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to their business.

THOMAS WELSH. TESTICE OF THE PEACE, Columbia, Pa. OFFICE, in Whipper's New Building, below Black's Hotel, Front street.

17-Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to his enter. November 25, 1857.

DR. G. W. MIFFLIN. DENTIST, Locust street, a few doors above the Odd Fedows' Hall, Columbia, Pa.

A TTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. H. M. NORTH, Columbia, Pa.
Collections, promptly made, in Lancaster and York
Countries.
Columbia, May 4, 1850.

J. W. FISHER, Attorney and Counsellor at Law. Columbia, Pa. GEORGE J. SMITH,

WHOLESALE and Retail Bread and Cake Baker.—Constantly on hand a variety of 'alextoo numerous to mention; Crackers; Soda. Wine, Scroll,
and Sugar Biscuit, Confectioners, of every description,
dec. ac.
LO. UST STRIEET,
Feb. 2.756. Between the Bank and Franklin House. CORN Starch, Farina, Rice Flour, Tapioca, Sago, Oat Med. Arrow Root &c., at the FAMILY MINICIPE STORE. Sept 26, 257 Odd Fellows' Hall.

T.UST received, three dozen Dr. Brunon's Vegetable Bruers, a certain cure for Dyspepsia aiso, a fresh lot of Sap Sago and Pine Apple Cheese Farian and Corn Starch, at D HERR'S Sept 5, 1857. Grocery and Laquor Store

HAR DYE'S. Jones' Batchelor's, Peter's and Egyptian hair dyes, warranted to color the hair any desired shade, without many to the skin. For sale R. WILLIAMS. May 10, Front st.. Co UST received, a fresh supp y of Kennedy's Medical Discovery, and for sale by R WILLIAMS, Front street. Columbia, June 27, 1-57

BROWN'S Essence of Jamaica Ginger, Genune Arnele. For sale at MCCORKLE & DELLLITT'S Family Medicine Store, Odd Fellows' Hall, July 25 1867

COLUTION OF CITRATE OF MAGNESIA, or Pur D garron or or part 2 of magazenajo (4)
garron of the Mater — This pleasant medicine
which is highly recommended as a substitute for
Epoon salts Sciding Powders, &c. can be obtained
fresh every day at DR E B HERR'S Drug Store
Front st [42]

UST received, a fresh supply of Corn

Starch, Farma, and Rice Floor at Met'ORRLE & DELLETT'S amily Medicine Store Old Fellows' Hall, Columbia Co'umbia, May 30, 1857. AMPS, LAMPS, LAMPS. Just received a here's Drug Store, a new and beautiful for a Limps of all descriptions.

May 2, 1867

LOT of Fresh Yanilla Beans, at Dr. E B merr's Golden Mortal Dang Store mbra. Wax 2 1857

SUPERIOR article of burning Fluid just A LARGE lot of City cured Bried Beef, just become at the Columbia December 20.1-56

H OOFLAND'S German Bitters. For sale at MCCORKLE & DELLETTS.
Family Medicine Store, Odd Fellows Hall July 25 1867

COUNTRY Produce constantly on hand and HOMINY, Cranberries, Raisins, Figs, Amonds, Walnuts, Cream Nats, Ac., just received H. Suydam & -68's

Columbia, Dec 20, 1956 A SUPERIOR lot of Black and Green Teas, Coffee and Chocolate, just received at H SUYDAM & SON'S Dec. 20, 1556. Corner of Front and Union sts.

TEST RECEIVED, a beautiful assortment of News Deput. Columbia, April 19, 1557.

EXTRA Family and Superfine Flour of the JUST received 1000 lbs. extra double bolted Buckwhent Meal, at Dec. 20, 1856. H. SUYDAM & SON'S.

WEIREL'S Instantaneous Yeast or Baking TARR & THOMPSON'S justly celebrated Com-P. SHREINER.

White Goods ... A full line of White Dress Goods of every description, just received, at 11, 1-57 CONDERS MITHS. W HY should any person do without a Clock, VV when they can be had for \$1.50 and upward it SHREINER'S!
Columbia, April 29, 1955

CAPONEFIER, or Concentrated Lye, for ma-Sing Soap. 1th. is sufficient for one barrel of Son Soap, or the for 9 ths. Hard Soap. Full directions with the given at the Counter for making Soft pland and Pancy Soaps. For sale by R. WILLIAMS.

Columbia, March 31, 1955. DE GRATH'S ELECTRIC OIL. Just received by the supply of this popular remedy, and for sale R WILLIAMS.

May 10,1888. Pront Street, Columbias Pa

A LARGE assortment of Ropes, all sizes and lengths on hand and for sale at THOS, WELSH'S. March 12, 1-57 No. 1. High street. A NEW lot of WHALE AND CAR GREASING OILS, received at the store of the subscriber.

R. WILLIAMS.
Front Street, Columbia. Pa. May 10, 1856. 20 DOZEN BROOMS, 10 BOXES CHEENE For B. F. APPOLD & CO.

A SUPERIOR article of PAINT OIL, for sale by R. WILLIAMS, May 10, 1856 Front Street, Columbia, Pa.

TUST RECEIVED, a large and well selected variety
of Brushes, consisting in part of Shoe, Hair, Clonk
Crumb, Nasi, Hat and Teeth Brushes, and for sale by
March 22, '55.
Front street Columbia, Pa A SUPERIOR article of TONIC SPIGE BITTERS, suitable for Hotel Keepers, for saie by R. WILLIAMS.

May 10, 1866. Front street. Columbia.

RESH FTHEREAL OIL, always on hand, and of sale by R. WILLIAMS.
May 10, 1856. Front Street, Columbia, Pa. JUST received, FRESH CAMPHENE, and for rale by R. WILLIAMS. May 10,1856. Pront Street, Columbia, Pa.

Noetru.

Catawba Wine. This song of mine
Is a song of the Vine, To be sung by the glowing embers Of wayside inns, When the rain begins

To darken the drear Novembers Of the Scuppernong, warm Curolinian valleys,-And the Muscadel

That bask in our garden alleys Nor the red Mustang, Whose clusters hang O'er the waves of the ('o'orado And the fiery flood Of whose purple blood

Has a dash of Spanish bravado. For richest and best Is the wine of the West, That grows by the beautiful river; Whose sweet perfume Fills all the room With a benison on the giver.

And as hollow trees Are the haunts of bees Forever going and coming, So this crystal hive Is all alive

With a swarming and buzzing and humming. Very good in their way Are the Verzenay, e Sillery soft and creamy,

But Catawba wine Has a taste more divine, More dulcet, delicious, and dreamy There grows no vine . By the haunted Rline, By Danube or Guadalquiver,

Nor on 1-land or cape As grows by the beautiful river. Drugged is their juice,

For foreign use, shipped o'er the reeling Atlantic. To rack our brams With the fever pains That have driven the Old World frantic

To the sewers and sinks With all such drinks. And after them tumble the mixer! For a poison malign Is such Borgia wine. Or at best but a Devil's Elixir.

While pure as a spring Is the wine I sing.

And to praise it one needs but to name it; For Catawba wine No tayern-bush to proclaim it.

And this song of the Vine, This greeting of mine, The winds and the birds shall deliver To the Queen of the West, In her gurlands dressed,

On the banks of the beautiful river

The First Snow on the Fell.

Our days had begun to darken; The shadows upon the lawn To fall from the clin trees early To linger long for dawn; The leaves of the elin to redden, And to tremble to the wind, With itsplitter news and whispers Of the worse that lay belind, And now and again would flutter
A dead leat to the ground, Which sun should never gladden Nor rain with a summer sound. The fern was red on the mountain, The cloud was low in the sky.

And we knew that the year was father the wintry time was righ. But we thought, as thinks the lover With his loved one near her grave, "O, Death, leave her here for a little, And tarrying of the green. Had left no content with the fature, Thankful for what had been; We dream not of Winter, standing As to-day we see him stand, In the midst of the mountains youder, With Helvellyn in his band

Though he dare not come to the valleys. Though he leaves the nill ere noon, His foot will be on the lake's breast, He will have the river soon. We Northerns know full well,

Our sign that summer is over,— The first snow on the Fell.

Selections.

Pride versus Vanity.

Some three years ago there was a brilliant marriage at the church of St. Eustache, in Paris. All the adjacent streets were filled with equipages, some brilliant and fashionable, while others were sober, unobtrusive, and even shabby, their only distinction (one for which the owners of the other equipages would have given ten times their value) being the arms and the coroners of the noblest and oldest families in France.

The alliance thus celebrated united the wo opposing ranks, birth and money, and possessing these two envied advantages, would appear to offer the greatest chances of happiness. Besides, the bride and bridegroom were well matched as far as years and side by side it was impossible not to exclaim, whether audibly or mentally, 'What a beautiful couple!' Who would have thought that whilst the organs were pealing, the incense

'Who knows if he didn't marry me for my aying to himself:

to be a marchionese?"

mited these two young people dated many from nothing; he knew it, he was proud of his young and beautiful wife, but nothing years back, long before either of them were it. Surrounded by every luxury, it was his more; he schooled his heart against the fas-

bridegroom, born in exile during the first risen by his own exertion from the peasant cenary marriage. Laura, proud as a wo- ed from the carriage. 'Is she living' was tral hall bung around with the bunners pure grape brandy.

sum. Investing this, he left Paris, and with secret heart of hearts. his wife, (not being able to maintain his Anselme Dubois had a daughter. From ancestral domain.

been taught to believe it. Not materially that his daughter would be Marquise de of his habitation. changed-that change the marquis was pre- Presle, and his hate that the noble Marquis pared for-but the novelty changed; ideas, would be dependent on him, the pervenu: principles, and customs were all those of for the Marquis knew he was a ruined man. modern times, whilst the marquis belonged ! Still this plan, though fully matured in emphatically to the ancient regime. The his own head, was, even to him, difficult of village of Presle had grown into a town, not execution. But fate at last appeared to faunder the auspices of the former lords of the vor him, for suddenly the old Marvuis died. soil, but under the skillful management of Georges de Presle, who had not presumed a successful speculator. Anselme Dubois, to question his father as to his worldly afwho had established in it large manufacto- fairs, now found, on his first interview with ries, and employed hundreds of workmen, the old family lawyer, that he had been livall paid well, treated kindly and invested on the small capital left him, and that that with the right to have opinions, and to speak | being exhausted, his father had mortgaged

for M. le Marquis de Presle. The eastle to his mother. Georges de Presle adored his be sure stood there, but to them it seemed mother. The solitude in which he lived, the (what, without historical association it really sternness of his father, had made him cling was,) a heavy, crumbling ruin, to which to her with an affection that amounted alwas infinitely to be preferred the gray white most to passion. There was no sacrifice he marble villa of the manufacturer. The tra- would not have made for her. What was ditions of the house of Presle had passed now to be done? Poverty he knew she away in the turmoil of the various revolu | could endure, not sordid poverty in a close tionary changes, in the battle of prosperous town lodging, but dignified poverty in the commerce; and as for the crusades, not one decaying halls of her ancestors, where her of the citizens, no longer vassals of Presle, husband had lived, where her son had been had ever heard of them.

ishing the Marquis, greatly excited his indig-Marquis found himself alone, for all the townsmen, owing their prosperity to Dubois, openly sympathized with him. The Marquis was left to his dignified isolation in company with his wife and infant son.

But although the Marquis disdained to associate with persons whom he despised, the contagious malady of the age-speculation-took possession of him, and inexperi enced and ignorant of all financial or specutle that the indemnity had restored to him. From this time the Marquis was rarely seen beyond the walls of his demain. His wife. one of thore rare models which first suggested the distinctions and titles of nobility, as types of grandeur and nobility of soul, concentrated her existence and happiness in that of her husband and her son.

spect, and in the hour of sorrow-for, unable everything.' from her poverty to give that material aid great catastrophes of the affections common him, fully determined at the same time to

Bourbons in one of the royal military colling that for the two years Laura had been leges, had been intended for a military life, from school, presiding over her father's but the change of dynasty had also changed household, he had been the object of her his destiny, and he had returned to his home secret adoration, as from the windows of her to share the solitude of his father and gay villa she looked on the stern gray walls mother; too proud to remain in Paris on a of the eastle. Georges, in pride and poverty, pittance unbecoming his rank, too faithful became for her an Edgar Ravenswood, and to the traditions of his ancestors to swear Georges' manner and appearance would, in fealty to a traitor of the ever treacherous reality, have suggested both the moral and

From taste, as much as from deference to ciples of the ancient regime, had, however, riously manifested itself. progressed with the century in which he tion against the pervenu that the remembeauty were concerned, for, as they stood brance of former days gave to the marquis; She married me for my title'- he for my personage, forgotten when unseen. But by all doubt. a strange anomaly in human nature, the as hand in hand they turned from the altar young marquis, so grave, so dignified, yet fused to accept anything; all was settled on burning, friends and relations congratula- beau-ideal. In the society to which his for Presle was restored to him, and necessarily ting, the young bride was marmaring to tune gave him admittance, he had seen he shared the princely income bestowed on handsome, fashionable, and stylish young his wife by her father. noney only?' Whilst the bridgegroom was this class of the jeunesse dore of the Chausse law with great courtesy, but with all her 'Who knows if she did not marry me only seemed to him like counterfeit money, very narvenu's daughter despised her poverty, Now, the cause of the alliance which had He himself was a parvenu, a man risen Georges was attentive, polite and kind to

emigration, had, through all the humilia- boy to the millionaire. The young men of man and timid as a bride, took the frigid his first inquiry. With sorrowing tone, the conquered by his ancestors. But even as tions and privations of poverty and exile, his society were all striving in their hearts tone of those around her; and all lived, as curate, who had come to meet him, replied he spoke two arms were round his neck, and been taught to preserve the pride of an an- to imitate the very class whose power, rights | may be imagined, a tedious and constrained in the affirmative. cestry which belonged to one whose nobility and pretensions they affected to laugh at .- life. dated from the crusades. On his return to Georges de Pre-le appeared to him the true France he found his fortune a mere wreck, embodiment of greatness, of manliness, of summoned his children to Paris. He had here, though he scarcely heeded it, all was nothing remaining to him but his ancestral true nobility-nobilityeastle and a few acres of land. The indem- the one unattainable thing, the only thing nity voted for by those who had emigrated, that his money could not buy, and which, Laura's beauty, position, and her luxurious His mother's apartment had not even been him. procured for him, however, a considerable therefore, acquired excessive value in his

rank at Court,) established himself in his the first time that he saw Georges he determined he should be his son-in-law. By this Here all was changed from what he had alliance he could at once satisfy his vanity

every foot of land, even to the old castle of This population had mighty little respect his ancestors, now the sole refuge of born. To leave Presle would kill her. Who Anseline Dubois was disposed to welcome held the mortgage? M. Richard traced it the Marquis most cordially; not as lord of from hand to hand, and having done so, it the manor, but on perfect terms of equality was found in the possession of Anselme Duand good fellowship. But this, after aston- bois, who, being in his rights, signified to Richard his determination to foreclose it .nation, and soon led to an open feud. The Richard advised the young Marquis to endeavor to conciliate, to obtain time-and Georges, after a severe struggle, for his mother's sake resolved to follow the lawyer's

M. Dubois declined to speak on the subject, though he received the young Marquis with great cordiality and deference. Richard must arrange all matters of business; to Richard he would transmit his determination. Georges, after a few days, applied to lative operations, he embaaked in a wild but Richard. What was Dubois' decision? An specious joint stock company, and, as might alliance, a community of interests, by the be expected, lost nearly the whole of the lit- marriage of Georges with Laura Dubois .-Georges' brow lowered and his cheek became flushed.

'Laura is beautiful, Laura is rich, highly educated, charming."

Georges turned contemptuously away. 'For your mother's sake,' said the lawyer

seeing he had not struck the right chord. Georges turned round instantly, and She was only seen by the townspeople at grasping the lawyer's hand, said, 'For my mass, when her quiet dignity imposed re mother's sake, Richard; for her anything,

Georges scarcely remembered to have of which Dubois was so lavish-she could seen Laura, but having made up his mind not but minister the consolation of a woman to the sacrifice, he would have married her and a Christian to those suffering from the even though she had been displeasing to sacrifice to her happiness, as a sacred duty. Georges de Presle, her son, placed by the the rest of his life. He was far from divinphysical resemblance.

Laura had a tender, noble heart, entirely his father, Georges de Presle had forborne free from the vanity of riches. To have the to form acquaintence in the town, though he power to bring happiness to so desolate a had more than once either at the lawyer's life, to raise from decay one of the noblest when on his father's business, or at the families of France, to earich poverty so curate's on a mission from his mother, en nobly borne, appeared to her a holy tack .countered the great Anselme Dubois, whose When, therefore, M. Dubois proposed the brick factories towered almost as high as match to his daughter, Laura, who would the crenelated walls of the castle of Pre-le, have dreaded to speak to her father on the Georges, although imbued with the prin-supject, felt that her destiny had myste-

Georges, as soon as the match was decided. lived, and knew how to value and esteem followed Lanra to Vichy, where she had the energy and talent which had made gone for the season. He could not but be Dubois rise from poverty and obscurity to pleased with Laura, but not knowing her the high and flourishing position in which real feelings, and absorbed with his own he now stood. A few words of courtesy had anxieties, he never sought to inspire her been exchanged between them on these with love. On his part the marriage was meetings and on every other occasion on an interested one; on that of Laura he imawhich chance had thrown them together .- gined it to be the same-and so they were Georges had not the same cause of irrita- married-and so, as they turned from the altar, there was a doubt in the mind of each. to Georges he was a perfectly unimportant money.' For love had not as yet dispelled

· By the marriage contract George had reso courteous, became to M. Dubois a sort of his wife; though, of course, the Castle of

men; his own nephew was the very type of Mme. de Presle received her daughter-ind'Antin, but Dabois despised them; they prejudices about her, and convinced that the like the real, but wanting intrinsic value .- she refrained from a more cordial greeting. boast to remain in appearance and manner cinatious of one who he supposed must, in The Marquis de Presle, the father of the still the same Anselme Dubois who had her inmost heart, despise him for his mer-

'This is your home, Georges,' said he; 'I hope you like it. In the stable you will has my sacrifice been in vain?' find horses especially for your use, and, I believe, the most fashionable vehicles have been selected for you by my nephew. Lau- is all I regret.' ra's new equippage is a chef d'euvre. The carriage is from London and the horses are the bedside, heard these words and drew Arabs.

'I shall be delighted to go with Laura whenever she will like to have me, but as for the horses and carriages for my own use, and rushed to the door, but Laura was be- me?" I have never been accustomed to them, and therefore decline them.'

Dubois was mortified; he wished to impose an obligation upon his son-in-law. But room. Georges steadily refused all participation in the splendors of his father-in-law as far as he was concerned. He went with his wife thuseverywhere, shared her state whenever she desired it; but, as far as his own habits were concerned, they were unchanged from those he contracted at Presle. Georges, however, had sedulously sur

rounded his mother with every comfort .-To leave her had been a great sacrifice, but duty, and both had consented. The health of the Marquise was declining, but she forhore to complain to Georges; she knew he must remain in Paris, and therefore was re-M. Dubois, failing in his plans of subdu-

ing the pride of Georges de Presle, had urned his attention towards the Marquise. He commenced the restoration of the old chateau. His architect, his builder, his workmen set to work; subverting all the habits of the quiet and humble household of the old Marquise. She was too proud to complain, and the employees, all paid by Dubois, and recognizing only him, took pleasure in mortifying and annoying her. Towards the end of the Paris season

Georges, with the instinct of all true and strong affections felt a vague and unusual anxiety for his mother. He wrote, not to her, but to the curate, and awaited with im nationce the reply. He had never confided his sorrows or his sentiments to his wife. therefore she was utterly ignorant that and orrow oppressed him.

One evening, at one of the balls of the Princess Mathilde, Madame Laura de Presle, who had just been dancing with a foreign prince, for some time her most ardent admirer, was surprised by the sight of her husband, who, with a haste unbecoming the place, and very unusual in him, made way through the crowd which surrounded her and bid her follow him.

She obeyed instantly. He took her to the cloak room, and then, without speaking, took her down stairs. When they reached the carriage Laura started back. It was not her own town equipage, but a travelling carriage, and her own maid and her own footman were on the box. 'Where are you going?' said she, turning

ta Georges. 'To Preslo,' he replied; 'my mother is dy-

ing. Do you object to going?" 'I will go anywhere you desire, Monsieur le Marquis; it is my duty.'

So saying, she got into the carriage .-When they were seated there, as they pro ceeded to the railway station, Georges having first most carefully enveloped his wife in additional cloaks and shawls, addressed

'Madame,' said he, 'I ought to apologize for my hasty conduct. The news of my mother's danger came by express this evening, after you had left for the Elysee. I expected it, and returned home, after conducting you to the ball, to receive it. It is of presence. I consider it your duty and mine that you, being my wife, should come with life. me to the death bed of my mother. Your father refused to let us go, referring to a clause in the contract which forbids me taking you from his roof without his permission. My dignity as a man and a husband were here compromised; what I demanded was right, not only for me but for you. This will excuse, I trust, the decision have come to, and its mode of execution.' 'Georges,' said Laura, 'why did you not

confide your anxieties to me, am I not your 'You are, but I do not desire to make you forget that you are M. Dubois' daughter.' 'I trust our mother is not in danger,'

at the mention of her name had forgotten gothic architecture. He entered the gate to yield ito spirit, yet so endurable are the all else; but, Laura, I thank you for your over which is carved his own escutcheon; exhibarating qualities of this fruit that the sympathy, and for your ready acquiescence." would have thrown herself into her hus stands; it is opened almost before he could distillers, at the rate of five dollars for the band's arms; but, though she was a wife touch the bell-pull, by servants in his own pomace from which one thousand gallons of she was a woman. Could she make the livery.

first advances?

Without beeding his wife, though she fol- murmured: At the end of three months, M. Dubois lowed him, he flew to his mother's room; sion, in which he himself, was also to reside, and masons overwhelmed the whole chateau. for him by her and ever ready to receive splendor, together with her title, made her respected. At one glance Georges underthe point of attraction of the season. Ac- stood all, but he smothered his indignation, of him? customed to luxury from infancy, she loved or rather the agony of his grief made him it not from vanity, but from habit. M. Du- for a moment forget it; his mother was dy- hours more, and I, who have waited for you bois gratified his vanity by pompously dis- ing; the dews of death were even now upon these four years, would not have found you. playing to his son-in-law the magnificence her. He threw himself on his knees beside I was going to Paris. My father, almost her bed.

'Mother, mother,' said he, 'forgive me-

'No. my child: but my task is over. I am going, but to leave you alone on earth; that | dred thousand otherwise.'

Laura, who had been timidly approaching Did you know I was so rich?' back.

At this moment a great noise and confusion was heard below. Georges started up knees before her; do you, can you love fore him; she had recognized her father's voice, and interposed between them before me, Georges, I loved you; but it has been Dubois had crossed the threshold of the an unrequited passion till now; but if it had

violate the contract you had signed, and

'Father,' said Laura, 'his mother is dy-

'Let her die in peace,' said Georges, alone approaching the bed. For some minutes his mother murmured in her son's ear, as putting his arms around her, he bent his head down to her. Then all was over. Georges both mother and son had felt that it was a rose from his knees, closed his mother's over the body, placed his crucifix upon it. er's arms.

M. Dubois had his daughter conveyed to his carriage and taken to her paternal home. Till after the funeral,' said he. Laura afraid to intrude herself on her husband. vaited in an agony of anxiety. It was a week since the Marquise's death, when, at last, a letter came, not to her, but to M

'Sir,' wrote Georges, 'My mother is dead: now far you contributed to her death it is dies the holy reason I had for keeping the the great lesson of love.' eastle of my ancestors. I have given orders that it shall be sold; with the produce my awyer will repay you all you have spent in the reparations you commenced. Your daughter has returned to her home; she is Marquise de Presle; I willingly give her all she valued in me-my title. When you receive this I shall be on my way to Algiers. 'Georges de Presie.'

'So you are my daughter again, Laura, ny darling; one of these days your noble husband will be sorry for what he has done; meantime we will remain here together.'

'No,' replied Laura, 'I am his wife; I love him, wholly, passionately, tenderly; he is him; I will go to the castle of Presle; that is my place; his widow, till again he claims

occupation being to complete the restoration

Three years passed away. Georges de Presle from Algiers had gone to the Crimea. There his name had been mentioned five times in the bulletins of his commanding and conducted to the fermenting tube.officers; he was one of the young heroes of not return to Franco when all the victorious troops returned; he entered again on active produces white wine. The skins and pulp, service, and returned to Algiers. Laura, whose love had increased in ai

lence and solitude, wept bitterly, for she had had a hope-but she dried her tears. for love is long suffering, and she loved and hoped on.

During this interval, a distant cousin of the De Presles had left Georges a sum of stirred into the wine. This is only pracsuch a nature as requires my immediate two hundred thousand france, but this com- ticed when the juice, pulp, and skins are narative wealth made no difference in his fermented together in the same vessel.

One day, on reading a French paper, he saw that the financial crisis in France was the wine is drawn off into pipes, and the threatening the credit of even the richest and in a list of the losses in a great speculation he saw M. Dubois' name for over a million.

Georges folded the paper, asked for leave, in-law was in Belgium. With his daughter? no in in infinite amount. Five men are No. Madame de Presle was where she always resided, at Presle.

At Presle! These words were a revelation to Georges; his heart believed, though the present vintage is eighty thousand galmurmured Laura, laying a stress on the his reason still doubted. On to Presle. - lons. There is the castle-his own-restored, in Notwithstanding the pressure which has 'My mother is dying,' said Georges, who, all the exquisite perfection of its antique through the picture-que and cultivated pomace still contains enough to tempt the Laura, on the impulse of the moment, park he hastens. At his own door he

When they reached Presle, Georges rush illsuppressed emotion, entering his ancestion, and the result is a good distillation of

Laura, laying her head on his shoulder,

'Georges! Georges! my own at last!' After the first minutes Laura conducted

'Your father, Laura,' said Georges; 'what

'Oh, Georges!' exclaimed Laura, 'a few overwhelmed, can vet weather the storm, if he has five hundred thousand france by the tifteenth. I was going to Paris to sell my diamonds, for I could raise but three hun-

'And I have brought you two. Laura .-

'No,' replied Laura. 'So it was to see my father you came, Monsieur de Presle?" 'Laura,' said Georges, falling upon his

'Long before you remember having seen killed me, and you had not found your wife, 'How did you dare, sir,' said Dubois, 'to you would at least have found your home.' 'The home you have restored to me, or

rather it is yours.' 'Nay, do not say that; you are so proud,

you would perhaps not remain in it.' 'Then if I left it, Laura, it would not be alone, for I love you, my own wife; oh! why have we lost five years of our life?"

They were the last years they ever did lose. A year afterwards, Anselme Dubois sat on the castle terrace by the side of his eyes, and the curate, throwing the sheet daughter, and held his tiny grandson in his arms. The Marquis leaning over his Slowly he passed out of the room, unheed- wife's shoulder, looking at both with delight. ing his wife, who was weeping in her fath. Anselme Dubois gazed from the towers of the castle to the smoking towers of the fac-

'This boy is the heir of all, Georges,' said he, in him all fends will be ended forever. Can you forgive my vanity?'

'Indeed, you should first forgive my pride,' replied Georges.

'I who have suffered most from both,' added Laura, 'have forgiven both;' said the young mother, stooping to her child, 'we will have neither pride nor vanity. We now needless to inquire. With my mother have taught our father and our grandfather

> How WINE IS MADE IN CALIFORNIA. - We ranscribe from the Los Angelos Star a decription of the method of manufacturing

Wine in that city from native grapes. The first process in the operation of winenaking, after the grapes arrive at the mill, is to shell them off the stems; six men are employed in this operation. The grapes, as they come from the vineyard, are thrown upon coarse wire sieves, which are firmly set at an angle of about forty degrees, above and around the mill. Wooden forks are used to shell the grapes, which, as they are perhaps wrong, but it is not for me to judge fall through into a hopper, which conveys them to the mill. The stems remain upon

the sieves, and are removed by hand. The mill is formed by two horizontal With her own dowry Laura bought the cylinders, about three feet long, and ten chateau; here she established he self, her inches or a foot in diameter. These are kept in motion by means of a crank, which of her husband's castle, and by her charities is easily turned by one man. The mashed to make the name of Presle as beloved as grapes fall from the cylinders into a large shallow tank, from which the juice rapidly flows off, and passing through a couple of sieves, to seperate any skins or seeds which flow along with it, it is raised by a pump These vessels hold from eight to fifteen whom the Emperor was proud. But he did hundred gallons each. The juice in this state fermented without the skins or pulp, ogether with the scods, are removed to other tubs, where, during the process of fermentation, coloring matter is extracted, forming red wine.

To give a high color to the wine, the nomace, as it rises to the surface during fermentation, is frequently broken-up and

After the mash is sufficiently formented, which occupies from ten to eighteen days, pomace is then taken to the press, where it is subjected to the pressure produced by a five-inch screw. Surrounding and attached to this screw is a drum of about ten feet in diameter; a rope is wound upon this drum. and the next steamer from Alexandria and one end carried to a capstan, when the brought the Colonel de Presle back to Ec- power of two or three more men is applied rope. He hastened to Paris. His father- to long bars, which produce a leverage of

employed in this branch of the operation. The daily product of wine is two thousand gallons, and the estimated product of

been applied to force the bruised grape to cupidity of man; so the pomace is sold to wine have been made. The pomace is mixed 'Madame de Presle,' said Georges, with with water, and then subjected to distilla-