

THE COLUMBIA SPY.

SAMUEL WRIGHT, Editor and Proprietor.

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

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DR. HOFFER,
DENTIST—OFFICE, Front Street 4th door
from Locust, over Taylor & McDonald's Book Store.
Columbia, Pa. 17701. Entrance, between the Book and Dr. Herz's Drug Store. (August 21, 1859)

THOMAS WELSH,
OFFICE, in Whipple's New Building, below
Hick's Hotel, Front Street.
17701. Entrance, between the Book and Dr. Herz's Drug Store. (August 21, 1859)

DR. G. W. MEEHAN,
DENTIST, Locust street, a few doors above
the old Fellows' Hall, Columbia, Pa.
Columbia, Pa. 17701.

H. M. NORTH,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
Columbia, Pa.
Collections promptly made in Lancaster and York Counties, Columbia, Pa. 17701.

J. W. FISHER,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
Columbia, Pa.
Columbia, Pa. 17701.

C. D. ROYENSTEIN, M. D.,
SURGEON AND PHYSICIAN, Columbia, Pa.
Office in the rooms lately occupied by Dr. L. S. Fisher.
May 14, 1859.

S. Atlee Borkius, D. D. S.
PRACTICERS the Operative, Surgical and Mechanical Departments of Dentistry.
Office, Locust street, between the Franklin House and Post Office, Columbia, Pa.
May 7, 1859.

SHAKEB CORN,—A fresh lot of Shakeb
Corn, for sale, at the corner of Third and Locust
streets, Columbia, Pa. 17701.

GEORGE J. SMITH,
Wholesale and Retail Bread and Cakes
Baker—Constantly on hand a variety of
300 number to mention: Croissants, Soda, Wine, Scotch
and Sugar Biscuits, Confectionery, etc., etc.
No. 10, Locust Street, Columbia, Pa. 17701.

**JUST RECEIVED, three dozen Dr. Brown's
Vegetable Pills, a certain cure for Dyspepsia,
a fresh lot of the best French Champagne,
Pine and Cognac, etc., etc., etc.
No. 10, Locust Street, Columbia, Pa. 17701.**

**JUST RECEIVED, a beautiful assortment of
Glossy Ink Stands, at the Headquarters and
News Depot,
Columbia, Pa. 17701.**

CHewing TOBACCO.
A. HENRY PAULSEN, Locust street, opposite the
Franklin House, can be had CHINA LEAF, CON-
CRETS and several other brands of the best Chewing
Tobacco, to which the attention of smokers is invited.
May 1, 1859.

BAGLEY'S GOLD PENS.
A FRESH lot of A. G. Bagley's Gold Pens,
of different sizes and styles, at
Head Quarters and News Depot, Front Street, see
and door above Locust.
March 27, 1859.

BROOMS.—100 Doz. Brooms, at Wholesale
or Retail, at H. PAULSEN'S,
Locust Street, Columbia, Pa. 17701.

**SINE'S Compound of Syrup of Tar, Wild
Cherry and Hecatombe, for the cure of Coughs,
Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, etc., etc.,
at McKEITH'S, 10, Locust Street, Columbia, Pa. 17701.**

Patent Steam Wash Boilers.
THESE well known Boilers are kept constantly on
hand at HENRY PAULSEN'S,
Locust street, opposite the Franklin House,
Columbia, Pa. 17701.

**Oil for sale by the bushel or larger quan-
tity by
Columbia in Dec. 20, 1859.**

**Flour and Superfine Flour, Buckwheat
Flour, Corn Meal, and whole Corn, and Oats, at
Corner of Third and Union streets.
Jan. 5, '59.**

**THOMAS'S Extract of Capelin and Sarsaparilla, for
sale at the Golden Mortar Drug Store,
March 27, 1859.**

**TOBACCO and Segars of the best brands,
wholesale and retail, at
J. W. FISHER'S,
Stoves Polish,
A SUPERIOR article of Stoves Polish, that requires
less labor, and produces a polish unattainable by
any other.
For sale at the Golden Mortar Drug Store, Front St.,
Sept. 21, 1859.**

**JUST in store, a fresh lot of Brooming and Frisole's
celebrated Vegetable Cattle Powder, and for sale by
R. W. JAMES,
Front Street, Columbia,
Sept. 17, 1859.**

Soap.
25 Boxes of Duffey Brown Soap on hand and for
sale at the corner of Third and Union Sts.
August 6, 1859.

**JUST RECEIVED another beautiful lot of Vanille
Beans, at
Golden Mortar Drug Store, Front Street.**

Suffer no longer with Corns.
A new and simple remedy for the cure of Corns,
An article which is warranted to remove Corns in
48 hours, without pain or soreness.

Fly Paper.
A SUPERIOR article of Fly Paper, for the destruc-
tion of Flies, etc., has just been received at the
Drug Store of
R. W. JAMES, Front Street,
Columbia, July 30, 1859.

Harrison's Columbian Ink.
WHICH is superior article, permanently black,
and not corroding the pen, can be had in any
quantity, at the Family Medicine Store, and blacker
than any other brand of Ink.
Columbia, June 9, 1859.

On Hand,
MRS. WINSLOW'S Sarsaparilla, which
will greatly facilitate the process of teaching by re-
cording information, sitting pupils, pa-nomadic action,
&c., in very short time. For sale by
R. W. JAMES,
Sept. 17, 1859.

REDDING & CO'S Russian Salsol! This ex-
tremely powerful remedy for the cure of Catarrhs,
Gonorrhoea, etc., is now for sale by
R. W. JAMES, Front St., Columbia,
Sept. 21, 1859.

**GRAIN GROWERS can carry on their busi-
ness most successfully at Hammonilton, Pa.,
from 1859. Some fine vineyards set out the next
season. See advertisement of Hammonilton Land Co.,
another column.**

**PERSONS wanting change of climate for
health. See advertisement of Hammonilton Land
Co. in another column.**

Poetry.

Hera Castle.
Hera Castle stands by its own broad lands,
West to the inland and east to the sea;
The stoutest kite in his quivering flight
Will fling ere he crosses the sea.

And the Baroness Lancelotti bath gold and vestals,
And winters and springs forty-four;
Her daughter Grace is the pride of her race,
A wizen cheek—and no more.

Sir Hugh de Bray hath a palfrey gray,
And each morn you may see him wait;
To the weary page it seems an age,
As he yawns at the castle gate.

But which of the twin Sir Hugh would gain,
With his equal smile and his equal bow,
That widow and maid of each other's hand,
Would give the whole world to know.

The lower-maid Alice, who hands the chalice
Of Cason wine to Sir Hugh the Knight,
I guess, could tell us the best and well,
Which way his choice would light.

For every day, ere he goes away,
There's a whisper'd word for her private ear,
And a touch to her lip—lest her memory slip—
When there's no one of the vassals near.

Some compliment to the mother sent—
Some courtesy to the daughter's bower;
"No more, I faint!" says a hint, "the south,
"He may pass to-morrow morn."

And below the keep doth a fair train sweep,
With a bride and a bridegroom gay;
Hera Castle's the pride of the country-side—
But neither look that way.

The Baroness stands with clenched hands,
In a wrath that would fain burn her free;
And the pale proud face of the Lady Grace
Grows pallid yet to see!

There's a riddle read and a day-dream fled,
And a lower-maid's office undone to-day;
While "To Lady Alice!" they mean the chalice,
In the Hall of Sir Hugh de Bray!

Selections.
Inexorable.
"There is no place in the world in which
I can get on the side of letting or letting
me. There are no people on the earth,
ready to change their affections or the
out of their garments. No where is it so
easy to get an enthusiasm as in Paris—
where it is so easy to be so quickly ex-
tinguished. The exultant ardor and avidity
of the French character, so quickly followed
by satiety, affects alike affairs of the heart
and the more serious affairs of life; even
taste and religious faith are affected by the
peculiarity of the French character. There
is no place in which the mania for a col-
lection, or the admiration for a pretty face
passes so quickly, no place in which the
funds go quicker up and down, and sud-
denly down, than in this world, in this
world. An ardent desire of change,
an imagination that analyzes and enjoys
with lightning-like rapidity, perhaps a
superabundance of intellect, talent and
genius makes us eager after novelty, after
new emotions, after exaggerated sensations,
and my dear friend, you will wonder why I
begin my letter with a philosophical dis-
quisition when, without any circumlocution,
I, who left Paris with an utter contempt for
its social follies; I, who have fled from the
positive ovations society enthusiastically
of the French character, so quickly followed
and despised le beau monde; I, who left Paris
on a serious art mission which was to en-
rich the archives of our country; I am
actually staying as a visitor in one of the
gayest, most fashionable chateaux, in the
midst of the most refined, noble and fash-
ionable men of the day, and surrounded by
the very elite of lovely, capricious and
coquish, Parisian belles."

So wrote Horace Bouvion, from the
chateau of the Marquis de Malonet, in Nor-
mandy, to his friend, Paul Herant, in
Paris.

Horace Bouvion was one of those artists
whose fame, founded on real talent and
on steady industry, inspired by a true
vocation for art, depends neither on fashion
or country. His paintings of all the great
cathedrals of France, engraved and litho-
graphed, had sent his name and fame all over
the world. Horace Bouvion, however, was
not one of those artists who are chosen as
heroes of the modern plays and novels of
France; he did not belong to the gilded
Boheme, in which most of the modern
celebrities of Paris pass their lives. All the
world knew Horace Bouvion's works, but
few knew the artist.

The only son of a poor woman who be-
longed to the class of petite bourgeoisie in
which beauty is, indeed, a fatal gift, he had
intuitively comprehended at a very early
age, from the tears and blushes of his
mother, that his father had never existed
for him; perhaps never known of his ex-
istence. His mother was a gentle, tender,
loving, humble nature, and as soon as Ho-
race could comprehend all she had suffered
and endured, a stern hatred for the man
who could deceive and desert so trusting a
nature took possession of him. He felt as
though no love or devotion on his part could
suffice to compensate his mother for all the
sorrows and humiliations through which she
had passed. Vaguely, as years went on, he
gathered the particulars of her history—one
day a thousand times—of the seduction of
a young girl, humble and unprotected, by a
rich, high-born, fascinating man of the
world. He knew, too, that his mother had
never appealed for pity when loved had
vanished. He knew, too, that now her seducer
was dead, and never had he inquired his
name. During his infancy his mother had
worked for him; then her father and mother
had died, and the small income they be-
queathed her had sufficed her to live in
peace and to bring up her son. This son,
Horace, was endowed with genius; but had
been merely possessed of average talent,
that would have condemned him to the
routine of mediocrity, his determination to

she deliberately began to take out the blue
feathers one by one, and to give them to
him.

"Here, uncle, I pay my wages; here, I
give my precious blue feathers. You, sir,
are the cause of my sacrifice (they are so
pretty); for I wagered I would first make
the savage of the forest speak (that is what
we called you), and as you spoke to my
uncle first, I lost my wages. I wish you
had not spoken at all; it was so pleasant to
have a mystery. Now we have solved you,
and there is an end to the interest; besides,
I lose my feathers."

"Madame," replied the artist, "I am
very shy of ladies; but, as an artist, I ap-
preciate beauty; therefore, I cannot but re-
joice that I am the cause of your being
obliged to take off those hideous, unbecom-
ing feathers."

"Indeed, sir," replied she, with a haughty
air, "I shall wear scarlet to-morrow."

"You must not mind what she does,"
said the Marquis, reining in his horse side
by side with the one Horace rode. "Mme.
de Palme is a privileged person. A great
heiress, motherless from her birth, she has
had her own way almost before she could
speak. She married her guardian for fear
she would not find a husband who would
give her her own way as he did, and he
continued, as a wife, to spoil her as he had
done when he was his ward. Now she is a
widow, freer than ever; young, enormously
rich and colorfully good looking; we cannot
change her now; we have to put up with
her. She has a restless, ardent spirit, which
nothing seems to satisfy. She rides forty
miles a day; she plays *la sequette*
until she breaks the bank; nor is she satis-
fied if she does not sing or dance until day-
light. Disdainfully familiar with men, in-
solent and sarcastic with women, she is ex-
posed to the impudent advances of our
sex, and to the envy and hatred of her own.
She dashes through life as though life were
a steep chase; it seems as though a serious
thought, a moment of rest, or a movement
of good sense, would destroy her. The
world, of course, has talked much about her;
but she despises the world and its opinions,
and I believe she is as pure and innocent as
an infant. But she has never known a sor-
row; she has never been thwarted; her for-
tune gives her the power to gratify her most
extravagant wishes; too much prosperity has
been her bane, but we have known her from
her birth; we are accustomed to her; she is
a privileged person."

"By which," mentally ejaculated Horace,
while he only replied by a low to the Mar-
quis, "you mean, in other words, that she
is a frivolous, selfish woman and a heartless
coquette."

Horace was now established at the chat-
eau. Here the heroine of everything was
the young Countess de Palme; but Horace,
who really felt a contempt for her, entirely
ignored her presence, and rarely even spoke
to her.

Madame de Malonet, a kind and courteous
hostess, probably the confidante of Madame
de Palme, one day quietly alluded, being
alone with Horace, to the aversion he ex-
hibited for her niece.

"Madame," said Horace, "I only show
what I feel—pity and contempt for a young
woman who so selfishly wastes her life and
her fortune."

"Nay, Eloise does no harm."

"No, but she does no good. Rich, en-
dowed with talents, young, beautiful, she
fritters away her life, forgetting even to pre-
serve her own good name. The world—
your world, Madame la Marquise—may ad-
mire such meteoric characters; we, in our
world of truth, usefulness, and high art,
love other qualities and other beauties in
woman."

At this moment a light laugh and the
rustling of a silk dress were heard, and from
the deep recesses of a window the Countess
de Palme emerged.

"My dear aunt said she, 'here is a bouquet
I have been arranging. I never sat quiet
so long in my life; but your conversation
was so very edifying.'" Then, with a mock
curtesy, the young Countess, launching into
a brilliant rhapsody, glided out of the room.

In the evening, when the dancing began,
she deliberately advanced to Horace. "Will
you dance the cotillon with me?" she said.

"I cannot dance."

"I will teach you."

"No, I will not make a fool of myself for
any one."

"Not even to please me?"

"I have never aimed at so great an honor,"
replied Horace; and Mme. de Palme, after
a moment's silence, turned gaily away, found
another partner (one of the many she had
refused), and joined the dance.

The next day Horace was surprised, at
his studies in the library, by the entrance
of Mme. de Palme in her riding dress.

"Although you cannot dance," she said to
Horace, in a gentle, subdued tone, "I know
you ride. My uncle and his party have left
me behind them; I am afraid to go after them
alone; will you come with me?"

Horace could not refuse; he bowed his
assent.

"You see," said Mme. de Palme, with her
habitual harshness, "I have not got the
offensive blue feathers, nor even the scarlet;
you need not be ashamed of me."

Horace did not reply, but, helping her on
her horse, they started. Their way lay
through the forest. Mme. de Palme seemed
to have lost her taste for the galloping pa-
ce at which she usually rode, and, walking her
horse by the side of Horace, they proceeded

for some time in silence. All at once she
turned her radiant eyes full upon Horace.
"You cannot but confess," said she, "that
at least I am a good-natured woman, for
you know I overheard your opinion of me."

"Madame!"

"Don't justify yourself, but tell me, what
right have you to judge me? What is it to
you if I am giddy—may, guilty? Are you
a saint or a reformer? Have you never had
an intrigue? Are you so much better than
other men, to have a right to judge me?"

"I have none, madame; but with regard
to women every man has his standard and
his ideal; every one, too, has his own way
of understanding life; and your ideas and
mine are so different that I believe a mutual
antipathy arose between us as soon as we
met. I ought rather to have said I could
not understand you than openly to have con-
demned you. This must be the apology for
my rudeness."

At this moment the riding party they
were in search of appeared in sight, and no
sooner was the Countess perceived than all
the gentlemen rode towards and eagerly
surrounded her, whilst Horace joined M. de
Malonet.

It was evening before they all returned to
the chateau. Horace was riding alone,
apart from the rest, when Mme. de Palme
abruptly came up beside him.

"You are lost in the contemplation of this
beautiful scene," said she; "perhaps you
think I cannot understand its inspirations
or its beauties. You despise me as much
for my ignorance as for my giddiness and
selfishness."

"Madame, pray do not think I have a
contempt for you. I do not either believe
in your ignorance; but have a high veneration
for purity and virtue in woman. I
think life too serious to be danced through
from the cradle to the grave. I think—"

"Oh, I never think, I never have a thought;
a single hour's reflection would kill me; but
sometimes I am so tired of life that I wish
I wish I had been a man."

"You, the most courted of women?"

"Bah! I despise all that. But if I had
been a man I should have had a friend; per-
haps you would have been my friend?"

"Why should we not be so now?"

"Do you think me capable of friendship?"

"Capable of everything"

"Even of falling in love with you?"

"Do not let us break our friendship as
soon as formal."

Madame de Palme extended her hand to
Horace, who pressed it in his as he would
have done a friend's, and then she rode off.

From that time Mme. de Palme's manner
to Horace assumed a strange aspect. She
had gentle, almost deferential to him; in her
wildest tirades of nonsense a glance from
Horace would stop her. She still flirted
but she was no longer guilty of those im-
prudences which had so often compromised
her, and given cause for the world to talk
of her, though he still pitied her, began
to feel deeply interested in her, and began
to persuade himself that whatever trivial
cause had given him influence over her,
it was his duty to use it for her advantage.

Mme. de Palme did not disguise her es-
teem and preference. She would break
away abruptly from her admirers. She
would suddenly stop walking, or refuse to
ride, in order to sit by the side of Horace,
and talk to him. Every one, of course per-
ceived this new fan-ny, and spoke of it; but
Mme. de Palme was too much accustomed
to brave the world's opinion to be debarred
from any fancy, even by its censure.

This state of things could not last. Ho-
race himself felt that his feelings were gradu-
ally changing from friendship to love. He
resolved to break off suddenly, and to leave
the chateau. Mme. de Palme penetrated
his intentions. The night previous to his
intended departure there was a knock at
his door, and on opening it the Countess
entered.

Her mother was softened and reserved,
her cheek was pale, her eyes full of tears.

"You are going away, Monsieur," said
she.

"Madame," replied Horace, "what im-
pudence to venture here at this hour,
alone—"

"Oh!" said the Countess, with a scornful
smile; "do you mean for the sake of the
world? I scorn it; it has too often misjudged
me. Horace, you are the only man whose
esteem I have desired, and yours I have not
obtained. Do not forsake me; you could
make me better than I am; all the good
feelings hidden in my heart have risen to
the surface since I have known you."

"Madame, our lives are cast in such dif-
ferent circles of society that, once away from
here, we should never meet."

"But I am rich, I am free, I love you;
yes, Horace, it is the only true, good feeling
of my life, and I avow it without a blush—
Ah! do you not believe me? Oh! Horace,
how all the follies of my past life are atoned
for now that they rise up against me, and
destroy me in your heart. But indeed I
love you truly, purely."

"I believe you, Eloise; I believe that in
this moment of feverish excitement you love
me. Your imagination pictures a phase of
life yet unrevealed; but that curiosity satis-
fied, disappointment would come. I should
cease to be an ideal; you would find your-
self humbled, wearied, wretched. No, mad-
ame, let us be friends."

"We can be that always—but you will
not understand me. Cruel Horace, I would
not offer you a love that was not holy. You
say that paltry distinctions, that wealth di-

vide us; I throw them all aside, and here to
the only man I ever loved I offer my hand.
Oh! let me be your wife; give the mother you
adore a daughter that will love her, and to
yourself a slave, a grateful friend, a devoted
woman's heart; save me from misery, from
the world, from myself."

As she spoke she threw herself into the
artist's arms, and her tearful eyes were
raised to his, whilst he felt the pulsation of
her heart against his.

All at once the rumors of her wild freaks
—he had heard the accounts of her intrigues
—his many imprudences told against her.
Flushed upon his memory. He loved her,
his heart pleaded for her; the task of giving
happiness to this tender, loving woman,
seemed to him a noble task. But he would
not marry one who, perhaps, had given to
another the right to despise her, or to look
on him with mocking pity. His mother, too,
whose life had been sacrifice and atone-
ment, he would not remind her of the sin of her
youth by bringing a degraded woman to her
hearth. Yet he knew the judgments of the
world, and he too despised them.

Taking Eloise's arms from his neck, round
which they were clasped, he put her gently
from him, and holding both her hands in
his, he fixed his eyes on hers.

"Eloise," said he, "I will take this hand;
my mother shall have a loving daughter; I
will love you, cherish you as my wife. I
care not for your title, nor your riches. I
have achieved a name—I have fortune in my
grasp—I care not that the world should say
I married you for that. But the world has
spoken of you lightly, harshly—you have
been accused. No matter, Eloise; I know
the judgments of the world, and for them I
do not care. It is but the truth that counts
in my eyes as I gaze in yours, and look
me, Eloise, this holy truth, that makes
or mars our lives—truth that may divide a
man, but that, revealed as it one day would
be, would in future years bring misery and
disgrace. Is there in the world no man from
whom, if you meet him, you, my wife,
would turn away? Is there no man that, as
he gazes on your blushing brow, can know
what memories call it up? Is there, Eloise,
—for we speak here the fate of our fate—one
who, when I call you wife, can, with a bit-
ter smile at me, call you in his heart mis-
tress? Speak, and above all the world I
will believe you."

Eloise, as he was speaking, gradually
turned her eyes from his; her hand grew
cold and trembled, till, as he concluded, she
fell at his feet, snatching her hands from
his, and burying her face, burning with
blushes, in them. Horace gazed down on
her with tender pity; her sobbings rent his
heart. He understood her—they were forever
separated.

At length Eloise rose. "I cannot justify
myself; I did not love him; caprice, vanity,
wildness were my motives; but I will not
deceive you; there lives one whom since I
have scorned I could bring disgrace on
both. Farewell; I have never loved but
you, never. Horace, farewell, farewell!"—
She rose. Horace turned away his head,
nor did she seek to meet his glance, and so
she glided from his sight.

Horace left the chateau without seeing
Mme. de Palme. His duties obliged him to
remain in the ruins, but a word to Mme de
Malonet kept all intruders from him. So
passed three weeks; then a few lines came
from Mme. de Malonet:

"I know not what passed between you
and Eloise. She has been very ill, dying.
In the delirium of her brain fever she raved
of you. Now we cannot rouse her from the
languid, silent apathy which has followed
her fever. Will you see her? Do you think
I cannot be a judge between you) seeing
you would save her mind and bring her
back to life?"

Horace, with a heart overflowing with
sorrow and pity, replied, however:

"It is better we should never meet again."

That night one of the wild equinoctial
tempests set in. Horace, oppressed with
grief, his heart yearning towards the poor
ward, misguided Eloise, could not rest;
rising from his bed, he opened the window
and found some relief to his fevered brain
as the cold wind and the heavy rain passed
over it. All at once, through the darkness,
he thought he beheld a moving mass, darker
than the rest, and presently, mingled with
the noise of the tempest, a despairing, wail-
ing voice pronounced his name.

A wild thought rushed through his brain;
filled with Eloise, he thought the voice re-
sembled hers. He rushed down the short
wooden stairs, and raising the latch, on the
very door sill, falling half into the hum-
ble kitchen of the cottage, when the snort
was taken away, lay the form of Eloise.

He raised her in his arms, aroused with
his cries his hostess, and by her care Eloise
was laid, still insensible, in the best bed of
the house—Horace's. At twilight Horace
summoned Mme. de Malonet and the physi-
cian.

There was no hope. She had, in a desper-
ate desire to see Horace once again,
stealthily left her room and dragged herself
through the tempest to his door. Nothing
now could save her. At length, however,
she roused her from her insensibility. She
opened her eyes and gazed around her.

"Horace," said she, as her eyes encoun-
tered his, kneeling as he was beside her,
"this is your room; so I should have died
with you beside me had I been your wife.
Oh! Horace, I loved you truly, passionately.
I could not survive your contempt,"

"Oh, Eloise!"

"Hush, my child; we love you, we bless
you," said Mme. de Malonet.

"Farewell, Horace; forgive me the deep
sorrow I henceforth have mingled with your
life, for you will remember me—remember
my love."

A deep sigh, a faint, flickering smile, a
tremulous pressure of the hand, and all was
over—Mme. de Palme lived no more.

She lies in the ruined cloister. Horace
never left the Abbey till he had raised a
monument to the eternal memory of one
who had loved him until death. Then he
returned to Paris with this eternal regret
and sorrow buried deep in his heart. His
mother saw her son was changed—saw that
some deep affliction had passed over his
life—and she asked no questions, and her
love found a thousand indirect consolations.
Horace, too, devoted himself more than ever
to his art. The views of the ruins of the
Abbey appeared at the exhibition in the
spring. In the principal cluster it had
been a melancholy pleasure for Horace to
re-present the modern sepulchre that reared
itself in the memory of Eloise de Palme
and the decaying tombs of the deceased of
centuries.

One day Horace was standing beside this
picture, when a voice pronouncing the name
of Eloise, attracted his attention. There
were two fashionable and distinguished
men standing before the picture.

"Eloise, the little Countess; do you re-
member, Emile, what mad feats she used to
play?"

"Of course I do, who better? Was I not
one of her caprices, her wild freaks, as you
call it?"

"Oh, I have heard her accused of so
many."

"Oh, so have I, but I can give you proofs.
Why I have letters from her that would
compromise a dozen women. Poor Eloise,
the monks must be startled by such a
strange, wild creature in their quiet cem-
etry, for I cannot think she can rest even
in her grave. Poor Eloise."

"Then you really love her?"

"Not at all. Our liaison lasted but a few
weeks; and to do her justice, I believe it was
she who gave me up."

"At this juncture the Marquis de Malonet
came up to Horace.

"Do you know those gentlemen?" said
Horace, pointing to the two young men.

"I do. One is the Count de Herbaud, a
great admirer of poor Eloise; the other—"

"That is enough," said Horace, "will you
honor me by looking on these pictures?"

Some days after this circumstance the
papers re-ounded with accounts of a fatal
duel between the great artist, Horace Bou-
vion, and the Count d'Herbaud. The
Count had been killed on the spot. No one
knew the cause of this duel between two
men who were strangers, and who moved
in such different circles. Some said it was
a political dispute, others that the artist
had reentered the opinions that the Count
had in his hearing, expressed of his
pictures.

Horace cared not for the world's opinion;
but, hiding away the pistol which had
killed the Count in the recesses of his
attic, he murmured:

"There is no one in the world who can
despise her memory now."

The Bible.
No other book in the world bears reading
and re-reading like this. Of no other is it
true that it may be read over and over every
year, every month of a long life, and yet
never become stale, but, on the contrary,
even grow more interesting at each re-
perusal. Of no other can it be said that,
the more thoroughly you study it in these
frequent and long-continued re-perusals,
the deeper will be your interest, and the richer
your profit. Truly, it is a mine of wealth,
of which none has ever fathomed the depth
—a mine in which the deeper you go, the
richer does the golden ore become.

These statements are not mere rhapsody.
Valid reasons can be given to confirm every
word we have said.

1. For, *intentionally*, no reader ever gets
to the bottom of this mine. There is al-
ways a vast wealth of gold yet unwork-
ed, a treasure of knowledge yet unacquired.
In one direction, the truths of God's word
stand related to the *science of mind*—a sci-
ence which, those who best understand it
are most ready to admit, has never yet been
fully mastered, even by the profoundest
thinkers of any age; how much less, then,
by those who have given it only an incident-
al attention. All the great practical truths
of the Bible interlace with the truths of
mental science, so that no man can fathom
the ore, until he has fathomed the other.

2. In another direction, these revelations
stretch abroad into realms where no foot
of man hath ever trod. They look towards the
triumph of Him that liveth forever and ever,
and the interests of a kingdom whose sub-
jects are far more and other than mortal
men, higher and nobler than Adam's sons
and daughters. "We are a spectacle to an-
gels." The steps taken to save lost men are
expected to reveal God to the "principalities
and powers," whose home is not here on
our humble planet. Who does not see that
this being interlinked by such bonds, with
holly ones so great, yet so little known, must
serve to heighten exceedingly our interest
in the Bible, both as intelligent and as so-
cial and moral beings?

3. Need we refer to our revealed relations
to a most eventful and momentous future?
By our very constitution, we must be rati-
onally interested in whatever effects our

On Hand,
MRS. WINSLOW'S Sarsaparilla, which
will greatly facilitate the process of teaching by re-
cording information, sitting pupils, pa-nomadic action,
&c., in very short time. For sale by
R. W. JAMES,
Sept. 17, 1859.

REDDING & CO'S Russian Salsol! This ex-
tremely powerful remedy for the cure of Catarrhs,
Gonorrhoea, etc., is now for sale by
R. W. JAMES, Front St., Columbia,
Sept. 21, 1859.

**GRAIN GROWERS can carry on their busi-
ness most successfully at Hammonilton, Pa.,
from 1859. Some fine vineyards set out the next
season. See advertisement of Hammonilton Land Co.,
another column.**

**PERSONS wanting change of climate for
health. See advertisement of Hammonilton Land
Co. in another column.**

Selections.

Inexorable.

"There is no place in the world in which
I can get on the side of letting or letting
me. There are no people on the earth,
ready to change their affections or the
out of their garments. No where is it so
easy to get an enthusiasm as in Paris—
where it is so easy to be so quickly ex-
tinguished. The exultant ardor and avidity
of the French character, so quickly followed
by satiety, affects alike affairs of the heart
and the more serious affairs of life; even
taste and religious faith are affected by the
peculiarity of the French character. There
is no place in which the mania for a col-
lection, or the admiration for a pretty face
passes so quickly, no place in which the
funds go quicker up and down, and sud-
denly down, than in this world, in this
world. An ardent desire of change,
an imagination that analyzes and enjoys
with lightning-like rapidity, perhaps a
superabundance of intellect, talent and
genius makes us eager after novelty, after
new emotions, after exaggerated sensations,
and my dear friend, you will wonder why I
begin my letter with a philosophical dis-
quisition when, without any circumlocution,
I, who left Paris with an utter contempt for
its social follies; I, who have fled from the
positive ovations society enthusiastically
of the French character, so quickly followed
and despised le beau monde; I, who left Paris
on a serious art mission which was to en-
rich the archives of our country; I am
actually staying as a visitor in one of the
gayest, most fashionable chateaux, in the
midst of the most refined, noble and fash-
ionable men of the day, and surrounded by
the very elite of lovely, capricious and
coquish, Parisian belles."

So wrote Horace Bouvion, from the
chateau of the Marquis de Malonet, in Nor-
mandy, to his friend, Paul Herant, in
Paris.

Horace Bouvion was one of those artists
whose fame, founded on real talent and
on steady industry, inspired by a true
vocation for art, depends neither on fashion
or country. His paintings of all the great
cathedrals of France, engraved and litho-
graphed, had sent his name and fame all over
the world. Horace Bouvion, however, was
not one of those artists who are chosen as
heroes of the modern plays and novels of
France; he did not belong to the gilded
Boheme, in which most of the modern
celebrities of Paris pass their lives. All the
world knew Horace Bouvion's works, but
few knew the artist.

The only son of a poor woman who be-
longed to the class of petite bourgeoisie in
which beauty is, indeed, a fatal gift, he had
intuitively comprehended at a very early
age, from the tears and blushes of his
mother, that his father had never existed
for him; perhaps never known of his ex-
istence. His mother was a gentle, tender,
loving, humble nature, and as soon as Ho-
race could comprehend all she had suffered
and endured, a stern hatred for the man
who could deceive and desert so trusting a
nature took possession of him. He felt as
though no love or devotion on his part could
suffice to compensate his mother for all the
sorrows and humiliations through which she
had passed. Vaguely, as years went on, he
gathered the particulars of her history—one
day a thousand times—of the seduction of
a young girl, humble and unprotected, by a
rich, high-born, fascinating man of the
world. He knew, too, that his mother had
never appealed for pity when loved had
vanished. He knew, too, that now her seducer
was dead, and never had he inquired his
name. During his infancy his mother had
worked for him; then her father and mother
had died, and the small income they be-
queathed her had sufficed her to live in
peace