

# THE COLUMBIA SPY.

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## Poetry.

### The Voiceless.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

We count the broken lyres that rest  
Where the sweet evening singers flumber,  
But cheer their silent sisters least.  
The wild flowers will stoop to number!  
A few can touch the magic string.  
And not a flame is proud to wing—  
Alas for those that never sing!  
But die with all their music in them!

## Selections.

### A Pleasant Night.

What a very happy period of my life that was when I was supposed to be studying Roman law at the feet of the great Professor Mittermaier at Heidelberg. Little did my fond parents reckon the way in which I spent my nights, or the mad scenes of which was sharer among the feather-brained Burschen. I had only recently quitted Oxford, after four years of college experience and forgetfulness of what I had learned at school, and the contrast a German university presented was most striking. Still I went to the new mode of life very kindly, and by the time I was enabled to express my wants and wishes in fearfully broken German, I was perfectly happy, for life is a pleasant at twenty!

Perhaps, though, I enjoyed my vacations even more than I did my terms, for I was my own master, and could wander whither I pleased. I had a passport in my pocket, and a respectable amount of florins; and with knapsack on back, I trudged through the whole of Black Forest, learning German (of a sort, it is true) rapidly on the road, and meeting with various queer adventures. One of the queerest, however, that befell me was in the Vosges, and I may as well narrate it here, as another instance of those strange things which travelers sometimes see. I had over a predilection for Alsace, for in that happy land the quart bottle holds not merely a quart, which is a rarity, but just three pints, which is a marvel. Nor is the quality of the wine depreciated by the quantity, on the contrary, Chablis is not a patch (to use a chaste Americanism) upon the white wines that grow on the sunny slopes of the Vosges. "If you doubt what I say take a bumper and try," which you can easily do, reader, on your next visit to Strasbourg, by calling in at the Rebstock, and asking for a *litre* of white wine with the ocher seal. However, as I knew that I was going into the country where the delectable wine grew, I did not dally at Strasbourg, but strode manfully away towards the Vosges, full of glorious anticipations, and carefully studying the patois by conversing with every peasant I fell in with.

There is only one defect connected with Alsace; when it rains, there is no mistake about it. I was fated to discover this meteorological fact at the expense of a thorough wetting. I had dined at a little village inn on the inevitable cold veal and pickled plums, and when I set out on a jaunt to my night's quarters, seventeen miles off, the clouds were beginning to collect ominously in the west. I buttoned my blouse round me and trudged manfully onwards along a road which had not been traversed by a respectable conveyance within the memory of man. It was full of ruts, hard enough at first, but which the persistent rain, which had commenced by this time to fall, converted into so many pitfalls, into which I was continually slipping. To add to my troubles, night set in with that rapidity peculiar to Southern Germany, and there was no sign of the village at which I intended to spend the night. Not a creature did I meet, nobody was foolish enough to venture out in such weather, save pleasure travelers like myself, and on I went, making about half a mile an hour, and growing very savage—whether the result of the wetting or of indignation, I really cannot say. My brandy-flask had long been emptied; there was no chance of filling it, and I was wearied—so wearied that I could have lain

down to sleep in a dry ditch, had there been one handy; but against that the elements had carefully guarded. There was no hope for it; I must trudge onwards.

Suddenly, through the rain, I fancied I could see a light glimmering a short distance from the road. I stopped and looked steadily; it was no Will-o'-the-wisp, and by a sudden impulse I bounded over the hedge, and went stumbling over a plowed field towards the house, as I now felt certain it was. Up to the present, I regarded the peasant's cabins with considerable aversion, and *pour cause*; they were the dirtiest places imaginable, and I had no desire to sleep in them so long as an *auberge* could be found. But now I would have gladly paid a handsome sum for the use of a dog-kennel, so long as it sheltered me from the pitiless rain and held out the prospect of a glass of brandy to warm my inner man, which stood so much in need of that refreshment.

I soon approached the cabin, which stood beneath the shade of some gloomy trees, and the light, which probably came from the fire, burned so dimly that I hesitated for a moment. All appeared so unutterably wretched about the house, that I had a nervous timidity about approaching it. I am not constitutionally fearful; on the contrary, I am usually prone to run into foul-hardiness; but now, whether it was the soaking of the veil, I felt horribly nervous. A moment, however, sufficed to recover me, and I walked across the yard, and knocked boldly at the door. All remained perfectly quiet in the house, except that I fancied I could hear the growling of a huge dog, like distant thunder. Then I knocked again, somewhat more loudly, and a dog began barking violently. At the same time, however, I had the satisfaction of hearing foot-steps approach the door.

"Who is without?" a voice was heard saying, in execrable Jewish-German. "Is it you, Benjamin?"

"This a stranger," I shouted, fearing lest any hesitation might render my friend inside suspicious. "I want shelter for the night, and will pay you handsomely for it." "Are you alone?" the voice asked again. "Quiet, Nero! down dog! what do you mean by growling when I did not order you to watch him?"

"All alone, but as wet as if I had been dipped in the river."

"You'd be clever to keep yourself dry this day," he said, as he pulled back the bolts, and opened the door slowly and cautiously. "Come in—the dog won't hurt you when I'm with you. What weather! Come to the fire and dry yourself."

He walked in front of me to the fire, stirred up the smoldering wood, and threw a few sticks upon it. All this while I could notice he was taking a quick, sharp glance at me, then he went up to my knapsack, which I had laid on a chair, appeared to feel its weight for a moment, and brought it up to the fire to dry as well as myself.

"And you're hungry, too, I suppose?—Out for pleasure, eh? Young blood! young blood!" and grinned in a manner to me quite diabolical. He then went to the table, spread a very dirty table-cloth, on which he placed a loaf of black bread, stuck a knife into it, and then produced a large green glass jar, containing the much desired fluid. After filling an iron saucenpan with hot water, and putting it on the wood, he quitted it for a while. During his absence I surveyed the room in which I was seated, and the very sight of it made me uncomfortable. It was quite destitute of furniture, contrary to the usual fashion of the peasantry, and I shuddered involuntarily. But, nonsense, it could only be the cold and moisture; the fire was drawing out of my clothes, and yet, for all that, I began to wish I had trudged on through the rain. And then that immense dog that lay close to the fire-place and kept its small, suspicious eyes fixed upon me. And the walls were shining with grease and soot, and the small cupboards fixed against them, and shelves—But Heaven! I could hardly suppress a cry of surprise when my eyes fell on an old mummy-like, woman who rose from the dark corner where she had probably been sleeping, and walked towards me and the fire. She was a model of ugliness and disgust, this old woman with her tangled masses of gray hair hanging over her forehead and temples, her sunken cheeks, hollow eyes, and wrinkled neck, as she stood there shivering with cold, and stretched out her thin, bony hands to the fire. I fell back a step to give the old creature room, but on my first attempt to quit the chimney-place the dog growled, and as I turned towards him his eyes sparkled so vividly that I thought it advisable to stay where I was, and not anger him unnecessarily. The woman now turned her face to me, and after gazing fixedly at me for a moment whispered a few hurried words in a language of which I did not understand a syllable. I looked carefully at the old woman, trying to find out from her gestures what she really meant. Again she began her whispering, turning her head timidly towards the door, and pointing at the same time to the table.

"I can't understand you," I said, in the usual patois, hoping she would understand me, at any rate.

"Hush!" the old crone said, quickly and fearfully, holding up her finger in warning. At this moment the door opened, and the Jew, on seeing the old woman by my side, went up angrily to her, and spoke harshly in the same unknown tongue. The woman

crept timidly away, wrapped herself more closely in her old cloak, and lay down again in her corner. The Jew then said, pleasantly enough, to me.

"Don't bother about the old girl; she is quiet and harmless, but not quite right here," he said, pointing to his forehead. "When we're alone let her do much as she likes; but when strangers visit me, which is seldom enough, she must keep in her corner. But here," he added, in a louder voice, "is something for you eat—bread and Munster cheese I lately brought from Strasbourg, and a famous glass of brandy, which will do you more good, I fancy, than all the rest. The water will be hot by this time. Ah, I see it's boiling, and I'll mix you a glass of punch in the meanwhile. So, now, go to the table and begin."

I was really almost starving, and yet I could not swallow anything. That confounded dog had his eyes still fixed so dangerously upon me.

"The dog won't hurt you," said the Jew, calmly; "he is not accustomed to strangers."

"But if I'd stirred while you were out of the room he would have sprung at me," I said, rather angrily.

"It's an old dog," the man continued, with a smile, "and has a tooth left in his head, but he often pretends to be savage. The time is long past since he bit any one, and you can go up and pat him and he won't say a word."

However, I did not feel the slightest inclination to try the experiment. I therefore proceeded to the table and cut a hunch of bread and cheese, while the old Jew stooped down to the fire, and after shaking something out of a paper into the glass, poured the water upon it.

"There!" he said, as he came to the table, "now put in as much brandy as you like, but the stiffer the better, for it will keep you from catching cold."

"What have you put in the glass, my friend?" I asked, as I held it to the fire.

"Sugar and water. The sugar is good, and takes off the strength of the brandy."

"I'm not fond of sugar," I replied, suspiciously; "and, if you've no objection, I'll mix for myself."

"Not like sugar! Why it's the best part of it," said the Jew; "only taste it, and you'll soon see how good it is."

However, I persisted in throwing my mixture away; and, after carefully washing the glass out, I filled it afresh with water, and poured in some brandy.

"More, my friend—more!" the Jew advised me; "that's not half enough, and won't draw the cold out of your limbs. Why, my old woman would drink stronger punch if I'd give it to her."

"Thanks thanks!" I said, as I turned away the bottle, from which the Jew persisted in pouring more into my glass. "I'm not accustomed to strong drinks, and shall have a headache to-morrow morning."

"Oh! to-morrow! I'll guarantee you against that," the old man laughed to himself. "The brandy is capital, and no one has a headache here."

I really felt such a shiver come over me at these words (though, of course, I ascribed it to my wet clothes) and the brandy really tasted so good, that I took up the glass and emptied it at a draught. By Jupiter! how it burned.

"And now you had better lie down," the Jew said, after removing the brandy and the other things from the table; "it is late in the night, and after your sleeping draught, you will sleep sound in spite of your hard bed. The best place for you will be here by the fire. Before we go to bed I'll put on some fresh wood, and by the time it is burnt out you'll be warm enough. The nights are beginning to grow fresh."

I was glad enough to lie down, so I took up my knapsack, which had dried a little by this time, to serve as a pillow, and the old man brought me a blanket and a sheepskin, regretting that he had nothing better to offer me, but all his beds were occupied. "But I'll bring you something to keep your feet warm," he added; "that's the chief thing, and by the morning you'll be all right again." With these words he took a canvas sack, which appeared to me to be ominously brained, from the chimney-rack, and then, bringing it to the fire, (for I had lain down by this time,) requested me to put them in it.

"In the sack?" I said in amazement—"Why?"

"Oh! you'll see how warm that will keep your feet."

"No, I'd rather lay it over them; that will answer the same purpose."

"Not half so good I tell you," the old man continued, and tried to draw the sack over my feet, but I strenuously resisted. There was something so dangerous, in my opinion, in knowing my feet were in a sack, which I could not easily remove in a hurry, if I were obliged to spring up in a hurry. If—? Besides, the old fellow's pressing me made me feel uncommon uncomfortable. What reason could he have for insisting on my putting my feet into the sack? However, when the Jew found that I was obstinate, he laid the sack over my feet, and went back to the fire instead of retiring to bed as I had expected, and sat cross-legged, staring fixedly into the flame.

Well, I shut my eyes and tried to go to sleep, but somehow I could not manage it. The fire burned low, and I could see the old fellow still sitting there; but I felt that his eyes were fixed upon me, and that he was watching my every movement, every breath. Why? I lay thus for half an hour, and the strangest feelings came over me. Then I had a curious taste in my mouth—the brandy, of course; but why was it so metallic?—And my head began to go round, and my eyelids grew heavy as lead. At last, I could stand it no longer, and determined to jump up; but I was unable to do so. My limbs refused me their service, a veil seemed to be let down over my eyes, and I felt that a deep irresistible sleep was overpowering me.

How long I lay in this sort of half-dreaming condition I do not know, although I struggled against the unnatural state with all the strength of my mind, and I should finally have yielded to it had not a slight sound just at the right moment come to my aid in resisting it. The Jew, who was still seated at the fire, moved—gently and noiselessly, it is true; still, he got up, and now stood with his face turned towards me. I tried to close my eyes and dispel the odious vision which my fancy seemed to summon up; but at that moment I felt the light, crawling steps of the old man on the floor, felt that he was drawing nearer and nearer, and when I half opened my eyes, cautiously enough lest the scowling fellow might see I was awake, I saw him standing a few paces from me, with his body half bent to listen, and watching my every breath. What was he about?—what did he want? Should I jump up and meet him, in case he attempted to attack me?—but then the dog, which was still lying in the room? And again, was the Jew really going to attack me, or might it not be banter, whether I slept or awoke? I determined to wait and judge for myself, even at the risk of exposing myself to his attack, for I was stout and strong, and if the old man designed evil he should meet with a resistance he little anticipated. So, in order to leave the old man at leisure to carry out his designs, whatever they might be, I began breathing loudly and regularly, while watching him carefully through my half-closed eyelids.

The Jew remained for a while observing me, as if to make sure that my sleep was real; but then, as if every doubt were removed, he crept quietly back to the chimney, threw some brush-wood on the glimmering charcoal, which began to glimmer and crackle, and went to the opposite end of the room, where the crockery was kept. Anxiously I watched him; but I must confess that my blood appeared to stagnate, and an icy feeling ran down my back, when I saw him take up a long glimmering knife, and while trying its edge with his thumb, seem to measure the distance between himself and his victim.

As I have told you before, I believe I am anything but a coward. I have stood behind a four-foot barricade and looked into the gaping muzzles of the cannons as they poured a shower of bullets on our slight defenses; but I am bound to say that the present was the most uncomfortable moment in my life. The calculating villainy of the old scoundrel, and the simplicity with which he had entered the snare, seemed to render escape almost impossible. Still I made up my mind to sell my life as dearly as possible. Fortunately I had in my pocket a Spanish spring-steel stiletto, generally employed in the peaceful duties of cutting bread and cheese—German and French knives being made, like Peter Pindar's razors, to sell and not to cut—and I cautiously moved my hand to my breast-pocket, and noiselessly drew it out. When I once held it in my hand my confidence returned to me. I opened it very quietly, and then, laying my left arm across my breast, to parry the first blow, which would probably be aimed there, I held my knife firmly clutched in my hand, and awaited the attack with ground teeth but no flinching determination. My heart, though, would beat so loudly and violently that I feared the Jew must hear it; but when I saw him approaching, with the knife cautiously held behind his back—when I felt his foot against my own—when he bent over me, and felt along the wall with his left hand, to find a spot on which to rest it and give his blow more certainty, my fear entirely disappeared. It is a well known fact that danger really exists only so long as it threatens us, and it ceases to be more than half-frights terrors when it breaks over us with undiminished force. This was just my case. I had felt terrified, and could hardly struggle against the feeling, so long as the danger was drawing nearer and nearer to me; but every thought, save that of self-defense, disappeared when I knew that the knife was directed against my heart. So soon as he struck at me, I determined to parry the blow by means of the left arm, and the blanket lying over it would afford me great protection; but then I would start up and bury my knife in the villain's ribs before he could recover from his surprise or summon the dog. I should soon be able to overcome the weak old man, and, as for the brute, once on my legs, I dare say I could keep him from doing me an injury.

Such was my line of thought, and I was quite prepared to carry it into effect. But why did the Jew hesitate so long? He had advanced his left foot a little, his arm was still supported against the wall, yet he did not raise his other arm to strike the blow—Was he afraid? I bit my teeth more closely together, and almost longed for the decisive moment to come, so excited did I feel—

anything, rather than endure this horrible suspense. Suddenly the Jew drew back; he did not strike at me; his left arm quitted the wall, and he held it in—I hardly knew whether I was awake or dreaming—the same loaf from which I had previously been eating. He walked with it to the fire, cut off a hunch with the fearful long knife, laid the remainder on the chimney-board, and, after poking up the wood fire till it threw a brilliant light over the room, he began quietly eating, without troubling himself any further about my presence.

I drew a deep breath—it was as if a large stone had been rolled off my chest—and I lay for a long while in a sort of dreamy condition, hardly able to realize this state of perfect security following closely on the danger which I had fancied so shortly before had menaced me. I really began to feel ashamed of the cruel injustice I had done—though only in thought—to a man who had so hospitably entertained me; and I almost felt inclined to jump up and tell him of my foolish suspicions. But no, that would not do—he would laugh at me. Still I felt as if I must do something, if only to reconcile my own conscience. I therefore shut up my knife as quietly as possible, returned it to my pocket, and then, pretending to wake from a deep sleep, I threw off the blanket, took the sack, and put my feet quietly into it.

"Ah!" chuckled my host, who, on hearing my movement, turned his head quietly towards me, "one's feet generally get cold of nights, if they have been wet during the day, but the sack will keep them warm enough."

"I think so too. I fancy it will be better so," I replied; then fell back on my somewhat hard pillow, drew the blanket up to my chin and in a few seconds had fallen into a deep and sweet sleep.

When I woke the next morning I found that the sun was high in the heavens, and on the table a comfortable breakfast had been laid. A pretty little girl was tidying the room, and her presence really rendered it quite cheerful.

"So, sir," she said, good humoredly, "you are awake at last. Uncle did not like to disturb you. I am sorry, though, you had no better bed than this; but I only came home last night from Strasbourg on a visit, and we had all gone to bed for the night."

The old Jew now came in and gave me a hearty welcome. I hardly had the heart to look him in the face. I was then forced to sit down to the breakfast-table, at which the old man's son, a fine young fellow of twenty-four, joined us. Hearing from him that he was going back with his light cart to Strasbourg that morning, I willingly accepted his offer of accompanying him. I had quite enough of adventures for this bout; and, besides, sundry rheumatic twinges told me that I ought not to venture away so far from civilization, lest I might be laid on my back in a rustic village, and my mourning relatives never learn where they should set up a cenotaph to my memory.

When the light cart came up to the door I inquired what I had to pay; but the old Jew could not be induced to accept a farthing for the accommodation. Bed and breakfast, he said, had both been poor enough; and I shook his hand heartily upon leaving him. And, upon my honor, in the bright sunshine, he wasn't half such a bad looking old fellow. There was something quite patriarchal about him.

## My Adventure in Smithburg.

BY JOHN BRADSHAW.

"Make you a pair before Saturday night sir," said the shoemaker.

"Can't wait," said I, "going out of town by the next train."

"Oh! well, now I think," he replied, "there is an uncommon nice pair that may be'll fit. They was made for a gentleman who didn't take 'em, too small across here, you see. Try 'em on sir? Ah! yes so, exactly. Why, they fit like—they they had been made for you!"

They did fit tolerably well, so I bought them. In five minutes more I was seated aboard the cars in Chatham street, and in half an hour more I was steaming and rattling out of the city, toward my destination. I was going on a collecting expedition to that secluded little "rural paradise," Smithburg, which, as you are aware, is situated about a hundred miles back of City Hall, and is about the same number of years behind the metropolis in the "modern improvements." One of the Smithburgers was in debt to my employers, (the great house of Naryred & Co., of whom you have doubtless heard, Pearl street, just below Fulton.) The aforesaid Smithburger was rumored to be on the eve of "suspending," hence my hurried journey. Be it remembered that these events occurred two years ago, at which period debts were still collectable.

"The shades of night were falling fast," when the train deposited my carpet-bag and myself at the Smithburg station. I was soon encircled in the tavern—an ambitious wooden structure, very gaily without, and very lavish of piazza without, which qualities were counterbalanced by, on being very dirty, and very cramped for room within.

When I went over in the evening, to the store of my delinquent debtor, I did not find him; and a brief conversation with the jobny cake, pickles to an extent, pies,

people whom I did find, served to inform me that I had come on a fruitless errand. He had not only suspended, but had decamped out of Smithburg into parts unknown. He was a dead loss so far as Naryred & Co. were concerned. All that could be done with him was to put him on the debit side of the profit and loss account. There was nothing for it but to go back.

"And when does the next train go down?" I inquired of mine host at the "Hotel."

"No train down till 11.15, A. M.," was the curt response.

Just my luck. No money, no assets, no collection, and now no train. I should have to stay fourteen hours longer in this dismal country tavern. Tired and very ill humored, after nodding an hour over the same paper I had read the day before in town, I took my candle, and myself off to bed.

It must have been near midnight, when I was suddenly roused up by a thundering explosion.

"Bang!"

Bewildered and sleepy, I sat up in bed, trying to make out whether Naryred & Co. had "burst," and were unable to pay ten cents on the dollar, or whether I was aboard a Mississippi steamer which had "collapsed a flue," and was about to be scalded with hot steam or whether—

"Bang!" suddenly went a second explosion, and I made out to comprehend that something was being fired off under my window.

Jumping up, I rushed to the sash and peered out. Sure enough, there was a crowd of men and boys, gathered round what looked like a dilapidated anvil, rammings down for a third discharge.

It must be election day in Smithburg, thought I, and they are rejoicing over the result. Confound the successful candidate whoever he is, making such an infernal racket!

Just then, one of the youngsters, looking up, caught sight of me standing in my shirt at the window. He hurriedly spoke to the others, and then one shouted—

"Boys, let's give him three cheers!" And they did.

"Hoo-oo-oo-raw!"

"Hoo-oo-oo-raw!"

I shrank back, and crept shivering into bed just as gun number four went off, amid another set of cheers. One and thirty times that infernal piece got off; I devoutly praying each time that it might burst, and so stop. Then there were more cheers.—Then there was a bon-fire blazing up so suddenly into the window that I thought the house had caught fire. Then there was "Hail Columbia" and "Yankee Doodle," on a broken fiddle and a wheezy clarinet.—At last the babel quieted down, and I, wondering considerably what it was all about, fell asleep.

But if I was mystified about the doings of the night, I was considerably more puzzled by the doings of the morning. My host met me with a profound bow, and was deferentially solicitous about my health. The bar-keeper bowed reverentially when I passed him. The bar-room idlers all respectfully rose to their feet, (staring hard meanwhile) as I walked through. The chambermaid dropped as many as fifty courtesies, one after another when I happened to meet her in the hall and so overwhelming civil was everybody that I half imagined that I had stepped out of free and easy America into courteous France.

On looking round I perceived the house was marvellously changed, over night.—The scrubbing-brush must have been in use since daylight, for the floors were freshly scoured, while the windows glistened with polish, while the furniture was "set round" in the primeval kind of order. The landlady, although the slatternly hour of eight o'clock in the morning, was arrayed in majestic black silk, and her cap, with its multitudinous cherry colored ribbons, was miraculous to behold. Mine host evidently had on his Sunday black suit, and had thrust himself into a clean shirt, starched to an extent that kept him perpendicular as a grenadier.

It must be, thought I, that this is country fair day; or perhaps they are going to have a wedding in the house.

"By the way what was the firing for last night?" I inquired.

"Oh! a mere six pounder, sir! but the best we have in Smithburg. The boys thought they must have it out to honor your arrival."

"In honor of my arrival!" ejaculated I, taken all aback.

"Yes, your Excellency; but breakfast is ready. Will your Excellency walk in?"

My arrival! My Excellency! I was astounded at the sudden distinction with which I found myself invested, that I could only mechanically walk in, and seat myself at the table.

Certainly the "Hotel" had put forth its most strenuous efforts to get up that breakfast. There were boiled chickens and chickens fried; there was a huge turkey, there was a roast sorbin of beef, there was a cold leg of mutton, ham and eggs, and ham without the eggs, and eggs without the ham, pork and beans, beefsteaks, cutlets, and chops, cabbage, beets, cauliflower, tomatoes, corn and other vegetables; sausage, homony, oysters and clams, salmon and shad, buckwheat cakes, biscuit and

cake and sweetmeats, and whatever else it ever entered the head of a country housewife to put on a breakfast table, and a great deal that never was thought of before for any such purpose. And my solitary chair was the only one set for this repast!—It was truly appalling.

For attendants, I had the landlady and landlady, the young lady "help," magnificent in ribbons and jewelry, and the bar-keeper in a blue coat and brass buttons, and an enormous display of wristband.—They all four bowed about, running over each other in their eagerness to serve me, while the host, rubbing his hands smilingly remarked:

"Sorry we have nothing better to give you, Sir, but your coming so private last night, took us rather by surprise. Hope you'll be able to make a breakfast, Sir."

I ate breakfast in awe, cogitating whether these extraordinary attentions could be the result of the wide spread fame of the house of Naryred and Company, of whether I had really achieved a distinguished reputation without being aware of it. At any rate, the breakfast was substantial and no illusion. I inwardly resolved I would always patronize this tavern, whenever I came to Smithburg.

Presently I observed indications that I was not only an object of attention, but of curiosity. Faces, as of persons standing on chairs, appearing behind the three panes of glass over the door staring intently at every mouthful I took. When I looked, the faces suddenly ducked out of sight. When I looked away they re-appeared, or were succeeded by others staring in turn. The window opening on the street, was darkened all at once, and on turning round to see the reason, I surprised a crowd of aridians, piled in tiers, flattening their noses against it with intense staring, all of whom vanished as I looked. The landlady by incautiously opening the door which led to the kitchen, caused a sudden rustling and scampering, and a suppressed scream, which led to the irresistible conclusion that a very had been taking turns there, staring through the key hole.

Breakfast was hardly over before there came a rap at the door, followed by the announcement that some gentlemen from the village were waiting to pay their respects to me. By this time I was past being astonished at anything, so I unhesitatingly desired them to be shown in. The door was flung open, and in bustled a pompous looking elderly man in black broadcloth, with a huge gold watch seal dangling from his bow, a gold-headed cane in his hand, and a pair of gold spectacles astride his nose. His face was very red, but a stern determination was written on every feature of it. A long, solemn visaged individual, another stout, stout and smiling, followed. Behind them came, I should think, nearly the entire population of the village, of all ages, sorts, and sizes, squeezing in, so as to completely fill the room; and every one of them staring at me as hard as he knew how.

Advancing to the verge of this opening, the pompous man, with one arm extended at right angles to his body, and the other thrust beneath his coat tails, addressed me after this fashion:

"Mr. President! Honored and respected Sir! This is a proud day for Smithburg.—Unexpected as was your coming, it is welcome—welcome to our homes, our hearth, and our bosoms. Long have we watched your gigantic career, whether in shedding your blood in your country's cause, upon the fertile plains of Mexico, or in boldly guiding the helm of the Ship of State, amid the tempests that threatened momentarily to wreck her on the shoals of a fatuousness abyss! But we knew the eyes of the American Eagle was fixed upon you; and the result would justify our predictions. We knew that the—as a shade of the colony were aimed at your devoted head, but we knew also that they rankled against an impenetrable shield, which would crush them forever into the ground. Sir, you are welcome. In the name and on the behalf of my fellow-citizens, I tender you the hospitalities of Smithburg, and the freedom of the city, trusting you will excuse the hot, with which, for lack of timely warning, we are unprovided."

I stammered out some bewildered acknowledgments in reply to this harangue, apparently to the disappointment of this assemblage, who evidently expected from me a speech, in similar style in return. But as their orator remarked about the bon, for lack of previous warning, I was unprovided with any speech to make.

Recovering himself a moment after, the spokesman blandly introduced himself as General Smith, and then proceeded to introduce his townsmen.

"This, sir, is Deacon Jones, one of our first men, and a fellow member of the Committee of Reception, of which I have the honor to be chairman. Dr. Davis, sir, the other member."

The Deacon and the Doctor grasped my hand until I thought they never would leave off shaking it. Twice did the Deacon open his mouth as if in the act to speak; twice were his emotions or his modesty too much for him and the mouth closed again without utterance. Meanwhile others behind passed forward to be introduced and shake hands in return.

"Squire Staples, sir, a great friend of yours and an original Jackson man from the start; Mr. Tompkins, our clergyman, Rev. Mr. Peters, Mr. Bette, Mr. Maguire, Judge