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square [81] lines] one week.	\$0.38
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DENTIST .-- OFFICE, Front Street 4th door

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

OFFICE, in Whipper's New Building, below Black's Hotel, Front street.

II Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to his care.

November 29, 1857.

DR. G. W. MIFFLIN, DENTIST, Locus street, a few doors above the Odd Fellows! Hall, Columbia, Pa.

A TTORNEY NO COUNS 10R AT LAW H. M. NORTH, Collections, 1. compily made, in Lancasterand York Jounties.
Columbia. May 4, 1850.

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

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

CHEWING TOBACCO. A THEMY PFAHLER'S, Locust street, opposite the A Frankin House, can be had CUBA LEAF, CONGRESS, and several other brands of the best Chewing Tobacco, to which the attention of chewers is invited. May 1, 1858.

MPORTED Lubin's, also, Glenn's Double Extracts, for the hundkerchief, at L for the hundkerchief, at HARRY GREEN'S, Feb. 19. 29. Opposite Coln. Bridge, From St ROOMS .-- 100 Doz. Brooms, at Wholesale

) or Retail, at Dec. 12, 1857 H. PFAHLER'S, Locust street. Colds, Whooping Cough, Croup. &c. For sale at Ne CORKLE & DELLETT'S
Family Medicine Store, Odd Feilows' Hall
October 23, 1858.

Patent Steam Wash Boilers. THESE well known Boilers are kept constantly of L hand at HENRY PFARLERS, Locust street, opposite the Franklin House. Columbia, July 18, 1857.

Oats for sale by the bushel or larger quan-B. F. APPOLD, Canal Basin July by Columb in Dec. 25, 1858.

TOBACCO and Segars of the best brands, 1 wholesaire but of Breining & Fronfield's celebrated Vegetable Cattle Powder, and for sale by R. WILLIAMS, Front street, Columbia. Sept. 17, 1859.

2 5 Boxes of Duffey Brown Sorp on hand and for sule low at the corner of Third and Union Sts. August 6, 1859.

Soap.

Suffer no longer with Corns. T the Golden Mortar Drug Store you can procula an article which is warranted to remove Corus hours, without pain or soreness.

Fly Paper. A SUPERIOR article of Fly Paper, for the destruc-tion of Flies, &c., has just been received at the Drug Store of R WILLIAMS, Front street.

Harrison's Columbian Ink. WHIGH is a superior article, permanently black, and not corroding the pen, can be had in any quantity, at the Paurity Medicine Store, and blacker yet is that English Boot Polish Columbia, June 9, 1859

R. WILLIAMS, Front st., Columbia.

ALT by the Sack or Bushel, and Polatoes in large or small quantities, for sule at the Corner [Jan. 8, '60. In large or small quantities, for sule at the Corner of Third and Union streets. [Jan. 8, 50, FRANGIPANNI Extracts and Sonn; we everlating perfume, at HARRY GREEN'S, Feb. 19, 59, Opposite Cola, Bridge, Front St.

CISTERN PUMPS.

THE subscriber has a large stock of Cistern Pumps and Rams, to which he calls the attention of the public. He is prepared to put them up for use in a substantial and enduring manner.

I. PPAHLER,
Locust street. FANCY TOILET SOAPS.

THE fines assortment of Funcy Toilet Sosps, ever offered to Columbians, at HARRY GREEN'S.

Feb 19, '20. Opposite Cola. Bridge, Front St.

COLOGNE WATER by the pint, quart or gallon (clean's Extracts for the handkerchief by the U Glenn's Extracts for the handkerchief by the unce or pound, or in any quantity to suit purchaser's HARRY GREEN'S.

atFeb. 19, '59. Opposite Colu. Bridge, Pront St

Just Received and For Sale, 200 Bbls. Ground Plaster; 50 this Extra Family Floor; 25 thls. No. 1 Lard Oil of best quality; 500 bus. Ground Alam Saft, by B. F. APPOLD, No. 1 and 2 Canal Basin. March 26, 159.

TENKIN'S Celebrated Black and Green Teas, J Baker's Cocoa and Chocolate, at Corner of Third and Union streets. [Nov. 20, '58, RAUAM, or, Bond's Boston Crackers, for Dyapeptics, and Arrow Root Crackers, for valids and shiften-new articles in Columbia, at April 16, 1859

NEW CROP SEEDLES RAISINS.

THE best for Pies, Pudding, &c -- n fresh supply at H. SUYDAM'S Grocery Store, Corner Pront and Union ats. Seedless Raisins!

A LOT of very choice Seedies Rations, just received at S. F. EBERLEIN'S Nov. 19, 50. Grocery Store, No. 71, Lacunt at. Turkish Prunes! Nov 19, 1809. Grocery Store, No. 71 Locust

SHAKER CORN. JUST received, a first rate lot of Shaker Corn, a
H. SUFPAM'S
Gracery Store, corner Front and Union st.
Nov.26, 1850.

Noetry.

[From "All the Year Round." Book World.

When the dim presence of the awful Night Cla-p- in its jewell'd arms the slumbering earth, Alone I sit beside the lowly light That like a dream-fire flickers on my hearth, With some joy-teeming volume in my hand-A peopled planet, opulent and grand.

t may be Shakespeare, with his endless train Of sceptred thoughts, a glorious progeny Borne on the whiriwind of his mighty strain Through vision land, forever far and free, His great mind beaming through these phantom Like evening sun from out a wealth of clouds.

lt mny be Miltor, on his seraph wings, Soaring to height of grandeur yet untrod; Now deep where horrid shapes of darkness eling, Now lost in splendor at the feet of God; Girt with the terror of avenging skies, Or wrapt in dreams of Infant Puradise. It may be Spencer, with his misty shades,

Where forms of beauty wondrous tales rehearse, With breezy visias, and with cool areades Opening forever in his antique verse; may be Chaucer, with his drink divine, . His Tabard old, and Pilgrims twenty-

Perchance I linger with the mighty Three Of glorious Greece, that morning land of song, Who bared the fearful front of Tragedy, And soured to fame on pinions broad and strong; Or watch beneath the Trojan ramparts proud The dim hosts gathering like a thunder-cloud.

No rust of time can sully Quixole's mail, In womed rest his lance securely lies; Still is the faithful Sancho stout and hale, Forever wide his wonder-stricken eyes; Still throws gaunt shadows o'er their every deed. Still can I robe me in the old delights

Of Caliph splen tid, and of Genii grim, The star-wealth of Arabia's thousand nights. Shining till every other light grows dim; Vander away in broad, voluptuous lands, By streams of silver, and through golden sands; Still hear the storm of Camoens burst and swell,

His seas of vengeance raging wild and wide; Or wander by the glimmering fires of hell With dreaming Dante and his spirit guide; Loster in Petrarch's green, melodious grove, Or hang with Tusso o'er his hopeless love. What then to me is all your sparkling dance, Wine purpled hanguet, or vain Fashion's blaze has roaming through the realms of rich Romance Old Bookworld, and its wealth of royal days, Forever with those brave and brilliant ones That fill Time's channel like a stream of suns

Selections.

My Lady's Last Dance.

A DRESSING-MAID'S STORY. Our house was one of the finest on the evenue, and of all the ladies in the land, there was not a fairer, or a kinder, or a better, than the mistress of our household. The Stanleys were looked up to in the block. and we of the basement took good care to sustain the dignity of the family. There were no children in the house-every one else was rejoiced thereat; I, on the contrary, felt it as a deprivation, for I had always been used to children, and loved them.

Mr. Stanleys time was passed entirely at the bank, in Wall street, and at the club.-They had been married, I think, three years, and I entered my lady's service about a year after that happy event. She was twenty four-he sixty. I believe every one conside:ed it a very excellent match.

The household was a large one for a small family. Let me see-there were Mary, and there were the chamber-maids, the laundrymaids, the cooks, the butler, the page, the groom and the conchrana, besides Mr. and Mrs. Stanley; there were seventeen. I think. altogether.

We got along very well up stairs, with the exception of a jealous quarrel now and then between Clotilde and Mary. They were both good-looking, and more like ornaments to the establishment than of any real service. I remember one night we had given a great party, and after the supper, the champagne and good things having received their usual attention, I was sitting in the ladies' dressing-room reading, when happening to look up, I saw, to my horror, the reflection in the glass from the opposite room of young Dick Dasheels, who lived over the way-a very handsome fellow he was, tooin the very act of kissing Mary. Just at this peculiar justure, at the most tender moment, who should appear upon the scene but Clotilde! I think I never saw such a scene. They were all aware of my being in the adjoining room, and as I was looked upon as being a little blue, each felt particularly anxious to keep such matters from me. However, it was too much for Clotilde -her French blood could not stand such perfidy as that-for only the moment previous, on the stairs, young Dasheels had sworn eternal devotion, on the strength of which he had received the same favor; and now, while her kiss was still warm upon his lips, he had wasted it upon a rival! A moment the passion of her nature overcame her, and scizing a sword-cane belonging to one of the guests, which we, with our usual curiosity, had been admiring and inspecting, she drew the blade and charged at the faithless deceiver. There was nothing left for poor Dick but flight, and dodging the deadly weapon, he doubled upon his assailant. and with railroad speed dashed through the door and down stairs. Clotilde soon subsided, and Mary had vanished in thin air. Tighe Macauley; "fetch her some water As for me, I never turned my head; but a half hour later, happening to pass the parlor door, I saw Dick Dasheels dancing the schottishe with little Kitty Magruder, daughter of old Peter Magrader, President

since turned out to be true. I believe Clo- well!"

tilde is now the dressing maid of Mrs. Dasheels. I can tell you, people don't know the half that's going on in the world, especially in the basement and up stairs.

But I am forgetting all about my story. We were to have a great party-somebody or other, I forget who, had come over from England, about some bonds, and it had been settled in Wall street that Mr. Stanley should give him a reception. My lady had net been well for many weeks; what with operas and theatres and parties and late breakfasts, she had got to feel that her delicate organization could not stand the usage singular melancholy seemed to have fastened hidden sorrow-some unhappy memorythan from any real fondness for such scenes.

It was about seven o'clock in the evening were finely set, and reflected a great soul. -the gas had just been lit in the parlor. long luxuriant hair, while Mary, kneeling at her fect, was lacing her slender slipper. Clotilde, who had dressed for the evening.

which rested some envelopes and cards. "Here are some more regrets and the card | he said: of a gentleman waiting in the parlor," she

Stanley.

My lady took the regrets one by one from the salver, read them and then returned them to Clotilde, then she took up the card. I could not help observing the name, written with a bold, free hand in pencil, I wonder where he is?"

Edward Huntington; but I was not prepared for the strange agitation which thrilled Macauley. through the frame of Mrs. Stanley, and for a moment seemed to deprive her of all After a few minutes she recovered her

composure. and turning to Clotilde said, we entertain our friends to-night, that Mrs. | card-room. Stanley is making her toilet, but that she will be most happy to see Mr. Huntington later in the evening."

Shortly after we heard the front door close, and knew that he had departed.

"Did he say he would return?" asked Mrs. Stanley, as Clotilde entered the room. "He said that it would give him great pleasure to pay his respects to Mrs. Stanley and that late in the evening, as he had othshould avail himself of the lady's kind per-

mission." Clotilde was very exact in repeating messages, and often followed not only the words but the very tone and manner of the person giving them.

At half-past eight Mrs. Stanley descended to the reception room, and the carriages and dance." began to arrive. At nine the band comdancing commenced, and the great English up my stand in the conservatory, to watch dow.

the dancing.

being observed. but there was a pallor on her cheek, and an heart and brain." intensity of expression in her eyes, which

gave me unensiness. It was half-past ten. I had observed Mrs. more anxiously toward the main ball door. At length the great bell pealed again, and shortly after I noticed a stranger of remarkable presence enter the room. Then it was I understood it all. She was standing near the library door, surrounded by a group worshipped her as much as they could features.

comebody."

said he was then engaged, and which has my lady; "I am quite recovered, quite

"Are you ill, Mrs. Stanley?" exclaimed Clotilde and a pitcher of ice-water. of the Lendnothing Bank, to whom report "I pray you, gentlemen, forbear," said

I knew her too well, and the cause of her from the letters I then wrote, for my love is rather a fine-looking woman. That gentened back to my retreat, for I had also every new throb of returning life." ome to aid, and again took up my position behind the curtains.

the room. not have been then more than thirty-two or thirty-three years of age. He was somewhat above the medium height, of a comto which she was subjecting it. Besides a tropical suns. He were his beard and

plexion inclined to be fair, but burned by moustache long, and his dark magnetic eye matter, so I was silent, and they went or upon her. I had thought for a long time flashed out from under his broad, high brow that she threw herself in the way of all this with a strange fire. His eyes possessed activity and excitement more to drown some that peculiar character of expression which made one feel their power from a great distance. They were not so very large, but

Mrs. Stanley had risen to her feet, and and Clotilde had come up to announce a vis- stood conversing with the great English itor whose ring we had just heard-my lady banker, when Mr. Huntington approached. sat in her boudoir, and I was dressing her His manner betrayed the most perfect composure, and his salutation was the most graceful one I ever witnessed. With a low bow he approached, and took my lady's entered the room bearing a silver salver, on offered hand, and they were near enough for me to hear his words, as in a low tone

"It gives me pleasure to meet Mrs. Stansaid, extending the waiter towards Mrs. ley with such happy surroundings, and to find that the years since I had the gratification of meeting her have dealt with her so kindly."

"We are glad to see you again Mr. Huntington; let me present you to my husband-"Who are you looking for?" asked Tighe

"My husband, Mr. Stanley."

"Oh! he's playing eachre in the card-room saw him there not five minutes ago." At this moment the band struck up polka, and every one rushed for partners, while her face was deadly pale and her and I saw my lady leaning on Mr. Hunting roice tremulous- "Tell the gentleman that ton's arm, making her way toward the

> The apartment usually called the cardroom opened out of the library, and adjoin ed the conservatory, and from where I was, looking through the trees and foliage, by young heart full of high aims and bright standing on a beach I could see into it.

I saw my lady drag Mr. Huntington up to her husband, and heard Mr. Stanley's termination to bring back honor, and fame. hearty "Glad to see you!" as, without rising, and riches, with which to crown it forever he turned and extended his hand when his before he departed again on a long journey. lady presented the new guest. He then went and mind tried and chastened by experienon with his game. It went to my heart to see er engagements to fill in the meantime, he the look on her face, as she stood with one hand leaning on her husband's chair.

"Won't you take my hand? won't you cut in?" asked several, rising. "No; I thank you; I am a poor player,"

she said, with a tone of much sadness. "She can't play a bit-not a bit," added Mr. Stanley; "come, dear, you had better go

She still lingered near him, and leaned nenced playing in the conservatory, and at over his chair, but said not a word. She half-past nine the great English banker turned irresolutely several times, and at last made his appearance, and was introduced to she took Mr. Huntington's arm, and they the most prominant persons present. At ten went out through the conservatory door .-They approached the parlor window; only banker claimed my lady's hand. Mary had some crange trees and grape vines seperated Clotilde, and myself, up stairs; and then charge of the dressing-room, and Clotilde them from me; they were quite near. They was flirting somewhere with Dick Dasheels; had been talking as they came up the conand I, as a privileged character, had taken servatory, and now they paused by the win-

> "Stay one moment, Isabelle," he said .-The house was so constructed that two of "Since you have spoken of the past, I may the drawing-room windows or ened into the surely be permitted to add a single wordconservatory, above which was a balcony, now hear me. When, five years ago, walkwhere the band was placed, the whole being ing on Brooklyn Heights, the last night only separated from the parlor by heavy dathat you and I ever met until this, I plightmask curtains sweeping to the floor. Thus ed to you my troth, and took your maiden standing in the recess of the farthest win- word that you would be true, did you think dow, by drawing the curtains a little one the words I then spoke came only from the side, I could enjry the whole scene without lips, or that the love of Edward Huntington was a thing to be idly esteemed? Did you There were crowds of pretty and beauti- believe that I loved as boys love, with a ful women in the room, but to me none love which a new face would change? Or seemed half as fair as the mistress of the what thought you of me, Isabel, that I have mausion. Perhaps my affection for her had been treated thus? I ask with no desire to some effect upon my judgement; but I do your soul harm, or to disturb in the thought as I saw her lead off so gracefully slightest dogree the unruffled current of with the great English banker—he danced your present destiny. Believe me, I have well, too-in the Varsovienne, that I had no such motive. I would simply solve a never beheld so levely, dignified and grace- problem which has troubled me much—perful a woman. She looked more levely, it haps grieved me-and which your former scemed to me, this evening than ever before relationship has left unriddled both in my

"Edward Huntington, I must not listen to you-let me go in!" but she made no move-Stanley for a full hour, glancing more and ment, and stood as before, with her arm resting on his, beside a vase of heliotrope, whose rich fragrance melted all the air.

"Nay, stay," he said, "the world seldom sees so rare a meeting, and I would add to I saw what grief consumed my lady's heart. my little knowledge, if I could, the key to and was much surprised when she said: the lessons which my love to you has taught me. But, all jesting apart, Isabelle-for- must get other partners, and I will dance of the good-natured adorers who really give me that I call you by the dear old with my old friend, Mr. Huntington, if you name; it will be only for this evening, never | will permit me." any one. Suddenly I saw her place her sagain-I have suffered much, very much, "That will answer!" all exclaimed. hand upon her heart, and turning round since we parted. I heard from you only "Lead off," "lead off"—"room for the Ger-Dick Dasheels, straightway darting after the grew strong. It seemed as though by the conservatory window. water, and returning almost instantly with strength of my will I triumphed over my in this, the only letter I ever received from Who is that gentleman dancing with her?you, added to my daily hopes, and I re- They dance well."

malady, to press my poor services, so I has seemed to grow stronger and stronger with tleman? hum-let me see, I forget his name "but not so well as I could wish."

"Edward, did yeu write to me then?" The voice of my mistress was very low and tremulous as she asked the question I now availed myself of the first opporunity to scrutinize the stranger, who had and I remarked that her face was ashy pale. gradually made his way toward our part of I had made several efforts to attract Mrs. Mr. Huntington, for he I felt it was, could of my presence, until I had imperceptibly that I had a natural desire to learn the sequel; besides, I truly loved my mistress and thought that she might some day need my humble friendship, perhaps in this very conversing in low and very sad tones.

"Isabelle, can it be possible," he rejoined, "that you did not receive the letters way. which I wrote you from Panama?"

"Never a single letter." "Not one?"

"Edward, I never heard from you from the day we parted until to-night. I thought

"Great God! Great God!" was all he said, and then they were silent for a long time.

had lost all the bitterness which it had be dwelt upon the doctor's face. My lady "Now, Isabelle, I can understand it. 1

life! I took up a paper one day in San very calm. Francisco, and saw your marriage. It nearrible, terrible. No one knew the cause, will overcome this, and I must recover my saw him again. manhood. I went to China, to India, to Peru, to Chili; to Brazil. Wherever I went, although I did not court or care for her favors, fortune seemed to smile upon me. At length fate cast me again upon my native shore. I went away poor, with a hopes, with the consciousness of possessing the love of a true heart, and with the deces which rarely fall to human kind, with no one to love as a great heart can love, and with nothing to bind me to any spot on earth. I came as a stranger to my native land, unknown and caring not to be known, glad that there were some few relatives the propriety and necessity of fulfilling it. ciled to my fate, since I learn that you were table. more worthy of my years of devotion than I have hitherto thought you.'

"Edward, this is very, very sad. I cannot, must not say what I would. I nave duties which I may forget, and which any "Shall I pass you the buttered toast?" faithless to. I would not even ask to see said I. you again. We each must go our separate ways, and God's will be done."

"Isabelle, I bow to what is inevitable, but go from you a wiser and a better man .-Our absence may be remarked: let us enter -forgive me-good bye," and he leaned by an affectation of sudden appetite, or by entangled. over and imprinted a kiss upon her forehead. At this moment Tighe Macauley and Dick Dashcels were heard inquiring for a right to be confused, and I gloried in it. morning I kept aloof from the temptations Mrs. Stanley, and both declaring that they were entitled to her hand in the German .-They reached the conservatory just as Mr. chops and fritters had no power to replen-Huntington drew aside the curtain to en- ish.

mean to spoil a flirtation, but am I not en- odge were revealed to me. The beauty and titled to the German with you, Mrs. Stan- her party were to remain a fortnight,-

"By no manner of means; my dear lady, did you not agree to lead the German with temus! me?" broke in Tighe Macauley.

which it was.'

"It was with me," shouts Tighe Macau "By no manner of means: I had that hon

or," shouts Dick Dasheels. I noticed that my lady looked very pale,

"Gentlemen, to settle the difficulty you

"Your wife is a splendid looking woman," sickness, and the fond words which I read the latter said; "she would grace a court .-

covered. You must have thought me mad "Oh, ahl" replied Mr. Stanley, "my wife so.

-he is an old flame, I believe, of my wife's.'

As he uttered these words, I noticed my ner that instant in the dance, falter and stop, and although Mr. Huntington support-Stanley's attention, and to make her aware od her with his arm around her waist, she hardihood to acknowledge it. This rather sank gradually to the floor pressing both took away my breath, and a vacuum began become so interested in the conversation hands upon her heart and gasping for breath.

In an instant Mr. Huntington picked her up in his arms as he would a child, and a pale, sedate maiden, of amiable appearordering in a quick, determined voice for ance, and her brother, a small, rude boy, some one to summon a physician, he bore her up stairs and placed her upon her bed; I consented to undergo, for the conventional I hurried on before and showed him the necessity. To the mother of the Tarlingfords

The doctors soon arrived and the room was cleared, for everybody had crowded up stairs, my lady being very much beloved .-Mr. Huntington had been chafing her hands, tranquility of nature spiced with the sauce and Clotilde and I had been endeavoring to of flirtation, or something stronger. Somebring the circulation to her feet. I felt times we took our morning happiness on them growing colder and colder, and rais- foot, sometimes our mid-day ecstacy served ing my head saw that a very calm expres- up on horseback, sometimes our evening-At length he resumed, but now his voice sion, as much as to say there was no hope, rapture in an open wagon at two-forty. never spoke again. Mr. Huntington stood beside the bed, and only the great veins equestrian distinctions, he wrought upon can absolve you from all blame. I see it swelling upon his forehead, and his clenchall-all! Oh! had I but known all this, to ed teeth and suppressed breathing, told of givings, maternal anxiety was stifled, and, what better accout might I have turned my his terrible anguish. Otherwise he was

Mr. Stanley came up and took her hand; ly killed me. I was sick, delirious, for she smiled faintly, and seemed to recognize many weeks. Men sneer at an affection him. He wept like a child. Then she ness; but when a strong, calm man, is ily into his until the great curtain was stricken down with such sorrow, it is ter- drawn between him and all the earth to her.

but all my plans and aims in life seemed then Mr. Huntington leaned over very soft. the result. hopeless, fruitless. I broke up my business ly and imprinted a kiss upon her forehead, and went away. I said, time and travel and then he went down stairs—we never

Beauty at Billiards: There is a lady in this case.

For three days she had sat opposite to me

as to which that is—tastes differ,) and I had juvenile sneer.) gradually becomeenthralicd. Her beauty was dazzling, and her name Tarlingford. For the so frightened that you could not speak. first of these items I was indebted to my own intelligence; for the second to the hotel in your care again," said indiguant mamas my own. I came back rich, with a heart register, which also informed me that she ma, as one who withdrew a blessed privilege. I, too, had come from New York; a coincidence too startling to be calmly overlooked. Our acquaintance began oddly. One

was from New York. morning, at breakfast, I was musing over a hard-boiled egg, and wondering whether I stored. could perforate her affections with anything with whom I might share the bounty which like the success which had followed my fork fortune had given me; and that was done, as it penetrated the shell before me, when I fortune had given me; and that was done, determined to se you once, only once, and then go away, never to return. This was my intention, and now I see more than ever the propriety and necessity of fulfilling it. I shall always feel, however, better recon. ward on the levely countenance across the

"I beg your pardon," said I, with much

"It was my fault, sir; excuse me," said she, permitting the deep flush to deepen re- over the pile of letters awaiting owners, I

sweetly that I was blinded to the absence with it! of sugar in my second cup of coffee. I was confused by this incident. Many in pleasant places. I was fishing in a

bullying the waiter, or by abrupt departure from the scene. I did neither. I felt I had from society. During the whole of the next Very soon Miss Tarlingford withdrew, and of Tarlingford, and took to billiards.

I experienced an aching void within, which I opened a chambermaid's heart with a

"Hallo!" says Dick Dasheels, "I didn't half-dollar, and the treasures of her knowl-Among her companions there were no males, except a youthful irresponsibility. Exul-

Later in the morning I heard the tinkling a beam of pleasure flashed on Miss Tarling-"Really, gentlemen," my lady replied, "I of the parlor pianoforte. Music has sooth- ford's face? or was I a deluded goaling? The am not equal to the German, and if I have ing charms for me, though I have not a latter suggestion seemed the more credible, made any engagement I cannot tell with savage breast. I drew near, and found Miss so I cheerfully adopted it. Tarlingford trifling with the keys, those keys which lock together so many chains of the fair enslaver; "I hope you have not been human sympathy. She rese, and gave out unwell!" demonstrations of impending disappearance. interposed:

> "Pray continue. I am famished for music and came especially to listen."

"It is hardly worth while." "How can you say so? It is I who know

best what I need." "I will play for you, then."

And she did. This was wonderful.-Usually, a long and painful struggle pregave a quick, almost agonizing look toward once. I was lying sick—dying, they said— man;" "room for the Germani" and the cedes feminine acquiesence, on such occathe stranger, and sink into a chair, while a with the yellow fever, in Panama. They music struck up, and Mr. Huntington and sions. Repeated refusals declarations of in-hope which had risen blazing, like a rocket, marble look of composure stole over her brought letters to my room from the mail my lady led the dance. The music was capacity, partial consent vouchanted and went down fuliginous, like the stick. which had just arrived. My friend, with in- electrifying, and with some forty or fifty then waywardly withdrawn, poutings, head-"Great God! Mrs. Stanley is faint!" cried tuitive delicacy, selected the epistle which couples upon the floor, the dance was by tossings, feeble murmurs of disinclination, he thought would prove most welcome to far the most brilliant of the evening. Mr. and final reductant yielding, form the fashmy poor sick heart, and held it up before Stanley came in from the card-room with ionable order of proceeding. The charm of my eyes. I recognized your writing, and the English banker, they stood near the it all is, that the original intention is the same as the ultimate action. Whence, then this folly? Having been many times wretchedly bored by this sort of thing, I was now are my joy. Pardon me," (with a sudden correspondingly gladdened by the contrast.

"Pretty well:" she answered frankly

Shock number two. It is customery in good society for tolerable performers to disayow all praises, (secretly yearning for lady, who was passing him with her part; more,) and to assail with invective their own artistic accomplishments. Here was a young lady who played well, and had the

to come under my waistcoat. For three blissful days Miss Tarlingfordand I were seldom separated. Her sister, of intrusive habits and unguarded speech, additional respect seemed due, and was ac-

corded. Three blissful days of sunshine, meadowy rambles, forest explorations, the majestic

The puerile Tarlingford, interfering at first, was summarily crushed. Aspiring to maternal indulgence, until, not without miswith injunctions that we should hover protectingly near him, he was sent forth, a thorn in our sides. In half an hour he was accidentally remembered, and was found to be nowhere within view; so we pursued our which can thus shatter all of the strength turned her eyes toward Mr. Huntington way, well pleased. He had dropped quietly and mind of their own sex; they call it weak- and never took them away, but gazed stead- off, at the first cauter, into a miry slough, and had returned sobbingly, covered with, mortification and mud, to the arms of his We stood very still many minutes, and parent. Keen questioning at dinner was

"Why did you so neglect him?" demanded fond mamma, adding reproachfully, "The child's life might have been sacrificed."

"Mother, we looked for him, and he was

gone. Why did'nt he cry out?" "So I did," shouted this youth of open speech; "but you two had your heads toat the table of the pleasantest of White gether, laughing and talking like anything, Mountain resorts, (of course I give no hint and could'nt hear I suppose." (With a

> "Oh, fie, Walter! Now I think you were "I shall know better than to intrust him

"Don't say that, mother, it would be a punishment too severe," said the mischierous little pale sister, in tones of pity, and

her face beaming with mirth. " Everybody laughed and peace was re-

On the third evening misery came to me in an envelope post-marked New York: "My DEAR PLOVINS-I shall be with you

willing to tell you, but it must go no further, that we are betrothed. Yours, in a harry,

FRANK LILLIVAN." My heart was as the mercury of a theris plunged into preserved an outward composure. Turning came upon one directed in Lillivan's handwriting to Miss A. Tarlingford, etc., etc.

To think that a paltry superscription "Muffins, if you please," said she, and so should carry such a weight of tribulation I thus discovered that my lines had fallen

men would have concealed their disquietude preoccupied stream, and had got my lines I avoided the public table and shrunk

> In the afternoon as I sat gloomily in my room, with feet protruding from the window, and body inclined rearward, (the American attitude of despair,) the piano tinkled. It was the same melody which had attracted me a few happy days before. Strengthening myself with a rowerful resolution to extricate myself from the bewitching influence which had surrounded me, I arose, and went straightway to the parlor. Could it be that

"We have missed you, Mr. Plovins," said

"Unwell?-oh, no, no." "You have not been near me-us, to-day," (reprovingly,) "not even at dinner; and the trout were superb."

A sudden hope mounted within me. "Miss Tarlingford, pray excuse me-your first name, may I ask what it is?"

"Arabella is my name, and" (whispering) "you may use it, if you like." "Oh, hideous horror! and this is what they call flirtation," I thought. And the

"Mr. Plovins, I will say you are veryvery inconstant, to be absent all day, thus." "Miss Tarlingford, it is not inconstancy -it is billiards."

"Billiards!" "Billiards. I adore them .- You know nothing of billiards; women never do. They uprising of the moral sense,) "I have an en-Miss Tarlingford played well, and I said gagement at the billiard-room, and I should be there." -

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