

THE COLUMBIA SPY.

SAMUEL WRIGHT, Editor and Proprietor.

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

\$1.50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE; \$2.00 IF NOT IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME XXX, NUMBER 39.]

COLUMBIA, PENNSYLVANIA, SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 28, 1860.

[WHOLE NUMBER 1,549.]

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING
Office in Carpet Hall, North-west corner of
Front and Locust streets.

Terms of Subscription.
A Copy per annum, if paid in advance, \$1.50
if not paid within three months from commencement of the year, 2.00
No subscription received for a longer time than six months, and no paper will be sent until all arrears are paid, unless at the option of the publisher.
Money may be remitted by mail at the publisher's risk.
Rates of Advertising.
A square (6 lines) one week, \$0.35
each subsequent insertion, 75
[12 lines] one week, 50
each subsequent insertion, 75
Larger advertisements in proportion.
A liberal discount will be made to quarterly, half-yearly or yearly advertisers, who are strictly confined to their business.

DR. HOFFER.
DENTIST—OFFICE, Front Street 4th door from Locust, over Taylor & McDonald's Book Store, Columbia, Pa. Entrance, between the Book and Dr. Herx's Drug Store. August 21, 1856.

THOMAS WELSH,
JUDGE OF THE PEACE, Columbia, Pa.
OFFICE, in Whipple's New Building, below Black's Hotel, Front Street.
I will promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care.
November 28, 1857.

H. M. NORTH,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.
Columbia, Pa.
Office, in the Lancaster and York Counties, May 4, 1856.

J. W. FISHER,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
Columbia, Pa.
Office, in the Lancaster and York Counties, May 4, 1856.

S. Albee Beckins, D. D. S.
PRACTICIAN in the Operative, Surgical and Mechanical Departments of Dentistry.
Office, Locust street, between the Franklin House and Post Office, Columbia, Pa.
May 7, 1859.

TOMATO PILLS—Extract of Tomatoes; a cathartic and Tonic. For sale at
J. S. DILLIOTT & CO'S,
Columbia, Pa. Front Street Drug Store.
Dec. 3, 1859.

IMPORTED Lubin's, also, Gileon's Double Extract, for the hair, and
HARRY GREEN'S,
Opposite Cole's, Bridge, Front St.
Feb. 19, 59.

BROOKS—100 Doz. Brooks, at Wholesale
at Retail, at
H. A. HERB'S,
Dec. 12, 1857.

SINE'S Compound of Syrup of Tar, Gold, Cherry, and Sassafras, for the cure of Coughs, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Asthma, Bronchitis, and all the ailments of the Throat and Lungs.
Family Medicine Store, Odd Fellows' Hall
October 23, 1858.

Patent Steam Wash Boilers.
THESE well known Boilers are kept constantly on hand at
HENRY FFAHLER'S,
Locust street, opposite the Franklin House,
Columbia, July 18, 1857.

Optics for sale by the bushel or larger quantity
at
Columbia, Dec. 25, 1858. B. F. APPOLO,
Opal Bar.

Tobacco and Segars of the best brands, wholesale and retail, at
BARNER'S,
Front Street, Columbia.
Sept. 17, 1859.

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

Suffer no longer with Corns.
The Golden Mortar Drug Store can procure an article which will remove Corns in 4 hours, without pain or soreness.

Fly Paper.
A SUPERIOR article of Fly Paper, for the destruction of Flies, &c., has just been received at the Drug Store of
W. WILLIAMS, Front Street,
Columbia, July 30, 1859.

Harrison's Columbian Ink.
WHICH is a superior article, permanently black, and not corroding the pen, can be had in any quantity, at the Drug Store, and Medicine Store, and black ink is that English Brand, H. S. WILLIAMS,
Columbia, June 9, 1859.

On Hand.
MR. WINSLOW'S Sore Throat, which will greatly facilitate the process of healing by reducing inflammation, relieving pain, and promoting action, &c., in very short time. For sale at
W. WILLIAMS,
Front Street, Columbia.
Sept. 17, 1859.

REDDING & CO'S Russia Salve! This is a remedy for the cure of external ailments, is now for sale by
W. WILLIAMS, Front St., Columbia.
Sept. 24, 1859.

SALT by the Sack or Bushel, and Potatoes in large or small quantities, for sale at the Corner of Third and Union streets, at
H. S. WILLIAMS,
Front Street, Columbia.
Feb. 19, 59.

FRANKLIN'S Extracts and Soap; an ever-lasting perfume, at
HARRY GREEN'S,
Opposite Cole's, Bridge, Front St.
Feb. 19, 59.

CASTERN PUMPS.
THESE pumps are a large stock of Castern 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.
H. FFAHLER,
Locust Street.
December 12, 1857.

FANCY TOILET SOAPS.
THESE are a superior article, for use in the bath, and for the face, and are of the finest quality, and are for sale at
HARRY GREEN'S,
Opposite Cole's, Bridge, Front St.
Feb. 19, 59.

COLOGNE WATER by the pint, quart or gallon, for the face, and for the hair, and is of the finest quality, and is for sale at
HARRY GREEN'S,
Opposite Cole's, Bridge, Front St.
Feb. 19, 59.

Just Received and for Sale.
200 Boxes, Grand Pile, 50 lbs. Extra Family Quality, 200 lbs. Grand Alum Salt, by
B. F. APPOLO,
March 30, 1859. No. 1 and 2 Canal Basin.

Selections.

Anne and I.
I am an old maid.
There is a period in life when such a confession is very difficult to make. From thirty to forty, which is a sort of chrysalis state, when one clings a little to past hopes, and feels quite confident their like will come no more, there is a decided sensitiveness in regard to autobiographical dates, a shrinking from prolonged interviews with genealogists and inquisitive old ladies, and even a latent dread of the cotemporaries of youth, who are happily married, and generously teach their offsprings to call you "aunt."
This transition period has passed for me long ago, in fact, I am a score of years beyond it, and now, setting here by the fire in my cap and spectacles and deep wrinkles, I will tell you my little story.

I was very pretty when I was seventeen years old, I could not help knowing it, and the knowledge was accompanied by a little fluttering thrill of pleasure, which mother and Anne called vanity, but as I always, to this day, have the same feeling at sight of any thing lovely and fair, be it human face or delicate field flowers, I think they were mistaken. My mother was one of the best of women—to me, far the best woman I ever knew. You recollect the picture of Faith that hangs at the foot of my bed! I have it there, where my glance may fall upon it at last at night and first in the morning, because the serious month, saintly eyes, and bands of shining hair are so very like hers, who is now, I trust, in Heaven. By this you will know that my mother was beautiful as gold.

Sister Anne was ten years older than I. She was a great deal better than I thought of being, for she could do all sorts of household work; and then she had a way of helping the poor, and nursing the sick, and comforting the afflicted, and making garments for dirty children, like the good Dorcas of whom we read in the Acts of the Apostles; so every one in the village looked up to her with as much respect as they did to the minister's wife.

As for me, I am sadly afraid I never did anything to make people look up to me with respect. At home I was so careless that if dear mother had not been a saint, and Anne a feminine edition of Job, I should never have known where to find a single article of my wardrobe. And as for picking, and pressing, and nice cooking, and the homelier offices of sweeping, dusting, and the like, I could not bring myself to them with any degree of patience. In vain the good mother often said to me, "My dear Rose, these actions that seem so slight to you may be done in such a spirit as to please God, as good George Herbert says:
"A woman is his house,
Makes stately drive;
Who sweeps a room, as for Thy laws,
Makes dust and the action fine."
I liked the poetry—it was simple and sweet—but it failed to beautify brooms and dusters in my estimation.

Anne had a lover over seas, who was to come home some day when he had made a large fortune and marry her. They parted, with this hope in prospect, when she was eighteen and a little girl of eight; and as years passed I should have forgotten the existence of Ralph Haven, had it not been for the monthly advent of a foreign letter, which Anne, with heightened color and shining eyes, always took to her own chamber to read upon in solitude.

When I was just turned of nineteen I had the first great sorrow of my life.
I had been spending one of our quiet happy evenings—mother, Anne and I—in our cozy winter parlor. They had been sewing while I read aloud, and after that we had a little concert. Anne played very well upon an old harpsichord that had been a wedding present to mother, and we all sang to that accompaniment, I think it was as sweet music as I ever heard. At ten o'clock, our usual hour for evening prayers, Martha came in from the kitchen, and I brought the great family Bible for mother to read. She turned over the leaves slowly, pausing at the record of her marriage, and at last selecting the Sixteenth Psalm, which she read through repeating the last verse three times, with great emphasis, "Thou wilt show me the path of life; in thy presence is fullness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore." And then she knelt down to pray—my dear, dear mother! There was a full minute of intense silence, and then Anne and Martha lifted her in their arms, and bore her a senseless weight to her bed-room close by.

It was paralysis!
This happened in February, and for three months we watched and prayed and hoped that she might in some degree recover the use of her limbs and speech. Poor Anne lost her little beauty in constant care and anxiety. Her cheek grew thin and white, her grey eyes sunken; here and there a thread of silver mingled with her dark hair, and two deep lines marred the smoothness of her low forehead. But she was never weary, never impatient, and mother could not bear her out of her sight a single moment; so there she staid by the invalid's couch, smoothing her pillows, holding her poor hands, and smiling sweetly in her face, until it seemed to me that our Anne was little less than an angel. Early in May mother died; and forgetting the few months of suffering, our memory gave her to us as she used to be—gentle, tender, loving—and we mourned for her with deep sorrow. We buried her in the garden, under the shadow of her favorite tree—for we wanted to feel that she was near us still—and we planted shrubs and fair flowers over her grave.
And now that all was over, Anne began to think of herself. She kept it from me as long as it was possible, but at length I learned the sad truth. Long watching, and care, and grief had done their work, and Anne was going blind.

The first I knew of it was one evening about a fortnight after the funeral. We were standing together at the open window, before the lamp was lit, talking of mother, when my eyes chanced to fall upon the new moon just sinking behind the dark line of pines that skirted the western horizon. I drew Anne's attention, and for a minute or more she strained her poor eyes to catch its tremulous silver light; then shaking her head, she laid her soft hand in mine, and whispered, sadly:
"I cannot see it, Rose."
I looked down in her face—for I was a head taller than she—and I have never forgotten the expression of divine resignation that softened every feature.

"I cannot see it, sister," I echoed.
"No, dear, not the stars. It is a long while that I have not seen the stars, and I miss them more than I can tell. They always comforted me so! Rose, my child, your sister's sight is failing!"
I would not believe it. The thought of Anne blind—good, thoughtful, careful Anne, who was now looking forward to one great joy, the speedy return of her lover—she to have her eyes darkened! Oh, no! God, who was good and kind, would not suffer it. Thus reasoned the foolish girl at eighteen. Since then I have learned to trust His love, although I often fail to understand the way by which he leads me.

Neither Anne nor I closed our eyes to sleep that night. We thought and planned until day-break, for, if what she said was true, something must be done, and that speedily. Surely there was room for hope when there were such great oculists in New York and Philadelphia; they could, they must help Anne. As if in anticipation of our wishes, there came within the week a letter from one of mother's old friends who lived in New York. It was full of gentle sympathy and kindness, and she begged one of us to come to her for a few weeks of rest. Here was just the opening we needed, and of course Anne must go. And yet, so careful was she for me that she would scarcely consent to the journey. She knew how lonely the house would be with mother and her both gone; and then I knew so little about housekeeping. I verily think she would have given up the journey, and been content to settle down to her darkened life for the sake of saving me the trouble and pain of a separation, had it not been for the thought of her lover. As it was, she spent a week in arranging for my comfort, mapping out Martha's work with the utmost precision, and even writing down on a slip of paper the things I must try to do and care for while she was gone.

I knew I should miss our Anne, but I had not anticipated such utter loneliness. When I went back into the house, after watching the stage until it was out of sight, I wandered about from room to room unable to set myself at work. Every article of furniture was in its place. Anne's last work had been to set back a chair, and pick a thread from the table cloth. I think it was a great mistake to leave me nothing to do but to sit down and cry.

Anne wrote immediately on her arrival at New York, but after that Mrs. Allen wrote for her. She had put herself under the care of an eminent oculist, who gave her strong hopes of a permanent cure, only the strictest care was to be observed for several weeks.
It was hard to think of Anne lying in a darkened room, when the dear world was so fair and full of bloom; but she sent me such cheerful messages that at last I began to think that she was less afflicted than I. I might have known her better—I who had witnessed her beautiful life of usefulness and love.
One day—I think it was the 2d of June—I gathered from Anne's garden and mine a bunch of roses, the first of the season, and carried them to fill a marble vase on mother's grave. It was almost sunset, and I lingered a long time thinking of the dear one whose body lay there, and pleasing myself with the idea that her pure spirit might be near me, though unseen, and also thinking of Anne, and wishing she were again at home.

This reverie was interrupted by the unusual sound of approaching footsteps, too heavy and measured for Martha's. I looked up and saw, through my tears, a man of medium height, stout figure and swarthy complexion, whose deep gray eyes were fastened upon the white marble cross which marked my mother's grave. It was too nearly dusk for him to read the simple inscription, and turning to me, he asked, in a sharp, abrupt voice:
"Who lies buried there?"
"My mother, Mary Wesley," I replied, brushing away my tears, and rising from the green turf.
"And where is Anne? Are you the little Rose grown so tall as this? You were a mere baby then; but it is nearly twelve years—twelve long years!"

So this was Ralph Haven, Anne's friend, come home at last. We walked slowly toward the house, and he did not repeat his inquiry for her, but all the way I was puzzling my head to plan the gentlest manner in which to communicate the intelligence of her misfortune; for I knew he expected to meet her in the house. When we came upon the terrace, under the parlor window, I stopped short, and looking up into his face, said slowly:
"Sister Anne is not at home, she is in New York."
"And yet she knew I was coming!"
The tone in which these words were uttered was a reflection upon Anne's faithfulness, and I cried,
"Yes, sir, she knew; but Anne's almost blind. She is there for advice; I hope for cure."
"Anne blind! Anne Wesley blind! Child, are you telling me the truth?"
He was greatly moved, else I should have resented his ungentle words and manner. As it was, I sat down near him, upon the piazza, and talked of her and mother until quite late,

without lighting the lamps or going into the parlor.
"Of course he will go to New York at once," I said to myself, after he left me, as I locked the hall door and closed the windows for the night—"of course and how happy Anne will be!"
But I was mistaken. The next morning, while I was busy tying up a drooping heliotrope, Mr. Haven came again, and stood leaning over the gate, talking about the flowers, until I was ready to go; then he pushed it open, and followed me up the path, gathering a few buds from Anne's rosebush, which naturally led the conversation to her. I was only too glad to speak her praises to some one besides Martha, and in Mr. Haven I had a most eager listener. I remember, as I watched his kindling face, I wished I had some such friend, one who would be as true and faithful. Soon after this I had a few lines from Anne, written by her own hand. "I am better," she wrote; "please God, I shall soon be quite well, and with you again, little sister. Do all you can to make Ralph happy; I give him into your care. The Doctor refused to let him come to me at present. How I long to see you both!"

Just as I finished crying over this note, I heard Mr. Haven's step on the gravelled walk and ran to meet him, with it open in my hand. It was such a relief to find that he did not stay away from Anne voluntarily, that I was quite ready to obey her injunction.
He, too, had received a line, and I had never seen him wear so bright a look as when I ran down the steps and slipped my hand through his arm, full of joy for the two bits of letters which had come like songs of hope.

We sat in the parlor all that evening singing together, and wishing many times that Anne were there with her sweet contralto voice to make our concert complete. When Mr. Haven said good-night, I laughingly told him I was going to obey her commands, and to my very best to amuse him until she could come; in place of which he begged the blue ribbon that bound my hair. I gave it to him, and stood in the door watching him as he went away, with my long, unloosed curls falling almost to the floor.

Days passed so swiftly they seemed like the days of a delicious dream. I never paused to question my foolish heart, which throbbled with new and strange emotion. It was enough that I was happy; yes, so happy I had not a single tear even for my dear mother's grave. But at last there came a letter from Anne announcing her speedy return. Mr. Haven brought it from the office, and we read it together, standing by the west window in the parlor.
"She is a good girl," he mused, after a prolonged silence, absently caressing my hair with his white fingers. "She is a good girl; and so she is coming—when?" He glanced at the date, which was a week old; the letter had been delayed, and even now she might be on her way. I felt his dark, magnetic eyes searching my drooping face, and I trembled under their power. "Are you glad, Rose?" he whispered, bending to my ear.
"Glad! Oh yes, I am very glad!" I stammered and burst into tears.
"Rose, you love me," said he slowly. "I can read your little heart like a page of sweet poetry. You love me, Rose?"
"And if I did," cried I, "I will not, without thinking or knowing it, have I not forgotten that you are Anne's promised husband?"

"It is true, Rose," he said, gloomily, "that before I went to China I had a youthful liking for Anne, but—and here his tone changed to one of deep tenderness—"you, little Rose, are the only one I ever loved, the only woman I will marry."
"And so," said I scornfully, for I was beginning to realize the depth of love into which I was sinking; "and so, because in your long absence Anne has grown older, and you fear she is less fair and gay, you would cast her off! Ah, sir, I shall soon learn to despise you!"
"Rose, your angry words bring me to myself," said he, sorrowfully. "Forgive me, child, and tell me how I shall expiate my offence."
"Marry Anne, and never let her know of this."
"Marry Anne! Yes, I will, I will. But pity me, Rose. You did love me, little flower!"
This tone of tender beseeching how could my heart withstand it? For one moment I forgot Anne, honor and duty and flung my arms around his neck, sobbing.
"Rose," he whispered, "dear child, let us tell her all. She is generous; she will forgive, she—"
"Never! never! never!" I wrenched myself from him as I spoke, and turned to fly, when I felt in the centre of the room, rigid and white as a marble statue, I beheld Anne!

I threw myself into her arms, and she held me there in a brief but kind embrace; then leading me out in the hall, she touched her icy lips to mine, and went back to the parlor, closing the door softly after her.
What passed between her and Ralph in that long interview I never knew; but he left the village at night, and I saw him no more for years.
Anne passed through this furnace of affliction like the holy children, upon whose bodies the fire had no power. Whatever she suffered was known to God and herself alone. Outwardly, there was not the shadow of change. Twenty years after all this trouble as I sat musing over the fire one winter evening, a note was handed me, which read as follows:
DEAR ROSE:—Come to me.

The lad who brought it was waiting to guide me. I snatched a cloak and hood, and without a question followed him down the street to the village inn, and here I found Ralph Haven—dying—dying! He knew me, notwithstanding my gray hairs, (for at eight-and-thirty I was as gray as I am to-day), and he held out his hands to welcome me. I took them both,

and cold and shrunken as they were, and kissed you—"
"Sit down, Rose," he said. "You will stay by me until I die?"
I took the chair proffered by the good landlady, and sat all that night with his dear hands in mine, praying that God would spare him to me yet a little while. But this was not to be. At early dawn he died in my arms, with our dear Lord's name on his quivering lips.
It has been the comfort of my life that I was permitted to be with him when he went down into the valley of the shadow; that my ear caught his last whisper; that no one but I closed his eyes and smoothed the thin gray locks over his forehead.
Well; the old woman's story is almost done.

I am neither lonely nor miserable. The world looks as bright and fair on this calm October morning as it did forty years ago; but I hope for one which is brighter and fairer, whither my feet are hastening.
Anne and her children and grand-children come to see me often, (for Anne married a good minister, and has reared up a family of girls to imitate her sweet and womanly virtues, and to almost adore their mother.) They also love Aunt Rose.
Here, in the old brown house where I was born, where I have lived and loved and suffered will I die. You will see that I am decently buried, very near my mother and Ralph; and you will not need to plant a flower over my grave. I have loved them so well I shall like to think they will bloom near me, even when I can no longer see their gentle beauty. And should your tender heart suggest a more enduring monument, let it be a broken shaft, (for my life has been incomplete,) bearing only my name,

ROSE WESLEY.

The Two Breastpins.

ONE DAY last January, Madame Lavogue, a broker's wife, of Paris, took it into her head to desire a particular, sort of breastpin—an emerald encircled with diamonds—which could be altered ingeniously into a bracelet or a necklace by a clever contrivance of clasps. Madame Lavogue therefore went to a jeweler in the Rue de la Paix, and discovered a love of a thing—just what she wanted, in fact; and the jeweler, with that sagacious foresight peculiar to French tradesmen, insisted on her carrying the breastpin home to show her husband, and examine more at her leisure. Madame yielded.

That evening there was a dinner-party at the Calapasses, and Madame L. could not resist the opportunity it afforded of trying the effect of the breastpin by gas-light, upon a rose-colored knot of ribbon. The Paris jeweler was probably aware of the use that Madame L. might make of his courtesy, but he was perfectly resigned beforehand, having, no doubt, his reasons. The emerald produced a vivid impression among the guests of Mrs. Calapasse; and Madame L. being much complimented thereon, felt obliged to say that it was an old family relic, reset, and but rarely worn. The last she added, in case she should be obliged to return the jewel; for her husband, on hearing the price—six thousand francs—had rebelled.

On their return to the conjugal hearth, there ensued a discussion. Mr. L. could not countenance such extravagance—could not support it. Madame reminded Monsieur that he had made forty thousand on the Passy mortgage-bonds last week. Monsieur hinted at other deficits to be made up: X shined down; no sales of T. stock, &c. Madame began to weep. Monsieur put on his hat, lit his cigar, and went to lounge on the Boulevard.
Loungeing thereon, Mr. L. beheld the show-window of a dealer in paste-jewelry. A bright idea struck him. He entered the store.
"Do you happen to have an emerald (bogus) surrounded by (bogus) diamonds, in the form of a breastpin, which may be altered into," &c. &c.?
"Certainly, sir. Here is exactly the article."
Mr. L. finds that the article does, in fact, resemble the six thousand franc *bijou* wonderfully, incredibly. He asks the price. "One hundred and twenty francs." Mr. L. reflects upon this fortunate speculation, and buys the article—conditionally.

Returning home, he says to his still pouting wife: "We are going to the ball at the Coquelicots, to-night, you know. Put on the breastpin again, and if it meets with equal success there?"
"Well! what then?"
"Oh! well! see about it, then!"
Madame goes down stairs, smiling, to give an order, leaving Monsieur alone in the boudoir.
That night, all the women at Mrs. Coquelicots' ball whispered that Madame Lavogue was certainly over forty, and had a red nose, in spite of her famous emerald.
As she dozed, Madame L. said to Monsieur L.:
"Well! you saw the success of the breastpin?"
"Certainly!"
"Now, you'll give it to me, won't you, dearest?"
"Oh! dear, good, amiable Edward! I must embrace you! you are a real treasure!"
"You haven't called me that this long time."
"Because you have not made me so happy this long time. Now, I'll tell you what, you give me three thousand francs for the New Year, to buy a set of furs: here they are; I renounce the furs, take the money, and the other three thousand, and pay for the breastpin."
"Not in the least! Keep the money, dear Anastasia!"

"What? Most generous of men! you— you—"
"Yes! keep it; or rather, give me one hundred and twenty francs, and keep the rest."
"One hundred and twenty francs? One— what do you mean, Edward?"
"That's the price of the emerald!"
A Edward, "most generous of men," explained.
Madame had worn the *paste* at Coquelicots' ball.
(Note.—Behold the value of public opinion.)
Madame was indignant. "Monsieur, it is abominable! you are a traitor—a tyrant! What! make me wear false jewelry, to have myself valued, called red-nosed, over forty! o—h! I shall never survive it!"

Let us cut short a scene, of which in truth we were not witnesses, but only gained these details through the indiscretion of a friend.
The next day the two breastpins were sent back to the respective jewelers, Monsieur unwilling to pay for the true, Madame refusing to have the false. Fifteen days pass. The Lavogues are invited to a soiree at the Grabelous'. They go.
"How is this, my dear?" cries the widow Grabelou to Madame L. "You have not put on your famous emerald this evening? Do you not think my soiree as worthy of the honor as those of the Calapasses, of the Coquelicots? You wound my feelings, believe me."
Poor Madame L. begs a thousand pardons; tells a countless number of little fibs that evening.
"Madame L. has not got her famous emerald on to-night," says one lady.
"No! but she has her red nose, though," replies another. Madame L. overhears, and convinced at last that her husband can be coaxed into the six thousand franc breastpin, she resolves on buying the bogus jewel in time to sport it at the Pardouillasse's ball the next night, and covertly seeks the *paste* dealer's where she is shown the bogus article, just as it was returned, in its red morocco case, and whence she carries it away in triumph—a very modest triumph!

The rest of the season is one long ovation. A year goes by. * * * * * But first we must retrace our steps, and return to the day succeeding that on which the two breastpins were sent back to the jewelers. On that day an American lady calls at the store in the Rue de la Paix, sees the six thousand franc emerald, likes it, buys it, and that evening takes it with her to England, and thence, per steamer, to Boston. When the vessel reaches the harbor of Boston, the weather is so boisterous that she cannot make the dock. The impatient voyagers and their luggage are put aboard of yawls and rowed ashore. That which carries the American lady is capized, and though the passengers are saved, the luggage is all lost; consequently the emerald goes to the bottom.

Now we return to Paris, and to the present January. Madame Lavogue, after a long season of triumph, has begun to discover that as far as jewels are concerned, the bogus passes as well as the sinner pure, and she has consequently worn her emerald bravely. But about the beginning of this January, encouraged by her success, she concludes to have a pendant attached to the breastpin by way of variety. So she goes to the *paste* jeweler; but he tells her that a real pendant will cost but little—a pendant in gold and enamel—and that she had better go to a genuine jeweler; whereupon she seeks the tradesman of the six thousand franc emerald in the Rue de la Paix. This artist is rather reluctant to work upon bogus jewelry, but finally consents, and Madame L. hands him her one hundred and twenty franc brooch. The jeweler puts his glass to his eye, looks at the brooch, looks harder, holds it up to the light, turns it, turns it again, and then exclaims:
"But, madam, this is a real emerald! these are genuine diamonds!"
"Oh! what do you mean, sir?"
"I mean what I say, and—hold! by Jove! it is the very breastpin I lent you a year ago! I see my private mark on it!"
"You are mistaken," exclaimed the tradesman's wife, seeing Madame Lavogue blush and look indignant. "You sold our emerald to Mrs. B., an American lady. Here it is on the books, duly credited and cashed received a year since."
"I don't care," cries the jeweler; "this is my emerald. Here's my mark—a horse's head and a double cross."
"But I sent it back to you," exclaims Madame L., "and your wife tells you you sold it to an American lady; and she seizes her breastpin, which the jeweler had laid on the counter, 'Look at your book yourself, sir!'"
"But, madam—"
"My husband shall come and rectify this, ago. If there is an error he will correct it;" and Madame Lavogue left in an inexplicable state between anger and mystification, and sought her spouse. Mr. L., after hearing the affair and reflecting upon it, came to the conclusion that in returning the two breastpins, the day after the Grabelou ball, Madame L. must have accidentally placed the bogus emerald in the real jewel's case, and vice versa; so that Mrs. B. of Boston had paid six thousand francs for a *paste* breastpin, and Madame Lavogue had obtained a remarkably pure emerald surrounded by brilliants for one hundred and twenty francs! The explanations which ensued from Mr. L. and the jeweler proved satisfactorily that this was the true solution of the mystery.

But the real jeweler insisted on having the true jewel kept. Mr. L. insisted on not returning it except in presence of the American lady, and on her restoring the imitation article. At this crisis, a friend is found who has read—and produces the proof, in a Boston journal—the account of the accident in landing the passengers of the steamer Massachusetts at Boston, seven months ago, and the names of those who lost all their effects, among which is that of Mrs. B., the purchaser of the emerald. How shall the affair be arranged now?

Is Mrs. B., who paid the six thousand francs, wronged?
The jeweler, who innocently sold *paste* for genuine jewelry, has he any right to demand the restoration of his breastpin, or any claim for damages?
Finally, have the sharks of Boston harbor, who have doubtless taken this green glass as the real thing, no right to complain?
Mrs. B., the American lady, is expected in Paris this spring; and Madame Lavogue has resolved to go frankly to her and relate the whole story, resting entirely upon her decision, but at the same time entreating her to allow Madame L. to enjoy the fruit of this singular accident. If, however, Mrs. B. insists upon having the true emerald which she paid for, Madame L. will equally insist on having the false one which she has also paid for.
Where will Mrs. B. find it?
We anxiously await the final act of this comedy of errors.

Death of the Gipsy King.
(From the Pittsburgh Post, 28th.)
Owen Stanley, the recognized leader of a large band of Gipsies in this country, died a short time since, at Madison, Indiana, and his remains were taken to Dayton, for interment, beside those of Harriet Owen, a Gipsy Queen, who was buried there some two years ago. The ceremonies were announced to have taken place with great pomp, and roving bands of this singular people were gathering to Dayton, in all directions, to participate in the funeral ceremonies, which were to be of a curious and imposing character, becoming the interment of deceased royalty.

In noticing the fact of his death, we observe that the papers make no remark upon the character, life and personal history of the deceased.
The "Gipsy King," Owen Stanley, and his numerous family, have frequently visited this part of Pennsylvania, and we know them well. The government of this peculiar people, among themselves, is patriarchal, the oldest member of the tribe or family receiving peculiar reverence and implicit obedience from all its members.
The Stanley family of Gipsies, of which Owen was the Patriarch, Chief or King, came to America some seven or eight years ago, from England by way of Canada. The Gipsy King was the father of seventeen children, all of whom, we believe, are in America and living. These, with their descendants now number about two hundred persons. They still keep up their nomadic, Gipsy mode of living, traveling from place to place, in bands, sub-divided according to circumstances. The tribe is possessed of considerable wealth in horses, wagons, and money, the latter of which they are not averse to loaning to persons in whom they have implicit confidence. Knowing themselves suspected, they are naturally a suspicious people, but when once their confidence is acquired they are free hearted, open handed and jovial. In all matters of practical life they are well informed. They drive a sharp bargain, are cautious and prudent, and we can say that the Stanley family have proved themselves honest. In all charges made against them, which are not unfrequent, they insist upon investigation and come out triumphant.

We recollect that at one time when in this city, a man from Ohio, swore positively to the ownership of a horse which was in the possession of a member of the tribe and offered for sale at the horse market, and he was arrested. After he had, by questioning and cross questioning induced the complainant to swear positively that the horse was his father's, Stanley produced the bill and receipt for the purchase of the horse, gave bail for a stay of proceedings for a couple of days, and not only proved his legal ownership in the horse, but also that the man who was said to have been its owner still had his own horse.

When the Stanley tribe first came to this country, the father and mother remained in England and joined their children in this country at the request of their son Levi Stanley, who sent to England a thousand dollars to aid them and some of the poorer members of the tribe to come to the United States.
The old man had many valuable articles which had descended to him from his ancestors, and which he desired to preserve as relics of the olden time. They were silver cups and silver quarts or tankards, which had been presented to various members of the tribe, by English noblemen and gentlemen, as rewards for feats of agility, strength, running, jumping, dancing, &c. When encamped upon large common grounds belonging to the nobility and gentry of England, amusements of this sort were common, but by an act of Parliament, passed about twenty years ago, these grounds were enclosed, and the camp grounds and the grazing of the Gipsies, like the hunting grounds of our Indian tribes, were taken away from them. This fact, together with the fear that the younger members of the tribe might be impressed for the Russian war, induced the Stanleys, together with several other Gipsy tribes to emigrate to America, where they could find plenty of room without being regarded as trespassers.

When the Stanleys resolved to come to America, one and all, the question arose as to how they should convey the family relics above spoken of, which were numerous, and being of silver, valuable. They feared that both in England and in this country, the popular prejudice which set down the Gipsy as a thief, might induce the authorities to seize them, and that thus they might be put to trouble and delay, or might lose their cherished treasures altogether. They accomplished the affair with true Gipsy cunning. Purchasing a cask of liquor, they secretly placed the silver ware in it, wrapped up so as to deaden the sound, and then entered their liquor for regular exportation at the Custom House. The cask and its valuable contents came safely through official hands, and the liquor was uninjured by the valuable deposit which it contained. The family are still in possession of these relics,

Seedless Raisins!
A LOT of very choice Seedless Raisins, just received at
Nov. 10, 59. Grocery Store, No. 71, Locust st.

SHAKER CORN.
JUST received, a first rate lot of Shaker Corn.
Grocery Store, corner Front and Union st.
Nov. 26, 1859.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE. The want of such an article is felt in every family, and now it can be supplied for mending furniture, china-ware, ornamental work, toys, &c. There is nothing superior. We