

THE COLUMBIA SPY.

SAMUEL WRIGHT, Editor and Proprietor.

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Dr. John & Rohrer, HAVE associated in the Practice of Medicine. DR. G. W. NIFFLIN, DENTIST, Locust street, a few doors above the Old Fellows' Hall, Columbia, Pa. H. M. NORTH, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. GEORGE J. SMITH, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL Bread and Cake Baker.

BROWN'S Essence of Jamaica Ginger, Genuine Article. SOLUTION OF CITRATE OF MAGNESIA OR PORTWINE. JUST received, a fresh supply of Corn Starch, Fat, and Rice Flour.

LAMPS, LAMPS, LAMPS. Just received at Herr's Drug Store, a new and beautiful lot of Lamps of all descriptions.

A LOT of Fresh Vanilla Beans, at Dr. E. B. Herr's Golden Balm, 100 No. 1. SUPERIOR article of burning Fluid just received and for sale by H. S. DYKAM & SON.

A LARGE lot of City cured Beef, just received at H. S. DYKAM & SON'S. A NEW and fresh lot of Spices, just received at H. S. DYKAM & SON'S.

COUNTRY Produce constantly on hand and for sale by H. S. DYKAM & SON. HOMINY, Cranberries, Raisins, Figs, Almonds, Walnuts, Cream Nuts, &c., just received.

A SUPERIOR lot of Black and Green Teas, Coffee and Chocolate, just received at H. S. DYKAM & SON'S. JUST RECEIVED, a beautiful assortment of Glass Ink Stands, at the Headquarters and New Depot.

EXTRA Family and Superior Flour of the Best Brand, for sale by H. S. DYKAM & SON'S. JUST RECEIVED 1000 lbs. extra double bolted Buckwheat Meal, at H. S. DYKAM & SON'S.

WHEELER'S Instantaneous Yeast or Baking Powder, for sale by H. S. DYKAM & SON'S. FARR & THOMPSON'S justly celebrated Commercial and other Gold Pens—the best in the market—just received.

WHITE GOODS.—A full line of White Dress Goods of every description, at H. S. DYKAM & SON'S. WHY should anyone do without a Clock, when they can be had for \$1.50 and upwards.

SAPONIFIER, or Concentrated Lye, for making Soap, 1 lb. is sufficient for one barrel of Soap, or 100 lbs. of Hard Soap. Full directions will be given at the Counter for making Soft, Hard and Fancy Soaps. For sale by W. WILLIAMS.

A LARGE lot of Baskets, Brooms, Buckets, Brushes, &c., for sale by H. S. DYKAM & SON'S. THE undersigned have been appointed agents for the sale of Cook & Co.'s GUTTA PERCHA PENNS., warranted not to corrode; in elasticity they almost equal the best.

DE GRANT'S ELECTRIC OIL, just received, and for sale by W. WILLIAMS. A LARGEST assortment of Brooms, all sizes and lengths, on hand and for sale at THOMAS WELSH'S.

BOOTS, SHOES, GROCERIES, &c., also, Fresh Buttering Fluid, just opened at THOMAS WELSH'S. A NEW lot of WHALE AND CAR GREENING OILS, received at the store of the subscriber.

THIRD BEEF, Extra and Plain Ham, Shoulders and Mince Pork, for sale by THOMAS WELSH. OATS, Corn, Hay, and other feeds, for sale by THOMAS WELSH.

20 DOZEN BROOMS, 10 DOZEN CHEESE, for sale cheap, by W. F. APFOLD & CO. A SUPERIOR article of PAINT OIL, for sale by W. WILLIAMS.

JUST RECEIVED, a large and well selected variety of Brushes, consisting in part of Broom, Hair, Cloth, Crum, Nail, Hat and Teeth Brushes, and for sale by W. WILLIAMS. A SUPERIOR article of TONIC SPICE BITTERS, suitable for Hotel Keepers, for sale by W. WILLIAMS.

FRESH ETHIOPIAN OIL, always on hand, and for sale by W. WILLIAMS. JUST RECEIVED, FRESH CAMBERLAIN, for sale by W. WILLIAMS.

1000 LBS. New Cured City Bacon, and Shoulders, for sale by H. S. DYKAM & SON.

Poetry.

Letter-Day Warnings.

When legislators keep the law,
When banks dispense with bolts and locks,
When berries, whistles, raps—and straw—
Grow bigger downwards through the box—
When he that sells his house or land
Shows leak in roof or flaw in right—
When haberdashiers choose the stand
Whose window hath the broadest light—
When preachers tell us all they think,
And party leaders all they mean—
When voters pay for, but we drink,
From real grape and coffee-bean—
When doctors take what they would give,
When lawyers give what they would take—
When city fathers eat to live,
Save when they fast for conscience' sake—
When one that hath a horse on sale
Shall bring his merit to the proof,
Without a he for every nail
That holds the iron on the hoof—
When in the usual place for rips
Our gloves are studded with special care,
And guarded well the whalebone tips
Where first umbrellas need repair—
When Cuba's weeds have quite forgot
The power of suction to resist,
And cigar-bottles harbor out
Such dainties as would hold your fat—
When publishers no longer steal,
And pay for what they take before—
When the first locomotive's wheel
Rolls through the Hoosac tunnel's bore—
Till then let Common Law abide,
And Miller's saints walk on the globe;
But when you see that blessed day,
Then order your succession robe!

Stick Together.

When 'mid the wreck of fate and sin,
When eminent rend the skies asunder,
And fierce dragons with quivering strokes,
Upon the trembling regiment thunder,
The ranks close up to slay command,
The helmsmen's foibles touches feather;
Compact, the furious shock they stand
And conquer, while they stick together!

The Duke's Jealousy.

Barbara hath a fa'lon's eye,
And a soft white hand that glows;
Beware—for to make you wish to die,
To make you as pale as the moonlight or I,
Is a pet trick of Barbara's!

Selections.

From the Dublin University Magazine.
My Brooch.
I have in my possession an article of jewelry which cost me many an uncomfortable twinge, though it was certainly not stolen. Neither was it begged, borrowed, given or bought; yet, looking at it, I often feel myself in the position of the man in the nursery tale, who, having peccated from some churchyard a stray ulna, or clavicle, was perpetually haunted by the voice of its defunct owner, crying in most unearthly tones, "Give me my bone!" Now the ornament that had unluckily fallen to my lot—I picked it up in the street—is a miniature brooch; set with small garnets in heavy antique gold. It is evidently a portion of somebody or other's great grandmother, then a fair damsel, in a rich peacock bodice and stomacher, and a heavy necklace of pearls; her hair combed over a cushion, and adorned with a tiny wreath—a sweet looking creature she is, though not positively beautiful. I never wear the brooch (and on principle I wear it frequently in the hope of finding the real owner) but I pause and speculate on the story attached to it and its original, for I am sure that both had a story. And one night lying awake, after a conversation, my ears still ringing with the din of many voices—heavens! how these literary people do talk!—there came to me a phantasm, a vision, or a dream, whichever the reader chooses to consider it.

very majesty was so powerful, that I had drawn the "draperies of my couch" quite close to shut her out; nevertheless, as I looked on the white curtains at the foot of the bed, I saw growing there—I can find no better word—an image like—what shall I say?—like the dissolving views now so much the rage. It seemed to form itself out of nothing, and gradually assumed a distinct shape. Lo! it was my miniature brooch, enlarged into a goodly-sized apparition; the garnet setting forth glimmers of light, by which I saw the figure within, half human, half ethereal, waving to and fro like vapor, but still preserving the attitude and likeness of the portrait. Certainly, if a ghost, it was the very prettiest ghost ever seen.

I believe it is etiquette for apparitions to speak when spoken to, so I suppose I must have addressed mine. But my phantom and I held no conversation; and in all I remember of the interview, the speech was entirely on its side, communicated by snatches, like breathings of an Aeolian harp, and that chronicled by me:

How was I created and by whom? Young gentleman (I honor you by using a word peculiar to my day, when the maidens were neither "misses" nor "young ladies," but essentially *gentlewomen*), I derived my birth from the two greatest powers on earth—Genius and Love; but I will speak more plainly. It was a summer's day—such summers one never sees now—that I came to life under my originator's hand. He sat painting in a quaint old library, and the image before him was the original of what you see.

A look at myself will explain much; that my creator was a young, self-taught, and as yet only half-taught, artist, who, charmed with the expression, left accurate drawing to take its chance. His sitter's character and fortune are indicated too; though she was not beautiful, sweetness and dignity are in the large dark eyes and finely penciled eyebrows; and while the pearls, the velvet, and the lace, show wealth and rank, the rose in her bosom implies simple maidenly tastes. Thus the likeness tells its own tale—she was an earl's daughter, and he was a poor artist.

Many a time during that first day of my existence I heard the sweet voice of Lady Jane talking in kindly courtesy to the painter as he drew. "She was half ashamed that her father had asked him to paint only a miniature; he whose inclination and genius led him to the highest walks of art." But the artist answered somewhat confusedly, "That having been brought up near her father's estate, and hearing so much of her goodness, he was only too happy to paint any likeness of the Lady Jane." And I do believe he was.

"I also have heard of you, Mr. Bethune," was her answer; and the lady's aristocratically pale cheek was tinged with a faint rose color, which the observant artist would fain have immortalized, but could not for the trembling of his hand. "It gives me pleasure," she continued, "with a quiet dignity befitting her rank and womanhood, 'to not only make the acquaintance of the promising artist, but the good man.' Ah, me! it was a mercy Norman Bethune did not annihilate my airy existence altogether with that hurried dash of his pencil; it made the mouth somewhat awry, as you may see in me to this day.

There was a hasty summons from the earl, "That himself and Sir Anthony desired the presence of the Lady Jean." An expression of pain, half of anger, crossed her face, as she replied, "Say that I attend my father, I believe," she added, "we must end the sitting for to-day. Will you leave the miniature here, Mr. Bethune?" The artist muttered something about working on it at home, with Lady Jean's permission; and as one of the attendant's touched me, he snatched me up with such anxiety that he had very nearly destroyed his own work.

"Ah! 'twould be unco like her bonnie face gin she were as blithe as she was this mornin'; but that canna be, wi' a dour father like the earl, and an uncomely wicked woe like Sir Anthony. Hech sir, but I am woe for the Laddy Jean!" I know not why Norman should have listened to the "auld wife clavers," nor why, as he carried me home, I should have felt his heart beating against me to a degree that I sadly endangered my young tender life. I suppose it was his sorrow for having thus spoiled my half dry colors that made him not speak to his mother, though she asked him, and also from the same cause that he sat half the night contemplating the injury thus done.

Again and again the young artist went to the castle, and my existence slowly grew from day to day; though never was there a painting whose infancy lasted so long. Yet I loved my creator, tardy though he was, for I felt that he loved me, and that in every touch of his pencil he infused upon me some portion of his soul. Often they came and stood together, the artist and the earl's daughter, looking at me. They talked, she dropping the aristocratic hauteur which hid a somewhat immature mind, ignorant less from will, than from circumstance and neglect. While he, forgetting his worldly rank, rose to that which nature and genius gave him. Thus both unconsciously fell into their true position as man and woman—teacher and learner,—the greater and the less.

"Another sitting, and the miniature will be complete, I fear," murmured Norman, with a conscience-stricken look, and he bent over me, his fair hair almost touching my ivory. A caress, sweet, though no longer new to me; for many a time his lips—but this is telling tales, so no more! My painted, yet not soulless eyes, looked at my master as did others, of which mine were but the poor shadow. Both eyes, the living and the lifeless, were now dwelling on his countenance, which I have not yet described, nor need I. Never yet was there a beautiful soul that did not stamp upon the outward man some reflex of itself; and therefore, whether Norman Bethune's face and figure were perfect or not, matters not.

"It is nearly finished," mechanically said the Lady Jean. She looked dull that day, and her eyelids were heavy as with tears—tears which (as I heard many a whisper say) a harsh father gave her just cause to shed. "Yes, yes, I ought to finish it," hurriedly replied the artist, as if more in answer to his own thoughts than to her, and he began to paint; but evermore something was wrong. He could not work well; and then the Lady Jean was summoned away, returning with a weary look, in which woe and feelings struggled with pride. Once, too, we plainly heard (I know my master did, for he clenched his hands the while) the earl's angry voice, and Sir Anthony's hoarse laugh; and when the Lady Jean came back, it was with a pure stern look, pitiful in one so young. As she resumed her sitting, her thoughts were evidently wandering, for two great tears stole into her eyes, and down her cheeks. Well-a-day! my master could not paint them! but he felt them in his heart. His brush fell—his chest heaved with his emotion—he advanced a step, murmuring "Jean, Jean," without the "Lady"; then recollecting himself, and with a great struggle, resumed his brush and went painting on. She had never once looked or stirred.

The last sitting came—it was hurried and brief, for there seemed something not quite right in the house; and as we came to the castle, Norman and I, (for he had got in the habit of always taking me home with him), heard something about "a marriage," and "Sir Anthony." I felt my poor master shudder as he stood.

My dear master!—the author of my being! I met his eyes once more. He took me in his hand and looked at me with a playful compassion, not quite free from emotion. "And this is how I painted it! It was scarce weeks keeping, Lady Jane," "Miss Jean, I pray you; the name best suits me now, Mr. Bethune," she said, with gentle dignity.

I knew my master's face well. I had seen it brightened with the most passionate admiration as it turned on the Lady Jean of old; but never did I see a look such as that which fell on Jane Douglas now—earnest, tender, calm—its boyish idolatry changed into that reverence with which a man turns to the woman who to him is above all women. In it one could trace the whole life's history of Norman Bethune.

"Jean," he said, so gently, so naturally, that she hardly started to hear him use the familiar name, "have you in truth given up all?" "Nay, all have forsaken me, but I fear not; though I stand alone, heaven has protected me, and will, evermore." "Amen!" said Norman Bethune. "Pardon me, but our brief acquaintance—a few weeks then, a few weeks now—seems to comprehend a lifetime."

And he took her hand, but timidly, as if she were again the earl's daughter, and he the poor artist. She, too, trembled and changed color, less like the pale, serene Jane Douglas, than the bonnie Lady Jean whose girlish portrait he once drew.

Norman spoke again; and speaking his grave manhood seemed to concentrate all its subdued passion in the words: "Years have changed, in some measure, my fortunes at least, though not me. I—once the unknown artist—now sit at princely tables, and visit in noble halls. I am glad; for honor to me is honor to my art; as it should be." And his face was lifted with noble pride. "But," he added in a beautiful humility, "though less unworthy toward man, I am still unworthy toward you, for I was you. I should do so as an artist who cared to seek an earl's daughter, but as a man who felt that his best dearest were poor, compared to those of the woman he has loved all his life, and honored above all the world."

Very calm she stood—very still, until there ran a quiver over her face—over her whole frame. "Jean—Jean!" cried Norman Bethune, as the forced composure of his speech melted from it, and became transmuted into the passion of a man who has thrown his whole life's hope upon one chance, "if you do not scorn me—say, that you cannot do—but if you do not repulse me—if you will forget your noble name, and bear that which, with God's blessing, I will make noble—say, no dream as any earl's—if you will give up all dreams of the halls where you were born, to take refuge in a lowly home, and be cherished in a poor man's loving breast—then, Jean Douglas, come."

"I will!" she answered. "I took her in his protecting arms—all the strong man's pride fell from him—he leaped over her and wept. For weeks, months afterwards, nobody thought of me. I might have expected it, and somehow it was sad to lie in my still darkness, and never be looked at all. But I had done my work, and was content.

At last I was brought from my hiding place, and indulged with the light of day. I smiled beneath the touch of Lady Jean, which even now had a lingering tenderness in it—more for me than for any other of her best treasures.

oftener with loving tears—and then placed the fragments with me in my hiding place; and so—some magic bond existed between my master and me, his soul's child—I saw shining in the dark the name of Norman Bethune, and read all that Lady Jean had read. He had become a great man, a renowned artist; and these were the public chronicles of his success. I, the pale reflex of the face which Norman had loved—the face which more than any other in the wide world would brighten at the echo of his name—even my faint being became penetrated with an almost human joy.

One night Lady Jean took me out with an agitated hand. She had duffed her ordinary dress, and now changed the daughter of an earl into the likeness of a poor gentleman's wife. She looked something like her olden self—like me; the form of the dress was the same; I saw she made it scrupulously like; but there was neither velvet, nor lace, nor pearls, only the one red rose, as you may see in me, was in her bosom.

"I am glad to find my child at last won out in society," said the nurse, hobbling in; "though the folks she will meet, poor authors, artists, musicians, and such like, are unmeet company for the Lady Jean."

"But for the simple Jean Douglas," she answered, gently smiling—the smile not of girlhood, but of matured womanhood, that has battled with and conquered adversity; and when the nurse had gone, she took me out again, murmuring, "I wonder will he know me now?"

I heard her come home that night. It was late; but she took me up once more, and looked at me with strange joy, though mingled with tears; yet the only word I heard her say were those she had uttered once before in the dim years past—"Oh! noble heart!—thrice noble heart!" and she fell on her knees and prayed.

My dear master!—the author of my being! I met his eyes once more. He took me in his hand and looked at me with a playful compassion, not quite free from emotion. "And this is how I painted it! It was scarce weeks keeping, Lady Jane," "Miss Jean, I pray you; the name best suits me now, Mr. Bethune," she said, with gentle dignity.

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At last I was brought from my hiding place, and indulged with the light of day. I smiled beneath the touch of Lady Jean, which even now had a lingering tenderness in it—more for me than for any other of her best treasures.

Look, Norman, look!" she said, stretching out to him her left hand. As I lay there, in I felt the golden wedding ring press against my smooth ivory.

Norman put down his brush, and came smiling to his young wife's side. "What! do you keep that still? Why, Jean, what a boyish job it is. The features nearly approach Queen Elizabeth's beautiful ideal of art, as she commanded her own portrait to be drawn; 'tis one broad light, without a single shadow. And look how ill-drawn are the shoulders, and what an enormous string of pearls!"

Jean snatched me up and kissed me.—"You shall not, Norman—I will hear no blame of the poor miniature. I love it, I tell you, and you love it, too. Ah? there." And she held me playfully to my maker's lips, which now I touched not for the first time, as he knew well. "When we grow rich, it shall be set in gold and garnets, and I will wear it every time my husband ceases to love him, and in loving him, to love all that was noble in man."

And then Norman— But I do not see that I have any business to reveal for this.

I did attain to the honor of gold and garnets, and, formed into a bracelet, I figured many a time on the fair arm of Jean Bethune, who, when people jested with her for the eccentricity of wearing her own likeness, only laughed and said that she'd loved the love she felt that her husband loved, for his sake. So years went by, until fairer things than bracelets adorned the arms of the painter's wife, and she came to see her own likeness in dearer types than her poor ivory. Now her ornaments—myself among the rest—were slowly put by; and at last I used to lie for months untouched, save by tiny baby fingers, which now and then poked into the basket to see "mamma's picture."

At length there came a change in my destiny. It was worked by one of those grandest of revolutionists—a young lady entering her teens. "Mamma, what is the use of that ugly bracelet?" I heard one day. "Give me the miniature to have made into a brooch. I am sixteen—quite old enough to wear one, and it will be so nice to have the likeness of my own mamma."

Mrs. Bethune could refuse nothing to her eldest daughter—her hope—her comfort—her sisterlike companion. So with many an anxious charge concerning me, I was dispatched to the jeweler's. I shut up my powers of observation in a dormouse-like daze, from which I was only awakened by the eager fingers of Miss Anne Bethune, who had rushed with me into the painting room, calling on papa and mamma to admire an old friend in a new face.

"Is that the dear old miniature?" said the artist. The husband and wife looked at me, then at one another, and smiled. Though both now gilded into middle age, in that affectionate smile I saw revive the faces of Norman Bethune and the Lady Jean.

"I do believe there is something talismanic in the portrait said young Anne, their daughter. To-day, at the jeweler's, I was stopped by a disagreeable old gentleman, who stared at me, and then at the miniature, and finally questioned me about my name and my parents, until I was fairly wearied of his impertinence. A contemptible, malicious-eyed creature he looked; but the jeweler paid him all attention, since, as I afterwards learned, he was Sir Anthony A—, who succeeded to all the estates of his cousin, the Earl of —."

Mrs. Bethune put me down on the table, and leaned her head on her hand; perhaps some memories of her youth came over her on hearing those long silent names. Her husband glanced at her with a restless doubt—some men will be so jealous over the slightest thought of one they love. But Jean put her arm in his, with a look so serene, so clear, that he stooped down and kissed her yet scarce faded cheek.

"Go my own wife—go and tell our daughter. Jean Bethune and her child went out together, and when they returned there was a proud glow on Anne's cheek—she looked so like her mother, or rather so like me. She walked down the studio; it was a large room, where hung pictures that might well make us fear to claim brotherhood with them, though the same hand created them and me. Anne turned her radiant eyes from one to the other, then went up to the artist and embraced him.

"Father, I had rather be your daughter, than share the honor of all the Douglases!" Anne Bethune wore me year after year, until the fashion of me went by, till her young daughter, in their turn, began to laugh at my ancient setting, and—always aside—to mock at the rude art of "grandmamma's" days. But this was never in grandma's presence, where still I found myself at times; and my pale eyes beheld the face of which my own had been a mere shadow—but of which the shadow was now left as the only memorial.

"And was this indeed you, grandmamma?" many an eager voice would ask, when my poor self was called into question.—"Were you ever this young girl; and did you really wear these beautiful pearls, and live in a castle, and bear yourself called the Lady Jean?"

And grandmamma would lay down her spectacles, and look pensively out with her calm beautiful eyes. Oh! how doubly beautiful they seemed in age, when all other loveliness had gone. Then she would gather her little flock round her, and tell, for the hundredth time, the story of herself and Norman Bethune—leaning gently, as with her parent-feelings she had now learnt to do, on the wrong, received from her own father, and lingering with ineffable tenderness on the noble nature of him who had won her heart, more through that than even by the fascination of his genius. She dwelt often on this, when, in her closing years, he was taken before her to his rest; and while the memory of the great painter was honored on earth, she knew that the pure soul of the virtuous woman awaited her, his beloved, in heaven.

"And yet, grandmamma," once said the most inquisitive of the little winsome elves whom the old lady loved, who, with me in her hand, had lured Mrs. Bethune to a full hour's converse about olden days—"grandmamma, looking back on your ancient lineage; and would you not like to have it said of you that you were an earl's daughter?" "No!" she answered. "Say, rather, that I was Norman Bethune's wife."

I waked, and found myself gazing on the blank white curtains from whence the fantastical image of the Lady Jean had melted away. But still, through the mystic stillness of dawn, I seemed to have a melancholy ringing in my ears—a sort of echo of Gilpin's cry—"lost—lost—lost!" Surely it was the inquiet ghost of the miniature thus beseeching restitution to its original owners.

"Best thee, perturbed spirit!" said I, addressing the ornament that now lay harmlessly on my dressing table—a brooch, and nothing more.

"Peace! Though all other means have failed, perhaps thy description going out into the world of letters may procure thy identification. Ho! I have it—I will write thy autobiography."

Reader, it is done. I have only to add that the miniature was found in Edinburgh, in August, 1849, and will be gladly restored to the right owner, lest the unfortunate author should be again visited by the phantom of Lady Jean.

A True Love Story.
We propose to tell a little love story, which is so pretty and romantic in its details that we would suppose it a fiction but for the good authority upon which we have obtained it.

Some fifteen or sixteen years ago in the Faderland a young man named Hing and a young girl named Weenn loved each other very hard and wanted to marry. A tightness in the money market, however, forbade the banns; so, after considering the matter, the lover kissed his sweet girl, swore a true-lover's oath to come back and marry her in good time, and came to the United States to seek his fortune.

He worked like a good fellow, and prospered; and after saving up a good sum he flew back on the wings of love to Germany. But a terrible disappointment awaited him. His intended bride was gone!

She had not taken "cold-pizen," or eloped with a tinker, but weary of her lover's long absence, and despairing of his return, she had, like the brave little sweetheart that she was, set out for the United States, determined to find him, and enter into that true state which is the El Dorado of all true lovers.

So the young man came back to this country on the public-wheels of love, and with the additional celebrity which the screw-propeller of anxious suspense always imparts. He sought his fair one everywhere; many journeys he took, but all to no purpose; and he gave up his Christian as forever lost to him.

He came to New Orleans; and time, after cooling and petrifying the lava-current of his first love, introduced him to a fraulein, as fair and sweet, perhaps, as the lost Christiane. He married her, and they went to Texas, where they settled and were happy. Old Time continued to trundle the years around. Two fine children blessed the union, but a sad event followed in the death of the wife and mother. Ever since then, or until recently the widower remained there, prosecuting his business and taking care of his children.

Some weeks ago he came to this city on business and whilst here found it necessary to go to Cincinnati. He went there, to stop a few days. One night, whilst he was returning to his lodgings from some place of amusement, he was alarmed by female screams not far off. He ran, with others, to discover the cause, and found that the screams proceeded from a girl about eight years old, lying helpless on the banquette. She was badly but not dangerously hurt; and in reply to the questions of the crowd, stated that her uncle, with whom she was living, had come home drunk and violent, causing her, in her anxiety to avoid him, to fall out of a window.

As she was a German girl, the widower Hing naturally felt interested in her, and pled her with all sorts of questions, as to her parentage, circumstances, &c. She told him, among other things, that her mother's first name was Christiane. That aroused an old memory, and stimulated fresh inquiry. The girl gave such information, finally, as to leave no doubt in Hing's mind that her mother was his own long lost sweetheart—