THE COLUMBIA SPY.

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

NEW SERIES, VOL. 2, NO. 8.] COLUMBIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1848. [WHOLE NUMBER, 951.

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.

NEW STORE.

THE Subscribers Respectfully inform their friends and the public, that they have taken the Store formerly occupied by S. B. Boude & 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. Olive, Brown, and Blue Cloths; French, English, and American Black and Blue-Black Cassimeres; Striped, Plaid, and Figured Cassimeres, Satinets, Summer Cloths, Gambroons; Low priced Summer Stuffs. Cords and Beaverteens, &c.

LADIES' DRESS GOODS.

Grenadines, Organdies, Passlins, Barege. Silk Tissue, Lawns, Ginghams, and Black and Blue-Black Gro de Rhines, Plaid and Striped Black Silks, Fancy Dress Silks, New Style Chamelies, ALSO, Calicoes, Muslins, Checks, Ginghams, Ticking, Chambreyse, Linen and Cotton Table Diaper, Napkins, Gloves, Cotton, Alpaca, and Silk Hose, New Style Bonnet Trimmings, &c., &c. ALSO,

GLASSWARE & QUEENSWARE—GROCERIES: Sugars, Coffees, Teas, Mackerel, Herring, Molasses, 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 of our friends and the public. All kinds of Country Produce taken in at the highest prices.

ROBT. CHALFA T,
PETER HALDEMA , Jr.

Columbia, March 25, 1848—tf

MORE

BARGAINS. The subscribers have, during the past week, made a large addition to their former stock of

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS,

which, for elegance and cheapness, cannot be surpassed. Among which is a very large assortment of PRINTS, at 4 cts, 6 cts, 8 cts, 10 cts, and 12½ cts per yard. DRESS GINGHAMS as low as 12½ cts, 19 cts, and 25 cts, Alpacas and Linens, Lustres. A general assortment of

FURNISHING GOODS.

Such as 4-4, 5-4, 6-4, and 10-4 Bleached and Brown Sheetings, Tickings, Checks, Crash, Linen and Cotton, Brown and Bleached, Table Diapers, &c.

GENTLEMEN'S DRESS GOODS.

Sup. Blue and Black French Cloths; sup. Blue, Black, Brown, and Olive English Cloths; Plain and Fancy Cassimeres, Satinets, Vestings, &c.

CHINA, Glass, and Queensware; Fresh Family Groceries, selected with very great care, among which are New Crop Sugars—Loaf, Pulverised and Crushed Sugars. Coffees, Spices, the Superior Teas of the New York Canton Tea Company, Oils, Fish, &c.

All of which they are determined to sell as LOW as the VERY LOWEST, for cash or country produce.

Thankful for past favors, they respectfully solicit a continuance of the patronage heretofore bestowed upon them.

J. D. & J. WRIGHT,
Locust St., 2 doors below Second St.

Columbia, Mrsh 25, 1848—tf

BALD HAEDS

GRAY Heads, Red Heads, and all with Bad Hair, Read! Mr. ABRAHAM VANDERBECK, of 98 Avenue D., New York, certifies that his head was entirely bald on the top, and by the use of two 3s. bottles of Jones's Coral Hair Restorative, he has a good crop of hair, and will soon have it long and thick.

Mr. William Jackson, of 80 Liberty street, Pittsburgh, Pa., certifies: On the 3d of February, 1847, that Mr. Thomas Jackson's head, on the top, was entirely bald for 15 years, and that by using two 3s. bottles of Jone's Coral Hair Restorative, the hair is growing fast and thick, and will soon be entirely restored.

Gray Heads! Gray Heads! 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 fast, and has a fine dark look. Before I used Jones's Coral Hair Restorative I combed out handfulls of hair daily. W. TOMPKINS, 92 King st., N. Y.

Mr. Power, a grocer, of Fulton st., had his hair choked up with dandruff, and Jones's Coral Hair Restorative entirely cured it.

Do you want to dress, beautify, and make your hair soft and fine. Read—I, Henry E. Cullen, late barber on board the steamboat South America, do certify that Jones's Coral Hair Restorative is the best article I ever used for dressing, 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 82 Chatham street; and by R. WILLIAMS, Agent for Columbia. je24'48-6m

SOAP.

JONES'S Italian Chemical Soap is called by the Medical Society of Paris, "a blessing, a miracle and a wonder," to cure eruption, disfigurement or discoloration of the skin.

It cures' pimples, blotches, freckles, salt rheum, scurvy, sore heads, tan, sunburn, morphew, and it changes the color of dark, yellow or sunburnt skins, to a fine healthy clearness. For sale by R. WILLIAMS, Agent for Columbia. je24'48-6m

ALWAYS

SAFE! Always Effectual! Are you a sufferer from Fever and Ague? Are you afflicted with the periodical return of that cold and formal visitor, the chill, followed by its faithful attendants, the burning fever and drenching perspiration? Lose no time, then, in procuring a bottle of Dr. Osgood's India Cholagogue. You will have but one chill at most after you commence it and probably none at all. Your neighbor who has used the medicine will assure you of this. It is but the promise of a result which thousands have already realized, and which your own experience will most fully prove. For sale by

June 3, 1848. WM. A. LEADER.

Also for sale by S. M. Smith, Wrightsville.

UNIVERSAL

VERMIN DESTROYER. It has long been the study of Pharmaceutics to produce a preparation which would prove a Specific for the destruction of Rats, Mice, Roaches, and Chinces, 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 WM. A. LEADER.
May 20. Front street.

NEW GOODS.

WM. & S. PATTON have just received a large and fas ionable stock of

SRING AND SUMMER DRESS GOODS;

Consisting of Ginghams, Lawns, Bareges, Linen and Alpaca Lustres, fancy Prints &c., at the very lowest prices.

SILKS.

Plain and changeable Dress Silks, Black and Blue-Black for Mantilas, with every style of Dress Goods for the season. Please coll and examine our stock.

Columbia, April 22, 1848-tf W. & S. PATTON.

TO SPORTSMEN.

THE undersigned have just received the best and most complete assortment of English and German stub and twist and patent breech DOUBLE BARRELED GUNS, which have ever been offered in this market at such prices that will suit all. Also, six Barrelled Revolving and self-cocking PISTOLS. Call and examine 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 Rail Road Company having consented to continue the MORNING TRAIN between the above places.

☞ The Car will leave Columbia DAILY, [Sundays excepted] at 6¼ o'clock, A. M., and the Train will leave Wrightsville at 6¾ o'clock. Returning, the Train will leave York at 8 o'clock, A. M.

D. C. H. BORDLEY.
April 17, 1847. Super't.

Business Directory.

TERMS OF THE DIRECTORY.

To persons advertising in the SPY by the year, there will be no extra charge. Subscribers can have the Spy and their card inserted for one year by paying $1.50 in advance, or if they have paid for the paper, 50 cts. for the card. Those who are not subscribers we will charge $1 for inserting their card one year.

JOHN F. HOUSTON,
Attorney, Locust Street, between Front and Second Sts.

PHILIP GOSSLER,
Attorney, Walnut St., between Front and Second.

WILLIAM S. McCORKLE,
Physician, corner of Locust and Second streets.

T. TYRRELL, DENTIST,
Nos. 3 & 4, Walnut street, above Barr's Hotel.

P. SCHREINER'S WATCH AND
JEWELRY STORE, No. 1, Schreiner's Row, Front Street.

HERR'S WASHINGTON HOTEL,
Corner of Front and Walnut Streets, Columbia, Penna.

J. D. & J. WRIGHT,
Dry Goods Merchants, Locust st. 3rd door below 2nd st.

FRY & SPANGLER,
Dry Goods Merchants, Locust street, below the Bank.

W. & S. PATTON,
Dry Goods Merchants, S. E. corner of Locust & Front st.

CHALFANT & HALDEMAN,
Dry Goods Merchants, N. W. corner of Locuts & Front, st.

J. W. FISHER,
Merchant Tailor, Front street, 2d door above Locust st.

JOHN JORDAN & CO.
Merchant Tailors Front St., between Locust and Walnut.

A. G. STEVENS,
Clothing Merchant, No. 42, Front street.

WILLIAM A. LEADER,
Druggist, Front Street, between Locust and Walnut Sts.

R. WILLIAMS,
Druggist, Front st, between Locust and Walnut sts.

G. L. MYERS,
Druggist, Schreiners Row, Front street.

LEWIS TREDENICK & CO.,
Hatters, Front Street, a few doors below Herr's Hotel.

WM. TEMPLE, HATTER,
No. 2, Schreiner's Row, Front st.

P. SEIBERT,
Cabinet Maker, corner of Third and Locust Street.

JAMES JORDAN, BOOT AND SHOE
Manufacturer, Locust street, opposite Haldeman's Store.

C. GROVE,
Boot and Shoe Manufacturer, adjoining Herr's Hotel.

FRANCIS BRADLEY, BOOT & SHOE
Manufacturer, Second, between Locust and Walnut st.

J. M. WATTS, BOOT & SHOE
Manufacturer, Front st. between Locust and Walnut st.

S. GROVE,
Boot and Shoe Manufacturer, Front, below Locust st.

J. H. HUNTER,
Hat, Boot and Shoe Store, No. 40, Front st.

F. X. ZEIGLER, VARIETY AND
Shoe-Finding Store, Locust street, above Front street.

JOHN SLACK,
Variety Store, No. 41, Front st.

WM. MATHIOT,
Variety Store, Front st. between Locust and Walnut st.

WM. H. SPANGLER,
Book seller and Stationer, Front st. 3d door above Locust.

SAMUEL EVANS,
Lumber Merchant and Master Builder, Locust street.

H. SUYDAM, PAINTER, GLAZIER,
Paper Hanger, &c., Second, between Cherry & Union st.

MARTIN & KELLING,
Herb Doctors, Front Street, next door to Boyle's Hotel.

WM. CEGGETT, BARBER AND
HAIR DRESSER, back of Herr's Hotel, Walnut street.

HATS AND CAPS.

LEWIS TREDENICK & Co., late from Philadelphia, dealers in HATS and CAPS, would most respectfully beg leave to inform the citizens of Columbia and its vicinity, that they have purchased the old and well known Hat Manufacturing Establishment kept by JOHN VAUGHEN for many years, next door to J. Felix's Jewelry Store, Front Street, Columbia, Pa., where they intend to spare no pains and means to carry on the above business in all its various branches. Their stock consits in part of fine Mole Skin, Beaver, Nutria, and Castor HATS. Also, a splendid assortment of Pearl and Braid Summer HATS of the latest fashion and style, together with a good assortment of CAPS of every size, price, and quality. New style Silk Hats, which we have just received from Philadelphia, and which we will sell at city prices.

With the confidence resulting from an experience of a number of years with one of the first hatters in Philadelphia, will guarantee us in saying, that for fashion, neatness, durability, and CHEAPNESS, we cannot be surpassed by any establishment in the Union.

LEWIS TREDENICK & Co.

Columbia, June 3, 1848.—tf.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

JAMES JORDAN, Fashionable Boot and Shoe maker, respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has opened a

BOOT AND SHOE ESTABLISHMENT,

immediately opposite Peter Haldeman's Store, where he is prepared to execute all orders in his line, with neatness and despatch. He feels confident in giving satisfaction to all who may favor him with a call. Members of the O. U. A. M., are respectfully invited to give him a call.

Columbia, April 8, 1848.-1y

TIN

AND COPPER BUSINESS. H. Pfahler & Co., thankful for past encouragement, would announce to the citizens of Columbia and its vicinity, that they still continue to manufacture Tin and Copper ware of all kinds at their old stand, in Locust street, one door north of the Columbia Bank, and respectfully solicit a continuance of public patronage.

March 11, 1848-tf

PHILADELPHIA

WARDROBE Clothing Emporium, No. 105, Chesnut Street, between Third and Fourth, North side, Philadelphia.

TO MERCHANTS AND OTHERS VISITING THE CITY.

At this establishment may always be found a full assortment of Gentlemens Clothing, to suit all tastes and at such reasonable prices as will astonish all. I publish no list of prices, but will guarantee to sell as low, if not lower than those who make mere pretentions. My goods are all purchased at low prices, and made in as good style as can be found in the city. A call is solicited before purchasing elsewhere, as the Wardrobe is free to all.

PERRY R. McNEILLE,
No. 105 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia.

N. B. A large stock of piece goods on hand. Garments made to order at the shortest notice.

Philadelphia, May 20, 1848.—3mo.

TEAS

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

300	half chests	Young Hyson 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 Huntress, and are equal to any teas that have been offered in this market.

Philadelphia, May 6, 1848.—3m

DRUGS! DRUGS!! DRUGS!!!

WM. A. LEADER, WHOLESALE and RETAIL DRUGGIST, would respectfully inform his numerous friends of Columbia and its vicinity that he has just returned from New York and Philadelphia with a splendid assortment of all articles belonging to the DRUG BUSINESS, viz:

DRUGS, MEDICINES, PATENT MEDICINES, PERFUMERY, TOILETS, FANCY SOAPS, PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, DYE STUFFS, &c., &c.

Together with a superior lot and style of HAIR and CLOTHE BRUSHES that took the Medal in the Mechanic's Insutute of New York.

Also a constant supply of Camphene and Eethereal Oil Lamps, with a *fresh* and *good* Material to burn in them.

Country Merchants, Druggists, Physicians, Bakers, Store Keepers, Fullers, Dyers, and dealers in general will find it to their advantage to call at the GOLDEN MORTAR DRUG STORE, Columbia, before purchasing elsewhere. WM. A. LEADER.

Columbia, March 25, 1848.-tf.

Poetry.

The Dying Girl to her Sister.

The dream is past! I'm dying now,
There is a dampness on my brow;
The pang is o'er; without a sigh
I'll pass away and sweetly die:
But, oh! that pang cost many a tear!
'Twas hard to yield up friends so dear.
But that is passed—I'll weep no more,
With me the dream of life is o'er.
And now, sweet sister, nearer come,
And tell me of that hapy home;
Shall I its pearly gates behold,
Its streets all paved with burnished gold?
And in that clime so strangely fair,
Say, shall I feel a stranger there?
Or will their harp-strings sweetly blend,
To welcome me, a child and friend?
But softly, sister, softly speak,
And say—these tears upon thy cheek!
Weep not for me—oh, do not pain!
I would not wake to earth again.
Thy hand—so often clasped of old—
Thy *soft warm hand, for mine grows cold*,
And now, dear sister, let me rest
My wearied head upon thy breast,
And fold thy arms about my form,
It shivers 'neath death's dark, cold storm.
But sing me, sister, ere I go,
Our song—our childhood's song, you know—
And let its gentle numbers flow,
As last you sung, soft, sweet, and low—
And when its last faint echoes die,
And the bright tears steal from thine eye—
I shall not heed them as they stray,
I shall be gone—far, far away!

Select Stories.

A PATRIARCH
OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

[*Translated from the French.*]

It was at the end of a wedding dinner——. "To the health of the happy couple!" cried in a voice like a tailor's, a man with blue spectacles. "May they have posterity numerous as the sands of the sea!"

That is a good toast, observed my neighbor, but if this gentleman found himself with so numerous a posterity on his hands, his blue spectacles would hardly help him out of the difficulty. Alas! did you know Baron Forbach?

Never

Then as you did not know him I mean to speak to you of him. He was a worthy man, a worthy Baron, and a worthy German, a friend of my father; his only fault was trying to act Priam, the primitiye man. He had forty daughters, sir!

Forty! I exclaimed, do you not exaggerate.

Forty, I tell you, he had this notion, and took literally the toasts at his wedding, for he married seven times, which was not too often for the project he had in his head. A child every year! and always a girl; but he flattered himself with the hope of a pension, he even petitioned the Germanic confederation, which bid him walk off. Instead of obeying and "walking," however, he shut himself up in his castle and passed his time in studying the names of his forty girls; but as he had a bad memory he could never completely succeed in retaining them. When he wanted Wilhelmine, it was Helen he asked for, and when he wanted to play with Conradine, the youngest, he called out of the window of Leopoldine, the oldest of all: a maiden of forty years of age.

What could the Baron do? He had recourse to all sorts of mnemonical arts, which ended by filling his brain with confusion. Tired of the struggle, he gave up trying to remember the names of all his children, but it was not any more easy for him to recall their faces—in passing the village square, he would caress and embrace a young girl belonging to some neighbor, under the idea that she was one of his own; or else surprising one of his own children in his own orchard, he would pull her ears most vigorously, convinced that he was dealing with a little rogue from the village who had come to steal his apples. What pain to the heart of a father as tender as Baron Forbach.!

—Yes—and the ears of his family too! For there is no reason to suppose that this cartilage belonging in the young ladies was any less tender than the father's heart.

True, let us drink on that and I will resume. A proof that the Forbach damsels had tender ears, is that they detested their father, the more so as they were badly dressed. The Baron although worth a hundred thousand crowns, could not buy forty dresses in a season, from the fashionable merchants; this inspired in him an original idea. He converted one wing of his castle into a shop, where was spun and woven stuffs for the use of his children, hoping that thus their clothing would cost him less. But during this scheme he was subjected to a number of houxes. A manufacturer from the next city wrote to propose to him to advertise for the materials of which he had need each year under a system of sealed proposals submitted to adjudication. Another who had the army clothing contract, wished to sell him, at a reduction, fifty soldier's cloaks which the government had refused.

The Baron did not reply, but put in operation his own manufactory. The result was that his forty girls wearing always dresses of the same material and color, could be recognized by their uniform. This was a first success. But mark what followed! When a dress was beyond farther service, it was given to some poor person in the village, so that at the end of a year nothing but the uniform was anywhere to be seen, and the Baron instead of forty daughters, appeared to have a hundred.

—The deuce! But it must have been somewhat burdensome to feed all this flock.

Don't speak of it, but let us take another glass! It was not exactly the wine that cost so much in the house for they drank nothing but water. As to the rest, be bought a flock of sheep every month, and led them to pasture himself, so as to save the expense of a shepherd. He had wished to assume the patriarch and he was now completely one; from a Baron he had become a shepherd. At the end of each month not a sheep or lamb remained. "If they had time to multiply"—he used to say.

The pastor of the place, I mean the Lutheran minister, a worthy man too, consoled the Baron sometimes—"Courage," said he to him, "heaven has blessed your seven marriages, and it must cost him something to receive the benedictions of heaven." "May the devil bless you," responded the Baron. "I see myself reduced to beggary, I have taken the scripture literally, that is my fate—I have been blessed until I am cursed."

"But Monsieur," the ladies would say, looking at him with much curiosity, "what an astonishing man you are, who would have believed you, judging by your appearance, capable of becoming so often the father of a family."

The Baron turning his back upon them murmured, "Forty girls! If they were forty boys I would have the resource of making them shipboys."

In the meantime the daughters grew mortally tired of the old castle. Every evening the Baron passed them in review in the court yard, before closing the gates; but as the village children sometimes assisted at the ceremony, and a number of strangers wearing the uniform slipped in, he rarely had the right amount. The total ranged usually from 40 to 45. One evening he counted only thirty-nine. "Let us proceed in order." He recommenced the roll. Leopoldine did not answer: two months before she had eloped with an herb merchant whose red coat had captivated her.

The Baron, indignant at such misalliance, went in pursuit of the merchant, but without being able to discover him. On his return two others had disappeared. Again he began a search, but without any better success. When he came back five more were gone.

Then the Baron in despair inserted in the paper an advertisement that he had but thirty-two daughters left to run away with, and considering their inclination for travelling, no time should be lost by any one who wished to profit by the opportunity. At this all Germany cried aloud with indignation. It was scandalized, and justly so. The thirty-two who remained, brought a suit against him to determine his incapacity to have charge of a property and a family.

Except Duncantel, said I, 'never did a more unfortunate father exist.' Nothing was wanting except that he should become rheumatic.

I confess it, but that would have been too much. Give me, if you please, a glass of champagne that I may strengthen myself against the woes of this worthy man.

—Here are two. But did he gain the lawsuit?

No, sir, Heavn, tired of blessing him, decided upon cursing him. The Baron was defeated, and not content with this, succeeded, thanks to an able lawyer, in passing for a mandman, and cousing himself to be shut up in an asylum at the expense of the state. This was certainly one way of obtaining a pension from government; he lived in the height of happiness, ten years longer, enjoying the privilege of having no children, and he yielded his last sigh in the arms of a manic who believed himself the Apollo Belvidere; on one side of him a man who imagined himself triple, and on the other one who was taking himself for a burning house was constantly crying Fire! After his fortunate sentence, the officers, seized his *mansion and his manufactory*. His daughters were scattered throughout the universe. Fedore married a circus actor. Helen became a lady and took Wilhelmina for a feminine de chambre, Leonora for sister, and Concradina for mother. Helen had, as one may see, the bump of love strongly developed in the highest degree.

Marguerite turned cook.

Another, the *youngest*, made a *marriage of love* with a peer of England.

Leopoldine died of an indigestion from eating too much celery. Each of them got along the best she could.

—And the conclusion of all this, said I.

—How! you do not perceive the conclusion?—Why, it is *as plain as your nose*—

Firstly. Never seek to play the patriarch, nor to take literally the history of Priam, and his fifty children, considering that is doubtful whether Troy or Priam ever existed.

Secondly. Never say to the bridal pair, 'may you be happy, and have plenty of children.'

Thirdly. Belong to your own age above all, and meditate seriously the words of the dying Baron—'Would to Heaven,' said he, 'that some witch had blighted me on my wedding night.' Unfortunately the words were addressed to the one who believing himself a house on fire, and who responded by crying out—'A fire engine, in the name of heaven bring an engine.'

Thus speaking my neighbor seized hold of a fresh bottle of Champagne, which was the reason why I raised no objections to his conclusions? At midnight, at the close of a marriage feast, all the conclusions are tipsy.

GAMBLING,
IN FOUR SCENES.

SCENE FIRST.

A genteel coffee-house, whose human screen conceals a line of Grenadier Bottles, and hides respectable blushes from impertinent eyes.—There is a quiet little room opening out of the bar, and here sit four jovial youths. The cards are out, the wines are in. The fourth is a reluctant hand; he does not love drink, or approve the game. He anticipates and fears the results of both. Why is he here? He is a whole-souled fellow, and is afraid to seem ashamed of any fashionable gaiety. He will sip his wine on the importunity of a friend newly come to town, and is too polite to spoil that friend's pleasure by refusing a part in the game. They sit, shuffle, deal; the night wears on, the clock telling no tale of passing hours, the prudent liquor fiend has made it safely dumb. The night is getting cold; its dark air grows fresher; the east is gray, the drinking and gaming and high-furious laughter are over, and the youths wending homeward. What says conscience? No matter what it says; they did not hear and we will not. Whatever was said, it was shortly answered thus: "This has not been gambling, all were gentlemen; there was no cheating, simply a convivial meeting. No stakes, except the bills incident to the entertainment. If anybody blames a young man for a little innocent exhileration on a special occasion, he is a superstitious old bigot, let him croak." Such a garnished name is made the text to justify the whole round of gambling. Let us then look at

SCENE SECOND.

In a room so silent that there is no sound except the shrill cock crowing the morning, the forgotten candles burning dimly over the long and lengthened wick, sit four men. Carved marble could not be more motionless, save their hands. Pale, watchful, though weary—their eyes pierce the cards, or furtively read each other's faces. Hours have passed over them thus. At length they rise without words; some with a satisfaction that only makes their faces brightly haggard, scrape off the piles of money; others, dark, sullen, silent, fierce, move slowly away from their lost money. The darkest and fiercest of the four is the young friend who first sat down to make out the game. He will never sit down so innocently again. What says he to his conscience now? "I have a right to gamble; I have a right to be damned, too, if I choose;—*whose business is it?*

SCENE THIRD.

Years have passed. He has seen his youth ruined, at first expostulation, then with only silent regret, the consenting to take part of the spoils he had himself decoyed, duped and stripped them, without mercy.—Go with me into that dilapitated house, not far from the landing at New Orleans. Look into that dirty room. Around a broken table, sitting upon boxes, kegs, or rickety chairs, see a filthy crew dealing cards, smouched with tobacco, greese and liquor. One has a private face, burnished and brandy, a lock of grizzly, matted hair, half covering his villain eyes, which glare out like a wild beast's from a thicket. Close by him wheezes a white-faced, dropsical wretch, vermin covered and stenchful. A scoundrel Spaniard and a burly negro (the jolliest of the four) complete the group. —They have spectators—drunken sailors, and ogling, thieving, drinking woman, who should have died long ago, when all that was womanly died. Here, hour draws on hour, sometimes with brutal laughter, sometimes with threat and oath and uproar. The last few stolen dollars lost, temper too, each charges the other with cheating, and high words ensue, and blows, the whole gang burst out of the door, beating, biting, scratching, and rolling over in the dust. The worst, the fiercest, the most drunken of the four, is our friend who began by making up the game.

SCENE FOURTH.

Upon this bright day, stand with me, if you would be sick of humanity, look over that multitude of men kindly gathered to see a murderer hung. At last a guarded car drags on a thrice guarded wretch. At the gallows ladder his courage fails. His coward feet refuse to ascend—dragged up, he is supportad by bustling officials—his brain reels, his eyes swim, while the mock minister utters a final prayer by his leaden ear. The prayer is said, the noose is fixed, the signal is given—a shudder runs through the crowd as he swings free. After a moment his convulsed limbs streach down and hang heavily and still; and he who began to gamble to make out a game, ended in stabbing an enraged victim whom he had fleeced, has here played his last game—himself the last stake—*Rev. H. W. Beecher.*

TALLEYRAND & ARNOLD.

There was a day when Talleyrand arrived in Havre, hot foot from Paris. It was in the darkest hour of the French Revolution. Pursued by the bloodhounds of the Reign of Terror, stripped of every wreck of property or power, Talleyrand secured a passage to America in a ship about to sail. He was going a beggar and a wanderer to a strange land, to earn his bread by daily labor.

"Is there an American staying at your house?" he asked the landlord of his hotel. "I am bound to cross to the water, and would like a letter to some person of influence in the New World."

The landlord hesitated a moment and then replied:

"There is a gentleman up stairs, either from America or Britain, but whether an American or an Englishman, I cannot tell."

He pointed the way, and Talleyrand—who in his life was Bishop, Prince, and Prime Minister—ascended the stairs. A miserable suppliant, he stood before the stranger's door, knocked and entered.

In the far corner of a dimly lighted room, sat a gentleman of some fifty years, his arms folded, and his head bowed on his breast. From a window directly opposite, a flood of light poured over his forehead. His eyes looking from beneath the downcast brows, gazed in Talleyrand's face with a peculiar and searching expression. His face was striking in its outline; the mouth and chin indicative of an Iron will. His form, vigorous, even with the snows of fifty winters, was clad in dark, but rich and distinguished costume.

Talleyrand advanced—stated that he was a fugitive—and under the impression that the gentleman before him was an American, he solicited his kind and feeling offices.

He poured forth his history in eloquent French and broken English—

"I am a wanderer—an exile. I am forced to fly to the New World, without a friend or home. You are an American! Give me, then, I beseech you, a letter of yours, so that I may be able to earn my bread. I am willing to toil in any manner—the scenes of Paris have filled me with such horror, that a life of labor would be a paradise to a career of one of luxury in France. You will give me a letter to one of your friends. A gentleman like you has doubtless many friends."

The strange gentleman rose. With a look that Talleyrand never forgot, he retreated towards the door of the next chamber, *his head still downcast*, his eyes looking still from beneath his darkened brow. He spoke as he retreated backward; his voice was full of meaning—

"I am the only man born in the New World who can raise his hand to God and say—I have not a friend—not one, in all America."

Talleyrand never forgot the overwhelming sadness of that look which accompanied these words.

"Who are you!" he cried, as the strange man retreated towards the next room. "Your name."

"My name"—with a smile that had more of mockery than joy in its convulsive expression—"my name is Benedict Arnold."

He was gone. Talleyrand sank in a chair gasping the words—

"Arnold the traitor!"

Thus you see he wandered over the earth, another Cain, with a wanderer's mark upon his brow. Even in that secluded room at that Inn of Havre, his crimes found him out, and forced to tell his name—that name the synonyme of infamy.

The last twenty years of his life are covered with a cloud, from whose darkness but few gleams of light flash out upon the page of history.

The manner of his death is not distinctly known. But we cannot doubt that he died utterly friendless—that his cold brow was not moistened by one farewell tear—that remorse pursued him to the grave, whispering John Andre! in his ears, and that the memory of his course of glory gnawed like a canker at his heart, murmuring forever: "True to your country, what might you have been, O Arnold the traitor.

THE FIRST VIEW OF
JERUSALEM.

A writer in the Providence Journal furnishes the following impressive account of his first view of the Holy City:

My dragoman Hapaw and myself, mounted on fleet Arab horses, had ridden from early dawn, hardly drawing rein, in my desire to reach the Holy City before sunset. We had left the baggage mules behind in the neighborhood of Ramla, to follow more slowly. Leaving the fine flower-sprinkled plain of Ramla, we entered into the "hill country of Judea," barren, desolate of inhabitants, and without grandeur. We stopped a few moments at the village of Abougosh, the former residence of the famous Arab robber-chieftain, whose sons are now in Constantinople, under the eye of the Sultan, expiating the sins of their sire, and the evil power of the familp is broken up.

Until this place and a little further on, there is some slight appearance of verdure, olive trees, apricot trees, and patches of grain; but after this, one comes upon scorched, volcanic mountains, on which there is no life. Yet even among these, one may yet see evidences of the ancient system of terracing for agricultural purposes, and this is the only way by which Judea proper could have been a productive land. It looks now like a land of curse, and not of blessing. We met frequently pilgrims going to and returning from Jerusalem, and two or three companies of Armenian merchants, richly dressed, with large retinues of armed slaves, and fine horses. The road wound through narrow circuitous valleys, sometimes mounting up abrupt steeps, and decending precipitously, a road well fitted for those scenes of robbing and treachery for which it is so famous.

One small village after passing Abougosh had rather a smiling appearance. It was nestled in a quiet bow-like valley, and a little brook, which ran through it, nourishing a thick nursery of lemon trees, whose perfume scented the air.—The people looked handsome and amiable. One bright little musseleman wished us a prosperous journey to 'El Kudds,' (the Blessed City.) for Jerusalem is a holy city with the Mahometan, and next to Mecca in sanctity.—Here and there were remains of towers placed at narrow passes, vestiges of the crusaders.—The Hebrews were mountaineers, but unlike their Samaritan neighbors, their mountains possessed neither picturesqueness nor fertility; their life must have been a continual struggle with nature, and this may account, in part, for the obstinate energy and resolute egotism of national character.

We at last reached the valley of Elan, where David slew Goliah. A ruined mosque points out the spot which tradition assigns as the place of the event, and the character of the ground and scene corresponds with the Scriptural account. There is "the mountain on the one side" towards Jerusalem where the Israelites stood, and "the mountain on the other side" towards Philistia where the Philistines stood, and there is the valley between them."

There is the course of the brook where David found the stones for his sling, and the way taken by the army of the uncircumcised in their flight towards Gath and Ekron, was undoubtedly the very path which my horse's feet had just passed over. I thought a moment upon the youthful hero, inspired by faith and the might of the One Omnipotent God, and then spurred on, for I knew that Jerusalem was nigh, though I feared to ask how near.

We ascended to the summit of a hill, and a mass of towers and minarets came to view upon an opposite mountain, and I cried out "Is that Jerusalem?" "No," answered Hapsaw, "but,"—He had hardly spoken this, before the long line of heavy battlemented wall, and the many points and domes of the Holy City burst to view, unmistakable below me. I dismounted. It is useless to enter here into a description of the feelings which possessed me. I did what most travellers have confessed themselves compelled to do at this moment. I fell upon my knees, and tears rushed into my eyes.

JUSTICE IN TUNIS.

We cut the following capital story from the N. Y. Spirit,' where it appears among the selections. Whence it originated, we wot not; but it is a very pretty Munchausenism, as it stands, and on the whole reads quite FRENCHY.—That 'last brickbat' about Capt. B' s desire to leave behind him 'a name for generosity and greatness of soul,' etc., nearly upset our risibles. Commend us to the Tunis mode of doing justice, in-*Jew*-rious though it may be for some of the natives to o—Bey.

A certain Capt. Bauclard left Marseilles for China; but being buffetted by the winds, he hauled up in the harbor of Tunis, to wait weather. The collector of the port came on board. Capt. Bauclard represented that he was freited for Canton, that he had nothing to do with Tunis, and that he only put in from distress of weather. But the collector exhibited manifest necessity that he should fork over. Capt. Bauclard did fork over in a rage, but instantly repaired to the palace of the Bey, demanding justice.

'Good Frank,' said the Bey, 'I am your friend, God is great. What the devil do you want of me',

'Highness,' answered the captain. 'your custom house has robbed me. I have forked over—fork back.'

'Excellent individual,' answered the Bey, 'in this country, when we have the dust, we keep it. The original acquisition is a difficulty. To fork back is a thing unknown to Africa.'

'But shall I not have justice?'

'Certainly, every one has justice in Tunis. Will you have it in Frengh or Tunis fashion?'

'Highness, I have had a law-suit or two in France. Justice in French fashion! God forbid.'

'But I don't press it on you,' observed the Bey. If you choose the French after all, I will speak to your consul.—He loves justice, good man; three of my subjects applied to him three years ago for immunity, and they get it next year, I think—for he loves justice.' 'French justice! never! give me the Tunisian; I am in a hurry!'

'Be it so then. God is great,' said the Bey—, what is your cargo?'

'Marseilles soap, and twenty thousand cotton caps.'

'It is well. Go way and be tranquil.'

The Bey summoned the Vizier.

'Vizier,' said he, 'there is no God but God, and Mahomet is the prophet. We love justice. We love the Franks.—Proclaim that every Jew who appears to morrow out doors without a cotton cap, will have a little transaction to settle with me.'

There were twenty thousand Jews in Tunis, and not one cotton cap in the place. They all made their wills; but when they learned through an officer of the customs that Capt. Bauclard had lots of the desired article, there was enough said—the captain sold the invoice at $2 the cap. He rushed to the palace and poured out his thanks.

'Not so fast,' said the Bey; 'I am not done yet. Call my Vizier.'

The Vizier appeared.

'Proclaim' said the Bey, 'that every Jew who keeps a cotton cap another hour will have a trouble with you.—God is great, and I am a *lineal* descendant of Mahomet.'

The Vizier made a grand salute, placing his left leg on the back of his neck, according to the custom of the Court and retired.

When Capt. Bauclard returned to the dock, he found the twenty thousand Jews already awaiting him, caps in hand. He might have had the caps for nothing, but, desirous to leave behind him a name for generosity and greatness of soul, he purchased them at two cents apiece.

A GOOD ANECDOTE.—A correspondent of the *Troy Budget* tells the following good story:—"It seems hat the person who blows the bellows of the organ at St. Luke's Church, also attends to the furnace for warming the building, and having occasion, during service, to 'mind the fires,' he left the bellows in charge of a coachman lately imported, and 'green' as the Emerald Isle of his nativity before the appearance of the potato rot. During his absence, the 'Gloria in excelsis' came, in the order of the exercises, to be chanted, and Patrick was directed to furnish the *organic* element. A short time elapsed, but no music followed the touch of the lady who presided at the instrument. 'Blow,' whispered the fair organist. 'Blow!' repeated the leader; and Blow! blast you blow!' echoed the entire choir, but not a puff found its way into the vacant pipes, to wake the slumbering harmony. An investigation now took place, and Patrick was found behind the organ—with both his hands tightly clenched around the bellows-handle, (a stick of some five feet long and two inches thick,) the end stuck in his mouth, his cheeks swelled to the utmost expansion, his eyes distended, and the perspiration streaming from his face—engaged in the vigorous but vain attempt to force his breath through the pores of the wood into the body of the instrument. "It is, perhaps, unnecessary to say that some little time passed before the choir were able to screw their mouths into that serious pucker requisite to the proper performance of the musical exercises."