

THE COLUMBIA SPY.

SAMUEL WRIGHT, Editor and Proprietor.

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Selections.

Done Brown.

Soon after peace had begun to shed her benign influence over the European world, and the British Lion reposed in glorious ease after the toil of a thousand battles, the principal cities of the empire—especially London, Dublin and Edinburgh—swarmed with military men of all ranks, either retired from the service, or taking their piece or leave of absence. Great numbers of these exhibited insatiable proofs of hard service, in the loss of legs, arms, or eyes, left on the different battle-fields which have crowned our annals with such imperishable glory; but it must be confessed that here and there these honorable souvenirs were counterfeited by persons unconnected with the army, to gratify some childish vanity, or to serve some base and dishonest purpose.

Dublin was at that time, comparatively speaking, a flourishing city; for the Union was only fifteen years old, and its peculiar advantages had not fully developed themselves. Sackville Street was then a brilliant and fashionable promenade; and there, in a particularly handsome shop, Mr. John Brown had recently established himself as Jeweller and silversmith; an art in little talkative man, very anxious to pick up customers amongst the aristocracy, and to scrape an acquaintance even for acquaintance sake, with everything *distingue*, especially in the military world.

One fine summer morning a very elegant looking person entered Mr. Brown's shop; attended by a footman in splendid livery, who displayed all that graceful tact and self-possession peculiar to the domestics of very great people. The master was a very martial looking figure, attired in the very quintessence of military *majestic*; his deep blue surtout braided and fringed with exquisite taste, while his snow-white trousers, highly polished boots and cavalry spurs, gave a finish to the *tout ensemble* which was altogether irresistible.

So at least, thought John Brown, for he dined up to the stranger in one of those graceful steps which he had studied under M. Phipps, when qualifying himself to pop the question to the accomplished young lady who afterwards became Mrs. Brown. With his most elaborate bow, the little Jeweller offered a chair to his anticipated customer—who, he then first perceived, had lost both his arms, apparently in service, his coat sleeves being empty, and looped up in front to one of his buttons: a circumstance that made him infinitely more interesting than he otherwise would have been in the opinion of John Brown.

"Mr.—aw—Brown," said the stranger, sinking with graceful lassitude into the proffered chair, "I am desirous of looking at some plate or—some service, sufficient to dine a dozen or so—but of the most *recherche* pattern, if you please—aw Mr. Brown."

"Certainly, sir—with a great deal of pleasure, sir," said the delighted silversmith, as he directed two of his smartest shopmen to display the required articles on his highly-polished mahogany counter; descending eloquently on the taste, fashion, and workmanship of each, as he gracefully held forth its elegant form to his admiring customer.

"This, sir," said John Brown, holding up a richly-chased *epagne* of elaborate design and faultless execution; "this is the identical pattern selected by the Lord Lieutenant."

"Ah, true!" the stranger interrupting him with a bland smile; "so it is, Mr.—aw—Brown, I remarked yesterday at his excellency's table; and on enquiry some of the castle people did, in fact, tell me it was furnished by you; which—aw—has induced me to come here, in preference to Smith and Bradford's where I was originally recommended to go for my plate."

John Brown was profuse in bows and smiles and grateful thanks, to the "Castle people," for having sent him so amiable a customer, who must, he conceived, hold some high office in the vice-regal establishment, he even ventured to throw out a hint to that effect.

"Ah!—oh!—yes!" said the stranger, in a tone of happy indifference. "The Castle Staff—Comptroller-General of Private Disbursements!"

"John Brown has I never heard of this title before, but the daily creation of new places was then so notorious in Ireland, that the circumstance occasioned no surprise in his unsuspecting mind.

"Quite a new office, sir!" observed John Brown, smirking and rubbing his hands, with a smile intensely obsequious.

"Just so, Mr.—aw Brown!" coldly responded the stranger. "Made expressly for me; in fact, by my friend, the Home Secretary!"

Fervently did John Brown bless his stars for having sent him a customer of so exalted a station as to be intrusted with the control of those private disbursements, a fair portion of which he himself might henceforward look upon as his own. He therefore exerted himself so effectually to gratify the wishes of the distinguished stranger, that he finally succeeded in selling him a very handsome service of plate, sufficient to dine a dozen or so, and precisely of his excellency's pattern.

The bill having been made out, and a liberal discount deducted by prompt payment—such being the declared intention of the purchaser—the latter desired his footman to put his hand into his side pocket, and draw from thence his pocket book, which contained the said notes for considerable more than the amount required.

The footman accordingly searched his master's side pocket; but the book was not to be found.

"Try my other pockets Richard!" said the stranger, "It must, of course, be in one of them!"

"No, sir John," replied the footman, after trying all the pockets; "I can't find it anywhere."

"Deuce take it," exclaimed Sir John, with an air of amiable *incomprehension*; "I must then have left it on his excellency's library table, for I came here direct from the Castle."

"Pray, Sir John," briskly interposed the silversmith, with his most insinuating smile, "Pray don't trouble yourself any further on the subject, I shall do myself the honor of sending the plate to the Castle, and you can pay the little amount to the messenger; or indeed to-morrow, or some other day as it may suit your convenience."

"No, no, Mr.—aw—Brown!" said the stranger, with a look of intense dignity; "I cannot think of commencing with you in that manner. Let me see! Oh!—ah!—Richard, you shall go home for the money, and I'll wait here till your return."

"I beg a thousand pardons, sir John!" cried Brown, in a bustle, shocked at being the innocent cause of so much inconvenience.

"Make no apology my dear sir," returned the stranger, with a winning smile. "My time is not very valuable to-day. Besides, Mr. Brown, I dare say you can give me some useful hints on a variety of subjects connected with this country, and on which, as a stranger, I am necessarily ignorant."

The delighted John Brown expressed his readiness to serve his new customer in any way; was highly honored with the confident deuce thus reposed in him; would do his best possible, &c.

"Now, Mr. Brown," said the stranger, graciously acknowledging these proffered services, "in the first place, will you be good enough to write a note for me!" adding, with a melancholy smile, "unfortunately, as you see, I cannot do it for myself."

"Certainly, sir—with a great deal of pleasure, Sir John," returned the loquacious silversmith. "I am sorry to perceive, sir, as you say; but you have been in some hot work, sir, I'll engage you have seen some wigs on the green."

"Wigs on the green," exclaimed the elegant stranger, with a very cold, aristocratical stare.

"Beg pardon, sir," Mr. Brown, when he became conscious of his vulgarity. "Tis your Irish mode of expression, sir, when we speak of a row, or a scrimmage. I dare say you have been in many skirmishes, Sir John—may I make so bold as to ask—ahem—where you lost—hem—ahem?"

"One at Salamanca," replied the stranger with military nonchalance; the other at Waterloo; and now for business. Do me the favor, Mr. Brown, to write a note to lady Cecilia—that is, my wife."

"Certainly, Sir John," said the complaining silversmith; "with a great deal of pleasure. Charming name, Sir, Cecilia; 'tis my wife's name also, sir."

"Very possible, sir," said the stranger, in a tone of frigid indifference.

"Fact, sir, I assure you," continued the insinuating John Brown. "Cecilia O'Driscoll, sir—a distant relative of the O'Driscolls of Fermanagh, sir—a very ancient family, sir, descended from the old Kings of Ulster."

"Oh, true," observed the stranger, with a smile. "You Irish gentlemen are so fond of quoting your pedigrees."

Inexpressibly flattered at being classed by so *distingue* a person in the category of "Irish gentlemen," John Brown, chuckled, and rubbed his hands in high glee.

"Now then, begin sir, if you please," said the stranger. "My dear Cecy,"

"Just so," soliloquized John Brown, as he wrote the word—"short for Cecilia: I generally do so myself."

"My dear Cecy," continued the stranger as Mr. Brown wrote from his dictation; "I have a pressing occasion for some cash; there fore send me by the bearer, without delay, the money box from the cabinet in the back parlor."

This announcement finally completed the rapture of the silversmith; in whose sanguine imagination now floated visionary orders, *ad infinitum*, vice-regal services, and mess-plate for Life Guards and Lancers, through the kind intervention of his new friend, the Comptroller-General of Private Disbursements. With a joyfully agitated hand he folded the letter, and, in the confusion of the moment, sealed it with his own seal, as he begged to know how he should address it.

"You need not give yourself that trouble!" said Sir John; "it is quite unnecessary, as it goes by hand! Richard, take that note to your mistress at the Castle, and bring me the money box with as little delay as possible!"

The footman accordingly departed with the note, and Sir John entered into friendly chat with Mr. Brown in the interim, on all the ordinary topics of the day; the recent war, the last Carriage Meeting, the forthcoming vice-regal ball, the approaching general election, the state of parties, &c., until, all these faithful subjects being exhausted, Sir John began to yawn, and wonder what could detain his servant. Then he began to "pish," and sidget, and grow testy.

"Lady Cecilia must certainly have gone out with the vice-regal party to the Phoenix Park!" observed Sir John; "but Richard! duce take the body! He should have come back and told me so, particularly as he knows I have an appointment with the Lord Lieutenant, which I cannot conveniently break!"

John Brown said and did all he could to soothe the impatience of his new patron; and in this he succeeded for some time, by his great conversational talents on which he particularly prided himself, descending, with great taste and delicacy, on the private histories of the Castle, the Four Courts, and the Fifteen Acres, and luxuriating on the ancient glories of the O'Driscolls in a strain of eloquence that raised him fifty per cent, at least in his own estimation.

At length, however, the Comptroller-General of Private Disbursements declared he could not in common decency keep his excellency waiting any longer. He therefore wished Mr. Brown a good morning; assuring him, with a sweetly-patronising smile, that he would not only send him the money for the plate as soon as he got to the Castle, but he would also recommend him warmly to his numerous friends, civil and military, both in England and Ireland.

From Cape Clear to the Giant's Causeway Ireland did not contain a happier man than John Brown, after his morning's work—which he ungratefully ascribed least to good fortune than to his own excellent tact and *savoir faire*. For an hour or two he strutted backward and forwards in his shop, rubbing his hands in high glee, and crackling jokes with his shopmen; but, unable any longer to confine his happiness within his own breast he ordered his buggy; and drove to the residences of several of his friends, to whom, in the fullness of his joy, he related the transaction of the morning, and all his glowing anticipations there from.

None of John Brown's friends had ever before heard of such an office as Comptroller-General of Private Disbursements. But this only confirmed Mr. Brown more strongly in the idea that he alone, of all the Dublin tradesmen, was selected for especial patronage by that high functionary. Some, it is true, advised him to be cautious in the matter, and to make sure of payment, at least for this first installment, while one, who aspired to peculiar sagacity, sneered so provokingly at the whole affair, that John Brown dropped a hint of treating him out some fine morning to the "Fifteen Acres."

Having made his round of visits, and created, as he plainly perceived, a great deal of envy at his superior good fortune, our happy silversmith drove home to his snug little box on the Circular Road, where his fair helpmate received him with those dimpling smiles—the husband's most delightful reward for all the cares and dangers that so incessantly beset his path in this troublesome world.

As the fair hand of Mrs. Brown poured out for her *cara sposa* that "cup which cheers, but not inebriates," and loaded his plate with some delicious muffs—basted and battered by her own delicate fingers—he gladdened her heart with a relation of his morning's adventure; in which he was never tired of singing, nor she of exalting, the praises of the "Comptroller-General of Private Disbursements."

"Who knows, my dear," said John, "to what the friendship of the great man may lead!"

"Yes, indeed, John," added his wife, "you may get some government place yourself—"

"Fiddle-de-dee!" interrupted Mr. Brown, snapping his finger. "That for your government place! I look for much higher things, I can assure you! What think you now?"—here he "waited and winked verily mysteriously"—"what think you of being jeweller to the crown?"

"Oh, John," cried Mrs. Brown, gasping, "You take my breath away, so you do."

"I'm for going it," cried John, "I always was a go-ahead fellow. I'll out the silver altogether, after a few more good bargains, and stick to the jewelry."

"That will be much genteler," said his wife, "and more becoming the O'Driscolls."

"To be sure it will," responded Brown.

"Only think now, my dear Cecy, when I'm knighted by the Lord Lieutenant!"

"Oh dear John!" exclaimed the delighted spouse; "do you really think it ever will be?"

"Why not?" cried John, "didn't his grace, the Duke of Rutland, knight that fellow Baxter merely for administering—hem—ahem—"

"And lady Baxter is such a vulgar woman, too," observed Cecilia.

"Ah!" said John, "you'll take the shine out of her, when you drive up to the Lady Lieutenant's drawing-room in your handsome, elegant new coach."

"Not the buggy, John," said Cecilia, with a look of determination.

"Fiddlestick, buggy!" exclaimed John. "You shall have the handsomest coach in Long Acre; for I am determined to have everything from London."

"Irish carriages are low, vulgar things," said Mrs. Brown. "I hate jingles and jangling cars, both inside and out."

"And then," continued John in the pride of his heart, "when the Castle porters shout out, 'Sir John Brown's carriage stops the way!'"

"Won't it be delightful," cried the happy wife, clapping her hands.

"And you, my dear," continued John, "are announced by a long file of footmen, with swords and bag-wigs, as Lady Brown—"

"Dear John," interrupted his wife, could-it we make it Lady O'Driscoll Brown or Lady B. O'Driscoll? 'Twould sound as much better, you know."

"Well, my dear," replied John, who was all compliances at this climax of imaginary happiness, "I'll consult the herald-at-arms on the subject; and if it can be done for love or money, you shall be gratified."

Here the anxious silversmith gallantly kissed his wife's hand, when she threw herself into his arms in the exuberance of her joy.

"And when you are introduced to her ladyship," resumed Mr. Brown, working out his picture of vice-regal felicity, "with all your jewels sparkling about you—"

"But no Irish diamonds, if you please," said the lady, with a warning shake of her forefinger; mind that, Sir John."

"They shall be all of the purest water and finest carat!" said the embryo knight. "Indeed, have already made a large purchase—"

"Oh, then," said the lady, smiling sweetly on her considerate spouse, "that is why you sent me in such a hurry to-day for the money-box."

"What do you say?" cried John Brown, with a yell like a war-whoop, and jumping up from his chair as if the tea urn had been upset in his lap.

"Good heavens, my dear," exclaimed Mrs. Brown, in a fright, "what's the matter? Are you scolded?"

"Scolded he—!" said Brown. "What is that you say about money?"

"The money you wrote for, my dear," replied Mrs. Brown, trembling for she had never seen her husband in such a talking before, and began to think that, as the weather was intensely hot, he might have had a stroke of the sun, or been bitten by a mad dog.

"Money that I wrote for?" screamed John Brown.

"Certainly, my dear," replied his agitated wife. "Here is your note, beginning as usual, 'My dear Cecy.'"

Augustus sighed deeply, and moaned in a low tone—"We were so happy together, my poor Rachel!" and again the black-bordered handkerchief went to his eyes.

"My afflicted brother," murmured Anabel, "how deep the waters you are called upon to go through."

Augustus shuddered, as if he felt the wild dashing of the waves, and said in a plaintive voice—"Dear Rachel, how amiable she was!"

"Very, dear Augustus."

"How considering, how devoted to me!"

"Oh, exceedingly!"

"And how fine an appearance she presented!" and he raised his eyes to the portrait festooned with black crepe, which delicate attention he had himself paid it that morning.

Anabel, too, raised her eyes, but was silent as she gazed upon the pictured form of the departed Rachel, so angular, so dark, so frowning.

"I don't think you ever did Rachel's charms justice, Anabel. She was a lovely woman."

"Oh, brother, I fully appreciated her, I assure you I did."

"And you do not do justice to my depth of grief. Are you aware that I am a mourner forever? Poor, dear, dear Rachel, I have lost all in losing thee! And again the tearful eyes were raised to the grim Rachel, who looked down with an expression on her face which said, "Indeed."

There was a silence of several moments, during which Augustus looked thoughtfully into the fire. At length, he said—

"I had me my desk beside you, Anabel; it will be a relief to my feelings to write an obituary."

"Don't think of it at present, dear Augustus; your nerves are not strong enough for it now. Only think of the trying scenes through which you have just passed."

"I had me my desk, will you? It is a sacred duty I owe my dead."

Whilst Augustus was engaged in this touching work, Anabel was pondering on the propriety of dispensing with the black crepe folds on her new silk dress, "so that I may wear it in colors," was her inward ejaculation, "for who knows, Augustus may marry again before I have done mourning for dear Rachel!" She checked the thought—

"How dreadful!" Augustus, the deeply sorrowing, marry before she had time to get out of her black! It was a satanic whispering, surely, and grossly unjust to the disconsolate widow. She was roused from her sombre meditations by the voice of Augustus.

"This is what I have written, dear sister, and if you can offer any suggestions of a tender nature, pray do so."

"Departed this gloomy vale of tears for a blessed home of joy, Rachel, the beloved and honored consort of Augustus Childs, Esq., and daughter and heiress of Peter Smith, Esq., beautiful and accomplished, amiable and intellectual, devout and charitable, generous, devoted, charming in every respect, thus led to angelic courts, amidst the shouts of the cherubic army, crying welcome welcome—one who walked the earth in seraph's guise."

Here Anabel gave a slight cough to cover something like a laugh, and Augustus paused a moment and asked plaintively, "Do you object to anything?"

"Oh, no, by no means. It is so very touching, pray proceed."

"How deep the woe into which her numerous friends have been plunged by her lamented absence in realms of bliss. But their loss has been the angels' gain. But her husband, so fondly attached to this fair object—what words can depict his overwhelming grief—grief that will prove as lasting as it is deep. But here we drop the curtain; too sacred this woe for the common eye. Suffice it to say, he utters the sentiment of the submissive Job—'The Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.'"

"How pious! how touching! what pathos!" and Anabel raised her eyes, sparkling with ill-concealed mirth.

"You must admit Rachel was no ordinary woman, Anabel."

"I never knew another like her," said Anabel.

"She was too good for me," sighed Augustus.

"Oh, my dear brother, why say so?" ejaculated Anabel.

"I can never cease to mourn poor Rachel; but I feel I must soon follow her. I cannot live without her," moaned Augustus.

"You must make an effort to do so, Augustus—you positively must. It is your duty to live. You must rouse yourself from this heart-rending state. You are not very old, only forty. Why, there may yet be a world of happiness in store for you."

"None, none," moaned Augustus; "my heart is buried in my Rachel's grave."

"You must make an effort to get it out from there, dear brother; indeed you must."

"Oh, no! Would I were there too!"

"This is positively wicked; indeed it is. You must not talk so; Rachel would not approve of it."

"Ah! poor, dear Rachel!" moaned Augustus, piteously.

"Come, now, take something to soothe you, and go to bed. Good night; don't despair; you will be happy yet."

Augustus answered, "Never, never," and he continued repeating, like Poe's dismal raven, "Never, never!" until the door closed upon Anabel, and he was left alone with his everlasting grief, and the dimly draped portrait of the lost Rachel looking down grimly from the wall.

On reaching her room, Anabel threw herself into a chair, and laughed more heartily than was becoming, considering that dear Rachel had only been placed in her grave that morning.

"I really do believe that, after all, Augustus will die of grief. You have no idea, Myra, how devotedly he was attached to dear Rachel!"

"Indeed!" and Maria raised her proud, calm eyes and looked at her.

"He enjoyed such bliss with his poor Rachel, that his married life was a perpetual feast of nectared sweets."

"When did he make that discovery?"

"A few hours ago, dear sister. He is perfectly insensible, I assure you. I tried my very best at soothing him, but it is of no use. He will not be comforted, but is hopelessly wretched."

"Time is a powerful soother," responded Myra. "Leave the work to him; he will do it most effectually, no doubt. As the poet expressed it—

"Time, that aged nurse, rocks me in patience!"

"Oh, never, never. Why, my dear sister, you don't know how dearly he loved her—! He never will get over it, I assure you he will not. How we must have wronged him in supposing he married Rachel for money! O, no; it was genuine love that induced him to take for his father-in-law that vulgar, fat old plebeian, Peter Smith, Esq. And he's grown so pious, too, I know he will end it by becoming a minister; this terrible grief has turned all his thoughts heavenward."

"I am happy to hear it," responded Myra, quietly, "for they were very far from that direction before."

Weeks progressed, but Augustus remained shrouded in woe; not one ray of peace had warmed up his desolated heart. He would write on nothing but black edged paper; covered every article that had belonged to dear Rachel with black crepe; shut up her chamber, and every time he passed the closed-door shuddered as if he saw her pale ghost stalking about; read her printed obituary at night, before retiring, and paid his devotions to her pictured form almost hourly. He kept the last pocket handkerchief she had used carefully folded up in tissue paper among his shaving articles. His sisters began to think that he would never get over it, and as to his marrying again—never, never!

"Don't even hint of such a thing, Anabel," he said with horror, when she ventured to suggest, perhaps, one day, he might replace the lost Rachel. "I meant years and years off, dear Augustus," she said, almost timidly. "Of course, not for twenty years, or perhaps fifteen."

"Hush! hush! I venerate Rachel's memory too deeply. I loved her most devotedly. Pray never speak in this heartless strain again; it is very repulsive to my feelings."

"I only mean to console you, Augustus."

"I do not wish to forget her; the heart that has truly loved never forgets."

"Oh, no, Augustus, not exactly forget her; only soften your giant grief that is wearing away your very life."

Augustus stood a moment and contemplated the fair face of the deceased Rachel; then, as if overcome by the remembrance of the past, he snatched up the deeply-creased hat that stood on the table, and wended his way to the club, too much afflicted to stay quietly at home.

The next morning, at breakfast, he looked up from his plate, and said in a dismal tone—"Anabel, you will please never allude to my marrying again. You wounded my heart beyond expression, last night."

"Oh, dear brother, I am very sorry; but I have known of several gentlemen who, when they were unfortunate enough to lose their wife, found another, and I thought—"

"Hush! hush! not another word on this sad subject."

Three months passed slowly but sadly. Rachel was in her grave, and its long shadow fell gloomily upon Augustus' heart and hearth. A weeping willow had been planted over the dreary mound, and wared its long branches solemnly in the breeze. A few fragrant violets grew out of poor Rachel's head—that is, the head of her grave; and at her feet a charming rosebush flourished in charming luxuriance. It was a dainty little spot, poor Rachel's grave, and here Augustus paid a visit every time he spied the church-yard gates open. Here he stood on Sunday to think of Rachel perhaps, or to gaze more conveniently at the girlish beauty of Miss Villers, as she tripped through the church-yard into the side-door of the church. This last idea was promulgated by those proverbially spiteful creatures—the old maids of the church, who, having lost all their youth, envy the young, and who are as crasy to get married at forty as they were at twenty, and who tear to shreds the character of her more fortunate sister, who win in the world's lottery that prize, a husband. So said Augustus, when Anabel told him of sundry remarks that had been made concerning him.

"But it was not an old maid that slandered you, Augustus; it was a married lady, Mrs. Mountjoy says she has watched you in church, and you look out of the window with one tearful eye on Rachel's grave, whilst the other is smilingly exploring the pretty face of Miss Villers. She even says she saw you on last Sunday gather a bouquet from Rachel's grave, and present it to Miss Villers as she was going into church, who, placing it to her Grecian nose, thanked you with her sweetest smile, little dreaming it smelt of mortality. Poor, dear Rachel, I don't know how she would relish furnishing bouquets for her rival. I don't say this, Augustus, Mrs. Mountjoy said it. Don't frown so angrily; of course I don't believe a word of it. I know how devotedly attached you were to dear Rachel and how you planted her grave, and even took the watering pot in your hands and watered the plants to make them grow, and how you treasured up in tissue paper the last handkerchief she used, and how you put her bonnet on a table, and had a little railing built around it to keep profane hands away, and how touchingly you draped her picture in crepe, O, no, I know you will never, never marry again."

Augustus was silent. Was it ominous? Four months and two weeks—then a tall tombstone reared its lofty head amid its sister tombs in the church-yard. It was a charming device—a stone figure bending over a stone urn, which urn was supposed to contain the ashes of the departed Rachel.

"What is this, my dear?" asked Mr. Mountjoy, as he stood before the gleaming marble. "Is this figure the bereaved husband?"

"Oh, no, my love, by no means," said Mrs. Mountjoy; "are you not man enough to know that this is the deceased Rachel herself, weeping over her own ashes? It is most touchingly appropriate; we wreathe it to be so. I assure you—for if ever creatures had cause to weep for their own deaths we are the ones. Scarcely is the turf heaped above our cold clay when the first mourner at our funeral straightway goes and forgets what manner of woman we were. Mary slips very quietly into Jane's place, and Ruth sits as comfortably in the corner of the pew as if six months before Ann had not sat there before her."

"My dear your remarks astonish me. If you died, I assure you, most solemnly, I would weep for you forever."

"Yes, so you would," said Mrs. Mountjoy calmly; "but how long, think you, is a widow's forever? Only until he gets another wife."

"Oh, Sarah, how little faith you have in man's love."

"I have great faith in it so long as it lasts but when a woman is under ground her chances are small."

"No protestations, my love; I do not require them of you. Do as you please when I am gone; I'll promise you not to haunt your new wife. There comes Miss Villers to see the tomb. How do you like it, my dear?"

"Oh, it is a love," cried the young lady, enthusiastically. "I hope when I die my husband will treat me to just such a tomb stone as this."

"No doubt," responded Mrs. Mountjoy, "he will treat you to this very one. Two of you can easily get under it." The young lady frowned and walked away.

Six months and two weeks, and Augustus