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DR. HOFFER, NENTIST ... OFFICE, Front Street 4th door Columbia, Pa. DE Entrance, between the Book and Dr. Herr's Drug Store. [August 21, 1858]

THOMAS WELSH. JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Columbia, Pa.

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Prompt attention given to all business entrusted
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November 28, 1857.

DR. G. W. MIFFLIN,
the Odd Fellows Hall, Columbia, Pa.
Columbia, May 3, 1856.

H. M. NORTH, A TTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW Collections, promptly made, in Lancaster and York Sounties. Columbia, May 4, 1850.

J. W. FISHER, Attorney and Counsellor at Law. Columbia, Columbia, Columbia, Sentember 6, 1856-11 DRATT & BUTCHER'S Magic Oil, a new sup-

Property of the property of th SHAKER CORN .-- A fresh lot of Shaker Corn, for sale by HENRY SUYDAM, ov. 12, 1858. Corner live SuyDAM, DROF: E. II. FLAGG'S Instantaneons Relief. R. WILLIAMS, Front stree November 6, 1853.

FRESH supply of Extracts for the Handkerchief, such as, Rose Geranium, Jasmin ney Suckle, Spring Flowers, Hestiosium, Winter ssoms, Tuberose, Frangipannii, "Kissme quickly," a variety of others 100 numerous to mention. R. WILLIAMS,

SUPERIOR assortment of Puff Boxes, ust received and for sale by 6.258. R. WILLIAMS.

GEORGE J. SMITH, WHOLESILE and Retail Bread and Cake VV Baker.—Constantly on hand a variety of Cakea too nuneerous to mention: Crackers; Soda, Wine, Seroll and Sugar Bascuit; Confectionery, or every description, Ac. Ac.

1.00 UST STRIFT, Feb. 2, 56.

Between the Bank and Franklin House.

TUST received, three dozen Dr. Brunon's Vegetable Bitters, a certain cure for Dyspepsia, also, a fresh lot of Sap Sago and Pine Apple Cheese, Farina and Corn Stazeh, at D. HERR'S Sept 5, 1857.

Geocery and Liquor Store.

TUST RECEIVED, a beautiful assortment of Glass Ink Stunds, at the lews Depot. Columbia, April 18, 1857.

Preparations for the Hair. RANGIPANNI PONADE, Vegetable Nutritive, Lyon's Katharion, good of Hulus Fau Interact Antique Oil, Barry's Tricopherous, Wood's Harr Restorative, Oldridge's Balm of Columbia, Just re-ceived and for sule by Nov. 6, 988.

SUST; RECEIVED.

A T the Golden Moriar Drng Store, an extra quality of Lyon's Pure Ohio Catawha Brandy. Also, pure fleat Starch, Bi-Carlionate of Soda, Olive Oil for table use, Cox'e Sparking Gelantine, Hecker Furna, Oswego Corn Starch, Creum of Tariar. All kinds of Spices; Garden, Hemp and Canary Seed. Musch 27, 1539 CHEWING TOBACCO.

AT HENRY PFAHLER'S, Locust street, opposite the Franklin House, can be had CUBA LEAF, CONGRES*, and several other brands of the best Chewing Tobaccoe, to which the attention of chewers is mysted. May 1, 1859. IMPORTED Lubin's, also, Glenn's Double Extracts, Feb. 19, 559. Opposite Cola. Bridge, Front St.

NOTICE. GO TO FENDRICH & BRO'S for the Best The Best Sweet Caventish,

" Twist,"
" Tench Leaf,
" Pench Leaf,
can be bought cheaper of Fendrich & Bros., than elsewhere. The only established wholesale and retail
Tobacconists in Columbia.
FRONT STREET ABOVE LOCUST.
March 12, 1858.

Commonwealth Insurance Co., TNION BUILDINGS, Third street, Harrisburg,

CHARTERED CAPITAL, \$200,000. Insure Buildings and other Property against loss or damage by fire. Also, against perils of the Sea, Inland Navigation and Transportation.

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Packer.
OFFICERS:—SIMON CAMERON, President,
BENJ. PARKE, Vice President, S. S. CARRIER, Secretary. H. H. FRY, Agent, Columbia, Pa. August 23, 1856.

BAGLEY'S GOLD PENS. FRESH lot of lot A. G. Bagley's Gold Pens or different sizes and prices, just received, at SAYLOR & McDONALD'S, BAYLOR & McDONALD'S, and door above Locust. March 27, 1855.

DROOMS, -- 100 Doz. Brooms, at Wholesale H. PFAHLER'S, Locust street. or Retail, at Dec. 12, 1857. CINE'S Compound of Syrup of Tar, Wild

Cherry and Hoarhound, for the cure of Coughs ids, Whooping Cough, Croup. &c. For sail and MCCORKLE & DELLETT'S Family Medicine Store, Odd Fellows' Half C. D. HOTTENSTEIN, M. D., CURGON AND PHYSICIAN, Columbia, Pa. Office in the rooms lately occupied by Dr. L. Sheet. May 14, 1859-if.

Patent Steam Wash Boilers.

THESE well known Boilers are kept constantly o hand at HENRY PFAHLER'S, HENRY PFAHLER'S, Columbia, July 18, 1857. ()ats for sale by the bushel or larger quan-

July by Columb ia Dec. 25, 1558. FXTRA and Superfine Flour, Buckwheat

Flour, Corn Meai, and whole Corn and Onis, a corner of Third and Union streets. [Jan. 8, 39. THORN'S Extract of Copaina and Sarsapatilla, fo

Noetry.

The Book.

BY F. F. COZZENS I lent my love a book one day, She brought it back, I laid it by; "Twas little either had to say-

She was so strange and I so shy, But yet we loved indifferent things-The sprouting buds, the birds in time; And time stood still and wreathed his wing With rosy links from June to June.

For her, what task to dare or do? What peri! tempt? What hardship bear? But with her! ah! she never knew My heart and what was hidden there! And she with me, so cold and coy, Seemed like a maid bereft of sense,

But in a crowd, all life and joy And full of blushful impudence. She married! we!l, a woman needs A mate, her life and love to share. And little cares sprang up like weeds, And played around her elbow chair;

And years rolled by, but I content, Trimmed my own lamp and kept it bright, Till age's touch my hair bespent With rays and gleams of silver light.

And then it chanced, I took the book Which she had read in days gone by, And as I read such passion shook My frame, I needs must frown or cry;

For here and there her love was writ In old bulf-faded pencil signs, As if she yielded, bit by bit,
Her heart, in dots and underlines.
Ah, silvered fool! too late you look! I know it: let me here record This maxim, "lend no maid a book, Unless you read it afterward."

Selections.

A Painter's Treasure.

Michael Angelo Cerquozzi was a Roman nainter who lived in the middle of the seventeenth century. His clever paintings of pastorals, markets, fairs and scenes of low life, gained him the name of Michael Angelo delle Bambocciate. He excelled especially in the painting of battles, whence he was also called Michael Angelo of the Battle-field. Michael Angelo had occasion one day to paint a St. John the Evangelist, but his habit of employing ridiculous and grotesque types made it difficult to find a he walked towards Tivoli and called on Alculty.

"Here, Giacinto!" cried the sculptor. 'come and show yourself!'

Giacinto was a handsome young man of about twenty, who for some months past had lived with Algardi, serving him as

"I am no longer surprised, Algardi, that our pious Roman ladies pray with such fersaid Michael Angelo.

"If the lad suits you, I'll make him over to you with the greatest pleasure.' Michael Angolo did not observe the singular expression with which Algardi uttered

the two last words. "Are you willing to follow me?" he asked

the young man.

"Yes, if you'll promise me to teach me how to paint."

"I wish you better luck with the brush

than with the chisel," said Algardi. Giacinto, the son of Giovanni Brandi; an embroidery designer, had hitherto manifested no desire to attain a more clovated a beautiful night; innumerable stars twinkposition art than his father, and if Algardi led in the heavens; a cool and perfumed showed him but little affection, this was partly caused by the small advantage he day; it was just the time for a walk; had derived from the lessons of the great and Michael Angelo got easily over the first ful a calling?" sculptor. His conduct at the outset of his three miles. In a little time, however, career as the pupil of Michael Angelo was heated by the exertion of walking, our travnot very favorable, after covering a canvas eler began to feel the air moist and heavy. with colors, he examined it with scrupulous attention, and when forced to confess that brow. His legs felt stiff, and he was obliged ter-piece, he trampled it under foot, exclaiming:

fame or money!"

and morose. Each morning as soon as ing:

"If it were to save my life I could go no ted brush and palette; he became taciturn himself down at the foot of a tree, exclaim withdrew to some isolated spot, and re- further!" mained there till night, buried in sombre

"I think I have seen that head somewhere."

an abominable daub." painting them. Follow my example."

scenes of low life; for regularly every Mon-

Some five or six canvases had been used once more toward Rome. in this way, when one Monday morning Gi- As he left the hill he was assailed by acinto again abandoned the pallet and re- fresh perplexities. He reflected that his lalapsed into those fits of melancholy which bors had not been wholly concealed by the had latterly disappeared as they had come, shades of night. Might not some unseen TOBACCO and Segars of the best brands, without apparent reason. Michael Angelo witness have watched his departure in or-BRUNER'S. noticed this sudden change, and was der to possess himself of an easy prey? of this girl's conduct, and the more than to assure himself he was not the dupe of an only me, and that the attractions of oven to the other, she was notorious for her pow-

tioned, he could not help saying reproach-

"Yes, he'll come to a bad end," replied

the sculptor, shortly. And he changed the subject, as if he vished to avoid further explanation.

Michael Angelo then recollected the pleasure which Algardi had expressed on giving up Giacinto to him as a model; coupling this remembrance with the well known selfishness of the sculptor, who would certainly not have parted so easily with a lad who gave him satisfaction, he became seriously uneasy, and by the time he reached home his mind was filled with indefinite apprehensions. An exclamation which he heard by chance brought his uneasiness to a climax, and struck terror into his soul.

"Money! money! even if I rob or murder for it!"

It was Giacinto's voice.

difficulty, went straight up to the young man and said:

"Giacinto get your things together, and leave my house this very evening-not to return; do you understand?" "Yes, master," he answered; and, with-

out making any further remark, set about making preparations for his departure. Reflecting on Giacinto's prompt submis-

which he left the house, Michael Angelo his dagger; but seeing only a young girl, was more disturbed than ever. He hastened who hastily disappeared as if frightened by to his bedroom, drew out from under his his menacing gesture, Michael Angelo rebed a box, which he opened hurriedly, and sumed his seat. After a few minutes he exclaimed: "Thank God!-the crime has not been

it is indifferent to him whether he is inside or outside the house, and that his plans are so well laid that he feels sure of success!" To account for the anxiety evinced by Michael Angelo, it must be explained that he was not used to have in his possession any large sum of money, but it had so happened that only the week before several noblemen proper model, and in pursuit of his want had sent him the price of various commissions. Our painter, had not intended to gardi, one of the most famous sculptors of keep these moneys long in his possession, the period, to whom he confided his diffi. as he feared lest they should deprive him of his most precious treasure—his cheerfulness. But at that period, the only place in Rome in which money could be safely deposited him. was the Monte-di-Picta, to the use of which Michael Angelo felt an invincible repugnance; he was therefore awaiting some more satisfactory opportunity, when the me, I am sure you would speak to me more imminence of the danger to which he be- gently." lieved himself exposed, pointed out to him vor to the saints turned out of your studio," the necessity of coming to a decision, and

executing it promptly. He remembered that, when he returned you to let me look under the stone on which rom Algardi's, he had noticed at some distance from the main road, in a wild spot surrounded by rocks, a dark and deep cave, at sight of which he had exclaimed:

"That is the very place for a miser to bury his treasure in!"

His resolution was instantly taken. "Now," said he, putting the box under his arm "let the robber come when he pleases; he will find neither man nor money." The box was heavy, and the distance from Rome to the cave about ten miles. It was breeze had succeeded to the heat of the

Drops of perspiration cozed from his increase; he passed it from under one arm "I shall never be a great painter! Yet," to the other, and from shoulder to shoulder, he added, in a lower voice, "I must have but only succeeded in increasing his sense Giacinto." of general fatigue. At last, yielding to the For the space of a month Giacinto neglec- absolute necessity of taking rest, he threw

The night was wearing away, the stars cinto reappeared in the studio with a more Angelo could not remain eternally under self." cheerful countenance, and energetically the tree with his box; some determination commenced sketching the head of a ma- must be arrived at. Just at the spot where he was sitting, the road passed at the foot "That's not amiss," said Michael Angelo, of a hill, half-way up the sides of which fragments of rock jutted out here and there "If you had seen it master," replied the This place appeared to him much less seoung man hastily, "you would think this cure than the cave he had in view, yet, as there seemed nothing better to be done, he "You young goose!-when I was your determined to bury his box there, even if age, I also thought the madonna of my he returned for it a few days later, when dreams far superior to those created by my he had entirely recovered from his fatigue. brush; that was perhaps why I gave up He therefore climbed, and not without difficulty, up to a sort of seat formed naturally But it was very apparent that Giacinto's by a piece of rock, under which, with the occation was to paint madonnas rather than help of his dagger, he dug a hole in which he placed the box; he then covered it with day, after having spent Sunday in wander- earth, and over all placed some tufts of ing about Tivoli, he rubbed out the madonna grass in such a way as to deceive the sharpof the preceeding week and began a new est eye. This done, he regained the high road, and free from his burthen, turned

gardi, Giacinto's name having been men- ment; he hastily retraced his steps, and How is it, moreover, that you have reap- pressed Michael Angelo's hand. Brandi.

"I see you, wretch!" cried Michael An-

Startled by the voice, Giacinto did not which led round the hill. Michael Angelo hurried to the stone; the

touched. He breathed freely.

young man of twenty!"

Michael Angelo's perplexity was now great; his exhausted strength would not allow him to return to Rome with the box; to return without it was to bid his money an eternal farewell. What was to be done? One course alone seemed practicable: it was Michael Angelo, containing himself with that of seating himself on the stone, spending his day there, and at night digging up the box and codeavoring to reach the city, where he would hasten to lodge his money in that very Monti-di-picta which, only the day before, had inspired him with such in-

surmountable antipathy. Michael Angelo had already spent two hours scated upon his stone, when he heard a slight sound a little way behind him .sion and the apparent tranquility with His first impulse was to spring up and seize after I had given you the dismissal which saw the same girl re-appear at another spot, peering cautiously through the bushes, and accomplished. But," thought he, may it again disappearing on finding herself obnot be that, for the completion of his crime, served. After looking at her for a moment he exclaimed:

"Heavens! Giacinto's madonna!" The mystery was now completely solved; doubtless this hill was the haunt of brigands, and Giacinto was one of them; as to the madonna, her employment was that of watching for travelers and giving notice to

the band. Michael Angelo; dagger in hand, held himself in readiness for whatever might happen. Once more he saw the young girl re-ap-

pear, and this time she did not endeavor to conceal herself; but walked timidly up to "What do you want?" he asked, harshly. "Forgive me, signor," she repled, with

"Once more, what do you want?" "I want," replied the young girl, offended by the roughness of his manner, "I want

on are sitting to see if there is not som thing there which I want." Michael Angelo sprang up and looked around him, convinced that he must be sur- his daughter happy!" rounded by bandits; but he was alone with the young girl. While gazing at her, lost man. in amazement at her effrontery, he saw her

stoop down and examine beneath the seat. "Enough!" cried he, pushing her away; 'I warn you that I am in no patient humor.' It was now the young girl's turn to be ost in amazement.

"Whom do you take me for, signor?" "For a daughter of Satan, ill-disguised as an angel. Are you not ashamed-you so the sound of which our lovers turned pale. young and beautiful-to follow so disgrace-

The young girl's cheeks blushed scarlet

and tears gathered to her eyes. "I should be glad," said Michael Angelo, his hand. in a softened tone, "to see in those blushes a sign of shame, and in those tears a symp at his first trial he had not produced a mas- to slacken his pace. In proportion, as he tom of repentance; perhaps, my poor child, felt tired, the weight of the box seemed to your heart is not yet entirely corrupted; perhaps it is not yet too late to save you, by support, and I have made myself their addown or no. Such, however, we regret to plunged once more into suspicious by this resnatching you from the fatal influence of

"Giacinto!" exclaimed the young girl; then you know all?"

"Yes, I know all; or rather, I have guessed it: it is Gaicinto's love and wicked counsels which have led you astray."

"Giacintol" she cried, with sparkling eyes; "Giacinto is worthy of my love, and I gelo of the Battle-field; I will place him were paling, the rosy tint of morning was am proud of his; it is cowardly in you to ac- with Lafranc, who paints such levely Vir But after one of these solitary fits, Gia- just preping above the horizon; Michael cuse him when he is not here to defend him-

peared as the young girl uttered the last week's time." At the sight him Michael Angelo felt certain that his time was come.

"Whatever your number may be," he ried, grasping his dagger, "you and yours may make sure that I will sell my life dearly." Giacinto looked with surprise at Michael

Angelo. "Master," he said, "I am alone and unrmed." "Unarmed! I can't see beneath the folds

f your cloak. Alone! These rocks may conceal many more besides yourself." "Why, master-whom do you take for?" said the young man in his turn. "Whom do I take you for?-why, for-

But Giacinto's eves expressed such perfect

"What were you doing here before daybreak?" he said, "and what is the meaning

there on his knees, close to the stone which peared so unexpectedly? What interest conceoled his treasure, gazing anxiously brings you both to this seat, under which about him, was a man. It was Giacinto you both appear to be seeking something?" "Master," replied Giacinto, "in the present state of things mystery is useless-I

love Teresa." "I guessed as much; do you suppose that even wait to ascertain whence it had come, I did not recognize in the signora the six or but sprang up and disappeared down a path | eight madonnas which marked your passage through my studio?"

"I came here Sunday after Sunday," contufts of grass were intact; nothing had been | tinued Giacinto, "to gaze upon her lovely face, and I always returned to you with the "The villain must have followed me all hope that love, as with the stroke of a fairy the way from Rome, and watched my every wand, would suffice to transform me into a movement. What horrible depravity in a great painter; but, alas! I was forced to acknowledge that, as you had told me, wishes alone will not make an artist."

"Wherefore this impatience to become great painter?" asked Michael Angelo.

"When I made known my love to Teresa's father, he answered me; "I will only give my daughter to a great artist, or to a man who has plenty of money." "Now I begin to understand," said Michael Angelo.

"The last time I saw Teresa, she told me

hat her father had arranged a rich marriage for her. Ireturned home desperate, and seeing no time was allowed me cither to become illustrious or rich, I resolved---" "To take a short cut to fortune," said

you took so quietly." "Quietly, indeed," answered Giacinto. for, as I was about to tell you, I had resolved to die that I might not see this marriage, which, by depriving me of hope, fills up the measure of my sorrow. If you see me here, it is because I wish to take a last farewell of this spot, where I have been used to meet Theresa, and of this stone, which has been the safe depository of our

correspondence." "Then," said Michael Angelo, "when I saw you stooping this morning--?"

"It was to leave my last message-the letter in which I announced to Teresa my despairing resolution. A voice which I fancied that of her father called out to me 'I see you, wretch!' This frightened me, and I fled, carrying with me the letter, which I had not time to conceal."

"And," interrupted Teresa, "it was the tope of finding a letter from Gincinto, which brought me here when you received me ignor, in so strange a fashion."

In the face of so perfectly frank and simple an explanation, it was impossible for some hesitation; "if you knew what brings Michael Angelo to doubt any longer. "Well, well, my children," said he, taking their hands, "you may congratulate your-

> selves upon having made me pass a wretch. ed night and an uncomfortable day." "How so?" "I will tell you another time; at present we've something else to do. Who is this

hard-hearted father who refused to make "You know him, master," said the young

you anywhere but in Giacinto's pictures," said Michael Angelo.

"I did not often leave my aunt's room

and my father forbade me to enter his studio. I am Algardi's daughter, signor." At this instant a voice was heard, which Michael Angelo at once recognized, and at for the money a little while;' she will come

It was the voice of the sculptor. "I expected as much!" he cried. But before he could say any more, Michael Angelo stepped up to him, holding out

"One word, my friend," he said. "You here, and with them, Michael An-

gelo!" he exclaimed. "These poor children stand in need of vocate," said Michael Angelo. "I will never give my daughter to Gia-

cinto," cried Algardi. "But have you not said that you will give her to a great painter?"

"Well-and if I have?" "Giacinto will never do any good, either with Algardi the Sculptor, or Michael Angins, and I promise you that he will be

heard of before two years are passed. "Two years?-it will then be too late; my It was indeed Giacinto, who suddenly ap- daughter will be married in less than a

> "How many sequins does your future sonin-law possess?" asked Michael Angelo. "Three thousand," replied Algardi. "Giacinto can put down four thousand at this moment.'

chael Angelo, unable to determine whether he was in jest or earnest. "If that's the case," said Algardi

fuse the husband she herself prefers." away the earth from under the stone, drew he has not left daylight forever. out the box and presented it to Algardi, enying:

"Count! Thank God." he added. "the I have found an investment for it which will save me from all further trouble." Whilst Algardi was handling the money

last-that is to say, the present-Mrs. Younghusband, our suspicious friend could is to be derived from any experiments of the not forbear testing her conjugal devotion .--There was not, we beg to state, the very slightest ground for such a proceeding; the gentleman is a good-looking, smooth-faced personage, of peaceful appearance-being, indeed, a clergyman-and the lady looks up to him (he having considerably the advantage in point of years) with the affectionate reverence that is his due; they get on, in short, exceedingly well together, and he is not so addicted as so experienced a matri- him on the muster circuit, when he was in monialist might be forgiven for being, to the height of his fame, but must have adthrowing at her the good behavior of his mired his prodigious versatility of formi-

other wives, whenever she displeases him. northward, that the idea of the unwarrantable proceeding which we are about to re-There was a moment of silence, during late entered suddenly into his foolish old untiring energies! which Algardi, Giacinto and Teresa gazed noddle. Most persons have heard of the with inquiring looks into the face of Mi- Box Tunnel-the largest but one, if not the that O'Connell ever figured in, took place largest, of the Tartarean roads for which English railways are celebrated; the ordi- he was called to the bar, his character and nary Great Western speed lessens as its peculiar talents received rapid recognition length, "I love my daughter too well to re. trains burrow under the long hill, and only from all who were even ensually acquainted a well-like shaft at rare intervals assures with him. His talent for vituperative lan-Michael Angelo stooped down, raked the passenger that, in spite of appearances, guage was perceived, and by some he was,

Younghusbands got in at Bath a young dra- in Doublin, a certain woman, Biddy Morigoon, hirsute and of a martial countenance, innocence that Michael Angelo stopped Monte-di-Pieta will not have my money, and at sight of whom the wary Benedict-or Benedictissimus—thus soliloquized as they She was a virago of the first order, very were about to enter the tunnel: "Now will able with her fist, and still more formidable I prove my Angelina, that she loves me and with her tongue. From one end of Dublin

it weighs."

man, and of leaving them in the way of his This precious interval he employed in spouse, with the intention of provoking her counterfeiting with renewed care his milito jealousy, and, by that roundabout method, tary vis a-vis; he fortunately possessed a to love—the final result of which too inge- very long neck; and by craning round, he nious contrivance was that she obtained a even succeeded in saluting the dear girl separation.

do not think their general adoption in do-self with the handsome dragoon beyond Michael Angelo, "by following me last night, mestic circles would be advisable. One in- all question with her. stance only do we know wherein any method other than the straightforward has in the excessive dismay when his Angelina, after

wife should leave a cigar box in his study, sion of feminine innocence. and come in upon him unexpectedly at the He told her to let down the window. second whiff, while he was leaning his body which had been closed during the passage, half out of the window, to prevent the possi- in so sharp a marital tone that the dragoon bility of annoyance to her from the delicate looked up in chivalric pity for her, and perfume? Or, would it be fair to Mrs. ----? drove Mr. Y. thereby to the confines of mad-But that is the very matter we are coming ness; nor was it without difficulty that he to, which, affording as it does a warning to repressed his indignation until that disturbous experiments upon the virtue of their himself and his abandoned helemate were fellow-creatures, must by no means be dis- once more alone together.

missed in a pargraph. Mr. Younghushand, although he has been you as we came through the tunnel, and married a good deal more than once, is nev- you know it!" ertheless-singular to say-somewhat suspicious of women. Far from being in gen-"I do not remember, signora, to have seen eral an admirer of Lord Byron or his opinions, he yet agrees with that poet in ascribing very considerable influence over the softer sex to opportunity. "If a woman sees a becoming bonnet that she knows she can never afford to buy, sir, and the milliner says 'It's no consequence, ma'am, I can wait home with that bonnet upon her head, or in a bandbox, to a certainty. They can't re-

sist it, sir, for resistance isn't in 'em." Such being Mr. Y's openly expressed opinion, one would imagine that he would be the last person to make experiments of a sansitive kind upon his own better halvesthat the attraction of the earth being settled, he would not be throwing apples into the air all day to see whether they would come say, is the fact; and even in the case of the ply; but he has made up his mind to believe

It was during their wedding tour, and mirable; his humor flowed without effort or while they were journeying from Bristol art. What jokes he uttered, what sarcaumi

upon the cheek that was, according to their However allowable and innocent these relative positions, away from him-thereby, little experiments may be in themselves, we as he imagined, placing the identity of him-Conceive, therefore, Mr. Younghusband's end succeeded. It is the case of a certain suffering him with much equanimity to rich old lady, who, whenever one of her "graze"-as he subsequently expressed it, daughters gets "engaged," insists upon ac- to Mrs. Y's indignation-for a considerable companying her and her intended upon an period, very quietly kissed him ngain. In nial one, to Switzerland or some other for- never, probably, any precedent for a swain

"experimental trip," before the matrimo- the wole annals of love-making there was eign country. If the gentleman acquits so singularly discomfited; if she had but himself with unselfishness and good temper slapped his face, he would have thanked amid all his trials of getting passports vised her from the bottom of his heart. Mr. and of taking care of luggage, he is permit- Younghusband had often had occasion to ted to carry off his prize; but if he exhibit, moralise, professionally, upon the vile hyunder any circumstances, the cloven hoof, pocrisy of the human family; but he had he gets his conge from mamma. We are never before beheld, as he thought, so trebound to say this plan has proved most suc- mendous an example of it as he read in his cessful; and indeed it is perhaps only, after | Angelina's face when it emerged from that all, a measure of extreme precaution, and Box Tunnel. Had she been a Sister of cannot well be called by any harsher name. Charity, who had employed herself through-Would it be fair to Mr. Younghusband out the darkness in telling beads or saying imself, who is forbidden to smoke, or even her prayers, she could not have presented to to frequent the company of smokers, if his his astonished gaze a more child-like expres-

all persons who are tempted to make danger- or of his peace had left the carriage, and

"Madam." cried he. "that fellow

"But how do you know it?" asked Mrs. Younghusband, with a comical twinkle of her eye that would have disarmed a pacha. "And you kissed him again!" continued he, in vain endeavoring to keep warm his jealous wrath.

"Only once," replied Angelina, laughing -"only once and away."

It was impossible that even Mr. Younghusband could hold out any longer in his unwarrantable suspicions, so he relapsed at, once into confidence and the domestic affections. "But, Angelina, my love, do tell me how did you know it was me?"

very easily; it's as different as possible when a person has moustaches and when a person has not!" Mr. Younghusband, who had been upon the point of regaining tranquility, was

this, at all events—that nothing satisfactory

"Know?" answered she naively, " why.

dangerous character of the above. Mr. O'Connell and Mrs. Moriarty.

It was at an Irish court of justice that Mr. O'Connell could be seen to createst advantage. Every quality of the lawyer and the advocate he displayed. He showed research and perfect mastery of his profession, and he exhibited his own great and innate qualities. Who that ever beheld duble powers. His pathos was often ad-How well he worked his case through, never throwing away a chance, never relaxing his

One of the drollest scenes of vituperation in the early part of his life. Not long after even in those days, considered matchless as

In the same first class carriage with the a scold. There was, however, at that time, arty, who had a huckster's stall on one of the quays nearly opposite the Four Courts.

alarmed by it. In a visit he paid to Al- This thought came upon him as a presenti- singular manner in which she accosted me? lillusion, Teresa and Giacinto gratefully this handsome here would be quite thrown away upon her." So, in the darkness and "By the by," said the latter to Giacinto, the thunder of their subterranean journey "you shall carry the box back; it is only this cunning man leaned forward in his fair that you also should know how much seat-so that his face would seem to come from the opposite side, where sat the soldier-and on the lips of his unsuspicious Billets-Doux and Busses. consort imprinted an experimental kiss .-A number of funny things turn up in that He was back again, and wearing an unconexcellent institution for the relief of hus- scious countenance as they whirled beneath band and wife, the new Divorce Court of the shaft, when the momentary light re-London. Misery and folly seem to divide vealed his bride-O heavens!-as quiet, comthe causes of marital disagreement about posed, and innocent of anything having just equally between them. Here, for instance, occurred, as himself! Again this deceiver is a story, which did come out there, and did it; again and again; as many kisses did another which might lead there, and both he bestow upon her as there were shaftsabout equally illustrative of the absurdity and still the lady took them, and made of unsatisfied and self-tormenting humanity: neither sign nor scream. Mr. Younghus-In the report of a matrimonial difference band was almost out of his mind with jealrecently exhibited before the Court afore- ousy, and ready to tear from his head that said to public admiration, the husband was hair among which the fingers of Time had shown to have adapted from the stage to already been gleaning. There was but a private life a singular method of regaining very little darkness now remaining wherein his wife's lost affections. He borrowed from the star of Angelina's constancy might yet the "Love Chase" the idea of writing billets display itself-the space between the lust doux to and from an imaginary young we- shaft and the termination of the tunnel.