toil-worn are reminded
Of Jehovah's high behest:
"Six days shalt thou have to labor,
But the seventh shall be for rest!"

Select Stories.

THE HINDOO ANCHORITE.

BY MRS. L. MARIA CHILD.

KANOUA, a hermit of Hindoo, had suffered severly, because, after *he had vowed himself* to the life of a saint, he became desperately enamored of a beautiful girl of inferior caste, whom the laws forbade him to marry. The more sinful it was represented, the stronger became the temptation; according to that powerful law of human nature forbidden. *After a terrible conflict with himself,* he resigned his aspirations after a saintly character, and hid himself in the depths of the forest with his beloved. There she bore him a son, and there she lived four years without seeing a human face beyond her own little circle. Excepting the spiritual conflict, which was now and then renewed within him, the hermit was as happy as Robinson Crusoe might have been, if instead of being waited upon by his man Friday, he had found some gentle, pretty Fayaway. He built his hut under a great bower of verdure, formed by interlacing trees, of luxuriant East India growth, through which the sunshine cast a golden glimmer. Gorgeous parrots glanced about in the bright atmosphere, and swarms of bees hummed cheerfully at their work among the flowers. A small river flowed near by, on which sailed troops of dazzling white swans. No sound was heard there, except the buzz of insects, the song of birds, the cry of wild deer, and the voice of the hermit chanting hymns to his gods.

Very beautiful was the boy who grew there alone with nature. He was flexible as an osier, nimble as a fawn, and a whole tropical heaven looked out from his ardent eyes. It was truly an Eden for love and childhood; but the demon Fear cast his shadow there. *The poor hermit could not, for any* length of time, dispel the idea that he was forfeiting hopes of paradise hereafter, by thus making to himself a paradise below. His eyes melted with tenderness as he gazed on the beautiful child sleeping on the breast of his beautiful mother; then he would turn away and sigh at the thought that for loving them so dearly, he might be obliged to return on earth again in some inferior shape; perhaps in that of a pariah,* a goat, or even an ape.

When the little Manou was three years old, his mother died. The hermit buried her in the silent forest, and then there came over him in his loneliness a renewed desire to be purified from every earthly stain, to rise above every human affection, and become completely absorbed in the contemplation of the Divine Being. But the little one clung *to his heart-strings,* and tied him to this earth.—He resolved to forego extraordinary pilgramages and penances, until the boy became a man; for the sacred books assured him, that in fulfilling the duties of a father, he was doing something for his own happiness in a future existence; and in this particular their teachings harmonized with the promptings of his own heart. But what if he should die while Manou was still in his childhood? Die without atoning for his human enjoyment by severe penances and mordifications of the body?—He shuddered at the possibility of coming into the world again in the form of a pariah or an ape.—Thus did a spectral theology haunt his brain, as in various forms it has haunted the brains of thousands. Meanwhile, the friendly old earth carried him on her bosom, and soothed him with murmuring *waters,* the song of birds, and the prattle of his little Manou.

The hermit's most earnest wish was to have his son renowned as a saint; and in order to keep him perfectly safe from temptation which had dragged him downward in his own saintly career, he resolved that he should never hear there was such a being in the world as woman. The child pined for his mother at first, but never hearing her name mentioned, he at last forgot her. He spent his youth in gathering wild grain, fruit and flowers, offering sacrifices to the gods according to the instruction of his father, feeding his tame deer, and learning portions of the Vedas† by heart. Never coming in contact with any of the stormy passions of life, his convutenance was singularly calm and innocent; but in the languid dreaminess of his eye, there was something that indicated latent fire.

Existence passed smoothly and pleasantly with him, till he attained his fifteenth year. At that time it chanced that a portion of the British army, passing across the country to a new destination, came into the neighborhood, and were quietly encamped for a few days among the surrounding hills. A company of the officers, one or two of them with wives and chilren, took an excursion in the forest to enjoy the beauty of the scenery.—Manou, wandering as usual in search of fruits and flowers to offer to the gods, heard such sweet sounds as he had never heard before. He stopped and listened eagerly. Did they come from birds in paradise? As he stood gazing all round him in the air, the tones ceased; then suddenly they burst forth again in livelier measure. He followed them, and drew ever nearer, pausing oft to listen with timid wonder. At last, he came within sight of a vision that almost gave him wings. A lad with the European complexion, which Manou had never seen, was leaning against a tree warbling on his flute, and a fair young girl was singing while she playfully fastened wild flowers in his hair. Never in human eyes shone a light so intense as beamed from the young Hindoo! He was afraid to speak, he was almost afraid to breathe, lest the lovely vision should vanish. The maiden searching for new flowers skipped through the bushes that separated them, but when she met the steadfast eagerness of his gaze, she screamed and fled, dropping half her flowers. When Manou recovered from his astonishment, he sprang after them, but they were nowhere to be seen.

The quick tropical blood leaped in his veins under this new excitement; and when he entered the hut, his father was instantly struck with the fire in his eyes, and the flush on his cheek. "Oh, father," *he exclaimed,* "I *have seen two such beautiful* creatures! One young man, not at all like me, made such delightful sounds with something he held to his mouth! But the other! oh, how beautiful he was! His eyes were like a piece of the sky, and his hair was like the shunshine. He wore a *long robe almost* to his feet, and he sprang through the bushes like a young deer. I did not know there was anything in this world so beautiful! Who do you think they were? Did they come from that Europe you have told me about? I will make you a staff to-morrow, and we will walk till we find them."

The hermit easily guessed that his son had seen an English girl; and to divert his mind from the idea of going in pursuit of her, he said quietly, "How does my son know that he has not seen a vision of Gandharvas* and Asparas?"†

"I did not think of that," replied Manou; "only when I first heard the sounds, they seemed to me to come from Paradise." But this explanation did not cure his restlessness. As he lay down on his couch of leaves at night, he inquired, "Do the Gandharvas live with the Asparas, Father?"

"They are much together," replied the old man.

Manou was still for a long time, and the hermit supposed he had fallen asleep; but again he broke the silence of the night by asking, "Father, shall I ever become one of those spirits of sweet sounds?"

"Perhaps you may, my son, when you die, if you fulfil all your duties, sacrifice often to the gods, subdue the senses, and think no evil, thoughts."

"What is it to subdue the senses?" he asked.

"It is not to eat when you are hungry, or drink when you are thirsty, or sleep when you are drowsy."

"And what are evil thoughts?" inquired the guileless babe of fifteen.

The hermit found it difficult to answer in a manner intelligible to the experienced youth. "To wish to kill anything, or harm anything, is having an evil thought," he replied; "but silence is best for you now, my son.

Obedience among the greatest of Hindoo virtues, and therefore Manou spoke no more; but he lay long awake, wondering that it was possible to wish to kill anything. Extreme reverence for Nature, inculcated by the pantheistic creed of his country, had taught him that it was a sin to throw a stone at a bird, or even to pull fruit too violently, *lest the tree should be unnecessarily wounded:* and the degree of hardness that could commit murder was to him inconceivable. But pleasanter ideas chased away these disturbing thoughts, and he fell asleep to dream of flower-nymphs and musicians of the air. When he woke, the music of his dream still sounded so audibly in his spiritual ear, that he started and looked round in search of the lovely vision he had seen the preceding day. The first question he asked was, "Father, if I do not eat when I am hungry, nor drink when I am thirsty; if I sacrifice constantly to the gods, and obey you, and feed everything but myself, how long will it be before I can become a Gandharva?"

The gentle-hearted hermit looked at him with a sort of mournful reproach, as if he would have said, "Are you then so anxious to let me alone, my son?" But he quelled the human feeling, and calmly answered, "It may be ten years, or it may be a hundred, or it may be a thousand. I cannot tell how many forms you will be obliged to take, or how long you may remain in them. But if you do your duties well, and mortify the body, you may become much higher and holier than a Gandharva. You may become entirely absorbed in the the Divine Mind, and enjoy eternal beatitude."

"I should like to be a Gandharva fifty thousand years," replied Manou; "for they have those beautiful Asparas for companions. To have an Aspara sing to me, and smile in my face while she placed flowers in my hair, would not that be divine beatitude?"

The hermit groaned, and called his son to their morning sacrifices. The youth performed all his duties with redoubled zeal, but he was evidently absorbed with the one idea that had taken possession of him. He lingered about the grove where he had heard the flute, and often waited there for hours. When sunlight gleamed through the foliage, he hoped it was the golden-haired Aspara. When shadows floated over the ground, he thought the beautiful objects of his vision were hovering near him, though unseen. He gathered up the flowers, *which the maiden had dropped among the* bushes, and reverently preserved them in baskets of moss. He said their souls had gone away and become sweet sounds. Perhaps they would come to him when he was a Gandharva, and when he breathed them forth again in heavenly tones, they would become flowers far more beautiful than they had been. Men would call them fragrant and graceful, but only the flower-nymphs and the music-spirits would know that their fragrance was a song.

Day by day, he ate less, and his dark eyes became larger and more luminous. The maiden, whom he supposed to be the nymph, was always in his dreams. Again and again, he asked, "Why will not my soul go out of this body, that I may become a Gandharva?"

At last, by starvation and intense longing, he wasted away and died. The old hermit buried him tenderly, and on the grave of his innocent and beloved child, he shed his last tear, and struggled with his last human emotion. He did not know that the poetic, loving, intense spirit of the child carried with him all his remembrances of moonlit groves, and dream-music, and flower nymphs, and performed another human pilgrimage, in the form of Mozart, before it became a Gandharva.

On himself, he felt that the greatest of Hindoo afflictions had fallen; for he had now no child to offer funeral sacrifices for him, when he departed from the body; and this his creed taught him was essential to the future welfare of his soul. *But he* meekly accepted this destiny as a punishment he deserved. "Nothing remains for me now," he said, "but severe penance for my sins, and a remote hope that, by complete annihilation of the body, I may finally attain to complete absorption in the Divine Mind, and thus remain in immortal paradise." He made terrible vows of self-torture, and fulfilled them. Day and night he stood on tiptoe without food. In summer he exposed himself to the hot sunshine, and in winter he lived in the water. Finally, he made a vow to walk a thousand *miles with his arms perpetually stretched upward.* But before he had half fulfilled his task, the poor abused body fell down exhausted, and strangers hid it in the earth.

* The lowest caste among the people, whose situation in Hindostan is similar to that of the negros among us.

† The sacred books of the Hindoos

* The spirits of tuneful sounds, celestial musicians of the air, believed in by Hindoos

† Nymphs of Hindoo Mythology

THE BEGGAR & BANKER.

"Stand out of my way," said a rough surly voice under my window one day, as I sat musing over the bustling scene below me, at my lodgings in Chestnut street.

"Your honor will please to recollect," replied a sharp and somewhat indignant voice—"Your honor will please to recollect that I am a beggar, and have as much right to the road as yourself."

"And I am a banker," was retorted still more gruffly and angrily.

Amused at this strange dialogue, I leaned over the case, and beheld a couple of citizens in the position which a pugilist would probably denominate squared, their countenances somewhat menacing, *and their persons presenting* a contrast at once ludicrous and instructive. The one was a purse proud, lordly mannered man, apparalled in silk, and protecting a carcass of nearly the circumference of a hogshead; the other a ragged and dirty, but equally impudent and self-important personage; and from a comparison of their countenances, it would have puzzled the most profound M. D. to determine which of their rotundities was best stored habitually with good victuals and good drink.

Upon a close observation, however, of the countenance of the banker, I discovered almost as soon as my eye fell upon it, a line bespeaking something of humor and awakened curiosity, as he stood fixed and eyeing his antagonist; and this become more clear and conspicuous when he lowered his tone and asked: "How will you make that appear?"

"How?" said the beggar—"Why listen a moment, and I'll learn you. In the first place, do you not notice that God has given me a soul and body just as good for all the purposes of thinking, eating, drinking and taking my pleasure, as he has you, and then you may remember Dives and Lazarus as we pass. Then again, it is a free country, and here, too, we are on equality; for you must know that even a beggar's boy may look a gentleman in the face with as much indifference as he would a brother. I and you have the same common master, are equally free, live equally as easy, and are both travelling the same journey, bound to the same place, and both have to die and be buried in the end."

"But," interrupted the banker, "do you pretend there is no difference between a beggar and a banker."

"Not in the last," rejoined the beggar with the utmost readiness, "not in the least as to essentials. You swagger and drink wine in company of your own choosing; I swagger and drink beer, which I like better than your company. You make thousands a day perhaps; I make a shilling perhaps; if you are contended I am; we are equally happy at night. You dress in new clothes, I am just as comfortable in old ones, and have no trouble in keeping them from soiling; if I have less property than you have, I have less to care about; if fewer friends, less friendship to lose; and if I don't make as large a figure in the world, I make as great a shadow on the pavement; I am as great as you. Besides, my word for it, I have fewer enemies, meet with few losses; carry as light a heart, and sing as many songs as the best of you."

"And then," said the banker, who had all along tried to slip in a word edgeway, "is the contempt of the world nothing?"

"The envy of the world is as bad as its contempt; you have perhaps the one and I share in the other. And besides, the world deals in matter equally unjust with us both. You and I live by our wits, instead of living by our industry; and the only difference is, that it costs society more to maintain you than it does me. I am contended with little—you want a great deal. Neither of us raise grain or potatoes, or weave cloth, or manufacture anything useful; we therefore add nothing to the common stock; we are only consumers, and if the world judged with strict impartiality, therefore it seems to me I would be pronounced the cleverest fellow."

Some passers-by here interrupted the conversation. The disputants separated, apparently good friends, and I drew in my head, ejaculating somewhat in the manner of Alexander in the play. Is there then no more difference between a beggar and a banker.

But several years have since passed away, and now both these individuals have paid the last debt of nature. They died as they lived, the one a banker, and the other a beggar. I examined both their graves when I visited the city. They were of similar length and breadth; the grass grew equally green above each; and the sun looked down as pleasantly on one as on the other. No honors, pleasures or delights clustered round the grave of the rich man. No finger of scorn was pointed to that of the poor man. They were both equally deserted, lonely and forgotten. I thought, too, of the destinies to which they had passed—of that state in which temporal distinctions exist not—where pride and all the honors which regard this life never find admittance. Then the distinctions of time appeared indeed as an item in the sunbeam, compared with those which are made in that changeless state to which they had both passed.

Miscellaneous.

WOMAN'S CARES.

My heart always "stirs within me when I read selections, made by the editors," of the newspapers, which are designed for us married ladies, setting forth our duty in relation to make our homes happy to our husbands; that we should always welcome them with a cheerful smile when they come in from the cares and fatigues of the day, and do all we can to make married life pleasant for them, &c. Now this is all well, and I trust to reduce the theory to practice. But allow me to inquire if the cares and fatigues of the wife are always appreciated by the husband?

Shall I give a short sketch of domestic life as it is? not, of course, describing a family as it should be: but I wish to give a fair example of every-day life at home.

My neighbor, Mr. Benson, is a lawyer by profession, and is what the world calls a respectable man. His income is small; but he married a lady who was able to furnish their small house handsomely, and they have some hopes of property in reversion.

Mrs. B. has been a wife twelve years, and is the mother of five children—the youngest but a babe; and the family are as happy as the larger portion of families.

It is Monday morning, and this speaks "unutterable things" to a New England wife, who has been married a dozen years. Mr. Benson has had his breakfast in season, has kissed the children, and gone to the office where the boy has a good fire; the books and papers are all in order, and Mr. B. sits down to answer a few agreeable demands on his time, which will eventually turn to cash. He goes home to his dinner punctually at one o'clock. It is ready for him. He takes it quietly; perhaps frolics ten minutes with the baby, and then hurries back to his office. At the hour for tea he goes home—everything is cheerful, and, to quote the simple rhyme of an old song—

> The hearth was clean—the fire was clear—
> The kettle on for tea:
> Benson was in his rocking-chair,
> And blest as man could be

But how has it been with Mrs. Benson through the day? She has an ill-natured girl in the kitchen, who will do half the work only, at nine shillings per week. Monday morning at 8 o'clock, four children must be ready for school; Mrs. Benson must sponge their faces and smooth their hair; see to the books, slates pencils, paper, pocket-handkerchiefs. Yes, four of them are all in order. And now the baby is crying; the fire is low; it is time Sally should begin to wash; the parlor, the chamber, the breakfast things are all waiting. Well, by a song to the baby, who lies kicking in the cradle—a smile to ruffled Sall—and with all the energy she can summon, things are straightened out, and the lofty piles of a week's wearing apparel begins to grow less. But the time shortens with it; it is almost dinner-time. By some accident the joint of meat is frozen; company call: Mr. Benson forgot to get any eggs Saturday, and Mrs. B. must do the next best thing. The bell rings twelve. The door opens, and in rush the children from school. John has torn his pantaloons. Mary must have some money, then, to buy a thimble—she has just lost hers. William has cut his finger with a piece of glass, and is calling loudly for his mother.

Poor Mrs. Benson endeavors to keep cheerful, *and look delighted in the hubbub. And now the* dinner, by her efforts alone, is upon the table. Her husband comes in, and, perhaps wonders why "the pie is not a little better warmed." And with this comment, and a smile on the babe, he is off till it is time for tea. I forbear to finish the day; and shall say the afternoon is made up of trifles, too small to mention, but large enough to try the faith and patience of all the patriarchs.

Now this wife has surely borne the burden and heat of the day! Her limbs are wearied—her whole energy of mind and body exhausted, and she is exhorted to "welcome her husband with a smile." She does it, for woman's love is stronger than death. I would ask, should not Mr. B. give his wife a smile? What has he done to lighten her cares through the day? How is it? In nine cases out of ten, he wishes Mrs. Benson would put all those noisy children to bed. He should be glad to have her tell David to go to the post-office for letters and papers; and, at last, when half way between sleeping and waking, he looks at his exhausted helpmate, and exclaims:—"Well, wife, you begin to look a little fatigued!"

Editors should be more just, and, now and then, exhort husbands to do their part toward making home more agreeable to their wives, when the latter have, like Atlas, borne a world of cares and vexations through the day.

A BOSTON BEAU AND BELLE OF 1750.—*Old Times.*—Rev. Mr. Fox, in a paper written in 1828, to a friend gave a *familiar sketch of the* manners and habits of the good people of Boston nearly a century ago. The following is the part which describes the dress of a couple as they were arraigned for marriage:

"To begin with the lady: her locks were strained upward over an immense cushion that sat like an incubus on her head, and then plastered over with *pomatum,* and sprinkled with a shower of white powder. The height of this tower was *somewhat over a foot. One single white rose-bud* lay upon its summit, like an eagle upon a haystack. Over her neck and bosom was folded a lace handkerchief, fastened in front by a bosom-pin rather larger than a dollar, consisting of your grandfather's miniature set in virgin gold. Her airy form was braced up in a satin dress, the sleeves tight as the natural skin of the arm, with a waist formed by a boddice worn outside, whence the skirt flowed off and was distended at the ankles by an ample hoop. Shoes of white kid, with peaked toes, and heels of two or three inches elevation, enclosed her feet, and glittered with spangles as her little pedal members peeped curiously out.

"Now for the swain: your grandfather slept in an arm-chair the night before his wedding, that the *arrangement* of his pericranium, which had been under the hands of a barber *the whole afternoon,* might not be disturbed. His hair was slecked back and plentifully flour ed, while his cue projected like the handle of a skillet. His coat was a sky blue silk, lined with yellow; his long vest of white satin, embroidered with gold lace: his breeches of the same material, and tied at the knee with a pink ribbon. White silk stockings and pumps, with clocks and ties of the same hue, completed the habiliments of his nether limbs. Lace ruffles clustered around his wrists, and a portentous frill worked in correspondence, and bearing the miniature of his beloved, finished his truly genteel appearance."

CURIOUS LOVE STORY.—A very curious story is told by several ancient writers respecting Egirvard, a secretary to Charlemagne, and a daughter of that emperor. The secretary fell in love with the princess, who at length allowed him to visit her. One winter's night he stayed with her very late, and in the meantime a deep snow had fallen. If he left, his footmarks would be observed, and yet to stay, would expose him to danger. At length the princess resolved to carry him on her back to a neighboring house, which she did. It happened, however, that from the window of his bed-room the emperor saw the whole affair. In the assembly of the lords, on the following day, when Egirvard and his daughter were present, he asked what ought to be done to a man who compelled a king's daughter to carry him on her shoulders, through the frost and snow, in the middle of a winter's night? They answered that he was worthy of death. The lovers were alarmed, but the emperor, addressing Egirvard, said, "Hadst thou loved my daughter, thou shouldst have come to me; thou art worthy of death, but I give thee two lives. Take thy fair porter in marriage, fear God, and love one another."

A VENTERAN NEGRO.—We were much interested in the history of the adventures of a negro man, who has lately returned from the Mexican war, as related to us by that accomplished officer Lieut. Rains, of the Engineer Corps. Sandy has had the singular fortune, for a negro, to have been, at his own earnest solicitation, in nearly all the battles in Mexico. He was at Corpus Christi during the encampment of our army at that place; and marched with the column to the Rio Grande. In some of his peregrinations around Fort Brown, he was captured by the Mexicans after a stout resistance, and thus became the first prisoner in the war with Mexico. The Mexicans took Sandy to Matamoras, and treated him with the "most distinguished consideration," and finally offered him a Lieutenancy in the Mexican army, which he indignantly declined, and escaping in a skiff, joined his master, Major Rains, and was present at the bombardment of Fort Brown.

By solicitation, Sandy was allowed to join the army at Vera Cruz, and was present throughout the siege. He was again at the battle of Cerro Gordo, and joining his master's brother, Lieut. Rains, at Puebla, he marched with the army into the valley of Mexico, and was present in every battle before the capital—being always near to render assistace to his master in case he should rquire it. No one in the whole army enjoyes the successes of our arms with more enthusiasm, and no one maintained a more uniformly gallant devotion to his duty and charge than the negro Sandy. Having been with the army since his childhood, he well deserves the tittle of the "venteran negro."—*N. O. Delta.*

From the Boston Olive Branch.

ESSAY ON HOPE.

Hope is the mainspring of human life.—By it the various machinery of society is kept in motion. Its influence is seen in its inspiring the soul to ardor, energy and perseverance, and nerving the arm with agility, and strength, for accomplishing the various objects of pursuit, in all of the walks of life. Obstacles may lie in one's path, difficulties may surround one, and circumstances may be adverse; but obstacles are surmounted, difficulties overcome, and outward circumstances made propitious, as long as Hope gilds the prospect with the anticipated good. Extinguish that hope and the spirits languish, the energies fail, and the arm becomes weak, all efforts cease, and the pursuits are changed or fall into a state of miserable inactivity.

The influence of hope is seen also in its soothing, solacing and sustaining the soul, under the disappointments, and adverse changes, incident to this chequered scene of life. The hope of brighter days inspires the child of adversity, with fortitude, courage and resignation; extinguish this hope, and life becomes tiresome, dire despair sits upon the brow, paralyses the soul, and throws its dark pall over every prospect.

Hope was implanted in the human breast for a two-fold purpose: to cheer and animate in the performance of duties, and to solace and sustain in the endurance of trials. Hope is often fallacious, but when deceptive, it is the fault of the possessor, who imagines things to be permanent when they *are only fleeting pleasures.*

One object of Hope is worthy of the loftiest aspirations of a mortal being, and *is above all others* attainable, it is an 'eternal weight of glory.' Language is incompetent to express an adequate idea of its value. You can imagine yourself divested of mortality, radiant with immortal splendor and beauty, dwelling among glorified spirits, a companion of Cherubims and Seraphims, basking in the Divine presence; enjoying uninterrupted, unsullied, unmingled bliss.

The hope having this for its object, based on the promise which can neither fail nor decieve, will stand the test of time, the wreck of matter, the crash of worlds. It will live through the final trial of spirits, and terminate in endless happiness.

SURNAMES.—The use of surnames began in France about the year 987, when the barons adopted the practice of designating themselves by the names of their estates. This has been the general origin of family names among the nobility of Europe, though some were derived from badges, cognizances, &c.—Surnames began to be used by the English nation about the *time of William the Conqueror,* in 1066, when the conquest was achieved, or, as some suppose as early as Edward the Confessor, who began to reign in 1041. It is certain that the occasional use of surnames in England dates beyond the ingress of the Normans. The most current opinion is, that they can be scarce said to have been *permanently settled* before the era of Reformation in the 16th century. The origin of manny of the the names now in use among the commonality, is to be traced to the old custom of adding to the sen's Christian name that of the father, by way of distinction. The occupation of a person also frequently gave rise to his name, though we think if our ancesters had been a little more explicit in this matter, it would have been as well; for instance, instead of the vague and general appellative Smith, we should have had Blacksmith, Whitesmith Coppersmith, &c. Many were indebted to their complection, size, and other accidental distinctions, for the names which they bequeathed to their postrity. Thus originated the numerous family of Browns, not to mention the Whites, Blacks, Littles, &c. It would be difficult however, to give any satisfactory reason for the adoption of most of the surnames now in use.—*Boston Saturday Rambler.*

THE COXCOMB REWARDED.—We shall not readily forget a circumstance which occurred some months ago, at a bazar, held in France, the stalls of which were, of course, kept by the ladies interested in the cause it was to forward. A pert fellow, whose shining abilities were rather outside his head, upon his periwig, than within it, strolled from stall to stall disporting his elegance in the eyes of the fair merchants, paying impertinent compliments, and uttering, what he was vain enough to consider, his wit, but carefully avoiding being drawn into a purchase. A young lady who observed him, and whose good sense was properly affronted by his foppery, resolved, if he should come her way, to make him pay, if it were possible; and presently the self assured victim drew near.

"What do you look for, Monsieur?" she demanded, as his eye rove through his glass over her, certainly, charming person.

"Nothing which you will sell," replied the other, determined not to be a purchaser.

"And what is that?"

"A lock of this exquisite hair!" answered the fop.

"It is yours, Monsieur?"—and seizing her sissors, she cut away a handful of her hair, and held at forth to the baffled wit; not forgetting to place in ample price upon it, which of course, it was impossible he could do otherwise than pay.

A HARD CASE.—A poor jolly weaver, in this city, not many years ago had a fortune left him by a distant and wealthy relative, who went "off the handle" in England rather unexpectedly. When the news came to the poor fellow, he sat *clicket te clacket* at his loom, *he stopped,* stock-still, and said:

"Well, I suppose I must spend the money, *straight.*"

The fortune, some twenty thousand dollars, was duly realized and duly spent—for, two brief years did the job, and he returned to his loom as poor as a church mouse, but *merry as a cricket, and worked* away again for his daily bread, perfectly satisfied with the "good time" he had had, while his fortune lasted. His friends called him *green,* but he laughed at their gibes, and worked the harder, In a twelve month's time, off popped another rich relative, and the news, post haste, came to the jolly weaver, that he was again the possessor of a handsome fortune. Stopping his loom, and looking sorrowfully at the letter, he despondingly said:

"Good heavens! is it possible *that I must go through all that again.*"—*Boston Rambler.*

In company, an English lady, half joculary, of course, attributed a very polite readiness for wine to the daughters of Erin. "I believe that in Ireland," she observed, "it is quite customary for a lady, if she only catches the eye of a *gentleman* earnestly directed to her at dinner-table, to say 'Port if you please.' Promptitude is the order of the day." "Yes," replied the Irish lady not overpleased with the insinuation, and determined to repay it with interest, "and the promptitude takes another direction in your country." "How do you mean?" "Why, when an English lady finds a gentleman's eye upon her at table, I understand she averts her countenance, and blushing, says, in her gentlest tone, 'You must ask papa.'"

A recent number of the London *Times* contained the extraordinary number of 1772 advertisements