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.

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DR. HOFFER,

DENTIST.—OFFICE, Front Street 4th door from Locust, over Saylor & McDonald's Book store Columbia, Pa. ☞ Entrance, same as Jolley's Photograph Gallery. [August 21, 1858.

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JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Columbia, Pa.

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

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November 28, 1857.

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.

Columbia, September 6, 1856-tf

S. Atlee Bockius, D. D. S.

PRACTICES the Operative, Surgical and Mechanical Departments of Dentistry.

OFFICE Locust street, between the Franklin House and Post Office, Columbia, Pa

May 7, 1859.

Harrison's Coumbian Ink.

WHICH is a superior article, permanently black, and not corroding the pen, can be had in any quantity, at the Family Medicine Store, and blacker yet is that English Boot Polish.

Columbia, June 9, 1859

We Have Just Received

DR. CUTTER'S Improved Chest Expanding Suspender and Shoulder Braces for Gentlemen, and Patent Skirt Supporter and Brace for Ladies, the article that is wanted at this time. Come and see them at Family Medicine Store, Odd Fellows' Hall. [April 9, 1859

Prof. Gardner's Soap.

WE have the New England Soap for those who did not obtain it from the Soap Man, it is pleasant to the skin, and will take grease spots from Woolen Goods, it is therefore no humbug, for you get the worth of your money at the Family Medicine Store

Columbia, June 11, 1859.

GRAHAM, or, Bond's Boston Crackers, for [illegible] and Arrow Root Crackers, for invalids and children—new articles in Columbia, at the Family Medicine Store.

April 16, 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, &c. [illegible] useful in repairing many articles which have been laid by for months. You [illegible] at the

FAMILY MEDICINE STORE

IRON AND STEEL!

THE Subscriber have received [illegible] Stock of all kinds and sizes of

BAR IRON AND STEEL!

They are constantly supplied with stock in this branch of his business, and can furnish it to customers in large or small quantities, at the lowest rates

J. RUMPLE & SON,

Locust street below Second, Columbia, Pa.

April 28, 1860.

RITTER'S Compound Syrup of Tar and Wild Cherry, for Coughs, Colds, &c. For sale by the Golden Mortar Drug Store, Front st. July 2

AYER'S Compound Concentrated Extract Sarsaparilla for the cure of Scrofula, King's Evil, and all scrofulous affections, a fresh article just received and for sale by

R. WILLIAMS, Front st, Columbia,

sept. 24, 1859,

FOR SALE.

200 GROSS Friction Matches, very low for cash.

June 25, '59. R. WILLIAMS.

Dutch Herring!

ANY one fond of a good Herring can be supplied at S. F. EBERLEIN'S

Nov. 19, 1859. Grocery Store, No. 71 Locust st.

LYON'S PURE OHIO CATAWBA BRANDY and PURE WINES, especially for Medicines and Sacramental purposes, at the

FAMILY MEDICINE STORE.

NICE RAISINS for 8 cts. per pound, are to be had only at

EBERLEIN'S Grocery Store,

March 10, 1860. No. 71 Locust street.

GARDEN SEEDS.—Fresh Garden Seeds, warranted pure, of all kinds, just received at

EBERLEIN'S Grocery Store,

March 10, 1860. No 71 Locust street.

POCKET BOOKS AND PURSES.

A LARGE lot of Fine and Common Pocket Books and Purses, at from 15 cents to two dollars each

Headquarters and News Depot.

Columbia, April 14, 1860.

A NEW more of those beautiful Prints left, which will be sold cheap, at

SAYLOR & McDONALD'S

April 14. Columbia, Pa.

Just Received and For Sale.

1500 SACKS Ground Alum Salt, in large or small quantities, at

APPOLD'S

May 5, '60. Warehouse, Canal Basin.

COLD CREAM OF GLYCERINE.—For the cure and prevention of chapped hands, &c. For sale at the GOLDEN MORTAR DRUG STORE,

Dec 3, 1859. Front street, Columbia.

Turkish Prunes!

FOR a first rate article of Prunes, you must go to S. F. EBERLEIN'S

Nov. 19, 1859. Grocery Store, No 71 Locust st

GOLD PENS, GOLD PENS.

JUST received a large and fine assortment of Gold Pens, of Newton and Griswold's manufacture, at

SAYLOR & McDONALD'S Book Store.

April 14 Front street, above Locust.

FRESH GROCERIES.

WE continue to sell the best "Levy" Syrup, White and Brown Sugars, good Coffees and choice Teas, to be had in Columbia at the New Corner Store, opposite Odd Fellows' Hall, and at the old stand adjoining the Bank.

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. Call in.

S. F. EBERLEIN'S Grocery Store,

Oct. 6, '60 Locust st., Columbia, Pa.

CRANBERRIES,

NEW Crop Prunes, New Citron, at

Oct. 20, 1860. A. M. RAMBO'S.

SARDINES,

Worcester-shire Sauce, Refined Cocoa, &c., just received and for sale by S. F. EBERLEIN,

Oct 20, 1860. No 71 Locust St.

CRANBERRIES.

JUST received a fresh lot of Cranberries and New Currants, at No. 71 Locust Street.

Oct 21, 1860. S. F. EBERLEIN.

Selections.

Through the Snow.

Mrs. Tubbs—fifty, fat and frosty, dressed in black satin and flowery cap—comes from her housekeeping room (where she has been consulting Betty, her cook) into the study of Mr. Tubbs, her husband, who, up later than his amiable spouse, breakfasts leisurely, and reads his letters grimly, on this snowy Christmas morning. He is by no means a prepossessing-looking gentleman, though his coat is superfine and his waistcoat large.

"I've ordered Betty," says Mrs. Tubbs, sinking into a chair, "to make the fellow a small suet dumpling—no plums or currants in it, Dr. Tubbs; and send it in with a rasher of bacon. The fat bacon, Dr. Tubbs; the ham-like lean I keep for the parlor; for if ushers will stop during the holidays where they ain't wanted, they must take the consequences."

"Of course, my dear," answers Tubbs, pompously, and at the same time winking terribly (for he has a visional defect which always keeps his eyelids moving) "Your remark is most judicious. Indeed, if the truth be spoken, even this prudential arrangement will be unnecessary; for I think of giving Gray notice at once, and getting rid of him this very morning. For—for—for—this getting on rapid system of his will never do. If it continues, Mrs. Tubbs, we shall soon cease to be master and mistress of Goshen House; for here's a letter from the Baileys' father, praising his boys' rapid progress in arithmetic. Here another from Wigget's uncle, to say that Tom's general advance is excellent; and to crown all, here's a third letter, from the Rev. Dr. Pike, canon of Diddlebury Cathedral, to say that his grandsons' progress in the classics is remarkable, (you'll remember, my dear, that there are four of these lads!) and that they have learnt as much Greek and Latin in the half as at some schools they would have done in three years. Mind this, my dear! Now of course boys getting along on this way will soon leave. Instead of having six years out of 'em apiece, two will be enough under such a forcing plan. There were the Fieldings, *too*; why did they leave? Why, that they could draw trees well when they should have been still in lines and cubes.—I've told Gray of all this, times and often; but, but," adds Dr. Tubbs, with pathetic dignity, "he minds me no more than those boys who call me 'Old Wicker.' He talks about 'moral honesty' and trash of that sort, instead of paying attention to my behests. So as this is the case—and it don't do to let boys' education get on like a steam engine—I'll dismiss him, and—and—this very morning. True, I must give some equivalent, as our arrangement was a month's notice, or rather more, and gratis board and lodging during the winter vacation. But better a lost pound than this evil should make further head."

"A pound! We shall save double that in the fellow's board, Why! it wants yet five weeks to the end of the vacation, and this—say at ten shillings a week—will be two pounds ten. Go and do it at once, Dr. Tubbs, whilst I dress for church. And make haste; we can then drive off, and be spared the nonsense of 'good-byes.' On my way up stairs, doctor, I shall countermand the suet dumpling."

Not without some little hesitation when his wife's eye is on him—for his conscience, seared as it is, points how base his conduct is to one like Robert Gray—Dr. Tubbs draws certain sovereigns and shillings from his private drawer, and goes forth to the school room, where, by a most economical scrap of fire, sits the gentlemanly usher.—His slippered feet are on the hob, a little pocket Æschylus in his hand, a short pipe in his mouth; behind him lies the wide, high school room, beyond that the bare windows and the snowy Yorkshire landscape of wooded heights and barren moors.

"Faugh! smoke—smelling like a tavern!" are Dr. Tubbs' introductory words, and then, taking a distant chair, he proceeds to business. It is soon effected—as most things are—and to his infinite but secret chagrin; for he expected demur and entreaty. His usher's manner expresses a sense of relief and release. True, were the pompous pedagogue a reader of human hearts, he might have detected one vibration of desolate despair cross the clear, bright, manly eye when the first words of dismissal came; but it is gone like an electric flash, and he sees nothing before him but the serenity of self-reliant manhood. Hurrying over his gruff adieu, pocketing his receipt, and basely oblivious of all Gray's noble efforts to increase his school, which, when he came a year ago was sinking to the verge of ruin, the pompous and shallow pedagogue makes his exit to go to church—a hollow conventalist, not a sincere worshipper.

Resolute and brief as young men are, Gray gathers up his few books from off the school room shelves, hastens up stairs, packs his portmanteau, and directs it to the nearest railway station, puts the rest of his things in a knapsack; and then going down stairs he scatters a few shillings amongst the servants, visits the old yard dog in his kennel, gives one look around the playground where he has passed so many sad and weary hours, and then goes his way, his knapsack on his shoulder, a good oaken stick in his hand. There are some worthy souls to speak to in this primitive Yorkshire village—the parish clerk, the cobler, the carrier; then he hurries onward with a brisk step towards the moors, which lie so high and far away: they must be crossed to reach the railway by which he intended to go.

Turning by-and-by out of the highway, he proceeds down a lane with high banks and hedge rows on either side. It lies deep in snow, though traversed by recent wheels, and winds away presently towards woodland and river scenery of exquisite beauty—though wreathed in snow and crisped by frost. Here is a cottage, old fashioned and substantial, an exquisite garden around it, and clothed with a glowing pyracanthus.—The berries are massed in coronals; the leaves lie around in beds of richest green. But the windows—at least towards the lane—are shuttered; no one seems keeping Christmas within.

But as Robert Gray leans upon the paling looking towards a little window that now is bowery with scarlet and green—in summer with the myriad waxen trumpets of the yellow jasmine—a man plods by and touches his hat.

"If yer a wanting Mr. Watson, sir," he says, "you wo'nt find him at home to-day. Him and missis be gone to see their youngest son. Old Tab the maid's minding the house; but she's up stairs dressing I dussay now."

"Well, Mr. Watson deserves a holiday. Gone for long?"

"No; I reckon they'll be home to-morrow. Miss Marianna, the daughter, ain't wi' 'em. She's gone to Master Fielding's, across the moors, to keep holiday wi' the children. She's a particular favorite there a sort o' cousin to th' missis.'

So saying, Hodge again touches his hat, and proceeds.

When the honest fellow is out of sight, Gray opens the gate gently, and steals in. Then from the before mentioned lowery window he cuts a spray of pyracanthus with his pocket knife, and coming forth again, hurries away like one guilty of a serious sin. When he is far out of sight of the cottage, on his path again to the highway, he looks at it long and tenderly, and then opening his knapsack, lays it within. This shall go with him far and far away; it grew about her bowery window—she whom he has met once or twice in country homes—she whom he has spoken to a few times—she whom he has looked upon and loved.

Like a man who has accomplished a mission, he now walks steadily onward, regains the highway, and begins the ascent to the moors—to the lower ones, which die at the base of the higher and more remote. Deeper became the snow, wilder the scene, neither man nor bird nor beast giving life to the whitened waste. By-and-by he comes to a few solitary homesteads, and beyond these to a lonely grave yard, where the dead sleep eternally amidst the great hush of nature; he must pause a moment, for here lies a poor school boy who died of cold and fever. Gray nursed him, Gray loved him, Gray cannot turn away—perhaps forever—without saying farewell to the insentient dust.

As he diverges to the gate of entrance into this lonely burial ground, a middle-aged gentleman comes towards it, from the rear of the small thatched church, and striving to undo the latch, cannot; his fingers may be cold. He may have entered the grave yard by some other path. For days, possibly, there has been no passer in. Be this as it may, the gentleman cannot make egress. Gray hurries forward, and from his side undoes the latch.

"Thank you," says the gentlemen, raising his hat, "a courtesy is always pleasant, even on a lonely Yorkshire moor. I thank you—a happy Christmas—a good day." He is a handsome, thoughtful man of middle life; his hair just touched with grey, his manner prompt, his words curt, like one whose dealings are many, with men and the world. Perhaps he is a Yorkshire manufacturer—who knows?—many have factories in the hollows of these moors—rich, exact, earnest men—gathering whole populations round them, and making steam their willing slave.

When the stranger is out of sight Gray passes in, and following the footsteps in the snow, they lead him to a simple gravestone at the rear of the church, off which the snow has been recently brushed; on it is recorded the death of two old persons—man and wife—who died some five years before. Their names were Fielding; their married life a long one, considering the years they lived.

"I thought as much," says Gray to himself, "That gentleman was Mr. Fielding;—the rich spinner—and this the grave of his father and mother. I have heard that he was as noble a son as he is a noble father, husband, master and man. Yes! I thought there was a likeness in his face to the boys that came to Tubbs', to be taught drawing half a year ago. How often does the prosaic hide the depths of a poetic nature! This is his visit to his parents grave, on the anniversary of the death; and who knows of what worth such visitation and self-communion may be? The virtues of a year may be sown thus in a single hour!"

Gray passes on to the schoolboy's solitary grave. No reverent feet have visited it—no reverent hands have scraped off the dazzling snow. The marks where the little red breasts have hopped across it are plainly visible, and yet it is not solitary; the wind sings a dirge, the snow presses downily, and at night the moonlight sweeps over it and silvers it with glory. Under the arch of heaven no single thing but what has some hymn sung to it—some tears wept over it by nature!

The poor usher resumes his walk presently, for he has far to go. The cold is benumbing, the snow deeper, yet he presses on, and he stops to find a small flask in the pocket of his outer coat: from this he sips a drop of brandy, (it holds but very little) and then plods on. The day begins to fade—the distance is yet considerable—he grows anxious.

At length the moor dips downward into the valley, and beyond this is the higher, bleaker, lonelier moor, across which lies the station he wishes to reach; through the valley sweeps a vast water power, and here stands the wondrous mill, in which daily work three thousand people, employed by John Fielding, the great cotton lord. But the mighty giant of spindle and mule sleeps to-day, the fires are low, and labor rests her hands! Some miles from the mill the mansion of the cotton lord stands embosomed in woods, and here at the foot of the fell is a cluster of cottages.

Descending to one of these, he asks a woman standing at a door the nearest way to the opposite fell.

"Why, cross the beck by the bridge, and take the road before thee. But eh, sir! it's a coming on a wild night for the moors; and now I'm thinking, if you go by Graystones—Mr. Fielding's park anent there—you'd find it more sheltered-like, and a bit nigher still. You can't miss the way if ye keep this side the beck to the mill; then cross it, and a bit beyond get into the park by a stile; the path then 'll take you by Graystone pool—a mighty piece of water, all frozen over now—and towards the end leads up the way to the moors. You can't miss it, though it's coming on a wild night, I fear."

Gray hurries on, passes the mill, the mill hands' cottages—almost all of them tenantless to-day—find his way to the pool, and so to its furthest side nearest the moor. As he approaches the road leading thereto, he sees a man dressed as a servant, standing on the bank as though attending three or four boys, who were skating up and down the pool. They are all of them fine, athletic lads, and Gray knows them to be his old drawing pupils, the Fieldings. Though he has no intention of approaching them, for they are skating some distance from where he has to turn off, he cannot refrain from staying a moment to watch them. As he does so, a bell at the hall rings loud and clear; its echoes are taken up in the solemn moors, and re-echoed back again.

"Gentlemen," calls the servant, "there is the first dinner table; you had better return now."

They prepare as it seems to obey, by skating towards the shore; and Gray turns away, not willing to be recognized and detained, for he feels desolate and low in heart. For him no welcoming feast is spread, no ear listens for him, no eye expects him. Snow before him, snow behind him—a sad and solemn Christmas day to him! Yet the snows of winter hide the buds of spring, and out of our sorrows our truest joys are oftenest born.

He has turned his face and his steps away from the pool towards the moor, when a crash, followed by awful cries, met his ears. Looking round, hurrying towards the pool, he sees that the tallest youth, in skating towards the shore, grounded dangerous ice; cracked, and he fell through. He is now struggling in the water—his head above it, his hands battling with the ice; whilst his brothers hastening to the rescue, seem in peril too, the poor demented servant—a coward, perhaps, by nature—stands on the shore, wringing his hands and shouting.

At a dozen athletic bounds Gray has reached the spot. In another moment he has thrown off his coat, hat and knapsack.

"Stephen! Walter! Falkland!" he calls; "don't attempt that; I'll come to Harry's rescue. Even whilst he speaks he dashes his way across the ice, goes through it, is in the pool; not a minute too soon—the lad is spent, and, benumbed with cold, is sinking.

"A brave heart, Harry—a hand here—there, now my arm's around you—bear up. I'm Gray, your old drawing master."—Holding the lad's head above water, swimming dexterously, battling with the ice, in an anxious moment or two he reaches the shore. Having heeded Gray's warning, the other boys are safe, too, and now crowd round.

"Harry is not much the worse, said Gray, kindly, as the spent and benumbed lad leans on him and begins to recover. "A near chance; but a drop of brandy, with a run home and a warm bath, will set him all right. Walter, feel in my coat pocket, you'll find my brandy flask; it holds but a drop, but it'll do good." So saying, when the flask is found, Gray makes Harry take what it holds, and then hurries him off home.

"But you'll come, Gray?" say Stephen, who is the next eldest to Harry, "papa will never forgive us, if you don't come, after having saved us our dear Harry. We always liked you Gray, and were talking of you this very morning. Come on; you're dripping like a dog."

"Thank you; I want to be at —— station by 8 o'clock to-night, and at Leeds to-morrow; so I can't. I have dry under-garments in my knapsack here, which I can change in that fodder shed yonder. Good-bye, I want to cross the moor before it is to late

"The moor, Gray! Why, you'll have a hard fight with the snow. Our shepherds report it as very deep. But why are you tied for a few hours?"

"I have left Tubbs; I taught too fast for him; but if I reach Leeds by to-morrow I may get a tutorship; for there was an advertisement relating to one in the last paper So run home, Stephen; I'll write to you thence."

Gray does not stay for any reply; but, seizing his coat and knapsack, hurries to the distant shed; here he changes his shoes and nether garments, and to get warm, sets off on a run, as soon as he has dressed and swung his knapsack on. Up the snowy road, by the moorland crags, on to the moor itself—a wide, wild waste of whitened desolation.

Yet some traffic through the day marks the road sufficiently for it to be easy to find whilst light lasts and the snow holds off; so he keeps on at a rapid pace, for the whole distance now to traverse is but some six miles, and he is not without hope that it will be easily effected. But presently the snow drifts get deeper, and baffle him more and more at every step. The clouds charged with snow bring day suddenly to a close; and at last it begins to snow heavily, as though the clouds had burst. Still he keeps his way, not without hope. But when the road becomes more and more indistinct, when the snow comes down heavier and heavier still, when the rising wind whirls it round and round, when the cold becomes so intense as to benumb him, even whilst he is moving he regrets his folly in having slighted the kindly invitation to Mr. Fielding's house. But Gray is a proud man, he has had the birth and education of a gentleman, and he cannot go fawning anywhere uninvited like a beggar.

At last, hopeless of regaining the track, thoroughly spent, and growing drowsy, he sits down on a crag; the storm whirling round him and freezing his blood. Then he closes his eyes, lost in that dreamy enthanasia which precedes death from cold.—From this he is aroused by something warm and wet touching his hand—something lying heavily on his knee. Reluctantly—almost with difficulty—he asserts sufficient will and volition to open his eyes; and then he sees a shepherd's dog rests its paws upon his knees and licks his hands. At the same moment a loud hallon is heard. With still more difficulty than he has opened his eyes, he makes a faint reply, for he is conscious the rescue is at hand. It is scarcely uttered before a shepherd casts back the blinding snow and stands beside him.

"If you please, sir, you must come with us. As soon as he heard of the matter, Mr. Fielding sent me and another off, with a horse and the dogs, on the moor after you; for no one, he knew, could live out such a night."

But Gray can only speak. So the shepherds assist; now coming up with the horse they place him on it, give him some whisky they have with them, and one mounting behind, so as to hold the benumbed gentleman, the other leads the way back to Graystones. But the way is hard to find, the snow so blinds and baffles them, so lies in monstrous drifts, and the cold so benumbing; yet through this desolate waste they get at last, and by 8 o'clock reach the Hall.

There, in the wide porch, a whole group of sympathizing friends welcome the poor gentleman. He cannot talk much, but he replies to the pressure of their warm and kindly words.

"There, take my arm and lean on me," says the same gentleman to whom Gray opened the gate of the little, lonely burial ground this very morn; "you have twice served me to-day, once in a manner irredeemable, so let me serve in turn." Thus saying, Gray is led up stairs to a chamber, where a warm bath and dry clothes await him. Cherished and refreshed he lies down on a sofa, and has soup and wine and other restoratives. These taken he sinks into a sleep. When he awakes it is 10 o'clock or more: yet he finds Mr. Fielding seated beside him.

"God ever love and bless you, sir," he says, taking Gray's hand; "for to you I owe the life of my priceless boy. I can never repay you, for they have told me all—your bravery, your goodness—everything. But you must not leave us, Mr. Gray, for a long time. It was I who advertised in the last Leeds newspaper; for my boys want a master, and you were the one I thought of, and should have liked; but I did not know that you were leaving that mean, pompous, shallow hypocrite, Tubbs. Make your mind happy, sir; you have a home here; to-morrow we will talk of money affairs; but be sure, even when your office ends, you shall find me a sincere friend. Now, do you think you are strong enough to come down and see the Christmas tree, and Sir Roger de Coverley danced? Mrs. Fieldidg and all my people want to thank you, too."

Oh! yes, he is strong enough; for shall he not see the pretty Marianna, the idol of his dreams.

So they go down arm-in-arm together, and Mrs. Fielding and all the guests are earnest and warm in saying grateful and kindly words; and there is Marianna, a little tremulous and timid; and still more so, when Gray gives her off the Christmas tree a small needle book, on which is finely wrought—"Love me and I'll love thee."

Gray sits down beside one of the glowing fires, whilst they dance Sir Roger de Coverley. But by-and-by she leaves the dance and sits down beside him.

"I was so sorry for you, Mr. Gray," she says, "thinking of you on the bleak moor."

"Were you? that is good news, Marianna. Before I ascended the moor I had a long walk. I had been past a certain cottage, and cut off a spray of its ruddy pyracanthus; it is now up-stairs in my wallet. But I am going to stay here as tutor. It is a piece of richer fortune than I thought of, particularly if the little one, whose face I first saw beside those cottage window-panes, is glad."

She does not answer, but lays her hand in his, (all the rest of the folks are mad, dancing Sir Roger) and looks up with tear-dimmed eyes in his.

So he came through the snow: for this and this; he is no longer desolate, but richly loved.

By sorrows we are baptized to holier duties and to happier lives!

The Soldier's Story.

I was rather disappointed, if the truth must be told—so indeed we were all at home—at my kinsman's scanty supply of words, when he returned to us from that grim Crimean campaign.

As for the general story of the war, we did not want that from him, but what had personally befallen him; for we knew that, though it was hard, indeed, to be pre eminent in the discharge of duty or daring of danger amidst that flower of the world's soldierhood, he had been noted as noteworthy, even among such, by those who had the best means of appreciating his courage and his industry.

I have found this modest, manly silence touching personal exposure and achievement, and almost invariable characteristic of our noble fighting men. My reader will therefore kindly bear it in mind that the detailed and curious narrative I put under his eyes here is of my writing rather than of his telling, short as it is. But I have interwoven in it, so far as I know, nothing but authentic threads of recollection. I picked the matter for the spinning of them bit by bit out of his conversation, as an old woman might pick out of a long hedgerow at great intervals, wool enough to furnish worsted for her knitting needles to work up into a stocking or a pair of mitts.

He had been under fire continuously, for seven hours and more, on one of the most hard-fought days of all that hard-fought struggle, and, as he rode away at evening towards the camp, rode bareheaded, in reverent acknowledgment to Heaven for the marvel that he was riding out of that hail of iron himself unhurt.

As for the unobserved incidents of that day's danger, from which a merciful preservation had been vouchsafed, they would be hard to reckon; but upon three several occasions during those seven exposed hours, it really seemed that the messengers of death avoided him, as in some legend they turn aside from the man who bears a charmed life. There was a six pound shot, which he saw distinctly coming, as a cricketer eyes the projectile which threatens his middle wicket. It pitched right in front of him, and rose as a cricket-ball when the turf is parched and baked, bounding clean up into the air, and so passing right over his untouched head. It fell behind him, and he looked at it more than once that day, and, but for its inconvenient bulk, thought of carrying it away for a moment. There was a four and twenty pound shot next, a sort of twin brother to that which, some three weeks before, had actually torn his forage cap from off his head; but it came too quick for sight. He was at that moment backing towards the shafts an ammunition cart horse, whose reins he held close to its jaw, as he spurred on his own to make it give way in the right direction.—Smash! came the great globe of iron, and as the bones and blood and brains bespattered him, he almost fell forward; for the poor brute was restive no longer; headless horses don't strain against the bit, although 'tis just as hard as ever to back them into the shafts.

Then there was a moment, one of those of direst confusion, of what other than such soldiers as fought that fight would have reckoned a moment of dismay—a moment wherein regimental order itself was in part broken and confused; the guardsmen mingled with linesmen, linesmen with blue coated artillery.

There had been fearful havoc among those noble servants of the deep-voiced cannon, and men were wanted to hand out the shells from a cart he had himself brought up, replenished, to a breastwork. He called in some of the linesmen. One of them stood by him foot to foot, almost or actually in contact. They were handing ammunition from one to the other, as men do fire buckets when fires are blazing in the street. He leant in one direction to pass on the load he had just taken from a soldier's hand; the soldier was bending towards the next man in the chain; a Russian shell came bounding with a whirr, then burst and scattered its deadly fragments with terrific force.—One of its great iron shreds passed—there was just room for it—between his leg and the soldier's that stood next him. They looked each other in the face.

"A near shave that, sir!" said the man. "Nearer than you think for, perhaps," he answered, for he had felt the rounder surface of the fragment actually bruise him as it passed, whereas its ragged edge had shaven, with a marvelous neatness, from his trouser, part of the broad red stripe upon the outer seam.

I venture to give these minute details because they may help other civilians, as they helped me, to "realize," as they call it now-a-days, more vividly the risk of a day of battle, and the large drafts they draw upon a man's fund of nerve and composure, just as he stands, without coming into any close encounter.

But at last the firing was done; and, bareheaded, as I have said, he turned and rode back towards the camp.

It was before the famine period there, and though there was no superfluity of food, there was food to be had, and after that long day's fighting men were in sore need of it.

It was dusk, and he was lighting a candle to sit down to his meal, when the voice of a French soldier called something like his name from the outside. He was himself a perfect master of that language, as the "Soldu-du-train" who stood outside found to his great relief upon his first utterance of inquiry.

The Frenchman held a mule by the bridle, and across the creature's back lay something which looked like a heavy parti-colored sack. The body of an officer, stripped bare all but the trousers, the dark clothed legs hanging one way, the fair skinned naked shoulders and arms the other, the face towards the ground

"I was directed, man officier, to bring this poor gentleman's corpse to you. They say you were a friend of his—his name is Captain X——"

Even at that early stage of the campaign such shocks had lost the startling effect of novelty, nevertheless, there were few names among those of his friends and comrades which it could shock and grieve him more to hear pronounced under such circumstances. The light was fetched. He raised the poor body; then, with a sigh, let it once more gently down. There was a small round hole in the very centre of the forehead, whereat the rifle ball had darted into the brain of his hapless friend.

He called an orderly, and directed him to accompany the Frenchman to the dead man's tent. He would himself soon follow and see to his receiving soldier's obsequies.—His weariness and exhaustion were such as to render it imperatively necessary that he should first take his food, to which he returned, with what increased weight at heart who shall rightly tell? It needs not that the tension of a man's nerves should have been strung tight by the hand of battle, for him to know, from his own experience, what is the strange and awful, and weird feeling of the first relaxation of them in the early after hours of responsibility, danger, or important crisis of decision. If apparitions and visions of things unearthly be indeed mere fictions of men's brains, such after hours are just those wherein the mind is readiest to yield to the power of illusion.—Illusion or reality more startling, more unaccountable by far than it? Whether of the two was this?

There entered at the curtin of his tent the dead man, towards whom, in some few minutes more, he should have been showing the last sad kindnesses. The light fell full and clear upon his face. He took off his forage cap as he came in. The broad white forehead showed no longer any trace of the murderous incrash of the ball which had slain him. Into the poor dull glazed eyes the gleam had returned—could it indeed be the gleam of returned life? Or do the eyes of ghosts gleam life-like so?

"What made you send that Frenchman with my corpse to me? At least, he would insist that it was mine?"

"X——? Good heaven! Can it be you, indeed?"

"Who should it be? What ails you, man? Why do you stare at me so?"

"I cannot say what ails me; but I am surely under some strange delusion. It is not half an hour surely, since I saw you stretched lifeless across a mule's back, with a rifle bullet between your eyes. What can this mean? You are not even wounded."

"No, thank God! nothing has touched me for this time; but that French soldier—did you then send him up, indeed?"

"Indeed I did."

Hideous comico-tragic episode in the awful drama of war! They discovered by and by that the slain brother soldier was no comrade of their own corps, but a brave officer of another arm. Neither of them had known him personally, nor had they heard before that between him and X—— existed, in his life time, the most remarkable and close resemblance; such an identity of feature as is rarely seen save in twin brothers

☞ Some "seedy" poet lets off the following in regard to South Carolina:

She may *see seed*,
Then *pro seed*,
But can't *suck-seed*,
Must *re seed*,
Or take *grape-seed*.

THE MINISTER AND THE BLUE COCKADE.—A very conservative and genial minister of this city, meeting one of his young friends on the street, looked with some curiosity upon what struck him as a blue rose on the hat of his friend, and inquired what it meant: "Sir," said the young blood, "that is the blue cockade." "Cockade!" echoed the minister, "cockade!" "Yes, sir, blue cockade. That's all right, ain't it, sir?" "Yes," said the minister, "all right, all right on the goose." The young man has not been seen since.—*Louisville Dem.*