

THE COLUMBIA SPY.

SAMUEL WRIGHT, Editor and Proprietor.

"NO ENTERTAINMENT IS SO CHEAP AS READING, NOR ANY PLEASURE SO LASTING."

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DR. S. ARMOR, HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN, COLUMBIA, PA. OFFICE AND RESIDENCE—Second Street, one door from Walnut Street, 1858.

THOMAS WELSH, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Columbia, Pa. OFFICE, in Whipple's New Building, below Black's Hotel, Front Street. Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to his care. November 23, 1857.

DR. G. W. MIFFLIN, DENTIST, Locust Street, a few doors above the Old 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, 1858.

J. W. FISHER, Attorney and Counselor at Law, Columbia, Pa. Columbia, September 1857.

GEORGE J. SMITH, WHOLESALE and Retail Bread and Cake Baker. Constantly on hand a variety of Cakes, numerous to mention: Crackers; Soda, Wine, Scull, and Sugar Biscuits; Confectionery, of every description, &c. &c. Wholesale and Retail. No. 118 S. Third St., Feb. 2, 1856. Between the Bank and Franklin House.

WISTAR'S BALM OF WILD CHERRY, for Coughs, Cold, &c. for sale at McCOMB'S & DELLETT'S Family Medicine Store, Old Fellows' Hall, Columbia, Oct. 31, 1857.

WOLLEY'S All Healing and Strengthening Salve, for sale at McCOMB'S & DELLETT'S Family Medicine Store, Old Fellows' Hall, Columbia, Oct. 31, 1857.

HONEY! Just received, a small lot of Superior Honey, and for sale by R. WILLIAMS, Front Street, Nov. 21, 1857.

SPONGE! at reduced prices, for sale by the pound or case, by R. WILLIAMS, Front Street, Nov. 21, 1857.

TOILET SOAPS!—The largest assortment in Columbia; call and examine. R. WILLIAMS, Front Street, Nov. 21, 1857.

BRUSHES!—A general assortment of Brushes, such as Shoe, Stove, Hair, Horse, Tooth and Nail Brushes, just received and for sale by R. WILLIAMS, Front Street, Nov. 21, 1857.

KENNEY'S MEDICAL DISCOVERY!—This Celebrated Medicine always on hand, and for sale by R. WILLIAMS, Front Street, Nov. 21, 1857.

CORN Starch, Farina, Rice, Flour, Tapioca, Sago, Oat Meal, Arrow Root, &c. at the Family Medicine Store, Old Fellows' Hall, Sept. 26, 1857.

JUST RECEIVED, three dozen Dr. Brunon's Vegetable Bitters, a certain cure for Dyspepsia, with a full list of Cap. Sago and Pure Apple Cider, Farina and Corn Starch, at D. HERR'S, Sept. 5, 1857. Grocery and Liquor Store.

HAIR DYE'S, Jones' Bachelors', Peter's and Egyptian hair dyes, warranted to color the hair any desired shade, without injury to the skin. For sale by R. WILLIAMS, Front Street, Columbia, Pa. May 10.

SOLUTION OF CITRATE OF MAGNESIA, or Purative Mineral Water. This pleasant medicine which is highly recommended as a substitute for Sarsaparilla, Scudon, &c. can be obtained fresh every day at Dr. E. B. HERR'S Drug Store, Front St. 1857.

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. SUDAM & SON, Columbia, December 20, 1856.

A LARGE lot of City cured Dried Beef, just received at H. SUDAM & SON'S, Columbia, December 20, 1856.

HOOPLAND'S German Bitters. For sale at Family Medicine Store, Old Fellows' Hall, July 25, 1857.

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

HOMINY, Cranberries, Raisins, Figs, Almonds, Walnuts, Cream Nutmeg, just received at H. SUDAM & SON'S, Columbia, Dec. 20, 1856.

A SUPERIOR lot of Black and Green Teas, Coffee and Chocolate, just received at H. SUDAM & SON'S, Corner of Front and Union Sts., Dec. 20, 1856.

JUST RECEIVED, a beautiful assortment of Glass Ink Stands, at the Headquarters, New Depot, Columbia, April 18, 1857.

LYTRA Family and Superior Flour of the best brand, for sale by H. SUDAM & SON.

JUST RECEIVED 1000 lbs. extra double bolted Buckwheat Meal, at H. SUDAM & SON'S, Dec. 20, 1856.

WIKEL'S Instantaneous Yeast or Baking Powder, for sale by H. SUDAM & SON.

FARR & THOMPSON'S just celebrated Compound and other Good Pills, for sale at the market—just received. Columbia, April 26, 1855. P. SHUEBNER.

WHY should any person do without a Clock, when they can be had for \$1.00 and upwards. Columbia, April 29, 1855.

TABLE and Rock Salt, by the sack or bushel, for sale low by I. O. BRUNER CO. Oct. 10, 1857.

DEGRATING ELECTRIC OIL. Just received, a fresh supply of this popular remedy, and for sale May 16, 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. Columbia, April 26, 1855.

Gold Cream of Glycerine, which the Cure and Prevention of Chapped Hands. For sale by Dr. E. B. HERR, Col., Nov. 7, 1857. Golden Mustard Drug Store.

Poetry.

The Northeast Wind.

BY CHARLES KINGLEY.
Welcome, wild Northeast!
Shame it is to see
Obed to every zephyr,
Save a one like thee!
Welcome, bold Northeast!
O'er the German foam,
O'er the Danish moorlands,
From thy frozen home,
Tired we are of summer,
Tired of soft and sunny days,
Showers of soft and sunny days,
Hot and breathless air,
Tired of listless dreaming,
Through the lazy day;
Jovial wind of winter,
Turn us out to play!
Sweep the golden reed-bed;
Grieve the lazy day;
Hunger into madness,
Every plunging pike,
Fill the lake with wild fowl;
Fill the marsh with snipe;
While on dreary moorlands
Lonely covey pipe,
Through the blue forest,
Through the hush and dry,
Shattering down the snow-drops
Of the emerald sky,
Hark! the brave Northeast!
Breath-high lies the scent,
On by hill and headland,
Over health and ease,
Grieve the lazy day;
Through the street and snow!
Who can over-ride you?
Let the horses go!
Chime, ye dappled darlings,
Down the roaring blast;
You shall see a fox die
In an hour's space,
Get and rest to-morrow,
Hunting in your dreams,
While our skates are ringing
O'er the frozen streams,
Let the furious South-wind
Breathe in lover's sighs,
While the lady galleons
Back in ladies' eyes,
What does he but soften
Heart and penit?
Tis the hard gray weather
Breeds hard English men,
What's the soft South-wind?
'Tis the ladies' breeze,
And you home their true loves
Out of all the seas,
But the black Northeast,
'Through the snow-storm hurled,
Drives our English hearts of oak,
Seaward round the world!
Come! as came our fathers,
Heralded by the wind,
Conquering from the eastward,
Lords by land and sea,
Come; and strong within us
Sit the Vikings' blood,
Braving brain and sinew;
Blow, thou wind of God!

When the Christmas Bells are Ringing.

Oh, lad, come out by me,
Lad up your gentle looks,
I read their piny like a page
From some fond poet's looks,
But some was never so sweet
As this tender voice;
I can again rejoice,
When the Christmas bells are ringing.
I knew a maiden, long ago,
And her eyes were blue as thine,
As a tenderly her loved words
Made answer unto mine,
Her hair was spun of finest gold,
Her cheek was like the dawn,
And her feet sprang lightly o'er the snow
As a silver-sand fawn.
When the Christmas bells were ringing,
I heard her voice,
Ah, bend down nearer, lad,
And let me feel your gentle hand,
And let the piny of your eyes
Across my spirit shine,
Had she but kept her early vows
She would have been my wife—
When hopes, like suns, set, lad,
The night shades dark on life—
Hark! the Christmas bells are ringing.
Bend nearer to me, lad,
I can not see your eyes,
But I can feel your gentle hand,
And hear your low replies,
I grieve, sweet love, these foolish tears—
They are not shed for her,
But only for the wasted years,
I was her worshipper.
Do you hear the sweet bells ringing?
They rang upon her bridal morn—
I heard them as I stood
Beside the altar where she knelt
In the quiet midnight hour,
And when she rose a wedded wife,
I saw her tremble, sweet—I know
She quailed beneath my look,
While the Christmas bells were ringing.
She is not dead, but dead to me—
I hear the silver tones
Of laughter breaking from her lips,
More sweet than mine,
You'll see her in the street to-day,
With jewels on her breast,
You'll know her by her cold, pale brow,
Her dark eyes will weep.
When the Christmas bells are ringing,
I can see your eyes now, lad,
They're dim with tender mist;
Smile, sweet, make rainbows of the tears,
Like waves by sunshine kissed.
Ah, she was fair, and false as fair—
God took her from my way,
And sent His angels, lad, beloved,
To term my night to day,
And our bridal bells are ringing.

Selections.

From Blackwood's Magazine
Those Girls at the Dolphin.
The town of Guildford, in Surrey, is one of the most romantic, characteristic, and singular throughout the country. Its origin is of ancient date, for it was one of the residences of the West Saxon kings, the ruins of whose castle are still to be seen to the southward of the High Street. It has many old-fashioned buildings, some of which, in former times, were residences of note, or were built for some public uses, but are now residences of tradesmen, or are converted to purposes never contemplated in their erection.
Among them is the Dolphin Inn—a large, old-fashioned building, with a somewhat

modern-sized front, but the back of which remains as it did years ago. Beneath the centre of the building there is an arch—a right of way sufficiently wide to allow carriages to pass, and leading to a large public school, as well as to another and populated part of the town. This was much frequented by the public.
So was the Dolphin.
But then there were two reasons for this. First, the two daughters of old Martin Daere were acknowledged to be the prettiest girls in Guildford. That was saying a great deal, too, for the girls of Guildford are all pretty—very pretty. But, oh, dear! Martin's two daughters, Phoebe and Naomi, were prettier than the prettiest in the town, perhaps in the county.

They were of the Saxon type—fair-haired, blue-eyed, vermillion-lipped, rosy-cheeked, and skins as white and transparent as alabaster; and that skin looked so smooth and so soft, that one's very fingers ached to touch it. Oh, gracious!
Then they were so pleasant in their manner, so winning in their ways, so cheerful, obliging, complaisant, innocent, and modest, that they won the favor of all who visited the house; and they were many.

That was the reason why the Dolphin drove a roaring trade, and that those who loved a pretty face, and good, round, wholesome cheer, all went to the Dolphin.
The ages of Phoebe and Naomi were respectively twenty and eighteen, and, of course, they had plenty of admirers. All kinds of flattering speeches and rustic compliments were paid to them; and, whenever they handed change, it was a wonder if the excited recipient didn't try to squeeze the sweet, soft fingers that presented the dirty money. But they took no heed of all these smart sayings and tender looks; they thought that every one was singularly kind to them, and they endeavored to respond to it by making themselves as agreeable and as chatty as they possibly could. Indeed, some conceited pumps, who styled themselves gentlemen farmers, but were actually very uncount bucolics, imagined, because they received a cheerful answer and a smiling glance, that they had made an impression. Nothing of the sort! They were forgotten as soon as they were away, although they did give a knowing nod to a companion, perhaps, and say, "I must be on there; a can make it all right there!" a supposition as foreign from the truth as it is possible to suppose.

The fact was, that they were too constantly and closely occupied to pay any attention to the side-winded remarks, direct compliments, and somewhat impudent leers, to which they were subjected. There were so many to serve, so many demands to honor, so many wants to supply, that they had as much as they could do without adding to their task the nuisance of listening to the rubbish which would have been poured into their ears, if they had had time to listen to it, or had given the opportunity for it to have been done.
Martin Daere was very fond of his girls, not alone because they were of such valuable assistance in his business, or that they performed their duty so cheerfully and so entirely, but because they were deprived of their mother, a most excellent woman, whose own kind disposition and estimable qualities had done so much to make them what they were.

Master Daere did not so often hear the praises of his daughters' beauty sounded, but that he knew they were pretty girls, and that the heads of half the young fellows of Guildford were turned by their charms. He knew the girls to be innocent and guileless, and he resolved to do his best to keep them so, as far as he could, and without appearing to exhibit any harsh or unnecessarily stern control over them. His face was as smiling as theirs, and when any soft word was wafted to the ears of one of the girls, if he happened to catch it, he, with a chuckling laugh, generally made it public property, so that the utterer usually got preciously jeered and joked by his companions for it.

Then the girls were always stirring with the lark, and they always retired very early, and this regulation saved them from much which might, to put it in its best shape, have proved disadvantageous to them.
Then the sun of prosperity smiled and shone on the Dolphin, and, but for occasional regretful remembrances of the wife who was gone, as he hoped, unto that better world which might, to put it in its best shape, have proved disadvantageous to them.

One Monday afternoon a young man, apparently just over that important era, his majority, entered the inn. It happened to be quite the slack time; the girls had gone up to dress, and Martin Daere was seated in the parlor, reading the paper and smoking his after-dinner pipe. As the stranger advanced, he looked inquiringly at Martin, and stood surveying him without uttering a word.
Martin put down his pipe and his paper, and said in his customary way,
"Now, sir; what can I do for you?"
"Shake hands with me if you will," returned the young man.
"You remember Gerard Earle, don't you?"
"Well, I should rather think so. A tallish, light-haired, scraggy boy, with a lay-down collar."

"I am he."
"You!"
"Yes,"

"And all the rest of you, of course. You can't get over me, my fine fellow, that way!"
"Nevertheless, I am that same Gerard Earle, the son of your old friend, who, after living in Guildford for twenty-five years, left it, to settle down in Dorsetshire."
"Let's have a look at thee!" exclaimed Martin Daere.
He took the young man by the hands, and drew him near to the light. After attentively perusing his features, he said,
"Thou'rt he, surely!"
Then he took both his hands and wrung them heartily.
"I be glad to see thee, boy!" he cried; "right glad! Surely, thou'rt going to stay, of course?"
"I have promised myself three weeks in Guildford, if I find that absence has not cooled the warmth of friendship displayed in other days towards me, by those I loved when living here," replied Gerard Earle.
"Thou'lt find all glad to see thee here; and thou'lt take up thy quarters here, or I'm a Dutchman. And thy dear father—how be he? Lord! how many a time I've missed his light-hearted laugh and his good-natured speech—Why did he never write to me? 'Twasn't the right thing, that?"
"Well, sir; soon after he left this, an uncle died in Jamaica, leaving him a large estate, and he was obliged to go over to the West Indies to arrange his affairs. It took a long time, as you may judge; for he has not been back above six months, and since then has hardly had time to think of a friend, for he has been purchasing a place in Dorsetshire, where he has made up his mind to settle down. However, he knew that I intended to run over here to see some old friends, and I do not think it unlikely that, before I leave, he will take a trip to see everybody he knew in Guildford."

"Hurrah! Well, to be sure, I was afraid matters were all 'other way. Misfortunes took him from here, and it ain't often rich uncles die and leave fortunes to their nephews in the very soul of a struggle with necessity. But come in, my dear boy; the girls will be so glad to see thee. They be upstairs, titivating themselves a bit, but they'll be down directly. Upon my word, though, Gerard, you be grown a mighty handsome young chap!"
Gerard smiled, and accompanied Martin to that much coveted sanctuary, the parlor; and there they were hardly seated, before they heard the ringing laughs of Phoebe and Naomi, with the sound of their little feet racing down the stairs at a most dangerous pace.

Phoebe had suddenly detected Naomi in the act of bringing out a lock of hair from her box of secret hoarded treasures, and, watching her, perceived her kiss it, and then prepare to stow it safely away.
In a second it was in the hands of Phoebe, who darted away with her prize. She was followed by Naomi at the very top of her speed, and in the excitement of this wild chase they dashed into the parlor, and were in the act of struggling for possession of the treasured token, when their father brought to their attention that a stranger was present.

Both girls in a moment were silent, and turned their abashed gaze upon the visitor. He stood up, and scanned both of them with eager eyes. Naomi uttered an exclamation of surprise.
"Aha!" chuckled Martin Daere; "who is it?"
"Gerard Earle!" exclaimed Naomi.
"Good heavens, so it is!" cried Phoebe.
"Dear, dear Gerard, how glad I am to see you again!"
She threw her arms round his neck and kissed him. Naomi held out her hand to him, and, with a rosy, pleased countenance, said:
"I am very glad to see you again, Mr. Earle!"

"Mr. Earle," exclaimed the young man, in a reproachful tone. "You used to call me Gerard, Naomi!"
"Yes, yes," she said quickly, "and I would now; but—" she hesitated. "But you are Mr. Earle, now, and you—"
"Were only Master Earle when you went away," exclaimed Phoebe, with a merry laugh.
"Always Gerard!" returned the young man; and, with some emphasis, said, "I am the same now as then, though five years have passed since last we met!"
Naomi quitted the room hastily, to serve a customer, and, when she came back to the room again, her manner had lost much of its constraint, and she frankly avowed that it would be much more in accordance with her own feelings to call him Gerrard, than by the formal appellation of Mr. Earle.
Gerard took up his quarters at the inn, greatly to the envy of the frequenters of the bar, who witnessed the opportunities he had of being constantly at the elbows of those pretty girls, to say to them what he pleased, to see them when they rose, to breakfast, dine, drink tea, and sup with them—in fact, to have it all his own way—with anything but approving glances; and they noted, too, that if any one attempted to be tender to Naomi, or to say to her a word more than met the approbation of Gerard Earle, he was sure to draw the fiery eyes of that young man upon him, conveying an expression, that, if he was not ready for a mortal combat, he would be wise to discontinue his attempted flirtation with that most charming of all charming little girls.

It was very certain that Gerard Earle, who, in past years, had been very fond of little Naomi, was now over head and ears in love with her. There was nothing surprising in that—it had been so with us, had we been there; but it was not so certain that she returned it. She did not pay him so much attention as Phoebe did; and, if there were others in company, it appeared as though she spoke more readily and freely to them than to him. He saw it, and felt it.
He was to have another evidence that she did not care so much for him as she did for others.
He was startled, on the Saturday evening, just after Phoebe and Naomi had retired to bed, by perceiving a most painfully handsome young fellow enter the house, and, without ceremony, present himself behind the bar. He carried a black polished leather bag, and a great coat.—He had just come from London.
"Well, dad!" he said to Martin, who stood him warmly by the hand. "Got down to-night, instead of to-morrow, at dinner-time. Want a long day to-morrow—Where's the girls?—gone to roost?"
"Glad to see you, my boy!" cried Martin.
"Yes, the girls have subsided, as old Riggs, the parish clerk, says, when he begins to enjoy his glass of grog at the bar, when they have all gone—Oh, I beg your pardon! Allow me to introduce you, Harry, to a son of a very dear old friend of mine, who has come here to spend a few weeks with us.—Mr. Gerard Earle, Mr. Harry Villiers!"
The two young men looked into each other's eyes, with a sort of "What the dickens do you want here?" air, and bowed stiffly. They were left together, to get on as best they could, for Martin was obliged to attend to his customers. They smoked together, drank grog together, talked of the affairs of the day; were, in fact, very civil, but not very friendly towards each other.

"This fellow," said Gerard to himself, "is certainly down here on a match-making business, he is dressed so carefully. Oh, that I knew which he was after!" He's darned handsome!"
Said Harry to himself, "Where the father of sin did this chap tumble from? He's after Phoebe or Naomi, of course! How I should like to know which! He's abominably good looking, and has been carrying on a nice game here all week."
On Sunday morning all breakfasted together. The girls were quite at home with Harry, especially Naomi, to whom he was, in Gerard's eyes, ridiculously and offensively attentive.—As to her, she seemed to look and talk to nobody but him.

They went to church together, and Naomi took Harry's arm. He was about to offer it to Phoebe, but Naomi seized it, and marched off with him in triumph. George took Phoebe, and sat with her in the family pew. Harry sat next to her, and Naomi outside. It seemed to be a preconcerted arrangement that she should not sit next to Gerard, and the consequence was, that his mind went to rambling.—He held his book upside down twice, and let it fall four times. Once Phoebe pinched him, being at the same moment inwardly convulsed with laughter; and he J-covered himself, while the sermon—which happened to be rather a prosy one, mumbled by an elderly divine—was going on, engaged in the act of whistling, with the most plaintive pathos, "Mary, I believed thee true!"—a performance which greatly scandalized some of the very vinegary serious old maids in the vicinity, who, in speaking of it afterwards, tossed their heads, and said, "However, they ought not to be surprised at anything that came from those girls at the Dolphin!"

During that afternoon Gerard contrived to have a little talk with Naomi. He thought she looked on him kindly, but yet with reserve.
"I see how it is," he thought; "she remembers how fond we were of each other—that is, how I doted on her—when we were boy and girl together, and promised to be constant in that love. I have been. She did not know her own mind until this confounded Harry came, with his darned good looks; and now she's afraid to be free and pleasant with me, for fear I should think that she still loves me."
Once or twice his arm—he couldn't help it, poor fellow!—stole round her waist.—Each time he did so she turned, and looked him in the eyes. She was, certainly, not angry, but it was a sort of inquiring look, which seemed to him to ask what he meant by thus proceeding; and, though the contact had been inexpressibly delicious, he let his arm fall, and drew it away.—Accidentally, too, while talking, his hand fell on hers, and the thrill of ecstasy which went up the sleeve of his coat to the left side of his waistcoat, it would not be possible to convey.—He fancied there was a softer look than usual in her eyes, as they looked into his, and he almost imagined there was a tremulous movement of her eyelids; but this foolish conceit was knocked at once out of him, by Harry addressing her with a tender speech, to which she, laughing, returned an equally tender reply, and, at the same time, hastily snatched her hand away from his, and his heart went down in his very boots.

That evening Martin Daere contrived to do without the services of the girls, and the young men took them out for a walk; but, as before, Naomi walked with the provoking Harry Villiers, and seemed to enjoy his

company in the most annoying, unbecoming and offensive manner. Not that she laughed louder, or talked more than at any other time, but she seemed to be so comfortable with him, that every look or movement of hers, as a point of affection to Harry, acted like mortal stabs upon the heart of poor Gerard, who began to look quite woe-begone, although he strove to be hilarious with Phoebe.
As they passed through a field of tall, waving corn, towards a plantation at some short distance off, Phoebe said to Gerard, "Naomi has grown a nice girl since you were here, Gerard, hasn't she?"
Gerard's heart trembled on his lips.
"She is perfectly lovely!" he said.
"Isn't she?" replied Phoebe, with a gaze of admiration at her sister's slight form.—"So all the young men say that come to the Dolphin!" she added.
Gerard groaned.
He cast his eyes on "that" Harry.
"I presume," he said, "she is engaged?"
"Phoebe looked in the same direction, too; then she turned her eyes upon him archly, and said, 'Well, I may say so, and may say yes. At all events, if she is not quite engaged, there are, to me, pretty strong signs that she very soon will be!'"
And she burst into a merry laugh as she concluded.
Gerard laughed, too, but it was not with pleasure.
Harry turned his head round, as he heard the ringing laugh, and he stopped.
"Come, come," said he, "you two seem precious jolly together. I should like to have a little of that jollity placed to my account!"
"Selfish beast!" thought Gerard.
"Here," continued Harry, withdrawing her arm from Naomi from his, and handing her over to Gerard—"here, Mr. Earle, just take care of dear little Naomi, will you? I just want to have a little advice from Phoebe!"
"Advice!" laughed Phoebe. "I should like to see you take advice from me. Naomi is your adviser-gone, don't let me take her office away!"
"We will confer, if you please, Phoebe.—None of your nonsense with me! You know I won't stand that," cried Harry; and seizing her arm, he hurried on, walking at such a pace that they were far into the wood before Gerard and Naomi entered.

What a way they walk on in silence, to be sure! At last Gerard broke it, and said, a little spitefully, "Mr. Villiers seems to be a favorite here?"
"What, Harry?" exclaimed Naomi. "Ah! he is, indeed; everybody likes him."
"You do?"
"Me?—oh, very much indeed!"
Gerard coughed. His heart was full of pain and sorrow.
"Ah, yes—yes!" he murmured; to be sure—of course!"
They walked on in silence until they came to a bend into the rivulet which ran into the Wye.
"Shall we sit here?" he said, pointing to the bank.
"I am not tired," she answered.
"Well, you go on, then," he said.
She looked up in his face.
"You look pale, Gerard," she said; "perhaps you are tired. Let us sit here for a little while."
He was pale, and he felt wretched. He determined, too, to know his fate at once; for he loved the girl now so intensely that suspense was death to him—worse than the certainty that she loved him not, and was about to become another's. He went at it headlong. Taking a deep breath, as she seated herself by his side, and threw pebbles into the stream, he said, "Mr. Villiers came down here to contract a marriage engagement, did he not?"
She looked at him with surprise, and her face became the hue of crimson.
"Yes," she replied, "he did."
"He has been accepted, I presume?"
"Oh, yes!"
"And the lady loves him?"
"With her whole soul," cried Naomi, with emphasis.
Gerard bowed his head upon his knees, and sending tears forced their way through his eyelids down his cheeks. He could not repress them, nor a groan of agony which burst from him. Naomi bent over him.
"Good heaven, Gerard!" she exclaimed, "Are you in pain?"
He threw up his head.
"A spasm!" he said; "somewhat severe. I confess; but, should it come again, you, at least, shall be spared witnessing the mortal throes I must suffer."
He rose up; Naomi did so, too. He took from about his neck a fine gold chain, to which was appended a locket—a trinket that certainly came from as near the region of the heart as it could be worn. He placed it in her hand.
"I have worn it from when I have taken it," said he, "since the hour I received it. I have never sullied the allegiance or tarnished the promise then made, by a thought or act foreign to the spirit of the boyish engagement I entered into with you, Naomi. Into your hands I return it, since henceforth to me it will be the bitterest remembrances of false and foolish hopes; and to whom, after this, you may give it, may the duration of your attachment prove longer than it has done in my case!"
Naomi had become as white as marble; the locket lay in her hand as he placed it. For a moment she was unable to utter a

word; then she said, "Gerard, why do you return this to me? What—what have I done to forfeit your esteem?"
"Naomi, I have not spoken of esteem—you were ever worthy of that!" he replied; "even from those you care even less for than me."
"Gerard!"
"I, Naomi, spoke of love! I loved you when, a boy, a girl, we wandered in this very wood, and I opened out my boy's heart to you; you did not scorn nor turn me away; you exchanged gifts; for then another had not come to cast his shadow on my happiness."
"Oh, Gerard!"
"Ay, dark and sad enough, Naomi, it will prove. Since we have been parted I have worn your image in my heart. You, my first thought, my first, my last prayer. I return to renew that engagement, find you lovelier than even my most exaggerated fancies had pictured you, and find you, Naomi, oh, heaven! only to love you!"
"To lose me, Gerard! Wherefore?—what—what have I done to forfeit a love I, too never swerved from since I gave you this locket?"
"Never swerved from?" almost shouted Gerard, with scornful lip. "Naomi, what call you your engagement with Mr. Villiers?"
"With who?"
"Mr. Villiers!"
"My engagement!—What engagement?"
"Naomi, why thus probe my heart. Your engagement with him to be married!"
Gerard uttered these last words in a tone which terrified poor Naomi.
"You are mistaken, Gerard," she said; "my sister Phoebe is—"
"Engaged to Villiers?"
"Yes; he only actually declared himself this morning before you or I was up, and—"
"But you, Naomi—is there any other cursed Harry Villiers?" who has won your heart?"
She turned her eyes upon the ground.
"Shall I confess the truth?—are you calm enough to hear it?" she exclaimed.
He all but fainted.
"Oh, I am calm!" he said—"prepared to hear what I feel you are going to say!"
"Well, she murmured, "then I admit—"
"That you have given your heart to another Harry Villiers?" he cried impetuously.
"I have; but his name is not Villiers!"
"It matters little to me whether it is Villiers or—"
"Gerard Earle!" she exclaimed, turning her full, clear, loving eyes upon him.
He fell on his knees before her, and clasped her waist with his burning hands.
"Is this so?" he asked, in accents of intense excitement.
She answered by pressing his heated forehead with her lips.
He sprang from the ground, and folding his arms round her pressed her passionately to his breast. He whispered fondly in her ear, "And are you really mine—only, only mine?"
"Thine only, Gerard!" she replied.—
"Think you I have forgotten our parting?—Forgotten the promise we made, or that the love I bore for you, then, has faded or paled with time? No—oh, no! I knew you the instant my eyes fell upon you, though absence and alteration made by nature have much changed you; still, your features were imprinted on the tablets of my memory, and the changes of time and nature could not efface them."
"Pardoning!" he ejaculated. "Yet you were cold to me at first."
"Not cold, Gerard."
"You did not kiss me, when first you saw me after so many years' absence. Phoebe did."
"You were not indifferent to me, Gerard; if you had been, you would have found me not just as Phoebe did."
"And you do love me, Naomi?"
"More truly, more fondly, more dearly than ever I did, Gerard!" she returned.
He held, at this moment, pressed close to his throbbing heart, the prettiest little girl in existence, and his lips were fastened upon a pair of the smallest, yet pulpiest, in Christendom.
Envidable dig.
All this while Martin Daere was drawing ale, mixing grog, and selling cigars to the young fellowdom of Guildford, who were looking out for Phoebe and Naomi, and wondering why they were not illuminating by their presence the bar which looked so gloomy without them.

The crackling of dry twigs announced approaching footsteps, and Gerard and Naomi at once stood to order. He began to expatiate on the beauties of the orchis tribe, a flower of the genus being conveniently at hand for him to pluck.
It was Harry and Phoebe who appeared.
"Where have you been?" exclaimed the latter. "We have looked everywhere for you!"
"Following you," responded Gerard, with a flushed face.
"Oh, Phoebe! how you have bent the front of your bonnet!" exclaimed Naomi, suddenly in hopes to draw attention from her blushing countenance. "Let me straighten it for you. How could you have done it?"
"La, Naomi!" retorted Phoebe, whose face became a violent crimson—"I'm sure it can't be. But, goodness! how your collar is rumpled! How ever could you have done it?"

"I am not tired," she answered.
"Well, you go on, then," he said.
She looked up in his face.
"You look pale, Gerard," she said; "perhaps you are tired. Let us sit here for a little while."
He was pale, and he felt wretched. He determined, too, to know his fate at once; for he loved the girl now so intensely that suspense was death to him—worse than the certainty that she loved him not, and was about to become another's. He went at it headlong. Taking a deep breath, as she seated herself by his side, and threw pebbles into the stream, he said, "Mr. Villiers came down here to contract a marriage engagement, did he not?"
She looked at him with surprise, and her face became the hue of crimson.
"Yes," she replied, "he did."
"He has been accepted, I presume?"
"Oh, yes!"
"And the lady loves him?"
"With her whole soul," cried Naomi, with emphasis.
Gerard bowed his head upon his knees, and sending tears forced their way through his eyelids down his cheeks. He could not repress them, nor a groan of agony which burst from him. Naomi bent over him.
"Good heaven, Gerard!" she exclaimed, "Are you in pain?"
He threw up his head.
"A spasm!" he said; "somewhat severe. I confess; but, should it come again, you, at least, shall be spared witnessing the mortal throes I must suffer."
He rose up; Naomi did so, too. He took from about his neck a fine gold chain, to which was appended a locket—a trinket that certainly came from as near the region of the heart as it could be worn. He placed it in her hand.
"I have worn it from when I have taken it," said he, "since the hour I received it. I have never sullied the allegiance or tarnished the promise then made, by a thought or act foreign to the spirit of the boyish engagement I entered into with you, Naomi. Into your hands I return it, since henceforth to me it will be the bitterest remembrances of false and foolish hopes; and to whom, after this, you may give it, may the duration of your attachment prove longer than it has done in my case!"
Naomi had