THE COLUMBIA SPY.

STEPHEN GREENE, Editor and Publisher. "NO ENTERTAINMENT IS SO CHEAP AS READING, NOR ANY PLEASURE SO LASTING." $1,50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE, $2,00 IF NOT IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME XXVI, NUMBER 35.] COLUMBIA, PENNSYLVANIA, SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 23, 1856. [WHOLE NUMBER, 1,335.

PUBLISHD EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

Office in Northern Central Railroad Company's Building, north-west corner Front and Walnut streets.

Terms of Subscription.

One Copy per annum, if paid in advance, $1 50
" " if not paid within three months from commencement of the year, 2 00

4 Cents a Copy.

No subscription received for a less time than six months; and no paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publisher.

☞ Money may be remitted by mail at the publisher's risk.

Rates of Advertising.

1 square [6 lines]	one week,	$0 38
"	three weeks,	75
"	each subsequent insertion,	10
2 " [12 lines]	one week,	50
"	three weeks,	1 00
"	each subsequent insertion,	20

Larger advertisements in proportion.

A liberal discount will be made to quarterly, half-yearly or yearly advertisers, who are strictly confined to their business.

H. M. NORTH,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Columbia, Pa.
Collections, promptly made, in Lancaster and York Counties.
Columbia, May 4, 1850.

SAMUEL EVANS,

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE. Office in the Odd Fellows' Hall, Second street, Columbia, Pa.
Columbia, August 25, 1855.

J. C. RISLEY, M. D.,

OFFICE in Walnut, third door above Commerce street, residence, Blackburn's Hotel, Front st.
Columbia, July 14, 1855-tf

J. E. HACHENBERG,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Columbia, Penn'a. Office in Locust street, four doors above Front.
Columbia, May 15, 1852.

M. L. LAUBER, M. D.

OFFICE, in Herr's Hotel, three doors above Front street, on Walnut. Residence, Herr's Hotel.
Columbia, December 29, 1855-3m*

Dr. WM. M. LOAG, Dentist.

OFFICE and residence in Locust street, next to the Franklin House, Columbia, Pa. [April 14, 1855-1y]

DAVIES E. BRUNER, J.P.,

ATTORNEY AT LAW AND CONVEYANCER, offers his services to the citizens of Columbia, and assures them that he will attend with promptitude to all business entrusted to his care. Office—Locust street, between Second and Third. Residence—South side Second street, 2nd door below Union.
Columbia, January 13, 1855-1y

SAMUEL LODGE,

Daguerreian Artist,

Corner Front & Locust sts., Columbia, Pa.

Pictures taken for 25 cents

And upwards, and satisfaction guaranteed.

☞ No Picture need be taken from the Gallery unless it is such as is really desired.

Columbia, March 31, 1855.

B. F. APPOLD & CO.,

GENERAL FORWARDING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS, AND DEALERS IN COAL AND PRODUCE,

And Deliverers on any point on the Columbia and Philadelphia Railroad, to York and Baltimore and to Pittsburg;

DEALERS IN COAL, FLOUR AND GRAIN, WHISKY AND BACON, have just received a large lot of Monongahela Rectified Whiskey, from Pittsburg, of which they will keep a supply constantly on hand, at low prices. Nos. 4 and 6 Canal Basin.
Columbia, January 27, 1854.

Brick of all Kinds.

M. F. MULGREW, Mountville, Lancaster county, manufactures and has constantly for sale, PAVING AND BUILDING BRICK, of best quality, which he will deliver in Columbia, at the lowest rates. Orders solicited.
April 7, 1855-ly

BAR IRON.

THE undersigned are prepared to manufacture and furnish country merchants, with BAR IRON, of every size, and of the best quality.
Orders for any size desired, filled promptly.
SMITH, RICHARDS & CO.,
Rolling Mill, Columbia.
Columbia, April 28, 1855.—tf.

Shaving and Hair-Dressing Saloon.

THE undersigned invites attention to his Saloon, No. 1 Arcade, Walnut st., opposite the Washington Hotel, where all persons can receive a CLEAN AND EASY SHAVE, and have their hair cut and dressed in the most fashionable and exquisite manner.—There is something soothing in a good shave: if any are disposed to doubt it, let them try me, and I will fully demonstrate the fact.
WILLIAM CLEGGETT.
Columbia, March 27, 1852-tf

Gas Fitting.

HIRAM WILSON gives this branch of business particular attention. As he executes all work in this line himself, it will be warranted equal to any in the country, and at as low rates.
Thankful for the patronage with which he has already been favored, he respectfully solicits a continuance of the same. HIRAM WILSON.
One door above Jonas Rumple's Hardware Store.
Columbia, Feb. 24, 1855.

Cedar Ware.

CONSTANTLY on hand, an assortment of Cedar-Ware, to which the attention of housekeepers is invited. HENRY PFAHLER.
Columbia, October 20, 1853.

Copy Books.

LATEST fancy of Slates, Pencils, Pens, Ink, &c., "of the very best brand," ready at a moment's notice, at McMAHON'S,
Oct. 27, 1855. Columbia Book and News Depot.

FRENCH MERINOES, &C. I have just opened a large assortment of Ladies' Dress Goods, consisting in part of French Merinoes, all shades; French Cashmeres, all shades; Figured and plain De Laines; Parameties, all colors; Chintzes, Calicoes, Ginghams, &c. Also a fine assortment of Sack Velvets and Flannels. Call and see our assortment, as you may rely on getting good and cheap goods.
PHILIP F. FRY,
Columbia, Oct 6, 1855. Opposite the Bank.

FLANNELS AND BLANKETS.—We are now opening our Fall Stock of Flannels, consisting of Scarlet, White, Yellow, Green, Blue, Twilled Flannels. Also all colors of plain flannels at a great reduction from last year's prices. Blankets all prices, and very cheap. PHILIP F. FRY,
Oct. 6. Opposite the Bank.

FARR & THOMPSON'S justly celebrated Commercial and other Gold Pens—the best in the market—just received. P. SHREINER.
Columbia, April 28, 1855.

WHY should any person do without a Clock, when they can be had for $1.50 and upwards, at SHREINER'S?
Columbia, April 28, 1855.

SAPONIFIER, or Concentrated Lye, for making Soap. 1 lb. is sufficient for one barrel of Soft Soap, or 1lb. for 9 lbs. Hard Soap. Full directions will be given at the Counter for making Soft, Hard and Fancy Soaps. For sale by R. WILLIAMS.
Columbia, March 31, 1855.

DRUGS, Medicines and Perfumery, by wholesale and retail. I have just received from the Cities of Philadelphia and Baltimore, a large stock additional to my former stock, with a general variety of other goods kept in Drug Stores, which I am determined to dispose of at the most reasonable prices.
Persons desiring to purchase will do well by calling on the subscriber R. WILLIAMS,
Front street, Columbia Pa.
Columbia, March 31, 1855.

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral and Cathartic Pills.—We have just received a fresh supply, direct from the manufacturer. Call at the Family Medicine Store, and procure the genuine article.
Columbia, October 20, 1855.

BIBLES, Prayer and Hymn Books, of all denominations, beautiful and varied. Just received and for sale at McMAHON'S.
December 22, 1855.

ALMANACS.—The great depot of English fashion and folly is fully unfolded in a work of this title just out and for sale cheap, at
October 27, 1855. McMAHON'S.

LIFE-LIKE DAGUERREOTYPES.

THE undersigned takes pleasure in stating to the public that he still continues taking those LIFE-LIKE DAGUERREOTYPES, which can be testified to by thousands that had their daguerreotypes taken in his room since the year 1851, that he has ample experience, the most central location, the best fitted up place, (a sitting room expressly for the ladies,) and the best and largest side-light in the city of Lancaster, which he had expressly put up for the business, at a heavy expense, to enable him to take pictures in cloudy as well as in clear weather and avoid all those unnatural shades (or blackness) under the nose, chin, &c., that are generally produced by sky-light or small side-light. He has also procured a large instrument, which enables him to take pictures from the largest down to the smallest, and give perfect satisfaction, which accounts for the place being daily crowded with those smiling faces,

To procure the shadow
Ere the substance fades.

Also, the largest assortment of Fancy and common cases on hand in Lancaster, such as Pearl Union, Jewel, Jenny Lind, Papier Mache, Oval Velvet, Stereoscope, and Gold Lockets of every description.—Remember the place, north-west corner of Centre Square, near the Market House—Entrance 2nd door from the corner, sign of the Large Flag.
December 22, 1855-3m J. DELLINGER.

GERMAN AGENCY,

FOR THE COLLECTION OF CLAIMS, DRAFTS, POWER OF ATTORNEYS, &c.

THE subscriber having made arrangements with some of the oldest Banking Houses in Germany, is now prepared to collect Monies and make Power of Attorneys for any part of Germany.

He has also made arrangements to give his Own Draft to any one who wishes money sent on, and guarantees it will be paid,—having had much experience in this business, he intends to devote his full attention to it in future.

All collections of Claims, &c., attended to with correctness and dispatch, and no charges for information. For further particulars address JACOB HERZOG,
Dry Good Merchant, No. 69 North Queen Street, Lancaster City, Pa.
N. B.—All kinds of German Coin exchanged at full rates.
December 15, 1855-tf

Fellow Citizens of Lancaster City and County.

YOU are most respectfully solicited to call and examine the new and splendid stock of goods just received and for sale at William Hensler's CLOTHING HOUSE, No. 31½, North Queen street, fourth door from Orange street, west side, consisting of the most beautiful and richly finished Silk Velvet and Plush Vest Patterns, any where to be found. Valentia and other Vestings of every description, Plain and Fancy Cassimeres of admirable styles and texture, Superior Black Cassimere; also, an elegant assortment of Plain and Fancy Cloths, and Over coating of every description, which will be made to order at short notice and all articles warranted.

READY-MADE CLOTHING.

A general and excellent assortment of ready-made CLOTHING, such as Surtout Overcoats, Sack Overcoats, Dress, Frock, Sack and Box-coats, plain and fancy Cassimere and Satinett Pantaloons, common Pants of all kinds, plain and fancy Silk and Plush Vests, Valentia and other Vests, to suit purchasers, all of which will be sold as low, if not lower, than any other Clothing House, in or out of the city of Lancaster.

All articles are manufactured under the care and supervision of the subscriber, and may therefore be relied upon as being all right.

Please give us an early call and allow us to furnish you with such articles as you may want in our line of business, for which as well as for past favors we are sincerely thankful. WILLIAM HENSLER,
No. 31½, North Queen Street, Fourth Door South of Orange Street, west side, Lancaster. [oct. 27, '55-tf.

W. H. KEFFER,

DEALER in all kinds of MUSIC and MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, No. 6 Kramph's Arcade, East Orange street, LANCASTER, has always on hand a large and well-assorted stock of

ACCORDEONS,

of superior quality, at prices from 75 cts. up to $100;

FLUTES AND GUITARS,

at all prices, ranging from 50 cts. up to $30 and $40; Banjos, Tamborines, Drums, Clarinets, Fifes, &c.

NEW MUSIC,

for the Piano, Violin, Flute, Guitar, &c. INSTRUCTION BOOKS for all instruments.

Italian, German and English Strings, of the very best quality, carefully selected with particular care.

Also, all kinds of Musical Merchandise, as Violin Bridges, Tail Pieces, Screws, Pegs, Drum, Tamborine and Banjo Heads, &c.

Toy Instruments of every description.

All the New Music for Piano, Guitar, &c., received as soon as published, and can be sent by mail free of postage.
Lancaster, May 5, 1855-1y

PEOPLE'S MARBLE YARD.

SHOP in North Queen street, half square south of the Railroad, and 3rd door north of M'Grann's White Horse Hotel, Lancaster city.

LEWIS HALDY, Marble Mason, respectfully informs the public that he has now in his yard the largest and best assortment of ITALIAN AND AMERICAN MARBLE ever offered to the citizens of Lancaster, and greater than any other establishment west of Philadelphia. Having made arrangements in the East to receive marble at reduced prices, he announces that he will sell much cheaper than any other establishment in this city or county can do. He is prepared to execute in the best style, MONUMENTS, TOMBS AND GRAVE STONES, MANTELS, DOOR AND WINDOW SILLS, STEPS, &c., &c., of every variety and price.

His facilities for furnishing articles in the Marble line are unsurpassed by any other establishment in the city, while he assures all who may favor him with their patronage that his work shall be executed in the very best style and on the most reasonable terms.

LETTER CUTTING in ENGLISH and GERMAN, done at the shortest notice, and on the most moderate terms.

He respectfully invites the public to call and examine his work, being fully satisfied to rest his claim to public patronage upon its merits.

Thankful for the many favors bestowed upon him, he hopes by strict attention to business to merit and receive a share of the public patronage.
Lancaster, April 26, 1855.

United States Life Insurance Annuity and Trust Company.

OFFICE, S. E. Corner Third and Chestnut Sts., Company's Building. Charter perpetual. Capital, ascertained value of Premiums and Assets, Jan. 1, 1855, $1,240,629 06.

The eminent success which has resulted to this Company arises chiefly from its distinctive and simple plan of operation, combining Stability with Security, Perpetuity and Availability. Annual Dividends, convertible in cash, or appropriated to the payment of premiums.—Premium payments quarterly, &c.

The undersigned has been appointed agent for the above company, in this place, and is prepared to furnish policies at the shortest notice.
JAS. S. McMAHON,
Columbia News Depot.
Columbia, June 23, 1855.

Dissolution.

THE PARTNERSHIP existing under the name and firm of COTTRELL & DILLER, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. All persons indebted to the late firm will make payment to J. W. COTTRELL, and those having claims against the same will present them to him for settlement.
J. W. COTTRELL,
Columbia, April 14, 1855. GEO. J. DILLER.

THE subscriber returns his thanks to his friends and customers for the liberal patronage heretofore extended to him, and hopes by strict attention to business to have a continuance of the same.
J. W. COTTRELL.
Columbia, April 14, 1855. [Ap. 21-tf

Music for the Billion!

AND MORE! on hand or ordered at once. No waiting a "few days" in this age of progress. Just drop in and see the "Notes" we have printed—at lowest prices—at the Columbia News Depot. FRONT STREET.
Columbia, Oct. 27, '55.

FOR SALE,

50 TONS No. 3 PIG IRON. For terms, &c., apply to HENRY PFAHLER.
Columbia, October 20, 1855-tf

Almanacs for 1856.

PERSONS wishing an Almanac for the present year, can procure it at McCORKLE & DELLETT'S Family Medicine Store, gratis. jan 5

Rapp's Gold Pens.

CONSTANTLY on hand, an assortment of these celebrated PENS. Persons in want of a good article are invited to call and examine them.
Columbia, June 30, 1855. JOHN FELIX.

THE Life of Dr. A. C. Smith, for sale at the New and Cheap Book Store of
T. J. MILES & SON,
Locust street, above Front, Columbia
October 20, 1855.

LOOK here, my gay old bachelor; Those Locks and Whiskers of yours want to be made a little modern looking. You can have all the "Silver Grey" banished in an instant if you buy your Hair Dye from McCORKLE & DELLETT,
Feb 2, 1856 Odd Fellows' Hall, Columbia.

Poetry.

From the Knickerbocker Magazine.

MY WORK.

I.

I have a work to do,
A work I may not shun;
One path I must pursue
Until my life be done.
What others do I need not ask;
Enough for me I know my task.

II.

'Tis not to seek for wealth—
I covet no man's store;
I thank my God for health—
I ask for nothing more.
My daily wants are soon supplied,
Or what I do not need, denied.

III.

Let others seek for fame,
'The homage of an hour,
I care not for a name,
For glory, or for power.'
The race I leave to others free—
Such transient bliss is not for me.

IV.

Pleasure, that syren fair,
Has lost her power to charm;
Her joys are empty air,
I own no more their charm;
For other accents seem to say,
'Stay not, but work while yet 'tis day.'

V.

To wipe the trembling tear
From the pale mourner's eye;
To soothe the anxious fear,
Or hush the rising sigh;
This is a bliss for which to live,
A joy that wealth can never give.

VI.

To strive against the wrong,
Which takes the name of right:
To battle with the strong,
And conquer in the fight,
Brings truer happiness than could
The warrior's wreath, if bathed in blood.

VII.

Work, then, from day to day,
Nor pause for praise or blame;
Care not for what men say,
Duty is still the same:
The rest which all at times would crave,
To none is distant—in the grave.

READING, (Pa.,) Nov. 17, 1855. J. S. R.

Select Story.

THE SNOW STORM,

A TALE FROM THE RUSSIAN OF POUSHKINE.

About the year 1811, a period so memorable in the history of Russia, there lived on his domain of Nenaradof a rich proprietor named Gabrilovitch. He was noted for his kind disposition and hospitality. His doors were always open to his friends, who resorted there in the evenings—the elder ones in order to enjoy a quiet game of cards with their host and his wife, Petrouna, the younger, in the hope of gaining the good graces of Mari, a fair girl of seventeen, the only child and heiress of Gabrilovitch.

Mari used to read French romances, and, as the natural and necessary consequence, was deeply in love. The object of her affection was an almost penniless young ensign belonging to the neighborhood, and then at home on leave, who returned her love with equal ardor. It is scarcely necessary to add that the young lady's parents had strictly forbidden her to think of such an alliance; and whenever they met the lover they received him with about that amount of friendliness which they would bestow on an ex-collector of taxes. Our young lovers, however, managed to keep up a correspondence, and used to meet in secret beneath the shadow of the pine-grove or the old chapel. On these occasions, they, of course vowed eternal constancy, accused Fate of unjust rigor, and formed various projects. At length they naturally came to the conclusion that, as the will of cruel parents opposed their marriage, they might very well accomplish it in secret. It was the young gentleman who first propounded this proposition, and it was most favorably received by the young lady.

The approach of winter put a stop to their interviews, but their correspondence went on with increased frequency and fervor. In each of his letters, Vladimir Nicolevitch conjured his beloved to leave her home and consent to a private marriage. "We will disappear," he said, "for a short time; then, one day, we will go and throw ourselves at your parents' feet, who touched by our heroic constancy, will exclaim: 'Children, come to our arms!'" For a long time Mari hesitated.—At length it was agreed that on a certain day she should not appear at supper, but retire early to her room on the pretext of a violent headache. Her waiting-maid was in the secret, and they were both to slip out through a back door, near which they would find sledges waiting to convey them to the chapel of Jadrino, about five versts distant, where Vladimir and the priest would await them.

Having made her preparations, and written a long letter of excuse to her parents, Mari retired at an early hour to her room.—During the day, she had complained of a headache, which certainly was more than a pretext, for nervous excitement had made her really ill. Her father and mother watched her tenderly, and constantly asked her:—"How do you feel now, Mari; are you still suffering?" Their fond solicitude went to the young girl's heart, and with the approach of evening her agitation increased. At dinner she ate nothing, and soon afterwards rose to take leave of her parents. They embraced her, and according to their usual custom, gave her their blessing. Mari could scarcely refrain from sobbing. When she reached her chamber she threw herself into an arm chair and wept aloud. Her waiting-maid tried to console and cheer her, and at length succeeded.

There was a snow-storm that night: the wind howled outside the house and shook the windows. The young, however, as soon as the household had retired to rest, wrapped herself up in thick furs, and followed by her maid carrying a lise, gained the outer door. They found a sledge drawn by three horses awaiting them; and having got into it, they started off at rapid pace. We will leave them to pursue their journey, while we return to Vladimir.

All that day he had been actively employed. In the morning he visited the priest of Jadrino in order to arrange with him about performing the ceremony; and then he set off to procure the necessary witnesses. The first acquaintance to whom he addressed himself was a half-pay officer, who willingly consented to what he wished. "Such an adventure," he said, "reminds him pleasantly of the days of his youth." He prevailed on Vladimir to remain with him, promising to procure for him the other two witnesses.—Accordingly there appeared at dinner the geometrician Schmidt, with his mustaches and spurs; and the son of Captain Ispravnik a lad of seventeen, who had just entered the Uhlan corps. Both pressed Vladimer to stand by him to the last; the happy lover, having cordially embraced his three friends, returned to his dwelling in order to complete his preparations. Having dispatched a servant on whom he could rely with the sledge for Mari, he himself got into a one-horse sledge and started for Jadrino. Scarcely had he set out, when the storm commenced with violence; and soon every trace of the road disappeared. The entire horizon was covered with a thick yellow cloud, whence fell masses rather than flakes of snow, and soon all distinction between land and sky was lost. In vain did Valdimir try to find his way.—His horse went on at random, sometimes climbing over heaps of snow, sometimes falling into ravines. Every moment the sledge was in imminent danger of being upset; and in addition, the pleasant conviction forced itself on Valdimir that he had lost his way. The wood of Jadrino was nowhere to be seen; and after two hours of this sort of work, the poor horse was ready to drop from fatigue.

At length a sort of dark mass became visible in front; he urged his horse onwards, and found himself on the borders of a forest. "Oh!" he exclaimed, "I am all right now; I shall easily find my way to Jadrino." He entered the forest, of which the branches were so thickly interlaced that [illegible] felt his spirits revive.

However, as they say in the fairy tales, he went on and on and on, and yet could not find Jadrino. His poor tired steed, with the utmost difficulty dragged him to the other side of the forest; and by the time he had arrived there the storm had ceased, and and the moon shone out. No appearance, however, of Jadrino; before him lay extended a large plain, towards the centre of which the poor traveller descried a cluster of four or five houses. He hastened towards the nearest, and descending from the sledge, knocked at the window. A small door in the shutter opened, and the white beard of an old man appeared.

"What do you want?"

"Is it far to Jadrino?"

"Jadrino! About ten versts."

At this reply Vladimir felt like a criminal condemned to execution.

"Can you," said he, "furnish me with horses to go there?"

"We have no horses."

"Well, then, a guide; I will give him whatever he asks."

"Wait, then," said the old man; "I'll send you my son."

The window was carefully closed and a considerable time elapsed. Vladimir, whose impatience became quite uncontrollable, knocked again loudly at the shutter.

The old man reappeared.

"What do you want?"

"Your son."

"He's coming; he is dressing himself.—Are you cold? Come in and warm yourself."

"No, no; send out your son."

At length a young lad, with a stout stick in his hand, made his appearance, and led the way across the snow covered plain.

"What o'clock is it?" asked Vladimir.

"Day will soon break."

The sun's rays, indeed, had begun to gild the east, and the village cocks were crowing when they arrived at Jardino. The church door was closed. Vladimir, having paid and dismissed his guide, hastened towards the priest's dwelling. What was he about to hear?

Let us first inquire what was going on in the mansion of the master of Nenaradof.—Just nothing at all. In the morning the husband and wife got up as usual, and went into the eating-room—Gabriel Gabrilovitch, in his woolen vest and night cap, and Petrowna in her dressing gown.

Tea was served, and Gabriel sent a maid to inquire for Mari. The girl returned with a message that her young mistress had passed a restless night, but now felt better and was coming down. In a few minutes Mari entered and embraced her parents.

"How do you feel, my poor little one?" asked her father.

"Better," was the answer.

The day passed off as usual, but towards evening Mari became very ill and feverish. The family physician was summoned from the nearest town, and when he arrived he found his patient in a high fever. During fourteen days she continued on the brink of the grave.

Nothing was known of her nocturnal flight as the waiting-maid, for her own false, was prudently silent on the subject; nor did any of the other accomplices, even after having drunk wine, breathe a word on the subject, so much did all the parties dread the wrath of Gabriel. Mari, however, during her delirium, raved so incessantly about Vladimir that her mother could not doubt that her illness was caused by love. She and her husband consulted some of their friends on the subject; and, as the result of the conference, it was unanimously decided that Mari was destined to marry the ensign—that one cannot avoid one's fate—that riches do not ensure happiness—and other fine maxims of the same kind.

The invalid recovered. Vladimir, during her illness, had never appeared at the house; and it was determined that his unexpected good fortune should be announced to him—that he should be told he was now free to marry his beloved. What was the astonishment of the proud owners of Nenaradof when they received in reply a letter from the young ensign, in which he declared he would never enter their dwelling again, and prayed them to forget an unhappy being, for whom death was the only refuge!

A few days afterwards they learned that Vladimir had rejoined the army. It was in 1812. No one ever mentioned his name to Mari, nor did she herself allude to him in any way. Two or three months elapsed, and one day she saw his name mentioned among the officers who had distinguished themselves at the battle or Borodino, and who were mortally wounded. She fainted, had a relapse of fever, from which she slowly recovered.

Not long afterwards her father died, leaving her the reversion of his whole property. Wealth, however, brought her no consolation; she wept with her mother, and vowed never to leave her. They left their residence at Nenaradof, and took up their abode on another estate. Numerous suitors thronged around the rich and lovely heiress, but none of them did she vouchsafe the smallest encouragement. Her mother often implored her to choose a husband, but she silently shook her head. Vladimir was no more; he expired at Moscow on the eve of the day the French entered that city. To Mari his memory seemed sacred; she treasured up the books they had read together, his drawings, and the notes he had written to her—every thing that could perpetuate her remembrance of the unfortunate young man.

[illegible] returned from the frontiers, and the people rushed in crowds to greet them. The officers who had set out as mere striplings, came back with stern marshal countenances, their brave breasts covered with orders. Time of ineffaceable glory! How the heart of a Russian then bounded at the name of his country!

A colonel of hussars, named Vourmin, wearing in his button-hole the Cross of St. George, and on his face an interesting paleness, came to spend a few month's leave of absence on his estate, which joined that where Mari was residing. The young girl received him with far more show of favor than she had hitherto bestowed upon any of her visitors. They resembled each other in many particulars; both were handsome, pleasant, intellectual, silent and reserved. There was a sort of mystery in the demeanor of Vourmin which piqued the curiosity and excited the interest of the heiress. He evidently admired her, paid her every possible attention—why did he not speak of love? He had acquired a habit of fixing his bright, dark eyes on hers, half in reverie and half with an expression that seemed to declare the approach of a decisive explanation. Already the neighbors spoke of the marriage as a decided business; and Petrowna rejoiced at the thought that her daughter would at length have a husband worthy of her.

One morning, when the good lady was seated in her drawing-room, Vourmin entered and inquired for Mari.

"She is in the garden," replied Petrowna. "You will find her there, if you wish to see her."

The colonel went out hastily; and Petrowna, making the sign of the cross, murmured to herself, "God be praised! I hope everything will be arranged to-day."

Vourmin found his lady-love dressed in white, seated beneath a tree, close by a lake, with a book on her knee, like any heroine of romance. After the interchange of a few common-place sentences, Vourmin, with considerable agitation, told her that for a long time he had been desirous of opening his mind to her, and now prayed her to listen to him for a few moments. She closed her book, and cast down her eyes in token of assent.

"I love you!" exclaimed Vourmin—"I love you ardently!"

Mari bent down her head a little more.

"I have committed the imprudence of seeing you, of listening to you every day."—(Mari recollected the first letter of St. Preux.) "Now it is too late too resist my destiny.—The memory of your sweet face and gentle voice will form henceforward the joy and the torture of my existence; but I have a duty to fulfil towards you. I must reveal to you a strange secret which places between us an unsurmountable barrier."

"That barrier," murmured Mari, "has always existed. I could never have become your wife."

"I know," replied Vourmin in a low voice, "that you have loved; but death, and three years of mourning—— Dearest Mari, do not take from me my last consolation; do not deprive me of the happiness of thinking you might have been mine, if not——" [illegible]

"Hush," cried Mari, "Cease, I conjure you! You pierce me to the heart."

"Yes, I have the consoling thought that you would have been mine. But I am the most unfortunate of men.—I am married!"

Mari raised her eyes with a look of amazement.

"I am married," resumed the colonel—"married these four years, and neither know who my wife is, nor where she is, nor whether I shall ever meet her."

"What can you mean? What is the mystery? But go on. I beg of you—I will tell you afterwards."

"Here then," said the colonel, "are the facts. In the year 1812, I was going to Wilna to join my regiment. I arrived late one evening at a station, and had just given orders to have the horses immediately harnessed, when suddenly there arose a snow storm. The master of the house and the postilion both strongly urged me to defer my journey; but tempest or no tempest, I was resolved to push on. The postillion took it into his head that he could shorten the way by crossing a river whose banks he knew very well. However, he missed the right ford, and brought me to a place which was totally strange to him. The storm continued to rage, but at length we descried a distant light. I hastened towards it, and found myself outside a church; whence the light proceeded. The door was open. Sledges were waiting outside, and several persons were standing in the porch. One of them called out to me, "This way! this way." I got out of my sledge, and entered the church. One of the people in the porch said:

"In the name of Heaven, what has delayed you? The bride has fainted, and we are all on the point of returning home."

Half bewildered and half amused, I resolved to follow up the adventure. Indeed, I was allowed no time to deliberate, for my impatient friends hurried me into the interior of the church, which was faintly lit up by two or three torches. A girl was seated on a bench in the shadow, while another, standing beside her, was rubbing her temples.

"At length," said the latter "God be praised that you are come. My mistress was nearly dying."

An old priest approached and said, "Shall we begin?"

"Oh, begin, by all means, my reverend father," replied I gaily. [illegible] unpardonable, and as it now seems to me, inconceivable, I advanced beside her to the altar. Her servant, and the three men who were present, were so much occupied about her, that they scarcely glanced at me. Besides, the light as I have said, was very dim and my head was enveloped in the fur hood of my travelling pelisse.

In a few moments we were married.

"Embrace each other," said one of the witnesses. My wife turned her pale face towards me. For an instant she gazed as if petrified, then, falling backwards, she exclaimed:

"It is not he! It is not he!"

Out of the church I rushed, before the astounded priest and the bridal party had time to think of arresting my flight. I jumped into the sledge and soon left all pursuit behind.

"And," said Mari, "did you never ascertain what became of that poor woman?"

Never. I do not know the name of the village where I was married, nor can I recollect that of the station where I last stopped. At that time, so little importance did I attach to my criminal levity, and when all danger of pursuit was over, I fell asleep in the sledge, and did not awake until I found myself at another station. The servant whom I had with me was killed in battle, so that every clue seems lost by which I might discover the scene of my folly which I now expiate so dearly.

Mari turned her pale face fully towards him, and seized his hands.

"What!" cried Vourmin, "was it you?"

"Don't you recognize me?"

A long and close embrace was the reply.

AUNT TABITHA'S INDIGNATION.

Aunt Tabitha was a good natured woman and a distant relation of the celebrated Mrs. Partington. She possessed a heart open as day to melting charity, and delighted to relieve the necessities of her neighbors. She had passed the meridian of life and had never received the addresses of any of the sterner sex—not that she did not possess attractions, but from her own desire to live a life of celibacy. There were many eccentricities in her character. On a certain Sunday, after divine service, the preacher announced from the pulpit that a collection would be taken up in aid of the Widow's and Orphans' Fund, and after speaking eloquently upon that noblest of human virtues, charity, he concluded by saying, "that every one of the congregation who had a spark of fellow feeling in their bosoms, would not leave without contributing something in aid of the suffering widows and orphans." After he had taken his seat, Aunt Tabitha arose, a crimson blush tinging her cheek, and said, "I always make it a practice to contribute to all worthy objects of charity, and intend to subscribe something now, but I do not wish to be insulted, and I wish it to be distinctly understood, that no *spark of a fellow was ever feeling in my bosom!*" The congregation tittered, the minister looked bewildered, and Aunt Tabitha, thinking they were adding injury to insult, retreated to the street, fully determined never to enter that church again.

CHARCOAL FOR SWINE.—A western paper says that charcoal is one of the best articles that can be given to hogs, while in preparation for the lard tub.

Sunday Reading.

LIGHT FROM HEAVEN.

'The light that led astray
Was light from Heaven.'

It could not be no light from heaven
Has ever led astray!
Its constant stars to guide are given,
And never to betray.
The meteor in the marsh bred
May lure the foot afar,
But never wayfarer misled
Would say it was a star.

When passion drives to wild excess,
And folly wakes to shame,
It cannot make the madness less
To cast on heaven the blame.
Oh, blindly wander if thou will,
And break from virtue's rule,
But add not blasphemy to guilt,
And doubly play the fool.

The light that seemed to shine on high,
And led thee on to sin,
Was but reflected to thine eye
From passion's fire within.
And Conscience warned thee of the guide,
And Reason raised her voice,—
Thou wert not forced to turn aside,
But freely mad'st the choice.

Thy Will its false enchantment threw
Before thy cleaner sight,
And round the hovering tempter threw
An angel's robe of light.
And thus from virtue's peaceful way
So far by passion driven,
How could the light that led astray
Be light that shone from Heaven?

Why, reckless of its native aim,
Should genius, throned so high,
E'er lend the sanction of his name
To consecrate a lie;
If not that a corrupted heart
Degrades the noblest mind,
And turns to shame the glorious art
That should have blessed mankind?

Oh, spurn the guilty thought away!
Eternity will tell
That every light that led astray,
Was light that shone from hell.

J. D. BERGE.

A FALSE BELIEF NO EXCUSE.

The most common, and yet the most shallow of all excuses for a wrong course of life is, that it consists with the individual's belief. Many seem to think that after a life of sin, they shall, on this plea, be justified at the last day; and no appeals that are now made to their consciences can shake off this truth or right, can, in the minds of believers, they tell us they are of another persuasion. They really believe that [illegible] Athians, or in something equally [illegible] cluster of allusions [illegible] that if they should in the end be found under a mistake as to their particular belief, it will be all the same, for then it will be enough for them to plead that they really believed what they did, and that their way seemed right to them.

The truth is, the tempter, in dealing with our understanding, always presents some *seeming* truth. His object is to color falsehood into a likeness to the truth, that he may deceive. The tempter's bait is always some apparent good. In every case the human will choose in view of some apparent good. And never does one deliberately commit a sin, till he has made it seem to himself, that on the whole, it is best to do it, any more than one adopts an error, till it seems to him to be true.

The fact, therefore, that a man's understanding has been abused by a heart seduced to make that seem true which was even shockingly false, is no justification for wrong thinking or wrong doing. For one never sins till his reason so bends to some delusion as to make it seem good to sin. The whole art of Satan's temptations consists in making evil seem to be good. God denounces his woe on this very wickedness of making the false seeming, out of which all sin and error comes. He says, "Woe unto them that call evil good and good evil; that put darkness for light and light for darkness!" For one to say that the evil seemed good, is only saying that his understanding joined with his will in the sin. The forbidden fruit seemed good to our mother Eve. In intoxicated by that false seeming,

She plucked, she eat,
Earth felt the wound, and Nature, from her seat,
Sighing through all her works, gave signs of woe,
That all was lost. [Puritan Recorder

DEPUTY WORSHIPPING.

Hearing a choir sing, *is not worship*. Reading the hymn through in a mere intellectual attention to the thought, *is not worship*. A solemn feeling *is not worship*. Such a feeling is often the result of architectural or artistic causes. A person, for instance, has entered a cathedral. He is awed by the grandeur and solemn hush of the place. He yields to an irresistible feeling of solemnity, and afterwards goes away and feels, perhaps, as though he had worshipped. Not so. He has merely indulged in what may be called *architectural awe*. Such a feeling is a legitimate effect of elevated art. But this is *not worship*. The place and the supreme object of worship, lie higher than mere architecture, or music, or sculpture, or painting artistically enjoyed, bear the soul. For, in the enjoyment of art, as in the enjoyment of natural scenery, we are recipients; the mind, therefore, is in a passive state. Whereas, in worship, the mind is in an active state. We must rise through nature, to nature's God; and, in sacred art, unless the soul be impelled forward one step further, to definite religious action, it is not in a condition of worship. For no passive state, no condition of mere feeling can involve this. Worship involves an act. Feeling may, and should accompany this act, but cannot constitute it. And in sacred song, we must not only, as a matter of intellection, attain to the thought of the words, but we must offer that thought spontaneously *to God*, before we can be said rightly to worship.—*R. Willis.*