THE COLUMBIA SPY.

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

NEW SERIES, VOL. 2, NO. 11.] COLUMBIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1848. [WHOLE NUMBER, 954.

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 Bedverteens, &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. CHALFANT,
PETER HALDEMAN, Jr.

Columbia, March 25, 1848—tf

BALD HEADS

GRAY Hads, Red Heads, and all with Bad Hair, Read! Mr. ABRAHAM VANDERBEEK, 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.

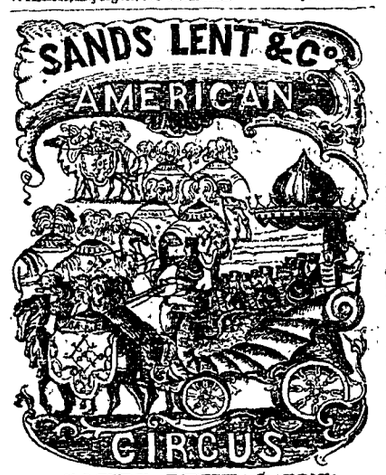
Mr. William Jackson, of 80 Liberty street, Pittsburgh, Pa., certifies: On the 3d of February, 1847, that Mr. Thomas Jackson's head, on the top, was entirely bald for 15 years, and that by using two 3s. bottles of Jone's Coral Hair Restorative, the hair is growing fast and thick, and will soon be entirely 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, 99 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



SANDS, LENT, & CO'S

HIPPOFERAEAN ARENA, THIS IMMENSE and truly magnificent establishment will be open in COLUMBIA, ON SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1848. FOR ONE DAY ONLY.

In addition to their already mammoth troupe of Equestrians and Animals, the Proprietors offer, the present season, a series of Novel and Magnificent Entertainments, far surpassing anything ever presented to the American Public. The leading new feature of this extensive Company consists of a pair of trained Elephants, Jenny Lind and Romeo, and ten Egyptian Camels, whose performances have been the wonder and delight of thousands in Great Britain and on the continent of Europe. Independent of those unparalleled novelties, the company proper is composed of a *host of artists* whose abilities have stood the test of the most searching criticism, both in the old and new world, and the names which are now offered are a sufficient guaranty that none but the most talented have been selected.

Among them will be found those of Mr. R. Sands and his children, Maurice and Jessee: Mons. Cane in his astonishing performances; Master Walter Aymar, the Juvenile Equestrian Wonder in various acts of Equitation unapproached as a bare-back rider; M'lle Rosaline Madigan, the Fairy Amazonian Princess of the Arena, only 7 years of age; Mr. Monigan, the great scenic and polyhippian Equestrian; Sig. Perez, the Unrivalled Contortionist: Mr. Ruggles, the popular and unsurpassed performer on the Corde Volante; Wm. Aymer, the Aerial Vaulter: Albert Aymer; Messrs. Rice, Mitchell, Crawford, Lacy, Tucker, and a host of other performers, male and female, all of the most approved talent in their various feats.

This Mammoth Corps will enter town on the Morning of Exhibition, at 11o'clock in Procession and cavalcade, preceded by the Sacred Egyptian Dragon Chariot of Isis and Osiris, drawn by ten Egyptian Camels, comprising the splendid full band attached to the company.

Next in order will be the East Indian Car; to which will be harnessed the two Elephants, followed by the magnificent Stud of Horses, and all the numerous costly and highly ornamented Vehicles belonging to the company.—The beautiful Fairy Carriage drawn by twenty Lilliputian Ponies, driven in hand, will bring up the rear of the whole procession, the toute ensemble of which surpasses anything which language can describe.

Master of the Arena, Capt. J. A. Decamp. Equestrian Director, Mr. H. P. Madigan. Treasurer, Mr. J. W. Foshay. Clowns, Pellard and Lathrop, both distinguished above all others in the country, for their wit and joviality, and unsurpassed by any in the world *for their genuine and* unexceptionable humor. Musical Director, Mr. E. K. Eaton. Leader of the Brass Band, Mr. Geo. Seeley, Leader of the String Band, Herr A. Gerloff.

The Pavilion in which the company will exhibit is by far the largest ever erected, and will be brilliantly illu*minated on the night* of performance.

Doors open at 2 and 7 o'clock P. M. Performance commences at 2½ and 7½ o'clock. Admittance 25 cents; positively no half price. au26'48-4t

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 6½ o'clock, A. M., and the Train will leave Wrightsville at 6¼ o'clock. Returning, the Train will leave York at 8 o'clock, A. M.

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

ETHEREAL

OIL of the very best quality, with an assortment of LAMPS for burning the same, always on hand at J. D. & J. WRIGHT'S.

Columbia, March 18, 1848-tf

Poetry.

From the Olive Branch.

THE WHISPERING WIND.

My home is in the broad blue sky,
In realms of upper air!
And fleecy clouds which float so high,
My fairy dwellings are.
O'er every distant land
That man has ever trod,
Where raging billows spurn command,
I freely rove abroad.

From Afric's waste of scorching sand,
To Greenland's icy shore,
From Chili's mountains towering grand,
To loud Niagara's roar;
Where'er swift thought can fly,
The whisper of my name
Calls forth a smile *from every eye*,
For all well know my fame.

Yet oft, alas! I'm fraught with death;
And braver than the brave,
Destroy ten thousand with one breath,
And sweep them to the grave:
And then with fiendish joy
I gambol o'er the tomb;
I hideous howl in my employ,
'Mid sullen winter's gloom.

And then I change my wild career,
Become a friend of man:
I whisper softly in his ear,
His brow I gently fan,
When sickness pales his brow,
And his bright eye grows dim,
And underneath the willow's bough,
Whispering its evening hymn,

Free from wearying care and toil,
He soon expects to rest,
"Where ne'er dark waves of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast:"
I cheer his dying hours,
While friends around him weep:
And odors, sweet from orange bowers,
I dash upon his cheek.

And when life's evening task is done,
He slumbers in the tomb:
When his short course on earth is run
He's met his final doom!
I chant his funeral dirge
In sweet but solemn strains,
And gently wave the flowers that bloom
Above his last remains. [A. F. H.

The following lines, said to be prophetic, have been current for many years in Germany:—I would not be a king in 1848. I would not be a soldier in 1849. I would not be a grave digger in 1850. But I would be whatever you please in 1851.

"Pat do you know what is that they call a President?". "Indade, and don't I sure? It's a fellow they set up to blackguard and call names. If he can stand being called a rascal, a fool and a tyrant, why thin they put him in as President, that's all."

The most beautiful sight in nature, Dobb says, was a woman he met yesterday. "Grace was in her steps, Heaven in her eyes, and in her arms a baby." A rose-bush with a bud clinging to it, was nothing to the heavenly loveliness.

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.

CONNELLEE, WOLF, &CO.,
Manuf'rs of Stoves, Hollow-ware, &c., Wrightsville, Pa.

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 Locust & 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. 46, Front st.

J. N. M'CARTY, BOOT AND SHOE
Manufacturer, Locust street, opposite the Town Hall.

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

JOSEPH KELLEY, SHEET-IRON
And Tin-plate worker, Front st, just below the Deopt.

Select Tale.

From Godey's Lady's Book for October.

"CAN'T AFFORD IT."

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

'Can't afford it! Too many mouths to feed—too many backs to cover. It's a luxury I should *very much like to indulge in—no man, fondor of* reading than I am—but can't afford it, sir.'

'It's only three dollars a year. Less than sixpence a week.'

'I know. But three dollars a year will buy half a barrel of flour and give my family bread for a month. It's no use to talk, my friend. I know exactly my own ability, and know that I can't afford to take the magazine.'

And thus Mr. Rivers closed the matter with a persevering 'canvasser,' who was industriously trying to add to the subscription list of a certain highly popular magazine.

'I think you might have taken it, papa,' said Mary Rivers, greatly disappointed. 'I never see a magazine or newspaper unless I borrow from Jane Tompkins, and I know her father grumbles at her whenever he catches her *lending them.*'

'I might do a great many things, child, if I was made of money which I am very sorry to say is not the case,' returned Mr. Rivers. 'If I could afford it, I would take all the magazines and newspapers in the country; but I can't and so that ends the matter.'

And thus ending it, Mr. Rivers turned away from his disappointed *daughter and left the house.*

Mary Rivers was extremely fond of reading, and had, dozens of times, begged her father to take 'Godey,' or some of the other magazines or papers, but *his uniform answer was*, 'I can't afford it;' so she was forced to borrow from Jane Tompkins, whose father subscribed for half a dozen magazines and newspapers, and thought the money well laid out. To have to borrow she thought bad enough, but the worst of the matter was, no sooner did she bring a magazine or newspaper into the house, than it was caught up by one hungry member after another, always including her father, and its contents devoured by each, and this often before she could get a chance to read half a dozen pages or columns. The newspaper or magazine, whichever it might be, never passed through the entire family of Mr. Rivers without being considerably the worse for wear. The papers were soiled, rumpled, the folds worn through or torn, while the magazines were sent home often sadly disfigured. All this to Mary was very mortifying, and often prevented her from asking to borrow the new numbers of the magazines, although, to use her own words, sometimes, she was 'dying to see them.'

It was a warm day in July and Mr. Rivers, who had, about six months before, joined the temperance society, felt very dry as he walked along the street. Before signing the pledge, he would have quenched a similar taste of thirst with an iced punch or a mint-julep. Now he merely stepped into a druggist's and called for a glass of mineral water, for which he paid his fip, thinking, if he thought at all about the expense, that it was the merest trifle in the world. An hour afterwards he indulged in the luxury of a couple of oranges, at four cents each, which tempted him as he passed a fruit stall.

'Rivers,' said a neighbor, stepping into his store after dinner, 'it's terrible hot, and as there is nothing doing, I've made up my mind to take a little excursion down the river in the steamboat that leaves at four o'clock. Come—go along, won't you? We can be home by tea-time.'

'I don't care if I do,' replied Rivers, 'I want a little recreation badly.'

A thought of the expense, or whether he could afford it never crossed his mind.

At four he was on board the steamboat, after having spent a shilling for cigars which were shared with his neighbor.

'Come, let's have a glass of lemonade,' he said, shortly after they were on board the steamboat; and the two men went to the bar and each drank a cool glass of lemonade, for which Rivers settled. Shortly afterwards the fare was called for. It was only twenty-five cents.

'Cheap enough,' remarked Rivers.

'Yes, cheap as dirt. No wonder the boat is crowded.'

Twelve and a half cents more were spent by Rivers for an ice cream before he returned from the excursion. He could afford this very well.

On arriving in the city, between seven and eight o'clock in the evening, it occurred to him that, as long as he had been enjoying himself so well, he ought to take something home for his family that was a little nice. While wondering what this should be, he passed a fruit shop, in the window of which was a large display of oranges.

'I'll take a dozen oranges home—that will do,' he said.

And so he went in and got a dozen oranges, for which he paid thirty-seven and a half cents; and *bought, besides*, a fip's worth of tobacco.

The extra spendings of Mr. Rivers, who could not afford to take a magazine, were, for that day, *just one dollar and twenty cents*, or at the rate of *three hundred and sixty dollars a year!* And yet Mr. Rivers thought himself a very economical man, and took merit to himself for *saving on news*papers and magazines.

On the next day, Mr. Rivers felt as if he needed a little exercise—he was so closely confined in his store—and as it was dull, he could as easily be spared as not. So he hired a horse and sulky for a dollar and a half and took a pleasant ride to himself. Previously to his riding out, he spent a shilling in mineral water. During the ride, he paid to gate keepers, stable boys at taverns where he stopped for lemonade, and for what he drank and smoked, just thirty-eight cents. Ten cents in cakes for the children, laid out to satisfy the rather unpleasant sensation he felt at the idea of having indulged himself in a ride while his family remained at home, completed, this day's extra expense of the man who could not afford to take a periodical: the whole amount was just two dollars.

On the day succeeding to this, fifty cents were spent in little self indulgences; on the next, twenty-five cents, and on the day after, nearly a dollar. And so it went on, day after day and week after week, while Mary continued to borrow from Jane Tompkins her magazines, newspapers and books.

One day, shortly after the new magazines for *the month* had been announced, Mary called as usual upon her friend Jane. On her table lay 'Godey' and several other magazines.

'How much I do envy you!' she said. 'What would I not give if my father would take the magazines for me as yours does for you; but he always says that he can't afford it.'

Then Mary turned over magazine after magazine, examining and admiring the beautiful engravings. When she was going away, she said—'Are you done with the Lady's Book yet?'

Jane lookhd slightly confused, as she replied—'I've read it, Mary, but papa hasn't done with it yet.'

'No matter—'Graham' or the 'National' will do.'

'I'm sorry, Mary,' and the color rose to Jane's face, 'but I can't let you have either of them. The fact is, Mary, to tell you the plain truth, papa has objected for a good while to my lending my periodicals and literary newspepers, and now positively forbids my doing so. But you can come and see me, Mary, and read them here. I shall be glad to have you. But I need not say that—you know I will. I wish papa wasn't so particular; but he is a little curious about some things.'

Mary felt hurt, not with Jane, but at the fact. She went *home feeling badly.*

'Your friend Miss Rivers didn't get her usual supply of reading,' said Mr. Tompkins to his daughter, shortly after Mary had left the house.

'No, and I was sorry for her,' replied Jane. 'She seemed hurt and mortified when I told her that I could not lend them. I'm sure, papa, it wouldn't have hurt us at all, and would have been *such a gratification to her.*'

'Let her father subscribe for them as I do. *He is just as able.*'

'But he thinks he can't afford it, and now ——'

'Thinks he can't afford it, indeed!' said Mr. Tompkins. 'A man who spends two or three *hundred dollars a year in self indulgences of one* kind and another, talking about not being able to *afford magazines and newspapers for his family.* Why, it costs him more for tobacco and cigars than it does me for periodicals!'

'Still, papa, it is hard for Mary to be deprived of them. It isn't her fault. She says she often begs her father to take them for her, but that his *only reply is, he can't afford it.*'

'If she were the only one concerned, Jane, she might have them with pleasure,' replied Mr. Tompkins. 'But you see, she isn't. It is plain, *from the condition in which the magazines come* home, that they have gone through the hands of the whole family. That Mr. Rivers indulges himself in reading at my expense I am very well satisfied, for I have seen my 'Godey' at his store more than once.'

'*Yes that is the worst of it.*'

'Besides, Jane, I am not perfectly clear in my own mind that it is honest towards the publishers to encourage anything of this kind. They go to great expense and labor in getting up their works, and certainly give the money's worth to all who subscribe. But if every subscriber lends to his neighbors who are perfectly able to subscribe themselves, and who would do so if they could not borrow, the publishers cannot be sustained, or will recieve, at best, but an inadequate return. *For my part, there is scarcely anything I would* not do rather than borrow a newspaper or periodical. *I never have been guilty of that meanness* yet, and if I keep my present mind never will.'

Mary Rivers, as has been seen went home, feeling very badly. The more she thought about what had occurred, *the more she felt mortified and* really ashamed of herself for having trespassed upon Jane Tompkins for her periodicals and newspapers, to such an extent as to cause her father to interfere and forbid her lending them any more. For this fact in the case she was not slow to infer.

'Mary,' said Mr. Rivers, as he sat that evening, listless for want of something to read or do, 'ain't none of the magazines out for this month? Haven't you got a 'Post' or a 'Courier' *from your* friend Miss Tompkins?'

'No papa,' *replied Mary.*

'I thought you went there to-day.'

'So I did, but Jane says her father has forbidden her to lend the papers and magazines *any more.*'

'He has!' ejaculated Mr. Rivers, with surprise and something of indignation. 'Why was that?'

'I don't know; but Jane said she couldn't let me have them *any more.*'

'It's very selfish!' said Mr. Rivers, 'very selfish! What harm could your reading the *magazines* do him, I wonder? But that's just like some people! *They cannot bear to see others* enjoy themselves, and will prevent it if in their power.'

Mr. Rivers felt rather uncomfortable about this refusal on the part of Mr. Tompkins. He also felt uncomfortable at the thought of losing his regular weekly and monthly enjoyment of reading the newspapers and magazines 'free gratis, for nothing.' In fact, this standing of Mr. Tompkins upon his reserved rights, had an unhappy effect upon the whole Rivers' family, from the father down to little Tommy, who read the anecdotes, and a story now and then, with as high a relish as any of the rest.

Things remained in this posture for two or three weeks, when Mr. Rivers became so hungry for the mental aliment witheld by Mr. Tompkins, that he strained a point, even though he felt that he couldn't afford it, and went and subscribed for the Lady's Book. He brought home a couple of numbers with him, and tossing them into Mary's lap, said—'There's the Lady's Book for you, Mary, and no thanks to Mr. Tompkins!'

Mary's eyes and face brightened as she caught up the 'Book.'

'Have you subscribed for it, papa?' she asked eagerly.

'Yes, dear. You can read your own magazines now.'

'Oh, I am so glad!' exclaimed Mary, the tears starting into her eyes.

Even though he couldn't afford it, Mr. Rivers felt happy to think that he had made Mary so *happy. On the next day he thought frequently* of the delighted face of his daughter when he told her that he *had subscribed for the magazine.* Before night he determined to give her another agreeable surprise ere the week was out. It was Thursday. On the next evening, when he came in, *Mary sprung towards him*, and *holding* up a newspaper, said, while her whole countenance beamed with pleasure—'A man left the 'Gazettee' here to-day. Did you subscribe for it, papa? Yes, I know you did; your face tells me so!'

'You seem highly delighted about it,' Mr. Rivers said, with an irrepressible smile.

'And so I am. I've wanted to see the 'Gazette' dreadful bad.'

Nor was Mary alone in her expressions of pleasure. The younger sisters and brothers were in raptures at the idea of having a "Gazette' that was all their own to read;' and even Mrs. Rivers, who was not of a very literary turn, remarked, on the occasion, that a newspaper was 'an excellent thing among children,' and that, for her part, she always liked to read a little in them now and then, especially in that part containing receipts and other domestic matters. Not for a long time had Mr. Rivers done anything that gave such universal satisfaction at home. Even though he couldn't afford it, he was very far from repenting of this act of extra liberality.

Many weeks did not pass before another magazine and another newspaper came to the house, and before six months, Mr. Rivers was as libera] a patron of periodical literature as Mr. Tompkins, and this although he couldn't afford it.

A year or two have passed, but notwithstanding the heavy additional expense of twenty dollars per annum for magazines and newspapers, the mercantile community have not yet been startled by an announcement of the failure of Mr. Rivers, and we hope never will—at least not so long as he takes the magazines and newspapers and pays for them punctually.

Miscellaneous.

From the St. Louis Reveille.

DOING A LANDLORD.

Tom C. H—, Esq., a genius, whose ideas of life were on such a magnificent scale that they outran his interest, capital, and all, was seated upon the porch of a fashionable hotel, in a large eastern village, one bright Monday morning, cogitating how, in the nature of things, it was possible for him to compass a dinner. The long score unpaid, *which stood recorded on the books within*, precluded the idea of getting one there without the "tin" and numerous searches through sundry pockets about his person were unrewarded by a single shiner. His coat had been renovated by a scourer, for whom he had written a love letter, his hat been ironed by a good natured hatter, who had enjoyed his custom in better days, a new coat of japan varnish had been lavished upon his cane, his dickey was passable, and no gentleman would think of examining the extremities of his covering, or pry into the 'shifts' he had been put to for a shirt. Tom thought himself passable, and he resolved to pass off for a dinner, if possible. A stranger lolling easily on a settee near him looked vulnerable, and Tom, approaching him in a very bland and friendly manner, remarked:

"Excuse me, sir, but you look so like an old friend of mine, J. B—, who has resided for years in the South, that I can't help addressing you."

"I am from the South, sir," answered the stranger, courteously, "but not the person you speak of—*I know him however*, and am pleased to encounter *a friend of his.*"

"That's it," said Tom to himself, "got him as easy as rolling off a *log.*"

An animated conversation ensued, which ended by Tom being asked to dine, and when the gong proclaimed the table spread, in walked the stranger and Tom, arm-in-arm, large as life and twice as natural. He called the waiters with an air of ease, passed the stranger's wine with friendly freedom, laughed musically, jested with spirit, wiped his mouth with grace, and, *in short, completely captivated* the southerner. During the period of *Tom's luxuristing*, he was observed by the landlord, who indignant, sent a servant to order him *from the table.* Tom had "come it" over him for so many odd dinners, without a shadow of prospect for pay, that he could stand it no longer. The servant approached, whispered in his ear, and stood off to give him room to move. Tom clutched the wine bottle, with the intention of hurling it at his *head*, but *altered his purpose*, and poured out another glass, drank it off, looked daggers at the servant, and in a moment smiled confidence on his friend.

"Would you believe it," said Tom, to the southerner, "that since my absence from the city for a *few days past*, a rival house of our "shipping firm" has whispered the possibility of our failure, and *this rascally landlord*, having heard the calumny, *has insulted me here* at table by sending a servant to demand the trifling sum I owe him."

The southerner was burning with indignation. "It is too humiliating;" added Tom, "not dreaming of such an outrage, I am entirely unprovided at this moment."

"Here, my dear fellow," promptly proffered his friend, "here is my pocket-book, make use of it *without hesitation.*"

"You're very kind," said Tom, "very, I will but *borrow this thousand dollar bill* for a moment—I know the rascal can't change it!"

With an air of offended dignity, Tom approached the office of the hotel, the landlord, frowning with anger, stood at his desk, the offended "diner out," put his hands to his eyes as if hiding deep *emotion*, and then addressing the landlord in a stricken voice, he said:

"I never dreamed of such an insult from *you*, sir, at such a time, too, just as my uncle in the south has expired,—and his agent with me to deliver up the portion bequeathed to me—it is—it—*sir! I cannot express in language my feelings.* Take out of that the paltry sum I owe you,"—throwing down the *thousand dollar bill*,—"and henceforth I never will enter your door. Just at a *time too*," he further added, "when I had intended to make your house my home, and endeavor to *make some return for your forbearance. It is too* much—my feelings are lacerated," and here he became almost overpowered by emotion.

The strip of crape round his hat—put there to hide the greasy band—the thousand dollar bill, and *the renovated coat*, which looked like *new* on the possessor of such a sum, all assured the landlord *that he had been too hasty. He therefore* denied the indignity straight, said that it was an impertinence *of his servant*, who had twice before offended his best guests by his insolence, and assured Tom *that he would discharge the fellow forthwith*—pushed back to him the thousand dollar bill, and begged he would forget the circumstance—indeed, he felt shocked that such an outrage had been perpetrated upon his *oldest friend* and customer.

These warm expressions mollified Tom's wrath, and folding up his bill he walked back, resuming his seat, returned the bill to the southerner, merely remarking he had "brought the landlord to his feelings," and cheerfully sipped a little iced champaigne. As he left the table, arm-in-arm with his friend, the landlord approached, bowing, and begged to know where he should send for his trunk, as No. 24, a fine airy room, which would suit him to a charm, was at present empty. Tom said he would send the baggage up, and after lighting a choice *Havanna, strolled out with an aristocratic air.*

In good time, the trunk arrived—a rude one, but very heavy. The landlord winked as the servant bent beneath its weight, and remarked, as he *paid the porterage*, that a large quantity of bullion was generally rather heavy. Tom was in clover—the thousand dollar bill got whispered about, and one of his creditors, a fashionable tailor, insisted on trusting him for another suit; he yielded, after much persuasion, and it was *astonishing how every*thing altered with Tom's appearance. His note was good for any small sum now, and it was a pleasure to make his acquaintance.

In the course of about six months the landlord thought he would just hint to Tom that a small check *would be agreeable, as they were hard pushed.* The hint was given, and he received a check—any *thing but a cash one*, though. Tom very cooly informed him that the agent who had raised his hopes was a rascally impostor.

"But the thousand bill, Mr. H.?" said the landlord inquiringly.

"Was handed to me, by the rogue, to keep up appearances," cooly responded Tom.

"I shall seize your baggage, sir!" cried the enraged host.

"I can't help it, my dear fellow," said Tom; "you know if I had a pocket full of rocks, you should share them, for I like you vastly—I do—cuss me if I don't; so keep cool, and keep the baggage until I make a draw and raise the sum."

The trunk was seized, and so roughly, that it burst open, when the landlord discovered that if Tom had no pocket full of rocks, it was because he had stowed them all in his trunk, and that accounted very naturally for its being so heavy!

No snow fall lighter than the snow of age; but *none is heavier, for it never melts.*

THE FIVE PEACHES.—A Peasant returning from the city brought home with him five peaches, the most beautiful ones which he could find. It was the first time that his children had ever seen this fruit. Therefore they admired them and were delighted with their red cheeks and delicate down. The father then divided them among his four children, reserving one for their mother.

At the evening, before the children went into their sleeping room, their father asked them, "Well, how have the peaches tasted?"

"Deliciously, dear father," said the eldest.

"They are fine fruit, so juicy and sweet. I have carefully kept the stone, and I will plant it and rear a tree."

"Good," replied the father; 'that is acting prudently, and caring for the future as becomes a farmer."

"I ate mine up at once, and threw away the stone," said the youngest, "and mother gave me half of hers."

"Well," said the father, "you have not acted very wisely, but still natural and like a child. Wisdom will come by-and-by."

The second son then said—"I picked up the stone which little brother threw away, and cracked it. There was a kernel in it just like a nut. But I sold my peach, and received for it money enough to buy twelve when I go to the city."

The father shook his head, and said—"It was wisely done, indeed, but it was not natural nor child-like. I think you are destined to be a merchant."

"And you, Edmond?"—asked the father. Edmund answered frankly and carelessly—"I carried my peach to our neighbor's son, the sick George, who is ill of fever. He refused to take it. Then I laid it upon his bed, and came home."

"Well," said the father, "and who has made the best use of his peach?"

Then all three cried out—"Brother Edmund!"

But Edmund was silent, and his mother embraced him with tears in her eyes.

SHE WORKS FOR A LIVING.—Commend us to the girl of whom it is sneeringly said, "She works for a living." In her we are always sure to find the elements of a true woman—a real lady. True, we are not prepared to see a mincing step—a haughty lip—a fashionable dress—or hear a string of splendid nonsense about the balls and the young men—the new novels and the next parties;—no—no—but we are prepared to hear sound words of good sense—language becoming woman—and to see a neat dress, a mild brow, and to witness movements that would not disgrace an angel.

Ye who are looking for wives and companions, turn from the fashionable, lazy, haughty girl, and select one from any of those who work for a living—and never—our word for it—will you repent your choice. You want a substantial friend and not a doll; a help-meet and not a help-eat; a counsellor and not a simpleton. You may not be able to carry a friend into your house, but you can purchase a spinning wheel or a set of knitting needles. If you can purchase any new novel, you may be able to take some valuable paper. If you cannot buy a ticket to the ball, you can visit some afflicted neighbor. Be careful then when you look for companions and who you choose. We know many a foolish man, who, instead of choosing the industrious and prudent woman for a wife, took one from the fashionable walks, and is now lamenting his folly in dust and ashes. He ran into the fire with *his eyes wide open*, and who but himself is to blame?

The time was when ladies who went a visiting, took their work with them. This is the reason why we have such excellent mothers. How singular would a gay woman look in a fashionable circle, darning her father's stockings, or carding wool to spin. Would not her companions laugh at her? And yet such a gay woman would be a prize for somebody. Blessed is the man who chooses his wife from among the dispised girls "who work for a living."

CHRISTIAN CONVERSATION.—A young gentleman was requested by his father to light an aged friend to his home, one dark night in winter, in a country village. On the road, the old gentleman said to him, "My young friend, will you try to remember the following words; Then they that feared the Lord spake one to another, and the Lord hearkened and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the Lord and that thought upon his name. And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels; and I will spare them as a man spareth his own son that serveth him. Then shall ye return, and discern between the righteous and the wicked, between him that serveth God, and him that serveth him not.' Mal. iii. 16-18." The boy went home and learned the passage; it was infixed upon his mind, so that he never forgot it. It is still a favorite text. He is now an active and pious minister, the rector of a large parish, and has *the care of* two thousand souls, who all look up to him as a father and a friend. His influence reaches far and wide, and his example is producing the most beneficial effects, not only among his own people, but in the extensive city near which he resides. I mention this anecdote to encourage others to improve every opportunity that may present itself to implant divine truth in the youthful mind.

Dow, Jr., in one of his late sermons, gives the following advice to young ladies: "My young maidens—I know you want to get married as soon as you enter your teens; but it is better to remain single, and live upon the cold crop of solitude, than to marry misery and wed woe. I have but a poverty-stricken opinion of the majority of my sex. They are corrupted by the mis-called refinement of the age, so inflated with pride, so fooled with fashion, so afraid of the soil on which they live, so given to cultivating whiskers and moustaches, while their morals are in the most wretched state for want of weeding, and so overgrown with hair, vanity and *laziness*, that scarcely one in twenty is worth being entrusted with a wife."

☞ An amusing account of the ceremonies which attend the sneezing of a king of monomotapa shows what a national thing may be the sneeze of despotism. Those who are near his person when this happens salute him in so loud a tone that persons in the ante-chamber hear it, and join in the acclamation. In the adjoining apartments they do the same, till the noise reaches the street, and becomes propagated throughout the city. When the King of Sennaar sneezes his courtiers immediately turn their backs on him, and give a loud slap on their right thigh.

☞ That was good advice that John Randolph gave to a young man in relation to novels and whiskey punch. It will be equally good repeated now, substituting for the punch the favorite summer intoxications: "Tell your father," said John, "that I recommend abstinence *from novel reading and whiskery punch.* Depend upon it, sir, they are both equally injurious to the brain."

"Father, what does the printer live on?" "Why, child?" "You said you hadn't paid him for two or three years, and yet you have his paper every week!"