

THE COLUMBIA SPY.

SAMUEL WRIGHT, Editor and Proprietor.

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

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DR. HOFFER,
DENTIST—OFFICE, Front Street 4th door from Locust, over Taylor & McDonald's Book Store, Columbia, Pa. 17733. Telephone, same as Jolly's Photograph Gallery. (August 21, 1852.)

THOMAS WELSH,
OFFICE, in Whipple's New Building, below Black's Hotel, Front street. (August 21, 1852.)

H. M. NORTH,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
Columbia, Pa. Collections promptly made in Lancaster and York Counties. Columbia, May 4, 1850.

J. W. FISHER,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
Columbia, Pa. September 6, 1850.

S. Atlee Borklus, 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, 1850.

Harrison's Columbian Ink.
WHICH is a superior article, permanent black and not corroding the pen, and is used in all families, in the Family Medicine Store, and blacker of all that English Ink Polishes.
Columbia, June 2, 1850.

We Have Just Received
DR. CUTLER'S Improved Chest Expanding
Suspenders and Shoulder Braces for Gentlemen, and Patent Skirt Supporter and Brace for Ladies. Just the article for the time. Come and see them at Family Medicine Store, Old Fellows' Hall. (April 9, 1850.)

Prof. Gardner's Soap.
We have the New England Soap for those who did not obtain it from the same man it is pleasant to the skin, and will clean spots from Wrought Goods, it is therefore no humbug, for you get the worth of your money in the Family Medicine Store. Columbia, June 11, 1850.

CRAMER, or Bond's Boston Crackers, for
Dyspepsia, and Arrow Root Crackers, for Colic, and other ailments, are for sale at the Family Medicine Store. Columbia, April 16, 1850.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE.—The want of such an article is felt in every family, and now it can be supplied for mending furniture, chairs, and other articles. We have found it useful in repairing many articles which have been used for months. You can obtain it at the Family Medicine Store. Columbia, June 11, 1850.

IRON AND STEEL!
THE Subscribers have received a New and Large Stock of all kinds of Iron and Steel.
BAR IRON AND STEEL!
They are constantly supplied with the best quality of iron and steel, and can furnish it in any quantity in large or small quantities, at the lowest rates. J. RUMPLE & SON, Locust street below Second, Columbia, Pa. April 28, 1850.

RITTER'S Compound Syrup of Turpentine
and Wild Cherry, for Coughs, Colds, &c. For sale at the Golden Morning Dispensary, Front st. 1 July 1, 1850.

WILLIAMS' Compound Concentrated Extract
of Sassafras for the cure of Strain, Rheumatism, and all venereal affections, is for sale at the lowest price, and for sale by J. WILLIAMS, Front st., Columbia, Pa. Sept. 21, 1850.

FOR SALE.
200 GROSS Fashion Machines, very low for Columbia. June 22, 1850. W. H. WILKINS.

Dutch Herring!
A New kind of good Herring has been supplied at No. 10, 1850. Grocery Store, Locust st.

LYONS' PURE OLD CATAWBA BRANDY
and FINE WHISKY, especially for medicinal and Sacramental purposes, at the Family Medicine Store, Columbia, June 2, 1850.

NICE RAISINS for 8 cts. per pound, are to be had only at W. H. WILKINS' Grocery Store, No. 71 Locust street, March 10, 1850.

GARDEN SEEDS.—Fresh Garden Seeds, warranted pure, of all kinds, just received at W. H. WILKINS' Grocery Store, No. 71 Locust street, March 10, 1850.

POCKET FOLIO AND PURSES.
A LARGE lot of Fine and Common Pocket Books and Purses, at from 15 cts. to two dollars each. In quantities and News Depot, Columbia, April 14, 1850.

BEW more of those beautiful Prints left, which will be sold cheap, at S. F. EBERLEIN'S, Columbia, Pa. April 11.

Just Received and For Sale.
1500 SACKS Ground Alum Salt, in large or small quantities, at APPOLES, Warehouse, Canal Basin, May 2, 1850.

COLD CREAM OF GLYCERINE.—For the cure and prevention of chapped hands, &c. For sale at the GOLDEN MORNING DISPENSARY, Front street, Columbia, Pa. Dec. 3, 1850.

Turkish Frames!
FOR a first rate article from you must go to S. F. EBERLEIN'S, Grocery Store, No. 71 Locust st. Nov. 19, 1850.

GOLD PENS, GOLD PENS.
JUST received a large and fine assortment of Gold Pens, of New York and London manufacture, at S. F. EBERLEIN'S Book Store, No. 71 Locust street, above Locust, Columbia, Pa. April 14, 1850.

FRESH GROCERIES.
We continue to sell the best Java Syrup, White and Brown Sugar, good Coffee and choice Tea, to be had in Columbia at the New Corner Store, opposite Old Fellows' Hall, and at the old stand at Springing the "A." H. C. FONDERSMITH.

Segars, Tobacco, &c.
A LOT of first-rate Segars, Tobacco and Snuff will be found at the store of the subscriber. He keeps only a first rate article. S. F. EBERLEIN'S Grocery Store, Locust st., Columbia, Pa. Oct. 1, 1850.

CRANBERRIES.
NEW Crop Cranberries, New Crop, at A. M. RAMBOS, Oct. 20, 1850.

SARDINES.
Worcestershire Sauce, Relished Coconuts, &c. just received and for sale by S. F. EBERLEIN'S, No. 71 Locust st. Oct. 20, 1850.

CRANBERRIES.
JUST received a fresh lot of Cranberries and New Crop, at No. 71 Locust st. S. F. EBERLEIN. Oct. 21, 1850.

Poetry.

Love's Reproach.

A RUSTIC PLAIN.

Dear Tom, my love, free-hearted lad,
Where'er you go, God bless you;
You'd better speak than with you had,
If love for me distress you,
To me, they say, your thoughts incline,
And possibly they may;
Then once for all, to quiet mine,
Tom, if you love me, say so.

On st. sound least and mainly frame,
Sixty-eight or labor,
Good-humored, frank, and still the same,
To parent, friend, or neighbor,
Then why do you spurn your love to own
For me, from day to day so,
And let me whisper, still alone,
"Tom, if you love me, say so."

How oft when I was sick or sad
With some remembered fondly,
The sight of you made me glad,
And then most melancholy!
Ah! why will thoughts of one so good
Upon my spirit prey?
By you it should be understood—
"Tom, if you love me, say so."

Lo! Monday, at the cricket match,
No rival stood before you;
In earnest time, for quick dispatch,
The farmer, all alone you,
And exclaiming you praise they sing,
"Though one thing you do say so,
An I sleep nightly murmuring,
"Tom, if you love me, say so."

Whether of our own chance to seek,
Alone to breathe it,
I bring me to his on my cheek,
And all my soul goes with it,
Way to make me, then, with voice so low,
And falling turns away so,
When next you come, before you go,
"Tom, if you love me, say so."

When Jasper W. I, beside the brook,
Remounted on his lowered,
I recall that look—
That smiled the "average crowd,"
Cold words and few you uttered then,
"Would they could find their way so—
When those moist eyes so plainly mean,
"Tom, if you love me, say so."

My friends, 'tis true, are well to do,
And yours are poor and friendless,
Ah, and for they are rich in you,
Your impudence is endless,
You never let them shed a tear,
Save that on you they weigh so,
There's one might bring you better cheer,
Tom, if you love me, say so.

My uncle's legacy is all
"For you, Tom, when you choose;
In better hands it cannot fall,
Or he's trained to use it,
You never let them shed a tear,
Save that on you they weigh so,
Since wealth and mind make even lot,
Tom, if you love me, say so."

Selections.

The Cold Embrace.

He was a student—such things as happened to him happen sometimes to students. He was a German—such things as happened to him happen sometimes to Germans. He was young, handsome, studious, enthusiastic, metaphysical, reckless, unbelieving, heartless. And being young, handsome and eloquent, he was beloved. He was an orphan, under the guardianship of his dead father's brother, his uncle Wilhelm, in whose house he had been brought up from a little child; and she who loved him was his cousin—his cousin Gertrude, whom he swore he loved in return. Did he love her? Yes, when he first swore it. But it soon wore out—this passionate love, how threadbare and wretched a sentiment it grew to be at last in the selfish heart of the student. But in its first golden dawn, when he was only nineteen, and had just returned from the university, and they wandered together in the most romantic outskirts of the city, at rosy sunset, by holy moonlight, or bright and joyous morning, how beautiful a dream! They kept it a secret from Wilhelm, as he has the father's ambition of a wealthy suitor for his only child—a cold and dreary vision beside the lover's dream. So they are betrothed and standing side by side when the dying sun and the pale rising moon divide the heavens. He puts the betrothal ring on her finger, the white and taper finger whose slender shape he knows so well. The ring is a peculiar one—a massive golden serpent, its tail in its mouth, the symbol of eternity; it had been his mother's, and he would know it amongst a thousand. If he were to become blind to-morrow, he could select it from amongst a thousand by the touch alone. He places it on her finger, and they swear to be true to each other for ever and ever—through trouble and danger—in sorrow and change—in wealth or poverty. Her father would be won to consent to their union by-and-by, for they were now betrothed, and death alone could part them. But the young student, the scoffer at revelation, yet the enthusiastic adorer of the mystic, asks: "Can death part us? I would return to you from the grave, Gertrude. My soul would come back to be near my love. And you—you, if you died before me, the cold earth would not hold you from me; if you loved me you would return, and again these fair arms would be clasped round the neck as they are now."

But she told him, with a holier light in her deep blue eyes than ever shone in his—she told him, that the dead who die in peace with God are happy in Heaven, and cannot return to the troubled earth; and that it is only the suicide, the lost wretch on whom

sorrowful angels shut the door of Paradise, whose unholy spirit haunts the footsteps of the living.

The first year of their betrothal is passed, and she is alone; for he has gone to Italy on a commission for some rich man to copy a Raphael, or a Titian, or a Guido, in a gallery at Florence. He has gone to win fame, perhaps; but it is not the less bitter—he is gone!

Of course her father misses his young nephew, who has been as a son to him; and he thinks his daughter's sadness no more than a cousin should feel for a cousin's absence.

In the meantime the weeks and months pass. The lover writes often at first, then seldom—at last, not at all. How many excuses she invents for him. How many times she goes to the distant little Post Office to which he is to address his letters. How many times she hopes, only to be disappointed. How many times she despairs, only to hope again.

But real despair comes at last, and will not be put off any more. The rich suitor appears on the scene, and her father is determined. She is to marry at once. The wedding day is fixed—the fifteenth of June. The date seems burnt into her brain.

The date, written in fire, dashes forever before her eyes. The date, shrieked by the Furies, sounds continually in her ears. But there is time yet—it is the middle of May—there is time for a letter to reach him at Florence; there is time for him to come to Brunswick, to take her away and marry her in spite of her father—in spite of the whole world.

But the days and the weeks fly by, and he does not write—he does not come. This is, indeed, despair which usurps her heart, and will not be put away.

It is the fourteenth of June. For the last time to the little Post Office; for the last time she asks the old question, and they give her for the last time the dreary answer, "No! no letter!"

For the last time—for to-morrow is the day appointed for her bridal. Her father will hear no entreaties; her rich suitor will not listen to her prayers. They will not be put off a day—an hour; to-night alone is hers—this night, which she may employ as she will.

She takes another path than that which leads home; she hurries through some by-ways of the city, out on to a lonely bridge, where he and she had stood so often in the sunset watching the rose colored light glow, fade, and die upon the river.

He returns from Florence. He had received the letter. The letter, blotted with tears, entreating, despairing—he had received it, but he loved her no longer. A young Florentine, who had sat to him for a model, had bewitched his fancy—that fancy which with him stood in place of a heart—and Gertrude had been half forgotten. If she had a richer suitor, good! let her marry him; better for her, better for himself. He had no wish to fetter himself with a wife. Had he not his arts always? his eternal bride, his unchanging mistress.

Thus he thought it wiser to delay his journey to Brunswick, so that he should arrive when the wedding was over—arrive in time to salute the bride!

And the vows—the mystical fancies—the belief in his return, even after death, to the entrance of his beloved! Oh, gone out of this life! melted away forever those foolish dreams of his boyhood!

So, on the fifteenth of June he enters Brunswick by that very bridge on which she stood, the stars looking down on her the night before. He strolls across the bridge and down by the water's edge, a great dog at his heels, and the smoke from his short meerschaum pipe curling in blue wreaths antiaust in the pure morning air. He has his sketch-book under his arm, and attracted now and then by some object that catches his artist's eye, stops to draw. A few weeds and pebbles on the river's brink—a crag on the opposite shore—a group of pillard willows in the distance. When he has done he admires his drawing, shuts his sketch-book, empties the ashes from his pipe, refills from his tobacco-pouch, sings, the refrain of a gay drinking song, calls to his dog, smokes again and walks on. Suddenly he opens his sketch-book again; this time that which attracts him is a group of figures—but what is it?

It is not a funeral, for there are no mourners. It is not a funeral, but it is a corpse lying on a redie covered with an old sail carried between two bearers.

It is not a funeral, for the bearers are fishermen—fishermen in their every day garb.

About a hundred yards from him they rest their burden on a bank—one stands at the head of the bier, the other throws himself down at the foot of it.

And thus they form a perfect group; he walks back two or three paces, selects his point of sight, and begins to sketch a hurried outline. He has finished it before they move; he hears their voices, though he cannot hear their words, and wonders what they can be talking of. Presently he walks on, and joins them.

"You have a corpse there, my friends?" he says.
"Yes; a corpse washed ashore an hour ago."
"Drowned?"
"Yes, drowned—a young girl, very handsome."
"Suicides are always handsome," he says;

and then he stands for a little while idly smoking and meditating, looking at the sharp outline of the corpse and the stiff folds of the rough canvas covering.

Life is such a golden holiday to him—young, ambitious, clever—that it seems as though sorrow and death could have no part in his destiny.

At last he says, that as this poor suicide is so handsome, he should like to make a sketch of her.

He gives the fishermen some money, and they offer to remove the sailcloth that covers her features.

No; he will do it himself. He lifts the rough, coarse, wet canvas from her face—What face?

The face that shone on the dreams of his foolish boyhood. The face which once was the light of his uncle's home. His cousin Gertrude his betrothed!

He sees, as in one glance, while he draws one breath, the rigid features—the marble arms—the hands crossed on the cold bosom; and, on the third finger of the left hand, the ring which had been his mother's—the gold serpent; the ring, which, if he were to become blind, he could select from a thousand others by the touch alone.

But he is a genius and a metaphysician—grief, true grief is not for such as he. His first thought is flight—flight anywhere out of that accursed city—anywhere far from the brink of that hideous river—anywhere away from memory, away from remorse—anywhere to forget.

He is miles on the road that leads away from Brunswick before he knows that he has walked a step.

It is only when his dog lies down panting at his feet that he feels how exhausted he is himself, and sits down upon a bank to rest. How the landscape spins round and round before his dazzled eyes, while this morning's sketch of the two fishermen and the canvas-covered bier glares redly at him out of the twilight.

At last, after sitting a long time by the roadside, idly playing with his dog, idly smoking, idly lounging, looking as if an insouciant light-hearted traveling student might look, yet all the while acting over that morning's scene in his burning brain a hundred times a minute—at last he grows a little more composed, and tries presently to think of himself as he is, apart from his cousin's suicide. Apart from that, he was no worse off than he was yesterday. It's genius was not gone; the money he had earned at Florence still lined his pocket-book; he was his own master, free to go whither he would.

And while he sits on the road side, trying to separate himself from the scene of that morning—trying to put away the image of the corpse covered with the damp canvas—trying to think of what he should do next, where he should go, to be further away from Brunswick and reverse, the old diligence comes rumbling and jingling along. He remembers it; it goes from Brunswick to Aix-la-Chapelle.

He whistles to his dog, shouts to the postillion to stop, and springs into the coupe. During the whole evening, through the long night, though he does not once close his eyes, he never speaks a word, but when morning dawns, and the other passengers awake and begin to talk to each other, he joins in the conversation. He tells them that he is an artist, that he is going to Cologne and to Antwerp to copy the Rubens. He remembered afterwards that he had talked and laughed boisterously, and that when he was talking and laughing loudest, a passenger, older and graver than the rest, opened the window near him, and told him to put his head out. He remembered the fresh air blowing in his face, the singing of the birds in his ears, and the flat fields and road-side reeling before his eyes. He remembered this, and then falling in a heap on the floor of the diligence.

It is a fever that keeps him for six long weeks laid on a bed at an hotel in Aix-la-Chapelle.

He gets well, and, accompanied by his dog, starts on foot for Cologne. By this time he is his former self once more. Again the blue smoke from his short meerschaum curls upwards in the morning air—again he sings some old university drinking song—again stops here and there, meditating and sketching.

He is happy, and has forgotten his cousin—and so, on to Cologne.

It is by the great Cathedral he is standing with his dog at his side. It is night, the bells have just chimed the hour, and the clocks are striking eleven; the moonlight shines full upon the magnificent pile, over which the artist's eye wanders, absorbed in the beauty of form.

He is not thinking of his drowned cousin for he has forgotten her and is happy. Suddenly some one—something from behind him, puts two cold arms round his neck, and clasps its hands on his breast.

And yet there is no one behind him, for on the flags bathed in the broad moonlight there are only two shadows, his own and his dog's. He turns quickly round—there is no one—nothing to be seen in the broad square but himself and his dog; and though he feels he cannot see the cold arms clasped round his neck.

It is not ghostly, this embrace, for it is palpable to the touch—it cannot be real, for it is impalpable to the sight.
He tries to throw off the cold embrace. He clasps the hands in his own to tear them

asunder, and to cast them off his neck. He can feel the long delicate fingers cold and wet beneath his touch, and on the third finger of the left hand he can feel the ring which was his mother's—the golden serpent—the ring which he has always said he would know among a thousand by the touch alone. He knows it now!

His dead cousin's cold arms are round his neck—his dead cousin's wet hands are clasped upon his breast. He will die! He will go mad! "Up Lee," he shouts. "Up, up, boy!" and the Newfoundland leaps to his shoulders—the dog's paws are on the dead hands, and the animal utters a terrific howl, and springs away from his master.

The student stands in the moonlight, the dead arms round his neck, and the dog at a little distance moaning piteously.

Presently a watchman, alarmed by the howling of the dog, comes into the square to see what is wrong.

In a breath the cold arms are gone. He takes the watchman home to the hotel with him and gives him money; in his gratitude he could have given the man half his little fortune.

Will it ever come to him again, this embrace of the dead?

He tries never to be alone; he makes a hundred acquaintances, and shares the chamber of another student. He starts up if he is left by himself in the public room at the inn where he is staying, and runs into the street. People notice his strange actions, and begin to think that he is mad.

But in spite of all he is alone once more, for one night the public room being empty for a moment, when on some idle pretence he strolls into the street, the street is empty too, and for the second time he feels the cold arms round his neck, and for the second time when he calls his dog the animal slinks away from him with a piteous howl.

After this he leaves Cologne, still traveling on foot—for economy now, as his money is getting low. He joins traveling hawkers, he walks side by side with laborers, he talks to every foot passenger he falls in with, and tries from morning till night to get company on the road.

At night he sleeps by the fire in the kitchen of the inn at which he stops, but what he will he is often alone, and it is now an old thing for him to feel the cold arms round his neck.

Many months have passed since his cousin's death—autumn, winter, early spring. His money is nearly gone, his health is utterly broken, he is the shadow of his former self, and he is getting near Paris. He will reach that city at the time of the carnival. To this he looks forward. In Paris, in Carnival time, he need never surely be alone, never feel that deadly care, he might even recover his lost gaiety, his lost health, once more resume his profession, once more earn fame and money by his art.

How hard he tries to get over the distance that divides him from Paris, while day by day he grows weaker and weaker, and his step more slow and heavy.

But there is an end at last; the long and dreary roads are passed. This is Paris, which he enters for the first time—Paris, of which he has dreamed so much—Paris, whose million voices are to exercise his phantoms.

To him, to night, Paris seems one vast chaos of lights, music and confusion—lights which dance before his eyes and lights that are still—music that rings in his ears and deafens him—confusion which makes his head whirl round and round.

But in spite of all, he finds the opera house, where there is a masked ball. He has enough money left to buy a ticket of admission, and to hire a domino to throw over his shabby dress. It seems only a moment after his entering the gates of Paris that he is in the very midst of the wild gaiety of the opera house ball.

No more darkness, no more loneliness, but a mad crowd, shouting and dancing, and a lovely Debardeur hanging on his arm. The boisterous gaiety he feels surely in his old light-heartedness come back. He hears the people round him talking of the outrageous conduct of some drunken student, and it is to him they point when he says this—who has not moistened his lips since yesterday at noon—for even now he will not drink; though his lips are parched, and his throat burning, he cannot drink. His voice is thick and hoarse, and his utterance indistinct, but still this must be his old light-heartedness come back that makes him so wildly gay.

The little Debardeur is wearied out—her arm rests on his shoulder heavier than lead—the other dancers one by one drop off. The lights in the chandeliers one by one die out.

The decorations look pale and shadowy in that dim light that is neither night nor day. A faint glimmer from the dying lamps, a pale streak through the half-open shutters of cold gray light from the new-born day. And by this light the bright-eyed Debardeur fades sadly. He looks her in the face. How the brightness of her eyes dies out. Again he looks her in the face. How white that face has grown. Again—and how it is the shadow of a face alone that looks in his.

Again—and they are gone—the bright eyes—the face—the shadow of the face. He is alone, alone in that vast saloon.

Alone, and in the terrible silence he hears the echoes of his own footsteps in that dimly-lit saloon which has no music.
No music but the beating of his heart against his breast. For the cold arms are

round his neck—they whirl him round, they will not be flung off, or cast away, he can no more escape from their icy grasp than he can escape from death. He looks behind him—there is nothing but himself in the great empty hall; but he can feel—cold, feathery, but oh! how palpable—the long slender fingers, and the ring which was his mother's.

He tries to shout, but he has no power in his burning throat. The silence of the place is only broken by the echoes of his own footsteps in the dance from which he cannot extricate himself. Who says he has no partner? The cold hands are clasped on his breast, and now he does not shun their embrace. No! One more polka if he drops down dead!

The lights are all out, and half an hour after the *gendarmes* come in with a lantern to see that the house is empty; they are followed by a great dog that they have found seated howling on the steps of the theatre. Near the principal entrance they stumble over—

The body of a student who has died from want of food, exhaustion, and the breaking of a blood vessel!

An Honest Arab.

"Scotchman, Express, Mercury, fuses, penny a hunder—this days Scotchman, sir!" shouted a shrill-piped, ragged little fellow, at the end of a cold, yet bitter day in October, as we stood at the door of the New Royal in Princess street, while stopping for a day or two in Edinburgh a short time since.

"No, we don't want any."
"Fuses, a penny a hunder, sir; this day's paper, sir—half price, sir—only a bobber," persisted the young countryman of Adam Smith.

"Get along, don't want any," growled my traveling companion, Phillips.

"They're good fuses, sir, penny a hunder."
"Don't smoke."
"They're good fuses, sir, hunder and twenty for a penny, sir," coming around on my flank.

"No, don't want 'em, my boy."
The keen, blue face, with its red, bare feet ingrained with dirt, and bundle of scanty rags, looked piteously at me, moved a little, but still hovered around us.

Now, when I put down my first subscription to the Ragged School in Westminster, I took a mental pledge from myself to encourage vagrant children in the streets no more. Somehow in this instance that pledge wouldn't stand by me, but gave way.

"Give me a penn'orth, young 'un."
"Yes, sir—they dinna saell."
"Ah, haven't got a copper, nothing less than a shilling; so, never mind, my boy, I'll buy from you to-morrow."
"Buy them the night, if you please. I'm very hungry, sir."

His little cold face, which had lightened up, now fell; for, from his bundle of papers, I saw his sales had been few that day.

"I'll gang for change, sir."
"Well, I'll try you—there is a shilling; now, be a good boy, and bring me the change to-morrow morning to the hotel—ask for Mr. Turner."

"As sure's death, sir, I'll bring the change the morn, was the promise of the boy before he vanished with the shilling."
"Well, Turner," said Phillips, as we strolled along Princess street, "you don't expect to see your ragged friend again, do you?"

"I do."
"The boy will dishonor his I. O. U. as sure as—"
"Well, I won't grieve about the money; but I think I can trust the boy."
"Can't you have trusted him?"
"Well, we'll see."
"Yes, a good many remarkable things, but not young brimstone and your money."

Next morning we spent in seeing the lions.

On our return to the inn, I inquired: "Waiter, did a little boy call here for me to-day?"
"Boy, sir?—call, sir? No, sir?"
"Of course he didn't," said Phillips.
"Did you really expect to see your young Arab again?"
"Indeed I did."

Later in the evening, a small boy was introduced; who wished to speak with me. He was a doleful edition of the small octavo of the previous day—a shivering, shrunken, ragged, wretched, keen-witted Arab of the streets and closes of the city. He was so very small, and cold, and child-like,—though with the same shivering feet and frame, thin, blue, cold face, down which tears had worn their weary channel—that I saw at once the child was not my friend of the previous night.

He stood for a few minutes dividing and ramming into the recesses of his rags—At last he said:
"Are you the gentleman that bought fuses frae Sandy yesterday?"
"Yes, my little man."
"Weel, here's seven pence, (counting out divers copper coins.) Sandy canna come, he's no weel; a cart run o'er him the day, and broken his legs, and lost his bannet, and his fuses, and your four-pence piece, and his knife, an' he's no weel. He's no weel, an', and the doctor says he's dee—dee—in, and—that's a' he can gie you

and the poor child, commencing with sobs, ended in a sore fit of crying.

I gave him food, for though his cup of sorrow was full enough, his stomach was empty, as he looked wistfully at the display in the tea table.

"Are you Sandy's brother?"
"Ay, sir," and the flood gates of his heart again opened.

"Where do you live? Are your father and mother alive?"
"We bide in Blackfriar's Wynd, in the Coogate. My mither's dead, and father's awa, and we bide whiles wi' our gud-mither," sobbing bitterly.

"Where did this accident happen?"
"Near the college, sir."
"Calling a cab, we were speedily set down at Blackfriar's Wynd. I had never perceived the wretched places of these ancient cities by day, and here I entered one by night, and almost alone