# THE COLUMBIA SPY.

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

NEW SERIES, VOL. 1, NO. 49.] COLUMBIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1848. [WHOLE NUMBER, 940.

GEO. W. SCHROYER, Editor and Pubisher.

*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.*



**REMOVAL.**

THE UNDERSIGNED takes this medium to informs his friends and the public that he has removed his TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT, to within one DOOR OF THE CORNER of LOCUST STREET, and having recovered his health so as to be able to attend to business would respectfully invite his customers to give him a call, feeling well assured from the liberal patronage that he has heretofore received, that he will be able to give satisfaction to all who may feel disposed to give him their work. He would not say that he is the only one in the place who can make good work, not wishing thus to puff himself no notice but would assure the public that work entrusted to him shall be executed in a neat fashionable and substantial manner. He keeps constantly on hand a fine assortment of Cloths, Cassimeres & Vestings, which will be sold at very small advances.

J. W. FISHER.

N. B. I have a large stock of ready made CLOTHING which I will sell at prime cost. J. W. F.

April 22, 1848.

**REMOVAL.**

THE Taioring Establishment of B. Young has been moved up stairs in the Barbershop, opposite the Washington Hotel, at which place he may be found at all times, ready to do work in the neatest and best style for all who may give him a call, as he intends to devote his whole attention to dressing the community in the most perfect style of the day. Having received all the different reports, he flatters himself he is the only one in the place able to do so.

B. YOUNG.

P. S. He will at all times be prepared to give instructions in cutting garments to any of the trade, so much in fear that may disable them to come up to the age, and stands open against all publishers of systems for investigation. No more, but hope to get a spat.

B. YOUNG, of Columbia.
S. S. RATHVON, of Marietta.

Columbia, April 8, 1848.-tf

**NEW STAND**

AND NEW GOODS. The subscriber takes this method of informing his friends and costomers that he has rented the New Store Room known as Haldeman's New Corner, being on the South West corner of Front and Locust Street, where he intends to keep constantly on hand a good supply of

READY MADE CLOTHING, SHOES AND BOOTS.

and a general assortment of Family Groceries; together with Flour and other Meal; Oats, Corn, and Chop for horses. Also, Liquors of all kinds, including Wines and Cordials. All of which I pledge myself to sell as cheap for cash as possibly can be afforded. Please call and examine both the goods and prices.

N. B.—A dwelling and front shop adjoining, to rent on accommodating terms. Myself and Son would like to board with the family. ELIJAH BARRATT.

Columbia, March 25, 1848.—tf

**MORE**

BARGAINS. The subscribers have, during the past week, made a large addition to their former stock of

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS,

which, for clearance and cheapness, cannot be surpassed. Among which is a very large assortment of PRINTS, at 4 cts, 6¼ cts, 8 cts, 10 cts, and 12½ cts per yard. DRESS GINGHAMS as low as 12½ cts, 19 cts, and 25 cts. Alpacas and Linens, Lustres. A general assortment of

FURNISHING GOODS,

Such as 4-4, 5-4, 6-4, and 10-4 Bleached and Brown Sheetings, Tickings, Checks, Crash, Linen and Cotton, Brown and Bleached, Table Diapers, &c.

GENTLEMEN'S DRESS GOODS.

Sup. Blue and Black French Cloths; sup. Blue, Black, Brown, and Olive English Cloths; Plain and Fancy Cassimeres, Satinets, Vestings, &c.

CHINA, Glass, and Queensware; Fresh Family Groceries, selected with very great care, among which are New Crop Sugars—Loaf, Pulverised and Crushed Sugars. Coffees, Spices, the Superior Teas of the New York Canton Tea Company. Oils, Fish, &c.

All of which they are determined to sell as LOW as the VERY LOWEST, for cash or country produce.

Thankful for past favors, they respectfully solicit a continuance of the patronage heretofore bestowed upon them. J. D. & J. WRIGHT.

Locust St., 2 doors below Second St.

Columbia, March 25, 1848—tf

**WOOD'S**

STEAM IRON RAILING MANUFACTORY, Ridge Road, above Buttonwood Street, Philadelphia

IRON RAILINGS for public and private buildings, and public squares of every variety of form and pattern.

CEMETERY RAILINGS, of Classic and unique designs, embracing upwards of one hundred different varieties.

IRON CHAIRS AND SETTEES for Gardens, Halls and PIAZZAS, —newstyle.

VERANDAS AND PLASTERS, for cottages, made in every style.

Superior WROUGHT IRON GATES, for Carriage entrances. New style BALCONY BRACKETS, &c.

IRON TABLES of various styles, embracing Louis XIV. Elizabethean, Gothic and modern patterns, with White and Gold Italian Marble tops. These tables have been introduced by the subscriber for Hotels, Restaurants, Ice Cream Saloons, &c. They are beautiful articles of furniture for Hat Stores and other establishments where it is desirable to make a grand display.

☞ He has recently constructed an elegant substantial CAST IRON HITCHING POST, in form admirably adapted to permanency of position, highly ornamented, and representing a well executed HEAD of that noble animal, the Horse. Such an article has long been a desideratum, and is now offered to the good taste of the public.

Strangers visiting Philadelphia, are respectfully invited to call at his Warerooms, and examine his different specimens of new and beautiful work.

ROBERT WOOD, Proprietor.

Ridge Road, above Buttonwood street, Philada.

☞ He has recently published, at great expense, an original work exhibiting the new designs and patterns which are executed at his establishment, embracing all the above articles, and the various and splendid patterns of Cemetery, Balcony, Step, and other Railings which have been manufactured for Laurel Hill and other celebrated cemeteries, designed expressly for his own establishment, and which may be sent to any part of the world to those who desire to make a selection. Undoubted reference will be required to ensure a prompt return of the work, after an opportunity for making the selection.

Philadelphia, April. 22, 1848.—1m

**HILE'S EMBROCATION**

FOR Horses. This Embrocation, so well known by the Boatmen, Wagoners, Farriers, Farmers, Stage Drivers, and Private Gentlemen, with Horses, is spoken of in the highest terms for the following complaints: old or fresh cuts, wounds and bruises, old strains and swellings, strains of the shoulders, galls produced by the collar and saddle, and in all cases where the joints and tendons are in a relaxed condition. For sale by

W. A. LEADER.

Columbia, Feb. 12-tf

**GROCERIES.**

A LARGE assortment of fresh Family Groceries just recieved at FRY & SPANGLER'S.

feb19'48-tf

**DRIED**

BEEF, Dried Apples and Peaches, at W. & S. PATTON'S Cheap Cash Store ap22'48-tf

**EYE WATER,**

WARRANTED to cure Weak or Inflamed Eyes. For sale by

May 20. WM. A. LEADER.

**JARS.**

HALF Gallon Jars and Quart Beer Bottles just received and for sale by

Ap1'48-tf WM. A. LEADER.

**NEW**

STYLE Chashmeres and de Laines in great variety at FRY & SPANGLER'S.

feb19'48-tf


## Poetry.

### THE GERMAN PATRIOT'S SONG.

[The following beautiful song was, until lately, prohibited being sung in the German cities and towns. The translation shows the spirited character of the original.]

Where is the German's fatherland?—
The Prussian land? The Swabian land?
Where Rhine the vine-clad mountain laves?
Where skims the gull the Baltic waves?
O! no, O! no, O! no, O! no,
He owns a wider fatherland.

Where is the German's fatherland?—
Bavarian land? or Styrian land?
Where sturdy peasants plough the plain?
Where mountain sons bright metal gain?
O! no, O! no.

Where is the German's fatherland?—
The Saxon hills? The Zuyder strand?
Where sweep wild winds the sandy shores?
Where loud the rolling Danube roars?
O! no, O! no.

Where is the German's fatherland?—
Then name, then name the mighty land!—
The Austrian land in fight renowned?
The Kaiser's land with honors crowned?
O! no, O! no, O! no, O! no,
'Tis not the German's fatherland.

Where is the German's fatherland?
Then name, then name the mighty land!
The land of Hofer? land of Tell?
This land I know and love it well.
But no! but no!

Where is the German's fatherland?—
Is his the pieced and parcelled land
Where pirate princes rifle? a gem
Torn from the empire's diadem?
O! no, O; no,
Such is not the German's fatherland.

Where is the German's fatherland?—
Then name, O! name the mighty land!
Where e'er is heard the German tongue,
And German hymns to God are sung.
This is the land, thy Hermann's land,
This, "German," is thy fatherland.

This is the German's fatherland,
Where faith is in the plighted hand,
Where truth lives in each eye of blue,
And every heart is staunch and true,
This is the land, the honest land,
The honest German's fatherland.

This is the German's fatherland,
That scorns the stranger's proud command;
Whose friend is every good and brave,
Whose foe is every traitor knave.—
This is the land, the one true land,
The German's one true fatherland.

This is the land, the one true land,
O! God, to aid, be thou at hand,
And fire each heart, and nerve each arm,
To shield our German homes from harm—
To shield the land, the one true land,
One Deutschland, and one fatherland.

## Select Stories.

### THE CAPTURED FLAG.

A TALE OF THE MONTEVIDIAN WAR.

BY NED BUNTLINE.

"Caramba! Que Insolencia!" These words were uttered by a lovely woman, whose flushed cheek, flashing eye and knitted brow, spoke even more than words of the indignation which filled her heart.

She was the young wife of Commodore Coe, the commander of the small navy of Montevido. The lady was Spanish by birth, as well as in feeling, and the cause of her anger was the sight of a ship which had been for two days standing off and on before the harbor, using every signal of insult and defiance to induce the vessel of Coe to come out and fight him. This the latter could not do, for two reasons. The first was illness, which confined him to his cot—the second that he had not one-third of a crew—not even enough to work his battery.

At the moment when she uttered the words which commences this sketch, Brown the commander of the Buenos Ayrean ship, had hoisted a flag at his gaff, whereon was embroidered, in large legible letters, the inscription: "Coe the Coward!" This was more than his noble, firey wife could stand—for well she knew her husband's truth and valor. After gazing one instant at the flag, she raised her jewelled hand, and taking therefrom a diamond of great value she cried to the officers and men who stood around her on the deck:

"I will give this diamond to any man who will bring me yonder flag!"

For a moment there was no response.—The men looked at their officers, the officers glanced at each other, but volunteers for a service so desperate seemed scarce.

"What, is there not one of you who will dare the trial! Is my husband's ship indeed manned with cowards?" exclaimed the lady, while her beautiful lip curled with scorn and her flashing eye gleamed with the fire of contempt.

A young officer, an American, who had been lately appointed, stepped forward and modestly said:

"I was only waiting for my seniors to speak, Senora. Had any one of them volunteered, I should have begged to accompany him. As it is, I pledge myself to bring you yonder flag before the sun *rises again, or die!* But I ask not your jewel as a prize for my success—one tress of your glossy hair shall be my reward."

"You shall have both, brave boy!" replied the young lady—and her cold look of scorn changed into a sweet smile as she asked his name.

"It is Frank Bennet, Senora," replied the young *man*—and he blushed beneath her earnest gaze.

He was slim, but well formed—looked very young, but in his dark blue eye and compressed lip, an observer could read one whose manhood was not made *by years alone.*

The sun was setting behind a bank of slowly rising clouds, which threatened darkness and storm. The moment that his services were accepted, young Bennet turned to the crew, and as he glanced *among them, said:* "I want six men to man the whale boat which hangs at the after davits?"

Struck by his gallantry, nearly one half of the crew started forward. Now that they had a leader volunteers were plenty. Bennet glanced his eye over them, and in a few moments chose six by name, men whom he knew to be both daring and firm. They were Americans.

"Go sharpen your cutlasses," said he: I shall not have a pistol or a musket in the boat. If we fight, it must be steel to steel and breast to breast—for we succeed or die."

Those men answered only with a look.—They were of that class whose motto is "Deeds not words." They hurried below to obey his orders, while others proceeded by his directions to muffle the oars of the boat, to put sails, water, &c., in it.

One half hour later the sky was covered with clouds, and darkness had set in. Bennet had been careful to take the compass course of the enemy's ship when the last light of the dying day gave opportunity, and by this alone he hoped to find her. At this time the lady was on the deck, standing by the binnacle light, regarding the preparations of the little party who were about to shove off. At the moment when the boat's crew cried out that all was ready for a start the young leader came aft to the side of the Senora, and taking from his neck a miniature, he handed it and a letter to her saying:

"If I am not on board at sunrise please send that miniature to the direction of the letter."

The lady looked at the picture. It was the likeness of a young and beautiful girl. A tear filled the Senora's eye.

"You need not go!" said she. "No—you love, perchance you are beloved. Your life is precious. I will not expose it. This is———."

"My only sister whom I almost adore!" interrupted the youth—"but one who would scorn me if I played the coward or dishonored my name. Send that letter and the likeness to her if I fall. Farewell till to-morrow—or forever!"

The lady was about to answer, and again entreat him to stay—but ere she could speak he was over the bulwarks and the boat shoved off.

The night was pitchy dark. A calm was on the sea and in the air, but it was portentous of a storm. A small binnacle light and compass had been placed in the boat, and by these Frank shaped his course, himself taking the tiller and steering.

"Give way cheerily, men!—a long, strong, and steady pull!" said he, in a lower tone as he left the ship's side—and he soon felt, by the trembling of the frail boat, that his directions were obeyed.

Out right into the offing he pulled, regardless of the rising clouds—keeping his eye fixed steadily on the compass, until he knew, if the vessel had remained hove as she was at sunset, that he must be very near her. But he looked in vain to see her dark hull loom up in the gloom—he looked in vain to see a light which might guide. Admiral Brown was too old a fox to be showing his position by lights.

At this moment, when he was completely at a loss which way to steer, the dark clouds which had been gathering over him, burst with a long vivid flash of lightning and a peal of deafening thunder. He heard not the thunder, he heeded not the rising storm. The flash of lightning had shown him the vessel, not one cable's length from him.

"Steady, boys!" he whispered, when the thunder ceased—"I shall pull directly under her stern, and get on deck by the carved work and netting in her quarter."

The men rowed slowly and silently on, and as he marked well her position, the young officer in a moment found himself close under the vessel's stern. At this instant another flash of lightning illuminated the sky and water—and then as he glanced up the gaff, where the flag had been hoisted, he saw that it was not there! It had been hauled down.

He paused—thought for a moment what could be done—and then formed his resolution.

"I shall go on board alone, men," said he—"keep the boat where she is. If that flag is where I think it is, in the admiral's cabin, I will have it. If I am not back in five minutes, and you hear an alarm, shove off, send back to your ship, and tell them that Frank Bennet died like a man. You must be cautious: reef the foresail, for the storm will be down upon us in less than ten minutes."

All this was whispered to the men, whose heads were bent forward to hear their orders which they dared not disobey, much as they wished to share their leaders peril.

Springing lightly from the boat, Frank caught the quarter netting with his hands, and noiselessly ascending to the bulwarks. He could hear the regular tramp of the officer of the deck, who having already had everything reefed down for the blow, and nothing to do but pace the deck—but it was so dark that he could not see him.

A second more and the brave boy war down on the deck and at the cabin door which stood slightly ajar. He peeped in through the narrow crack and saw the red faced Admiral seated at his round table, with two of his officers by his side, engaged over the contents of a square bottle which looked like that usually found to contain schnaps.

A glance at the settee just to the left of this table stood the object of the enterprise. The flag for which he had periled his life lay there, where it had been carelessly thrown after it was hauled down.

The young officer did not pause long to consider what to do, but quietly walked into the cabin and taking off his cap bowed very politely to the officers, and as he stepped toward the flag, said in a calm and courteous manner to the Admiral:

"I have come to borrow this banner, sir, to wear to-morrow, if you please."

"Who the devil are you? What does this mean?" cried Brown as he and his officers sprung to their feet.

"I am Midshipman Bennet, sir, of the Montevidian service!" replied Frank, who had now seized the flag—"and I mean to carry this flag to Commodore Coe!"

As he said this he bounded to the cabin door, followed closely by a bullet from Brown's pistols, which grazed his ear, and ere the alarm became general he stood upon the taffrail of the vessel.

"Look out for me below!" he shouted, and flung himself into the water without the least hesitation. His boat's crew recognized his voice; he was caught in a moment and dragged into the boat, while a volley of pistol balls were sent down at random by those who were above.

The storm had now broken, and the wind began to come in with fierce and fitful gusts.

"Up foresail! Be in a hurry lads! up foresail, and let her slide!" cried the young hero, as soon as he could draw breath after his ducking.

The crew did so, and the next moment the little boat was flying in toward the harbor, before the blast, like a glad sea bird winging its way to its young one's nest.

The enemy opened a harmless random fire of grape shot in their direction, but it only served to tell the anxious watchers on board of Coe's vessel that something had occurred.—The latter therefore at once showed lights, and enabled Frank to make straight course for her.

It was but half an hour after the first gun had been fired by Brown's vessel that the boat of the young adventurer rounded to along side of his own craft.

"Have you captured the flag?" cried the Senora, as Bennet bounded over the side.

The only answer she received was the banner, wet as from the water, and cut in two places by the balls which had been fired at its captor.

The lights of the vessels gleamed not half so bright as did the lady's eyes when she caught the noble youth in her arms, and kissed him again and again.

Thirty-one thousand English women died of consumption and tight-lacing in 1839, owing to a peculiarity in the custom prevelant in that year, which prevented the free expansion of the chest.

## THE LEG OF MUTTON;

OR THE CURIOUS ADVENTURES OF A GENTLEMAN WHO WENT TO MARKET.

BY STAMPEDE.

I am going to state to you the remarkable adventures of a very remarkable man, who went to market to get a leg of mutton for his Sunday dinner. I have heard, or read somewhere or other, almost similar stories; whether they were real or imaginary, I am unable to say; but I can vouch for the authenticity of my story, for I know the hero well.

In the year 1812, it will be recollected that we had some military disputes with England, which elicited some pretty tall fights, by land and sea, and the land we live in was considerably excited upon the subject, and patriotism rose to many degrees above blood heat. Philadelphia, about that time, like all other cities I suppose, was the scene of drum-beating, marching and counter-marching, and volunteering of the patriotic people.

The president sent forth his proclamations, the governors of the respective States reiterated them, and a large portion of our brave republicans were soon in or marching to the battle field. There lived and wrought at his trade, carpentering, in the city of Philadelphia, about that time, a very tall, slim man, named Houp; Peter Houp, that was his name He was a very steady, upright, and honest man, married, had a small, comfortable family, and to all intents and purposes seemed settled down for life. How deceptive, how unstable, how uncertain is man, to say nothing of the more frail portion of the creation—woman. Peter Houp, one fair morning took his basket on his arm and off he went to get a leg of mutton and the trimmings, for his next Sunday,s dinner. Beyond the object of research, Peter never dreamed of extending his travels for that day, certain. A leg of mutton is not an indifferent article well cooked, a matter somewhat difficult too, to amateur cooks; and as good legs of mutton as can be found on this side of the big pond, can be found almost any Saturday morning in the Pennsylvania market wagons, which congregate along Second street, for a mile or two in a string, Peter could have secured his leg, and brought it home in an hour or two at least.

But hours passed, noon came, and night followed it, and in the course of time, the morrow, the joyous Sunday for which the *leg of mutton* was to be brought and prepared, and offered up, a sacrifice to the household gods and grateful appetites; but neither leg of mutton, nor man Peter, husband and father Houp, darkened the doors of the carpenter's humble domicil, that day, the next, or the next! I *cannot of course,* realize half the agony, or tortures of suspense that must have preyed upon that wife's heart and brain, that must have haunted her feverish dreams at night, and her aching mind by day. When grim death strikes a blow, whenever so near and dear a friend is levelled, cold, breathless, dead—we see, we know there is the end! Grief has its *season,* the bitterest of woe then calms, subsides, or ceases; but the *lost*—which hope prevents mourning as dead, and whose death like absence almost precludes the idea that they live, engenders in the soul of true affection a gloomy, torturing and despairing sorrow, more agonizing than the sting actual death leaves behind. I have endeavored to depict what must have been, what were the feelings of Peter Houp's wife. She mourned and grieved and still hoped on, though months and years passed away without imparting the slightest clue to the unfortunate fate of her husband. Her three children, *two boys and a girl,* grew up; ten, eleven, twelve years passed away, and no tidings of the lost man reached his family; but they still lived with a kind of despairing hope that the husband and father would yet *come home.* And so he did.

Let us see what become of Peter Houp, the carpenter. As he strolled along with his basket under his arm, on the eventful morning he sought the leg of mutton, he met a platoon of men dressed up in uniform, muskets on their shoulders, colors flying, drums beating, and a mob of hurrahers following and shouting for the volunteers Yes, it was a *company of volunteers,* just about shipping off for the South to join the "old Zack" of that day, Gen. Jackson. Peter Houp saw in the ranks of the volunteers several of his old *chums*; he spoke to them, walked along with the men of Mars, got inspired—patriotic—*drunk.* Two days after that eventful Saturday on which the quiet, honest, and industrious carpenter left his wife and children full of hope and happiness, he found himself in blue breeches, roundabout and black cap, on board a brig—bound for New Orleans. A volunteer for the war! It was too late to repent, then; the brig was ploughing her way through the foaming billows, and in a few weeks she arrived at Mobile, as she could not reach New Orleans, the British under General Packenham being off the Balize. So the volunteers were landed at Mobile, and hurried on over land to the devoted (or was to be) Crescent city. Peter Houp was not only a good man, liable, as all men are, to make a false step once in a life, but a brave one. Having gone so far, and made a step so hard to retrace, Peter's cool reason got bothered; he poured the spirits down to keep his spirits up, as the saying goes, and abandoned himself to fate. Caring neither for life nor death, he was found behind the cotton bags, which he had assisted in getting down from the city to the battle ground, piled up and now ready to defend his country while life lasted! Peter fought well, being a man not unlike the brave old Hickory himself, tall, firm, and resolute looking—He attracted General Jackson's attention during the battle, and afterwards was personally complimented for his skill and courage by the victorious Commander-in-chief. Every body knows the history of the battle of New Orleans; I need not retail it. After the victory, the soldiers were allowed considerable license, and they made New Orleans a scene of revel and dissipation, as all cities are likely to represent when near a victorious army.—Peter Houp was on a "regular bender," a "big tare," a long "spree," and for one so unlike any thing of the kind he went it with a *perfect looseness.*

A rich citizen's house was robbed—burglariously entered and robbed; and Peter Houp, the staid, plain Philadelphia carpenter, who would not have bartered his honest reputaton for all the ingots of the Incas, while in his sober senses, was arrested as one of the burglars, and the imputation, false or true, caused him to spend seven years in a penitentiary! O, what an awful probation of sorrow and mental agony were those seven long years! But they passed over, and Peter Houp again was free, not a worse man, fortunately, but a much wiser one! He had not seen or heard a word of those so long dearly cherished, and cruelly deserted—his family—for eight years, and his heart yearned towards them so strongly, that penitess, pale and care worn as he was, he would have started immediately for home, but being a good carpenter, and wages high, he concluded to go to work, while he patiently awaited a reply of his abandoned family to his long and penitent written letter. Weeks, months, and a year past, and no reply came, though another letter was despatched, for fear of the miscarriage of the first; (and both letters did miscarry, as the wife never received them.) Peter gave himself up as a lost man, his family lost or scattered, and nothing but death could end his detailed wretchedness. But still as fortune would have it, he never again sought refuge from his sorrows in the poisoned chalice, the rum glass; not he. Peter toiled, saved his money, and at the end of four years found himself in posession of a snug little sum of hard cash, and a fully established good name—But all of this time he had heard not a syllable of his home; and all of a sudden, one fine day in early spring, he took passage in a ship, arrived in Philadelphia; and in a few rods from the wharf upon which he landed, he met an old neighbor. The astonishment of the latter seemed wondrous; he burst out—

"My God! is this Peter Houp, come from his grave?"

"No," said Peter, in his slow dry way, "I'm from New Orleans,"

Peter soon learned that his wife and children yet lived, in the same place, and long mourned him as forever gone. Peter Houp felt anything but merry but he was determined to have his joke and a merry meeting. In an hour or two Peter Houp, the long lost wanderer, stood in his own door.

"Well, Nancy, *here is thy leg of mutton!*" and a fine one too he had.

The most excellent woman was alone. She was of Quaker origin; sober and stoical as her husband, she regarded him wistfully as he stood in the door, for a long time; at last she spoke—

"Well, Peter, thee's been gone a *long time.*"

The next moment found them locked in each other's arms; overtasked nature could stand no more, and they cried like children.

The carpenter has held offices of public trust, and lives yet, I believe, an old and highly respected citizen of "Brotherly Love."

## Miscellaneous.

From the Blue Hen's Chicken.

### AN APOSTROPHE.

There is an imposing grandeur in the various elements of the natural world, that cannot but command the admiration of the most insensitive, nor fail at times to excite in the mind of the purest skeptic, contemplations the most elevated and the most profound. If the gaze of the observer be directed upward to the lofty firmament on high, studded with its glittering starry hosts, in brilliancy, only eclipsed by the vestal light of the Lord of Day, how grand, and more so from its incomprehensibleness, the aspect! And when the thickening tempest lowers upon earth, and the majestic roar of Heaven's artillery is heard in its awful reverberations across the vaulted dome above, how incomparably sublime the scene!—and the snow storm, too, when witnessed from the lofty prominence, to the student of nature, how becomes it the theme of exalted admiration—surveying the broad expanse of our own planetary abode also, and beholding its mountain upon mountain rearing their lofty peaks as monuments to their great Architect, with the ascension from some of almost perpetual incense to high Heaven; viewing its billowy oceans—its *"deep blue seas"*—its *rolling river and tranquil* lake—its terrific cataract and gentle cascade—its smiling brook and laughing streamlet—its majestic forest and verdant lawn:—these, with the bewitching landscape, the perpetual minstrelsy of the feathered throng, and the never-ending chorus of the innumerable insect tribes, are, to the contemplative, as evidencing the wonderful character of their Creator, each and all, never-waning objects of enraptured delight.

But the contemplation of these serves the rather to interest the imagination, and not to attract or enlist the affections. Ah! a more genial light than that which old Sol affords—something superior to the splendors of "planets, suns and adamantine spheres," must be found to animate the soul:—and this is found—found in the moral influence of wedded love. It is the purity of that affection—rare though its existence be, and yet not the result of "human will"—which looks up soul in soul, and amid the wreck of matter, conducts by the strength of an endurance which wanes not with time—"for the heart that hath truly loved never forgets"—its *happy participants,* one and undivided, through the bewildered extravaganzas of scenes earthly, to the never-ending and beatific delights of the Heaven of heavens above. Wedded love may well be regarded as the great conservative power of this poor smitten sphere of Earth. It is that which gives dignity to human nature, adds fresh brilliancy to sun, moon, and stars—that renders inanimate nature interesting, and constitutes a "heaven of earth."

Hail, wedded love, mysterious law, true source
Of human offspring, soul propriety
In paradise, of all things common else!
By thee adult'rous lust was driven from men
Among the bestial herds to range; by thee,
Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure,
Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, son, and brother, first were known.—
Here love his golden shafts employ, here lights
His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,
Reigns here and revels: not in the bought smile
Of harlots, loveless, joyless, unendeared,
Casual fruition; nor in court amours,
Mix'd dance, or wanton mask, or midnight ball.

MILTON.

ALTERATIONS OF CLIMATE IN THE ALPS.—In travelling through the Kander Valley, I had the company of a pleasant, intelligent man, a pastor, who in spite of rain and wind, gave me a great deal of information concerning the mode of life of the people of his parish, as well as concerning the mountains around, with which he appeared throughly acquainted. He confirmed the account I heard from the inhabitants, that the glaciers and masses of ice on the Alps are constantly increasing, and the pasture land diminishing in the same proportion. Many a valley he was himself aquainted with, which in the last century fed large herds of cattle, where now scarcely as many single head can pick up a scanty subsistence. Thus for instance the Gaster Valley a hundred years ago, afforded pasture for six hundred cows during the summer; fifty years ago about half that number could find food; now it will barely support seventy. This same complaint I heard repeated in many different quarters by the herdsman on the Furka, and in the Grisons. The ice and snow are continually augmenting; the glaciers are pressing down more and more into the valleys, and filling them up; the temperature is sinking; the soil deteriorating and growing marshy. What can be the cause of this alarming change? Are the Alps rising higher, forced upward by some powerful subterranean fire? a cause that is conceivable with the chalk formations; or does this alteration of climate proceed from accidental causes of a temporary nature? This much is certain, that where large trees once grew no tree will grow now; and that large roots are beneath what is now called everlasting snow.

In some valleys, where the mountain-sides are clothed with firs, they are obviously dying away, and no art can make a young plantation prosper.—In the Ursern Valley the few pines left by Suwarrow remain, but they do not increase; and in descending from the Wegner Alp, at the foot of the Jungfrau, to the Grindelwald, you see to the left a number of dying pines, whose blackened branches have as spectral an appearance as those on the Altengord, in Norway, beyond the polar circle. On the Wengner Alp itself attemps have been made for years to encourage the growth of trees—they will not succeed; and it is not till three or four hundred feet lower that they flourished in luxuriant vigor.—*Mugg's Switzerland.*

## HUMOROUS.

A builder had a job in the vicinity of Horn's saloon. The wag had occasion to call on him, and enquired of the workman—an Emeralder—where the Boss was.

"Be the powers he's gone till his dinner," responded paddy.

"Are you a mason?" demanded Horn.

"No sir."

"I thought not: but you are a *hod-fellow* which is nearly the same"

"Doctor," said a lisping fashionable young belle, who had graduated at half a dozen boarding schools, to a friend of ours who had just been introduced to her at an evening party. "Doctor, which do you prefer, tholidity of intellect, or brillianthy? Some admirths brillianthy, and others tholidity; but ath for me, I prefer brillianthy and tholidity combined!" The doctor sank into the nearest chair.

The Albany Knickerbocker fathers the following: "One boy in a shop is as good as a man. Two boys, however, are worse than the devil! If there be only one youth in the room, he is the most sedate customer in the party. Introduce another, however, and ground and lofty tumbling, and somersets over the stove, will be the order of the day, from sunrise till dark."

DESCRIPTION OF A BAD ROAD.—"Stranger, which is the way to —— vilinge?" "There's two roads," responded the fellow. "Well which is the best?" "Aint much difference; both on 'em very bad.—Take which you will, afore you've got half way you'll wish you'd tuck t'other."

A good way to manage a gun that has been loaded for a long time, and that you don't like to fire for fear of a burst or a breach of the peace, is to leave it out of doors all night. It will be sure to go *off* before morning.

"I meant to have told you of the hole," said a man to his friend, who stumbled into a pit full of water. "No matter now (says the other, blowing the mud and water out of his mouth,) I have found it."

TOEING THE MARK.—John T. Toe was lately joined in wedlock to Jane Maria Marke. We approve of this in toto.

"That is the hardest *lick* yet," as Louis Philippe said, when the people proclaimed Franco a Repub*lic(k.)*

Why has a clock a bashful appearance? Because it always keeps its hands before its face.

Why is a dog's tail like the heart of a tree? Because it is fartherest from the *bark.*

"I'll take the shine out of you," as the eclipse said to the moon.

"I'll turn you round," as the wind said to the weathercock.

## RULES OF LIFE.

The aspect of the social world would be different from what it is, if we could all remember and observe this brief but comprehensive rule:

Be you to all as kind and true
As you wish all to be to you.

*Folly of Anger.*—Anger in dispute is like an unquiet horse in a dusty way; it raises such a cloud in the eye of the understanding, that it obscure its vision, and impeds its operations.

*When* disposed to utter a harsh judgment of a Christian brother, it is a good rule to pause a moment, look inward, and delay the judgment until conscience says it may be pronounced honestly, sincerely and consistently.

*Let* not any one say he cannot govern his passions, nor hinder them from breaking out and carrying him into action; for what he can do before a prince or a great man, he can do alone, *or* in the presence of his God, if he will.—*Locke.*

*Men are* frequently like tea—the real strength and goodness is not properly drawn out of them till they have been for a short time in hot water.

*Rather* avoid those vices you are *naturally* inclined to, than to aim at those excellencies and perfections for which you were never made.

*Sir Philip Sydney* says: What is mine, even to my life, is her's I love; but the secret of my friend is not mine."

*Pitch upon the course of life* which is *the most* excellent, and custom will render it the most delightful.

THE SUSPENSION BRIDGE AT NIAGARA.—This bridge, says the *Iris,* has a span of 800 feet, will be 320 feet high from the water, and 28 feet wide, affording two carriage tracks, two sidewalks, and a track for the rail-road cars. At each end will be two solid stone towers for supporting the cables, 68 feet in height and 14 feet square at the base. The bridge will be suspendd on 16 cables, each of 600 No. 10 wires, firmly secured in deep pits drilled into solid rock. When completed it is to be capable of sustaining a weight of 200 tons in the centre. The calculated power of tension of the wires is 6,500 tons. The cost of the whole work is not to exceed $190,000, Mr. Buchanan thinks it will come within $145,000. The Iris also states that the contract with the Railroad Company will pay the proprietors of the bridge 6 per cent upon their investment, so that the stock can hardly fail to be profitable.

Passengers are now drawn across, and persons will be able to pass over by a foot bridge as early as the first of June. The number of those who now pass is great,—much greater than is consistent with the convenience of the workmen. *One dollar* is charged for each transit without diminishing the number of its passengers. The receipts from this source amount to 15 per cent, on the expenditures so far. Ladies are more venturesome than gentlemen. Some of the latter decline to trust themselves on a wire hundrds of feet above the roaring flood, but no lady has as yet hesitated.

It is believed that carriages will cross on the Suspension Bridge as early as July next.

RULES.—First never lose any time; do not think that lost which is spent in amusement or recreation, some time every day; but always be in the habit of being employed. Second, never err the least in truth. Third, never say an ill thing of any person, when you can say a good thing of them; not only speak charitably, but feel so. Fourth, never be irritable or unkind to anybody. Fifth, never indulge yourself in luxuries that are not necessary.—Sixth, do all things with consideration, and when your path to act aright is more difficult, feel confidence in that power alone which is able to assist you, and exert your own powers as far as they go

BENEVOLENCE.—There cannot be a more glorious object in creation than a human being, replete with benevolence, meditating in what manner he might render himself most acceptable to his Creator, by doing most good to his creatures.—*Fielding.*

LIFE.—A compulsory journey over a precarious road, on which the more luggage you have the more lightly you travel.

Let reason go before every enterprise, and counsel before every action.

Plato often inculcates this great precept, "*Do* thine own work and know *thyself.*