

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 one dollar in ADVANCE, of 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, 50 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 discount will be made on the above prices to yearly advertisers.

NEW STORE.
THE Subscribers Respectfully inform their friends and the public that they have taken the Store formerly occupied by B. B. Bousie & Co., corner of Locust and Front Streets, and are now opening an entire new stock of Goods, purchased at the present very low prices, among which are:
FRENCH, ENGLISH & AMERICAN BLACK CLOTHS, Fine, Brown, and Blue Cloths; French, English, and American Black and Blue Cassimeres, Satinettes, and Figured Cassimeres, Satinettes, French Cloths, Gambroons; Low priced Summer Stuffs, Corals and Bazarettes, &c.
LADIES' DRESS GOODS.
Grandaines, Organdines, Tussisins, Barges, Silk Tissues, Lawns, Ginghams, and all the latest styles of Groceries, Ribbons, Plaid and Striped Black Silks, Fancy Dress Silks, New Style Cambrics, ALSO, Calicoes, Muslins, Checks, Ginghams, Tickings, Chambrays, Linen and Cotton Table Diapers, Nappies, Gloves, Cottons, Alpaca, and Silk Hosiery, New Style Bonnet Trimmings, &c. &c. ALSO, GLASSWARE, BOTTLES, and all the Groceries, Sugars, Coffees, Teas, Macerated, Herring, Molluscs, Fish and Sperm Oils, Soaps, Candles, Spices, &c. &c. &c.
Our goods are all NEW and selected with great care, and we hope by strict attention to business to receive a share of custom from our friends and the public. All kinds of Country Produce taken in at the highest prices.
PETER HALDEMAN, Jr.
Columbia, March 25, 1848—17

BARGAINS. The subscribers have, during the past week, made a large addition to their former stock of FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS, which, for elegance and cheapness, cannot be surpassed. Among them is a very large assortment of PRINTS, at 4 cts. a pair, 10 cts. a pair, 12 cts. a pair, &c. &c. DRESS GINGHAMS as low as 12 1/2 cts., 15 cts., and 25 cts., Alpaca and Linens, &c. A general assortment of FURNITURE, such as 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, and 10-4 Bleached and Brown Sheetings, Tickings, Checks, Crash, Linen and Cotton, Brown and Bleached, Table Diapers, &c.
GENTLEMEN'S DRESS GOODS.
Sup. Blue and Black French Cloth, Blue, Black, Brown, and Olive English Cloths; Plain and Fancy Cassimeres, Satinettes, Vestings, &c.
CHINA, Glass, and Queensware; Fresh Family Groceries, selected with very great care, among which are New Crop Sugars—Loaf, Pulverized and Crushed Sugars, Coffee, spices, the Superior Family of the New York Cotton Tea Company, Oils, Fish, &c.
All of which they are determined to sell as low as the very lowest, for cash or country produce.
Thankful for past favors, they respectfully solicit a continuance of the patronage heretofore bestowed upon them.
Locust St., 2 doors below Second St.
Columbia, March 25, 1848—17

GRAY HEADS, Red Heads, and all Bad Hair.
Read Mr. ABRAHAM VANDERBEEK, of 95 Avenue D, New York, certifies that his hair, which was entirely bald on the top, and the use of two bottles of Jones's Coral Hair Restorative, has a good crop of hair, and will soon have it long and thick.
Mr. Williams, of the Liberty street, Pittsburgh, Pa., certifies: On the 3d of February, 1847, that Mr. Thomas Jackson's hair, on the top, was entirely bald for 15 years, and the use of two bottles of Jones's Coral Hair Restorative, the hair is growing fast and thick, and will soon be entirely restored.
Gray Head, Green Head—Read—I hereby certify that my hair was turning gray, and that since I have used Jones's Coral Hair Restorative it has entirely ceased falling—is growing as fast as my natural hair. Before I used Jones's Coral Hair Restorative I combed out handfuls of hair daily.
W. W. TOMPKINS, 29 King st., N. Y.
Mr. Power, of Worcester, certifies: I have used Jones's Coral Hair Restorative, and Jones's Coral Hair Restorative entirely cured it.
Do you want to dress beautifully, and make your hair soft and fine?—Read—Henry B. Cullen, late barber on board the steamer South America, do certify that Jones's Coral Hair Restorative is the best article I ever used for dressing, softening, cleaning, and keeping the hair a long time in order; all my customers preferred it to any thing else.
Sold only in N. York at 95 Chatham street; and by R. WILLIAMS, Agent for Columbia. j2343-6m

SOAP.
JONES'S Italian SOAP is called by the Medical Society of Paris, "a blessing, a miracle, and a wonder," to cure eruptions, disfigurement, or discoloration of the skin.
It cures pimples, blotches, freckles, salt rheum, scurf, scaly heads, tan, sunburn, sore throat, and all changes of the complexion, softening, cleansing, and keeping the hair a long time in order; all my customers preferred it to any thing else.
Sold only in N. York at 95 Chatham street; and by R. WILLIAMS, Agent for Columbia. j2343-6m

SAFE! Always Effective! Are you a sufferer from Fever, or any kind of cold, or any kind of ailment, followed by its faithful attendants, the burning fever and drenching perspiration? Lose no time, then, in procuring a bottle of Dr. Osgood's Cholera Remedy. It will cure you in all cases, and you will be able to go about as usual, and which your own experience will most fully prove. For sale by June 3, 1848. W. A. LEADER.
Also for sale by S. M. Smith, Wrightsville.

UNIVERSAL VERMIN DESTROYER. It has long been the study of Pharmacologists to produce a preparation which would prove a certain and safe remedy for all kinds of Mice, Rats, and other vermin, but every effort has been fruitless till the present. After much study and experiments the proprietor has succeeded in discovering a preparation, which he guarantees will prove effectual in the entire annihilation of the above named vermin.
For sale by W. A. LEADER, Front street, May 29.

NEW GOODS.
W. M. & S. PATTON have just received a large and fashionable stock of SHIRING AND SUMMER DRESS GOODS; Consisting of Ginghams, Lawns, Barges, Linen and Alpaca, Lustrous, fancy Prints, &c., at the very lowest prices. S. L. K. S.
Plain and changeable Dress Silks, Black and Blue Black for Mantles, with a variety of Black and Blue for the season. Please call and examine our stock. Columbia, April 22, 1848—17 W. & S. PATTON.

TO SPORTSMEN.
THE undersigned have just received the best and most complete assortment of English and German trap and twist and patent breech BOWLE BARRELED GUNS, which have ever been offered in this market at such prices. Call on the undersigned at the Hardware Store, for yourselves, at the cheap Hardware Store of RUMPLE & HESS, Columbia, August 21, 1847.

MORNING TRAIN AGAIN.
Between York, Wrightsville and Columbia.—The President and Directors of the Baltimore and Susquehanna Hill Road Company having consented to continue the MORNING TRAIN between the above places.
The Car will leave Columbia DAILY, (Sundays excepted) at 6 o'clock, A. M., and the Train will leave Wrightsville at 6 o'clock, A. M. The Train will leave York at 8 o'clock, A. M.
D. C. H. BORDLEY, Super.
April 17, 1847.

Poetry.

GOOD-BYE TO MEXICO.

Homeward our feet are turned once more
The last to leave—the first to land—
And now press forward to the shore
That girls our own free, northern land.
Oh! bid the heart with more than thrills!
How leap, in thought, our mountain hills!
And waves afar the golden grain.
Upon our home fields wide and fair—
That we shall see and tread again—
Wooded by our own sweet summer air!
Homeward—how much is in that word?
Home—that we left long years ago—
When first the blast of war was heard,
On hill above, in vale below,
Then how our young men lurched forth,
From east and west, and south and north!
They met and vanquished of the foe
On many hard-contested field,
Where, with their banners torn and low,
We saw his losing legions yield.
But this is past—peace has returned—
Our fields are sheathed and tillage now,
Bright harvests for the weaver's loom,
And now, our soldier's, duty done,
We leave this land of blood and sun,
Its never-changing summer time—
Its gardens and its olive groves,
And avenues of fragrant hum—
Its eaves, its mitiques, and its levees.
Oh! land of beauty, peerless bright!
Of snow-capped peaks, and smiling plains;
Yet shrouded in a darker night,
Than ever Egypt's shrimms remain!
The stranger, parting from thy shore
Thy glories to behold no more,
Bids thee farewell with swelling heart,
As his swift bark leaps o'er the sea,
And as the transient deeps start,
Prays God that thou may'st yet be free.
Farewell!—no tears are broken, though
I've turned long upon the soil;
Farewell!—though coming as a foe,
I leave without hate or spoil;
And parting thus—forever—let
The stranger hope that you may yet
Rise from your living grave, and stand
Before the nations, just and great—
Protecting all within the land—
A free and independent State.
Farewell!—thy spires are sinking in
Behold you grey, volcanic hill—
I feel this look will be the last,
Yet no regret my bosom fills;
For all my hopes and all my fears
Are with the scenes of earlier years,
Fond memories fast around me throng,
And shall I, can I, break the spell!
One parting word—a deep, a long,
A hearty, and a last FAREWELL!

Select Stories.

THE HARD NAME.

"Well, it is certainly very mysterious," said Mrs. Smith.
"Very mysterious, indeed!" said Mrs. Brown.
"Altogether beyond my comprehension!" said Miss Willoughough.
"Mysterious? do tell me all about it?" said Mrs. Jones, who had just entered the room, and heard enough of the conversation to convince her that scandal was the subject; as, indeed, one might have known had she been deaf—for what other subject had been started at Mrs. Smith's for a twelve-month?
"Have you heard nothing of the mysterious stranger?" asked Mrs. Brown.
"Nothing!"
"Who has been here ever since the day before yesterday morning?" added Mrs. Smith.
"Not a word; how remarkable!"
"And whose name no one can discover!" continued Miss Willoughough.
"Wonderful! wonderful!" exclaimed Mrs. Jones. "But what is the peculiar mystery about him?"
"A great deal, I assure you," answered Mrs. Smith. "In the first place he wears a black coat and drab pantaloons; and then, again he—indeed his whole appearance has an air of very peculiar mystery."
"Bless me! what are we all coming to! But is there any way to find out who he is?"
"I expect Miss Vinegar here any moment," said Mrs. Smith, "and if any one knows anything about him, she does."
"What, that old maid! Oh, I detest her!" said Mrs. Jones, "she is so terribly inquisitive. I never could bear any one who is eternally prying into the affairs of their neighbors. Then you can't find out even his name. I would give anything to know. But here comes Miss Vinegar; perhaps she can tell us."
Miss Vinegar poked her sorrow visage into the room. She looked the very incarnation of scandal, and well she might, for it had been her daily food for more than thirty years. Miss Vinegar was not of a certain, but of a very uncertain age—varying from twenty-five to forty, according as you took her assurance, or the family bible for your guide; and the whole of that time she had passed in the laudable occupation of investigating and regulating the affairs of her neighbors. She had a general oversight of the whole village. She knew everything that ever happened, and was positive of a great many things that never did happen. Like the glorious sun, she shone on all alike. None so elevated as to be above the reach of her tongue; none so low as to escape the vigilance of her condescending scrutiny. But alas! the most distinguished powers are sometimes compelled inactive from the want of proper objects for their exertions. Such seemed to be the inevitable fate of Miss Vinegar. Possessed of every faculty and blessed with every inclination for the manufacture of scandal, she was alarmingly deficient in the raw material. She had worked up every character within her reach. With the intuition of genius she had seized upon every incident susceptible of expansion, and had stretched it to its utmost extent. She had done everything that could have been done, but, alas! who can make bricks without straw? Her best exertions met with no encouragement. Nothing would happen out of the regular course of events—Everybody went to church on Sundays. Nobody was extravagant in dress or dinners. Nobody was getting married, or like to be; poor woman she felt sure of that. In fact, there was nothing worthy the attention of Miss Vinegar, and people began to fear that, for want of any other who would attack her own character, she did nothing occur in better time than the appearance of the mysterious stranger.
Miss Vinegar's researches had not been attended with that success which usually rewards persevering industry.

MR. BOGGS VS. MR. NOGGS.

A FAMILY SKETCH.

In one of the prettiest of New England's pretty villages, not a score of miles from Boston, there resided two men of about the same age, who so strongly resembled each other, that those even who came in contact with them daily, can with difficulty distinguish one from the other. Within a few years past they have become warm and intimate friends; they dress precisely alike, and are constantly the occasion of ludicrous errors, from the similarity of their appearance. They may be known as Mr. Boggs and Mr. Noggs.
Some time since the Sheriff had a writ placed in his hands for the detention of Mr. Boggs, and though in the habit of meeting these men very often, he served the process upon Mr. Noggs, despite all his protestations, and had arrived with his prisoner at the very threshold of 'limbo,' before he became satisfied of his mistake; meantime, Mr. Boggs was snug at home, enjoying his cigar, little troubled with an idea of law or the predicament of his friend! The last joke current, however, is a good one.
Mr. Boggs had been paying his addresses to a very young woman, some dozen miles from his residence, and week before last she consented to become Mrs. Boggs.—The marriage ceremony was performed at an early hour in the morning, at the lady's home, and the happy couple departed before noon. After dining at the earnest solicitation of a female friend of her new liege lord, the bride consented to a stroll in the village, leaving Mr. Boggs to abide with a few companions over a glass of Hockheimer.
Mr. Noggs—the counterfeit resemblance of his quondam associate—had been called away upon urgent business a week previously, and found it impossible to return in season to witness the 'splicing' of his friend. He had just reached home, and having attired himself, he was on his way to pay his respects to the newly wedded pair, as the bride and her companion were returning from their walk. Mrs. Boggs encountered Mr. Noggs a short distance from the house, and hailed her supposed husband in the happiest manner.
"Why, Charles! Couldn't you be content an hour without me?"
"Ma'am?" said Noggs, taken entirely by surprise.
"I've had a nice walk, and am just returning," Mrs. Boggs stared in utter astonishment.
"Some mistake, ma'am," continued Mr. Noggs, absent-mindedly.
"This is my friend, Charles—Miss Bloom."
"Yes, ma'am—but, really—"
"My husband, Charlotte."
"What, ma'am?"
"Come, Charles! you shouldn't have tarried so long over your wine, upon your wedding day."
"Me! My name ain't Charles, ma'am!"
"Fie, fie! come along!"
"I see—yes—'I perceive; it's Mr. Boggs you mean."
"Very well, then! Don't make a scene in the street, here—Mister Boggs, if you are so particular, come along—and seizing upon Noggs' arm, the fair bride urged him toward the house, evidently supposing her husband to be a little whimsical. But poor Noggs, was in trouble.
"I ain't Mr. Boggs, ma'am—my name is Noggs."
"Noggs, ma'am?" said Mrs. B., gazing in his face.
"Noggs," echoed Mr. N. emphatically.
Mrs. Boggs looked again, and with a stumbling apology escaped, arriving a few minutes after at her residence. The story was told, Mr. Noggs was announced, the error was corrected, and everybody laughed except Mr. Boggs!
A merry evening succeeded, nevertheless—the company finally separated—the bride was escorted home, and even Mr. Noggs, the modest Mr. Boggs, joined in the ceremony. The happy bride was suddenly missed from the circle, the friends separated, and an hour afterwards Mr. Boggs was left alone in his parlor.
The loving husband at length ventured toward his chamber. The round harvest-moon darted its ethereal but brilliant rays through the lattice work which shielded the casements, and the sweet breeze almost died—when the squeak of Mr. Boggs' bran new boots upon her chamber's threshold, aroused him. It was past midnight, and Mr. Boggs had always been accustomed to retire early. At that lone 'stilly hour' Mr. Boggs advanced cautiously and timidly towards his sleeping apartment, and, for the first time in his life,
"Mieging thoughts—
"But he pushed forward, at peace with all the world, save his bootmaker, whom he cursed from the very bottom of his soul!
Mr. Boggs reached the door—it was slightly very slightly ajar; he listened, but nothing save the still small voice of a 'croaker' in the neighboring frog pond, broke the stillness of the scene—and as it was getting towards morning, Mr. Boggs concluded it advisable to proceed. His hand was on the latchet. Not rudely, but with scrupulous decorum, he gently opened the door, and stepped forward (oh! those cursed boots!) a shocking squeak, resembling that of a short beneath a gate, saluted the sufferers ears as he entered, which was followed by the interesting interrogatory—especially interesting at such a moment—from Mrs. Boggs—
"Who's there?"
"Me, love," said Mr. Boggs, half choked.
"No are you?"
"Mr. Charlotte."
"If so?"
"Hush!" continued Mr. Boggs, about to shut the door.
"How dare you, Sir, presume—"
"What, dearest?"
"Open that door, Sir!"
Mr. Boggs immediately obeyed, and Mrs. Boggs re-adjusted her sweet little narrow-bordered night cap. "Now, Sir, may I ask what is your business here at this time of night?"
"Why, Charlotte?" stammered Mr. Boggs.
"Speak, Sir!"
"Wife, don't you know me?"
"What do you want, Sir?"
"It's very late—"
"Well, Sir!"
"And I thought it time to retire."
"I have my doubts, Sir."
"Of what, dearest?"
"Your identity."
"Me!—Mine? Why, I'm Mr. Boggs."
"Not Noggs?"
"Not Noggs, but Boggs, your loving husband, Charlotte!"
"Well—I'm in doubt! You can't come here (and the bewitching beauty placed her snow-white hand upon the undisturbed front pillow) until you really satisfy me whether you really be Mr. Noggs or Mr. Boggs."
"Poor Boggs!"
At the expiration of another half hour, the village clock struck three. Mr. Boggs had been sitting in his lolling chair at a respectful distance, and Mrs. Boggs having exhausted herself of argument in the endeavor to convince her husband that he was somebody else, had finally fallen asleep.

MR. BOGGS VS. MR. NOGGS.

A BIT OF ROMANCE.

It is a trite, but at the same time, true remark, that the true incidents of life constantly occurring around us, possess far more romantic interest than the fanciful ones conceived in the teeming brain of the novelist. Of this the following 'or true tale, told us in brief by the steward of the packet-boat Louisiana, on Saturday, will furnish an illustration: Some ten years ago, as our readers will remember, there was what was termed a "rebellion" in Canada, and after the "patriots" were subdued, some were summarily executed, and a portion banished for a long term of years to Australia. Most of these latter were men of families, from which they were torn without mercy, to expiate in a far distant land, by imprisonment and hard labor, the crime of having failed in their attempt to rid their country of the evils of misgovernment. We think they acted very unwisely in proceeding to the extremes they did, but this point we will not stop to consider.—With one of these ex-patriated men our tale has chiefly to do.
For seven or eight weary years he had borne the hardships of a lonely captivity, hopeless of ever seeing home or friends again, when a general amnesty was proclaimed by the British Government in regard to all, with one or two exceptions, of those who had been concerned in the rebellion. Our hero was now at liberty, and his first thought was to seek his home. But he had no means to pay his passage there, and he accordingly applied to the British Consul, which was at the end of two years more, landed him upon his native shores.
Wife, children, and friends filled his thoughts, and he hastened to his old residence in Canada. Every thing remained as it had been—friends and neighbours greeted him as he passed along—but how his heart sunk within him to find the household deserted, and to learn that his wife had been married two years to another, supposing the husband of her youth to be dead. She and her new found mate had left that part of the country and settled somewhere in Illinois.
The poor man felt desolate indeed, and he determined to see and if possible to reclaim his wife and children. After weary travel and many inquiries he traced them to Knox County, Illinois, where they were comfortably settled in their new home. There he presented himself a few days since. The wife could not have been more surprised or pained to see an apparition from the grave, for she had long considered him as dead. The new husband, too, was rather disagreeably surprised to see before him a claimant for his wife. What should he do? The first husband, was anxious to obtain the lady, the second was disinclined to give her up, looking upon his claim as good.
They were reasonable people all around. The original claimant remained in the neighborhood couple of weeks, during which time the matter was frankly talked over. At last the rivals came to the very just and rational conclusion that the lady was the proper person to make a final decision of the question, and to her it was mutually agreed to refer it, giving her time to consider it in all its bearings.
What more perplexing position could a woman be placed in than that? Here were two men with almost equal claims upon her affections. One was the husband of her youth, the other, bound to her heart by near and sacred ties, and by the mutual love they bore an infant that had been born to them. She could not for a time decide—what true hearted woman could? A tumult of thoughts and emotions filled her heart, alternately swaying her from side to side. Thus the conflict lasted for several days, during which time she was enabled to look clearly into her own heart, and at last she was ready for a decision.
Which could she choose but the man around whom were twined the tendrils of a first and strong affection—to whom she had given the first offerings of her heart? The needle may vibrate for a time, but it points at last with unflinching constancy to the never-setting star of the north; and in like manner, the heart of a true woman, having in the wide universe but one fitting mate, will, after vicissitudes, turn lovingly to the sunny warmth of "first, only love."
A disposition of the youngest child must now be made, and it was mutually agreed by the two men, that as it could not be deprived of a mother's care, the first husband should take it with the other children, to be restored to the father at some future time.—The re-united family now made preparations to go to a new home, as great was the interest, and as many as a hundred and fifty persons from the neighborhood were present to witness their departure. On Saturday last they came up in the packet Louisiana, on their way to Michigan, where they will take up their residence.
We naturally sympathize with the first husband, to whom wife and children are restored, but who will not feel for the bereavement of the second?

TWO JERSEY GIRLS

WHO DIDN'T SEE THE ELEPHANT.

One of the Jersey boats brought to the city of New York, on the 4th, two young, fresh and hearty girls, who had long before agreed to celebrate the Fourth of July together, in seeing the wonders and amusements of that city. They had made a trifle of money in picking strawberries at one penny a basket; were fast friends and not half as green as the fields they were accustomed to roam in, albeit they were veritable country girls, and had never read the latest work on etiquette. You may be sure they were in fine spirits, when, after swallowing a cup of tolerable coffee in Washington Market, they walked up Fulton street to the American Museum, paid their two shillings each, and "helped themselves" liberally to a sight of the numberless curiosities which that popular establishment contains.
When, according to their own estimation, they had got their money's worth, they went out, intending to make their way to the Battery, to see the military pageant. But they had scarcely left the Museum steps before a good-looking, well-dressed young man, quite accidentally stumbled against them, and quite as naturally apologized for the unpromised offence.
"There's no harm done," said Susan, "is there Jane? We are country girls, and don't mind trifles." Besides, you city people always walk with your eyes at the tops of the houses. For my part, I don't see how you get along so well."
"Then you are from the country, young ladies?" said the strange young gentleman, with a bow and a smile.
"Yes, we are," answered Susan; "ain't we Jane? We are from the Jerseys, just back of Shrewsbury. Were you ever at Shrewsbury, sir—down at the Beach, I mean? It's a famous place along that shore, and people who are born there have their eyes turned ready cut, and their eye-brows buttoned back when they're away from home—Catch them napping! Why they were all what you call land pirates once, and didn't think any more of tolling a ship ashore, than a city sharper would think of cheating a country green-horn."
"I am not from the Jerseys," the young man replied, "but am a stranger in town, like yourself, and if you have objection, I should be pleased to accompany you round for a few hours."
"I'm agreeable," said Susan, "if Jane is. We are going to the Battery to see the eagers."
Jane said that she was not the girl to break up pleasant company, and off the trio started—the girls quietly exchanging glances as Susan whispered to Jane—
"He one of 'em we've read of in the papers, and now for some fun, Jane, dear."
Very pleasantly, arm-in-arm, the party worked their way through the crowd, and had got as far down as Trinity Church, when, with a sudden start and a loud exclamation, Susan declared that she had lost the purse which contained the money of both herself and Jane. Jane looked sorrowful, while the young man appeared to be not a little embarrassed.
"I do not care," said Susan, after regaining her composure; "it was not much—a few cents over five dollars; and I have a fifty dollar bill pinned in my sleeve, which I was to pay away for father. But I'll get that changed, and let father pay the next time he comes up." Saying which she presented a fifty dollar note, and asked the young gentleman where she could get it changed?
"All the brokers are closed to-day," he said, "and I have not more than fifteen dollars in city money but me. If the balance in Southern money would answer—"
"Is it good?" asked Susan.
"Oh, perfectly good," was the reply, "although you must get it exchanged at the brokers."
"Father'll do that—give me fifteen dollars in city money—that's more than I want to-day—and the rest in Southern, as you call it."
The exchange was made, the Jersey girl pocketing fifteen dollars in good money, and thirty-five in worthless bills, and the three resumed their walk to the battery.
The sharper was very polite and attentive, and Susan and Jane as cordial as if they had known him from childhood. But we have not time to follow this interesting party in their sight seeing on the Fourth.
They went down to one of the eating houses, near Fulton Market, to dine, about two o'clock, and then the girls began to talk of moving for the boat, which left at four. Their companion insisted that they should stay and see the fire-works in the evening, and said he had an aunt who kept a fashionable boarding-house, where they could stay all night, and return home the next morning. Jane protested that they must go back that night, but Susan, with a sly wink, said they could well stay over, but they must go down to the boat, and send word by the Captain to her father, who would be waiting for them at the landing. Jane, with much seeming reluctance, assented, and away the three started for the boat. They were obliged to wait, because Susan could not find the Captain, and it would not do to send the message by anybody else. Three o'clock came; then half past three, then a quarter to four—still Susan could not see the Captain. They were standing by the gangway when the boat came. It tolled, the ropes were being cast off, when Susan, with a wink at Jane, said, that on the whole, she believed she would go home, and the two girls stepped on board the boat, just as they were pulling on the plank.
"Much obliged for your politeness," said Susan, with a merry laugh, and speaking to the spark-gallant, who stood on the pier—"remember me to your aunt."
"And me, too," said Jane, laughing also; "and if ever you come down our way, tell us how you enjoyed the fire-works. I'm sure you won't forget us!"
When the boat was under way the girls broke out into a real Jersey laugh.
"You didn't lose your purse?" asked Jane.
"Here it is," said Susan, "to speak for the ease and some of the rogue's money; in fact, only think, that fifty dollar counterfeit bill, marked counterfeit in big letters on the back of it, that father got when he was a grand jurymen, and indicted the counterfeiters—to pass that off for fifteen dollars good money, (I know it's good) and have a handsome bean in the bargain!"
"But suppose," said Jane, earnestly, "that we should be mistaken and he not be the sharper we suspect?"
"Not a sharper? Why didn't he want us to go to his aunt's?"
"But the chap made a mistake—he's not had much acquaintance with Jersey girls, but he'll know 'em again, when he sees 'em." And Susan put 'em her money in a way which expressed the satisfaction she felt at the result of her Fourth of July adventure in New York.—N. Y. Dispatch.

A BIT OF ROMANCE.

It is a trite, but at the same time, true remark, that the true incidents of life constantly occurring around us, possess far more romantic interest than the fanciful ones conceived in the teeming brain of the novelist. Of this the following 'or true tale, told us in brief by the steward of the packet-boat Louisiana, on Saturday, will furnish an illustration: Some ten years ago, as our readers will remember, there was what was termed a "rebellion" in Canada, and after the "patriots" were subdued, some were summarily executed, and a portion banished for a long term of years to Australia. Most of these latter were men of families, from which they were torn without mercy, to expiate in a far distant land, by imprisonment and hard labor, the crime of having failed in their attempt to rid their country of the evils of misgovernment. We think they acted very unwisely in proceeding to the extremes they did, but this point we will not stop to consider.—With one of these ex-patriated men our tale has chiefly to do.
For seven or eight weary years he had borne the hardships of a lonely captivity, hopeless of ever seeing home or friends again, when a general amnesty was proclaimed by the British Government in regard to all, with one or two exceptions, of those who had been concerned in the rebellion. Our hero was now at liberty, and his first thought was to seek his home. But he had no means to pay his passage there, and he accordingly applied to the British Consul, which was at the end of two years more, landed him upon his native shores.
Wife, children, and friends filled his thoughts, and he hastened to his old residence in Canada. Every thing remained as it had been—friends and neighbours greeted him as he passed along—but how his heart sunk within him to find the household deserted, and to learn that his wife had been married two years to another, supposing the husband of her youth to be dead. She and her new found mate had left that part of the country and settled somewhere in Illinois.
The poor man felt desolate indeed, and he determined to see and if possible to reclaim his wife and children. After weary travel and many inquiries he traced them to Knox County, Illinois, where they were comfortably settled in their new home. There he presented himself a few days since. The wife could not have been more surprised or pained to see an apparition from the grave, for she had long considered him as dead. The new husband, too, was rather disagreeably surprised to see before him a claimant for his wife. What should he do? The first husband, was anxious to obtain the lady, the second was disinclined to give her up, looking upon his claim as good.
They were reasonable people all around. The original claimant remained in the neighborhood couple of weeks, during which time the matter was frankly talked over. At last the rivals came to the very just and rational conclusion that the lady was the proper person to make a final decision of the question, and to her it was mutually agreed to refer it, giving her time to consider it in all its bearings.
What more perplexing position could a woman be placed in than that? Here were two men with almost equal claims upon her affections. One was the husband of her youth, the other, bound to her heart by near and sacred ties, and by the mutual love they bore an infant that had been born to them. She could not for a time decide—what true hearted woman could? A tumult of thoughts and emotions filled her heart, alternately swaying her from side to side. Thus the conflict lasted for several days, during which time she was enabled to look clearly into her own heart, and at last she was ready for a decision.
Which could she choose but the man around whom were twined the tendrils of a first and strong affection—to whom she had given the first offerings of her heart? The needle may vibrate for a time, but it points at last with unflinching constancy to the never-setting star of the north; and in like manner, the heart of a true woman, having in the wide universe but one fitting mate, will, after vicissitudes, turn lovingly to the sunny warmth of "first, only love."
A disposition of the youngest child must now be made, and it was mutually agreed by the two men, that as it could not be deprived of a mother's care, the first husband should take it with the other children, to be restored to the father at some future time.—The re-united family now made preparations to go to a new home, as great was the interest, and as many as a hundred and fifty persons from the neighborhood were present to witness their departure. On Saturday last they came up in the packet Louisiana, on their way to Michigan, where they will take up their residence.
We naturally sympathize with the first husband, to whom wife and children are restored, but who will not feel for the bereavement of the second?

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

What a beautiful sight is a well ordered family. If there is a paradise on earth, surely, it seems to me it must be in the bosom of such a family. How wise and beneficent is our Heavenly Father, in constituting the family circle, as the best and most enjoyable place, that can be found in any other place, that can bear any comparison to what may be realized in that family where all its members are actuated by the laws of kindness. Here is an epitome of heaven.—Each one is doing his utmost to make the rest happy; and love and peace reign in every breast. The parents love their children, and do all they can for their comfort, improvement, and highest good every way; and the children in return, respect, and obey their parents in all things and do their utmost to realize the fulfillment of their hopes in every respect.
At home, around the family circle there is no restraint, no concealment of the real disposition, no assuming, for the time being, a pleasant countenance and an agreeable manner where the heart is not enlisted, as is often the case in a strange company, but every truth springs from the spontaneous feelings of the heart, and is the index of its real character. To know the character of an individual, you want to see him at home, where he acts without disguise. If here he is kind, gentle, affectionate, polite and obliging, in all his actions, you need not fear to trust him in any situation in life. One who is kind at home will not be unkind abroad.
I love to visit a family where love reigns. It does me good in every respect. I well remember, and never shall forget, the happiness that I enjoyed, and the real benefit that I received, in visiting a certain family, while I was pursuing my College studies. I took delight in visiting several families, but one house was my favorite place of resort, especially if my studies had perplexed me, or anything had transpired to discompose my mind, or in any way irritate my feelings; just as it is the social privilege of a lady who had five most lovely children, a widow lady who had five most lovely children, I think I never witnessed in any other family such perfect government. The slightest indication of the wish of the mother, was law with the children. This power she had gained not by accident, but by