THE COLUMBIA SPY.

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

NEW SERIES, VOL. 1, NO. 50.] COLUMBIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1848. [WHOLE NUMBER, 941.

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.

DR. TOWNSEND'S

SARSAPARILLA! Wonder and blessing of the age—The most extraordinary medicine in the world. This Extract is put up in quart bottles. It is six times cheaper, pleasanter, and warranted superior to any sold. It cures diseases without vomiting, purging, sickening, or debilitating the patient.

The great beauty and superiority of this Sarsaparilla *over all other remedies is, while it eradicates disease, it* invigorates the body. It is one of the very best

SPRING AND SUMMER MEDICINES

Ever known; it not only purifies the whole system and strengthens the person, but it creates new, pure, and rich blood; a power possessed by no other medicine.—And in this lies the great secret of its wonderful success. Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla invigorates the whole system permanently. To those who have lost their muscular energy by the effects of medicine or indiscretions committed in youth, or the excessive indulgence of the passions, and brought on a general prostration of the nervous system, lassitude, want of ambition, fainting sensations, premature decay and decline, hastening towards that fatal disease, Consumption, can be entirely restored by this pleasant remedy.

The genuine only sold by R. WIMLIAMS, Front. st. Columbia, Pa. Ap29'48-tf

REMOVAL! REMOVAL!!

W. H. SPANGLER, having become Proprietor of the Book & Stationary Store, late of the firm of Westbrook & Spangler, has removed his establishment to the house lately occupied by Mr. Raub on Front Street, a few doors north from the Corner of Locust, and next door to Wm. A Leader's Drug store,—where he will continue the former business in all its branches. Having enlarged his stocks he is prepared to furnish every article in the Book and stationary line, at the very lowest rates; School Books of every kind, Blank Books, Fools Cap and Letter Paper by the wholesale or retail. Pocket Knives, Razors, GOLD PENS, Pocket Books, Combs, Hair Tooth, and Cloth Brushes—Razor Straps, Soap, Brushes, &c. Ink Stands, Ink by the Bottle—Dominoes, Chess Men, Dice. A splendid lot of Silk Steel Bends, Clasps and Tassels, for purses, Gold and Silver Bullion—for Working Slippers, &c. And a most superior lot of fancy stationery for the Ladies.—Don't forget the Cheap Depot, at

W. H. SPANGLER'S,
Next Door to W. A. Leader's Drug Store.

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 into 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 Tailoring 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 price, 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

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 elegance 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, 6-4, 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

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

TELEGRAPH---REMOVAL.

THE Telegraph Office at Columbia has been REMOVED to the Spy Printing Office, Front street, opposite Barr's Hotel, where, for the present, messages will be received and promptly transmitted to any of the following Stations:

York,	Wheeling,
Lancaster,	Cincinnati,
Philadelphia,	St. Louis,
Wilmington,	Reading,
Baltimore,	Pottsville,
Washington,	New York,
Harrisburg,	Albany,
Carlisle,	Buffalo,
Chambersburg,	Rochester,
Bedford,	Auburn,
Pittsburg,	Ithaca, &c., &c.

The following are the rates of charges to—
York, 10 cents for 10 words.
Lancaster, 10 cents for 10 words.
Philadelphia, 30 cents for 10 words.
Harrisburg, 20 cents for 10 words.
Chambersburg, 30 cents for 10 words.
Pittsburg, 40 cents for 10 words.
Baltimore, via Phila., 35 cents for 10 words.

All additional words over 10 charged *pro rata*. Address and signature not counted. ☞ All messages must be prepaid.

C. WESTBROOK, *Operator*.

Columbia, Feb. 5, 1848.

CHAINS.

HERR'S Celebrated Lowden Fifth Chains, Traces, long and short, double and single Link, breast, carrying and halter Chains, all of which we offer at manufacturers prices. ap7—tf RUMPLE & HERR.

Poetry.

Written for the Columbia Spy.

SUMMER.

Now Summer comes, with rosy train,
With gentle winds and bright blue skies;
She cools the air with showers of rain;
And makes this earth a paradise.
The gushing torrents from the hills,
Make music as they glide along;
The echo of the murmuring rills,
Combines to form sweet nature's song.

She casts her robe of bright heath-bells,
Amidst the mountain's solitudes;
She decks with flowers the lonely dells,
The tow'ring hills, and silent woods.
The babbling of the silver streams,
The laughing sound of noisy brooks;
The moon-light o'er the still lake gleams,
Whilst nature decks the silent nooks.

She comes with music in the breeze,
With fragrance of the hosts of flowers;
She gently waves the gay-clad trees,
Which noon-tide sun oft times o'er powers.
The valleys bright, the waveless sea,
Where soft Æolian breezes steal;
All speak with joy in ecstacy,
And all her kindness seem to feel.

She casts her robes o'er many isles,
Of soft-tongued leaves where winds can play;
She fills the earth with countless smiles,
And endless rapture cheers the day.
When eve creeps on with balmy air,
With glimmering stars and silv'ry moon;
Whilst nature's foot-steps everywhere,
Bespeak the light of flow'ry June.

A rustling sound where wild flowers hide,
Of gentle winds with breezy wings
Is heard; and near the clear cool tide,
The pleasant voice of whisperings.
O'er mountain, ocean, earth, and glen,
Mild summer flings her garb of peace;
Unlike the cruel hearts of men,
She bids the troubled tempest cease.

Wrightsville, June 8, 1848. A. R. B.

FANNY FORESTER'S BIRD.

We mentioned the other day that a paragraph in the Maulmain Free Press announced that a daughter had been born to Mrs. Judson of the mission at Maulmain, formerly well known under her *nom de plume* of Fanny Forester. We are glad to have more decided confirmation of the fact from the lady's own testimony, which is not so metaphorical that there will be any question of its signification. The lines which follow, and which bear date, Maulmain, January, 1848, (Fanny is at the antipodes, you must remember,) are from the June number of the Columbian Magazine, where they appear under the title of "My Bird."—*Boston Trans.*

Ere last year's moon had left the sky,
A birdling sought my Indian nest,
And folded, oh so lovingly!
Her tiny wings upon my breast.

From morn till evenings' purple tinge,
In winsome helplessness she lies,
Two rose leaves, with a silken fringe,
Shut softly on her starry eyes.

There's not in Ind a lovelier bird;
Broad earth owns not a happier nest;
Oh God. Thou hast a fountain stirred,
Whose waters never more shall rest!

This beautiful mysterious thing,
This seeming visitant from heaven,
This bird with the immortal wing,
To me—to me, Thy hand has given.

The pulse first caught its tiny stroke,
The blood its crimson hue, from mine;—
This life which I have dared invoke,
Henceforth is parallel with Thine

A silent awe is in my room—
I tremble with delicious fear;
The future, with its light and gloom,
Time and eternity are here.

Doubts—hopes, in eager tumult rise;
Hear, oh my God! one earnest prayer!
Room for my bird in Paradise,
And give her angel plumage there!

THE SIN OF SUFFERING.

BY WILLIAM KENNEDY.

"What call you that creature, dark crouched in its lair?"
"It once was called woman!"
"Why lurketh she there?

I hear a low moaning, the hovel within.
An infant one crying—sure here must be sin!"

A dying voice murmurs—"The worst of all sins,
Which, from sisters and brothers, small sympathy wins!"

"Thou wretched hut-dweller, now give it a name,
This sin, without solace, must wed thee to shame?"

"To shame and to sorrow I'm wedded—a curse
Lies on the poor baby, as well as its nurse!"

"But name me the sin which to sorrow hath wedded
And shame, the pale pair in the straw heap embedded?"

"The sin and the curse we are bound to endure,
You view it—*we feel it—we're poor*—we are poor;
The will of the stronger has fashioned the law,
Which leaves us these rags and this heap of old straw!
The scowl of the stronger upraids us, for being
The work of that will, the sad wreck you are seeing!"

They have passed from the hovel, she ceases to mourn—
A motherless babe 's in the wide world alone.

An Essay.

MARRIAGE.

"What a beautiful woman Mrs. Howard is!"

"I agree with you. Mrs. Howard's face is beautiful in form and outline, and sweet and gentle in its expression; but I must say it does not fulfil my ideal (to use a modern phrase) of the spiritual beauty expressible in the human face. There is none of that ever-varying eloquence of expression which is the very life and divinity in the countenance of man or woman, in the still life of Mrs. H.'s features. There is neither thought, nor strength, nor savor in her everlastingly sweet smile. Beauty *she may* possess; but it is the beauty of marble, animated by one feeling—amiability."

Well! and what more beautiful feeling could speak from her soul, through a woman's eyes, than that you have assigned to Mrs. H.? Moreover, I believe the personification you speak of is real; and I account it a most fortunate thing for H. to have such a wife! A stronger and more actively intellectual and spiritual nature would have been unsuited to his mind and circumstances, and might have diverted his attention from his public duties, excited his faculties in a different direction, and it *may be, have* unwittingly hindered his high course of usefulness."

"I cannot agree with you there. It is a mistaken idea that strength may *oppose* strength. I *believe*, rather, that when properly suited, the strong mind assimilates more closely, and in a far higher and nobler manner, with another strong, though, perhaps different nature, than is possible in such unions as that you are rejoicing at the sight of. Such a marked inequality must involve an *imperfect unity, and I think*, shows but a poor appreciation of what marriage is in the man who chooses or admires it. What would you think of an eagle wedded to a dove? White, and beautiful, gentle, and loveful, though she be, softly though she down the *eyrie*, and neatly though she arrange it for his reception, she is still but a dove; and when her kingly mate returns from his flight beyond the clouds, and folding those wings that have swept along the surface of the sea, and borne him to the untrodden lands near the rising of the sun; when those eyes that have essayed their utmost vision—power to pierce the very soul of light—turn to the shade of home to be refreshed and *revived*—when there, in the repose hours of life, he would again, in thought, unfold those wings, and review the vast and wondrous regions they have traversed—to whom must he depict the glory, and beauty, and mystery, that have enriched his soul? Surely not to the gentle dove by his side; for grateful though he feel for her warmth and love, he knows too well that in her mind is neither scope nor power to reflect his thoughts. He is, therefore, silent; to the deepest tones of his soul's voice he feels there can be no response; he must not utter them, except, perchance, to the stars, with whom he may feel kindred, but from whom he cannot receive that breath of sympathy which so refreshes and nourishes the soul. Think you the kingly bird's nature can be fully developed under such circumstances? By my belief in marriage, as the highest fulfilment of our being, the strengthener of our strength, the ennobler of our powers, the elevator of our desires, the inspirer of our highest impulses—I deny the perfection of such unions. And yet how frequently they take place; and we find them not only defended, but admired as models.

"Such admiration is as reasonable as the rejoicing of the blind man that he had never been troubled with sight! Poor dark one! he could not know that *the effort of vision, if we may use the* expression, which he imagined applicable to that exquisite sense, is amply rewarded by the beauty of earth, and air, and sky which it reveals. Such *reward, in a spiritual form, the earnest seeker after* unity in union may find; for sympathy is the *sight sense of the soul, reflecting on the inward retina* of mutually loving and kindred spirits the whole nature of each."

"Your ideal of marriage is a noble one, and, I doubt not, true; but how seldom it is attained. And, after all, what are more dear than love and gentleness. How beautiful is it to see the world-toiling man finding the solace of reciprocal affection, even though he be denied intellectual sympathy, *in his wife!*"

"Yes, beautiful, as are the few treasured flowers in the prison of the captive, whose right is to see and enjoy the whole beauty of earth. Love and gentleness are, indeed, beyond price; but in my ideal of the queen eagle, they are as perfect as in the dove. Quickness and clearness of intellect, vividness of imagination, warm love and truth, and pure earnestness of purpose, are as native to the female as sympathy and tenderness. I own I am somewhat of an aristocrat in regard to marriage, and would not mingle serf with knightly blood. But the heraldic blazonry must be of heaven's stamping; the Gules, and the Azure, and the Or, must be colored in the soul! Nothing can be more grievous to contemplate than the loss and suffering from ill-assorted unions. When, as sometimes happens, the woman is superior to her husband, the case is still worse, for woman's whole life and soul are involved in marriage, and her social position is less favorable to finding the substitute men generally obtain in outward resources.

"*It is a difficult question, this of marriage*; youth is most naturally its season; every unfolding sentiment and budding hope, and branching desire, bends at that period toward the sun of love. Marriage, without love in highest enthusiasm, is not worth the name; but the firm basis of reason is not the less *needful. And how liable is youth to mistake*—to decide on uncertain premises—or, more correctly speaking, to act unreasoningly! True, passion lights its beautiful flame, and pours forth its generous warmth in the heart of youth; but the fire does not there die! In the pure and earnest soul, love, highest and most intense, lives ever; preserving the freshness of spring through the maturer seasons of life, and insures to him who guards it *with vestal care*, a perpetual youth of the heart. 'Manhood is the season for marriage,' says the philosopher of life; a certain virility of mind, as well as body, is necessary in order to judge and capacitate for so important a relation. It is from our ideal what marriage ought to be, not from our observance of the unions, called marriages, around us, that we must reason and decide in the question before us."

"Is it safe to argue thus on imaginary ideals?"

"I think it is: all perfection, in this world, is ideal; but not the less to be aimed at on that account; else, where were the artist's aim, the believer's faith, the philosopher's calmness? The aspiration after perfection is the soul of progress; progress is the law of being; every pure and high desire of the soul is a promise of its future nature, a promise of its everlasting development, a linking of time with eternity!

"Our estimate of the worth and uses of marriage will greatly depend on the appreciation we have formed of the meaning of life, and on the understanding we have of our own nature. If that estimate be noble and true, and if we correctly comprehend ourselves, we may conceive somewhat of the responsibility we ought to feel to act in the light of highest reason, when seeking to secure to ourselves the unspeakable benefits of this 'benignest ordinance of God to man,' as Milton nobly designates it. Our ideas of marriage are generally derived from the circumstances and examples around us, and these are rarely the most favorable to a correct judgment. In designing the structure of life, we must be guided by truth and nature, rather than by custom and example; thus only can we insure beauty and harmony in the building. Each of us is the architect of his own existence; we are given life and materials to make it great and real; if we neglect to do so, it becomes mean and tasteless. 'What is life,' asks the wise Milton, "without the vigor and spiritual exercise of life?" To establish this vigor, and to inspire this spirituality, is marriage chiefly valuable, and only when it thus rouses into highest life the full maturity of existence is it worthy of that most holy office which the Creator has assigned it, of perpetuating his image on the earth. This highest appointment is alone sufficient to denote the intense importance of right and real marriages; it is impossible to estimate the increased wealth of mind and soul that would accrue to the world if the sanction of nature and truth were sought in renewing the ranks of life."

"'Marriage is a solemn thing, and must be a *communion* of spiritual and temporal comforts, a covenant of unfeigned love and peace, whereof both the general and the particular end is the peace and contentment of man's *mind*.' Such is Milton's definition, and taking the full meaning of every word, a just one. To insure contentment and communion, marriage must be an entire friendship, as well as a perfect love.

"*And yet, I doubt whether, even with these elements*, marriage can produce perfect happiness."

"I agree with you: imperfection is stamped upon our present state of being; our vision is finite, our goodness fragmentary, our temper inconsistent, and the natural result is—imperfection of life; but we can imagine perfection, and the ideal is ever a *presage of the future, given us by an incentive* to endeavor. I have no doubt that if we *use* life to our utmost ability, and in accordance with our estimate of its full capacity, we shall be rewarded accordingly; full satisfaction we must not expect to find—it is hidden from us in the far ether of eternity."

"Do you not observe that, even in its present imperfect state, marriage affords more happiness than there are grounds to expect? The laws of accommodation and acclimation act continually, and produce assimilation and a measure of content, where the natures seemed most unsuited."

"Yes, but observe, that, in order to effect this assimilation, the minds must deteriorate; the law of acclimation, like all the laws of nature, is of a beneficial tendency, *but* when its use degenerates into an abuse, it is no longer a blessing; when, in its action on the mental nature, it transforms higher into lower feelings, and lulls the restless aspirations of the soul into apathy and quiescence, it must be guarded against as a snare, rather than sheltered under as an excuse for error. In many other cases beside the one before us, does this law of accommodation spread its pacifying influence over the waters of life, calming and silencing where agitation and change have not yet effected their work of purification. While we take advantage of its healing virtues, as in the adversity of circumstances we are forced to do, let us be careful not to salve over wounds that require a probing *cure*."

"But the marriage question. What are the rules by which we may guide man's steps over this Rubicon of life?"

"Rules are impossible in the case; man must learn the lesson of self-rule; education must be indeed an educing or leading out, of the whole power of the mind into use and action; and when *the youth* has learned the value and the aim of existence, the *man* will not more in accordance with the beautiful ideal that lives in the soul of every thinking being."

"Amen!"

Miscellaneous.

THE NEW ZEALANDER AND THE MISSIONARY.

Amongst the earlier missionaries who visited New Zealand, one gentleman, a Mr. ——, was distinguished alike for his zeal in the good cause, and the success with which his efforts were attended. His most promising proselyte was one of the native chiefs; this man was constant in his attendance whenever Mr. —— performed divine service, listened to his sermons with the deepest interest, and was altogether considered a satisfactory convert. All at *once his behavior underwent a com*plete change; he absented himself from the prayer meetings, appeared morose and dejected, and gave a sullen answer to any question as to his altered *conduct. At length Mr. —— sent for him*, and after some trouble, elicited that he was very unhappy. "Unhappy!" exclaimed the good missionary, "*and wherefore!*" "*Me come to hear you* preach, you make me Christian, you tell me say prayers—all very good." "Well why should this make you unhappy?" "Wait bit—you say Christian man only have *one* wife. Now me got *two!* You say, that very wicked; what me do with 'em, eh?"—This was what is commonly termed a poser; and the worthy missionary was at first somewhat at a loss what advice to bestow. After a few moments' consideration, he replied:—"It appears to me, that in the situation in which you are unfortunately placed, the only thing to be done is for you to determine to which of your wives you are most deeply attached, and then put the other away." "Put her away?"—"Yes, put her away; of course taking care that she shall not want for anything; it is your duty to provide for her properly. Do *you understand me? The chief signified that he* did so, and took his leave with many expressions of *gratitude. A short time elapsed, when he again* sought Mr. ——, and greeting him with a countenance beaming with contentment and intense self-approval, began, "me very happy now." "I am very glad to hear it," was the reply; "have you acted upon my advice, then?" "Yes, I got one wife now." "Quite right; and the other, how *have you provided for her?*" *There was a pause* ere the chief, with the air of a man who had done something decidedly clever, and fetisure of applause, replied, with a chuckle of self approbation, "*Me eat her!*"

A CAUTION TO MERCHANTS.—We heard a good story of a sagacious country gentleman, who came to our city some days ago with a bill on a highly respectable firm of this city. The bill was duly presented for acceptance, and a young member of the firm, a fashionable, showily dressed gentleman, who had cultivated a very dainty moustache, wrote with a gold pen his endorsment on the bill, giving his middle name in full, thus: J. Templeton Tompkins. The countryman looked at the signature, read it slowly, glanced at the fashionable merchant, who was very fascinatingly twirling his whiskers, and handing the bill over to him remarked; "Here stranger, cash that document." "What!" indignantly replied the merchant, "discount my own paper!—it is a positive insult." "Wall, can't help it," said the countryman; "If you don't, I must get some body else to do it." To prevent his paper from getting an 'Change, the merchant concluded to cash the bill, and paying over the money to the countryman, asked him quietly, "Why, my friend, offer me the gratuitous insult of requiring me to discount my own paper?" "I dont mean any harm, stranger; but I have jest got this idear into my skull, that when you see a merchant with that har on his upper lip, and who writes his middle name out in full, and endorses bills with a gold pen, you may set it down as purty certain he's gwine to bust up in a week.—*N. O. Delta.*

A TRUE MAN.—Who is he? One who will not move from the path of duty to gain a mine of wealth, or a world of honors. He respects the feelings of all; the rich and the poor, the humble and the honorable. He is as careful not to speak an unkind or a harsh word to his servant as to his lord. He is as attentive to the wants of a slave as to a prince. Wherever you meet him, he is the same kind, accommodating, unobtrusive, humble individual. In him are embodied the elements of pure religion. No step is taken which the law of God condemns; no word is spoken that pains the ear of man. Be you like him. Then you will be prepared to live or die: to serve God on earth or in heaven.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—The Boston Mercantile Journal selects the following from the Foreign Review for April, 1839, as one of the finest passages in the whole range of English literature. The subject treated of is the benefit of printing:

"When Tamerlane had finished building his pyramids of seventy thousand human skulls, and was seen standing at the gate of Damascus, glittering with steel, with his battle axe on his shoulder, till fierce hosts *filed to new victories and carnage*, that pale on-looker might have fancied that nature was in her death throes—for havoc and despair had taken possession of the earth, and the sun of manhood seemed setting in seas of blood. Yet it might be on that very gala day of Tamerlane, a little boy was playing nine-pins in the streets of Mentz, whose history was more important to them than twenty Tamerlanes! The Tartar Khan, with his shaggy demons of the wilderness, passed away like the whirlwind, to be forgotten forever—and the German artist has wrought a benefit, which is yet immeasurably expanding itself, and will continue to expand through all countries and all time.—What are the conquests and expeditions of the whole corporations of captains from Walter Penniless to Napoleon Bonaparte, compared with the moveable types of Johannes Faust."

A BEAUTIFUL FIGURE.—Life is beautifully compared to a fountain fed by a thousand streams, that *perishes if one be dried. If a silver cord twisted* with a thousand strings, that part asunder if one be broken. We are emcompassed with accidents every day, to crush the mouldering tenements which we inhabit. The seeds of disease are implanted in our constitution by nature. The food that nourishes the body contains the elements of its decay; the soul that animates it by a vivifying fire, tends to wear it out by its own action; death *lurks in ambush long in our paths. Notwithstand*ing this is the truth, so palpably confirmed by the daily examples before our eyes, how little do we lay it to heart. We see our friends and neighbors perishing among us; but how seldom does it occur to our thoughts, that our knell shall, perhaps give the next fruitless warning to the world!

ABUSE.—When a man has done an injury to another—when he has deceived and lied about him—how natural it is for him to persist in his wicked course. Unless the wreatch continues his abuses and slanders he fears that his unprincipled course will be detected, and be held up for public detestation.

We never hear of a man loudly and earnestly abusing another behind his back, without feeling that we are in the presence of a wretch, of one who has abused kindness and betrayed virtue—and as soon as possible we pass away. A man who has really suffered an injury, and borne it like a christian, seldom opens his mouth; except it be in answer to the inquiries of interested friends. He feels safe in his innocence, and knows that all which man can say, does not in the least injure his real character, although for a time his reputation may suffer.

Are you slandered, villified, or traduced? Bear *it meekly, and the right will be made known.* You have a Friend who will never leave you, nor suffer your enemies finally to triumph.

A TERRIBLE TIME.—"Well, there's a row over there to our house."

"What on arth's the matter, you little sarpint?"

"Why, dad's drunk, mother's dead, the old cow has got a calf, Sal's got married and run away with the spoons, Pete has swallowed a pin, and Lui's looked at the Aurora Borax till he's got the delirium triangles. That ain't all nuther."

"What else upon airth?"

"Rose spilt the batter pot and broke the pancakes, and one of the Maltese kittens has got its head into the molasses cup and couldn't get it out, and oh, how hungry I am!"

Tacitus speaks of "the early ages, when man lived in innocence and simplicity." Whereupon a surly and cynical critic exclaims—"When was that? The first woman went astray. The first born killed the second.—When did this time of simplicity begin?"

If you are courting a young lady, and wish before you take her, to ascertain her temper, tear her ball dress, as if by accident. If she keeps her equanimity, lose not a moment in popping the "momentous question." She will do, and you may account yourself a happy man.

*WINE CHANGED INTO WATER.—Mix a little solu*tion of subsetate of lead with port wine; filter the mixture through blotting paper, and a colorless liquid will pass through; to this add a small quantity of dry salt of tartar, when a spirit will rise, which may be inflamed on the surface of the water.

During the English rebellion, a gentleman who lay on his death-bed was asked how he would be buried; and calmly answered:

"With my face downwards; for within a while England will be turned upside down, and then I shall lie right."

"One word more and I have done." How we dread to hear this expression from the lips of a speaker at public meetings. It's always a sure sign that he is bracing up for a fresh start!—*Yankee Blade.*

AS GOOD AS PUNCH.—The Pekin Visitor says, "Coming home a few mornings since, we met a man attempting to walk on both sides of the street. By a skillful manœuvre we passed between him."

I have seen a mother cheerfully lavish money to purchase her daughter expensive and superfluous dresses; and I have heard the same mother grumble that she had to pay servants such enormous wages.

An honest Hibernian recently invented a tea-pot with two spouts, the one exactly opposite the other, for the convenience of pouring out two cups at the same time.

Men marry at twenty for passion; at thirty for love; at forty, for money; at fifty, for the sake of being fondled and nursed.—*Family Herald.*

Advice, like snow, the softer it falls, the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it sinks into the mind. —*Coleridge.*

Dr. Beecher's advice is, "Never chase a lie—let it alone, and *it will run itself to death.*"

That which is best in our hearts, never comes forth from them.—*Lamartine.*

Why is a snow bank in spring like a thrifty tree? Because it leaves.

GREELEY AT HOME.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

BY NOGGS.

Speaking of New York, I was there the other day, and of course I called on the editor of *the Tribune*, "the noblest Roman of them all," at the "*Tribune* office." I found him as usual, hard at work among his papers, though in rather better condition, as to room; he having found, I suppose, that pure air is, to say the least, rather convenient to the lungs, and as good for editors as for other folks. It wan't Bradburn's sanctum, with its carpets, sofa-chairs, "bogany" table and desks, amateur tool-chests, wardrobes, pigeon-holes, patent curtains, closets, etc., etc.—it was simply a good sized back-room, with "*an old arm chair*" or two, a pine table, and instead of a tool-chest, he had only a box to put wood in, poor fellow. After conversing awhile upon *matters and things in general*, Greeley declared that I would not have any adequate idea of New York in *its glory, if I didn't see* the hopeful heir of all his honors, the infant "Tribune," the unsophisticated Greeley. I accordingly promised to meet him at his residence, some three miles from his office, in the "*hubbubs*" of the city, the morning following at an early hour.

About eight o'clock of the following morning, in company with a kindred spirit kind and true, "who piloted me thither, I went up to the rural retreat of the mightest of New York editors, and where do you think I found him?" Why nowhere else but out in the field, busy as a bee, with his baldness glistening in the sun, and his shirt sleeves and collar *flying to the breeze—having* turned his editorial quill into that interesting besom of destruction, called a "caterpillar brush," which he had fastened to the end of a very long cane-pole, and which he kept dipping into a pailful of very strong soap-suds, *and then to the best of his abilities*, "putting it" to the caterpillars. I told him I was not surprised to see him "soap" Henry Clay, 'cause I knew he loved and worshipped him, but I didn't expect to see him *putting it on to such as these.*

I asked him if he didn't think some such operation as this would be good for the government. He remarked, "Take away all the 'caterpillars', and the government would be left terribly bare."

After viewing the beautiful grounds of his venerable *mansion, once owned by a rich nabob*, we went into the house, and called for the wonderful baby. It was soon brought in. I say it, because I could not surmise to which sex it belonged, as it was dressed in "long shorts," gown and petti—excuse me—and wore its hair full length *half way* down its back. I called it a girl, to venture, but the father resented that, and gave me to understand that there was nothing short of a boy about it—a future Henry Clay at least—his present name I forget. He was indeed a singular looking child, dressed as he was, being over four years old, and wearing his golden hair of a reddish cast, which was entirely guiltless of curling, lying flat on his back, kept out of his eyes by a yellow ribbon round his head. He was indeed quite a child, considering his mother's being so constituted as to be in torments if the child is out of her sight. It being the *only remaining child of four, she has become terri*bly nervous, and the poor little fellow has to be deprived of a *good deal of open air exercise.* I have seen a beautiful picture of him, which tells much of his father. It was taken while sitting astride his *father's shoulders, leaning his head on his father's* pate; the *tout ensemble being, as you may suppose*, rather striking. This is the favorite attitude; it delights both father and child, and they "go it" together in this way for hours, when father has "got nothing better to do." After looking over the grounds, and examining the stock on his farm—a cow, a dog, cat, and seven puppies—and talking awhile about association, etc., we took our departure from the home of the great American editor, who is doing so much to elevate a man to the Presidency that is not half so worthy of the office as he himself is, left the *wonderful child, the greatest speci*men of live clay, Greeley thinks, ever moulded into human form, except *the* Clay—Harry of the West—and returned to the busy hum of the city again.

TALL OAKS

FROM LITTLE ACORNS GROW.

About eighty years ago there lived in England a man whose name was George Guelph, better known in history as George the Third, King of Great Britain. He was a tolerable kind of a man in point of abilities—*not, in fact*, a bad meaning person. He would have made a better farmer, grocer or tradesman, than a King.

But he was born in the "divine rights of kings." He was a descendant of William, the conquerer of England—William, Duke of Normandy, a bastard son—his mother being a tanner's daughter of Normandy, who surrendered her charms to the favors of William's father, outside the bans of the church. *William the first was a brave man.* He crossed the channel with his retainers, and on the field of Hastings defeated the Saxons, killed Harold their King, and took possession of England.

There was a little town called Kew, in Surrey, England, and George the Third, after he had been but a few years on the throne, bethought he would like to build a palace in this town of Kew. Parliament had been liberal to him in salary, and he could hardly ask an additional appropriation for the purpose of building a palace. He suggested the thing to his Prime Minister, who told him the thing might be done by a stamp tax, and a duty laid on tea of two pence per pound in his colonies of America. These duties the toady thought would more than be enough to build a hundred palaces. The king recommended the matter to Parliament, and Parliament passed a law to that effect. The colonies refused to be thus taxed, unless they were allowed to send members to the body that passed the law, for the purpose of defending themselves.

Revolution followed—seven years of bloody war was the consequence; but the colonies came out free. In their efforts they were aided by France. This war cost the English government some one hundred and fifty millions pounds sterling, or six hundred millions of dollars—a pretty good price for the palace of George the Third at Kew.

When the French officers returned to their native land, they began to feel a love of republicanism themselves, and they planted the seed in their native land. A few years after, a revolution broke out in France.—They all took part in it; but through the wildness of the people, the republic which they had formed ended in the military—yet, so far as victories went, glorious—despotism of Napoleon. To drive him from the throne cost England six hundred millions pounds sterling. This was paying rather dear for the palace at Kew.

Within a few brief weeks a monarch of one of the most powerful nations of Europe has been driven from his throne like a vagabond. Half the world is in agitation, and republics are the general cry of the people. But for the palace at Kew our own country might this day have been a part of the British Empire, France a monarchy still, and England out of debt, comparatively speaking. Kings, as the clown says, are "getting to be low company." Hallock wrote truly and prophetically some years ago—

"The monarch fears the printer's frown—
A brickbat's range;
Give me in preference to a crown
Five shillings change."