# THE COLUMBIA SPY.

SAMUEL WRIGHT, Editor and Proprietor. "NO ENTERTAINMENT IS SO CHEAP AS READING, NOR ANY PLEASURE SO LASTING." $1,50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE; $2.00 IF NOT IN ADVANCE.

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☞Money may be remitted by mail at the publisher's risk.

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| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1 square [6 lines] one week, | | $0 38 |
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| " | three weeks, | 1 00 |
| " | each subsequent insertion, | 25 |

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A liberal discount will be made to quarterly, half yearly or yearly advertisers, who are strictly confined to their business.



**THOMAS WELSH,**

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Columbia, Pa.

OFFICE, in Whipper's New Building, below Black's Hotel, Front street.

☞*Prompt* attention given to all business entrusted to his care.

November 28, 1857.

**DR. G. W. MIFFLIN,**

DENTIST, Locust street, a few doors above the Odd Fellows' Hall, Columbia, Pa.

Columbia, May 3, 1856.

**H. M. NORTH,**

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Columbia, Pa.

Collections promptly made, in Lancaster and York Counties.

Columbia, May 4, 1850.

**J. W. FISHER,**

**Attorney and Counsellor at Law,**

**Columbia,**

Columbia, September 6, 1856.

**GEORGE J. SMITH,**

WHOLESALE and Retail Bread and Cake Baker.—Constantly on hand a variety of Cakes, too numerous to mention; Crackers; Soda, Wine, Scroll, and Sugar Biscuit; Confectionery, of every description, &c., &c.

LOCUST STREET,

Feb. 2, '56. Between the Bank and Franklin House.

WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY, for Coughs, Colds, &c., for sale at McCORKLE & DELLETT'S

Family Medicine Store, Odd Fellows' Hall.

Columbia, Oct 31, 1857.

WOOLLEY'S All Healing and Strengthening Salve, for sale at McCORKLE & DELLETT'S

Family Medicine Store, Odd Fellows' Hall.

Columbia, Oct. 31, 1857

HONEY! Just received, a small lot of Superior Honey, and for sale by R. WILLIAMS.

Nov. 21, 1857. Front street.

SAPONIFIER! at reduced prices, for sale by the pound or case, by R. WILLIAMS,

Nov. 21, 1857. Front street.

TOILET SOAPS!—The largest assortment in Columbia; call and examine for yourselves, at R. WILLIAMS,

Nov. 21, 1857. Drug Store, Front street

BRUSHES! BRUSHES!—A general assortment of Brushes; such as Shoe, Stove, Hair, Horse, Tooth and Nail Brushes, just received and for sale by R. WILLIAMS,

Nov 21, 1857. Front street.

KENNEDY'S MEDICAL DISCOVERY!—This Celebrated Medicine always on hand, and for sale by R. WILLIAMS,

Nov. 21, 1857. Front street.

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 Bitters, a certain cure for Dyspepsia, also, a fresh lot of Sap Sago and Pine Apple Cheese, Farina and Corn Starch, at D. HERR'S

Sept 5, 1857. Grocery and Liquor Store

HAIR 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 by R. WILLIAMS,

May 10, Front st., Columbia, Pa.

SOLUTION OF CITRATE OF MAGNESIA, or Purgative Mineral Water.—This pleasant medicine which is highly recommended as a substitute for Epsom Salts, Seidlitz Powders, &c., can be obtained fresh every day at Dr. E. B. HERR'S Drug Store.

Front st. [2

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

May 2, 1857

A SUPERIOR article of burning Fluid just received and for sale by H. SUYDAM & SON.

A LARGE lot of City cured Dried Beef, just received at H. SUYDAM & SON'S.

Columbia December 20, 1856.

HOOFLAND'S German Bitters. For sale at McCORKLE & DELLETT'S

Family Medicine Store, Odd Fellows' Hall.

July 25 1857

COUNTRY Produce constantly on hand and for sale by H. SUYDAM & SON

HOMINY, Cranberries, Raisins, Figs, Almonds, Walnuts, Cream Nuts, &c., just received H. SUYDAM & SON'S

Columbia, Dec. 20, 1856

A SUPERIOR lot of Black and Green Teas, Coffee and Chocolate, just received at H. SUYDAM & SON'S

Dec. 20, 1856. Corner of Front and Union sts.

JUST RECEIVED, a beautiful assortment of Glass Ink Stands, at the Headquarters and News Depot.

Columbia, April 18, 1857.

EXTRA Family and Superfine Flour of the best brand, for sale by H. SUYDAM & SON.

JUST received 1000 lbs. extra double bolted Buckwheat Meal, at

Dec. 20 1856. H. SUYDAM & SON'S.

WEIKEL'S Instantaneous Yeast or Baking Powder, for sale by H. SUYDAM & SON

FARR & THOMPSON'S justly celebrated Commercial and other Gold Pens—the best in the market—just received. F. SHREINER.

Columbia, April 25, 1855.

WHY should any person do without a Clock, when they can be had for $1,50 and upwards, at SHREINER'S?

Columbia, April 28, 1855

TABLE and Rock Salt, by the sack or bushel, for sale low, by

Oct 10, 1857 I. O. BRUNER CO.

DE GRATH'S ELECTRIC OIL, Just received, a fresh supply of this popular remedy, and for sale by R. WILLIAMS.

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. R. WILLIAMS.

May 10, 1856. Front Street, Columbia, Pa

A SUPERIOR article of PAINT OIL, for sale by R. WILLIAMS,

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

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

May 10, 1856. Front street, Columbia.

FRESH ETHEREAL OIL, always on hand, and for sale by R. WILLIAMS.

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

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

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

**Blackwood's Magazine and the British Reviews.**

L. SCOTT & CO., NEW YORK, continue to publish the following leading British Periodicals, viz:

1.
**The London Quarterly** (*Conservative.*)
2.
**The Edinburgh Review** (*Whig.*)
3.
**The North British Review** (*Free Church.*)
4.
**The Westminster Review** (*Liberal.*)
5.
**Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine** (*Tory.*)

These Periodicals ably represent the three great political parties of Great Britain—Whig, Tory, and Radical,—but politics forms only one feature of their character. As Organs of the most profound writers on Science, Literature, Morality, and Religion, they stand as they ever have stood, unrivalled in the world of letters, being considered indispensable to the scholar and the professional man, while to the intelligent reader of every class they furnish a more correct and satisfactory record of the current literature of the day, throughout the world, than can be possibly obtained from any other source.

EARLY COPIES.

The receipt of ADVANCE SHEETS from the British publishers gives additional value to these Reprints, inasmuch as they can now be placed in hands of subscribers about as soon as the original editions.

TERMS.

| | PER ANN. |
|---|---|
| For one of the four Reviews, | $3 00 |
| For any two of the four Reviews, | 5 00 |
| For any three of the four Reviews, | 7 00 |
| For all four of the Reviews, | 8 00 |
| For Blackwood's Magazine, | 3 00 |
| For Blackwood and three Reviews, | 9 00 |
| For Blackwood and four Reviews, | 10 00 |

☞Payments to be made in all cases in advance. Money current in the State where issued will be received at par.

CLUBBING.

A discount of twenty-five per cent. from the above price *will be allowed to Clubs ordering* four or more copies of any one or more of the above works. Thus: Four copies of Blackwood, or of one Review, will be sent to one address for $9; four copies of the four Reviews and Blackwood for $30, and so on.

POSTAGE.

In all the Principal Cities and Towns, these works will be delivered Free of Postage.—When sent by mail, the Postage to any part of the United States will be but TWENTY-FOUR CENTS a year for "Blackwood," and but FOURTEEN CENTS a year for each of the Reviews.

N. B.—The *Price in Great Britain* of the five Periodicals above named is $31 per annum.

Remittances for any of the above publications should always be addressed, post paid, to the publishers,

LEONARD SCOTT & CO.,
No. 51 Gold street, New York.

December 26, 1857.

**"A Thing of Beauty is a Joy Forever."**

HAVE you examined the exquisite "Blue and Gold" pocket editions of Longfellow, Tennyson, Leigh Hunt, Gerald Massey, and the beautiful illustrated Gift Books, at Saylor & McDonald's? Nothing more tasteful has ever been offered to Columbians.

GIFTS! GIFTS!! GIFTS!!!

of every variety from the Holiday Books for the child to the immortal works of the Great Masters of Poetry, from the simple Paper Knife to the elaborately finished Ladies' Work Box, are to be found at

SAYLOR & McDONALD'S.

☞DIARIES of every description for 1858. Every man should have one.

December 19, 1857.

**10 PER CT. SAVED ON STOVES.**

CALL at Pfahler's and examine his assortment of STOVES Parlor, Parlor Cook, Hall, Office and Cooking Stoves and Ranges of the latest styles and of every pattern. Purchasers will find it to their advantage to select from this full and excellent stock, which will be offered at most reasonable rates. Remember at

H. PFAHLER'S

Locust st., opposite the Franklin House.

Columbia, Dec. 12 1857.

PERFUMERY!—Bazin's, Hauel's, Cristiani's, Peter's Perfumery, for sale by R. WILLIAMS.

Nov 21, 1857. Front street.

FRANGIPANNI EXTRACT,
FRANGIPANNI POMADE,
FRANGIPANNI SACHETS,

For sale by R. WILLIAMS,

Nov 21, 1857. Front street.

JUST RECEIVED, a new lot of CAPS, of the LATEST STYLES, at J. D. GRIFFITH'S

Hat and Cap Store, Front street, adjoining the Washington House.

November 21, 1857.

COLD Cream and Amandine, a fresh supply at the FAMILY MEDICINE STORE, Odd Fellows' Hall. [Sept. 26, '57.

DR. D. Jayne's Family Medicines, For sale at McCORKLE & DELLETT'S

Family Medicine Store, Odd Fellows' Hall.

Columbia, Oct. 31, 1857

DR. A. TRASK'S Magnetic Ointment, for sale at McCORKLE & DELLETT'S

Family Medicine Store, Odd Fellows' Hall.

Columbia, Oct. 31, 1857.

THE undersigned have been appointed agents for the sale of Cook & Co's GUTTA PERCHA PENS, warranted not to corrode; in elasticity they almost equal the quill.

SAYLOR & McDONALD.

Columbia Jan 17, 1857.

ROBERTS' EMBROCATION, for Rheumatism Sprains, Bruises, &c. For sale at McCORKLE & DELLETT'S,

Odd Fellows' Hall, Locust street, Columbia.

July 25, 1857.

ARTICLES FOR BAKING.—At the Family Medicine Store, Odd Fellows' Hall, is where Pure Ground Spices, Baking Soda, Cream Tartar, Pearlash, Saleratus, and Flavoring Extracts, may be obtained

July 27, 1857.

WE have just received a supply of Ritter's New Truss and Supporter, Patented January 7, 1857. The Truss we believe to be superior to any now in use; they are more readily applied, and easy to be worn. All those who are wearing the old common Truss, would do well to call and get one of the above, at the Family Medicine Store.

Sept 26, '57.

A LARGE lot of Shaker Corn, from the Shaker settlement in New York, just received, at H. SUYDAM & SON'S

Columbia, Dec. 20, 1856.

A LARGE lot of Baskets, Brooms, Buckets Brushes, &c., for sale by H. SUYDAM & SON.

1000 LBS. New Cured City Hams and Shoulders just received and for sale by H. SUYDAM, & SON.

Feb. 21, 1857

TABLE AND FLOOR OIL CLOTHS, all widths, and Carpetings, for sale cheap, by

Oct. 10, 1857. I. O. BRUNER & CO

HATS AND CAPS, suitable for the season, and at low prices, at the Corner of Third and Union sts.

Oct 10, 1857.

LOOKING GLASSES, all sizes, by I. O. BRUNER & CO.,

Oct. 10, 1857. *Corner of Third and Union sts.*

CHEAP White, Red and Yellow Wool Flannels and Wool Yarn, of all colors and qualities at

October 10, 1857. BRUNER'S.

SALT by the sack or bushel, and Mackerel by the barrel or retail, at I. O. BRUNER & CO'S.

October 10, 1857.

PRIME SEGARS AND TOBACCO, of different brands, wholesale and retail, by

October 10, 1857. I. O. BRUNER & CO.


**Report of the Board of Directors**

OF THE LANCASTER COUNTY MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY, made at the Office of the Company at Williamstown, January 12, 1858.

Number of Policies in force Jan. 1, 1858, 2507.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Amount of Insurance on Policies issued up to Jan. 1, '57, | $5 539,236 04 | |
| Amount of insurance effected on Policies issued during the year, | 321 010 75 | |
| Whole amount of insurance in force January 1, 1858, | | $5,859,276 79 |
| Amount of Premium Notes in force Jan. 1, 1857, | 216,814 56 | |
| Amt. of Premium Notes for Policies issued during the year, | 15,289 37 | |
| Whole amt. of Premium Notes in force Jan. 1, 1858, | | $232,103 93 |

CR.

FUNDS OF THE COMPANY.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Bal. in the hands of the Treasurer Jan 1, 1857, | $4 931 07 | |
| Cash rec'd for Assess'm't No 9 | 1 181 95 | |
| do. do. 10 | 3 453 25 | |
| do. do. 11 | 3 861 38 | |
| do do. 8 | 31 27 | |
| Cash received for per centages paid on P'emium Notes during the year. | 653 31 | |
| Cash received for Policies during the year. | 393 00 | |
| Cash received from Hannah Bitzer to pay for losses to the Company | 1,300 00 | |
| Cash received from Elisha Paine to pay for losses to the Company | 800 00 | |
| Cash received M. J. Staymaker to pay for losses to the Company, | 100 00 | |
| Cash received from Daniel Denlinger to pay for losses to the Company | 400 00 | |
| Cash received from Jacob S. Hershey to pay for losses to the Company. | 300 00 | |
| Cash received from Jacob R. Hershey to pay for losses to the Company. | 300 00 | |
| Cash received from Robert S Mellvain, to pay for losses to the Company. | 500 00 | |
| Cash rec'd from Robert S McLyenne (as Admin'r,) to pay for losses to the Company. | 1,000 00 | |
| Cash rec'd from Henry High to pay for losses to the Co. | 600 00 | |
| Cash rec'd from John M. and James A. Buyers to pay for losses to the Company. | 500 00 | |
| Cash received from Thomas S. Wood to pay for losses to the Company, | 500 00 | |
| | | $20,829 13 |

1857 DR.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Jan. 14, cash paid Henry Shenck, bal. due him on the loss of his Mill and contents, and House, Stable, and contents, | $1996 27 | |
| Jan. 15, cash paid Thomas S Jackson, for loss on the contents of his barn, | 891 32 | |
| Feb 6, cash paid Musser & Miller, on their steam saw mill and contents, | 2134 00 | |
| Feb 6, cash paid Christian Hiestand, for his loss on barn and contents, | 2625 00 | |
| *Mar. 31, cash paid B. F. Holl*, a partial loss on the stock of his merchandize, | 64 89 | |
| Apr. 1, cash p'd John Frantz, for the loss of his horse power house and corn barn and contents | 1199 25 | |
| Apr. 1, cash p'd Dr Christian Garber, on the loss his office washhouse and contents, | 595 27 | |
| May 7, cash p'd Jos. B Baker, for a partial loss to his tenant house, | 114 88 | |
| June 30, cash p'd Jacob Holl, for a partial loss to his storehouse, | 45 00 | |
| June 30, cash p'd Henry Brenner, for loss of his spring house, | 35 00 | |
| Aug. 3, cash p'd Henry Kemper & Saml Wolf, Executors of the estate of John Kemper, dec'd, for the loss of house and contents, | 660 00 | |
| Aug. 12, Cash p'd Abm Denlinger, for loss on barn and contents, | 2300 00 | |
| Aug 12, cash p'd John Frantz for loss on his barn and contents, | 2730 00 | |
| Sept 12, cash p'd John Eyer, for loss on his wash house, | 75 00 | |
| Sept. 12, cash p'd Eli Solidy, for a partial loss to his dwelling, | 12 00 | |
| Dec 19, cash p'd John Musselman, for loss of his out kitchen, | 40 00 | |
| Ch p'd Committees of Investigation on losses to the company, | 58 02 | |
| do. Refunded to agents of the co overpaid by them, | 22 47 | |
| do. For Stationery, | 15 03 | |
| do. For postage stamps and postage prepaid by agents, | 13 90 | |
| do. John M. Ensminger, printing, | 10 00 | |
| do. Frances H. Stauffer, " | 4 00 | |
| do. E. C. Darlington, " | 18 00 | |
| do Theophilus Penn, " | 7 25 | |
| do M. M. Rohrer, " | 11 00 | |
| do. Pearsol & Geist, " | 16 00 | |
| do. Jacob Myers, " | 16 00 | |
| do. E C Darlington, " | 16 00 | |
| do. *John Baer & Sons*, " | 16 00 | |
| do. M. M. Rohrer, " | 3 00 | |
| do. Sanderson & Son, " | 17 00 | |
| do. Office Rent, " | 25 00 | |
| do. Secretary's Salary | 291 50 | |
| do. Treasurer's Salary, | 158 50 | |
| do. Directors & Executive committee for services rendered to the company, | 139 00 | |
| do. *For col. Assessment No 9*, | 53 31 | |
| do. do. do. No 10, | 167 28 | |
| do. do. do No 11, | 139 93 | |
| do For two tons coal, | 11 00 | |
| Treasurer asks credit for the amt. of two checks received by him for assessment No 9, a few days before the failure of the Lancaster Bank, payable at the Bank. | 147 49 | |
| Also, for $55 00 refunded to agents in exchange for Lancaster Bank bills received by them for Assessment No 9, all of which amount the Treas is charged with in the item of balance due by the Treasurer, Jan. 1, 1857, | 55 00 | |
| Bal in hands of Treas., Jan 1, '58, | $18-29 76 | |
| | | $20,829 13 |

The whole amount of insurance, as above stated represents three-fourths the estimated value of the insured property. The amount of Premium Notes represents the rates charged for the three-fourths of the estimated value of property. The amount of losses to the Company for the year, is nine thousand two hundred and seventy-one dollars, and twenty cents, ($9,271 00) which includes the recent losses of John Sigle on his Cabinet-maker shop and contents, insured for $100 00, and Christian Oberlitner on his barn and contents, insured for $825 00, and wagon shed and contents, insured for $175 00, a full account of other losses to the company during the year, was published in the weekly papers of the county, in the month of November.

It is cause for gratulation to the members of the Company that the losses for this year are $5,500 less than last year, and when it is considered that the estimated value of property insured in this Company is about eight millions of dollars, ($8,000,000,) the losses to the Company have been comparatively small. It is, however, a source of regret and alarm, that nearly three-fourths of the amount of losses for the year, are supposed to have been occasioned by incendiaries, and that in every instance without being able to discover the guilty ones.

A few years ago, when a large amount of property had been unmistakably destroyed by incendiaries, a great deal of alarm and anxiety prevailed in the neighborhood; meetings were called to devise some plan that would lead to their detection. Among other things done, it was recommended to the Board of Directors to offer a large reward, equal in amount to one-half of the property destroyed, which was done, but failed in its purpose.

The last assessment of 3¼ per cent., made in November, and the only one for the year, will be sufficient to pay for all losses during the year. The Board availed themselves of the opportunity to borrow money from individuals, to pay for losses, as they occurred, in order to avoid the necessity of making more than one assessment for the year; the interest of the money borrowed, being less than the expenses incurred in making an assessment. The Board would take this opportunity to again notify members of the Company who may have neglected to pay their assessments, that the time for the payment of the same will be extended until the 15th of February, after which time, delinquents will be called upon by a collector, duly authorized to collect the same, and they will be subject to the payment of mileage as usual. All of which is most respectfully submitted.

THOMAS S. WOODS, President.

NATHANIEL E. SLAYMAKER, Secretary.

The following named persons were elected Directors for the ensuing year, viz: Thomas S. Woods, Adam K. Witmer, George I. Eckert, John M Buyers, Samuel Slokom, Henry Keneagy, John Rauck, Moses Eby and Nathaniel E. Slaymaker. [Jan. 23, 1858.


**ARE YOU INSURED?**

**West Branch Insurance Company,**

THIS Company was organized in June, 1855. None but the safest business has been done, and the prosperous financial condition of the Company is evidence of its standing.

| | |
|---|---|
| Whole amount of Property Insured, | $1,187 648 00 |
| Losses Paid, | 5,554 00 |

LEWIS TREDENICK, Columbia, Pa., is the authorized agent, and is empowered to make surveys and insure property at the regular rates of the Company. [Dec. 5, 1857.


# Selections.

## The Box Tunnel—A Fact.

BY CHARLES READE.

The 10.15 train glided from Paddington, May 7, 1847. In the left compartment of a first-class carriage were four passengers; of these, two were worth description. The lady had a smooth, white, delicate brow, strongly marked eyebrows, long lashes, eyes that seemed to change color, and a good sized delicious mouth, with teeth as white as milk. A man could not see her nose, for her eyes and mouth; her own sex could, and would have told some nonsense about it.—She wore an unpretending grayish dress, buttoned to the throat, with lozenge-shaped buttons, and a Scotch shawl that agreeably evaded the responsibility of color. She was like a duck, so tight her plain feathers fitted her; and there she sat, smooth, snug, and delicious with a book in her hand, and a *soupcon* of her snowy wrist just visible as she held it.

Her opposite neighbor was what I call a good style of a man—the more to his credit, since he belonged to a corporation that frequently turns out the worst imaginable style of young men. He was a cavalry officer aged twenty five. He had a moustache, but not a very repulsive one; not one of those sub-nasal pig-tails, on which soul is suspended like dew on a shrub; it was short, thick, and black as a coal. His teeth had not yet been turned by tobacco juice, his clothes did not stick or hang on him, they sat on him: he had an engaging smile, and, what I liked the dog for, his vanity, which was inordinate, was in its proper place, his heart, not in his face, jostling mine and other people's, who have none; in a word, he was what one oftener hears of than meets—a young gentleman. He was conversing in an animated whisper with a companion, a fellow officer—they were talking about what is far better not to do, women. *Our friend, clearly did not wish to be overheard*, for he cast, ever and anon, a furtive glance at his fair *vis-a-vis*, and lowered his voice. She seemed completely absorbed in her book, and that reassured him. At last *the two soldiers came down to a whisper*, and in that whisper (the truth must be told) the one who got down at Slough, and was lost to posterity, bet ten pounds to three, that he who was going with us to Bath, and immortality would not kiss either of the ladies opposite upon the road. "Done!" Done" Now, I am sorry a man I have hitherto praised should have lent himself, even in a whisper, to such a speculation; but "nobody is wise at all hours," not even when the clock is striking five-and-twenty; and you are to consider his profession, his good looks, and the temptation—ten to three.

After Slough, the party was reduced to three, at Twaford, one lady dropped her handkerchief. Captain Dolignan fell on it like a tiger, and returned it like a lamb; two or three words were interchanged on that occasion. At Reading, the Marlborough of our tale made one of the safe investments of that day; he bought a *Times* and a *Punch*; the latter was full of steel pen thrusts and wood-*cuts*. Valor and beauty deigned to laugh at some inflated humbug or other punctured by *Punch*. Now, laughing together thaws our human ice; long before Swindon, it was a talking match—at Swindon, who so devoted as Captain Dolignan—he had handed them out—he tough-chickened them—he brandied and burnt-sugared them; on their return to their carriage, one lady passed into the inner compartment to inspect a certain gentleman's seat on that side the line.

Reader, had it been you or I, the beauty would have stayed with us *till all was blue*, ourselves included; not more surely does our slice of bread and butter, when it escapes from our hand, revolve it ever so often, alight face downwards on the carpet. But this was a bit of a fop, Adonis, *dragoon*—so Venus remained *tete-a-tete* with him. You have seen a dog meet an unknown female of his species; how handsome, how empresse, how expressive, he becomes; such was Dolignan after Swindon, *and, to do the dog justice*, he got handsomer and handsomer; and you have seen a cat conscious of approaching cream—such was Miss Haythorn; she became demurer. Presently our Captain *looked out of the window* and laughed; this elicited an enquiring look from Miss Haythorn. "We are only a mile from the Box Tunnel."

"Do you always laugh a mile from the Box Tunnel?" inquired the lady.

"Invariably."

"What for?"

"Why, hem! it's a gentleman's joke."

"Oh! I don't mind it's being silly, if it makes me laugh."

Captain Dolignan, thus encouraged, recounted to Miss Haythorn the following: A lady and her husband sat together, going through the Box Tunnel. There was a gentleman opposite, and it was *pitch* dark. After the tunnel had been passed through, the lady said: "George, how absurd of you to salute me going through the tunnel!" "I did no such thing!" "You didn't?" "No, why?" "Why, because somehow I thought you did!"

Here Captain Dolignan laughed, and endeavored to lead his companion to laugh, but it was not to be done.

The train entered the tunnel.

Miss Haythorn. "Ah!"

Dolignan.—"What is the matter?"

Miss Haythorn.—"I am frightened."

Dolignan, (moving to her side,) "Pray do *not be alarmed, I am near you.*"

Miss Haythorn.—"You are near me, very near me, indeed, Captain Dolignan."

Dolignan.—"You know my name!"

Miss Haythorne.—"I heard your friend mention it. I wish we were out of this dark place."

Dolignan.—I could be content to spend hours here, reassuring you, sweet lady."

Miss Haythorne.—"Nonsense."

Dolignan.—"P'weep!"

(Grave reader, do not put your lips to the cheek of the next pretty girl you meet, or you will understand what this means.)

Miss Haythorn.—"Ee! Ee! Ee!"

Friend.—"What's the matter, dear?"

Miss Haythorn.—"Open the door! open the door!"

There was a sound of hurried whispers, the door was shut, and the blind pulled down with hostile sharpness.

If any critic falls on me for putting inarticulate sounds in a dialogue as above, I answer, with all the insolence I can command at present. "Hit boys as big as yourself," bigger, perhaps, such as Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes; they began it and I learned it of them, sore against my will.

Miss Haythorn's scream lost a part of its effect, because the engine whistled forty thousand murders at the same moment; and fictitious grief makes itself heard when real cannot.

Between the tunnel and Bath, our young friend had time ask himself whether his conduct had been marked by that delicate reserve which is supposed to distinguish the perfect gentleman.

With a long face, real or feigned, he held open the door—his late friends attempted to escape on the other side—impossible! they must pass him. She whom he had *insulted* (Latin for kissed) deposited somewhere at his foot, a look of gentle blushing reproach; the other, whom he had not insulted, darted red hot daggers at him from her eyes, and so they parted.

It was perhaps fortunate for Dolignan that he had the grace to be friends with Major Hoskyns of his regiment, a veteran laughed at by the youngsters, for the Major was too apt to look coldly upon billiard balls and cigars; he had seen cannon balls and linstocks. He had also, to tell the truth, swallowed a good bit of the mess-room poker, but with it came sort of moral poker, which made it as impossible for Major Hoskyns to descend to an ungentlemanlike word or action, as to brush his own trowsers below the knee.

Captain Dolignan told this gentleman his story in gleeful accents; but Major Hoskyns heard him coldly, and as coldly answered that he had known a man lose his life for the same thing. "That is nothing," continued the Major, "but unfortunately he deserved to lose it."

At this the blood mounted to the young man's temples, and his senior added, "I mean to say he is thirty-five; you, I presume, are thirty-one."

"Twenty-five."

"That is much the same thing, will you be advised by me?"

"If you advise me."

"Speak *to no one of this, and send White* the £3, that he may think you have lost the bet."

"That is hard, when I have won it."

"Do it for all that, sir."

Let the disbelievers in human perfectibility know that this dragoon, capable of a blush, did this virtuous action, albeit with violent reluctance; and this was the first damper. A week after these events, he was at a ball. He was in that state of factitious discontent which belongs to us amiable English. He was looking in vain for a lady equal in personal attractions to the idea he had formed of George Dolignan as a man, when suddenly there glided past him a most delightful vision! a lady whose beauty and symmetry took him by the eyes—another look: "It can't be!" "Yes it is!" Miss Haythorn! (not that he knew her name;) but what an apotheosis!

The duck had become a pea-hen—radiant, dazzling, she looked twice as beautiful, and almost twice as large as before. He lost sight of her. He found her again. She was so lovely she made him ill, and he alone must not dance with her, speak to her. If he had been content to begin her acquaintance the usual way, it might have ended in kissing; but having begun with kissing, it must end in nothing. As she danced, sparks of beauty fell from her on all around, but him. She did not see him; it was clear she never would see him. One gentleman was particularly assiduous; she smiled at his assiduity; he was ugly, but she smiled on him. Dolignan was surprised at his success, his ill taste, his ugliness, his impertinence. Dolignan at last found himself injured: "Who was this man? and what right had he to go on so? He had never kissed her, I suppose," said *Dolly*. Dolignan could not prove it, but he felt somehow that the rights of property were invaded.—He went home and dreamed of Miss Haythorn, and hated all the ugly unsuccessful. He spent a fortnight trying to find out who his beauty was—he never could encounter her again. At last he heard of her in this way; a lawyer's clerk paid him a visit, and commenced a little action against him, in the name of Miss Haythorn, for insulting her on a railway train.

The young gentleman was shocked: endeavored to soften the lawyer's clerk; that machine did not thoroughly comprehend the meaning of the term. The lady's name, however, was at least revealed by this untoward accident; from her name to her address was but a short step: and the same day our crest-fallen hero lay in wait at her door—and many a succeeding day, without effect. But one fine afternoon she issued forth, quite naturally, as if she did it every day, and walked briskly on the nearest parade. Dolignan did the same; he met her many times on the parade, and searched for pity in her eyes, but found neither look, nor recognition, nor any other sentiment. For all this she walked and walked, till all the other promenaders were tired and gone.—Then her culprit summoned resolution, and, taking off his hat, with a voice tremulous, for the first time sought permission to address her.

She stopped, blushed, and neither acknowledged or disowned his acquaintance. He blushed, stammered out how ashamed he was, how he deserved to be punished, how he *was* punished, how little she knew how unhappy he was; and concluded by begging her not to let all the world know the disgrace of a man who was already mortified enough by the loss of her acquaintance. She asked an explanation. He told her of the action that had been commenced in her name. She gently shrugged her shoulders, and said.—"How stupid they are?" Emboldened by this, he begged to know whether or not a life of distinct unpretending devotion would, after a lapse of years, erase the memory of madness—his crime?

"She did not know!"

"She must now bid him adieu, as she had some preparations to make for a ball in the Crecent, where *everybody was to be.*" He was there, and after a time obtained an introduction to Miss Haythorn, and he danced with her. Her manner was gracious. With the wonderful tact of her sex, she seemed to have commenced the acquaintance that evening. That night, for the first time, Dolignan wat in love. I will spare the reader all a lover's arts, by which he succeeded in dining where she dined, in dancing where she danced—in overtaking her by accident when she rode. His devotion followed her even to church, where our dragoon was rewarded by learning there is a world where they neither polka—nor smoke—the two capital abominations of this one.

He made acquaintance with her uncle, who liked him, and he saw at last, with joy, that her eye loved to dwell upon him when she thought he did not observe her.

It was three months after the Box Tunnel, that Captain Dolignan called one day upon Captain Haythorn, R. N., whom he had met twice in his life, and slightly propitiated by violently listening to a cutting-out expedition; he called, and, in the usual way, asked permission to pay his addresses to his daughter. The worthy Captain straightway began doing Quarter Deck, when suddenly he was summoned from the apartment by a mysterious message. On his return he announced, with a total change of voice, "It was all right, and his visitor might run alongside as soon as he chose."

My reader has divined the truth; this nautical commander, terrible to the foe, was in complete and happy subjugation to his daughter, our heroine.

As he was taking leave, Dolignan saw his divinity glide into the drawing-room.—He followed her, observed a sweet consciousness deepened into confusion; she tried to laugh, she cried instead, and then she smiled again; and when he kissed her hand at the door, it was "George" and "Marian," instead of Captain this and Miss the other.

A reasonable time after this, for my tale is merciful, and skips formalities and torturing delays,) these two were very happy; they were once more upon the railroad, going to enjoy their honey-moon all by themselves. Marian Dolignan was dressed just as before, duck-like and delicious, all bright except her clothes; but George sat beside her this time, *instead of opposite*, and she drank him in gently under her eye-lashes.

"Marian," said George, "married people should tell each other all. Will you ever forgive me if I own to you—no—"

"Yes! yes!"

"Well, then! you remember the Box Tunnel? (This was the first allusion he had ventured to it.) "I am ashamed to say I had bet £3 to £10, with White, I would kiss one of you two ladies;" and George pathetic externally, chuckled within.

"I know that, George; I overheard you," was the demure reply.

"Oh! you overheard me? impossible."

"And did you hear me whisper to my companion? I made a bet with her."

"You made a bet? How singular! What was it?"

"Only a pair of gloves, George."

"Yes, I know; but what about it?"

"That if you did, you should be my husband, dearest."

"Oh! but stay; then you could not have been so very angry with me, love. Why, dearest, then, who brought that action against me?"

"Mrs. Dolignan looked down.

"I was afraid you was forgetting me!"

"Sweet angel! why here is the Box Tunnel!

Now, reader—fie! no! no such thing! You can't expect to be indulged in this way every time you come to a dark place; besides, it is not the thing. Consider, two married people; no such phenomenon, I assure you, took place. No scream issued in hopeless rivalry of the engine—this time.

## A Lucky Mason.

There was once upon a time a poor mason or bricklayer in Granada, who kept all the Saints' days and holidays, and Saint Monday in the bargain, and yet with all this devotion he grew poorer and poorer, and could scarcely earn bread for his numerous family. One night he was aroused from his first sleep by a knocking at the door. He opened it and beheld before him a tall, meagre, cadaverous looking priest.

"Hark ye, honest friend," said the stranger, "I have observed that you are a good Christian and one to be trusted—will you undertake a job this very night?"

"Willingly, if I may expect to be paid?"

"That you shall; but you must suffer yourself to be blindfolded."

To this the mason had no objection; so being hood-winked, he was led by the priest through various lanes and winding passages, until they stopped before the portal of a house. The priest then applied a key, turned a creaking lock, and opened what sounded like a ponderous door. They entered, the door was closed and bolted, and the mason was conducted through an echoing corridor, and a spacious hall, to the interior of the building. Here the bandage was removed from his eyes, and he found himself in a parlor or court, dimly lighted by a single lamp. In the centre was a dry basin of an old Moorish fountain, under which the priest requested him to form a small vault, bricks and mortar being at hand for the purpose. He accordingly worked all night, but without finishing the job. Just before daybreak the priest put a piece of gold into his hand, and, having blindfolded him, conducted him back to his dwelling.

"Are you willing," he said, "to return and complete your work?"

"Gladly, Senor Padre—provided I am so well paid."

He did so, and the vault was completed.

"Now," said the priest, "you must help me to bring forth three bodies that are to be buried in this vault."

The mason's hair raised on end at these words; he followed the priest with trembling steps to a retired chamber of the mansion, expecting to behold some ghastly spectacle of death, but was relieved upon perceiving three or four portly jars standing in one corner. They were evidently full of money, and it was with great labor that he and the priest carried them forth and consigned them to the tomb. The vault was then closed, the pavement replaced, and all traces of the work obliterated. The mason was again hood-winked and led forth by a route different from that by which he had come. After they had wandered through a perplexed maze of lanes and alleys, they halted. The priest put two pieces of gold into his hand.

"Wait here," said he, "until you hear the cathedral bell for matins. If you presume to uncover your eyes before that time evil will befall you."

So saying he departed.

The mason waited faithfully, amusing himself by weighing the gold-pieces in his hand, and chinking them against each other. The moment the cathedral bell rung its matin peal, he uncovered his eyes and found himself on the banks of the Xenil, *from* where he made the best of his way home, and revelled with his family for a whole fortnight on the profits of his two nights work; after which he was as poor as ever.

He continued to work a little and pray a good deal, and keep Saints' days and holidays from year to year, while his family grew up as gaunt and rabid as a crew of gypsies.

As he was seated one evening at the door of his hovel, he was accosted by a rich old curmudgeon, who was noted for owning many houses, and being a griping landlord. The man of money eyed him for a moment beneath a pair of anxious, shaggered eyebrows.

"I am told, my friend, that you are very poor."

"There is no denying the fact, Senor—it speaks for itself."

"I presume