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### COLUMBIA, PENNSYLVANIA, SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 19, 1857.

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A liberal discount will be made to quarterly, half-yearly or yearly advertisers, who are strictly confined to their business. square [6 lines] one week, three weeks.

Drs. John & Rohrer,

HAVE associated in the Practice of Medicolumbia. April 1st. 1856-11

DR. G. W. MIFFLIN, DENTIST, Locust street, a few doors above the Odd Fellows' Hall, Columbia, Pa. U the Odd Fellows' Hall, Columbia, Pa. Columbia, May 3, 1856.

H. M. NORTH, A TTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.

Collections, 1 comptly made, in Lancaster and York
Countries

Counties. Columbia, May 4, 1850. J. W. FISHER, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Columbia, Pa.

GEORGE J. SMITH, WHOLESALE and Retail Bread and Cake VV Baker — Constantly on hand a variety of Cakes, to on unirrous to mention; Crackers, Soda, Wine. Scroll, and Sugar Biseuit, Confectionery, of every description, &c., &c. E. (2012), Feb. 2, 56. Between the Bank and Franklin House. CORN Starch, Farina, Rice Flour, Tapioca, Sago, Oat Meal, Arrow Root &c. at the FAMILY MEDICINE STORE.

Sept 26, 57 Odd Fellows' Hall.

JUST received, three dozen Dr. Brunon's Vegetable Beters, a certain cure for Dyspep also, a fresh lot of Sap Sago and Pine Apple Chee Farma and Corn Starch, at D. HIRR'S Sept 5, 1857. Grocery and Laquor Store

Grocery and Liquor Store. AIR DYE'S. Jones' Batchelor's, Peter's and
Egyptian hair dyes, warranted to color the hair
any desired shade, without injury to the skin. For sale
R. WILLIAMS May 10, Front st., Columbia, Pa.

JUST received, a fresh supply of Kennedy's Medical Discovers, and for sale, by R. WILLIAMS, Front street.

BROWN'S Exence of Jamaica Ginger, Gen-une Article. For sale at MCCORKLE & DELLIETT'S Family Medicine Store, Odd Fellows' Hall.

OLUTION OF CITRATE OF MAGNESIA, or Pur-Digative Mineral Whiter.—This plens and medicine which is highly recommended as a substitute for Epson Salts, Sendiliz Powders, See, can be obtained fresh every day at Dr. E. B. HERR'S Drug Store. Front st. [12]

JUST received, a fresh supply of Corn Starch, Parina, and Rice Flour, at McCORKLE & DELLETT'S Family Medicine Storr, Odd Fellows' Hall, Columbia Columbia, May 20, 1857.

AMPS, LAMPS, LAMPS. Just received at

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

SUPERIOR article of burning Fluid just

LARGE lot of City cured Dried Beef, just A LARGE lot of City cured Dried Beef, ju received at necessary December 20, 1856

HOOFLAND'S German Bitters. For sale a MCCORKLE & DELLETTS
Family Medicine Store, Odd Pellows' Hall. COUNTRY Produce constantly on hand and for sale by H SUYDAM & SON

HOMINY, Cranberries, Raisins, Figs, Almonds Walnut Courts onds, Walnuts, Cream Nuts, &c., just receive H. suydam & son's. Columbia, Dec. 20, 1856.

A SUPERIOR lot of Black and Green Teas,

Coffee and Chocolate, just received at n suypam & son's Dec. 20, 1856. Corner of Front and Union sts. TUST RECEIVED, a beautiful assortment of

News Depot.
Columbia, April 18, 1857.

EXTRA Family and Superfine Flour of the best brand. Gersale by H SUYDAM & SON. JUST received 1000 lbs. extra double bolted Buckwhent Meal, at Bec. 29, 1856. H. SUYDAM & SON'S.

WEIKEL'S Instantaneous Yeast or Baking Powder, for sale by H. SUYDAM & SON. FARR & THOMPSON'S justly celebrated Com-

P mercial and other Gold Pens—the heat in the saarket—just received.

Columbia, April 28, 1855. WHITE GOODS .-- A full line of White Dress

f every description, just received, at FONDERSMITH'S. WHY should any person do without a Clock, when they can be had for \$1.50 and upwards. SHREINER'S? t Columbia, April 29, 1855

SAPONEFIER, or Concentrated Lye, for ma-Noting Soup. 1 lb. is sufficient for one barrel of Son Son, or 1b. for 9 lbs. Hard Soap Full directions will be given at the Counter for making Soft, lard and Fancy Soups. For sale by R. WILLIAMS.

Columbia, March 31, 1955. DE GRATH'S ELECTRIC OIL. Just receive May 10, 1856. Front Street, Columbia, Pa. A LARGE assortment of Ropes all sizes and lengths, on hand and for sale at THOS. WELSH'S. March 12, 1857. No. 1. High street.

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

May 10, 1956 Front Street, Columbia, Pa.

20 DOZEN BROOMS, 10 BOXES CHEESE For Sale cheap, by B. F. APPOLD & CO.

A SUPERIOR article of PAINT OIL, for sale by May 10, 1856. From Street, Columbia, Pa. JUST RECEIVED, a large and well selected variety
of Brushes, consisting in part of Shoe, Hair, Cloth,
Cromb, Natl. Hat and Teeth Brushes, and for sale by
March 22, '56. Front street Columbia, Pa

March 22, '56. Front street Columnos, 1 of A SUPERIOR article of TONIC SPIGE BITTERS, suitable for Hotel Keepers, for sale by R. WILLIAMS, Front street, Columbia. May 10, 1556. R. WILLIAMS,
From street, Columbia.

RESH ETHEREAL OIL, always on hand, and or
eale by
May 10, 1856. From Street, Columbia, Pa.

JUST received, FRESH CAMPHENE, and for sale R. WILLIAMS.

May 10, 1856. Front Street. Columbia, Pa.

1000 LBS. New Cured City Hams and Shoulders ward only weeks instead of years? I tell child. She saw the raised whip, and her love me? Would not she receive the idea in her, never grown away from her. If, in the policy pressure of the same way?'

Now Cured City Hams and Shoulders ward only weeks instead of years? I tell child. She saw the raised whip, and her love me? Would not she receive the idea in her, never grown away from her. If, in the policy pressure of the policy press

# Noetry.

#### The Wind and Stream.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT. A Brook came stealing from the ground; You scarcely saw its silvery gleam
Among the herbs that hung around The borders of that winding stream-A pretty stream, a placid stream, A softly gliding, bashful stream.

A Breeze came wandering from the sky, Light as the whispers of a dream; He put the o'erhanging grasses by,
And gayly stooped to kiss the stream,
The pretty stream, the flattered stream,

The shy, yet unreluctant stream. The Water, as the wind passed o'er, Shot upward many a glancing beam. Dimpled and quivered more and more,

And tripped along a liveher stream-The finttered stream, the simpering stream, The fond, delighted, silly stream. Away the airy wanderer flew, To where the fields with blossoms teem.

To sparkling springs and rivers blue, And left alone that little stream— The flattered stream, the chented stream The sad, for aken, lonely stream. That careless Wind no more came back; He wanders yet the fields, I deem;

But on its melancholy track Complaining went the little stream—
The cheated stream, the hopeless stream, The ever murmuring, moaning stre

> From Dickens' Household Words, The Leaf.

Thou art curi'd and tender and smooth, young leaf, With a creamy fringe of down, As thou slippest at touch of the light, young leaf, From thy cradling case of brown.

Thou art soft as an infant's hand, young leaf, When it fondles a mother's cheek And thy elders are cluster'd around, young leaf, To shelter the fair and weak.

To welcome thee out from the bud, young leaf, There are airs from the east and the west; And the rich dew glides from the clouds, young leaf,

The great wide heaven, and the earth, young leaf, Are around, and the place for thee.

Come forth! for a thread art thou, young leaf, In the web-work of mystery!

Thou art full and firmly set, green leaf, lake a strong man upon the earth; And thou showest a sturdy front, green leaf, As a shield to thy place of birth.

There is pleasant rest in thy shade, green leaf, And thou makest a horp for the breeze; And the blossom that bends from thy base, green lenf Is loved by the summer bees. The small bird's nest on the bough, green leaf,

Has thee for an ample roof; And the butterflies cool their wings, green leaf, On thy branching, braided woof. Thou art doing thy part of good, green leaf,

And shedding thy ray of grace; There's a lesson writen in thee green leaf,

For the eye of man to trace. Thou art rough, and shrivel'd, and dry, old leaf, And hast lost the fringe of down;

And the green of thy youth is gone, old leaf, And turned to yellow and brown. There are sisters of thine trod in clay, old leaf,

Ah! but thou tremblest much, old leaf, Looking down to the greedy ground

The autumn blast, with thy doom, old leaf. Cometh quickly, and will not spare, Thou art kin to the dust to-day, old leaf, And to-morrow thou liest there.

For thy work of life is done, old leaf, And now there is need of thy death.

Be content. Twill be all for the best, old lenf, There is love in the -laying breath.

## Selections.

### A Third Bowl.

'Draw your chair close up. Put you feet on those skins. You will find them soft and warm. Light another pipe, and fill your glass, Philip. It is a bitter night. My old bones shudder when I hear the wind wail over the house and through the oak

tree. Capital punch, that! John has a knack at that article that I have rarely seen equalled-never surpassed. He is a prince of a servant, that John, if he is black-let me see, it must be thirty years at least-it is thirty-two years next Christmas week, and I have never quarreled with him, and he has never quarreled with me, a rare history for master and man. I think it is because we love each other's weaknesses .--Here he comes.

John, another bowl of punch, if you please. What! not another? Certainly man I must have it. This is only the second, and Philip yonder, has drank half, of course .-Not drank any! You don't mean to say that he has been drinking that vile claret all the blessed evening? Philip, you dog, I your own way.

One more bowl, John-but one. It shall be the last; and, John, get the old Maraschino, one of the thick, black bottles with the small necks; and open it gently .-But you know how, old fellow, and just do your best to make us comfortable.

'How the wind blows! Philip, my boy, I am seventy-three years old and seven days over. My birth-duy was a week ago to-day.

'An old bachelor! Yea, verily, one of the oldest kind. But what is age? What is the paltry sum of seventy years? Do you behaved in a way not to suit him, and he think I am any older in my soul than I was half a century ago? Do you think be atory to putting on the whip. We were any such idea, do you.' cause my heart heats slower, that my riding together down the avenue, and he That was my answer. It was enough as mind thinks more slowly, my feelings raised the lash. At the moment he caught far as it went, but I was no better off than spring up less freely, my hopes are less her eye. She was walking up from the before. She did not love Tom, or she would buoyant, less cheerful, if they look for lodge, where she had been to see a sick never have answered thus. But did she

soul. I know I am what men call old; I miles and back without a word of anger. know my cheeks are wrinkled like ancient parchment, and my lips are thin, and my and eternal begins.

'I have not grown one day older than I was at thirty-two. I have never advanced a day since then. All my life long since that, has been one day-one short day; no night, no rest, no succession of hours, events or thoughts has marked my advance.

'Philip, I have been living forty years by the light of one memory-by the side of one grave.

'John, set the bowl down on the hearth .-You may go. You need not sit up for me. Philip and I will se each other to our rooms to-night, John. Now go, old fellow, and sleep soundly.

'Phil, she was the purest angel that flesh ever imprisoned, the most beautiful child of Eve. I can see her now. Her eyes raying the light of heaven-her brow, white, calm and holy-her lips wreathed with the bles- chance for you under the sun! But go sing of her smile. She was as graceful as a form seen in dreams, and she moved through | for you.' the scenes around her as you have seen the angelic visitors of your slumbers move through crowded assemblies, without effort, apparently with some supernatural aid.

'The child of wealth, she was fitted to adorn the splendid house in which she was happiness by asking her to be more. born and grew to womanhood. It was a grand old place, built in the midst of a growth Columbus discovered America, and seemed standing yet, and the wind to-night makes the road, down the side of the hill. a wild lament through their branches, that

sounds mournfully above her grave. 'I must pause to recall the scenery of the old familiar spot. There was a stream of water that dashed down the rocks a hundred yards from the house, and which always kept full and fresh an acre of pond, over trees, while on the surface the white blossom | no. of the lotus nodded lazily on the ripples with Egyptian sleepiness and languor.

'The old house was built of dark stone and had a massive appearance, not relieved by the sombre shade in which it stood. The sunshine seldom penetrated to the ground in the summer months, except in one spot, just in front of the library windows, where it used to lie and sleep in the grass, as if it loved the old place. And if sunshine loved it, why should not I?

'Gen. Lewis was one of the pleasant, oldfashioned men, now gone quite out of mem-He loved his nephew, Tom, wild, uncouth, life and spirit. rough cub as he was; but above horses dogs, or house, or altogether, he loved his daughter, Sarah, and I loved her too.

'Yes you may look at me as you will, Phil, I loved Sarah Lewis, and, by all the breath to say 'Sarah,' he would rein up and horses go by at a furious pace, Sarah's Phil, I loved Sarah Lewis, and, by all the breath to say Sarah, ne would rein up and all the prevalence of the gray, and she reaching her consequent paucity of defaulters, there was up again; 'You can go home now, and by the

'Call it folly, call it boyish, call it old man's second childhood. I care not by what she, at length. name you call it; it is enough that to-night the image of that young girl stands before me splendidly beautiful in all the holiness of her young, glad life, and I could bow down on my knees and worship her now

'Why did I say again? For forty years I subject interested her with special force. have not ceased to worship her. If I kneel to pray in the morning, she passes between me and God. If I would read the prayers himself," at evening twilight, she looks up at me from the page. If I would worship on a Sabbath morning in the church, she looks down on half blushes, and averted eyes, and forced! me from some unfathomable distance, some laugh. unapproachable height, and I pray to her

as she were my hope, my heaven, my all. 'Sometimes in winter nights I feel a coldness stealing over me, and icy fingers are feeling about my heart, as if to grasp and and through the mists and films that gather smile that grew into a broad laugh. over vision, I see her afar off, still the same angel in the distant heaven, and I cry aloud ring with our merriment.' on God to let me go and find her, and on her to come to me, and then thick darkness back yonder in the road?"

settles on me. 'The doctor calls this apoplexy, and says I shall some day die in a fit of it. What do 'Jerry, whom does Tom love?' said she doctors know of the tremendous influences quickly, turning to me. that are working on our souls? He, in his scientific stupidity, calls it a disease, and than that. But you would always have warns me against wine and high living: as with, I mean?' if I did not understand what it is, and why my vision at such times reaches so very far I be justified? It was not asking what I had into the deep unknown.

> equal proportion with the daughter; for he and it saved me the embarrassment of put- Tom was gone also. had been brought up in the family, and had ting it as my own. I determined this inalways been treated as a son. He was a stant. good fellow if he was rough, for he had the goodness that all who came within her in- to marry him?" fluence must have.

'I have seen her look the devil out of him often. I remember once when the horses had let an oath or two escape his lips prepar- of such a thing. You don't think he has

the sweep of memory; and once young, for | horses escaped for that time. He drove | ever young, is the motto of an immortal them quietly through the gate, and three

'Did I tell you I was her cousin also?-On her mother's side. Not on the General's. head gray, even to silver. But in my soul I We lived not far off, and I lived much of my feel that I am young, and I shall be young time at his house. Tom and myself had until the earthly ceases and the unearthly been inseparable, and we did not conceal our rivalry from each other.

you be content with half the General's for-

tune, and let me have the other half?' 'Bah! Jerry,' said he, 'as if that would with it. In heaven's name, take half the money, if that's all you want.'

'Can't we fix it so as to make an even division, Tom? Take all the fortune, and let me have her, and I'll call it square.'

'Just what I was going to propose to you. copper for you.'

'I twirled a rosebud in my fingers that she had given me that morning, and replied: 'Poor devil! I did not think you could be so infatuated. Why, Tom, there is no ahead; find it out as you will. I'm sorry

'A hundred such pleasant talks we used to have, and she never gave either of us one fell on the top of a pine tree by the roadside particle more of encouragement than the other. She was like a sister to us both, and neither dare break the spell of our perfect

'And so time passed on. 'One Sunday afternoon we were off toof oaks that might have been there when gether on horseback, all three of us, over the mountain and down the valley. We were likely to stand a century longer. They are returning toward sunset, sauntering along

'Phil, stir the fire a little. The bowl of recollection of that day that chills me.

'I had made up my mind if opportunity occurred, to tell her that day, all that I had thought for years. I had determined to which hung maples and willows, and other know, once for all, if she would love me or was the carriage track, which wound down

> to some place where I should never see her face again, never hear her voice again, never bow down and worship her magnificent with Napolcon, or to Egypt and serve with military, I remember, and all my ideas were of war and death on the field.

I rode by her side, and looked up at her occasionally, and thought she was looking up and caught sight of them through the ory, as well as out of existence. He loved splendidly. I had never seen her more so his horses, his dogs, his place and his punch. Every attitude was grace, every look was

'Tom clung close to her. One would have

'What is the matter with you, Jerry,' said him.

'Jerry's in love,' said Tom. 'I could have thrashed him on the spot.'

'In love! Jerry in love!' and she turned her large brown eyes toward me. In vain I thought to fathom them, and

'The eyes remained fixed, till I blundered out the old saw. 'Tom Judges others by

pleaded guilty by his awkward looks, and turn.

'By heaven! thought I, what would I not give for Tom's awkwardness now! The scoundrel is winning his way by it.'

'Jerry, is Tom in love?' still it. I lie calmly, quietly, and I think ness of it, the very simplicity of the thing close; the black horse yielded—gave way

'I say, Tom, isn't that your whip lying

Confound it, yes; the cord has broken from my wrist; and he rode back for it.

'You,' said I, bluntly.

'It was a curious way to get at it. Could 'I have spoken of Tom Lewis, her consin, way, and just as well, perhaps. It was, at

'Sarah, could you love Tom well enough

'I! Jerry; what do you mean?' Suppose Tom wants you to be his wife, will you marry him?"

'I don't know-can't tell - never thought

'I looked back. Tom was on the ground most exactly fitted to represent our whole Search, however, having proved vain, he foot in the stirrup ready to mount again .- shall rise in the forms we were when some that his wife, being young and thoughtless, I gulped down my heart that was up in my great event stamped our souls forever, then had gone off to the bath to meet some lady throat, and spoke out:

'Sarah, will you marry me?'

me-those large brown eyes, those holy eyes | burial. -and blessed me with their unutterably 'Tom,' said I, one morning, 'why can't glorious gaze. To my dying hour I shail the house, among the selemn oaks. Beauti- thront. Resolved to relinquish the attempt, not forget that gaze; to all eternity it will ful, angel-like, to the very last. remain in my soul. She looked at me one look; and whether it was pity, sorrow, surbe any more even, when you want Sarah prise or love, I cannot tell you, that filled whole of it. God bless you. Phil, my boy. the man that guarded the entrance that his them and overflowed towards me from out of You have listened-patiently-to-my- wife had not been there during the day. their immeasureable depths; but, Philip, it talk. was the last light of those eyes I ever sawthe last, the last.

'Is there anything left in that bowl?-Thank you. Just a glassful. You will not Be reasonable now, Jerry, and get out of take any? Then, by your leave, I will finish on his breast, his eyes closed, his breathing afternoon. But one old woman suggested the way. You must see she doesn't care a it. My story is nearly ended, and I will short, and heavy, as with supressed grief, that the genii had spirited her away.not keep you up much longer.

'We had not noticed, so absorbed had we been in our pleasant talk, that a black cloud right in a large chair. had risen in the west and obscured the sun, t and covered the sky; and even the sultry air you to bed long ago?" had not called our attention to the coming | thunder storm.

her eyes on mine, a flash, blinding and fierce, 'old story, now hasn't he, Mr. Philip?' not fifty yards from us, and the erash of the

thunder shook the foundations of the hills, and the General." 'For a moment all was dazzling, burning. blazing light; then sight was gone and a John laid his long black finger knowingly his errand, which was a satisfactory one for momentary darkness settled on our eyes .- up the side of his nose, and looked at me. The horses crouched to the ground in terror, and Sarah bowed her head as it in the presence of God.

'All this was the work of an instant, and the next Tom's horse sprang by us on a fapunch is getting cold, it seems to me, and I He had been in the act of mounting when rious that! Why didn't I think that a man am a little chilly myself. Perhaps it is the the flash came, and his horse swerved and was hardly to be believed after the second dragged with his head on the ground. 'There was a point in the road about fifty

yards where it divided in two. The one dreamed about that night. the mountain by easy descents; the other 'If not, I would go I cared not where: the was a footpath, which was a short, precipiworld was broad enough, and it should be tous cut to a point on the carriage road nearly a quarter of a mile below. 'Calling to Sarah to keep back and wait,

the men of Murad Bey. All notions were ing on after Tom, and I pressed on, thinking the fever stricken found dismal echoes in to intercept his horse below. 'My pace was terrible. I could hear them thundering down the track above. I looked

thought he was watching the very opportu- that landed us far over it, and a moment nity I was after myself. Now he rode a few later I was at a point where the roads again paces forward, and as I was catching my met, but only in time to see the other two

'To ride close behind them was worse than increase their speed; so I fell back a dozen rods and followed, watching the end.

'At the foot of the mountain the river ran broad and deep, spanned by the bridge at arrive at some conclusion, whether or no the the narrowest point. To reach the bridge the road took a short turn up stream, directly on the bank.

'On swept the gray and black horses, side by side, down the hill-side, not fifty leans Then the eyes turned to Tom, and he along the level ground, and then came the

'She was on the off-side. At the sharp

turn she pressed ahead a half length, and reined her horse across the grey's shoulder, if possible, to turn him up toward the bridge. 'It was all over in an instant. The grey

The naircle of the question, the correct- was the heavier horse. He pressed her my hour is at hand; and through the gloom was irresistible, and I could not repress a toward the fence, stumbled, and the fence a light rail, broke with a crash, and they went Tom joined in it, and we made the woods over, all together, into the deep, black

> 'Still, the sound of that crash and plunge iin my ears. Still I can see them go head-

'I never knew exactly what I did then .-When I was conscious, I found myself swim ming around in a circle, diving occasionally Why, of course; but who is he in love to find them, but in vain. The grey horse he emptied his cash-box of the day's profits, dismissed, Djezzer sent an order to the black, with distending nostrils and trembintended, but it was getting at it in another terror. The other black horse was floating Christian quarter of the town, thinking the vainly denied the charge, and was at last down the surface of the stream, drowned .--Rumor said he was the old man's heir in all events, asking Tom's question for him, His mistress was no where to be seen, and

> 'I found her at last.' Never was human face so angelic. She of Acre. was already one of the saintly—one of the Full of

on her dead form and face. I have never ceased to think of her as on he loved hest on earth. that day. I have never lost the blessing of 'Mistress!' added the grinning black, 'why own free will, then let the law take its those eyes as they looked on me in the forest I thought she had gone up to the shop, she course,' on the mountain road. I have never lest lest here soon after dinner.'

-had picked up the whip, and had one lives; if, as I have sometimes thought, we endeavored to console himself with the idea I am certain that I shall awake in form and friend, ond had been prevented from returnfeature as I was that day, and no record, ing as soon as she expected.

actly-feel-like-sleeping-yet."

My own eyes where misty.

'Yes sir; the major always sends me to bed at the third bowl, Sir; and I always all over with awe, was ushered into the ty-'As she looked at me, even as she fixed does'nt go. He has been telling you the rant's presence just at the very moment

> 'What old story, John?' Why about Miss Lewis, and Mister Tom.

'Yes.'

'All punch, Sir.' 'What, Sarah, and the black horse, and-'

'All punch, Sir.' rious gallop, dragging Tom by the stirrup, him. He is either asleep or drunk. Cu- with her?" jumped so that his foot caught, and he was bowl, and perfectly incredible on the third. nothing had ever occurred to interrupt the

By Jove! he is a trump at a story. It would be difficult to describe all that I

# The Silversmith of Acre.

It had been a sultry day-one of those breathless summer noons so frequent at St. Jean d'Acre during the latter part of July and beginning of August. The sea lay stag-I drove the spurs into my horse and went nant as an African lake, and even the tallest beauty again. I will go to Russia and offer down the steep path. Looking back, I saw branches of the tree; gave no indication of speed. She kept the carriage road, follow- the whole town, save where the groans of

death's desolated rooms. Djezzar, the Butcher, surmamed also the Terrible, ruled at that time over the pashatrees. I looked down and saw a gully before day, his name is a perfect nightmare to the the gift either of himself or some near relie of Acre; and though, even at this very me full eighteen feet wide, and as many deep. day, his name is a perfect inguitances he lation. The pasha's brow lowered as he displayed much acuteness and even-handed-fancied himself frustrated in his scheme, sar, and he took the gully at a flying leap ness in dispensing justice among the Christ-when, from the very bottom of the trunk, ian rajahs under his jurisdiction.

> heat, the prevalence of the disease, and the 'That will do,' said Djezzer, brightening been impaled in the morning for felony—a restored to you before the day has elapsed. reviving spectacle, which had highly amused With many expressions of gratitude and back, they were overcome by the effects of dress could possibly effect her recovery. emeties previously administered. A baker Meanwhile, the pasha had sent a message

> with dispelling the fever. day's diversion for the pasha, and he was brief survey, one intelligent young man seated in a discontented and frowning mood, holdly stepped forward and declared that staring out up in the hot, blood-red sun as the dress had been made by him for the it dipped in the cool become of the western pasha's treasurer, who had duly paid him

long down the bank together, into the deep. of the town, wearied with a hot day's honest replied: 'Young man, I read sincerity in labor and toil, Habeeb, the silversmith, clip- your eyes, and believe what you say. You ped off the shop-board and into his red slift may therefore return to your respective pers, with the intention of locking up and homes at once." finishing work for the day. To this intent | The astonished and happy conclave thus swam ashore and stood on the bank by my adjusted his turban and moustache, and little-suspecting treasurer for the immediate with a light heart and a keen appetite release of the Christian's wife, who was ling limbs, shaking from head to foot with walked briskly towards his house in the the concealed in his harem. The treasurer while of his handsome young wife and the constrained to deliver up the hapless Catoor, capital supper she had doubtless prepared who was conducted into the pasha's presfor him. Now Habeel was a well-known once to find her ill-used husband already and highly respected tradesman, a cunning awaiting her in the audience-hall. Restore her? No! A glance at her workman in his art, and on this account "Christian," said the pasha, take back face showed how vain all such hope was - greatly esteemed even by the fanatical Turks your wife. I swore I would recover her,

new life had left some faint likeness of itself stantly admitted by the black slave girl. justice should take place.

Where is your mistress?' asked the dis-'Philip, I said I had never grown a day appointed husband, who was generally ad- forcibly carried away, I shall only be too ilder since that time. You know not why, mitted and welcomed by the hands and face happy to receive her again into my house

Here was astounding information for Hu-

Philip, she turned her eyes again towards will remain of an hour of my life after her Somehow or other his appetite was gone, the meal appeared tasteless, and every mor-We buried her in the old vault close by sel he smallowed seemed to stick in his he proceeded at once to the public baths in 'My voice is broken. I can say no more, in search of the truant; arrived here, great Philip. You have the story. That is the was his consterngtion on being informed by

> Greatly dispirited, Habeeb returned to-Good-night, boy. Go to hed. I'll stay wards his now disconsolate home, calling in here in the old chair awbile. I don't-ex- at every friend's house to make inquiries after his wife. Even the nearest neighbors I left him sitting there; his head bowed had seen or heard nothing of her during the Scorning to give credence to such a report, In the hall I found John, sitting bolt up- the unhappy husband came to the desperate conclusion of repairing at once to the terri-Why, John, I thought the Major cent; ble pasha, and of there reporting the calumity that had befallen him.

Arrived at the palace, Habeeb, trembling when, as we have already seen. Diezzar was gloomily reflecting upon some alternative to banish canni. He bailed the silversmith's arrival with manifest glee and evident satisfaction. In a few words Habeeb narrated the pasha, for it afforded him ample scope 'Why John-you don't mean to say-eh?' for the display of his talents and his power. 'Do you know,' asked Djezzar, in a terri-

ble voice, 'any man for whom your wife has at any time evinced a partiality? or have John, my man, go in and take care of you had any recent cause of disputation Habceb replied in the negative, assuring

the pasha that even up to that very morning

harmony of their lives. The pasha then inquired whether the woman had taken her clothes or other effects with her. To this the silversmith replied that everything, saving what she stood in,

had been left behind. 'Good!' said Djezzer; 'go you home directly and fetch thither with you your wife's "mariage trunks" We shall see if we can-

not trace the truant by that means.' The silversmith went home and returned myself to the Czar, or to Syria, and fight her following, her horse making tremendous the slightest zephyr. Silence reigned over ordered him to open it, in his presence and take out every article it contained, enumerating one by one how such and such a thing came into his wife's possession. Habeeb obeyed, and, in doing so, dis-

played to view a goodly assortment of lady's apparel, all of which he was able to trace as the bewildered husband produced a most On the day in question the pasha had felt costly and highly embroidered silk tunic, for remarkably dull and languid; what with the which he was wholly unable to account.

gods, I love her now as I loved her then, and fall back to his place, and I would make a breast of the gray, and successful to the gray to

useless in such a case. It would serve to his excellency so long as the agonies of the full of wonder and sagacity of the pasha, poor wretches endured. Half-a dozen Jews Habeeb retired to his home, there to puzzle had even excited him to laughter by their his brain throughout the night as to what grotesque exertions, when, as tied back to could have become of his wife, and how the

> or two had been nailed by the ears to the to the Torgi Bashi, 'head tailor' of Acre, door posts of the audience hall for some summoning him, with every tailor in the short-comings in weights. And one houri place, under dreadful penalty, into his immein the harem, who was a favorite, and con- diate presence. It is needless to say that the sequently much noticed, having refused command was instantaneously obeyed by to dance at the pasha's bidding, under the the trembling herd of snips, who wondered plea of a burning fever with delirium, was what new experiments they were to form mildly incited thereto by being seated upon the subjects of. Arrived in the terrible the burning floor of the 'Hammam,' which, presence of Djezzer, the silk tunic was laid by the way, produced a very different effect out for their inspection, and, with a horrible from what Diezzar anticipated, by throwing menace, they were one and all invited to the girl into a violent perspiration and forth- inspect the same, and the maker to acknowlrith dispelling the fever.
>
> These summed up the entalogue of that paid him for the making of it. After a for the same.

About the same hour, in another quarter. Eyeing him sternly for a while, Djezzer

and I have kept my oath."

Full of happiness, the silver-mith reached But Habeeb, whilst acknowledging his immortals-and the beauty and glory of her his door, and knocked loudly, and was in- great gratitude, required of the pasha that 'If,' said the silversmith, 'my wife was

and my affections; but if she went off of her

The evidence went against the woman, who was accordingly sewn up into a sack resurrection, we are to resume the bodies beeb! He could scarcely believe his senses. and thrown into the sea; and as for the