THE COLUMBIA SPY.

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

NEW SERIES, VOL. 2, NO. 4.] COLUMBIA, SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1848. [WHOLE NUMBER, 947.

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.

HO! HO!

YOU'RE Getting Bald, are You? Well, that is a misfortune and not a crime, but to remain bald, when so fine an opportunity offers to restore your hair, by a faithful and liberal use of Jayne's Hair Tonic, is but little short of crime. This valuable preparation excites the scalp to a new and healthy action, cleanses it from scurf and dandruff, prevents the hair from falling off, cures those eruptive diseases which often appear upon the head, and in a majority of cases produces a fine growth of new hair. It also gives the hair a rich and beautiful appearance. For sale at W. A. LEADER'S
July 1, 1848-tf Golden Mortar Drug Store.

SUMMER

COMPLAINT. This disease now prevails to an alarming extent, and thousands of helpless children will be carried off by it unless timely relief be afforded them. This relief may always be had by applying to that most certain and pleasant remedy, Jayne's Carminative Balsam, which never fails. It has frequently made cures of Summer Complaint after physicians of the highest standing have pronounced the child as actually in the struggles of death. Try it—try if you have any love or compassion, or even mercy, for your helpless children—Why will you let them die? when a certain remedy may be had by calling at W. A. LEADER'S Golden Mortar Drug Store, Front street
Columbia, July 1, 1848-tf

FROM THE

HERB DOCTOR, Front Street, Columbia, to the SICK AND AFFLICTED EVERY WHERE.—Every one of you are now called upon to visit the Herb Doctor—he has a medicine called the Indian Specific. It is of the utmost importance that you should all take a supply with you to the different section of country to which you belong. You well know what scourges the Dysentery, Bloody Flux, Summer Complaint, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, or other disorders of the bowels are. If you desire that none should die of these complaints; if you wish to be a blessnig to your neighbors, to keep death out of your own family and thousands of families around you—if you are a philanthropist, come, I charge you, come, get the Herb Doctor's Indian Specific. Do you ask the question, will this Medicine cure these diseases? I tell you candidly,—it has never failed! Never! Never! In the most hopeless, despairing cases, after physicians have exhausted every means known to them, after patients have laid weeks, when there was no prospect of a cure, and the disease had taken that fearful turn, consumption of the bowels; then, at this critical period, this wonderful medicine, this gift of God, was used, and health again was obtained. The Herb Doctor feels constrained to urge it upon you, if you wish to have an easy conscience to rest upon your bed at night, feeling you have done good, not to neglect whenever you visit Columbia, to call before you leave and get this medicine. If you neglect it, and you see this disease again making its ravages amongst you, how will you feel? It will come to your mind thus. Well, I could have prevented this, I could have saved my child, I could have saved my wife. You will think of this many of you, when you are dying.

The Herb Doctor is determined to leave no stone unturned—to use every exertion to cure, if possible, all that is curable, and that too by the simple Herb Medicines.—He believes the day is not far distant, when the gifts of God, the blessed healing herbs, will be more prized—when they will be all that are looked to as medicine—when the giver of poisons will be ashamed to show his worse than guillotine head—when man will be more exempt from disease—when his days will number at least fourscore, and he will stand erect, of manly size, full of nerve, a being of health; when pail faces and palsied limbs are nowhere to be found.

It should be had in every family; every house far and near, should have it, and if any person, young or old, has any derangement in the bowels, immediately use it. It is only prepared for diseases of the bowels, and for them it is an absolute specific. It was among the Indians the remedy was first discovered; from them the recipe was obtained. It is my wish that the bills of mortality should be considerably lessened this summer; and to aid me in this good work I call upon every well-wisher. We have large quantities prepared, and are ready to fill all orders from every section. As soon as you read this notice, come, or if it be impossible to do so immediately, then make a note of it in your memorandum book, and as soon as convenient call at MARTIN & KELLING'S
Columbia, July 1, 1848.-1m Medical dispensary, Front street.

THE PARLOR

MAGAZINE FOR NOTHING!!! Start not, gentle reader, at the announcement, nor set it down as the last humbug of the day. It is a fact, however astonishing, that the publisher will be happy to prove to those who are skeptical on the subject. Any person wishing that MAGNIFICENT NATIONAL ENGRAVING of the SIGNERS OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE, engraved on steel by ORMSBY, and considered fully equal to the one formerly sold at $20, may obtain a yearly subscription to the Parlor Magazine, free of charge, by remitting $3, the lowest price of the Engraving, to the office, 135, Nassau st.

To those unacquainted with the Magazine, we would say, it is a monthly devoted to morals, literature, and the best interests of society, containing 32 pages of original matter, from the best writers, with two beautiful illustrations, second to none, in each number, one steel, and the other expressly adapted to the Ladies and colored in the best style of the art, with other occasional illustrations and music. Price $2 per year. It is designed, not simply to charm away an idle hour. It is chaste and elegant in all respects, free from all injurious trash—pure and elevated in the highest degree, and worthy a place on the tables of the most virtuous and refined. The better portions of the public, and the press, have bestowed upon it the most unqualified commendation. The volume commences with May, and makes over 400 pages, with at least 24 illustrations. The Nos. may be exchanged at the end of the year for bound volumes, at the office and elsewhere, and, with the engraving, will readily sell for an advance upon the cost—the subscriber thus obtaining the reading of one of the best magazines for nothing, and leaving a profit besides.

The Engraving is taken from TRUMBULL'S great painting in the Rotunda at Washington, and contains the portraits of all the disunguished signers. Its size is 21 by 31 inches; engraved in Ormsby's best style, and considered by good judges equal to any thing of the kind in the country. No American family should be destitute of this work. Persons wishing to save TWO DOLLARS, or obtain this splendid Magazine for nothing, will please forward three dollars post paid at once, and thus secure an early impression from the plate.

The engraving can be sent to any part of the United States, at a postage of 16 cents.

N. B. Agents wanted to obtain subscribers for this Magazine, and to sell the Parlor Book by J. T. Headley.
.E. E. MILES, 135, Nassau street,
jy15'48-3t Clinton Hall.

JONES'S

ITALIAN Chemical Soap cures Pimples, Blotches, Salt Rheum, Scurvy, Erysipelas, Sore Heads, Old Sores, Sore Beard and Barber's Itch, Chapped and tender Flesh, Freckles, Tan, Sunburn, and changing Dark, Sunburnt or Yellow Skin to a pure clear white, as smooth and soft as an infant's. And, in fact, every kind of eruption and disfigurement. Read these certificates:

From the N. O. Sentinel, Oct., 1844.

One of our subscriber, Mr. H. Leonard, informs us that he has been cured of old, scaly Salt Rheum, of eighteen year's standing, on his head, fingers and hands, by a cake of an article much advertised lately—we speak of Jones's Italian Chemical Soap. He also informs us that he has tried its effects on his female slave Rose, much marked with sun spots, and he found in two weeks her skin much clearer and whiter.

James Eltham, a planter in Jersey City, was cured of carbuncles and pimples, which he was afflicted with for many years, by a part of a cake of Jones's Italian Chemical Soap.

Persons in purchasing this must always ask for Jones's ITALIAN CHEMICAL SOAP,—and perhaps, as many who have been cheated with the counterfeits, will be too much discouraged to try the genuine, we say to such, try this once—you will not regret it; but always see that the name of T. Jones is on the Wrapper.

Sold at 82 Chatham st., New York, and by R. WILLIAMS, Agent for Columbia. je24'48-6m

WHEELER'S

TEABERRY Tooth Wash, an immediate and effectual cure for all disease of the Gums and Teeth
For sale by WM. A LEADER

Poetry.

Written for the Columbia Spy

TO PEQUEA.

Romantic stream, I love to trace
Thy graceful winding shore;
To sit and muse upon that race,
Whose voice is heard no more.
Alas! thou'rt now forsaken, lone—
The light canoe is gone;
Thy shady banks are left to mourn,
The light, gay-hearted fawn.

'Twas here the Indian claimed a home,
He sought no other land;
He loved to chase the deer, and roam
Amidst his happy land
The dashing spray was his delight,
To break with silv'ry oar;
For he alone could claim the right
Of Pequea's pleasant shore.

But now he's gone, no trace is left,
No mark of memory;
Thy winding paths are all bereft,
And none can speak of thee.
His spirit guards with watchful eye,
Some simple mound of clay;
To warn the steps of passers-by,
That here his fathers lay.

Pequea! I love thee for that name,
'Tis now my happy home;
But soon, alas! no more can claim;
My fate's decreed to roam.
Of thee I'll often think and dream,
Oft' sigh for thy green shades;
Where oft' by moon-light's peaceful gleam,
I've hied thy pleasant glades.

And now ye wild rocks tow'ring high,
With mossy crag and cleft;
Adieu! I leave but with a sigh,
And mourn for scenes I've left.
Adieu! Adieu! ye flow'ry banks,
With colors bright and gay;
I'll mourn thee long, when far away;
A long farewell, Pequea.

Wrightsville, July 17, 1848. A. R. B.

Select Tale.

THE COUNT AND COUSIN.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

"Who is that beautiful girl to whom you bowed so familiarly?" said Charles Winstanley to Horace Grenville, as they proceeded down the steps of the City Hotel.

"That was Adelaide Walsingham, your cousin and mine, Charles," said Horace: "really, you must have left your memories among the beauties of Paris, if you cannot recognize your nearest of kin."

"You forget, Horace, that when I last saw Adelaide she was a lively little hoydon scarce ten years old: the lapse of seven years makes a wondrous difference in a lady, whatever it may do with a gentleman."

"Nay, if you begin to discuss Time's changes, Charles, I must confess you cannot congratulate upon having escaped a touch of his finger. Who, in that bronzed complexion and hirsute visage, could discover any traces of the smooth-cheeked boy whom I last saw on the deck of a French packet-ship some seven years ago. But tell me, why did you not write that you were coming home?"

"Because I did not know my own mind, Horace; I really was not quite certain about it until I had been a week at sea. The odd pronunciation of my German valet having caused my name to be placed on the list of passengers as Mr. Stanley, it occurred to me that the mistake would enable me to return *incognito*, and I thought I would humor the joke, if but to see how many of my old friends would recognize me. I arrived last evening, and should now be a perfect stranger in my native city had I not accidentally met you this morning; and even you, Horace, did not at first know me."

"Know you, Charles! who the deuce could even see you behind that immense growth of brushwood upon your lip and cheek? Do you really mean to wear those enormoes whiskers and moustaches?"

"Certainly not longer than suits my present purposes, Horace. When I was in Germany, I learned to wear moustaches for the same reason that I learned to smoke the meerschaum—because everybody else did it. In Paris I reduced them a little, but did not entirely banish them, because there also I found them the fashion. A lively little French lady, a passenger in our ship, wagered a pair of Paris gloves that I would not wear them a week in America; I accepted the bet, and for one week you will see me 'bearded like the pard.'"

"Nay, if you like them," said Horace laughing, "you need not seek an excuse for wearing them; they are quite the fashion, and ladies now estimate a man, not as they once did, by his altitude, but by the length of his whiskers."

"I have no desire to win ladies' favor by wearing an unshaven face," answered Charles. "But pray, Horace, tell me something more about our pretty cousin."

"She is as lovely in character, Charles, as she is in person, but she has one great fault; like most of our fashionable belles, she has a mania for everything foreign. Her manners, her dress, her servants, all come from abroad, and she has declared to me repeatedly her resolution never to marry an *American*."

"What is it that my fair countrywomen so much admire in their foreign lovers?" asked Charles.

"Oh, they say there are a polish and elegance of manner belonging to foreigners which Americans never possess. Two of Adelaide's intimate friends have recently married scions of some antediluvian German family, and our lovely cousin is ambitious of forming an equally splendid alliance."

"If she were to marry a western farmer," said Charles, with a smile, "she would reign over a principality quite as large and perhaps more flourishing, than usually belongs to these emigrant nobles."

"Adelaide is a noble-hearted girl," replied Horace, "and I wish she could be cured of her folly."

"If she is really a sensible girl, Horace, and that is her only fault, I think she might be cured."

Horace shook his head.

"Come and dine with me Horace—be careful to tell no one of my arrival—and we'll discuss the matter over a bottle of fine old Maderia, if you are not too fashionable to drink it."

* * * * * * * * *

The windows of Mr. Walsingham's house poured a flood of light through the crimson silk curtains upon the wet and dreary-looking street, while the music heard at intervals told to the gaping crowd collected around the door, that the rich were making merry. The decorated rooms were brilliant with an array of youth and beauty, but fairest among them all stood the mistress of the festival. Attired in a robe of white crape, with no other ornament than a pearl bandeau confining her dark tresses, she looked the personification of joy.

"Cousin Horace," she exclaimed, as she saw her favorite cousin enter the room, "you have not been here these three days." And then in a lower tone she added, "Who was that splendid Don Whiskerando with whom I saw you walking yesterday?"

Horace laid his finger on his lip as a tall figure emerged from the crowd at the entrance of the room—"Miss Walsingham, allow me to present you to the most noble Count Pfeiffenhammer.

The blood mounted into Adelaide's cheek as the Count bowed low over the hand which he hastened to secure for the next quadrille. There was a mischievous sparkle in Horace's eye, and a deep and earnest devotedness in the stranger's manner, which made her feel uncomfortable, though she knew not why. A single glance sufficed to show her that the Count was attired in a magnificent court suit, with diamond buckles at the knee, and a diamond band looping up the elegant *chapeau-bras* which encumbered his arm. After some minutes she ventured to look more courageously at him. He was tall and exceedingly well-shaped; his eyes were very bright; but the chief attraction was a beautiful mouth garnished with the most splendid moustache that ever graced an American ball-room. Adelaide was delighted. He danced elegantly; not with the stiff, awkward manner of an American, who always seems half-ashamed of the undignified part he is playing, but with a buoyancy of step and gracefulness of motion perfectly unrivalled. Adelaide was enchanted. He spoke English very well; a slight German accent alone betrayed his foreign birth, and Adelaide did not like him the less for that. It is true she felt a little queer when she found herself whirling through the waltz in the arms of an entire stranger, and her brow flushed with something very like anger when she felt his bearded lip upon her hand as he placed her in a seat, but this was only the freedom of foreign manners.

The evening passed away like a dream, and Adelaide retired to her room with a burning cheek, and a frame exhausted by what she deemed pleasure. She was too much excited for sleep, and when she appeared at her father's breakfast-table, (a duty she never neglected,) it was with such a pale cheek and heavy eye that he was seriously alarmed.

"These late hours will kill you my child," said he, as he kissed her forehead; "I shall return at noon, and if I find you still so languid, I shall send for Dr. ——."

So saying, he stepped into his carriage and drove to his counting room, where, immersed in business, he quite forgot Adelaide's cheek, until the dinner hour summoned him from his dingy office to his stately mansion. As he entered the door, he recollected Adelaide's exhausted look.

"Poor child," murmured he, "I wonder how she is?"

A low musical laugh struck on his ear as the servant threw open the drawing-room, and the sight of her radiant countenance, looking more brilliant than ever, as she sat between Cousin Horace and the Count, soon quieted his fears.

Mr. Walsingham, in common with most Americans of the olden time, had a great prejudice against foreigners. "If they are real lords," he used to say, "they don't want my daughter; and if they are not real lords, my daughter don't want them." His notions of the Teutonic character were founded upon the wonderful stories which his mother used to tell him about the Hessians, and vague ideas of ruffians and child-eaters were associated in his mind with everything German. The coldness with which he saluted the noble Count, formed a striking contrast to the cordial warmth with which he grasped the hand of his nephew.

"Glad to see you, Horace—couldn't speak a word to you last night, you were so surrounded with pretty girls. By the way boy"—drawing him aside—"who is that hairy-faced fellow?"

"That is Count Pfeiffenhammer, uncle."

"Count Pipehammer! Well, the Germans have certainly an odd fancy in names. Pray, what is his business?"

"Business!" said Horace, laughing; "why, his chief business at present is to receive the revenues of his principality."

"Principality!—fudge!—a few barren acres with half a dozen mud-hovels on it, I suppose. It won't do, Horace—It won't do! Adelaide deserves something better than a mouthful of moonshine. What the deuce did you bring him here for? I don't think I could treat him with common civility if it were not for your sake."

"Then for my sake, dear uncle, treat him civilly, and I give my word you shall not repent your kindness."

Every day saw the Count paying his devoirs to the lovely Adelaide, and always framing some very winning excuse for his visit. A boquet of rare exotics, or an exquisite print, or a scarce book, or a beautiful specimen of foreign mechanism, were sure to be his apology. Could any girl of seventeen be insensible to such gallant wooing, especially when proffered by a rich young nobleman, who wore such splendid whiskers, and whose moustache and imperial were the envy of all the aspirants after ladies' smiles. Adelaide soon began to discover that, when the Count was present, time flew on eagles' wings; and when, after spending the morning in her company, he ventured to make one of the gay circle usually assembled in her drawing-room at evening, she was conscious of a degree of pleasure for which she was unwilling to account. His intimacy with her cousin Horace afforded him the opportunity of being her companion abroad as well as at home; and in the gay evening party, the morning promenade, or in the afternoon ride, the handsome Count was her attendant.

A feeling of gratified vanity probably aided the natural goodness of Adelaide's temper, and enabled her to endure with exemplary equanimity the railleries of her young friends; but she was not so tranquil when her father began seriously to remonstrate against this imprudent intimacy.

"You have had all your whims gratified, Adelaide," said he; "now you must indulge one of mine. Adopt as many foreign fashions as you please, but remember that you never, with my consent, marry any other than an American. My fortune has been made by my own industry—my name transmitted to me unsullied by my father, who earned his patent of nobility when he signed the Declaration of Independence, and no empty-titled foreigner shall ever reap the fruit of my toil, or teach my daughter to be ashamed of her republican father."

The earnestness of these admonitions from a parent who had never before spoken except in the words of unbounded tenderness, first led Adelaide to look into the depths of her own heart. She was almost terrified at her own researches, when she found that she had allowed the image of the Count to occupy its most hidden recesses. Bitterly did she repent her folly.

"I wish he were an American," sighed she; "yet, if he were he would not be half so pleasing. How devoted his manners are—how much feeling in all he says and does!"

Poor Adelaide! she was like the fascinated bird—she dreaded his power, yet she could not withdraw herself from his influence. She could not conceal from herself that the manners of the Count, too, were greatly changed. From the courtly gallant, he had gradually become the impassioned lover. He treasured her every look and word, and she keenly felt that in exposing her own peace of mind she had also risked the loss of his.

This state of things could not long exist without an explanation. Six months had scarcely passed since Adelaide first beheld the noble stranger, and already her young cheek had lost its glow and her step its buoyant lightness. She was sitting alone one morning, brooding over her melancholy forebodings, when the door opened, and the object of her thoughts entered. Seating himself beside her, he commenced a conversation full of those graceful nothings which women always love to hear, but Adelaide was in no mood for gayety. The Count intently watched the play of her eloquent features, and then, as if he divined the tumult of her feelings, suddenly changed the topic to one of deeper interest. He spoke of himself—of his various adventures—of his personal feelings, and, finally, of his approaching departure for Europe. Adelaide's cheek grew paler as he spoke, but she suppressed the cry which rose to her lips. The Count gazed earnestly upon her, then seizing her hand and clasping it between his own, he poured forth the most passionate expressions of affection. Half fainting with the excess of her emotions, Adelaide sat motionless as a statute, until aroused by the Count's entreaties for a reply. With bitter self-reproach, she attempted to answer him. Falteringly but frankly, she stated her father's objections to her union with a foreigner, and blamed herself for having permitted an intimacy which could only end in suffering for both.

"Only tell me, Adelaide, that your father's prejudices are the sole obstacle," said the Count passionately; "say but that you could have loved me, and I shall be content."

Adelaide blushed and trembled.

"For the love of Heaven, answer me but by a look!"

Timidly that downcast eye was raised to his, and he *was* answered.

"Adelaide," he resumed, after a moment's pause, "we may yet be happy. Could you love the humble citizen as well as the noble Count?"

A slight pressure of the little hand which lay in his, and a flitting smile on the tremulous lips, was sufficient reply.

"Then hear me, Adelaide," said her lover; "I will return to my country—I will return my honors to him who bestowed them, and then I may hope to merit ——"

"My utter contempt!"—cried Adelaide, vehemently. "What resign your country—forfeit the name of your fathers—desert your inheritance of duties! No, Count Pfeiffenhammer. If a love of freedom led you to become a citizen of our happy land, none would so gladly welcome you as Adelaide Walsingham; but never would I receive the sacrafice as a tribute to transitory passion."

"A transitory passion, Adelaide!"

"Could I expect stability of feeling in him who can so easily abandon his native land, and forget the claims of his country? You have taught me a bitter lesson, Count. No American would have shown such weakness of character as I have witnessed in him whom I fondly beleived to be all that his lips professed. Would we had never met," added she, bursting into tears.

"Adelaide," said the Count, "you love me—those precious tears assure me that you love me. Be mine, sweet one;—your father will not be inexorable—he adores you."

"And therefore," said she, "you would have me make him miserable for life. Because he looks upon me with idolatry, you would have me desecrate the image he has worshipped. Count Pfeiffenhammer, we must part! You do not understand my nature—I have been deceived in you?"

"You have! you have been deceived, my own sweet cousin!" cried the Count, as he covered her hand with passionate kisses. "You have rejected Count Pfeiffenhammer—will you also refuse the hand of your madcap cousin, Charles Winstanley, whose little wife you were seven years ago."

Adelaide started from her seat in wild surprise. "What means all this?—Charles Winstanley! the Count!" The sudden revulsion of feeling overpowered her, and cousin Horace entered the room just in time to see her sink fainting into Charles Winstanley's arms.

Now the anger of the lady, when she recovered and learned the trick which had been practiced upon her—the merriment of Cousin Horace—the satisfaction of the father, and the final reconcilliation of all differences—may they not be far better imagined than described?

A few weeks after, a splendid party was again assembled in Mr. Walsingham's drawing-rooms; but Adelaide was no longer the life of the party. Attired in bridal array, and decked with the rich jewels which once sparkled on the person of the false Count, she sat in blushing beauty beside her cousin Charles, who, now that he had shaven off his moustache and reduced his whiskers, looked like what he really was, a true American.

"But why, Charles, did you woo me in such *outlandish* guise?" whispered she, smiling.

"Because, sweet, you vowed to marry none but an *outlandish* wooer. Plain Charles Winstanley would never have been allowed the opportunity of winning the heart which Count Pfeiffenhammer so closely besieged."

"Ay, ay, Charles," said the happy father, "if American women would only value a man for the weight of his brains rather than the lightness of his heels, and the strength of his principles rather than the elegance of his manners, we should have less of foreign foppery and more of homely virtue in our country."

Miscellaneous.

From the New York Spirit of the Times.

DUCKS IN SUMMER.

——, TENNESSE, May 15, 1848.

Dear "Spirit"—There is no doubt about its being true; and it's a good one, if I can hit on the right way of telling it.

Aaron was a tall, strapping fellow, near seventeen. You never saw a more susceptible youth.—Being good looking, the girls were as easily smitten with him. They used to flock out to the country on Friday evenings and stay till Monday mornings. Talk of a colt! There's no such romp as a town girl turned loose in the country. She races, she jumps, she climbs the trees, shaking the wild cherries down upon the timorous beau beneath her. Oh, she is the most beautiful, winning, delightful creature in the world.

Moses was much younger than his cousin. He knew Aaron was taking on about that naughty lass, May Stelton. And May was in love with Aaron. May and Troup, and Sue, and Polly, all came out one Friday evening, with Mose's sister, Angeline. Mose goes off early, Saturday, to let Aaron know. Aaron was for running over to his aunt's.

"No," says Mose; "bring the gun; the woods are all full of squirrels; wemight kill a dozen walking the two miles."

The road led along the creek bank. Aaron was in a brown study, thinking of May. Mose was looking up in the tree tops and among the bushes, anxious for a pop at something. It was the shadiest and quietest of places. So far no game.

"Let's leave the road a bit, and go to the bend of the creek," said Mose: "it's so out of the way, nobody ever disturbs it. We'll see something there."

And they did. Let it be dated July 25.

"Sh!" hissed Mose, through his teeth.

"What is it?" asks Aaron, roused a little.

Mose put his hand to his ear.

"Ducks—the biggest kind!"

"This time o' year?"

"I see 'em!"

"Give me the gun!"

"No—couldn't think of it!"

Klick-klack!

"Well, blaze away!—they 'll fly if you go nearer."

"The bushes are in the way," says Mose, bringing the piece down from his shoulder.

"Shoot anyhow!" insisted Aaron, impatiently.

"Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord!" says Mose, turning pale as death, and dropping the gun on the ground.

"What's matter?" said Aaron, running up.

"*It's the girls in a-swimming.*"

They sat down still as snow-flakes. They were white as the petticoates strewn on the pebbly beach. Their teeth chattered. A long silence. At last Aaron looked slowly round at Mose, with the meanest sort of countenance. Mose's face, as he returned the glance, was a regular sheep-killing one.

They crept along like snakes. They reached the tree. Mose, being the lightest, gave the gun to Aaron, and climbed far out on a branch over the creek and got into a squirrel's nest. Aaron wasn't quite so high.

It was a pretty sight in course. You've read about nymphs, syrens, and so forth? They couldn't compare. Hair loose, and floating on the waves; arms, &c., &c., glistening in the water. Polly was white as snow. Sue was plump as a patridge in pea time, and sat in the waves like a bird in its nest. Troup was slim all over, except the upper works. Aaron promised not to look at Angeline if Mose wouldn't wink at May. Impossible!! Angeline sported gracefully like a native of the element, and May was a black-eyed houri, couleur de rose, from toe to brow. They splashed and paddled, and chatted like mad.

Sir, the tree began to shake. Aaron had a terrible buck-ague, and little Mose began to smoke and burn, commencing at the ears.

There was a louder noise than usual among the unconscious bathing beauties. Aaron stretched his *already elongated neck, at the same time hitching* the gun forward. Unfortunately, the trigger caught in a vine, and it went off with a more deafening report, it seemed to the parties, than *ever* echoed from a cannon's mouth. It was the climax of the adventure. Mose tumbled, from the excitement, plump into the creek, between Sue and Polly. The gals! they DOVE madly, stranged, and put up the bank, their white backs gazed at by the watery eyes of the fish hawk that had pounced among them. They are robed in a twinkling, but not one with her right dress on. Aaron dashed into the woods. There was a terrible scream as he ran right into their midst. All spilt in different directions, and came dropping in one after another, at Mose's mother's.

The boys took a long turn into the woods, and did not get back before night. They said they had been deer hunting, and hadn't seen the creek. THE GIRLS APPEARED TO BELIEVE THEM!

THE PRINTER.

A printer is the most curious being living. He MAY have a BANK and COINS and not be worth a penny—have SMALL CAPS, and neither wife nor children. Others may run fast, but he gets along the swiftest by SETTING fast. He may be making IMPRESSIONS without eloquence; may use the LYE without offending, and be telling truth; while others cannot stand when they set, he can SET standing, and even do both at the same time—may make use of FURNITURE, and yet have no dwelling—may make and put away PI, and "*never see a pie*," much *less eat it during his life*—be a human being and a RAT at the same time—may PRESS a great deal and not ask a favor—may handle a SHOOTING IRON, and know nothing about a cannon, gun, or pistol—he may move the LEVER that moves the world, and be as far from moving the globe as a hog with his nose under a mole hill—spread SHEETS without being a housewife—he may lay his FORM on his BED and yet be obliged to sleep on the floor—he may use the † without shedding blood, and from the *earth may handle the* * * *—he may be of a ROLLING disposition, and yet never desire to travel—he may have a SHEEP'S FOOT, and not be deformed—never be *without a CASE*, and know *nothing of* law *or physic—be always CORRECTING his ERRORS and* yet growing worse every day—have em~~~s without ever having the arm of a lass around him *—have his FORM locked up, and at the same time* be free from jail, watch-house, or any other confinement.

They are as fond of titles in the East, as we are in the great West. Among his other high sounding titles, the King of Ava has that of "Lord of Twenty-four umbrellas." This looks as if he had prepared himself for a long *reign*

"My brethren," said Swift, "there are three kinds of pride—the pride of birth, the pride of riches, and the pride of talents—but I shall not now speak of the latter, none of you being liable to that vice."

An absent minded gentleman, retiring at night, put his dog to bed and kicked himself down stairs! He did not discover his mistake till he went to yelp, and the dog tried to snore.

"Who is the master of this house?" said a gentleman, as he rode up to a public house. "I am, sir," said the inkeeper, "my *wife* has been dead these three weeks."

Horn says—"A juvenile friend of ours would argue with us that he was a supporter of royalty, since he had the *prints* of Wales on his back."

Mrs. Partington says she never received but one synominous letter in her life, and that spoke panegorically of all her acquaintances.

"The distracted state of public tranquility," is mentioned in the newspapers. What on earth can that be?

A cannon in China is a great many miles away; but the man who fires it is a cannonier.

RUM BOTTLE.—The devil's crucible, in which he melts all the *fine gold* of a man's nature.

A spoon is a thing that is often near a young lady's lips without kissing them.

"I love thee *still*," as the husband said to his clattering wife.

When is a man not a man? When he is a salt-seller.

THE OCEAN.

BY REV WALTER COLTON, U. S. NAVY.

"They that go down to the sea, in ships, and do business on the great waters—these see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep."

The most fearful and impressive exhibitions of power, known to our globe, belong to the Ocean.

The Volcano, with its ascending cloud of flame, and falling torrent of liquid fire; The Earthquake whose footstep is on the ruin of cities, are circumscribed in the desolating range of their visitation. But the Ocean when roused in its chainless strength, shakes a thousand shores with storm and thunder.

Navies of oak and iron are tossed in mockery from its crest, and whole armaments, manned by the strength and courage of millions, perish among its bubbles.

The tempest on land is impeded by forests, and broken by mountains; but on the plain of the deep it rushes unresisted: and when its strength is at last spent, ten thousand giant waves which it has *called up, still roll its terrors onward.*

The avalanche shaken from its glittering steep, if it rolls to the bosom of the earth, melts away and is lost in vapor; but if it *plunge into the em*brace of Ocean, this mountain-mass of ice and hail is borne about for ages, in tumult and terror—the drifting monument of the Ocean's dead.

The mountain lake, and the meadow stream, are inhabited only by the timid prey of the angler; but the Ocean is the home of the Leviathan, his ways are in the mighty deep. The glittering pebble, and the rainbow-tinted shell, which the retiring tide has left upon the shore are scarce worthy its care—and the watery gem which the pearl diver reaches at the risk of his life, are all that men can filch from the treasures of the sea. The groves of coral which wave o'er its pavements, and *the halls of amber, which glow in its depths*, are beyond his approach save when he goes down amid their silent magnificence, to seek his burial monument!

The island—the continent—the capitols of kings—are worn by time, washed away by the wave, *consumed by the flame, or sunk by the earthquake.* But the Ocean still remains, and still rolls on, in the greatness of its unabated strength; and over the majesty of its form, and the marvels of its might, time and disaster have no power.

Even the vast clouds of vapor, which rise up from its bosom, roll away to encircle the globe: and on distant mountains and plains pour out their watery treasures, which gather themselves again, in streams and torrents, and return with exulting bounds to their parent Ocean. These are the messengers which proclaim, in every land, the exhaustless resources of the sea. But it is reserved for "those who go down to the sea in ships, to see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep."

Man, also, has made the Ocean, the theatre of his power. The ship in which he rides the element is one of the highest triumphs of his skill. At first, this floating fabric was only a frail bark, slowly urged by the laboring oar. The sail at length arose and spread its wings to the wind. Still when the lofty promontory had sunk from sight, and the orbs above him were lost in the clouds, he had no power to direct his course. But the secret of the magnet is at length revealed to him, and now his needle settles to the polar star with a fixedness which love has stolen as the emblem of its constancy. Now, however, he can dispense with sail and oar and flowing wave. He constructs his engine of flame and vapor, and o'er the vast solitude of the sea, as o'er the solid earth, goes thundering on his track.

On the Ocean, too, thrones have been lost and won. On the *fate of Actium was suspended* the empire of the world. On the gulf of Salamis the pride of Persia found a grave, and the crescent set forever in the waters of the Navarino. While at *Trafalgar, and the Nile nations held their breath*, as each gun, from its adamantine lips, spread a death-shade around the ships, like the hurricane *eclipse of the sun.*

THE MORAL OF THE TELEGRAPH.

Call in Dr. Christe! Ask him for a Galvanic dose! A man must have the power in him to write of such an invention as the Magnetic Telegraph. Lightning reduced to a medicinal agent! And the cloud in an apothecary shop! So that chemistry has fairly risen to the region of astronomy and claimed companionship with Heaven. Wonder o'ertopping wonder! Men often turn prophets unawares. Orators have long been talking about the "lightning-like mind," and lo! *truth* was enveloped in the words. It is all *reality*. Depend upon it, the age of type and printing-presses is terminating. The type was only typical. The press has pressed intellect beyond itself. Steam is too slow. Two hundred and thirty-two degrees are too high in the scale. Lightning can be promptly manufactured. And then, its sympathies are so quick, as to reach its object at once, asking but a wire for the announcement of its revelations. And then, its language is so pointed! Think of that and stare at it! The human tongue is gracefully rounded off, and it must speak in rounded periods. Fire-flames are sharp. Lightning loves points. If it ever take a ball-form woe to you. See the token in tall rods for house-defence. Give the electrical agent a point and mark the submissiveness. So much for that point and now for another. We used to fear that materialism would engross all the great inventions, and physical man be only profited. Things are otherwise ordered. Give to matter, the railroad. Corporiety may rejoice at it. So may merchandize. So may soldiers. See now the effect. Thought has its wire-path. Make the connexion and apply the power. Letters, words, sentences, *fly, fly, fly!* One transmission and a city moves with the diffused excitement. New York shouts back to Washingson before Washington's echoes have died away beyond the Potomac. And mark the triumph of mind over matter. The news is made known while your Locomotive puffs off steam. Talk no more about steam. It is but a step beyond horse-feet. Hush about the wind. It's most blustering pretensions are gone. Magnetism absorbs the stock of glory. What more, O man! You have the sunshine to do your painting and the lightning your talking! Say, what more? Your path is now in the firmament. Go higher. Faith waits to perfect science. A fervent prayer can reach the Throne sooner than the Telegraph can communicate words to your heart. Religion needs no inventions. Rejoice for the one complete!

Joe Kelly's ghost visited his wife. "Molly," says he, "I'm in purgatory at this present," says he. "And what sort of a place is it?" says she. "Fair," says he, "*it's* a sort of half-way house between you and heaven," says Joe, "and I stand it mighty airy after having you," says he.

"My son," said an affectionate mother to her hopeful heir, who was in a short time to get married, "you are getting thin." "Yes, mother," he replied, "I am, and I expect shortly that you will see my rib."