

# THE COLUMBIA SPY.

SAMUEL WRIGHT, Editor and Proprietor.

"NO ENTERTAINMENT IS SO CHEAP AS READING, NOR ANY PLEASURE SO LASTING."

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**Dr. John & Rohrer, Have associated in the Practice of Medicine.**  
Columbia, April 1st, 1856. 11

**DR. G. W. MIFFLIN, DENTIST,** Locust street, a few doors above the Old Fellowship, Columbia, Pa.  
Columbia, May 3, 1856

**H. M. NORTH, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.**  
Columbia, Pa. promptly made in Lancaster and York Counties.  
Columbia, May 4, 1856.

**J. W. FISHER, Attorney and Counsellor at Law,** Columbia, Pa.  
Columbia, September 6, 1856. 11

**GEORGE J. SMITH, Wholesale and Retail Bread and Cake Baker.**  
Columbia, Pa. constantly on hand a variety of Breads, Cakes, Pastries, etc., of every description, and Sugar Buns, Confectionery, of every description, and more.  
Columbia, Pa. 101 S. 3rd St. 11

**BROWN'S Essence of Jamaica Ginger, General Article.** For sale by MCKENZIE & DELLETT'S, Family Medicine Store, Old Fellows' Hall, July 23, 1857.

**SOLUTION OF CITRATE OF MAGNESIA or Purative Mineral Water.** A pleasant medicine which is highly recommended as a substitute for Epsom Salts, and is obtainable from every druggist. Prepared by Dr. H. B. HERR'S Drug Store, Front St., No. 25.

**JUST received, a fresh supply of Corn Starch, Fatigue, and Rice Flour at MCKENZIE & DELLETT'S, Family Medicine Store, Old Fellows' Hall, Columbia, Pa. 11**

**LAMP, LAMP, LAMP.** Just received at MCKENZIE & DELLETT'S, Family Medicine Store, Old Fellows' Hall, Columbia, Pa. 11

**A LOT of Fresh Vanilla Beans, at Dr. B. B. HERR'S, Golden Nugget Drug Store, Columbia, Pa. 11**

**A SUPERIOR article of burning Fluid just received and for sale by H. SUYDAM & SON, Columbia, Pa. 11**

**A LARGE lot of City cured Dried Beef, just received and for sale by H. SUYDAM & SON, Columbia, Pa. 11**

**A NEW and fresh lot of Spices, just received at H. SUYDAM & SON, Columbia, Pa. 11**

**COUNTRY Produce constantly on hand and for sale by H. SUYDAM & SON, Columbia, Pa. 11**

**HONEY, Cranberries, Raisins, Figs, Almonds, Walnuts, Cream Nuts, Ac. just received at H. SUYDAM & SON, Columbia, Pa. 11**

**A SUPERIOR lot of Black and Green Teas, Coffee and Chocolate, just received at H. SUYDAM & SON, Columbia, Pa. 11**

**JUST RECEIVED, a beautiful assortment of Glass Ink Stands, at the Headquarters and New Depot, Columbia, Pa. 11**

**LYTTEL Family and Superior Flour of the best brand, for sale by H. SUYDAM & SON, Columbia, Pa. 11**

**JUST received 1000 lbs. extra double bolted Buckwheat Meal, at H. SUYDAM & SON, Columbia, Pa. 11**

**WHEAT'S Instantaneous Yeast or Baking Powder, for sale by H. SUYDAM & SON, Columbia, Pa. 11**

**TABLE and Rock Salt, by the sack or bushel, for sale by I. O. BRUNER & CO., Columbia, Pa. 11**

**DE GRATH'S ELECTRIC OIL, just received, fresh supply of this popular remedy, and for sale by I. O. BRUNER & CO., Columbia, Pa. 11**

**A LARGE assortment of Ropes, all sizes and lengths, on hand and for sale at I. O. BRUNER & CO., Columbia, Pa. 11**

**BOOTS, SHOES, GROCERIES, &c. also, Fresh Barling Fluid, just opened at THOMAS WELSH'S, No. 1, High Street, Columbia, Pa. 11**

**PRIME Hams, Shoulders, Dried Beef, and Sides, just received at BRUNER & CO'S, Columbia, Pa. 11**

**SUGARS, Sugars, of the best quality, just received and for sale by BRUNER & CO., Columbia, Pa. 11**

**BROOMS, Brooms, Brooms, a large lot just received, at BRUNER & CO'S, Columbia, Pa. 11**

**SOAP of all kinds suitable for washing and the toilet, at I. O. BRUNER & CO., Columbia, Pa. 11**

**COFFEES & TEAS of all kinds and prices for sale by I. O. BRUNER & CO'S, Columbia, Pa. 11**

**FRESH Fish—Codfish, Mackerel, Herring, Ac. for sale by I. O. BRUNER & CO., Columbia, Pa. 11**

**NEW lot of STAYLAK and CAR GRASSING OILS, received at the store of the subscriber, R. WILLIAMS, Front Street, Columbia, Pa. 11**

## MUSIC.

**H. SHEPARD, Teacher of Music—Vocal and Instrumental.** Will resume the duties of his profession at 10 o'clock, on Monday, the 3rd inst., at the Music Room, in the building above the old Fellows' Hall, Columbia, Pa. 11

**PROFESSOR Frederick Haas, a graduate of the Heidelberg and Göttingen Universities, offers his services to the citizens of Columbia, as a Teacher of Music, and the Greek, Latin, French and German languages. He may be found at the Washington House, after the 1st of October, and he will be glad to receive pupils there.**

**THE only store, out of Philadelphia, where 150,000 German Spectacles can be seen, and which is highly recommended in Columbia, or the neighboring towns, is JOHN LINDBRICH & BROS., Front St., third door above Locust, Columbia, Pa. July 4, 1857.**

**MCKENZIE & DELLETT, FAMILY MEDICINE STORE, ODD FELLOWS' HALL, COLUMBIA, PA. DEALERS IN Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, &c.**

**LOCAL FREIGHT NOTICE.** THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD COMPANY ARE now prepared to receive and forward FREIGHT between Philadelphia, Lancaster and Columbia, at the following rates per hundred pounds:

**BETWEEN PHILA. AND COLUMBIA.**  
First Class, 10 cents. Third Class, Fourth Class, 25 cents.  
Floor, 10 cents per barrel. Freight, 10 cents per barrel.  
**BETWEEN PHILA. AND LANCASTER.**  
First Class, 10 cents. Third Class, Fourth Class, 20 cents.  
Floor, 10 cents per barrel. Freight, 10 cents per barrel.

**Articles of 1st Class.**  
Books, Maps and Charts, Tobacco, Pipes, Cigar Cases, and Wooden Ware, Nuts in bins, Peaches, Apples, Raisins, Currants, and other dried fruits, and all other articles of the same class.

**Articles of 2d Class.**  
Apples, Peaches, Currants, Raisins, and other dried fruits, and all other articles of the same class.

**Articles of 3d Class.**  
Apples, Peaches, Currants, Raisins, and other dried fruits, and all other articles of the same class.

**Articles of 4th Class.**  
Apples, Peaches, Currants, Raisins, and other dried fruits, and all other articles of the same class.

**THE LARGEST Chair and Furniture Establishment IN THE CITY OF BALTIMORE.** MATTHEW'S Gay Street Warehouses, Nos. 25 and 27 North Gay street, near Fayette, Baltimore, Md. where is kept always on hand, or made to order, all kinds of Chairs, Tables, Bedsteads, Hair, Cloth or Horsehair, French Full Stuff and Medallion Parlor Arm Chairs, in Black, Hair, Cloth or Horsehair, French Full Stuff Carved Parlor Chairs, in sets, with Cushions, Hair, Cloth or Horsehair.

**CHAMBER SUITS.** In Mahogany or Walnut, complete, from \$35 up. Case Chairs and Rocking do, the largest assortment ready made, or any new design in the United States—made from \$12 a dozen up. Hair, Cloth or Horsehair, French Full Stuff and Medallion Parlor Arm Chairs, in Black, Hair, Cloth or Horsehair, French Full Stuff Carved Parlor Chairs, in sets, with Cushions, Hair, Cloth or Horsehair.

**NEW Grocery, Wine & Liquor Store.** THE subscriber has opened at his old stand, corner of Fifth and Union streets, a complete assortment of all kinds of GROCERIES; whose he has a capital of one hundred thousand dollars, with a special of one hundred thousand dollars, with a special of one hundred thousand dollars.

**THE COLUMBIA BANK.** LOCATED at Columbia, Lancaster county, Pa. State of Pennsylvania, hereby give notice that an application has been made to the Legislature of said State, for an Act of Incorporation, and for the purpose of the present charter, with the present name and style. By order of the Directors, JAMES M. HULL, Cashier, Columbia, July 4, 1857.

**NOTICE.** In the law of this Commonwealth, there will be an application made to the next Legislature of Pennsylvania, for an Act of Incorporation, and for the purpose of the present charter, with the present name and style. By order of the Directors, JAMES M. HULL, Cashier, Columbia, July 4, 1857.

**THE WAR TRAIL; OR THE HUNT OF THE WILD HORSE.** A Read. This book has been pronounced by good judges, to be the best of its kind, and is a small volume, which will be read with interest, and which will be read with interest, and which will be read with interest.

## Poetry.

**Barbara.**  
FROM ALEXANDER SMITH'S NEW BOOK OF POEMS.  
On the Sabbath day,  
Through the churchyard old and gray,  
Over the crisp and yellow leaves, I held my ruminating way;  
And amid the words of mercy, falling on my soul like dews,  
Mid the gorgeous strains of music—in the mellow organ tones,  
Mid the upward streaming prayers and the rich and so serene psalms,  
I stood caressing, Barbara,  
My heart was elsewhere,  
While the organ shook the air,  
And the priest, with outspread hands, blessed the people,  
But, when rising to go homeward, with a mild and saint-like smile,  
Gleamed a face of fairy beauty with its heavenly eyes on mine—  
Gleamed and vanished in a moment—O that face was surely thine,  
Out of heaven, Barbara.

O pallid, pallid face!  
O earnest eyes of grace!  
When last I saw thee, dearest, it was in another place,  
On your way—  
The flutter of a long white dress, then all was lost in mist—  
A purple stain of agony was on the mouth I kissed  
That wild morning, Barbara.  
I searched in my despair,  
Sunny noon and midnight air,  
I could not drive away the thought that you were lingering there;  
O, my soul and many a Winter night I sat when you were gone,  
My tears face buried in my hands, beside the fire alone—  
Within the drapping churchyard, the rain plashing on your stone,  
You were sleeping, Barbara.

Monte Carlo, do you think  
Of the precious golden link  
I clasped around your happy arm, while sitting by your  
Or when that night of gliding dance, of laughter and guitar,  
Was emptied of its music, and we watched, through lattice bars,  
The silent midnight heaven creeping over us with its stars,  
Till the day broke, Barbara?  
In the years I've changed;  
Wild and far my heart hath ranged,  
And many a sin and error now have been on me  
I could not have been faithful, whatsoever good I lacked;  
I loved you, and above my life will hang that love in-lace—  
Your love the trembling rainbow, the reckless caterpillar—  
Still I love you Barbara.

Yet, love, I am unblest;  
With many doubts oppress'd,  
I wonder like a daisy on a wand, without a place of rest,  
Could I but win you for an hour from off that starry  
stone,  
The hunger of my soul were slurr'd, for death hath told  
you more  
Than the melancholy world doth know; things deeper  
than all lore  
You could teach me, Barbara.

In vain, in vain, in vain,  
You will never come again,  
There drops upon the dreary hills a mournful fringe of  
rain.

The gloaming closes slowly round, loud winds are in  
the trees,  
Round shelter shores forever moans the hurt and wounded  
sea,  
There is no rest upon the earth, peace is with death and  
sleep,  
Barbara!

**Selections.**  
From Household Words.

**The New Boy at Styles.**  
CONCLUDED.  
At the end of two months, Madonna returned to school, perfect in health; but O my gracious, what a change! His beauty—every bit of it, except his eyes—was gone! His forehead seamed, his cheeks hollow, his hair cut short. Poor old chap!

We all pitied him, and gave him a jolly welcome, pretending not to see any alteration. All but that bully Alf Bathurst. The ill-natured brute, laughed and made fun of him, asking what mamma said now to our pretty face? Who was to be his next love? &c.

'Look sharp, you beggar,' he added, 'and bring me that bull,' (flinging it to the other end of the playground). 'I'll show you how I've forgotten the use of your stumps, any how.' 'Stop,' said Madonna, very pale, 'I can't run much yet; but, if you like, I'll show you instead, a capital new game.'

'Cut away, Milkson! Is it one of nurse's teaching? What a lot of asses' milk it will take to make a man of you!' said Alf. 'Come here,' said Madonna, addressing the fellows generally. He walked into the middle of the ground, Alf following. A circle of boys collected round them. Madonna turned up the cuff of his jacket like a conjurer.

'You see this?' he asked, showing Alf his open palm. 'I do, you donkey!' 'Feel it too!' replied Madonna, and dealt him a smack on the face you might have heard at the end of the playground. Bathurst staggered from the blow, and the surprise; but, recovering himself, flew at Madonna like a tiger. Several of us, however, threw ourselves between them. A fight wasn't to be wasted in that slovenly and irregular manner; and it was clear that Madonna's blood was up at last.

'You coward!' screamed Alf, over the heads of the crowd, 'will you fight?' 'With the greatest pleasure,' replied Madonna, politely—cool as a cucumber. 'My mother, sir, is very much of your opinion as to the value of my beauty; and, having now withdrawn her prohibition my fine eyes are at the service of your fists, provided you can reach them. Yes, you coward, tyrant,

sneak, and bully!' cried the boy, growing warmer, as he proceeded, with the recollection of what he had endured. 'I have a long account to settle with you; and I'll make your punishment remembered in the school as long as Styles' stands! Tremendous cheering greeted this warlike speech.

The fight was arranged to come off after the school rose at five. Preliminaries were duly settled, seconds chosen, (Ophelia, and a boy called the Tipton Slicer, from some supposed resemblance to that distinguished gentleman, for Alf, and Poppy Purcell and Matilda Lyon for Madonna); the senior cock, in the handsomest manner, volunteering his services as referee, and this time the mill came fairly off.

I suppose, said Master Balfour, with great feeling, that a happier five and forty minutes never fell to the lot of boys, than those we now enjoyed. There we sat in a wide circle, juggling our knees, sucking brandy-bulls, cheering, criticising, at the very climax of human happiness.

The end, satisfactory as it was, came but too quickly. Never was a boy more beautifully and scientifically whipped, than Alf Bathurst. He wore a pulper look, ever after that polishing he got at the hands of the despised Madonna.

It is believed in the school to this hour, that Styles himself witnessed the fight. All I know is, that the curtain of his window was ostentatiously drawn, in a manner to show that he wasn't there, of course; and also that a mysterious order reached the kitchen, directing, without any assignable reason, that tea, which was always served at six, should be delayed twenty minutes.

If our suspicions were correct, Styles calculated the time it would take to lick Alf Bathurst, to a nicety; for, at ten minutes past six, the "Tipton" announced that Alf gave in. Amidst tumultuous applause Madonna was declared victor, and advanced to the proud position of Juvon Cock!

Bob Lindsay pressed his hand, with tears in his eyes, and led him towards the house. It was a beautiful sight to see the two corks walk away, arm in arm; the senior, the boy of fifty battles, kindly and patiently commenting on the noticeable points of the contest; and, further, explaining to his young brother, the means he had found most efficacious in removing the traces of such encounters. Scarcely less beautiful was it to notice the manner in which the senior cock affected to ignore the fact, that any portion of the cheers that pursued them to the play ground, was due to his own manly condensation.

But although victorious in the field, our poor Madonna had other and more painful battles to fight. He had come back apparently as much in love as ever with his little coquetish princess, and, I have no doubt, counted the minutes till his first chance of seeing her. This soon occurred.

Madonna had leave one day down the town. He came back the image of anguish and despair. He had met the Pallas House School—and Augusta, looking radiant, beautiful, had turned quickly from him with a look of such unmistakable horror, surprise, and disgust that he could no longer doubt the effect upon her heart of his altered visage. Eleanor Wilton was not with them.

One only chance of reviving her interest in him suggested itself to poor Madonna—it wasn't of much use—and one or two fellows of experience whom he consulted, begged him not to risk it.

He had brought back with him to school a present from his godmother, a beautiful ruby heart set round with small rich brilliants. This Madonna resolved to offer at his mistress's shrine. In spite of all advice he did so. It went by post, unaccompanied by any communication, excepting only his initials, "H. B."

We heard no more of that. As for Augusta, although he met her a score of times, she never again turned even a passing look upon her unhappy lover. It seemed as though she had come to a secret resolution not to do so.

But one remembrance did arrive for poor Madonna. It came in a queer way. We were marching one day in single file round the playground, under the superintendence of Sergeant Grace, of the Seventh Hussars; of a rough chap he was, and stood no nonsense. As Madonna mournfully strutted by: "Number nineteen—fall out!" growled the Sergeant.

Madonna accordingly tumbled out, and stood at attention; a worrying position for a heart-broken lover! The Sergeant fumbled in his pocket. Madonna's heart stood suddenly still, for it flashed upon his memory that Sergeant Grace was an attendant likewise at Pallas-House, to teach what the Sergeant himself described as 'polite walking.'

'Look'e, now,' said Grace, 'I believe I'm a blessed old spoon, for running this year risk—but, darn it all! I couldn't help it—she's such a dear little thing—and I don't think she—she will—March!' concluded the Sergeant in a voice of thunder, thrusting into Madonna's hand a small packet.

That drill seemed interminable to the anxious lover. At last, "dismiss!" was given, and he darted into the school, and tore open the missive. It was a little box of choice bonbons, and under the lid was written: "Dear, dear boy."

'I'm glad you are well—I'm not.' 'Good little heart!' thought Madonna, with

point at his own, over and above disappointment, and quite different from it. 'She does not turn from me, at least.'

An interval of a fortnight or so now passed.

And I wish, said Master Balfour, that you didn't want to hear any more! I always feel choky somehow, when I talk or think of the marvellous thing that followed. Perhaps you won't believe it, but it's as true as that I'm now sitting here.

About three o'clock in the morning, on the second of June, a loud cry that sounded like 'Help!' roused us all from our sleep. We started up in bed. The shutters were not closed, and the room was already grey with the coming dawn. The cry had proceeded from Madonna, who was sitting up like the rest, but motionless, his hands clasped upon his forehead. We asked him if he was ill, and why he had cried out. He made no answer, but took away his hands from his face, and looked so pale and strange, that Purcell was moving away to call the usher.

Madonna caught his dress. 'No, no, Poppy—I'm not ill. All right,' he said, forcing a smile; 'I was dreaming—only dreaming—go to bed, old boy—You don't think they heard me, do you?'

In a minute or two, he seemed, as he said all right, and we tumbled into our nests again to finish the night. The next day Madonna's bed was vacant. His jacket and trousers were missing, his shoes and stockings remained. The window sash was open. He had made his exit that way and no doubt, by means of a familiar leaden water-pipe, which had often assisted us to terra firma.

The rest of the story I shall tell, partly from his own account, partly from what we learned elsewhere. He said that, on the night in question, he had felt very odd and uneasy for several hours after retiring to bed, and could not close his eyes for a moment. A curious sense of lassitude and hunger possessed him; he would have given five shillings for a hard biscuit. Weariness harrassing if any chap happened to have any eatables under his pillow—but nobody had. At last, towards morning he dozed off, and had a dream.

He thought that his little true love, Eleanor Wilton, came and stood at his bedside. She was dressed in white, and carried a basket filled with curious and beautiful white flowers just budding. Although she did not speak, the idea seemed to be conveyed to him that she had brought them as her last—her parting present, and that he must take them. Madonna strove to obey the intimation, but found he could not stir. Paralyzed, somehow, he could neither move nor utter a sound. This quiescence seemed to grieve his little lady. She gazed at him for a moment with sad, reproachful eyes, then faded into nothing. Madonna awoke.

Presently he slept again. A second time came the little ghostly visitant, with her basket of flowers now fully blown. In the centre of each was a truly heart-enraptured with diamonds. Eleanor looked very wan and pale, but she smiled as she offered the flowers, and though, as before, he was powerless to reply, he understood that she was to come once again, and if he did not then answer he would never—never—never—before the meaning was complete she was gone, and once more he awoke, and once more he slept again.

For the third time the fairy figure stood at his side; but now so attenuated and indistinct, that he could only faintly trace her outline; and the flowers in her basket were broken, drooping, and dead. If he thought she stooped over him as though bestowing a shadowy kiss then began to disappear.

Madonna struggled fiercely to move, in vain, and uttered the cry that woke us all. He was now perfectly convinced that Eleanor was ill—was dying—perhaps dead.—He would not mention his fears, but hastily resolved upon his course of action.

No sooner had we settled off to sleep again—which must have been in some five minutes—than he got up, threw on some clothes, softly opened the window, and slid down safely into the garden. It was early twilight—not a soul astir. Scaling the gargen wall, he hurried round outside that of the play ground till he arrived in front of Pallas House. Something drew his attention to the window of the penitentiary—doubtless because it was the only one that had neither curtain nor shutter. Nothing indeed was visible; but Madonna felt as certain she was there, as though she had beckoned him with her hand from the window. Yet, how to reach the room? Suddenly he remembered the gardener's fruit-ladder, which lay in an empty cowshed. Back he flew—found the ladder—dragged, pitched, and slung it across the wall, and in three minutes had reached the window. He could make out nothing in the darkness within, so tried the catch—it was not secured. He pushed it up softly and looked in. A chair, a small table with a book and a mug of water, a low couch, and upon it, sitting up, as though in expectation—Eleanor!

She exhibited not the least surprise. 'I knew you would come, dear boy,' said the little thing faintly, 'but you were very long. I want to speak to you.'

Madonna was in the room in an instant. In a few words, uttered with difficulty, she told him that the arrival of the ruby heart had been notified to Miss Billiter, who taxed Augusta with receiving it. That young lady having, it would appear, a desire to re-

tain the ornament, though she discarded the donor, at first denied its possession; but, after two hours confinement in the penitentiary, resolved to endure no more for the sake of either lover or offering, and gave in. She asserted, however, that it was not intended for her, but for Eleanor Wilton, with whose affection for Madonna she was well acquainted, and who, she knew, would hesitatingly take all responsibility. Miss Billiter at once turned all her fury upon the latter; and, on her refusal to reveal the name of the sender, committed her to the usual prison, directing that she should have nothing but water—not even a crust of bread—until she had discarded her sullens, and accepted her mistress' terms.

Poor Eleanor, however, had been for some time ailing, and the confinement and privation, not to mention the excitement of her mind, told more heavily on her delicate frame than might have been apprehended. Still nothing could justify the keeping of the poor innocent nineteen hours without notice, solace, or refreshment of any kind.

As she came to this climax of her story, Madonna's rage mastered his grief. He started to his feet, intending to seek assistance; but Eleanor exerted all her strength, and held him fast.

'It is no use, Harry,' she said, 'I'm going to my mother; you know, I said, I would rather. Don't leave me again—O, don't—don't! O, I'm so glad you came! I asked God if you might, because you were my only friend. Let me lean my head upon your shoulder,' said the little thing. "Wait!" she added, and gently parting the long hair from Madonna's scarred forehead—white and smooth as ever to her loving eyes—she gave it one long kiss, then sank lower, and hung upon his bosom as he knelt.

He thought she was sinking to sleep, and, almost afraid to breathe, remained perfectly motionless for nearly half an hour. He looked closely at her—one tiny finger had hooked in his button-hole. He would not move it; but tenderly lifted back the small. The heavy black curls fell loose. One glance was sufficient. He thought, poor boy! he had been soothing her to rest, and a better comforter, had meanwhile, laid his little true love in her mother's bosom!

Bewildered and stupefied with grief poor Madonna remained for some time, kneeling beside the corpse; then, recollecting himself, placed it fitly on the low couch, kissed the yet warm lips, and went down stairs.

He met an early housemaid, who started and screamed as though he had been a ghost, to which, it is probable, he much resembled. To her he said that a child—his cousin—was lying dead above, and that he was hastening to tell his friends and hers.

The servant tried to detain him; but he walked down stairs, opened the front door and proceeded straight to the school, and to Styles' room. There he related the circumstance of his dream, and the sad story of his little lady's imprisonment and death.

Styles—when he wasn't in school—was a kind, good, old chap, just and decided, and always did the right thing—which is a great point you know. He wrote instantly to his friend, the clergyman of the parish, who was also a magistrate. This gentleman came to him directly, and I don't know exactly what was the result of his consultation; but a rather rapid correspondence ensued with the governess at Pallas House.

It was reported that a corpse's inquest would be held on the poor child. This, indeed, was not done; but you'll be glad to hear—at least I was—that that act of tyranny cost Miss Billiter her school, and that she now goes out teaching, at eighteen pence an hour.

Madonna never recovered his former spirits. He left at the end of the half, and his friends sent him abroad with a tutor; but he became so fretful, irritable, and impatient of control, —at least of that sort of control,—that his father yielded to a curious fancy that had seized him in Paris, and procured his enrolment in the French marine. This was just at the beginning of the war.

Madonna was appointed to the Ville de Paris and sailed for the East, carrying the flag of Admiral Hamelin. At the attack by the ships upon the sea-forts, at the first bombardment of Sebastopol, the Ville de Paris got into a bad position. She lost several officers and many men, and a fragment of the same shell that killed two aides de camp of the Admiral, laid poor Madonna lifeless on the deck.

The French officers kindly collected every little article of value belonging to him, and cutting off a mass of bright curls, transmitted the whole to his relations. Among other things was a small velvet case which was found in his bosom, and within it a little paper written in a child's hand. You've heard it.

This is to give notice that I have promised to be your true-love and when I grow up I will marry you if you like and if not I would rather go to my mother—'You believe me, Dear Sir,'

'Yours truly,' 'ELEANOR WILTON.'

**THE SWELL MOB OF THE LONDON OMNIBUS.**—An American gentleman having seated himself in a London omnibus, saw and heard what a little amused him. A man, bearing no peculiar marks of his authority, looked in at the door, took a professional view of the passengers, and called out to the driver, without any pretence at modest concealment of his thoughts. "You can't go

on, there's two of the swell mob in here." The coach waited, till, at length, a purdy, well looking old man rose and stepped out, saying as he did so, "I've too much money to ride with pickpockets." In a moments more a spruce young individual said, as he decamped, "I'll follow that old gentleman's lead." "Go on now," said the detective policeman, "the swells have got out!"

**A Secret.**  
One evening towards the end of the Paris season, two gentlemen sat together in a pretty boudoir in the Chaussee d'Antin. They were neither young, but being considerably over forty, but handsome, distinguished and gentlemanly. They were seated on each side of the fire, in two of those polite substitutes for the couches of the ancient Romans which make beds a mere superfluous luxury. They were smoking long narghiles, and on the table between them were various bottles and glasses, testifying that they had prepared for passing some hours pleasantly, though it was considerably after midnight. Neither spoke; but each pursued his dreamy occupation with an evident feeling of enjoyment which diffused itself over the whole atmosphere of the room.

Presently the door opened, and a lady, wearing a black satin domino and hood, entered. She held her mask in her hand, and although the face had passed the first bloom of youth, it was so bright, animated and lovely, that both gentlemen put down their pipes and looked up with admiration.

'Aurelie,' said one of the smokers, 'so you are off. You won't stay and discuss this important subject with your old friend?'

'There is no discussion possible. I tell you, much as I desire our child's happiness, I will never give my consent to this marriage. I hate the whole race of de Meuris. So now, farewell; they are waiting for me below. I suppose I shall find you here on my return, for I shan't stay late.'

As she uttered these words, the lady waved her hand, smiled, and left the room. 'Nerac,' said one of the gentlemen to the other, as soon as the door was closed, 'your wife, though she has a grown up daughter, is handsomer than ever. You ain't as jealous, though, I see, as you used to be.'

'No, I've got over that; it was the torment of many years of my life.' 'Hm! how is it that your wife hates the whole race of Meuris? There was a time— you say you ain't jealous?'

'Not a whit—I know there was a time that Aurelie rather alarmed me by a contrary feeling for one of the de Meuris.' 'Yes, the father of this boy, who has fallen in love with your daughter; I should have imagined that your wife would have been enchanted with the connection.'

'She won't hear of it, spite of Blanco's despair and the young man's supplications.' 'Very singular; can you give no reason for her aversion?'

'Perhaps I might—I don't mind telling you, my old friend, what a fool I was some years ago—you won't laugh at me?'

'Certainly not.' 'Well, you know I confessed to you