THE COLUMBIA SPY.

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

NEW SERIES, VOL. 2, NO. 1.] COLUMBIA, SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1848. [WHOLE NUMBER, 944.

GEO. W. SCHROYER, Editor and Publisher.

Office—Front Street, three doors above Locust.

TERMS.—The SPY is published every Saturday morning at the low price of $1 per annum IN ADVANCE, or one dollar and fifty cents, if not paid within one month of the time of subscribing. Single copies, THREE CENTS.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid.

No subscription received, or paper discontinued, for a less period than six months.

Letters to receive attention, must be post-paid.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

[Fifteen lines or less to the square.]

Advertisements will be inserted three times at the rate of $1 per square; for every subsequent insertion after the third, 25 cents will be charged. The number of insertions desired must be marked, or the advertisement will be continued until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

A liberal deduction will be made on the above prices to yearly advertisers.

PHILADELPHIA ADVERTISEMENTS.

WHY WILL

YOU SUFFER. Thousands of bottles of the AMERICAN COMPOUND has been sold during the past year, and was never known to fail of curing, in a few days, the most cases of a certain delicate disease. Seminal weakness and all diseases of the Urinary organs. Persons afflicted using this pleasant and popular remedy, need fear no exposure, as it leaves no odor on the breath, requires no restrictions in diet or business—contains no Mercury or noxious drugs, injurious to the system, and is adapted to every age, sex, and condition. It is also the best remedy known for Fluor Albus or Whites, (female complaints) with which thousands suffer, without the knowledge of a remedy. This celebrated remedy has long been used in the private practice of a physician with unerring success, radically curing ninety-nine of the hundred cases in a few days. Around each bottle are plain and full directions.

☞ CAUTION.—Ask for the AMERICAN COMPOUND, and purchase only of the agent. Price $1 a bottle. Sold by

June 3, 1848.—1y. R. WILLIAMS.

LUXURIES

FOR SALE at the sign of the "Red Curtain," Fourth and Market Street, Philadelphia.

O. WHEELOCK, PROPRIETOR.

CAKES:—Fruit, Sponge, Pound, Iced, Spiced, Queen Cakes, Scotch Cakes, Lemon Cakes, Short Cakes, Cheese Cakes, Rusk, Apples, Jumbles, Spice Nuts, and Ginger Nuts.

PIES:—Strawberry, Hurtleberry, Blackberry, Currant, Cherry, Plum, Cranberry, Egg Custard, Cheese Custard, Apple, Peach, Mince, and Rhubarb Pies pouring in hot from the oven at all hours of the day.

CHEESE:—Timothy Jackson's, Ne Plus Ultra Medal Cheese, (very superior,) Pine Apple Cheese, and a great variety of the Cheese, both new and old.

N. B. Some of the Cheese sold at this establishment is equal to the best English Cheese.

☞ TEMPERANCE DRINKS—always cold—Rousell's *Mineral Water, Lemonade, Beer, Mead, Milk, &c.*

Philadelphia, June 10, 1848.—3m

COUNTRY MERCHANTS.

CAN save from 15 to 25 per cent. by purchasing their OIL CLOTHS direct from the manufacturers.

POTTER & CARMICHAEL have opened a Warehouse, No. 135 North Third Street above Race, second door South of the Eagle Hotel, PHILADELPHIA, where they will always keep on hand a complete assortment of

PATENT ELASTIC CARRIAGE OIL CLOTHS, 28, 36, 40, 46, 48, and 54, inches wide. Figured, Painted, and Plain, on the inside, on Muslin Drilling and Linen. TABLE OIL CLOTHS of the most desirable patterns, 36, 40, 46, and 54 inches wide. FLOOR OIL CLOTHS, from 27 inches to 21 feet wide well seasoned, and the newest style of patterns, all of their own manufacture. Transparent Window Shades. Carpets, &c. All goods warranted

Philadelphia, May 27—3m

TEAS

OF THE NEW CROP. DAVID RANKIN, Chestnut Street, PHILADELPHIA, has for sale the following TEAS, viz:

100	half chests	Young Tyson Teas.	
100	do	Gunpowder,	do.
150	do	Imperial,	do.
10	do	Hyson	do.
1000	do	Powchong,	do.
200	do	Ningyong Souchong	
100	do	Oolong,	do.
75	chests	Padre Souchong.	
45	do	Black leaf Pekoe.	
25	half chests,	do	do.
25	do	Orange do.	
1000	matts	Cassia.	

These Teas comprise the best chops imported in ships Sea Witch, Rainbow, Tonquin, Inca, and Montress, and are equal to any teas that have been offered in this market.

Philadelphia, May 6, 1848.—3m

GREAT DESTRUCTION.

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

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

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

MESSRS HOBENSACK—Gentlemen: I take great pleasure in informing you of the great efficacy of your Worm Syrup; having been afflicted for five years, and wasted away to a mere skeleton, without recieving any benefit from various medicines, I was induced by Jesse Roberts to try your Worm Syrup, as he informed me it had brought worms from him; also, of Squire A. Tomlinson, of Bucks county, a man over fifty years old, whom I am well acquainted with. I then commenced taking your Syrup, and it brought a very large quantity of worms, some ten inches in length, and entirely restored me to health, and, I must say I feel like a new man.

Yours, truly, JOHN HART, Phil'a co.

Mr. J. Hart is a gentleman thirty-three years of age, living five miles out of the city, back of Second st. road, and is only one amongst the hundred grown persons that have been saved by HOBENSACK'S WORM SYRUP.

Messrs. Hobensack:

I have been looking for some of your Worm Syrup for some time; I have sold all but one bottle; I wish you to send me two dozen immediately. I believe it to be a good medicine; I have seen it tried to my satisfaction. I have known one dose to bring from a child three worms, ten inches long, and from another twenty worms, eight inches long in one day. I have sold different Worm Medicines for a number of years, but never sold any that gave such universal satisfaction.

Respectfully, yours, WM. BROOKFIELD, Bridgeton, New Jersey

PHILADELPHIA, May 25, 1847.

MESSRS. J. N. & G. S. Hobensack—Gentlemen—I have been for some time using your "Vermifuge" in my practice, and I am happy to say that in my hands it has succeeded in its intention, so as fully to justify my confidence in its use. I think it among the very best preparations in use. C. W. APPLETON, M. D., No. 46, South st

Prepared only by J. N. & G. S. HOBENSACK, 22 and Coates street, Philadelphia, and for sale by all respectable Storekeepers in this and adjoining counties, whom we authorize to give back the money in every case it fails to give satisfaction. Price 25 cents.

Also Hobensack's Hyena Tooth Ache Drops. Price 12½ cents, a certain cure for Tooth Ache.

Hobensack's Rheumatic Liniment. Price 25 cents.

do Cureall Salve. Price 12½ cents, for weak backs, sprains, fresh and old sores, burns, etc.

Hobensack's Tetter and Ringworm Ointment. Price 25 cents, warranted to cure all irruptions of the skin—for sale as above.

Philadelphia May 27,—tuo 1848.

SUGARS.

NEW Crop New Orleans Sugars and Molasses at FRY & SPANGLER'S.

feb19-tf

Poetry.

Written for the Columbia Spy.

"TO S. J. W."

Ah! yes, thou now art changed to me,
Thy charms have cast a gloom;
That friendship brings a sigh to me;
A sigh as of the tomb.

Inconstant one, for thee I've felt
A pang thou canst not feel;
Thy heartless act have caused a wound
That time can never heal.

Go forth amid the crowded hall,
And fashion's gayest throng;
I cannot join thee in the dance,
Nor in the mirthful song.

No curse of mine shall rest on thee,
Thy faithlessness of heart,
Let all the smiles thou'rt won't to give,
In bitterness depart.

For thou may'st pine for some fond heart,
To beat for thine again;
Then, false one, cast one thought on me,
And sigh, for it is vain.

A woman's love should be as pure
As holy vestal flame;
Fresh as the flowers that deck the spring—
Not changeful as the same.

For thou art all inconstancy,
And fickleness of heart;
Thou'st left me, ah! deceitful one,
And caused this bitter smart.

But canst' forget, when first we met,
That bright and joyous eve,
And wilt believe that I regret
That which we cant' retrieve?

Now, false one, listen, I forgive,
Forget the wrongs thou'st done;
Forget my heart, and pleasures past,
And may hope speed thee on. A. R. B.

Wrightsville, June 26, 1848.

Select Stories.

TRUTH AND HONESTY.

A BEAUTIFUL LESSON FOR BOYS.

Two boys, of nearly the same age, were one day amusing themselves with that dangerous though not uncommon practice, pelting each other with *stones*. They had chosen one of the squares of the playground, thinking by this means to avoid mischief. To the consternation of the thrower, however, a missile, instead of resting on the shoulders of the boy at whom it was aimed, entered the library window of one of the lordly mansions forming the quadrangle.

'Why don't you take to your heels, you blockhead? you will have the police after you whilst you are standing there!' was the exclamation of his companion, and he caught him by the arm in order to drag him from the spot. The author of the mischief still retained his thoughtful position.

'If your father is obliged to pay for that, you will stand a chance of having a good thrashing, Jack,' the other boy urged.

'Never mind, Tom, leave me to myself,' was the reply, and the young delinquent moved with unfaltering steps towards the door of the mansion, the knocker of which he unhesitatingly raised. The summons was answered by a footman.

'Is the master of the house at home?' he with some difficulty inquired.

'He is.'

'Then I wish to see him if you please.'

'That you can't do my man; but I'll deliver any message for you'

'No, that will not do. I must—indeed I must see the gentleman himself.' The earnestness and perseverance of the boy at length induced him to comply with his request, and opening the door of the library, he apologized for asking his master to see a shabby little fellow; that he could neither learn his business nor get rid of him.

'Bring him in,' said the gentleman addressed, who having witnessed the transaction, and overheard the conversation, was curious to know the object of the boy's visit. The poor child, whose ideas had never soared above his father's second floor, stood for some moments in stupified amazement when ushered into an elegant appartment; but remembering the painful circumstance which had brought him into this scene of enchantment, he in some measure gained his self possession.

'I am very sorry, sir,' he began in a faltering voice, 'but I have broken your window. My father is out of work just now, and cannot pay you for it, but if you will be kind enough to take the money a little at a time, as I can get it, I will be sure to make it up; and as he spoke he drew a few half pence from his pocket and laid them on the table.

'That's an honest speech, my lad; but how am I to be sure that you will fulfil your engagement?' Mr. Cavendish returned. 'Do you know that I could have sent you to the station-house till the money is made up?'

'Oh, don't send me there, sir, it would break my dear mother's heart. I will pay you all—indeed I will, sir;' and the poor boy burst into a flood tears.

'I am glad you have so much consideration for your mother's feelings; and for her sake, I will trust to your honesty.'

'Oh thank you, sir—thank you.

'But when do you expect to be able to make me another payment? This is a very small sum towards the price of a large square of plate glass; and as he spoke, he glanced at the four halfpence which the boy had spread out.

'This day week, sir, if you please.'

'Very well, let it be so. At this hour I shall be at home to see you.' Poor Jack made his very best bow and retired.

True to his appointment our high principled boy appeared at the door of Mr. Cavendish's mansion. As the footman had previously received orders to admit him, he was immediately shown into the library.

'I have a shilling for you to-day, sir' he said exultingly, and his countenance was radiant with smiles.

'Indeed, that is a large sum for a boy like you to obtain in so short a time. I hope you came by it honestly?'

A flush of crimson mounted to the cheek of poor Jack, but it was not a flush of shame.

'I earned every penny of it, sir, excepting one my mother gave me to make it up,' he energetically replied; and he proceeded to say that he had been on the look-out for jobs all that week; that he had held the horse of one gentleman and ran an errand for another; and in this way he accounted for eleven pence.

'Your industry and perseverance do you credit, my lad,' Mr. Cavendish exclaimed, his benevolent countenance lighted up with a smile. 'And now I should like to know your name and place of residence.'

'I will write it, sir, if you please. Indeed I brought a piece of paper for the purpose of putting down the money. I hope I shall be able to make it all up in a few weeks, for I am trying to get a situation as an errand boy.'

'You can write then? Do you go to school?'

'Oh, yes, sir; I go to free school! And Jack stepped forward to take the pen which Mr. Cavendish held towards him.

'You write a tolerably good hand my little man. You may, I think, do better than take an errand boy's place. Let me see if you have any knowledge of arithmetic.'

Jack stood boldly up, and unhesitatingly replied to the various questions which were put to him.

'That will do my good boy. Now, when do you think you will be able to come and bring me more money?'

'I will come this time next week, if I am alive and well, sir.'

'That was wisely added, my lad; for our lives are not in our keeping. This I see you have been taught.'

Another week passed, and again Jack appeared; but his countenance wore an aspect of sadness.

'I am very sorry, sir,' said he, 'I have been unfortunate, and have only a small sum to give you.' And, as he spoke, he laid three penny-worth of half-pence before Mr. Cavendish. 'I assure you sir,' he earnestly added, 'I have offered my services to every gentleman on horseback that I could see.'

'I believe you my boy; I am pleased with your honest intentions. Perhaps you will meet with better success another time. Let me see, you have now paid one shilling and five pence, that is not amiss for the time,' and with an encouraging smile, Mr. Cavendish sufferred him to depart.

Though Mr. Cavendish had from the first, concealed his intentions, his heart was planning a work of benevolence, which was nothing less than *to befriend the poor boy whose noble conduct had* won his admiration. For this end he, a few days subsequently paid the parents a visist when he knew that the son would be at school. He related the incident which had brought him under his notice, and proceeded to ask whether his conduct towards themselves was equally praiseworthy.

'Oh yes, sir,' exclaimed the mother, her eyes filling with tears. 'He has ever been a dutiful child to us, and always acts in this straight forward manner.'

'He has indeed a noble spirit, sir,' the father rejoined; 'and I am as proud of him as if he were a prince.'

'Would you part with him?' Mr. Cavendish asked. 'I have something in view for his future benefit.'

'Undoubtedly we would, for his benefit,' was the reply of both.

'Well then, purchase for him a new suit of apparel with these two guineas, and bring him to my residence this day week. I will acquaint you with my views for him for the future.'

Language cannot describe the heartfelt gratitude which beamed in the eyes of the happy parents, nor could they find utterance.

When next our young hero came into the presence of his benefactor, his appearance was certainly altered for the better, though no disadvantage of dress could rob his noble countenance of its lofty expression. Mr. Cavendish had previously made arrangements for him to become an inmate of his own house, and had also entered his name as a pupil in a neighboring school.

John Williams is now receiving a liberal education, and enjoying all the advantages which wealth can procure. Such a sudden change of position and prospects would in many instances prove injurious to the moral character; but with a mind based upon solid principles which our young friend possesses, little fear may be entertained that such will be the result.

The above little sketch is authentic in every respect, except that the names of the parties are concealed.

The events occurred a few months ago, and are here made public, with the hope that the truth and honesty, and judicious benevolence exhibited, may stimulate others to "go and do likewise."

THE THREE EMPERORS.

I translate, dear *'Spirit,'* the following story from *'Les Fetes et Souveners du Congress de Vienne.'* I think I have seen something like it before, but do not clearly remember where. The book from which I have done into English,' the pleasant anecdote below, was published in Paris in the year 1843, but so far as I know, has never been re-produced in our own language. I propose, if this pleases you, to send some further extracts. It was written by an eye-witness of that glorious scene of devlish diplomacy and royal revelry, the like of which, the world will probably never look upon again, I mean the Congress of Vienna.

Yours, FAX.

'What makes you so gay, my dear General?' said I, as one morning the Comte de Witt entered my apartments, laughing very heartily.

'O! a truly amusing adventure which has just been related to me by Ouvaroff. However, if the details had not been given to him by the Emperor himself, I should hardly have believed them.'

I seems that a young officer of the Navy, a *protege* of Count Nesselrode—who, by an odd coincidence had never been at St. Petersburg, nor seen the Emperor, was sent from Vienna, as a bearer of important despatches Alexander, here, is, as you know he was in the capital, fond of walking through the streets and the public promenades. This morning his majesty issued from the palace, wrapped in his ordinary military cloak, when he met a young officer of his Navy, booted and spurred, [did he belong to the horse marines?] who seemed to be endeavoring to find out the mode of entering the imperial residence, and to be quite uncertain towards what point he should direct his steps. Alexander accosted him.

'You appear to be seeking somewhat?' said he.

'True enough!' answered the officer, 'I have a dispatch to deliver to the Emperor of Russia. I was directed to the *Palais de Bourg!* Here I am! But having been but a few moments in Vienna, I do not know to whom to address myself that I may be guided, and introduced to his presence.

Alexander was charmed with the frank and open air of the young man, and for his own amusement, determined to preserve the *incognito* he had assumed.

'You cannot now see the Emperor,' said he. 'He is not at this time in the palace. At two o'clock he will be ready to receive you.'

The conversation then entered upon a most amicable and familiar tone. The Czar questioned the young officer concerning his family, his career, his hopes, etc., and learned from him, that entering very young into the Navy, he had never been to court or seen his sovereign. At last, after walking and talking together for half an hour, Alexander turned to the young officer and said to him kindly:

'Sir! you may deliver to me your despatches. I am Alexander!'

'Capital joke!' said the other smiling, 'you the Emperor?'

'Yes! the Emperor of Russia!'

'Good, very! As much as I am the Emperor of China!'

'Well! why not? Who knows that you may not be the Emperor of China?'

'Very true! who knows! just as you are the Emperor of Russia!' pleasantly answered the gay son of Neptune.

Alexander, more and more pleased with a mistake that promised to become truly comic, entered into the jest with his whole heart, and their jocose conversation went on, until they had reached the ramparts. Soon after the Emperor perceived the King of Prussia walking towards them.

'Do you understand German?' said he to his companion.

'Not a word!' answered the other.

Alexander immediately advanced, and addressed a few words to Frederick William, in German; then returning to the young officer, he took him by the hand, and said:

'Here now is a capital opportunity for making you acquainted with the King of Prussia. Sir, an officer of my fleet, whom I have the honor to present to your majesty!'

'Good! better and better!' said the young bearer of dispatches. 'The King of Prussia! You—you are the Emperor of Russia—and I—I am the Emperor of China. Why not? my captain says, that on his own deck, after God, he is Supreme Ruler; and am I not his Lieutenant? By the way, cousin, how are matters and things in Prussia; and how are the good people of Berlin? Your predecessor, Frederick the Great, was incontestibly a true hero! and *your* grandfather, too, Peter the First of Russia!' added he, bowing with mock politeness to Alexander; 'great as they were, though, I doubt whether they could have imitated the example of my grandsire, who, at the battle of Tchesme, blew himself up with his ship, rather than surrender to the Turks!'

Although all this approached so nearly to insolence, it was spoken with the frankness and good humor belonging to the sailor all over the world. *Not only did the two sovereigns take no offence,* but their mirth testified to their enjoyment of the young man's open-heartedness and merriment. In the course of their walk, the three arrived at the gate of the public garden. The young officer very politely invited his royal companions to enter it, and continue their conversation over a glass of wine. Led away by the folly of the moment, the two sovereigns consented. It is necessary to have been a witness of all that thereafter passed, to believe in the possibility of the scenes that ensued. Refreshments were served, glasses clinked familiarly, while the two conversed without constraint, and with all that excess permitted by a royal debauch in such a place.

'Here's to your health, my brother,' said William of Prussia, to Alexander of Russia.

'*Vrai Dieu!*' replied the Emperor, 'there's nothing wanting to a toast like that, but the salvos of the artillery of our respective capitals.'

'Let it be as you wish, then,' said the sailor, drawing a pistol and cocking it—'here is a cannon of *small calibre, it is true,* but it will answer for want of a better!'

He was about to fire, and change into a scandalous scene, what was only a sportive relaxation, when the monarchs with difficulty persuaded him to dispense with a demonstration so noisy. At length they quitted the place; but the young officer obstinately insisted upon paying 'the shot,' and they were compelled to allow him to do so.

Reaching the bastion, the crowd began to gather around the two monarchs and to show them the customary marks of deference. M. de Richlieu addressed Alexander with that respect and reverence due (?) to majesty. The naval officer, who had served under the orders of the Duke at Odessa, recognized him, turned pale, and soon saw that he had been the dupe of a royal mystification. But quickly reassured by the kind manner of the Emperor, he hastened to deliver his despatches. Alexander received them with a smile at once gracious and mischievous, and with a gesture of benevolent condescension, dismissed the confused mariner, *who received from his sovereign an* invitation to dine the next day at the imperial table.

It is hardly necessary to add, that the jovial sailor was not compelled like his grandfather, to seek the aid of a barrel of gunpowder, to help him rise in the world.—*N. Y. Spirit of the Times.*

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

A London police reporter represents a Hibernian with a poll as red as the Red Lion at Brentford, and rendered still redder by a copious discharge of blood, which oozed through a dirty rag, tied over a recent wound on his scalp, applying at the Bow street office for a warrant.

'Well, Pat,' asked the magistrate, (for his countenance operated as a sort of finger post, pointing to the rod from whence he came.) 'What do you want?'

'I'd be wanting a warrant plase yer honor,' replied Pat.

'Against whom?'

'Agin Barney O'Leary, plase yer riverence.'

'For what?'

'For murther, yer grace.'

'Whom did he murder?'

'Divil the craiture but myself, yer honor.'

'And has he murdered you?'

'By my soul he has, bad luck to him! He cut a houle in my heat big enough to bury his cat.'

'He hasn't killed you outright I see.'

'It's not his fault that he hasn't yer honor, for he intended it, and nothing surer.'

'I suppose an assault warrant will suit your purpose.'

'Yer honor knows what's best, and I'll take what I can git.'

'Last night that was, I presume you?'

'Did he hit you with a stick?'

'Fore God he didn't, yer honor, but with a poker.'

'A poker! that's a dangerous weapon.'

'Divil a doubt of it.'

'Where were you?'

'Where was I? why in bed to be sure?'

'Asleep or awake?'

'As sound as a roach, yer honor.'

'And what provocation had you given him?'

'Divil a provocation at all yer honor; how could I when I was sound asleep?'

'What! do you mean to say he came to your bed side, and struck you in this dreadful manner without the slightest provocation.'

'Its truth what ye say, yer honor, barring he come to his own bedside instead of mine.'

'His own bedside; were you in his bed?'

'Faith, ye guessed it, yer honor.'

'And what brought you there?'

'That's more'n I can tell, yer *honor*, barring the liquor that was in me.'

'And was this all you did to provoke his anger?'

'Divil a thing else.'

'Was there any other person present?'

'Not a creature indipindint of his wife.'

'His wife!'

'Of coorse.'

'Of course! and don't you think you deserved what you got?'

'Is it me?'

'Yes, you.'

'Sure it was all a mistake, yer honor, I thought 'twas my own wife, and divil the hair of her head I touched.'

'That may be, but you must be *more careful in future*; and I think under these circumstances you must be content with what you have got—I cannot grant a warrant.'

'Thank yer honor; but when he hets me again it wont be for nothing.'

Exit Pat, shrugging up his shoulders, evidently disappointed.

It turned out that the fellow went drunk to bed, and was unconscious where he was till Barney gave him a gentle hint with his iron persuader, and fortunately his skull was thick enough to resist the intended finisher. Barney's wife, who was awoke by the shock, lent her assistance in whacking him out of the room. She expressed her utter unconsciousness of his presence till her lawful lord arrived and discovered the intruder.

Miscellaneous.

Why is a puppy-dog like a lover? Because it *bows* and *wows*.

There were lately four thousand girls at a picnis in Lowell.

An indirect way of getting a glass of water at a boarding house, is to call for a third cup of tea.

Is there any situation worse than a lawyer's clerk? Yes, that of a lawyer's client.

A modern writer pithily remarks that 'the title of 'Esquire' is now conferred on all who wear a clean shirt.'

The man of true resolution does what he resolves, if for no other reason than because *he has resolved* to do it.

Mr. John Gruber, a printer, of Hagerstown, Md., has been setting type for sixty-five years! The "old boss" is still at it!

"Every Misery that I miss is a new mercy," said good old Izaak Walton. How few of us in enumerating our blessings think of this.

In the hurry of a daily business, little mistakes will unavoidably happen now and then. Nothing is perfect except one's first baby.

The American flag floats at the pinnacle of Oriziba, 18,300 feet above the level of the sea, where no Mexican will ever haul it down.

It is said to be very foolish for two young ladies to hate each other, on account af a gentleman who does not care a fig for either of them.

A careless compositor lately dissolved the Union by transposing two letters, whereby the United States became *Untied* States.

When a witty English government defaulter, after his recall, was asked on his arrival home, if he left India on account of his health, he replied, 'They do say there's something wrong in the digest.'

☞ A Newspaper Folding Machine has been invented in Springfield, (Mass.,) by which papers may be folded as they come from the press. It is now applied to a press in that city.

Did you ever know a tall man who was an early riser? Such people notoriously *lie long in bed.* And yet, for all that, they often make out to *stand very high* in the world.

Those who eat fish, are obliged to drink water enough for them to swim in, so the larger the fish, the more water is required. This is supposed to be the reason why people don't eat whales.

A Yankee has invented a machine by which culprits can be hung by steam, and the sheriff may be saved the trouble of meddling with the business. He half hung himself to see how it would operate, and declares "it works beautiful."

"Are you acquainted with Mr. J——, the grocer."

"No, I am not, and I do no wish to be."

"Why don't you wish to be?"

"Because he don't trust for liquor."

The following appeared in a Philadelphia paper: 'Mrs. A having been safely delivered of her nineteenth child, she with her husband, would return hearty and unfeigned thanks to Almighthy God for his great favor, and humbly ask for a continuance of his blessings.'

'Ma,' said an inquisitive little girl, 'will rich and poor people live together when they go to heaven?'

'Yes, my dear, they will be all alike there.'

'Then, ma, why don't rich and poor christians associate together here?'

The mother did not answer.

ALMOST A FIGHT; OR A TALE OF A HORSE.—A [illegible] our Brooklyn ferry-boats, than often occurs in this fun-benighted country.

A gentleman who evidently *had dined*, [illegible] the boat, was forgetting the *festina lente* rules of ferries, nearly drove over a very angry looking individual, who, if any one might judge from the acerbity of his countenance, *had not;* the latter seeing the vision of a horse's head appear over his shoulder, wheeled suddenly and caught the beast by the bridle, looking horse whips at the incumbent of the carriage.

'What the d—l do you mean by catching hold of my horse?' said the driver.

'And what the d—l do *you* mean by almost driving over *me?*' replied the holder, in the true Yankee spirit of answering one question by asking another.

'Let go the horse!'

'I will *not!*'

The driver dismounted, advanced toward the other, whip in hand, and shortening his hold upon the handle, sung out in a voice of thunder, 'I tell you, sir, let go that horse!'

'I'll be d—d if I *do!*'

'You won't?' 'No.'

'Well, then,' replied the driver, throwing his whip into the vehicle, and planting his hands comfortably in his pockets, 'Well, then, just hold him, will you?' So saying, with a polite bow and quizzical grin, vanished into the cabin.

The crowd of passengers who had been standing *'spectators of the fight'* roared aloud, not quite as *gently, however, 'as sucking doves,'* and the contending party, dropping the reins as if they were unpleasantly warm, marched off to the other end of the boat, his whole appearance bearing a striking resemblance to that of a man detected in the act of purloining his neighbor's mutton.

P. FINDAR, JR.

RIDICULE.

Ridicule is the dagger-point of Satan—the most unworthy support of disappointed friends—convicted depravity's *last resort. The wicked may* employ it with some appearance of propriety; but the *professing christian* appropriates it at his peril. For the very *existence* of it, is a proof positive of the weakness of the cause avowed, or the inability of its supporter to defend it by a more worthy and true course of reasoning. As the proud oppressor, weakened in his sovereignty by his own unjust action, takes flight to the protection of his towers, and with unequalled numbers, beats back, with tenfold cruelty, his more worthy opponents—so the supporter of a weak and unjust cause, finding his strength declining—and *too proud* to *submit*—retreats to the battlements of ridicule, and renews the contest, though *less honorably*, yet more *successfully.*

Ridicule may be considered as threefold in operation. Its *first*, and most *cruel* tendency is to *oppress*, or *distress* the *simple minded*, or *modest*; a number of whom compose a portion of almost every assembly. Its second, and most *wicked*, is to feed the unholy appetites of the *evil-disposed*, who unfortunately, are too frequently, *the greatest* admirers and supporters of angry discussion: and its *third*, is to excite the *disgust* or *contempt* of the *noble minded.* Rather than carrying conviction to the heart of an opponent, it but strengthens the opposition which we should labor to win, and sets him more distant from us. It is the re-thrusted poignard, stirring up the already painful wound to tenfold excitement and agony.

Christ never ridiculed those who differed from him. Though overstepping the boundary of *opinion* they resorted to *violence*, and hung him mangled and bleeding upon the ignominious cross. *He* turned not, in anger upon his oppressors, nor called in indignation, the flaming legions at his command, to crush their wicked designs; but while bearing the unspeakable tortures of the flesh-piercing nails and spear, he plead their cause before Heaven, offering to his father the plea of ignorance in their behalf. Here was an example worthy of the christian professor; an example which his *very name* declares should be appreciated. Is man greater than his *Saviour* that he should set up *his* judgment against the opinion of his *fellow?* Is *mortal* superior to *the Eternal* that he should punish with *cutting ridicule* all who differ from him in thought, speech, or action!

Oh that the heart of man was more open to the promptings of *charity*, which, like the new fallen snow, shuts out from our prejudiced view, the faults of others, only to nourish in the heart the vegetation of righteousness, so necessary to its immortal sustenance.

Charity is as necessary to the Christian character, as food is to the natural body. The want of it has been the ruin of many, safe, but in their own conceit: while legions, we fear, deceived in like manner, are wending their way down the same broad road to ruin. Observe the course of professors in their personal disputes—how harsh in every utterance—how distorted their countenances—how cruel and condemnatory their parting expressions. Separating in anger, each goes on his way complaining of the other, and too often, with a determination to seek some means of petty revenge. Mark the excitement and anger displayed in our business meetings. The smallest matter will often create disorder—words are spoken in anger—harsh allusions are made, and the more talented brethren display themselves at the cost of the most worthy and weak. Take up any one of our sectarian *periodicals, and lo!* what renown is displayed by disputing correspondents, while each endeavors to *crush* the other, the people quietly smile with admiration or contempt of the favorite champion, of their choice. The truth seems lost in the bombastic array of mere words; and the termination of all is that *infidelity* is strengthened at the expense of *christianity.* But this is not the only extent to which the spirit of ridicule and inconsistency has reached. We have seen ministers of the Gospel indulge in it to the utmost of their ability, and even at the risk of the holy interests. We have seen the very activity and devotion of the church, after long years of confidence and respect, held up before the *world*, as a laughing stock; whose *only* alleged *crime* is *difference of opinion* with their pastor. This should not be. It is an error into which too many have fallen, and which calls loudly for reform. It arises we think from the want of that charity so highly commended by Christ to the Apostles, and to the illustration of which whole chapters of the Sacred Scriptures are devoted. *Charity* cannot exist in an atmosphere of *ridicule;* and ridicule vanishes at once at the approach of charity, as escapes the morning dew from the presence of the sun.

The only *true* object of controversy, is the *advancement of truth.* And to accomplish this how many obstacles have to be overcome. *Error* deep-rooted must be dislodged, and *old* and *established prejudices* are to be surmounted. *Though these* may be numerous, it is vain for us to hope for victory till they be substantially overcome. And what are the most effectual weapons, as well as the most consistent? *Ridicule* will not do, for every stroke of this infernal instrument tends to *confirm* error and *strengthen* prejudice. And *force*, though in the hands of *tyrants*, may effectually gain the *body*, can never win the *heart.* There is but one *rightful* and *consistent* resort left for the *Christian*, that is to the sister [illegible] of CHARITY and LOVE.

LOVE.

AFRICAN AGRICULTURE.—The following is extracted from a number of the African Luminary, received by the last arrival at Boston:

[illegible] our farms. [illegible] pretty handsomely with year, besides affording provender for 50 or 60 mouths, (the number I have in my employment, and connected with my family,) I have sold therefrom in eatables alone, about $600, the greater portion to men-of-war, and the same land on which I raised these vegetables, (say 25 acres,) I have coffee regularly set out 12 or 14 feet apart, some of which are bearing, though planted some time after you left this circuit. I appreciate my farming operations more than all my commercial business, and hope to move out (though not break up entirely in town) as soon as we can get a few more immigrants.

"My plan is, when vessels are in harbor, and I have business with them, I stay in town and attend to it—when they leave, instead of walking about the street, I go to my farm and go ahead and tell my boys to follow on; and thus we get along cheerfully, and my farm is well attended to. It is time for all our thinking citizens in every settlement to begin to show examples of industry and economy; this, with piety, is the foundation of our infant republic."

GEN. WASHINGTON'S LIBRARY, that is the portion of it sold to Mr. Stevens, of Vermont, has been purchased by a number of citizens of Boston, for presentation to the Athenæum. It contains, in all, about 750 bound volumes, and from 800 to 1000 pamphlets, unbound, nearly all of which belonged to the Library of Washington. About 350 contain his autograph, and a few notes in his hand writing.