THE COLUMBIA SPY.

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

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PHILADELPHIA

CHINA STORE.—The Subscribers, proprietors of one of the oldest and most extensive China Stores in the United States, have now on hand a very large supply of

COMMON WARE, GRANITE WARE, CHINA WARE AND GLASS WARE,

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A SPLENDID

LOT of New Carpets. Just open for spring Sales. Just received per late arrivals, and now opening, a large and rich assortment of Brussels, Imperial three-ply, Super and Fine Ingrain and Venitian Carpetings, manufactured expressly to order, and decidedly the handsomest goods in the market, offered to purchasers on the most liberal terms.

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Also, a rich and splendid assortment of superior Window Shades, all the different widths and qualities, offered on the best terms.

The particular attention of Country Merchants, Housekeepers and others is requested to an examination of the above desirable stock of goods, embracing as it does, all the different styles and qualities now manufactured, and having been purchased at the lowest cash rates, extraordinary inducements will be held out to purchasers.

ROBERT B. WALKER,
No. 35 North Second street, opposite Christ Church.
Philadelphia, March 11, 1848-3m

WRIGHT'S

INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS IN THE CITY OF MEXICO!—GREAT SUCCESS AMONG THE VOLUNTEERS!—LETTER FROM A HIGH SHERIFF OF SOUTH CAROLINA!.

Extract of letter from the editor of the Greenville Mountaineer, S. C.

DR. W. WRIGHT—Dear Sir:— * * * A week or two ago I sent you a MOUNTAINEER, containing a letter from one of our Volunteers, in the City of Mexico, in which he pays WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS, under the circumstances, the highest meed of praise I have ever known a medicine to receive. The Volunteer, William W Goodlett, Esq., is a gentleman of fine standing—an accomplished and well educated man, and was recently

HIGH SHERIFF

Of this District. By one of your advertisements in a Charleston paper, I happened to notice the location of your office, and thought you might extract an article of some value in regard to your medicine, therefore I sent the paper

The following is an extract from the letter referred to above:

"My health is very fast improving. I procured a few days ago, some of Dr. Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, and they have acted on my system

LIKE MAGIC!"

Thus it appears that the brave and patriotic Volunteers who have gone to Mexico, to defend the rights and honor of their country, already begin to realize the extraordinary value of this incomparable medicine. Long life to them!

HORRIBLE MISTAKES!!

Are sometimes made by confounding one medicine with another, and administering the wrong article. Equally horrible are those mistakes which are made in supposing that all Pills are alike, and that therefore, it is indifferent which are taken, and if one kind is bad all are bad together. This is a very great mistake. There is as much difference between Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills and other articles, as between midnight and noonday! We do not wish any to take our word merely for this statement. Let any one, having taken other medicines, try this. Nothing more will be necessary.

Many persons have been led away by a COATING OF SUGAR, as if they anticipated that it would remove the nausea of the Medicine. But they are generally mistaken. Without the SUGAR those articles have nothing to recommend them, and would not be sold a single day. But with the sugar, and by giving the article a name SIMILAR to Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, they gain a temporary notoriety. WOLVES they are, in sheep's clothing, of whom the public should steer sufficiently clear.

Let it be remembered that WRIGHT SINDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS are prepared with special reference to the laws governing the human body. Consequently, they are always good, always useful, always effective in rooting out disease. Every family should keep them at hand.

The following highly respectable Storekeepers have been duly appointed agents for the sale of this Celebrated Medicine, in Lancaster county.

Bearville, Reuben Weidler.
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Bird-in-Hand, Jacob Bruner.
Bart Township, Wm. W. Passmore.
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do do Weaver & Witmer.
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☞Offices devoted exclusively to the sale of Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, wholesale and retail, 169 Race street, Philadelphia; 288 Greenwich street, New York; and 198 Tremont street, Boston April 29, 1847.—1y

WANTED,

A JOURNEYMAN SHOEMAKER on coarse work. Also a boy to learn the shoemaking business. Apply to JAMES JORDAN.
Columbia, May 27, 1848-3t

WANTED,

A BOY under instructions to the Tailoring business B YOUNG
Columbia, Lancaster co., Pa., May 20 tf

Poetry.

From the New Orleans Delta.

PEACE.

BY M. QUOD.

Hail glorious Peace! thy mighty power
Shall raise the clouds that o'er us lower;
And spread, with magic wand, content,
Through hosts who late on strife were bent.
The sword of death no more shall flash,
Nor horsemen wild with fury dash;
No more "to charge," the bugle sound,
While death and desolation round,
Thrill through the veins and fire the heart,
And even the brawny sinews start,
But Peace and Happiness shall reign.
While Glory, pure, without a stain,
O'erspreads the land like mid-day sun,
And joins our myriad hearts in one.

O, SCORN NOT THY BROTHER.

BY E. CURTISS HIAT.

O, scorn not thy brother,
Though poor he may be,
He 's bound to another
And bright world with thee.
Should sorrow assail him,
Give heed to his sighs,
Should strength ever fail him.
O, help him to rise!

The pathway we're roaming,
Mid flow'rets may lie,
But soon will life's glooming,
Come dark'ning our sky.
Then seek not to smother
Kind feelings in thee,
And scorn not thy brother,
Though poor he may be!

Go, cheer those who languish
Their dead hope among,
In whose hearts stern anguish
The harp hath unstrung!
They 'll soon in another
Bright land roam with thee,
So scorn not thy brother,
Though poor he may be!

POPULAR SIMILES.

As wet as a fish—as dry as a bone—
As live as a bird—as dead as a stone—
As plump as a patridge—as poor as a rat—
As strong as a horse—as weak as a cat—
As hard as a flint—as soft as a mole—
As white as a lily—as black as a coal—
As plain as a pike staff—as rough as a bear—
As tight as a drum—as free as the air—
As heavey as lead—as light as a feather—
As steady as time—uncertain as weather—
As hot as an oven—as cold as a frog—
As gay as a lark—as sick as a dog—
As slow as a tortoise—as swift as the wind—
As true as the gospel—as false as mankind—
As thin as a herring—as fat as a pig—
As proud as a peacock—as blithe as a grig—
As savage as tigers—as mild as a dove—
As stiff as a poker—as limp as a glove—
As blind as a bat—as deaf as a post—
As cool as a cucumber—warm as toast—
As red as a cherry—as pale as a ghost.

Select Tale.

From the City Item.

THE GHOST SEER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN,

BY PEREGRINE.

This story purports to be related by a Sicilian magician, in answer to an inquiry about a certain mysterious person living in Venice, who appeared at different times in the garb of an Armenian priest and a Russian soldier. The Sicilian having met him some years before, tells the following story.—TRANSLATION.

"It might now be five years," began the Sicilian, "since in Naples, where I carried on with tolerable success my profession, I made the acquaintance of a certain Lorenzo del M—nte, chevalier of the order of St. Stephen, a young and rich cavalier of one of the first houses in the kingdom, who overwhelmed me with obligations, and appeared to bear great respect for my mysteries. He informed me, that the Marquis del M—nte, his father, was a zealous admirer of Cabbala, and would consider himself happy to know under his own roof a philosopher, as he was pleased to call me. The old man resided at one of his country seats, about seven miles from Naples, where almost in entire separation from man, he bewailed the memory of a dear son, who had been torn from him by a terrible disaster. The chevalier hinted to me that he and his family might need me once in a very important business, in order to obtain from my secret knowledge an insight into something, for which all natural means had been expended fruitlessly. He especially added, full of meaning, that he might indeed have occasion to consider me as the creator of his peace and whole earthly prosperity. The affair itself was as follows: This Lorenzo was the younger son of the Marquis, on which account he was intended for the church; the possession of the family would fall to his elder brother. Jeronymo, so this older brother was called, had spent many years in a tower, and returned about seven years before the occurrence which is now to be related, to his fatherland in order to accomplish a marriage with the only daughter of a neighboring house—the Count of C—tti, on which both families had agreed since the birth of those children, so as to unite *their great possessions.* Notwithstanding this union was entirely the work of parental convenience, and the hearts of the pair were not consulted for advice at this choice, yet they themselves had already silently justified it. Jeronymo del M—nte, and Antonie C—tti had been educated together, and the little restraint laid upon the intercourse of two children, who were already accustomed to be considered as a *pair*, had soon excited a tender passion to spring up between them. This, through the harmony of their characters, was *still more strengthened* and easily in riper years elevated itself to love. A four-years absence had rather enkindled than cooled it, and Jeronymo returned just as true and just as ardent to the arms of his bride, as if he had never been torn therefrom.

The pleasures of again seeing each other were not over, and the preparations for the marriage were prosecuted in the liveliest manner, when the *bridegroom*—disappeared. He was accustomed often to spend whole evenings at a country seat, that had a view of the sea, and sometimes there to enjoy himself with a trip by water. After such an evening, it seemed that he remained away unusually long. They sent messengers after him; vessels sought him on the sea; no one could have seen him; none of his servants were missing, so then no one could have accompanied him. It was night and he appeared not. It was morning—it was mid-day and evening, and still no Jeronymo. Already they began to give room to the most terrible conjectures, when the news arrived that an Algerine Corsair had landed some days before on this coast, and had borne away different ones of the inhabitants, being seized.—Immediately two galleys were manned, which lay there ready for sea; the old Marquis mounted the first himself, to free his son at the risk of his own life. On the third day they beheld the Corsairs, of whom they had the advantage of the wind; they have almost touched them—they come so near that Lorenzo, who was looking from the first galley, believed that he recognized the sign of his brother, when suddenly a storm tears them again from one another. With difficulty the injured vessels weather the storm; but the prize had disappeared and necessity *compels them to land at Malta.* The grief of the family is unbounded; comfortless the old Marquis plucked out his grey hairs, and they feared for the life of the young Countess.

Five years passed by in fruitless searches. Enquiries were made along the whole coast of Barbary; immense rewards were offered for the liberation of the young Marquis. But no one announced himself to receive the reward. At last the probable conjecture remained, that the storm which parted both vessels had brought the piratical vessel aground, and that its whole crew were destroyed in the waves.

However plausible this conjecture might be, it was far from certain, and did not justify their entirely surrendering the hope that the lost might again be seen. But suppose now, he should not appear any more, then with him simultaneously both families perish, or the second brother must *desert the church and take the rights* of the first-born. Justice toward the latter appeared to justify this, rather than the family on the other hand, by a too-far carried delicacy, ought to be exposed to the risk of extinction. Trouble and old age was bringing the venerable Marquis to the grave; hope sank at every new-disappointed search to find the lost; he looked upon the downfall of his house, which might be prevented by a little injustice if he could only determine to honor the younger at the cost of the elder. In order to accomplish his obligations to the house of C—tti, he would only have to change the name, the design of both families would be reached in the same manner, whether the Countess Antonie, be now called Lorenzo's or Jeronymo's spouse. The slight *possibility* of a reappearance of the latter, in opposition to the certain and pressing evil of entire extinction of the family was entitled to no consideration, and the old Marquis, who felt the approach of death more and more daily, wished with impatience to die freed at least of this trouble.

He who opposed this step and contended against it most pertinaceously, was the same that would be profited most thereby—Lorenzo. Not enticed by the charms of immense possessions, indifferent to the possession of a most lovely creature that would be resigned to his arms, he refused with the noblest modesty to rob a brother, who was yet perhaps alive and could demand back his property. "Is the fate of my dear Jeronymo," said he, "throughout this long captivity not terrible enough that I should embitter it still more by a petty theft, which takes everything away, that was most dear to him? With what heart could I implore heaven for his return when his *intended wife* lay in my arms? With what countenance hasten to meet him if at last a miracle brings him back to us? And suppose he is torn away from us, how can we better honor his name, than if we would allow the breach which his death has made in our circle to be unfilled, than if we all offered up our hopes over his grave, and leave whatever was his untouched as holy?"

But all the reasons that fraternal delicacy discovered, were not enough to reconcile the old Marquis to the idea of seeing a line extinguished that had flourished for nine centuries. All that Lorenzo obtained, was yet a respite of two years before he should lead the bride to the altar. During this space of time investigations were carried on in the most zealous manner. Lorenzo took, several sea voyages himself, and exposed himself to many perils; no labor, no expense was spared to find the lost. But also these two years passed away fruitlessly as all the former.

Antonie's position was the most terrible struggle between duty and inclination, hatred and respect. The unmercenary magnanimity of fraternal love elevated itself; she felt compelled to respect the man she could never love; her heart torn by contradictory feelings bled. But her opposition to the chevalier appeared to increase in the same ratio as his claims to her respect increased. With deep pain he marked the quiet grief consuming her youth. A tender compassion tread insensibly in the place of the indifference with which he had before treated her; but this traitorous sentiment deceived *him*, and a raging passion began to make the practice of a virtue troublesome, which to this time had remained superior to any temptation. Still he gave hearing to the suggestions of his generosity at the cost of his heart, as he was the only one who could protect the unhappy offering to the will of the family. But all his efforts failed; every victory gained in that way over his feelings showed her so much the more worthy to him, and the magnanimity with which he rejected her, served only to remove the opposition of that excuse.

So stood affairs when the chevalier requested me to seek him at his farm. The warm recommendation of my patron prepared a reception for me, which surpassed all my wishes. I dare not forget to remark here, that I had been successful in some remarkable operations, so as to make my name celebrated in the country at Lodges, which might contribute to increase the confidence of the old Marquis, *and to raise his expectations of me.* How far I carried it with him, and what ways were used therein, allow me to tell you; from the confessions I have already made you, you can judge of all the rest. When I used all the mystic books which were found in the very respectable library of the Marquis it happened soon that I could speak with him, and bring my system of the invisible world in harmony with his ideas. In short, he believed whatever I wished, and would have sworn as confidently on the marriage of the Salamander and Sylphs as on an article of the canons. Then, above this, he was religious, and had cultivated his talents for belief in this school to a high degree, so that my tales found with him a much easier reception, and at last I had so surrounded and environed him with mysticisms, that nothing was believed by him if it was natural. In short, I was the adored apostle of the house. The usual *contents of my lectures* were the exaltation of the human race, and conversation with my voucher—the infallible Count of Cabalis. The young Countess, who since the loss of her beloved, was accustomed to live more in the spirit-world than in the actual, and in addition had a great tinge of melancholy in her character, took up my cast-out hints with shuddering pleasure. Indeed, the servants sought to find employment in the room where I was speaking, in order here and there to snatch a word, which fragments they disposed of one to another after their own way.

I may have spent two months thus at the Knight's castle, when the Chevalier entered my chamber one morning. Deep grief was depicted in his countenance, all his features were altered, he threw himself in a chair with all the actions of despondency.

"Captain," said he, "it is over with me. I must go forth, I cannot remain here longer."

"What is the matter with you Chevalier? what have you done?"

"Oh this fearful passion! (Here he raised himself with vehemence from the chair, and threw himself in my arms.)—I have opposed it like a man—now I can do no more."

"On whom does it depend my dearest friend but on you? Does not everything rest in your power? Father, family—"

"Father! Family! what is that to me? Would I rather an extorted hand, or a voluntary inclination? Have I not a rival?—Ah! and what kind of one? a rival perhaps among the dead! Oh suffer me, suffer me! Though I should have to go to the end of the world—I must find my brother."

"How? After so many vain searches, can you yet hope—"

"Hope! In *my* heart it died long ago. But it is in *her* heart! Of what importance is it that I should hope? Am I happy, so long as a shadow of the hope glimmers in Antonie's heart? Two words my friend could my torment—but to no use. My fate will remain miserable until eternity breaks her long silence and graves testify to me."

"Is it then this certainty which can make you happy?"

"Happy! Oh I doubt if it can ever be! But uncertainty is the most terrible sentence! (After a silence he restrained himself and continued with sadness.) Oh that he may see my sufferings! Can she make *him* happy, this fidelity which causes the sorrows of his brother? Shall a living being languish on account of a dead one, who can no more enjoy any thing? Did he know my anguish—(here he began to weep and pressed his face on my breast) perhaps—yet perhaps he would lead her himself to my arms."

"But must this wish be quite unaccomplishable?"

"Friend! what do you say?" He looked at me terrified.

"Much commoner causes," I continued, "have intertwined the departed in the fate of the living. Shall the whole earthly happiness of a man—of a brother—"

"The whole earthly happiness! Oh I feel that! *How true you have spoken! my whole salvation!*"

"And the peace of a mourning family be no worthy inducement? Certainly it ever an earthly affair can justify destroying the peace of the blessed—making use of a power—"

"For God's sake, friend!" he interrupted me "nothing more of that! Formerly, I acknowledge, I entertained such a thought—it seems to me I told you of—but I have long since cast it away as wicked and frightful."

"You must see already, continued the Sicilian, where this was leading us. I labored to destroy the scruples of the Knight, which at last, I succeeded in doing. It was determined to call up the spirit of the dead, whereby I demanded only fourteen days, in order to prepare myself, as I pretended, worthily for it. After this space of time was spent and my machines were properly adjusted, I employed a terrible evening, when the family were assembled around me in their usual way, to obtain their consent thereto, or to lead them imperceptibly to such a point that they might make that request of me. We had the most adverse disposition with the young Countess, whose presence was so essential; but here the fanatical host of her sufferings came to our aid, and perhaps still more a slight glimmering of hope, that the supposed dead might live and would not appear at the call. Distrust in the thing itself, or doubt in my art was the only hindrance which I had *not* to encounter.

As soon as the consent of the family had been obtained, the third day was appointed for the business. Prayers which were protracted unto midnight, fasts, watchings, solitude and mystical conversation were the preparations for this solemn act, united with the use of a certain, then unknown musical instrument, that I found effectual in similar situations, and which fell in so much with my wish, that the fanatical extacy of my hearers heated my own fancy and increased the illusion not a little, for which I must fertify myself on this occasion. At last the expected hour arrived.

I will allow myself no description of the jugglery, as that would lead me entirely too far away. Enough, it filled my expectations. The old Marquis, the young Countess with her mother, the Chevalier, and some relatives were present. You easily imagine that there were not opportunities *wanting to me, during* the long time I spent in houses, of drawing out of every one the fullest information as to what belonged to the deceased. Different pictures which I found there of him, placed me in a condition to give the apparition the most deceptive resemblance, and while I allowed the spirit only to speak by signs, thus even his voice could awake no suspicion. The dead appeared in the clothes of a slave of Barbary, with a deep wound in his neck. You notice, said the Sicilian, that I herein departed from the general conjecture, which supposed him lost in the waves; because I had reason that the unexpectedness of this turn would increase belief in the vision not a little. And on the other hand it appeared not more hazardous than a too-certain resemblance to the natural.

I gave the question to the spirit, if he could call anything his own in this world, and if he had left behind what was dear to him. The spirit thrice shook its head and extended one of its hands toward heaven. Before it vanished, it removed a ring from a finger, which they afterwards found lying on the floor. When the Countess examined its appearance closely, it was a mourning ring.

Now they considered it as certain that Jeronymo was no more alive. The family were made acquainted from this day of his death, and formally put on mourning for him. The circumstance of the ring allowed no doubt to Antonie, and gave the demands of the Chevalier great force. But the sad countenance which this apparition directed towards her, threw her into a dangerous illness, almost disappointing forever the hopes of her lover. When she was restored to health, she determined to take the veil, from which she was only dissuaded by the most earnest remonstrances of her confessor, in whom she reposed unbounded confidence. Finally there was success to the united efforts of this man and the family in obtaining her consent. The last day of the mourning was to be the happy day, which the old Marquis was resolved to make happier, by a cession of all his possessions to the legitimate heir.

The day arrived, and Lorenzo received his trembling bride at the altar. The day declined; a splendid feast awaited the delighted guests in the illuminated marriage halls, and music accompanied unrestrained joy. The happy old man had wished that all the world might share his gayety; all the entrances to the hall were open, and welcome was every one who praised him happy. In this crowd now—

The Sicilian stopped here, and a shudder of expectation stopped our breath.

In the crowd, continued he, I noticed him who was next me—a Francisian Monk, who stood as *immovable as a pillar*, a tall, lean, statuic, and ashy-pale countenance, directing an earnest and sad look toward the bridal pair. Joy, which beamed all around on every countenance, seemed to pass by him; his aspect remained unchangeably the same, like a bust among living figures. The extraordinariness of this countenance operated the more deeply on me, because he surprised me in the midst of pleasure, and contrary to everything surrounding, impressed me in such a piercing manner, left an indelible impression on my soul, so that I thereby have been placed in a condition to recognize the lineaments of the Monk, in the physiognomy of the *Russian* (for you already truly imagine that *he* and your *Armenian* are one and the same person) which otherwise would have been almost entirely impossible. Oft I endeavored to turn away my eyes from this terrible form, but involuntarily they fell there again, and every time found it unchanged. I pushed my neighbor, he pushed his; the same curiosity, the same astonishment ran throughout the whole table; conversation ceased—a universal sudden pause—it did not disturb the Monk. The Monk stood immovable and always the same, directing an earnest and sad look at the bridal pair. This apparition frightened every one; the young Countess alone recovered her peculiar sadness in the countenance of this stranger, and hung with quiet pleasure on the only object in company who appeared to understind, to share her grief. By degrees the company broke off. Midnight was passed and the music began to sound more gentle and mournful, the candles to burn more dimly, until at last only a single one was left, conversation to be used in gentle and still gentler whispers—and it was just as it always will be in *badly lighted marriage halls; the monk stood* immovable and always the same, directing a quiet and sad look at the bridal pair. The table was removed, the guests scattered themselves about here and there, the family collected in a small circle, and the Monk remained uninvited in *this* small circle. I know not how it happened that no one would speak to him; but no one did speak to him. Already her female acquaintances crowded around the trembling bride, who directed a beseeching look, craving help, at the stranger; the stranger did not reply. The men collected around the bridegroom in the same manner—a forced silence full of expectation. "Oh how is it that we are so happy among one another," began the old man at last, who alone, of all of us had either not noticed the unknown or did not seem to wonder at him. "That we are so happy," said he, "and my son Jeronymo should be absent."

"Have you then invited him and has he remained away?" asked the Monk.

It was the first time he opened his mouth. We looked with terror at him.

"Oh, he has gone there, where man remains forever," answered the old man. "Venerable Sir, you did not understand me. My son Jeronymo is dead."

"Perhaps now even he would fear to be seen in such a company," continued the Monk—"who knows how he may look—thy son Jeronymo! Let him hear the voice he heard at the last time—bid thy son Lorenzo call him!"

"What does that mean!" murmured all. Lorenzo changed color. I do not deny that my hair began to raise.

The Monk in the mean time walked up to the liquor table, where he seized a full wine glass and placed it at his lip.—"To the memory of our dear Jeronymo!" he cried. "Whoever has love for the deceased, imitate me!"

"As it may please you, worthy Sir," at last exclaimed the Marquis; "you have named a dear name. Be welcome to me! Come my friends! (Whilst he turned towards us and suffered the glasses to go round.) Let not a stranger shame us! To the memory of my son Jeronymo!"

"Never, I believe, was a *Health* drunk with such poor spirit.

"*A glass stands there yet full—why falters* my son Lorenzo to pledge himself in this friendly toast."

Trembling, Lorenzo received the glass from the Franciscan's hand—trembling he brought it to his mouth—"To my much loved brother Jeornymo!" stammered he, and shuddering let it down.

"That is my murderer's voice," exclaimed a fearful spectre, which at once stood in our midst with bloody clothes, and disfigured with horrible wounds.

But, as to anything further, let no one ask me more, said the Sicilian, every mark of horror in his face. My senses deserted me from the moment I cast my eyes on the form so like that one who was present. When we came to ourselves, Lorenzo was struggling with death; Monk and apparition had disappeared. They brought the Knight to bed in the most horrible convulsions; no one was with the dying but the priest and the sad old man, who followed him in death some weeks after. His acknowledgements lay concealed in the breast of the father, who heard his last confession, and no living man has heard them.

Not long after this affair, it happened that they were cleaning a well, which was in the back yard of the castle, and had been closed for many years; there, turning over the rubbish, they found a skeleton. The house where this happened, exists no *more; the family of* M—nte is extinct, and in a Convent near Salerno they show you Antonie's grave.

Miscellaneous.

Why is a manuscript like Philadelphia? Because it is the work of Penn.

"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."—*Charleston Free Press.*

HOW TO INVADE ENGLAND.—Come as an exile, and not an arm will be raised against you.

Why is the cupola on the State House like Ireland?—Because there is a bell-fast in it, (Belfast.)

To refuse assistance when called upon to give it in the Queen's name, is an indictable offence.

"The Fair reduced."—This is the contents of a sign lately placed over the door of a corset vender.

"What are your politics?" "Hav'nt got any." "What! no politics?" "No! not a darned politic."

The board of education in Syracuse have resolved to employ no teacher who uses tobacco.—These people are up to snuff.

An Arab is allowed to divorce any of his wives who does not make good bread. If there was such a law here, what a number of divorces there would be!—[Exchange.

The Dover Telegraph thanks its friends for their "unremitting kindness;" upon which the Nashua Telegraph remarks: "We are thankful for any kind of kindness too—but we like the *remitting kind the best.*"

"I never complained of my condition," said the Persian poet Sadi, "but once, when my feet were bare and I had no money to buy shoes; but then I met a man without feet, and I became contented with my lot."

TRIALS.

Christ was deserted a little before the glorious morning of light and joy dawned upon him. It was a little, a very little while, after his sad cry, before he triumphed gloriously; and so it may be with you; heaviness may endure for a night, but joy and gladness may come in the morning. Let God steer for you in the storm. He loves to be trusted.

Some men ascribe all their unhappiness to the narrowness of their means; but place them in the immediate enjoyment of all that enter within the circle of their present hopes and desires, and they will no sooner have entered upon the enrapturing possessions, than new hopes and desires, will begin to manifest themselves. You cannot place a man in such a situation that he will not look above it and beyond it; give him the whole of this world, and like the hero of Macedon, he will inquire for another.

Nothing is so important to any man, as his own state and condition; nothing so amazing as eternity. If, therefore, we find persons indifferent to the loss of their being, and to the danger of endless misery, it is impossible that this temper should be natural.

For men to resolve to be of no religion till all are *agreed in one, is just as wise and rational as if they* should determine not to go to dinner till all the clocks in town strike twelve together.

TRUE INDEPENDENCE.—Soon after its establishment in Philadelphia, Franklin was offered a piece for publication in his newspaper. Being very busy he begged the gentleman would leave it for consideration. The next day the author came and asked *his opinion of it.* "Why, sir," replied Franklin, "I am sorry to say that I think it highly scurrilous and defamatory. But being at a loss on account of my poverty whether to reject it or not, I thought I would put it to this issue—at night when my work was done, I bought a two-penny loaf, on which, with a mug of water, I supped heartily, and then wrapping myself in my great coat, slept very soundly on the floor till morning, when another loaf and mug of water afforded me a pleasant breakfast. Now, sir, since I can live very comfortable in this manner, why should I prostitute my press to personal hatred or party passion for a more luxurious living?" One cannot read this anecdote of this American sage without thinking of Socrates' reply to King Archelahs, who had pressed him to give up preaching in the dirty streets of Athens, and come and live with him in his splendid courts—"Meal, please your majesty, is a half-penny a peck at Athens, and water I can get for nothing."

GLASS IN DAIRIES.—The attention of Dairyists has of late been pretty much called to the advantages of glass as a non-conductor of electricity, in the preservation of milk in glass pans. It was only a short time since that we were shown a glass bottle full of milk that had been preserved in India and China, and when drawn, after eighteen month's preservation, was not only found to be perfectly sweet, but to contain, in a solid and cohesive state, a small quantity of excellent butter; while the milk preserved in a tin can during the same voyage had gone to acid. It now appears that glass milk-pans produce almost equally remarkable results; and from an analysis we have seen of the cream which was thrown up on some of Harris's Compressed Register, it appears that the difference is in favor of the glass, as compared with the wooden or wedge-ware pan, by at least ten per cent —*Scotch Farmer.*

FRANKLIN'S TOAST.—Long after Washington's victories over the *French and English* had made his name familiar to all Europe, Dr. Franklin had chanced to dine with the French and English ambassadors, when, as nearly as we can recollect the words, the following toasts were drunk:

By the British Ambassador—"England—the Sun whose bright beams enlighten and fructify the remotest corners of the earth."

The French Ambassador, glowing with national pride, drank—"France—the moon, whose mild steady, and cheering rays are 'the delight of all nations; consoling them in darkness, and making their dreariness beautiful."

Dr. Franklin then rose with his usual dignified simplicity, and said—"George Washington—the Joshua, who commanded the sun and moon to stand still, and they obeyed him."

COMFORT FOR THE RICH.—When the time drew nigh that the oxy-hydrogen microscope should be shown, at the Newcastle Polytechnic Exhibition one night last week, a poor old woman, whose riches will never retard her ascent to heaven, took her seat in the lecture room to witness the wonders that were for the first time to meet her sight. A piece of lace was magnified into a salmon net, a flea was metamorphosed into an elephant. Other marvels were performed before the venerable dame who sat in astonishment, staring open-mouthed at the desk. But when, at length, a miliner's needle was transformed into a poplar tree, and confronted her with its huge eye, she could hold no longer. "My goodness," she exclaimed, "a camel could get through that! There's some hopes for the rich folks yet."—*Gateshead, Eng., Observer.*

TO PRESERVE CHERRIES.—Take large ripe morella cherries; weigh them, and to each pound allow a pound of loaf-sugar. Stone the cherries, by opening them with a sharp quill—and save the choice that comes from them in the process. As you stone them, throw them into a pan or turee and strew about half the sugar over them, and let them lie in it an hour or two after they are stoned. Then put them into a preserving kettle with the remainder of the sugar, and boil and skim them till the fruit is clear and the syrup thick.

PRETTY GOOD.—In England and Ireland it is common for tradesmen who have received orders from the Queen, to place on their sign-boards the fact that they are "patronized by her majesty." Michael Hayland, the blacksmith of Dublin, who was honored with an order through a spy, to manufacture a half dozen pikes for Lord Clarendon, has thriven in trade and been enabled to take a larger shop than that in which he before lived. In his new concern, he has conspicuously placed on his sign-board, "*Michael Hyland, Pikemaker to His Majesty.*

A Kentucky roarer declares that since he has signed the tectotal pledge he has drank the Mississippi water by the gallon. "Talk to me of a man eating a peck of dirt in a life," said he, "why I have only been swallowing the sediment for a month and am already chuck-full of sand-bars, snags, rafts islands, and sunken flat-boats, and was never healthier in my life."

Judge Benson told a story of a jury that had under their consideration a case of horse stealing. The penalty attached to this crime was at that time death; but, as paliating circumstances existed the jury thought, in this instance, imprisonment would suffice, and they brought in a verdict of "manslaughter!"