THE COLUMBIA SPY.

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

NEW SERIES, VOL. 2, NO. 14.] COLUMBIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1848. [WHOLE NUMBER, 957.

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.

IMPORTANT TO MILLERS.

THE subscriber has purchased the Patent right of Timby's Improved Water Wheel, which has been proven to do more work with less water than any other wheel now in use. The wheels can be seen in operation at John Lintner's Saw Mill, and at John Herr's Saw Mill.

Persons having Mills on streams of water where there is not sufficient fall for overshot wheels, will find these wheels to do more work than either Pitch-back, Undershot, or Flutter Wheels.

JEFFERY SMEDLEY, *Machinist*,
Sept. 2, 1848.-tf Columbia, Lanc. co., Pa.

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 consists 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.

DR. HUNTER'S

INDIAN VEGETABLE PANACEA. Hunt's Panacea warrants the American people in soliciting for *treatment the*

WORST POSSIBLE CASES

that can be found in the country, in secret and all diseases of the urinary organs. It acts first by purging off all irritating matter from the system which aggravates the disease and at the same time acts upon the secretions through the medium of the blood, by which all vestiges of the sypilitic taint are eradicated from the system. It also eradicates secondary syphillis, cures whites or leucorrhea in women, and is a general purifier of the system.

Be sure to ask for Hunter's Indian Vegetable Panacea. Price $1 per bottle. For sale by

September 2, 1848. W. A. LEADER.

NOW IS THE TIME

TO SAVE MONEY. By calling at the cheapest CLOTHING STORE under the sun you can save twenty per cent.

C. LEVY & Co., Front Street, one door above Schreiner's Row, would respectfully call the attention of the citizens of Columbia and vicinity to their large and splendid assortment of

SEASONABLE READY MADE CTOTHING,

Consisting of French Broadcloth Coats of all colors and descriptions, Pants, Vests, Caps, Handkerchiefs, Cravats, Stocks, Suspenders, Carpet Bags, &c., &c.

C. LEVY & Co., flatter themselves that they can sell the cheapest Clothing in Columbia, or any where else; and if you do not believe it, just give them a call.

Columbia, August 19, 1848.-2m

REMOVAL.

C. L. KELLING, Herb Doctor, late of Marietta, begs leave to inform his friends and the public generally, that he has removed to the house of Henry Martin, next door to Boyle's Hotel, Front street Columbia, Pa.

Whilst he returns his sincere thanks for the very liberal encouragement hitherto received in the practice of his profession, he respectfully acquaints them that he continues as usual the PRACTICE OF MEDICINE, in all its *various branches*, and will attend, either by day or night all those who may have occasion for his services.

Columbia, July 1, 1848.—tf

NRW STORE.

THE ubscribers Respectfully inform their friends and the public, that they have taken the Store *formerly occupied by S. B. Roude & 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 GOOD.

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 Heads, 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 89 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

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

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

SOAP.

JONES'S Italian Chemica 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

Business Directory.

TERM 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 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, Schremers 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.

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 Depot.

FRENCH REVOLUTION.

TYRANTS as well as Monopolies must fall, so must prices. That is a fact which can be proved by calling at the Old Established CLOCK, WATCH, and JEWELRY Stand of John Felix, Front street, a few doors below Herr's Washington Hotel.

The undersigned having just returned from Philadelphia and New York, where he has purchased, at the present very low prices, a large and splendid assortment of

CLOCKS, WATCHES, AND JEWELRY

of every description, which, together with his former extensive stock, he is determined to sell off quick and at small advances. Now is is your time if you wish to purchase JEWELRY of the very best quality, and at astonishing low prices. The following embraces some of the leading articles of his magnificent stock:

GOLD and SILVER PATENT LEVER WATCHES, full jeweled; Gold and Silver Lepine, Quartier, and English Watches; Gold and Silver Miniature Cases, Silver Table, Tea, Salt, and Mustard Spoons; Silver Sugar Tongs, Butter Knives, &c.; Silver Scissor Hooks, Silver Combs and Hair Darts, Silver and Steel Belt Slides, Gold and Silver Spectacles, Spectacle Glasses, Silver Thimbles, Gold and Silver Pencils and Pens, German Silver Spectacle Cases; German Silver Table and Tea Spoons; Gold Fob and Guard Chains, Steel do.; Gold, Silver, and Steel Watch Keys; Bracelet Clasps, Ear-Rings, Finger-Rings, Breast Pins and Bosom Studs of every description; Card Cases, Steel Purse Rings and Tassels, Bag and Purse Clasps; a large assortment of Silk Twists, Shell Side and Back Combs; Pen Knives, Pistols, Spy Glasses, Music Boxes, Pocket Books and Purses, together with a large variety of other useful and ornamental articles usually kept in Jewelry Stores.

Particular attention paid to repairing Clocks, Watches, and Jewelry—and all work warranted.

Thankful for past favors, the subscriber solicits a continuance of the same—which he flatters himself to merit from his experience and by a strict attention to business.

JOHN FELIX.

N. B. Remember the place. It is in Front street, a few doors BELOW Herr's Washington Hotel, Columbia, Pa., where you can buy cheap and good Jewelry, and warranted to give satisfaction in every instance or have your money refunded. J. F.

Columbia, August 19, 1848.-1y

WANTED.

WANTED a first rate Wagon-maker, to take charge of a shop and carry on the business on his own book, above the Depot. A shop will be rented to a good mechanic at about $15 per annum, and at least $120 worth of work given by the subscriber himself to start on the first year. The work is principally on heavy Ore Wagons. For further particulars address

H. M. WILLS,
August 19, 1848.-2m Columbia, Pa.

JUST RECEIVED

A NEW STYLE OF HATS AND CAPS at Lewis Tredenick & Co.'s Fashionable HAT & CAP Store, first door below John Felix's Jewelry store, where you can always get a Fashionable Hat or Cap at the lowest city price. Call and examine our New Style and judge for yourselves. TREDENICK & Co.

August 5, 1848-tf Front Street, Columbia, Pa.

ALL DISEASES

OF THE head, face and hands, such as scurvey, erysipelas, saltrheum, itch, sores, sore heads, tan, freckles, sunburn, morphew, yellow, dark disfigured skin are cured. When these causes are removed, persons who use the bath freely should remember that more than water is required to remove the humor from the pores. I have seen persons who have had filthy skin diseases, for years, and after trying everything in vain, have been cured by washing the skin with *Jones's Italian Chemical* Soap, and can conscientiously offer it for any of the above complaints. It is particularly adapted to persons from the sunny South. They would find their skin much whiter, clearer and smoother by its use. But they must be sure to ask for *Jones's Chemical Soap, as there are* numerous counterfeits. Price 50 cents. For sale by R. Williams, agent for Columbia. au26'48-1dec24

A STRAY HORSE

WAS taken up by the subscriber on Sunday morning last, about half way between Columbia and Washington, and is now at his residence, near the Bear Tavern, where the owner is requested to call and prove property, pay charges, and take him away.

Sept. 20, 1848.-3t JAMES GREEN.

Poetry.

AN HOUR AT THE OLD PLAYGROUND.

I sat an hour to-day, John,
Beside the old brook stream—
Where we were school Boys in old time,
When manhood was a dream
The brook is choked with fallen leaves
The pond is dried away,
I scarce believe that you would know
The dear old place to-day.

The school house is no more, John,
Beneath our locust trees,
The wild rose by the window side—
No more waves in the breeze;
The scattered stones look desolate,
The sod they rested on
Has been ploughed up by stranger hands
Since you and I were gone.

The chesnut tree is dead, John,
And what is sadder now—
The broken grapevine of our swing
Hangs on the withered bough;
I read our names upon the bark,
And found the pebbles rare—
Laid up beneath the hollow side,
As we had piled them there.

Beneath the grass-grown bank, John,
I looked for our old spring.—
That bubbled down the alder path,
Three paces from the swing;
The rushes grow upon the brink,
The pool is black and bare,
And not a foot, this many a day,
It seems, has trodden there.

I took the old blind road, John,
That wandered up the hill,
'Tis darker than it used to be,
And seems so lone and still;
The birds sing yet upon the boughs—
Where once the sweet grapes hung,
But not a voice of human kind,
Where all our voices rung.

I sat me on the fence, John,
That has as in old time,
The same half panel in the path,
We used so oft to climb,
And thought how o'er the bars of life,
Our playmates had past on,
And left me counting on this spot
The faces that are gone.

Select Tale.

From the Columbian for October.

THE ORPHAN BRIDE.

BY CHARLES OLDMAN, ESQ.

"A fine establishment, that," said I to my friend Manton, as a splendid carriage, with an elegant pair of bays, drove on the ferry-boat just in advance of us, as we were crossing for a drive to Greenwood.

"And a lady to match," said he, "if you could only see her; and what is more, I happen to know her, and it would do you good to hear a bit of romance that I could tell you, if you were not such a hater of all that sort of thing."

"I do hate romance," I answered with some spirit, "when, as in most cases, it is admired because the like of it never did happen and never will. I hold that nothing is worth being pleased with but truth, and as to your glorious creatures of romance, that were born in the brain of the poet or novelist, and painted on paper for so much a page, I think they are well enough for girls of seventeen; but for full-grown men to be pleased with them, or even to tolerate them, is out of the question."

"Stop, stop," says Manton; you have no idea, have you, that the beautiful girl in that carriage was born in the brain of a poet, and painted for so much a page?"

"Well done, you have me now," I had to answer; "but you dont mean to say that your *romance* is about the mistress of that establishment? You did not tell me so, at first, and I was simple enough to suppose that it had only suggested a story of your own or somebody else's invention. If you have anything in the way of a true tale, that will suit a matter-of-fact man like me, tell on, I listen."

"I hardly think I will, you seem to be so fearful of being pleased. At any rate, I shall save the story till another time."

The boat was not crowded, and Manton reined his horse to the right, and let him come up to the coach, and again, as if by accident, he pushed him on a step and brought the tilbury to its side. The lady recognized him instantly, and I caught sight of her as she bowed, and asked him where he was driving. Fortunately she was bound for Greenwood too, with her sister, who was visiting her from the country.

"Could anything be more delightful?" asked Manton, turning to me, as we were driving off the boat. "You shall see her, and perhaps you will then be willing to hear the story."

"I am ready to hear it now."

"But you shall wait, and you deserve to be punished for doubting the truth of what I was going to tell you."

We rode on in silence, and as we were in front of the carriage we alighted at the entrance of the cemetery, and waited its arrival. The ladies preferred to ride over a part of the Tour, and would then join us in a ramble through the more picturesque and secluded portions that could not be reached on wheels.

I confess that I grew impatient; not so much to hear what Manton had to tell me, as to hear the lady herself, who had excited my curiosity not a little. Manton and I had come down for a stroll in the cemetery, and having secured our horse, walked on for a short time in company with the carriage, and then taking a short cut across the grounds, took a seat in the shade to wait the coming of the ladies. As we had saved half an hour by crossing, I begged he would improve the opportunity by giving the promised bit of romance.

"Well, she was pretty, was she not?" he asked as I pressed him to begin.

"She was more than that, she was very beautiful," I said. "In truth, I have rarely seen so much sweetness and simplicity in a face of such striking beauty. It seems to me that she is not a *city* girl; she reminds me of those I knew fifteen or twenty years ago, when I was a young bachelor in the country, and not an old one as I am to-day."

"Then it makes you feel young again, does it, to meet such a woman, and yet you have been merely pleased with the first sight. I wonder what would happen if you should find her as sweet as she looks, an angel in heart as you think she is from the lustre of her eyes."

"I had to submit to my good friend's humor, and let him go on in hopes that he would soon begin to relieve my curiosity; so I told him I was too old to think of falling in love, and I wished him to skip all allusions to any such future possibility.

He said he would prefer to wait till we returned home, as he feared the lightness with which we had been speaking would be a poor introduction to the serious story he was about to give. However he would indulge me.

"You know," he began, "that I spent the summer, two years ago, in the country, but you may not have known that the most of the time I was quietly domesticated in the beautiful village of F——, in Massachusetts. I was in search of health and rest, and found just the spot that I wanted, in the house of the village pastor, an excellent man, with a large, warm heart—an uncle of my mother. One morning, at breakfast, he told us of a painful scene that he had been called to witness the night before, and which had so much affected his feelings that he had scarcely slept since he returned from the house to which he had been called.

"Mrs. Norton was a widow and poor, and the mother of five children, the eldest seventeen, the youngest nine. She had been born to affluence, but her father had been reduced in his circumstances while she was yet a child, and she married early in life a young man who was struggling to acquire a competence, but found the labor beyond his strength, and with a numerous family growing poorer every year, finally sunk under the weight of anxiety, and the pressure of a business that brought no relief. He died while he was yet comparatively young, and left his wife with a family of little children almost without any means beyond a small house and lot he had contrived to save when he saw that he must soon leave them to the care of *Providence* in a heartless world.

"Mrs. Norton's parents had been some years dead; the friends of her father had disappeared with the fortune that had bound them to him, and she was compelled to feel that her dependence under God must be upon her own exertions. The sympathy of the kind-hearted around her would be a comfort in her bereavement, but would furnish little or nothing in the way of pecuniary support. Nor did she wish *charity*, as that cold word is understood in this cold world. She preferred to help herself, if she could, and was willing to endure arduous effort rather than depend on the reluctant aid that others might bestow. Her eldest child was a sweet girl of only eleven years, but very efficient for her age, and able to assist her mother much in caring for the comfort of the younger children, and attending to the house and neat little garden in its rear. Mrs. Norton engaged with a courageous heart, in the attempt to earn a livelihood for herself and the five children who looked to her for *daily bread*. She had been well instructed in the best of village schools, and was able to give her little ones as good an education as she had received, *so* that she was at no expense in this important part of the training of a young family. Her resort, as the chief and almost only means of acquisition, was her *needle*, the best of all inventions for woman, when without a husband or a father upon whom to lean; and this proved to be enough, and no more than enough. The *garden* and the *needle* yielded her enough to feed and clothe herself and the five children who were growing up around her, the solace as well as the care of her life. Everybody loved Mrs. Norton's children. They grew in comeliness as in years. There was a gentleness and grace in their whole aspect and deportment that won all hearts. You would have known that their mother was a lady, if you had never seen her. Not that their manners were formed after any of our city models, or that they took upon themselves any airs that marked a distinction between them and the children of the village. It came to them in the natural way to be gentcel. Mrs. Norton had been used to good society in her youthful days, and took pleasure in moulding the manners of her children, as she knew full well that on their deport*ment must depend all her hopes for their success if* she should be taken from them. She was a Christian, too, and her children were early taught to fear God, and keep His commandments; to put their trust in Him, and love Him in the days of their youth. Now all this was very well, and as the children were universal favorites, and every one loved to make them happy, and they always seemed to be happy, none knew the struggles in that widow's cottage, struggles that made inroads upon the heart and health of Mrs. Norton, as she toiled day and night to maintain her offspring. In these efforts she derived more and more aid every day from her eldest daughter, Mary, who seemed to have imbibed all her own energy, and to possess excellencies that gave dignity to the humble walks of life, and exalted the retired and lovely girl into a heroine. She assumed the burdens of life as if they were her highest pleasures, and went cheerfully to the severest duties with the sweet consciousness that she was lightening the cares of her dear mother, and blessing the home of her younger sisters and brother. Her needle was the best friend of Mary, as it was of her mother. If it must be confessed, our pretty heroine had *learned a trade*, and actually 'went out' to work by the day, making clothes for children. She was a tailoress. Alas for romance, you will say."

"Go on, I beg you. I like it all the better for the real life of the story. Go on."

"I will. You read of the *heroism* of character that high life at times develops, where the eyes of the world and the applause of the world are the excitements to lofty action, sublime self-devotion, and toilsome efforts, that seem to demand more resolution and energy than belong to ordinary mortals; but there is more real heroism in the silent, steady, unflinching performance of duty by an obscure country girl, with such a load on her heart as Mary bore, and such an object before her as Mary kept in view, than in the brilliant Quixotism of the Maid of Orleans.

"Nearly six years had elapsed since the death of *Mrs. Norton's husband*, and it was becoming painfully apparent that she too was soon to sink into the grave. Her constitution, never vigorous, had proved inadequate to the increased responsibilities laid upon her at his death, and now she was about to follow him. It was at her dying bedside that my host, the worthy pastor, had been the night before, and he was now describing the scene through which he had passed.

"The children were around her in an agony of grief that melted all who saw them. The neighbors had flocked in to proffer kindness and assuage the anguish of that dreadful hour; and the pastor came to bring the consolations of the gospel to console their breaking hearts. The dying mother and her daughter Mary, deeply as they must have felt, were the calmest persons in that mourning house.

"Mrs. Norton was evidently drawing near her end. She took her children one by one and gave each a mother's dying blessing, and committed the younger ones to the care of Mary, to whom they were to look up and submit as they had ever done so dutifully to their mother, who was leaving them. Never did Mary seem so lovely as when she put her arms about those little orphans, and, restraining her own measureless grief that she might soothe the clamorous sorrows of the children, told them to trust God, and all would yet be well. Mrs. Norton said to her good minister, that she had committed them all to the care of Him who had said, 'Leave thy fatherless children with me: I will keep them alive; and let thy widows trust in me;' and she was willing to trust that gracious promise, even in death.

"She died that night, and there even before the dead was laid out, while they stood around the yet warm clay, to which the children clung as if they would not be parted from the dust of her they loved,—even there the friends and neighbors of Mrs. Norton, in the fullness of their hearts, provided homes for those dear children. Whatever dispositions might have been made by will of the little property left, it was obvious that it would do comparitively nothing to supporting the family now that its energetic head was gone; and it was thought best that they should all at once leave the homestead, and derive what aid they could from leasing it. Mary and Ellen, the two oldest, would take the youngest with them to a room which was immediately offered by one of their friends. Edward, a boy of fifteen, was pressed to make his home with the village teacher, who would give him his "schooling," and find him a situation in business as soon as he was old enough; and there were so many who desired the company of the only one left, a sweet girl of a dozen summers, that it seemed difficult to decide who should have the privilege of her adoption.

"You remember the old saw, '*so shines a good deed in a naughty world*;' but you never heard of an more beautiful instance of doing good than this. It was the spontaneous action of warm hearts, and when those children went to bed towards morning, they all felt that if they were orphans they had a Father in heaven, who had raised up friends on earth for them in the season of their darkest trial.

"Mary kept an eye on her little charge. Seldom did a day pass without her seeing all of them, and Sundays they spent together at Mary's room, and at church, cherishing the memories of maternal instruction, and strengthening each other in holy purposes of living, as they had been taught to live by her whose hands they still felt on their heads as she laid them on that night when she left them.

"And now when I tell you that the ladies in that carriage are Mary and her sister Ellen, and that Mary is the mistress of that establishment and a house up town to correspond with it, and that she lives here in the city in style, and shows herself a lady 'to the manor born,' you will want me to go through a long story to tell you how it all came about. But I shall make a short one of it by simply telling you, what is the simple fact, that while Mary was at work *at her trade* in the family of Mr. Wiley, a retired merchant from the city, who had left his son in business here, and had established himself in a fine mansion overlooking the village of F——, his son saw her, and had sense and taste to fall in love with her; and as everybody in and about the village knew that Mary Norton was as good as she was beautiful, instead of envying her when she became the bride of Henry Wiley, the neighbors all said he was a lucky man to win such a prize, worthy and elegant and wealthy though he was. Indeed, they were as handsome a couple as they stood together in the village church, when they were married, as your old bachelor eyes ever looked on. When Henry Wiley laid his heart and his fortune at her feet, Mary Norton told him with all frankness that there were objections to their union she could never remove; she had promised her dying mother to be a mother to her sisters and brother; they were dependent on her for counsel and her care; and she could not leave them to become the wife of one who would take her to a distant city, and remove her from the trust she had received. But not only did he hear this magnanimous resolution with patience but delight, and immediately proposed such arrangements for the family that they were all included in provisions for the general happiness. A home in the country was secured them during that part of the year which she would spend in the city, and the summer she was regularly to pass in the midst of her old friends.

"*There they come now. I shall introduce you*, and you will agree with me that 'truth is stranger than fiction,' when you know the worth of that poor girl, an orphan child, working for her living but two years ago, and now not twenty years of age, the wife of a rich merchant, and the centre of a circle in which wealth and fashion and true worth *revolve*."

I saw her, walked with her, rode with her, received a very cordial invitation to call with Mr. Manton at her house, and have since found my new friend, Mrs. Wiley, to say nothing of her sister Ellen, among the very pleasantest of my acquaintance.

I love to repeat the story of Mary Norton, as a contrast to those cases we so often meet with in which those who have been reared in luxury are brought down by sudden changes of fortune, and compelled to drink the bitter waters of adversity. Such is often the result of pride or perversity, and comes upon its victims as a just judgment. But so beautiful an illustration of the care which Providence takes of those who put their trust in God I have seldom met with: and the longer I have known my new friend Mary Wiley, the more I have admired the way by which she has been led through the paths of simple duty, and a long way of self-denying labor to the affluence and influence that virtue only either merits or can appropriately enjoy.

My friend Manton I often meet at Mr. Wiley's, where Ellen is spending a few months, and he frequently insists, as we are walking home, that Ellen is the finest woman of the two. He thinks so, and I am half disposed to believe that he is right. If Manton did *not* think so, and does not soon tell her so too, old as I am I verily believe I will.

Miscellaneous.

THE BRIGHT BOY.—Master—Well, my boy, yo slipped up, didn't you?

Boy—No. I slipped *down*.

Master—Well, stand up by the stove and dry yourself.

Boy—How can I stand, unless I stand up?

Master—Take your seat, you blockhead.

Boy—I can't *take* my seat, it's nailed down.

Master—You can set down, can't you? (giving him a wipe over the head.)

Boy—(Going to his seat) No; I'm not a *hen*—I warn't made to *set*.

Master—Now sit up there, and attend to your books.

Boy—Sit *up?* I should like to see a feller sit *up!*

Master—Hold your tongue.

(Boy runs his tongue out and grabs it with his fingers. Master calls out "first class" to read, and the scene closes.)

A VOUCHER.—A man once went to purchase a horse of a Quaker.

"Will he draw well?" asked the buyer.

"Thee will be pleased to see him draw," said Nehemiah.

The bargain was closed, and the farmer tried his horse, but he would not stir. He returned.

"That horse will not draw an inch."

"*I did not tell thee he would draw, friend*," said the Quaker. "I only remarked that thee would be pleased to see him draw; and so should I, but he would never gratify me in that respect."

HALF MARRIED.—An English paper contains the following bit of information; at the same time a bit of warning to all those who are liable to be in a like situation:

Not long since, while a marriage ceremony was in progress, a most amusing circumstance occurred which completely put a stop to the performance at a most interesting part of it, and sent the disappointed maiden and her anxious lover two different ways, any thing but rejoicing. It appears that the young couple had gone separately to the church, for the purpose of being made one. The ceremony went on well enough until the minister came to the words—"With this ring I thee wed!" when the bride, essaying to take her glove off her maiden hand for the last time, could not effect it.

Whether it was agitation or heat, nervousness or perspiration, the leather clung to her hand as a man ought to do, and would not part company. The bride blushed and pulled; the bridegroom (bold man!) laughed outright; so did the father; so did the mother; so did the spectators, except the clergyman, and he exclaimed, "I did not come here to be laughed at;" and shutting the book, left the ceremony half finished, the glove half off. It is happily added, however, apparently for the information of all who may sympathize with the disappointed fair one, that she tried the next day with more success. That time she went to church with gloveless hands, and the nuptial knot was tied, "tight as a glove."

FORMATION OF HAIL.—Professor Stevelley, at a meeting of the British Association, read a paper on meteorological phenomena, in which he attempted to account for the formation of hail, by supposing that it must be formed when after the fall of some rain, a sudden and extensive vacuum being caused, the quantity of caloric abstracted was so large as to cause the rest of the drops to freeze into ice balls as they formed. This principle, he said, had been strangely overlooked, although, since the days of Sir John Leslie, every person was familiar with experiments on a small scale illustrative of it. He also said that the interesting mine of Chemnitz, in Hungary, afforded an experimental exhibition of the formation of hail on a magnificent scale. In that mine the drainage of water is raised by an engine, in which common air is violently compressed in a large cast iron vessel. While the air is in a state of high compression, a workman desires a *visiter to hold his hat before a cock which he turns*; the compressed air, as it rushes out over the surface of the water within, brings out some with it, which *is frozen into ice bolts by the cold generated by the* air as it expands; and these shoot through the hat to the no small annoyance of one party, but to the infinite amusement of the other.

NUTRIMENT IN DIFFERENT SUBSTANCES.—Dr. Warwick, an English lecturer, gives an interesting comparison of the amount of nutriment contained in different vegetable and animal substances, and the time for their digestion. Of vegetables, he considers that beans contain most nutriment. As to animal substances, he remarked that mutton contained 29 per cent. of nutriment, beef 26, chicken 25, pork 24, cod and sole 21, haddock 18, &c. As to digestion, boiled rice occupied an hour, sago an hour and forty-five minutes, tapioca and barley two hours, boiled cabbage four hours, oysters two and a half hours, salmon four hours. Venison chops one and a half—mutton three—beef three—roast pork five and a quarter—raw eggs two—soft boiled eggs eight—hard ditto, three and a half.

PORT WINE—In an English book upon the subject of adulterations of food and drink which recently came under our observation we find the subjoined account of the materials employed to manufacture an imitation of Port wine:—Twenty-four gallons of cider, six gallons of elderberry juice, four gallons of Port wine, one gallon and a half of brandy, one pound of log wood, and twelve ounces isinglass, dissolved in a gallon of the cider. Bung it down, and in two months it will be fit to bottle, but should not be drunk till the next year. From this the habitual toper may be enabled to glean some idea of the villainous stuff which he is sometimes called upon to put into his stomach, under the appellation of wine, or brandy.

MAKING IT STRONG.—A newly imported Irish girl was engaged at service in New York, recently, and on the third day of her servitude she came to her mistress before breakfast and enquired "how the meals pleased the lady?" "Why do you ask Biddy?" "Because, mem, the brixfist will be bether to-day." "How so?" "I thought the coffee and tay was too wake, meself, for your ladyship, so I jist mixed 'em together, to make 'em stronger, me lady." Her mistress went into hysterics.

A DELICATE COMPLIMENT.—Washington was sometimes given to pleasantry. Journeying east on one occasion, attended by two of his aids, he asked some young ladies at a hotel where he breakfasted, how they liked the appearance of his young men. One of them promptly replied, "We cannot judge of the stars in the presence of the sun."

☞ We once heard of a young lady who said there were but two things, which, on looking over her past life she regretted; and one of these was that she did not eat more cake when her sister Fanny was married!

Probably the other was, that it wasn't her wedding cake, instead of "Fanny's." [Biddeford Herald.

THE PHŒNIX.—In the East, they suppose the phœnix to have fifty orifices in his bill, which are continued to his tail; and that after living one thousand years, he builds himself a funeral pile, sings a melodious air of different harmonies through his fifty organ-pipes, flaps his with a velocity that sets fire to the wood, and consumes himself.—*Richardson.*

BOOKS AND SHIPS COMPARED.—If the invention of a ship was thought so noble, which carrieth riches and commodities from place to place, and consociateid the most remote regions in participation of their fruits, how much more are letters to be magnified, which, as ships, pass through the vast seas of time, and make ages so distant participate of the wisdom, illuminations, and inventions, the one of the other!—*Lord Bacon.*

Henry IV., of France, one day reached Amiens, after a long journey. A local orator was deputed to harangue him, and commenced with a very long string of epithets: "Very great sovereign, very good, very magnanimous—" "And also," interrupted the king, "very tired."

DECIDEDLY MEAN.—A woman who puts less shortening in the under crust of a pie than in the upper. So we think.

☞ Blessed are the orphan children; for they have no mother to spank them.

☞ Blessed are they that do not advertise; *for they shall rarely be troubled with customers.*