THE COLUMBIA SPY.

SAMUEL WRIGHT, Editor and Proprietor. "NO ENTERTAINMENT IS SO CHEAP AS READING, NOR ANY PLEASURE SO LASTING." $1,50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE; $2,00 IF NOT IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME XXIX, NUMBER 43.] COLUMBIA, PENNSYLVANIA, SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 21, 1859. [WHOLE NUMBER 1,500.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING

Office in Carpet Hall, South-west corner of Front and Locust streets.

Terms of Subscription.

One Copy per annum, if paid in advance, $1 50
" " if not paid within three months from commencement of the year, 2 00

4 Cents a Copy.

No subscription received for a less time than six months; and no paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publisher.

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

Rates of Advertising.

1 square [8 lines] one week,		$0 38
"	three weeks,	75
	each subsequent insertion,	10
[12 lines] one week,		50
	three weeks,	1 00
"	each subsequent insertion,	25

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Poetry.

Gœthe's Angler.

The water foamed, the water swelled,
The Angler sat at rest,
And calmly viewed the line he held;
Cold as the wave his breast.
And as he sits and as he pores,
The wave divides on high,
And from its azure bosom soars
A nymph with dewy eye.

She sang to him, she spoke to him,
"Why lurest thou my brood,
"With human art and human guile,
"From out their native flood?
"Did-st thou but know what joys attend
"My little fish below,
"Then as thou art thou wouldst descend,
"And heal thy bosom's woe.

"Doth not the sun the wave embrace,
"The moon, too, kiss the sea
"Doth not her billow-breathing face,
"Return more sweet to thee?
"Doth woo thee not the deep, deep sky,
"The mild illumed blue,
"*Doth tempt thee not thy mirrored eye,*
"Here in th' eternal dew?"

The water foamed, the water swelled,
Beneath his naked feet,
Soft longings ner his bosom thrilled,
As if his love did greet—
She spoke to him, she sang to him,
Then was he lost I ween,
She drew him half, half sunk he in,
And never more was seen.

Selections.

From Frazer's Magazine

Lost at Cards.

It is more than twenty years since I was at school with Laurence Mountjoy, but I remember him well. The life of most men, we will hope is brighter at it close than at its beginning,—emerging from the grossness and cruelty of the school-boy, and the passions of youth into the light of reason and knowledge; but that of him I speak of was far otherwise. He was indeed, a glorious boy, with spirits inexhaustible as long as his pocket money lasted, and both ever ready to be employed in the entertainment of his friends.

Laurence Mountjoy was good at most things in the sporting way, but he was best of all at raffles. He would have raffled his teeth if he could have got anybody to put in for them, and actually did take a ticket cheerfully on one occasion for the chance of the reversion of another boy's boots. Whenever a pack of cards was confiscated, whenever dice—of home manufacture, and cut out (for silence sake) of india-ruber—were forfeited, Laurence was sure to be their owner. He bet upon the number of stripes that would be given him, and on what crop of blisters the cane would raise upon his hands, and he invented a hundred games with slate and pencil, paper and pen, for school-times. He came to school one winter evening, at the commencement of the half-year in a Hansom cab from London with another boy.—They had bought a great Roman Catholic taper, and held it by turns between their knees (although it struck them some how as an impiety,) and played cribbage all the way. A terrible voice cried down unto them on a sudden, "two for his heels," for Laurence's adversary had omitted to mark the knave, and the cabman had become so interested as a spectator through the little hole at the top, that he couldn't help rectifying the error. It terrified them immensely at the time, but Mountjoy never took it (as the other did) as a warning.

But "we all have our weak points" we said, and his is the pleasure he takes in losing his own money, or winning other peoples' to spend it on them again; and for my part, when I left school, there was none whose companionship I was so loath to part with as that of Mountjoy.

I was his senior by a year or two, and when he came up to Cambridge, I was within a few terms of my degree, so we were not much together. He was grown very graceful and handsome, and the qualities which had been ignored at school, were at the university gladly recognized. It would have been impossible, among the freshmen, to have picked out one more popular, and deservedly so, than he. He did not read very much, but he talked of reading as though he would be Senior Wrangler. He was a fluent speaker at the "Union," a tolerable musician, a good pool player, a passable poet, and in short promised to be one of those Admirable (university) Crichtons who from time to time glance meteor-like athwart the academic course, and then disappear wholly, and are lost in the darkness of the outward world.

I left soon after for the Inner Temple, and while I ate my terms, made flying visits now and then to Cambridge. During one of these, when I had been two years a graduate, I gave a supper-party at the "Bull." Mountjoy was late; and so we sat down without him, and we talked over the absent man, as the mode is. I thought there could be no harm in a playful kick at such a favorite, and offered to wager that he was detained by cards.

"I would not like to be his adversary," said one.

"Nor I his partner," said another, "lest old Hornie fly away with the two of us with pardonable freedom, for he has the devil's own luck."

"Yes and the devil's own play, too," said a third, sulkily.

"It does'nt keep him from the duns at all events," added the man next to me: "I dare say there is some pertinacious lunatic waiting for him upon his staircase now, who keeps him late."

Much distressed by this news, I requested in a low voice to be informed further. I learnt that Mountjoy was not so popular as he used to be; associated with a bad set, to whom it was supposed he had lost considerable sums; was certainly in temporary difficulties, and very much changed in manners and appearances. His face was pale and haggard in the extreme, his eyes—now brighter than ever—were set in deep black circles, and his clothes hung loose upon his limbs: he welcomed me however, with all his old cordiality, and threw about the arrows of his wit as usual; they were more barbed than they were wont to be, the sheet lightning had become forked.

He said many things of a savage sort, and drank off glass after glass of wine very rapidly; some of the rest were not more backward either in retort or drinking, and occasion soon arose when in my capacity as host I was obliged to interfere.

"He said I was a greater fool than I looked."—"Who said so?"—"So you are?"—"Shame, shame!"—"Here's a lark!" were expressions that burst forth from every side, until "Chair, chair,"—"Silence for the Lord Chief Justice," and "Here's an opinion for nothing," quelled them upon the homœopathic system of counter-irritation, and obtained for me a hearing.

"I am sure Mountjoy will appologize for that remark of his," I said: "we are all college friends, and most of us old school-fellows, and we are not come here to pick quarrels, but chicken bones."

"He called me—he called me," hiccuped one, "a gr-greater fool than I looked."

"My dear fellow," said Mountjoy, holding his hand across the table in a most affectionate manner, "I retract the observation altogether; you are not such a fool as you look, as everybody knows."

The offended party endeavored to explain that he was perfectly satisfied; we broke up amidst shouts of laughter, and in high good humor.

"I have left a few men at my rooms to-night," said Mountjoy, "and if you will join them in a game at *vingt-et-un*, come at once before gates shut.

I was anxious to see the kind of company he kept, and adjourned accordingly to his college rooms. Six or seven were sitting round his table playing as he entered, whom he had left (with some unselfishness, I am sure,) to sup with me; they had been eating nothing although food was piled in plenty on a piano in the corner, but a number of empty bottles proved their thirst. They did not interrupt their game for a moment, but one of them moved his chair to give us room.

"Eleven; now then for a ten!" roared the dealer. "Fifteen—curse my luck—and mine overdrawn by Jove." A peal of joy rose from the rest. "You onl. pay me a skive, though," said one mournfully; "a fiver for me," said another, and "you pay me twelve pounds, six on each card," added a third. They were playing then a good deal too high for me, and as I thought for Mountjoy also.

I declined, therefore, joining the party, but stood with my back to the fire, watching the game.

Vingt-et-un, like other matters, which depend mostly on luck, is a considerable trial for the temper, and the present company did not seem to have much patience to spare; they were more or less in wine, too, and exhibited a great contrast in their manner to the quiet and friendly fashion in which cards are (and should be) usually played at college. The chief cause of this was, that they were playing for higher stakes than they could well afford,—that is to say gambling.

The eternal "make your game," and 'I double you,' were the only words that Mountjoy spoke, as dealer, but he spoke them like a curse. Despite the heat of the room and his intense excitement, his face shone, beneath the bright light of two or three lamps as white as alabaster, and his thin hand shook over the pack like a lily on the dancing Cam; he kept the deal for a short time only, and lost heavily even then, and when he was player he clutched at the cards, before they reached him, like a drowning man.

I shaded my face with my hand, for I was deeply pained, and watched him intently; he had usually "stood" upon his two first cards without drawing another, but he seemed suddenly to change his plan, 'drew' again and again.

"Nine—sixteen; surely you must be over," said the dealer."

"No," said Mountjoy, "thank you, I stand."

Now, on that occasion I happened to see that Laurence *was* over (being twenty-two,) and that he received the stakes instead of paying them. My blood rushed to my head, and I heard my heart beat for a moment at the sight, but I drove the idea of its being intended from me, and watched in hopes that it would not be so again. No, thank Heaven, he is "over" this time, and throws up his cards with a sigh; and now he wins, and now—as I live, he is "content" at twenty-five, and again receives, instead of pays; not twice nor thrice this happens, but twenty times, he is cheating whenever there is an occasion to cheat.

The night—or rather the day—wears on, and still the players sit unweariedly; their lips are parched, their eyes are heated, and they can scarce take up their cards; but not till dawn breaks in through the thin curtains and athwart the dying lamps, does any one leave his seat; then two of them depart for morning chapel—for this is an opportunity to attend morning prayers that rarely occurs to them,—and the rest drop off their perches presently, like moulting birds, and I am left alone with him who was my friend, who cheats his friends and his companions.

"What cursed luck I've had," said he, "twenty pounds ready, and fifty pounds worth of autographs gone besides; but, Lord love you, I've had worse luck than that, and shall have again; and if I don't mind it, why should you old chap? Don't look so confoundedly virtuous, he added, angrily, (for I was looking all I felt) you've done the same before now."

"Never the same Mr. Mountjoy," I replied.

"What do you mean;" said he, hastily, but without remarking on the way I had addressed him; "you've never gambled—do you mean to say that? I like your impudence."

"Gambled perhaps," I answered, "but never cheated sir."

At that word his wan cheeks burnt like two living coals, and he dropped into an arm chair besides me without a word, while a sort of convulsion seemed to pass over his whole face, and his breath came and went with difficulty.

"Mountjoy," I said with pity, and some terror, "be a man; you were drunk and did not know what you did; you lost command over yourself, or you never could have done such a foul thing."

I saw with joy tears gathering in his eyes, and with my face averted from him, appealed to his old nature as well as I was able. I told him what a hold he had once on all our hearts, and how men were turning their backs upon him now; I bade him judge how his whole self was changed by his own altered features, and the strange companions he had chosen. He only answered by a silent passion of tears. I was obliged to put to him some bitter questions for the sake of that I had in view.

"Does any one know of this besides yourself, Laurence?"

He shook his head.

"Is this the first time in all your life that you ever did this thing?"

"The first—the first," he moaned.

I thought, and I think still, that this was true; that he had cheated through a sort of despair of fortune, and in a frenzy rather than in a preconceived and customary plan.

"Have you a Bible in the room, Laurence? Good, I have it here. Now swear to me that you will not touch dice or card again, while you are at the university; swear I say," for I saw he was about to refuse; "or for your own sake as well as that of others, I will proclaim what I have seen this night to the whole college."

Laurence Mountjoy took the oath and kept it; for he left Cambridge that very day and never returned to it, and went I know not whither, but on a way far apart from mine for years, and only across, the memory of my brightest college days, and especially over their scenes of pleasure and excitement, this shadow fell dark and cold.

When I had been at the Bar but ten or eleven years, my opinion (however, strange it may seem) was demanded upon a question of marriage settlements. The circumstance however, I do not deny, was due to my acquaintance with one of the contracting parties, and not to my professional reputation for I had known Lucy Weynall from childhood, and her father had been my father's friend. Lucy was not quite pretty, but had a thousand charming graces of vivacity and expression worth all the prettiness in the world: she sang, she drew, she talked three three or four tongues—and not to be omitted by a lawyer in estimating even a young lady's assets—she had eight thousand pounds in the funds. I had thought more than once, but in an *ex parte* sort of a way, of an alliance with this desirable young person myself; but she had caught me when I was first 'called,' practising before a looking glss in my wig and gown, at her father's country-house, and she never forgot it; whenever afterwards I strove to be tender, she would give her imitation of my looks and gestures on that particular occasion, and I, knowing how little laughter is akin to love, soon stifled my flame with *Coke* and *Littleton*. Still, however, I was very anxious for her happiness, and it was with the utmost astonishment that I discovered the fortunate suitor to be one Captain Laurence Mountjoy.

Mr. Weynall, it seemed, was not altogether satisfied with him or his prospects, but Lucy had set her heart on him, and it was at her own disposal. To my half-joking questions about her lover, she gave me such replies as convinced me that in manners and attractions at least, he was the same who had charmed us all in youth; "but he looks so pale and thin at times," she said, "that I can scarcely bear to look at him." An early day was appointed for me to meet the Captain at Thorney grove—her father's house—and I was impatient until it came. If he blushes or looks confused at seeing me thought I, it will be a good sign; that sad business at college will still haunt his memory, and prove him not to be inured to shame; it was his first and last and worst error perhaps.

I arrived at Mr. Weynall's, and found within doors only that gentleman himself, who bade me seek the young couple in the garden. They were walking together under a trellis work of roses, and never heeded my footsteps. He had his arm around her waist, and was combatting, it seemed, some opinion or scruple of hers, for his musical tones, although I could not hear their sense, caught up and overpowered hers. On a sudden Lucy gave a little scream, and pointed to me, and I then knew that it was I who had been the subject of their debate. As they came forward, she endeavored to disentangle herself from him, but he held her firmly as before. Mountjoy was altered much, both by years and climate; his complexion was almost olive, and a heavy moustache covered his lip.

"What a time it is since we met," said he: "why, when was it that I saw you last?"

"At Cambridge," I replied: "you must remember that, Mountjoy," (for I was not pleased with his coolness and effrontry.)

"Yes," he said, "at Cambridge; to be sure it was; and we had some ridiculous quarrel about *vingt-et-un*."

"Well, don't do it again, for that is just my age, and I don't want to be quarreled about," said Lucy: and the dinner-bell—tocsin of peace—began to sound.

"Across the walnuts and the wine" I heard as much of the soldier's history as he chose to tell. He spoke of his Indian wars, and showed us quite a ladder of medals. He poured out a river of anecdote, all of which he finished off by some moral or prudent reflection; lamented this man's passion for play, another's thirst for excitement, and a third's absurd extravagance; in fact, acted the pattern of a son-in-law-to-be to perfection. When the old gentleman had retired to rest, he was more natural in his communications—he spoke of Indian intrigues, and marriages "on spec;" of the Colonel's fondness for "brag;" of the ease with which Cheroot Races may be won by the crafty; of the "smashes" there had been in the regiment, and in fact exhibited all the *repertoire* of a fast military man:—a bitter wit overflowed his talk, and an utter disbelief in goodness and good men pervaded all;—"as one man of the world talking to another," such and such, he said, were the real truths—viz: just the sort of horrible hopeless gospel, always heralded by that particular expression.

And yet, when he drew himself up to his full height, and wished me "Good-night," with his old bewitching smile, I pressed warmly his outstretched hand, and, long after the echoes of his springy footsteps had died away upon the oaken stairs, I sat over the fading embers, with my mind fuller of sorrow than anger because of him. I had the darkest foreboding about this marriage. I had little doubt but that he was a fallen star, who would fall lower yet, and draw down with him another, pure and bright, and dear to me, from its firmament; and yet I liked him still; what wonder, then, at her affection who knew his strength and not his weakness? How often do we see men like these I thought,—men without a prayer, who have twenty pious lips to pray for them; without love—to call such—and yet so wildly adored; with one look of love they wipe away a hundred wrongs, and when they die their image is enshrined in many a heart, and not the less securely even although those may have been broken. I had no right, without more evidence, to compare Laurence Mountjoy with such men as these but I did do so. It is not hard to find out in London what a man's life has been in India, but I did not consider myself justified in prying into the Captain's past career. Their marriage took place at no distant period, and they went for a tour upon the Continent.

The childless old man, who had no relatives, and but a few friends, came then to visit me more often. Month after month passed by without any sign of their return, and Lucy's letters grew more vague, and Laurence's quite silent as to their movements. He wrote that he found living abroad more expensive than he thought, and generally requested to have more money. Once even he wrote to me a private epistle, "as one man of the world writing to another," about the possibility of getting at the eight thousand pounds, which, according to my own advice, had been, however, put quite safely out of the gallant Captain's reach. Then the correspondence of both of them altogether ceased. Post after post had Mr. Weynall begged of them to let him hear. I myself had not been backward in appealing to Mrs. Mountjoy's filial feelings, or in pointing out to her husband the hazard of offending his father-in-law. I then became convinced that he was preventing her by force; and I proceeded to make inquiries about him. At the Horse Guards I found out that Captain Laurence Mountjoy had sold out of the army some months ago; learnt from the Military Secretary, with whom I had an acquaintance, that his selling out had been compulsory; some gambling transactions had come to light in the regiment since his return to England, "and," said the official, "they were some of the worst cases that ever came under my notice."

My suspicions being thus realized, I offered to the almost frantic father to go in search of the lost sheep, or rather of the wolf and lamb so unfortunately paired. I would not take him with me, as he was the last man in the world fitted to cope with Mountjoy: but he gave me the fullest powers to act for him, and, if it could be any way possible, to bring about a separation.

I went upon my sad errand, among the throng of pleasure seekers, on the noble river which is the most famous in song; all things around were beautiful, and every heart seemed to be enjoying them save mine. A knot of young collegians contrasted, in their super-abundance of high spirits, most painfully with my foreboding thoughts. Wilmot, the youngest of them, and their favorite, reminded me of what Mountjoy once had been, and my heart grew heavy for the boy, in fear.

Wiesbaden; where I naturally intended to first seek the Mountjoys, was also the first halt of these young men. The first afternoon after our arrival, spent by me in fruitless inquiries, was passed by them at the Kursaal, and Wilmot gave me an account that very night of his luck in winning nine five-franc pieces at the gaming-table. I could not help giving him in return the outlines of this very story, but of course without mentioning names, but he interrupted me with, "Why they are here, sir; they were both playing at the Kursaal; I am sure of it; the man quite white on a dark ground, with thick moustachios and sunken eyes; the woman, not good-looking at all, but lady-like."

"Good Heavens! and did you ask their name?"

"Oh yes, my brother told me: everybody knows them here,—Molyneux, Captain and Mrs. Molyneux."

"Thank God," I said; and yet the next moment I doubted whether it would not be better that they should be these than not find them at all, or to find them doing worse. Not certain in my mind, however, I attended the Kursaal as soon as the tables were open on the following day. I sat myself down and held my head low, as though intent upon the game, and watched the company as they dropped in. The table was soon full, except a couple of seats directly opposite to me, which appeared to be reserved by tacit consent for some *habitues*. Presently the man I was in search of entered, with a lady, thickly veiled, upon his arm, and they took their seats. Yes, it was she, but deadly pale and still, looking less like the light-hearted and self-willed Lucy I had known, than some wax automaton. She had been fond of jewelry, and wore it rather in profusion; but there was not an ornament about her now, unless her marriage ring could be so called, which I saw as she stretched out her hand (with the gambling rake in it, alas, alas!) to receive or pay. She seemed to be utterly careless about that matter herself, but when more fortunate than usual, she looked up from the board into her husband's face, as if to glean from it a joy. They played, it was evident, in accordance with some systematic plan, but they did not prosper. I saw Mountjoy's face darkening, and his teeth setting tighter with every revolution of the ball; at last, with a terrible oath, he rose up, and walked rapidly from the room, motioning to his wife to follow him.

The Captain's scheme doesn't answer," said one; "he said he should break the bank as surely as Baron Grimloff did last summer."

"Ah!" said the croupier, imperturbably, "the Baron did not go away with the money, though; and for the Captain's new system, it's as old as the hills."

It was strange to hear the banker thus proclaiming his own invincibility, but he knew well how fast the devotees of the table were bound to him, and, indeed, was answered by a general laugh. I had already risen, and was following the couple into the garden. I overtook the Mountjoys in one of the shaded walks, and it reminded me of the time when I first met them together in the rosary at Thorney Grove; the way in which he laid his hand upon her arm at my approach recalled the manner in which he refused to be shaken off on that occasion. I saw in that grip that he was recalling to her some previous directions, and that he had calculated upon a meeting of this sort.

"Captain Mountjoy or Molyneux," I said, "I have matters of a very serious nature to speak to you upon," (at that beginning his pale cheek grew whiter, and I felt sure, at once, that he had done something to be afraid of, besides the things I knew.)

"Mrs. Mountjoy," I continued, "to you, too, I have some weighty messages from a father whom you possibly may never see again."

"Address yourself to me, if you please, sir," burst forth her husband, violently: but she broke in with, "Tell me, for God's sake, is he here, *sir?* Oh! Laurance, Laurance, let me see our father."

"He is not ill, madam," said I, "unless to be broken-hearted can be called so, but if I return to him without you, I do not doubt that he will die; and at your door, Captain Mountjoy, who have not suffered his daughter to write to him, his death will lie. Shall I return to him to say his son-in-law dare not pass under his own name, and that his daughter is compelled to become a professional gambler in the public rooms of Wiesbaden?"

"You will return to him," replied Mountjoy, savagely, "with a bullet through your heart, if——;" but here poor Lucy, in an agony of tears, and half swooning, entreated to be led home; and we bore her between us to their apartments on the third floor of a neighboring street. They were almost without furniture, and not altogether clean, but with a glass of flowers here and there, and a few other traces of the "grace past neatness" which rarely forsakes a woman. He carried his wife, still sobbing piteously, into an inner room, and returning instantly, motioned me to a chair, and demanded my business.

"May I ask, sir, on the part of Mr. Weynall, why you have not corresponded with him these six months?"

"You know as well and better, sir, than I, (for I believe you put your meddling hand to it,)" he replied, "that he refused a pecuniary request, made on the part of his own daughter, and I do not choose to have anything more to do with such a hard hearted old miser."

"Now supposing," said I, "*as one man of the world talking to another*, it was rather in hopes to bring the old miser into your terms; and supposing that your plan has taken effect, and that I am instructed to pay you half your demand—that is to say, £4000—upon condition that Mrs. Mountjoy returns to her friends?"

I had expected an outburst of rage at this proposal, but he only turned himself to the cabalistic documents upon the table; after a little consideration he answered calmly, "No, I must have £6000."

I was so enraged by this coolness and want of feeling, that I expressed myself with an eloquence that would have carried everything before it at the Old Bailey.

"Swindler! cheat! felon!" I cried (and at the word felon he trembled;) "yes, felon, whom to-morrow may consign to a life-long imprisonment, how dare you make conditions with me?"

But he recovered himself almost immediately, and bade me leave the room.

"To morrow, sir, will see me far from Weisbaden, with her whom your unselfishness is so anxious to divorce from her husband. Do you think," he added, bitterly, as I crossed the threshold, "that I have not heard of the family lawyer, the rejected suitor before now?"

My indiscretion had thus broken off a treaty which had shown signs of being favorably settled. If Lucy could have been got to leave him, the business might have been by this time legally accomplished; but what was to be done now? I went straight to my young steamboat acquaintance, in whose quickness I had great confidence, and laid before him the circumstances.

He repaired with me to the office of his brother, an *attache*, who took a great interest in the whole case. I procured the assistance of a couple of soldiers, with full instructions as to how they were to proceed, and returned with them to the lodgings of Mountjoy. I left my myrmidons outside, and entering found the Captain alone, but with a crowd of boxes about him, and everything ready for departure. I said, "I am come once more to repeat my offer of this morning."

He laughed scornfully, and replied,—"Since you are so hot about it, sir, you must give £8,000 for the lady. I will take no less: in two hours it will be too late; go to your hotel in the meantime, and debate the question of "'Love or money.'"

"You do not move from this place unless I wish," I answered. At a sign from me the soldiers entered, and I continued, "You are now arrested for living under an assumed name, and possessing a forged passport; and you will be confined in prison until graver charges which may be brought against you shall have been substantiated."

The last sentence was a happy addition of my own, and had a great success.

"Well," he said with an appearance of frankness, "you have out-manœuvred me, I confess; withdraw your forces, and pay me the £4000, and I will perform my part of the business."

The men retired.

"Shall I take an oath before you, or will my word suffice?" said he.

"Sir," I replied, "the results of the last oath you took in my presence have not been such as to induce me to ask you for another."

He said nothing, but a flash came which forcibly recalled the same in his rooms at the College. I drew up a document for him to sign, which bound him by the strongest tie—viz: his own interest—never to claim Lucy as his wife again, and he signed it; while I, on my part, gave him a cheque for the money. At that moment in came his poor wife, with her traveling dress and bonnet on.

"You may take those things off again," said her husband calmly; "we are not going away."

She looked from one to the other with a sort of hope just awakening in her tear-worn face.

"You are going home to your father, Lucy;" he added.

"Thank God, thank God!" she said, "and thank you Laurence. How happy you have made me; we will go together to him, and to the dear old place, and never leave him; we will forget all the rest, won't we dear husband, won't we?"

"Mrs. Mountjoy," I said "your husband cannot accompany you; it would not be possible for your father to see him even if he chose to go which he does not." I was vexed that she should cling to this rotten tree. I had been too much accustomed to Divorce Bills, and Breach of promise Actions not to understand the love that cleaves to its chosen object, through disgrace, neglect, and crime.

"I do not leave my husband," said she quietly, "until death doth us part." She stood erect, and laid her hand upon his shoulder, but with a mournful look: it was the dignity of love, but also of despair.

He quietly and coldly put her arm away.

"It is better for us both Lucy," he said; "I wish it to be so: I would rather he added, with some effort, "that you never saw my face again."

She gave a short, sharp cry, and fell heavily on the floor.

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For many days she lay fever-stricken, and delirious; Mrs. Wilmot herself nursed her, and scarcely ever left her side. That poor girl banished from her husband, without a friend of her own sex, and in a foreign land, was indeed a case to excite sympathy in any heart. When she returned to consciousness, the face hanging over her sweet eyes was that of her own father; it was his tremulous voice that answered, when she said "Laurence! Laurence!" Nevertheless when the mist over her mind quite cleared away, she did not refuse to be comforted, even at first. Whatever others might have said about her husband, whatever proofs of his unworthiness might have been shown to her, she would have disbelieved, or she would have forgiven, but his own renunciation of her cut like a sharp sword her heart strings from him. She never asked to go to him again. He became to her an ideal being; the portrait she possessed of him, the lock of golden hair, the love letters he had once written to her were memorials of a far other than he who had said to her, "I would rather that you never saw my face again." She was taken back to the old house, and grew resigned, and in time almost cheerful. She must have suffered many and terrible things and her nature recovered itself slowly at the touch of kindness, as the drooping flower opens to the sun. The old man became almost young again, and scarcely ever left her; he is fuller of kindness towards me than ever, but not so is Lucy, and I am not wanted at Thorny Grove I can see. I had a difficult mission to perform when I went to Wiesbaden, and I did not do it as well perhaps, as the *attache* would have done it; from first to the last, I did my best however, and with nothing but her good before my eyes.

Some few years after these circumstances, I spent a vacation in Paris, alone. I went from sight to sight, until I lost all interest for such things. One day I had climbed up the tower of Notre Dame, and its giddy height, and surveying the great city, my thoughts reverted to Mountjoy, and his *roque-et-noir* plans. "And whether," I asked, "in this great outstretched city, does that hapless man abide? Friendless, and doubtless beggard by this time, does he still walk the earth, and remembers he his forsaken wife, and does he look back upon his earlier days?"

I know that I said these things to myself then, and not afterwards; I felt my eyes wandering back to the sad building that stands by itself so barely across the Place, whenever I strove to look; and I left the stately cathedral with a certain step, knowing that I should look upon Laurence Mountjoy. Drowned and stark there he lay indeed, but not to be mistaken by me for any other: he might have lain in Paris Morgue until the judgment day without being claimed, but that I went and found him. The officials thought, from various suspicious circumstances, that he had been thrown in, in short, murdered: but I can well believe that he sought refuge voluntarily in the deep, swift-running stream.

What an end for the once blithe spirit, so glorious in hope, so ardent in love, so genial in fancy, left, thus dishonored, in the sight of a strange city! I caused him to be buried in a quiet resting place, without the town, and stood beside his grave a solitary, but not unpitying mourner.

I too, like poor Lucy, "make a picture in my brain," of him at far other times, and only when I chance to see her smileless face, and those dark widow's weeds, do I think involuntarily, and with a shudder, of him who was lost—at cards.

From the Phila. Sunday Dispatch.

THE RED HAND:

A TALE OF FEARFUL REVENGE.

CHAPTER I.

"Life's but a walking shadow—a poor player"—*Shakspeare.*

"Let me die to sweet music."—*J. W. Shuckers.*

"Go forth, Clarence Stanley! Hence to the bleak world, dog! You have repaid my generosity with the blackest ingratitude.—You have forged my name on a five thousand-dollar check—have repeatedly robbed my money drawer—have perpetrated a series of high-handed villanies—and now to-night, because, forsooth, I'll not give you more money to spend on your dissolute companions you break a chair over my aged head. Away! You are a young man of small moral principle. Don't ever speak to me again!"

These harsh words fell from the lips of Horace Blinker, one of the proud merchant