

# THE COLUMBIA SPY.

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## Poetry.

The Two Armies. BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

As life's ascending column pours, Two marshalled hosts appear, Two armies on the ramped shores That death flows black between.

## Selections.

From Household Words.

### Australian Jim Walker.

"Australian Jim Walker," the name by which he was known, was avowedly an alias, but Jim always evaded any attempt to discover his real patronymic, which I have no doubt he had wilfully buried in oblivion, lest he should reflect disgrace on his family.

And, indeed, he seemed like enough to die. A few occasional shillings were picked up by splitting wood for fuel; but often he dined with Duke Humphrey, and slept in Nature's ante-room. At last, a settler recommended him to go up the country, and ply from station to station in search of employment.

The great event in Jim's colonial career occurred when he was a shepherd on the Glen Lyon Run, which is situated on the borders of the Tatiara district. The blacks inhabiting that locality were justly dreaded for their untamable ferocity, which civilizing influences are apparently unable to counteract; to the present day the Tatiara natives are noted for their savage onslaughts on defenceless Europeans.

Jim was appointed to one of the outstations; and as the country consisted principally of large open plains, he had a pretty easy time of it. The hut was snugly en-

compassed in a nook of the low rocky hills which formed the northern boundary of the Run. On these hills grew a few stunted she-oaks and dwarf honey-suckle trees, interspersed with dense scrub, which afforded no considerable screen from the hot winds.

Jim's only companion in this lonely spot was Willie, the hut-keeper, the quiet, Scotch boy, with whose homely conversation Jim was fain to be content; save when one of the overseers rode over from the head station, or a bullock-driver brought down stones, or a chance wanderer passed. The latter was, however, a very rare occurrence; for the locality was much out of the usual track.

One afternoon, as Jim and his trusty dog Sandie followed the sheep homeward, he was surprised at not perceiving any signs of Willie. Imagining that the hot weather had overpowered that usually vigilant personage, Jim shouted loudly for him to "wake up," and help to fold the sheep.

At the entrance he beheld a scene which, to quote his own expression, "made all the blood in his body run cold." There was poor Willie, lying on his face, nearly naked, and bedewed with gore. It was sometime before Jim could muster courage to approach his old chum. When he did, he found that he was dead, and nearly cold; and a broken spear in his side betrayed that he had been murdered by the natives. The hut itself had evidently been rifled; every particle of food, the store of flour, sugar, and tea, the blankets, knives, and every useful moveable, had been carried off.

Now, all the horrors of his own position burst upon him. The head station was fully ten miles distant, and what enemies he might encounter on the road it was impossible to foretell. However, stay in the hut by himself he could not; so he resolved to fold the flock, and then to set off through the bush, to give information of the event and obtain assistance. In pursuance of this resolution he went out, and with the aid of the dog succeeded in folding the sheep.

In haste with shouting—for your true bushman can do nothing without making a great uproar—Jim went to the water-hole to drink, preparatory to starting on his perilous journey. He was just rising from the recumbent position necessary to enable him to reach the water, when Sandie gave a loud growl; and at the same instant, Jim saw the shadow of a human figure reflected in the water. Cautiously gazing around, he beheld several dusky forms moving through the thick undergrowth of the opposite range.

Barricading the door as well as circumstances would permit, Jim sat down on one of the old stumps which supplied the place of more convenient seats; and striving to divert his mind of untimely fear, debated within himself the propriety of attempting to elude the wily savages who were in the immediate vicinity. But the more he thought of it, the more impracticable it appeared. To run the gauntlet through an unknown number of enemies, was certain death. On the other hand, to remain quiet presented only the prospect of prolonged torture, and final destruction.

The hut was built in the ordinary bush-fashion, of huge, upright slabs of timber—the lower ends being in the earth, and the upper nailed to strong beams. The interstices were filled with the fibrous coating of the stringy-bark-tree, daubed over with clay to render it wind-proof. The roof consisted of large sheets of bark, and the only window was an aperture about a foot square.

The interior formed only one room, about twelve feet long and ten feet wide, which sufficed its inmates for all purposes. Night speedily closed in, and in darkness and in silence sat Jim with the mangled corpse of the hut-keeper in one of the sleeping berths wherein he had laid it, and the dog crouching uneasily at his feet. The poor brute was with difficulty kept from howling aloud, and once or twice he ran to the door and moaned uneasily. He evidently comprehended that danger was nigh.

How long Jim remained in this state of suspense he could never be positive. It seemed like half a life-time, he said—after a weary interval Sandie growled suddenly, and sat erect: his ears thrown back,

and his eyes glistening in the darkness like balls of fire. Listening, attentively, Jim heard a faint noise of some one treading on dry twigs. Then Jim knew that the savages were coming.

Next moment the latch of the door was cautiously lifted, and a gentle pressure made against the fastening. With a beating heart, Jim held the dog, and by gestures forbade him to move or bark. The wonderful instinct of the animal enabled him to comprehend those mute commands, and he lay down quietly on the floor.

Soon the sack, which Jim had placed in the aperture, was noiselessly withdrawn, and a dark visage appeared in its place.—And now Jim could hardly hold the excited dog, who would fain have sprung at the intruder. But the hole was too small to permit the entrance of his feet, and feeling that every grain of powder in his scantily-furnished flask would be required, he even refrained from firing, and on the withdrawal of the intrusive head refilled the aperture with a block of wood.

Whilst so engaged the natives uttered a yell so unearthly that Jim shook with terror; indeed he afterwards acknowledged that he was near swooning. Almost simultaneously a rush was made at the crazy old door, which nearly gave way, and it appeared certain that another such shock would burst it in. To lie still, and worried like a badger, was not in Jim's nature. With his sheath-knife he cleared a space between the slabs sufficiently large to admit the muzzle of his gun, and in such a position as to command the approaches to the door. By the clear starlight he perceived some ten or twelve naked savages grouped in front.—Again yelling hideously, they rushed forward for another assault. As they came on, Jim levelled his piece, and fired both barrels. In all probability this saved the door, for two of the assailants fell screaming to the ground, and the shock was so slight.—Sufficient damage, however, was inflicted to break the upper hinges, and force the door from its proper position.

Sandie, more valiant than prudent, sprang into the breach thus formed, and was thrust down by his master, just in time to escape a shower of spears which the enraged blacks hurled at the opening. The jeopardy from these weapons was now imminent; but, by a vigorous effort, Jim pushed the door into an erect position and rescued it with poles hastily torn from the rough bunks, or sleeping berths, of the hut. Then, re-loading his gun, he repaired to his impromptu loophole.

He had done mischief to his wild enemies. They wounded had been carried into the scrub, and a smaller party came warily out to reconnoitre. Creeping round the side of the hut, they came on again, but this time no yell preceded the assault. Before they reached the door, Jim fired amongst them, and again they retreated, howling like wild beasts.

After this, all was quiet for nearly an hour, and Jim even began to hope that he was rid of his persecutors. To make all sure, however, he closed the little aperture more securely, shored up the door with every available piece of timber, and placed an old flour-barrel in the fire-place, to give due notice of any attempt at ingress by way of the chimney.

Insensibly, sleep overpowered him, and he was drowsily nodding, when the loud and angry barking of the dog indicated the approach of some new peril. Starting up, Jim listened with that preternaturally acute sense of hearing, which nothing but the consciousness of danger can possibly induce. The only sound that reached him was the rustling of the leaves, such as would be produced by the wind sweeping through the trees. Sandie still barked. Repairing to the loophole, Jim gazed out for information. Nothing met his gaze in that direction; but the rustling wind-like sounds approached nearer. Feeling uneasy, he cautiously opened another chink at the rear of the hut, and peered forth.

For a few moments Jim fairly doubted the evidence of his eyesight. It was as when Birnam Wood marched towards Dunsinane. Not a living soul could he perceive; but a line of great bushes were advancing—apparently of their own accord—to the hut. Jim scraped the hole a little larger; and, when the strange procession came within range, he discharged his gun at it. Instantly, all the bushes fell prostrate; and the savages emerged from their leafy covert. With a shout which blended the scream of pain and rage with the hoarse cry of vengeance, the blacks ran forward, dragging the bushes after them. In a second, the latter were piled against the walls of the hut and a transparent silence followed, during which the captive was left to speculate on the object of this manoeuvre.

His doubts (if he had any) were soon resolved. A peculiar crackling sound, succeeded by a broad glare of light, perceptible through the crannies of the frail tenebris, informed him that the terrors of fire had been brought to bear against him. The natives had been into the ranges in search of dry boughs; and with these, mingled with the inflammable resinous branches of the gum trees, they now proposed to burn him out of his shelter. Bitterly he regretted not having taken advantage of that short absence to effect his escape. It was now too late. For a short space he remained in a state of stupefaction—utterly overwhelmed by the increased horrors of his

situation. As the flames caught the dry combustible wall, and bark roof, he deemed himself utterly lost; and it was only by a violent effort that he at length, shook off the benumbing influence of the intense terror which had seized upon him.

A little reflection convinced him that in one bold effort lay his sole chance of preservation. Reconnoitering the premises, he observed that the flames were confined to the rear and roof of the hut. Through the chink in the front wall, he perceived the slabs lying in wait near the door, but occupying such a position as to be out of reach of the fire arms. "They thought to smoke me out, as they do wombats," said Jim, "and to spear me as I crawled out of my den; but I determined to have another trial for it, and if I died, to die like a man, in the open air."

Seizing a small bar of tough wood, he inserted it between the blazing slabs at the rear, and found that they readily yielded to his efforts. The dense smoke now filled the hut, and the burning embers from the roof fell around him in showers. But, regardless of all, save life itself, he stripped off his blue serge frock—an article which serves the bushman for shirt, vest, coat and paletot, all in one—and carefully wrapped it round the lock of the gun. He then, by a vigorous effort, detached two of the slabs from their upper fastenings, and stealthily drew them within the hut—the slight noise attending this operation being disguised by the cracking of the burning timber. Gazing through the surrounding belt of fire and smoke, he discovered that none of his enemies were in view; all of them—as he had anticipated—being collected on the opposite side of the hut. Now was the moment for escape. One danger yet remained to be avoided. How to still the furious barking of the dog he knew not; yet this would at once acquaint the savages with his escape, when instant pursuit and death would inevitably be the result. It was, therefore, absolutely necessary to secure Sandie in the hut. "I could not bear the thoughts of this," Jim used to say, when relating the incident; yet seemed so cruel to the poor faithful brute. Still, secrecy and silence were indispensable: the first great law of nature—self-preservation—crushed the generous impulses of sentiment; and the dog was sacrificed to his master's safety. Desirous, however, of affording the animal at least a chance of escape, Jim tied him up with a cotton handkerchief only, in the hope that his exertions would enable him to free himself before the entry of the savages.

This done, Jim took up his gun, and stepped out through the flames. As he emerged, one of the natives girdled round the corner, and surprised by the intended victim's unexpected appearance, stood for a moment irresolute. Before he could speak or move, Jim felled him to the earth with a blow of his fist, and, without waiting for the result, darted off, under cover of the dense smoke, for the ranches.

He had surmounted the first tier, and was crossing the valley beyond, when the outcries of the blacks proclaimed that his fight had been discovered. The hope of saving his life lost new wings to his feet; and, at any rate, he had considerably the start of his pursuers. Before he had proceeded very far, something came dashing through the scrub behind him, and he turned to confront the expected foe. To his great delight it was the dog.

Onward sped the two fugitives, the man and the dog. Ten bush miles lay between them and safety, and the pursuers were light of foot and fleet of limb. Jim had not tasted food since mid-day, he was fatigued with toil and watching, and suffered much pain from the numerous burns on his arms and shoulders. But hunger, thirst, weariness and pain were all temporarily obliterated by the necessity of extreme exertion, and, as mile after mile was passed without any evidence of pursuit, hope—which never deserts the brave—grew stronger in the fugitive's heart.

Although no indications of the natives were apparent, Jim was too well acquainted with their nature and habits to relax his speed. Wily as serpents, and as noiseless, too, they might be close at hand yet invisible. Onward, therefore, he flew: life was in front; death near behind. How far, or during what time, he continued his flight, Jim could never tell. He believed he was approaching the head-station, yet nowhere could he discern the traces of any human habitation. At length, fatigued and breathless, he was compelled to pause. Had the savages been yelling at his heels, he could not have proceeded.

He sought shelter of a rocky mound, near at hand, and lay down in its dark shadow, intending to rest for a brief interval only; but he unwarily sunk into a deep sleep.

From that dangerous slumber, Jim Walker would probably never have awoke in this world but for the faithful guardian-ship of his dog Sandie. Aroused by the barking of that vigilant companion, he opened his eyes just as the grey light of morning was spreading over the horizon.—Above his head the rocky mound rose perpendicular to a height of about fifteen feet. Over the margin appeared a human head, which caught his startled gaze as he awoke. Instinctively he recognized the presence of his pursuers. The savages had tracked him to his hiding-place.

Springing to his feet, he darted forward with renewed velocity; and as he did so, a spear whizzed by close to him. Jim felt that he had thrown away another chance of life by halting in the open country. Shelter there was none; for the track of flight now lay over a treeless plain. Again and again spears glanced by him, and, looking back he saw that he was pursued by three savages, one of whom was considerably in advance of the others. With set teeth and straining muscles, the hunted man pressed on, desperation and agony in his soul.—The savages rapidly gained upon him; and although a stern chase is always a long chase, nothing could prevent their closing with him before many minutes elapsed.

Suddenly he turned and fired upon the nearest black. The shot was fatal. With a loud screech the savage leaped up into the air, and fell to the earth, mortally wounded.

Almost immediately thereupon a faint sound, as of the beating of sheep, reached the fugitive's ear. He was near assistance. He strove to shout aloud, but his voice failed. A low hill was before him, and in the valley beyond was the home-station, could he but reach which his life was safe. The space between was short, but into that space were crowded unnumbered hopes and fears. The savages were fast nearing him. Once more facing round, he fired, and in the excitement of the moment, missed. It was his last shot, and now in his speed lay the last remaining chance of his escape.

He scarcely dared to hope, yet mechanically continued to fly. A thousand wandering thoughts of happy days, of boyish sports beneath an English sky, fond reminiscences of home, and recollections of a mother's love—a mother too early lost—passed with wondrous rapidity before his mental vision, he said, in the brief agonising moments of that fearful struggle for life.

He reached the hill unharmed, and had accomplished half the ascent, when a spear entered his shoulder and threw him, stunned and bleeding, to the ground. The next moment the savages were upon him.

Sandie, faithful to the last, flew at the throat of the nearest foe, and forced him back to the earth. Frightened at this novel assault, the fellow shrieked for help, and with a single blow from his tomahawk, his comrade laid the brute senseless and disabled. But the temporary diversion in Jim's favor, saved Jim's life.

As the savages turned from the dog to their human victim, bang! bang! came two shots from the summit of the hill, and several white men rushed forward to the rescue. The hunters now became the hunted; and I need scarcely add, that neither of them escaped.

The last shot fired by Jim had fortunately been heard by a shepherd employed at the head station. Apprehensive of danger, he immediately aroused the other men. Little time was lost in dressing for the simple reason that bushmen seldom dress; and starting in the direction of the hill, they arrived just in time to deliver Jim from the hands of his adversaries.

The spear-wound in Jim's shoulder speedily healed; and Sandie, although long despaired of, eventually recovered from the effect of the savage tomahawk. A perceptible limp always remained to bear witness of his courageous attack; and surely Jim was right in saying that Sandie's lame leg was as honorable to the noble dog as scars to a soldier. He was little used afterwards as a sheep-dog; but Jim would not part with him. He elevated him to the rank of a special pensioner, and never ate himself until he fed the companion of that eventful night.

I may add, that a party sent over to the old hut found it burned to the ground and all the sheep driven off. With the assistance of neighboring settlers, the greater part of the flock was ultimately recovered, but not until many days' hunting for them, and several sanguinary encounters with the Tatiara blacks, wherein more than one European received wounds.

### Mr. Blifkins, Economy.

The story that we told concerning Mr. Blifkins Baby is now going through the papers, and though it was true, very few of them seem disposed to credit it. We were delighted with Blifkins, account of his saving, by an economical expedient, and give it in nearly his own words.

"Mr. Blifkins, says my wife, 'our kitchen needs painting.' 'Does it, my dear?—Well, then, need it most, for I assure you, Mrs. Blifkins, that the accruing dimes do not warrant the outlay at present.' I saw that she was unhappy, and knew that she would not relinquish her point. 'Mr. Blifkins,' said she a few days thereafter, 'I have thought of an expedient by which we can have our kitchen painted.' Her face was lighted up with an expression that it too seldom wears as she spoke. She is a great woman for expedients is Mrs. Blifkins.—'You can do it yourself!' continued she, touching me with the point of her forefinger in the region of my fourth vest button. 'A dollar saved,' said she still further, 'is a good as a dollar earned, you know.' I looked with admiration on that wonderful specimen of her sex as she said this, and allowed' (as the people say) to myself that 'an economist, she had no peer. And well I might allow it, for at that very moment were her shoulders covered by a sort of monkey jacket made of one of my worn

out coats, and a pair of galligaskins had assumed the form of a basque, and were worn by a juvenile Blifkins. 'Your suggestion,' says I to my wife, 'is a good one, and tomorrow shall develop a new phase in my character. I will turn artist, and give the world evidence of a talent that needed but the Prometheus spark of necessity to draw it out. I will procure pots and brushes, and Michael Angelo, Raphael, Salvator Rosa and Claude Lorraine shall yield the palm to Blifkins. Mrs. B. was delighted. 'Mr. Blifkins,' said my wife in the night, 'as I was about setting into my solid nap, 'you'd better make it pale green.' 'Do what?' said I, starting up, forgetting all about the painting. 'The paint,' replied she. I am afraid that I used some expression of spleen that was unworthy of me. I turned over to try to sleep again. 'Mr. Blifkins,' said my wife, 'don't you think the window sills would look better some other color?' 'Any color you please, my dear,' said I; 'but let us dismiss the subject from present discussion as this is no place for a brush.' I carried my point as she had her point, and I was allowed to sleep. But I was all night dreaming of my undertaking. No roseate hues mingled with my sleeping fancies, fraught with the odors of celestial bowers, but paint pots were piled in pyramids about me, brush handles, like boarding pikes, I encountered everywhere, and a villainous smell of raw paint almost suffocated me.

"I was up with the lark, and after breakfast went down to Bristol, the painters to procure my paint. That eminent professor of art mixed me two pots of the right article, of hues that were of a satisfactory shade, and I went home with anticipations of the most excellent character. 'Mr. Blifkins,' said my wife, 'you have dreadfully daubed your pants with the paint—strange that you should be so careless.' Sure enough, on both sides I had bestowed impartial donations of the adhering color. The pants were new, and I had congratulated myself on their being a wonderful fit. This was a disappointment. 'Mr. Blifkins,' said my wife, 'you'd better put on an old pair.' I have always boasted of my ability to compete with anybody in the particular property known as old clothes. I know that the decayed fashion of many years hung by their allotted pegs in the closet, which had been facetiously denominated 'the wardrobe,' and hastened to procure the garment desired.—In the name of all the tribes of Israel, where were the bifurcated turgents that for years had my first impression was that they had taken to their own legs and walked away. 'Mrs. Blifkins,' said I to my wife, on the top of the stairs, and at the top of my lungs, 'where are the—the—garments?' I heard her say something about 'said,' and concluded that she was trying some little trick upon me, as wives sometimes will, and was adopting the formula so much in vogue, for expressing it. She came up stairs. 'Mr. Blifkins,' said she, 'I declare I sold all of your old clothes only yesterday, for a beautiful pair of vases and some tin ware.' I looked at her earnestly, but the evident calmness that prevailed in her own breast softened and subdued the violence in mine. 'You'd better put on this,' said she, holding up an article of female apparel, the name of which I disremember, but which, when secured to my waist, as I recollect, fell to my feet. She smiled as she placed it in my hand, and I put it on. 'Mrs. Blifkins,' said I to my wife, 'why am I thus accoutred, liable to be more extravagant than ever?' She said she didn't know. 'Because,' said I, triumphantly, 'I am bound to wait!' She pretended not to see the reason, and I did not explain, but went to work. 'Now shall you see, wife of my soul,' said I, 'such work as you can find alone in the Vatican at Rome or the Louvre at Paris, should you feel inclined to seek it. Here before this door I take my stand, and here I commence. You shall see.' 'Mr. Blifkins,' said my wife, 'don't drip it over on the floor.' 'Never fear,' said I, dipping in the brush, and sipping it up against the side in the most approved form.

"My first aim was at the upper part of the door—a paneled door—and I applied the brush vigorously. 'Mrs. Blifkins,' said I to my wife, 'as the morning is rather cold, shouldn't you think it well to put on two coats?' She took the pleasantry as an unkind reflection on the disposition made of the old clothes, and didn't say anything. I worked away on that door secretly, but I found before I had half done it a weariness in the wrist, and a cold sensation up my sleeve attracting my attention, revealed the fact that a stream of paint was stealing along the handle of the brush up my arm. I laid down the implement and went to procure something with which to wipe the paint off. 'Mr. Blifkins,' screamed my wife, 'look at the baby.' I looked, as she held that young prodigy up to view, and was much shocked. The baby had crawled to the paint pot and had immersed his two hands to the elbows. Not content with this, he had laid hands on the brush, and when Mrs. Blifkins saw him he was engaged in an inane effort to get it into his mouth. The precocity of that child is most wonderful! The paint was washed off, and I commenced again. 'Mr. Blifkins,' said my wife, when I had been working about two hours, with my hands cramped, my wrist and back aching, my eyes full of paint and my face tattooed by the same, like a New Zealander, 'are you most done?' The 'No' that I returned I fear was not pleasant. All that

forenoon I worked at that terrible task, and at about dinner time I saw it accomplished. 'Mrs. Blifkins,' said I, 'the work is completed; come and look and admire.' She came at my request, and I noticed a mischievous twinkle in her eye as she looked. 'Why Mr. Blifkins,' said my wife, 'you've put more paint on the paper and the carpet than you have anywhere else.' Her criticism seemed unkind, but I looked where she had directed, and round the doors and window frames were rays of paint like the surroundings of islands on a map, and below were large blotches of paint upon the carpet that had assumed geometrical forms enough to have puzzled the judgment of a professor. 'I confess, my dear, that in this particular I have been a little slovenly; but look at that work!' 'Mr. Blifkins,' said my wife, 'if there's no better painting in the what's-its-name at Rome, I don't care about seeing it.' The door bell here rang, and, 'accused as I was, without thinking of it, I rushed to see who had come and met a whole bevy of ladies, and suffered the mortification of a sensitive nature under such circumstances. I here sum up the whole:

J. Blifkins in account with Domestic Economy. 1858.

	Dr.	1858.	Cr.
To painting one room,	\$5 00	Time and labor spent in painting,	\$3 50
		Paints spoilt in ditto,	8 00
		Paint,	1 00
		Spitting carpet, 3 00	
		Daubing wall, 5 00	
To Balance,	\$25 50	Mortification,	10 00
	\$30 50		\$30 50

"I throw in the dangerous experiment of the baby and the injury to health, both of which could they be estimated by numbers, would swell the amount to an alarming figure. I came solemnly to the conclusion that it would have been better to have hired it done."

Such was Mr. Blifkins' story about his economy. It is a case not much over stated.

### The English at Home.

The Englishman is never so much "at home" as in his house. As soon as he has completed his day's toil, as he can turn the key of his desk, his safe, or his manufactory door, then arises, the vision straightway of his evening paradise. Then for home—for wife and babies—for dinner. He alights at his gate about five o'clock, and goes up through a lawn green as emerald, over walks smooth as marble, and through shrubbery as carefully trained and tended as a blooded racer for the "Derby day." The house is of yellow Portland stone, or else of brick, stuccoed to a cream color. This makes fine contrast with the green of the foliage. At the door, John Bull is let in by the roughest and most wholesome of servants, very tidy and "handy," very obliging and obedient, but a little too obsequious in manner. In England, the laboring classes are as subservient to a certain class of American "help" as saucy and impudent.

What a bright glow breaks upon one in entering an English home! The walls are papered with a warm tint; the grate is blazing with a ruddy flame; (no black holes in the floor for the air *à la infirmité*) the carpet is ankle deep in Wilton softness; the good genius of hospitality floats in the very atmosphere. By six o'clock a half dozen friends have been "set down" at the door, and daily announced by a white-crowned footman. "The gentlemen are well dressed; the portly women are sensibly dressed, which is more than can be said of a dinner-party in Paris, or at the five hundred dollar "feeds" of Mrs. Putphar. When, as the guest of the evening, you have landed the lady of the house to the dining-room, you will find that everything that is stiff or frigid in John Bull or his woman-kind is rapidly thawing out.

The dinner is bountiful and genuine.—No tit-bits on three-score dishes, as on the continent. No half-cooked "experiments" of new cooks and young housekeepers. It is a roast-beef and plum-pudding affair.—When Mr. Bull wishes to honor a draft on his hospitality, he dresses his salmon, and raises his beef, and toasts his grouse, and brings out his choicest old Burgundy, which his grandfather bottled up full fire-and-twenty years ago. All these good things are "punished" through two mortal hours; and, in despite of Solomon and Neal Dow, the company "tarry long at the wine." Not so bad, though, are the drinking usages as in days of yore. The wine-bottle is not passed so briskly, or pressed upon you so pertinaciously, as before the temperance reform "shied a stone at the deodaters." May I live to see the day when the last one is shattered.

A French lady can give a splendid entertainment on two lemons. But it takes time, and toil, and terrible "sword exercise" upon ribs and hindquarters, rounds and sirloins, before you are through with an English dinner. At half-past seven the ladies withdraw to the parlor, and then comes a short "grace," and a long talk over news, trade, or politics. The Indian mutiny is discussed for the twentieth time—the suspension of the Bank charter—the new reform project—the winner of the cup at the St. Leger race—the last serial of Boz—the proposal to grow cotton in India—the furor over Spurgeon—the launch of the unlaunched Leviathan. As an American guest, you will be asked a score of questions about the men and movements on this side of the water. A vast deal of curiosity is felt in regard to the very things that you will be least likely to expect a cross-questioning on. The vicar of the