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Larger advertisements in proportion.
theral discount will be made to quarterly, half-yearly or yearly advertisers, who are strictly confined to their business.

HAVE associated in the Practice of Medi-Drs. John & Rohrer, Columbia, April 1st, 1850-tf

DR. G. W. MIFFLIN, DENTIST, Locust street, a few doors above II. M. NORTH,

TTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW A TTURNET AND OVERSET COLUMNIA PR. Collections, promptly made, in Lancaster and York Counties. Columbia, May 4, 1950.

J. W. FISHER. Attorney and Counsellor at Law. Columbia, Equinoer 6. 1856 if GEORGE J. SMITH,

WHOLESALE and Retail Bread and Cake NULESALE And Retail Bread and Lake Baker Constantly on hand a variety of Cakes too numerous to mention; Clackers, soda, Wine, Scroll and Sugar Biscuit; Confectionery, of every description, &c., &c.

LOUST STRIET,
Feb. 2, '56. Between the Bank and Prankin House.

BROWN'S Essence of Jamaica Ginger, Gen-

OLUTION OF CITRATE OF MAGNESIA, or Pur-ber of the property of

TEST received, a fresh supply of Corn T AMPS, LAMPS, LAMPS. Just received at

LOT of Fresh Vanilla Brans, at Dr. E B.

SUPERIOR article of burning Fluid just LARGE lot of City cured Dried Beef, just Columbia December 20, 1856.

A NEW and fresh lot of Spices, just re-

COUNTRY Produce constantly on hand and HOMINY, Cranberries, Raisins, Figs, Almonds, Walnuts, Cream Nuts, &c. 1914 received 'alnuts, Cream Nuts, &c., just receive Columbia, Dec 20, 1556

SUPERIOR lot of Black and Green Teas, Pec. 20, 1956. Curner of Front and Cunousts

TUST RECEIVED, a beautiful assortment of . April 19, 1957.

TXTRA Family and Superfine Flour of the est brand, for sale by If SUYDAM & SON. JUST received 1000 lbs. extra double bolted

rade by. H. SUYDAM & SON.

NITE GOODS .-- A full line of White Dress Goods of every description, just received, at II. 1-57. FONDERSMITH'S. MIII should any person do without a Clock, Columbia, April 29, 1855

SAPONEFIER, or Concentrated Lye, for ma-Ning Sonp. 11b. is sufficient for one barrel of Soft Soup, or 11b, for 2 lbs. Hard Sonp. Full directions with the given at the Counter for making Soft, Hard and Fancy Soups. For sule by R. WILLIAMS. Columbia, March 31, 1935.

A LARGE lot of Baskets, Brooms, Buckets Brushes, &c., for sale by H. SUYDAM & SON. TIME undersigned have been appointed

they ulmost equal the qualt.

SAYLOR & McDONALD.

Golombia Jan 17, 1857. Bottombin Jan 17, 1857.

DE GRATH'S ELECTRIC OIL. Just received fresh supply of this popular remedy, and for sale May 10, 1856.

Front Street, Columbia, Pa. A LARGE assortaient of Ropes, all sizes and lengths, on hand and for sule at THOS. WELSH'S. March 12, 1857. No. 1. High street.

DOOTS, SHOES, GROCERIES, &c., ulso, Presh DBurning Pland, just opened at THOMAS WBLSH'S No. 1. High Street.

A NEW lot of WHALE AND CAR GREASING OILS, received at the atornof the subscriber.

R.WHALIAMS.

May 10, 1856. Front Street: Columbin. Pa.

DRIED BEEF, Extra and Plain Hams, Shoulders and mess Pork, for sale by THOMAS WELSH, March 21, 1856. No. 1, High street. OATS, Corn, Hay, and other feeds, for sale by THOMAS, WELSH.

March 21, 1457. DOZEN BROOMS, 10 BOXES CHEESE. For sale chemp, by B. F. APPOLD & CO.

Columbia, October 25, 1858.

A SUPERIOR article of PAINT OIL, for sale by R. WILLIAMS, May 10, 1850 From Street, Columbia, Pa. JUST RECLIVID, a large and well released wares of Brushes, consisting in part of Shoe, Hair, Clott Crumb, Natl, Hat and Tecth Brushes, and for onle by March 22, '36. Front street Columbia, Pa.

A SUPERIOR article of TONIC SPICE BITTERS, suitable for Hotel Keepers, for sale by R. WILLIAMS.

May 10, 1859. Front street, Columbia. TRESH ETHEREAL OIL, always on hand, and fo P rate by H. WILLIAMS.
May 10. 1950. Front Street, Columbia, Pa. JUST received, FRESH CAMPHENE, and for sale by R. WILLIAMS.
May 10, 1856. Front Street. Colombia, Pa. 1000 LBS. New City Cored Hame and Shoulders Fob. 21, 1857. H. SUYDAM, & SON.

[WHOLE NUMBER, 1,429.

Poetry.

The Haunting Face.

When duily cares and thoughts give place To quickened memories, of on me-Sudden, unthought of-gleams a face, Which no one else will ever see No space can be within my ken

The rays reveal it on the height. Down-gazing in a stream that lies

Unruffled 'neath the placed air, I meet the light of those deep eyes, And eatch the gleaming of the hair.

Or as I watch the changing sky
When fleecy white the blue en That face, as from a casement high, Looks out through openings in the clouds.

The solid darkness of the night Around it forms a background deep; It ever greets me, warm and bright, Within the vestibule of sleep.

Unsought it comes, unbidden stays; And yet, all dream-like tho' it be, No netual form that meets my gaze, Has such significance for me.

It tells of years that golden glide, Of joys with no regrets between, Of life expanded, glorified-Of other things that might have been.

Fair as of yore, as young, as bright, So glows it on my vision now, Years never rob the eyes of light, Nor leave a shadow on the brow

Yet not on earth nor in the skies, Exists the face that haunts me so; That shining hair, those beaming eyes Fuded forever, long ago.

[Blackwood's Magazine

Abbie in the Swing-

There I sat in a passion Sulking; and there sat she, Swinning in the long grape vine Looped from the great ash tree. Sitting at case and singing,

Teasing, dainty-formed thing! Slender white feet just grazing The mosses under the swing Sunshine speekled the grape leaves, Sunshine dript on her hair; Odious stealthy sunshme! What a bold thing you are!

Oh' what glistening shoulders Reaching up for the blossoms

That little bow-fushioned mouth, Anning kisses at mine; Cogé und as pulpy-red bliss! Mi-chievous, but divure. Deck'd like a little princess,

Sitting in gorgeous state; Crowned with her tiger lilies, Tawdry blossoms I hate! Pelting my hat with roses, In rapid, flaunting showers.

Winding her brook-like langhter In and out with the flowers What should I do but love her Dearer than ever yet! What could I do-all vanquished

Lion-like io a net! Oh, for a heart of marble! Else 'twould peril a king-Dared he sit under the arbor

Looking at Abbie swing.

Selections.

Mrs. Badgerv

Is there any law which will protect me from Mrs. Badgery?

I am a bachelor, and Mrs. Badgery is a Buckwheat Meal, at Dec. 20, 1856. H. SUYDAM & SON'S. | widow. Let nobody rashly imagine that I RIKEL'S Instantaneous Yeast or Baking am about to relate a commonplace grievance because I have suffered that first sentence TARR & THOMPSON'S justly celebrated Com- to escape my pen. My objection to Mrs. I mercial and other Gold Pentanthe hearing the Badgery is, not that she is too fond of me, market-just received.

Columbia, April 28, 1855.

Dut that she is too fond of the memory of but that she is too fond of the memory of her late husband. She has not attempted to marry me; she would not think of marrying me even if I asked her .-Understand, therefore, if you please, at the outset, that my grievance, in relation to this |

widow lady is a grievance of an entirely Let me begin again, I am a bachelor of a certain age. I have a large circle of acquaintance; but I solemnly declare that the the list of my friends. I never heard of him in my life; I never heard that he had a relict; I never set eyes on Mrs. Badgery until one fatal morning when I went to see if the fixtures were all right in my new house.

My new house is in the suburbs of Lonlon. I looked at it, liked it, took it. Three times I visited it before I sent my furniture in. Once with a friend, once with a surveyor, once by myself, to throw a sharp eye, as have already intimated, over the fixtures. The third visit marked the fatal occasion on which I first saw Mrs. Badgery. A deep interest attaches to this event, and I shall go into describing it.

I rang the hell to the garden door. The old woman appointed to keep the house and I am quite willing to go. wered it. I directly saw something strange and confused in her face and manner. Some nen would have pondered a little and quesioned her. I am, by nature, impetuous, truder, she could not have been more mourn. the stairs again. and a rusher at conclusions. 'Drunk,' I said o myself, and walked into the house per- never raised her veil-she never has raised ectly satisfied.

ight, curtain pole all right, gas chandelier dark or fair, handsome or ugly; my impresall right. I looked into the back parlorlitto, ditto, ditto, as we men of business say. mounted the stairs. Blind on back winright. I opened the door of the front draw. that, if you drive me to it, is all I know, saluted my appearance. There she was, was Mrs. Badgery, with her pew-door open, of the bare floor, was a large woman on a ery. little camp stool! She was dressed in the was grosning softly to herself in the deso. One man may call himself a landlord, and in this. Every Monday morning I looked from There was a vacant place next to the

man's lips.) I said 'Hullo' and then turned scruple to say so; pray tell me to go.' round fiercely upon the old woman who kept the house, and said 'Hullo!' again.

. She understood the irresistible appeal ed and looked towards the drawing room and humbly hoped that I was not startled or put out. I asked who the crape covered woman on the camp stool was, and what she wanted there. Before the old woman could answer, the soft groaning in the drawingroom ceased, and a muffled voice, speaking from behind the crape veil, addressed me reproachfully, and said:

'I am the widow of the late Mr. Badg-

what did I say in answer? Exactly the words which. I flatter myself, any other sensible man in my situation would have said. And what words were they? These two: 'Ah, indeed!'

'Mr. Badgery and myself were the last tenants who inhabited this house,' continued the muffled voice. 'Mr. Badgery died here. She ceased and the soft groans began

It was perhaps not necessary to answer this: but I did answer it. How? In one word:

'Our house has been long empty,' resumed the voice, choked by sobs. 'Our establishment has long been broken up. Being left in reduced circumstances, I now live in a cottage near; but it is not home to me. This is home. However long I live, wherever I on the top of my head. I turned on my seleved house, nothing can ever prevent me! with Mr Badgery after my honeymoon.— drop of water had fallen was no other than All the brief happiness of my life was once Mrs. Badgery's eye. contained in these four walls. Every dear

Again the voice ceased, and again the soft

ness and dear remembrances were not includonable of all Eberties is a liberty taken an inhuman man by nature, I asked myself lowed, and the name of Mr. Badgery was ded in the list of fixtures. Why could she with the unguarded top of the human head. not take them away with her? Why should Mrs. Badgery did not seem to hear me. No very long time clapsed before they cover myself sufficiently to retreat to the she leave them littered about in the way of When she had dropped the tear, she was groaning, and addressed me once more.

'While this house has been empty,' she than before. It has been my practice to give a remunera- grate with the leg of her camp-stool. that I might occasion--'

woman, close at my ear.

it, after hearing my explanation. My heart through the key hole. stood. In this very place, Mr. Badgery first sat down and clasped me to his heart, when it, don't sleep there!" we came back from our honey-moon trip .-"Matilda," he said, "your drawing room a month; but it has only been adorned, love, since you entered it." If you have no sympathy sir, for such remembrances as theseif you see nothing pitiable in my position, taken in connection with my presence here,

She spoke with the air of a marter-a been the proprietor and I had been the in- fled grouns going slowly and solemnly down spot; and if anything happens to him, I am fully magnanimous. All this time too she I looked into the front parlor. Grate all I have no idea whether she is young or old.

Ever since my irreparable loss, this has late solitude of my unfurnished house. | Say that he will let it; another man may out the things for the wash in this room. | door of the pew. I tried to drop into it, but | trapidation he entered. The other cavalier | who never misplaced a switch.

What did I do? Do! I bounced back in- call himself a tenant, and say that he will He was difficult to please about his linen; Mrs. Badgery stopped me. 'His seat,' she and the peasant drew back in astonishment. to the landing as if I had been shot; uttering take it. I don't blame either of those two the washerwoman never put starch enough the national exclamation of terror and aston- men; I only tell them that this is my home; into his collars to satisfy him. Oh, how ishment: 'Hullor'. (And here I particu- that my heart is still in possession; and that often and often has he popped his head in to say that I had to climb over a hassock, He mounted boldly, and seeing a door before larly beg, in parentheses, that the printer no mortal laws, landlords, or tenants can here, as you popped yours just now; and and that I knocked down all Mrs. Badgery's him he advanced toward it. The door will follow my spelling of the word, and not ever turn it out. If you don't understand said, in his amusing way, "More starch!" devotional books before I succeeded in pas- opened of itself! put hillo, or halloa, instead, both of which this, sir; if the holiest feelings that do honor Oh, how droll he always was-how very, are base compromises which represent no to our common nature have no particular very droll in this dear little back room!" sound that ever vet issued from any English-sanctity in your estimation, pray do not

'I don't wish to do anything uncivil, ma'am,' said I. 'But I am a single man, the garden, and waiting doggedly for Mrs. and I am not sentimental.' (Mrs, Badgery Badgery to go out. My plan succeeded .that I had made to her feelings, and curtsey- groundd.) 'Nobody told me I was coming She rose, sighed, shut up the camp-stool, disturbed your meditations, and I am sorry the gravel walk, and disappeared from view to hear that Mr. Badgery is dead. That is at last through the garden-door. all I have to say about it; and, now, with your kind permission, I will do myself the the woman who kept the house. She curthonor of wishing you good morning, and I seyed and trembled. I left the premises, will go up-stairs to look after the fixtures satisfied with my own conduct under very on the second floor.'

Could I have spoken more compassionately to a woman whom I sincerely believe to be old and ugly? Where is the man to be The most unprotected object on the face of one of my servants burst excitably into the found who can lay his hand on his heart, this earth is a house when the furniture is room, and informed me that a lady in deep and honestly say that he ever really pitied going in. The doors must be kept open: the sorrows of a Gorgou? Search through and employ as many servants as you may, my door, and had requested leave to come discover human phenomena of all sorts but sentry so long as the van is at the gate .- down the garden-path to bolt the door, and you will not find that man.

While I was kneeling over the bars, I was with it. violently startled by the fall of one large drop of warm water, from a great height, exactly in the middle of a bald place, which earth! the crape-covered woman had followed

'I wish you could contrive not to cry over patience was becoming exhausted, and I I reflected. Mrs Badgery's brief happi- know, as well as I do, that the most unpar-

said, 'I have been in the habit of looking in This was his dressing-room,' said Mrs. from time to time, and renewing my tender Badgery, indulging in muffled soliloquy .- cles over me in going up and down stairs; ment of Mrs. Badgery's conduct towards associations with this place. I have lived 'He was singularly particular about his but Mrs. Badgery escaped unscathed. Every me since I entered on the possession of my as it were, in the sacred memories of Mr. shaving water. He always liked to have it time I thought she had been turned out of house and her shrine. What am I to do?-Badgery and the past, which these dear, in a little tin pot, and he invariably desired the house she proved, on the contrary, to be that is the point I wish to insist on-what these priceless rooms call up, dismantled that it might be placed on this hob.' She greaning close behind me. She wept over am I to do? How am I to get away from and dusty as they are at the present moment. grouned again, and tapped one side of the Mr. Badgery's memory in every room, per-the memory of Mr. Badgery, and the unap-

'I mean to have my bedstead put up here,' her out of the back garden area, where she if you cannot enter into my feelings, and I said. 'And what is more, I mean to sleep was telling my servants, with floods of tears, thoroughly understand that this is not a here. And what is more, I mean to snore of Mr. Badgery's virtuous strictness with house, but a shrine-you have only to say so, hore!' Severe, I think, that last sentence! his house-maid in the matter of followers.-It completely crushed Mrs. Budgery for the My admirable man in green baize couragemoment. I heard the crape garments rust- ously saw her out, and shut the garden door

I said nothing. The situation had now got beyond words. I stood with the door in and began to tell me what Mr. Badgery's This old chateau, was echoed back to my hand, looking down the passage towards into a shrine when I took this house; nobody stalked along the passage, paused on the warned me, when I first went over it, there hall mat, said to herself, 'sweet, sweet was a heart in possession. I regret to have spot!' descended the steps, grouned along in the fields, being deterred from going home said to himself, and the most frightful si-

'Let her in again at your peril,' said I to trying circumstances; delusively convinced. also, that I had done with Mrs. Badgery.

The next day I sent in the furniture .the whole surface of a globe; and you will nobody can be depended on as a domestic in and sit down for a few moments. I ran The confusion of 'moving in' demoralizes arrived just in time to see it violently pushed To resume. I made her a bow, and left the steadiest disposition, and there is no open by an officious and sympathising crowd. her on the camp-stool, in the middle of the such thing as a properly guarded post from They drew away on either side as they saw drawing-room floor, exactly as I had found the top of the house to the bottom. How me. There she was, leaning on the grocer's her. I ascended to the second floor, walked the invasion was managed, how the surprise shoulder, with the butcher's boy in attendinto the back room first, and inspected the was effected, I know not; but it is certainly ance carrying her camp-stool! Leaving my grate. It appeared to be a little out of re the fact, that when my furniture went in, pair, so I stooped down to look at it closer. the inevitable Mrs. Budgery went in along ran back and locked myself up in my bed-

the old masters; and I was first awakened in apology, informing me that this particuto a consciousness of Mrs. Budgery's prest lar Monday was the sad anniversary of her us. has been widening a great deal of late years suce in the house while I was hanging up wedding-day, and that she had been taken my proof-impression of Titan's Venus over faint, in consequence, at the sight of her go, whatever changes may happen to this knees and looked round. Heavens and the front parlor fire-place. 'Not there,' lost husband's house. cried the mufiled voice, imploringly. 'His! Tuesday forenoon passed away happily, looking at it as my home. I came here, sir, me up stairs—the source from which the portrait used to hang there. Oh, what a without any new invasion. After lunch, I put where his dear portrait used to be!' I My garden-door has a sort of peep-hole in it remembrance that I foundly cherish is shut up the top of my head, ma'am,' said I. My still muffled up in crape, still carrying her to the grating, I thought I saw something abominable camp-stool. Before I could say mysteriously dark on the outer side of it .spoke with considerable asperity. The a word in remonstrance, six men in green I bent my head down to look through, and groans echoed round my empty walls, and curly-headed youth of the present age may baize aprons staggered in with my sideboard, instantly found myself face to face with the oozed out past me down my uncarpeted not be able to sympathize with my feelings and Mrs. Badgery suddenly disappeared .- crape veil. 'Sweet, sweet spot!' said the on this occasion; but my bald brethren Had they trampled her under foot, or muffled voice, speaking straight into my cars crushed her in the doorway? Though not through the grating. The usual groans fol-

were practically answered in the negative house. my furniture? I was just thinking how I standing exactly over me, looking down at by the re-appearance of Mrs. Badgery her- Wednesday is the day on which I am could put this view of the case strongly to the grate; and she never stirred an inch self, in a perfectly unrufiled condition of writing this narrative. It is not twelve Mrs. Badgery, when she suddenly left off after I had spoken. 'Don't cry over my chronic grief. In the course of the day I o'clock yet, and there is every probability thead, ma'am,' I repeated, more irritably had my toer trodden on, I was knocked that some new form of sentimental persecu about by my own furniture, the six men in thion is in store for me before evening. Thus baize aprons dropped all sorts of small arti- far these lines contain a perfectly true statefeetly undisturbed to the last, by the chaotic peasable grief of his disconsolate widow?tion to the attendant for any slight trouble If I had been a woman, or if Mrs. Badgery confusion of moving in. I am not sure, but Any other species of invasion it is possible had been a man, I should now have pro- I think she brought a tin box of sandwiches to resist; but how is a man placed in my my friend; I alone was the cause of his 'Only sixpence, sir,' whispered the old ceeded to extremities, and should have vin- with her, and celebrated a tearful pieuic of unhappy and unparalleled circumstances to dicated my right to my own house by an her own in the groves of my front garden. defend himself? I can't keep a dog ready 'And to ask nothing in return,' continued appeal to physical force. Under existing I say I am not sure of this; but I am posi- ta fly at Mrs. Badgery. I can't charge her Mrs. Badgery, but the permission to bring circumstances, all that I could do was to tively certain that I never entirely got rid at a police court with being oppressively my camp stool with me, and to meditate on express my indignation by a glance. The of her all day; and I know to my cost that fond of the house in which her husband Mr. Badgery in the empty rooms, with every glance produced not the slightest result she insisted on making me as well acquaint- died. I can't set mantraps for a woman, or one of which some happy thought, or clo- and no wonder. Who can look at a woman ed with Mr. Badgery's favorite notions and prosecute a weeping widow as a trespasser quent word, or tender action of his, is so with any effect, through a crape veil? habits as I am with my own. It may in- and a nuisance. I am helplessly involved doubt," said I; "do you not believe in sweetly associated. I came here on my usu- I retreated into the second floor front terest the reader if I report that my taste in in the unrelaxing folds of Mrs. Badgery's I ghosts?" al errand to-day. I am discovered, I pre- room, and instantly shut the door after me. carpets is not equal to Mr. Badgery's: that crape veil. Surely there was no exagerrasume, by the new proprietor of the house -- The next moment I heard the rustling of my ideas on the subject of servants' wages tion in my language when I said that I was will pass a whole night there without tremdiscovered, I am quite ready to admit, as an the crape garments outside, and the muffled are not so generous as Mr. Badgery's; and a sufferer under a perfectly new grievance ! bling." intruder. I am willing to go, if you wish voice of Mrs. Badgery poured lamentably that I ignorantly persisted in placing a sofa Can anybody advise me? Has anybody had in the position which Mr. Budgery, in his even the faintest and remotest experience of the old chateau. I had drawn the balls is full, sir; I am quite incapable of contend; 'Do you mean to make that your bed- time, considered to be particularly fitted for the peculiar form of persecution under which from my friend's pistols, I had taken away ing with you. You would hardly think it, room?' asked the voice on the other side of an arm chair. I could go nowhere, look no- I am now suffering? If nobody has, is there the blade of his sword and replaced it by late Mr. Badgery was never numbered on but I am sitting on the spot once occupied the door. 'Oh, don't make that your where, do nothing, say nothing, all that day, any legal gentleman in the united kingdom one of glass; I covered myself with a white by our ottoman. I am looking towards the bed-room! I am going away directly—but, without bringing the widowed incubus in the who can answer the all-important question sheet, and toward midnight entered the room window in which my flower-stand once oh pray, pray let that one room be sacred! crape garments down upon me immediately. which appears at the head of this narrative? where he was. He attempted to fire at me Don't sleep there! If you can possibly help I tried civil remonstrances, I tried rude I began by asking that question because it but I threw back his balls; he tried to strike t, don't sleep there!'

speeches, I tried sulky silence—nothing had was uppermost in my mind. It is uppermost in sword, but it broke in pieces—
I opened the window, and looked up and the least effect on her. The memory of Mr. most is my mind still, and I therefore beg when, alas! he fell down in a swoon. I down the road. If I had seen a policeman Badgery was the shield of proof with which leave to conclude appropriately by asking threw myself upon him, but the swoon was has been expensively papered, carpeted, for in hail I should certainly have called him she warded off my fiercest attacks. Not till it again: in. No such person was visible. I shut the the last article of furniture had been moved; Is there any law in England which will been constantly present to my mind; I was window again, and warned Mrs. Badgery in, did I lose sight of her; and even then through the door, in my sternest tones, not she had not really left the house. One of to interfere with my domestic arrangements. my six men in green baize aprons routed

ready to make the future prosperity of his In due course of time, I also descended to fatherless family my own peculiar care. the ground floor. Had Mrs. Badgery really The next day was Sunday. I attended it, in my presence, from that time to this left the premises? I looked into the front morning service at my new parish churchparlor-empty. Back parlor-empty. Any A popular preacher had been announced, other room on the ground floor? Yes; a and the building was crowded. I advanced sion is, that she is in every respect a finished long room at the end of the passage. The a little way up the pave, and looked to my perfect Gorgon, but I have no basis of fact door was closed. I opened it cautiously, right, and saw no room. Before I could on which I can support that dismal idea. and peeped in. A faint scream, and a look to my left, I felt a hand laid persuasion which I can support that dismail idea .— and peeper in.

A moving mass of crape, and a muffled voice smack of two distractedly clasped hands vely on my arm. I turned round—and there ing room—and there, sitting in the middle in a personal point of view, of Mrs. Badg. again on the camp-stool, again sitting ex-solemuly beckoning me in. The crowd had actly in the middle of the floor. closed up behind me; the eyes of a dozen 'Don't, don't look in, in that way!' cried members of the congregation, at least were deepest mourning, her face was hidden by been the shrine of my pilgumage, and the Mrs. Badgery, wringing her hands. I could fixed on me. I had no choice but to save the thickest crape veil I over saw, and she alter of my worship, proceeded the voice. bear it in another room, but I can't bear it appearances and accept the dreadful invita-

sing between her and the front of the pew. vice; composed herself when it was over: | cau!" opinions had been in points of abstract the- him, and again the most profound silence by the fear that Mrs. Badgery might have lence succeeded these words, which was brogot there before me.

Monday came. I positively ordered my servants to let no lady in deep mourning pass inside the garden-door, without first consulting me. After that, feeling tolerably secure, I occupied myself in arranging my books and prints. I had not pursued this employment much more than an hour, when mourning had been taken faint, just outside servants to do what they liked with her. I room. When she evacuated the premises I have some very choice engravings, after some hours afterwards, I received a message

print-what a dreadful, dreadful print to thought I would go out and take a walk .turned round in a fury. There she was, covered with a wire grating. As I got close

protect me from Mrs. Badgery 2

The Mysterious Manor House.

FROM THE FRENCH. It was one Friday evening of the month of December, 1725. The greatest silence reigned on the road towards Orleans, which was at last broken by the sound of horses martyr to my insensibillity. If she had ling away from the door; I heard the muf- after her. I gave him half a crown on the apparently approaching; shortly two riders came in sight, and one might have heard from them the following conversation:

'At last we are arrived at this mysterious chateau.' _

'Not yet, Alfred de Courcy.' Our two travelers following this route had

eached on old manor house, which was first falling to decay. A peasant called out to them, 'What are you doing there? that chateau is the abode of goblins and evil geniuses; for more than a hundred years nobody has dared to enter it.'

*What difference does that make?' replied i Alfred de Courcy, with an air of skepticism; stories about dead men coming back again were useful, formerly, to frighten women

whispered, and signed to me to place myself | The staircase of the house almost sank unon the other side of her. It is unnecessary der the footsteps of our young dare devil .-

'What's the matter there?' he cried in as-She cried uninterruptedly through the ser- tonishment; 'nobody lives in this old chat-

ology. Fortunately there was great confu- fell upon all about him. He entered a galsion and crowding at the door of the church; lery, and the moonlight streaming through and I escaped, at the hazard of my life, by a window lent an air of diabolism to an apartrunning round the back of the carriages. I ment which would otherwise have been no passed the interval between services alone way remarkable. 'Come on, courage!' he ken only by the sound of his footsteps. He continued his walk. At the end of the gallery he found a bed-room, the only furniture being a bed, and a table upon which he laid his pistols. Midnight sounded from the clock of the neighboring church; the moon was covered by a cloud, and the deepest obscurity reigned throughout the room .-Presently the sound of chains was heard, and then a muffled voice pronounced these

> 'Who are you, rash young man? why do you thus come to my abode?' and instantly a cold hand seized hold of Alfred, who eaught up his pistols.

> 'Man or devil,' said he, 'depart, or I'll kill you!'

The phantom laughed.

'Quit this room or I fire.' 'Fire if you like, returned the phantom. The report of fire arms was heard; Alfred had discharged his pistols at the ghost, but

the balls bounded back to him again. 'Impotent attempt,' said the spirit; 'the weapons of man are destitute of power over

Alfred became almost rigid with terror .--He trembled before the spirit, which advanced toward him. At last he seized his sword and attempted to strike with it, but the sword flew out of his hand with a clash. Then came a voice which said:

'You have trembled for the first time in your life, Alfred de Courey;' and all foll back again into the most profound silence. The cloud which obscured the moon passed off, and the dead body of Alfred de Courcy lay stiff upon the chamber floor.

The next day it was reported in the neigh-

borhood that a young cavalier had entered the chateau, and had not been seen to come out again; but nobody dared to go near the manor house in order to ascertain his fate. Ten years after, one day during the year 1735, some persons who had stopped in

ront of the chateau, a short distance off, saw a monk enter. Consternation was at its height, when, after about a quarter of an hour, he was seen to come out; every one ran up to him to ask him who inhabited it. 'No one,' was his reply.

'How,' they cried on all sides; 'some years ago a young man went in there, and never was seen to come out again." 'It was I who assasinated him,' returned

the monk, 'yes, I.' 'Tell us how,' they all demanded.

The recital is too painful for me, have pity on me-spare we this. Yes, I killed And when they insisted on having the story, he spoke nearly as follows:

reputation of being haunted. One day, in the year 1725, as I was speaking of it with Alfred de Courcy, he smiled. "What. von

"I'll lay a wager," he returned, "that I

For a long time this chatcau had had the

'A month after we directed our course to -death! Since that time my crime has guilty of murder. I became a monk, and I

ry of the crime I have committed.' The monk burst into tears and departed Since then, no one has feared to enter the old chateau, which, having changed hands and been restored from its state of decay and ruin, is now occupied as the country sent of a nobleman's family.

leave my retreat once a year, the anniversa-

A certain cockney bluebeard, overcome by sensibility, fainted at the grave of his fourth spouse. "What can we do with him?" asked a perplexed friend of his.

"Let him alone," said a waggish hy-stander; "he'll soon re-wive."

Rar Speaking of lions-that was an 'idea of the hard-shell preacher, who was discoursing of Daniel in the den of lions. Said he: There he set all night, looking at the show for nothing; it didn't cost him a cent!"

A RAILROAD SENTIMENT .- The following sentiment was given at a recent railroad fes-

Our Mothers-The only faithful tenders