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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A liberal discount will be made to quarterly, half-early or yearly advertisers, who are strictly confined to their business.

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.

THOMAS WELSH,

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Columbia, Pa. OFFICE, in Whipper's New Building, below Black's Hotel, Front street.

☞ Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to my care.
November 28, 1857.

H. M. NORTH,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW Columbia, Pa.
Collections promptly made in Lancaster and York Counties.
Columbia, May 4, 1859.

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, just 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 Dyspeptics, 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, ornamental work, toys, &c., there is nothing superior. We have found it useful in repairing many articles which have been useless for months. You can try it at the
Jan 29th
FAMILY MEDICINE STORE.

IRON AND STEEL!

THE Subscribers have received a New and Large 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 at 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 Medicinal and Sacramental purposes, at the
Jan. 28 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 at the Quarter- 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, '61 Locust st., Columbia, Pa.

CRANBERRIES,

NEW Crop Prunes, New Citron, at
Oct. 20, 1860. A. M. RAMBO'S.

SARDINES,

Worcestershire 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.

Poetry.

Peter's Ride to the Wedding.

Peter would go to the wedding, he would,
So he saddled his ass—and his wife,
She was to ride behind, if she could,
For says Peter, says he, "the woman she should
Follow, not lead, through life.

"He's mighty convenient, the ass, my dear,
And gentle and safe, and now
You stick by the tail, while I stick by the ear,
And we'll get to the wedding in time, never fear,
If the wind and weather allow."

The wind and weather were not to be blamed,
But the ass he had let in a whim,
That two at a time was a load never framed
For the back of one ass, and he seemed quite ashamed
That two should be stuck upon him.

"Come Dobbin," says Peter, "I'm thinking we'll trot."
"I'm thinking we won't," says the ass.
(In the language of conduct) and stuck to the spot,
As though he had said he had sooner be shot,
Than lift up a toe from the grass.

Says Peter, says he, "I'll whip him a little;"
"*Try it, my dear,*" says she:
But he might just as well have whipped a brass kettle,
The ass he was made of such obstinate mettle,
That never a step moved he.

"I'll prick him, my dear, with a needle—the steel
May possibly alter his mind,"
The ass felt the needle, and up went his heels,
"I'm thinking," says Peter, "he's seeming to feel
Some notion of moving behind."

"Now give me the needle, I'll tickle his ear,
And set t'other end, too, a going."
The ass felt the needle, and upwards he reared,
But kicking and rearing were all, it appeared,
He had any intention of doing.

Says Peter, says he, "We are getting on slow,
While one end is up t'other sticks to the ground,
But I'm thinking a method to match him I know,
We'll let, for an instant, both tail and ear go,
And spur him at once all around."

So said so done—all hands were a spurring,
And the ass he did alter his mind—
For off went he, like a partridge whirring,
And got to the wedding while all were stirring,
But—left his load behind.

Selections.

My Very Singular Adventure.

BY THOMAS ARCHER.

I don't wish to conceal anything. My name's Snelboy—Robert Snelboy; and I'm nervous. Nervous—that's the word: some of my friends have supposed me to be irritable—perhaps ill-tempered. Quite a mistake on their parts, though! I'm, in fact, possessed of an unfortunately highly developed organism, which causes me to feel, very acutely indeed, things which, however trifling they may appear to others, do actually jar the strings of my constitution to that alarming extent that I hardly know what I am about; and, of course, being out of tune myself, I may be excused for occasionally interfering with the unfeeling harmony of other people. That's no crime, I hope.

When I was married, two years ago, to Eliza Simco, only daughter of the late H. Simco, Esq., of the house of Smith, Simco, and Bagguige, and of Eliza Simco his wife—a most remarkable woman, by-the-bye, who frequently comes; but this is not to the present purpose—when I was married to Eliza Simco, I naturally had very decided opinions of the duty which properly belongs to that state of life; and, though I might be said to entertain strict notions as to the obedient deference due from wives to their husbands, I trust I can manage my own household indifferently well; and I laid down certain plans to which, mind you, I was determined to abide.

To pass over the minor details—such as generally settling the housekeeping bills myself, after reference to the weekly account which I scrupulously required of Eliza—I may remark, that I had a very decided objection to her going out on visits to places where it was either impossible or inexpedient that I should accompany her. I confess I had a very difficult position to maintain in this matter, since she had a host of female acquaintance, who would be asking her to tea once or twice a week at the least; and as I have a supreme, and, I hope, a commendable dread of exciting ridicule, I was frequently compelled to forego even calling for her on her return from these excursions.

I took the most obvious remedy which presented itself, however; and after giving notice to quit our lodging at St. John's Wood fixed for our residence on a house in a new thoroughfare at West Kingsland. I never quite knew what was the name of our road, since every three or four houses possessed an appellation perfectly distinct and remotely different; the only resemblance between terraces, villas, cottages, and a row or two, being, that those on our side of the way, as the property of a Scripturally inclined builder, had such names as would recur to the memory of a boy who had been but an indifferent reader at school—so that we abounded in Bathsheba Cottages, Barak Terrace, and Gideon Row; while the opposite side of the way, distinguished by a romantic taste, boasted of Brobdignag Villas, Ariel Cottage, and Psyche (generally inquired for as Physic) Lodge. Ours was No. 2, Joachim Villas. A person of my temperament need hardly remark that he is of a poetically contemplative turn. I am; and when I walked up and down our street or road, and saw the houses—all of them semi-detached, all different in point of architecture, and with great gaps here and there, where "eligible plots" waited for an enterprising capitalist in the building trade—I frequently thought, and, in fact, repeated to my wife, that it wasn't unlike a long mouth with a bad set set of teeth, two or three places in which scaffolding had been erected helping the resemblance by looking like the broken stumps. Now it happened, unfortunately for me, that at the last but one of the group of houses on our side (Barak Terrace) there lived a maiden lady (name, Pidgmore) who was a friend of my wife's mother; and as her intimacy was necessarily offered us—and she had certainly sent us some very elegant presents in the shape of a silver milk-pot and two muffineers—we soon got upon confidential visiting terms, an arrangement to which I offered no objection, inasmuch as I generally accompanied Eliza—or at least knocked at the door for her at a quarter past nine, when I was sure to find a tray set with a glass of negus and biscuits, to which I was invited.

It was about a month after I first paid a visit to this lady, that a letter arrived, addressed to Mrs. Snelboy, and delivered by a youth from the Free School, who left the mark of a very dirty thumb upon the envelope; a letter which at once excited within me a nervous apprehension. Holding the views of the matrimonial relationship which I have before hinted at, it is almost unnecessary to remark that I make a point of opening all Mrs. Snelboy's letters. This was the purport of the note which caused me uneasiness; it was printed, the dates alone being filled in:

Amindidab Cottages,

"DEAR MADAM: *Tuesday.*

"Your company is requested at a meeting where a number of ladies have formed a society for making clothes for the poor of the district. The meeting will be held on Tuesday evening, at five o'clock, at Mrs. Markingall's, 3, Eliphaz Villas."

"P. S.—(This was written). The Rev. Ignatius Cope is expected to meet the ladies after tea."

Now, this was a most extraordinary proceeding. Personally, I had no objection whatever to the Rev. Ignatius Cope: none, whatever, I repeat. But, why, I asked myself—why was he, in honor of his office, to be allowed to be wholly and solely the only representative of the accumulated husbands of an indefinite number of women assembled together for a purpose, laudable enough perhaps in itself, but capable of inflicting great, very great uneasiness upon their natural and proper masters? The worst of it was, I had heard that there was no Mrs. Ignatius Cope. That was nothing, I'm aware; that was nobody's business I allow; but that I should be strictly forbidden to be present whenever my wife paid a visit on this particular mission, while that reverend gentleman was anxiously "expected" to attend, was absurd, ridiculous, and unbearable.

I placed the letter on the hall table, under a great coat, and went into breakfast without it.

We had scarcely finished our second cup of coffee, however, when the servant announced Miss Pidgmore, and my wife, followed by myself, went into the next room to speak to her.

To my unspeakable horror, there lay the letter I had just opened, on the table; and Miss Pidgmore tapped it with her parasol and said, "I see you've had an invitation to join our meeting at Mrs. Markingall's, Eliza. You know I was speaking to you about joining us the other day; and so I've come round, so inexcusably early, to ask you to come to my house to-night, where we shall all be at the preliminary tea. Mr. Ignatius Cope has actually promised to come and read to us while we're *cutting out;* and I mean to make Mr Snelboy promise to let you stay till to-morrow."

Here was a pretty affair gathering round me! I'd actually left St. John's Wood for the very purpose of escaping this confounded tea-drinking, from which I was excluded; and now—but it was useless "You know it's impossible to have gentlemen," said Miss Pidgmore. "Except Mr. Cope who is our secretary and treasurer, we never have gentlemen. Besides, it couldn't be interesting to them, you know—women's and babies' clothes, and all that, and the conversation of a parcel of ladies after tea; so you must do without her till to-morrow, Mr. Snelboy."

I have intimated, I believe, that my nervous organization renders me peculiarly, but, I trust, not unbecomingly sensitive to ridicule. The horror of it was upon me at that moment, and I consented to Eliza paying the expected visit—an admission but for which I might have saved myself from such desperate suffering and misfortune as need only happen to a man once within a lifetime. But I am premature.

All that day I was restless and disturbed; I had a presentiment of some coming evil. A horrible inability to remain in any place for more than five minutes at a time kept me rambling about the house, on all sorts of self-pretences. I sat down to check the housekeeping book, and gave it up at the pence column; tried to read, and found myself sitting stolidly looking at the page, without an idea of the subject; finally, went into the garden and sat despondingly on a cucumber frame, with a determination not to go indoors till tea time. Tea-time arrived, and Eliza came to the back door to bid me "good-bye." I answered her shortly; how could I help it? I think I said something about "pretty goings on!" So they were! I had my tea brought out to me, with the *Saturday Review* which contained several very savage articles. Even they failed to soothe. I began to dig desperately, and kept on working till nearly dark.

It was then that I formed an extraordinary purpose, alike adventurous and original—a purpose which I instantly determined to execute.

What if I could at once find the means to allay my own lawful curiosity—still my unsatiated longing to thwart the reprehensible secrecy of these detestable ladies' meetings, and obtain a consciousness of the ability to exercise a power over them for the future, to the confusion of the Rev. Cope? I had discovered the means.

In my frequent strolls up and down our road, engaged in the before mentioned fanciful contemplations, I had wondered that the scaffolding which stood round the unfinished carcass of the next detached house to that in which Miss Pidgmore resided should have remained there so long without a corresponding progress in the building (this was afterwards attributable to "the Strike.") I had also observed that this house would have a smaller front garden than those already built, and come beyond Barak Cottages into the footway; this was the cause of the scaffolding projecting some two feet or more, towards the first-floor front windows of Miss Pidgmore's dwelling. I believe this will indicate my resolution. I had seen, also, on the very night previous that a short ladder had been tied to the poles which ran their ends into the brickwork of Barak Cottages; and this was instrumental to the fulfillment of my cherished purpose. I would be there, unsuspected! Gloating over my triumphal determination, I could be an unknown spectator of this obnoxious assembly, and might one day be enabled to exhibit some mysterious information as to their proceedings, to the utter confusion of the society, and annihilation of the Reverend Cope.

At eight o'clock I had wrapped my loose gardening blouse round me, with the addition of a "comforter" to keep out the night air; and putting on my seal-skin traveling cap, with "ears" which would pull down, in case of emergency, told the servant that I should be home in two hours, or perhaps still later; and I sallied forth upon my enterprise fully equipped, not only for the activity which might be necessary for the achievement of my design, but for personal concealment of my identity in the walk to and fro. The ladder was still there, and I could see, that, as the night was warm, the windows were partially open at the top, and the front blinds not quite pulled down.—Firm, but I need hardly say deeply excited, I moved the ladder to a salient point of the spot where I had to mount, and after trying it carefully, succeeded in reaching the edge of the scaffolding, where three projecting planks gave me a secure seat close to the last of the three windows of Miss Pidgmore's drawing room.

There they all were, with a long table before them, and (the tea having been removed) with piles of linen, calico, and long-cloth, cotton prints, and muslin, strewed all round the room; while all sorts of strangely shaped garments hung about on chair backs, as though the place had been turned into an infantile laundry, and the clothes were put there to dry. Oh! what a terrific noise they were making, to be sure; I could hear them talking as though they had met for a speaking match, and my wife's voice reached me every now and then laughing. I should like to know what she had to laugh at, when she thought I was at home by myself! I could not hear what they were saying, certainly, for the window wasn't open wide enough; but I saw everything famously, and almost shrieked aloud when I thought how their *secret meetings* had a witness for whom they were very little prepared, I imagine.

There they were, cutting great piles of stuff into all manner of queer shapes; crowding round the table, and snipping bits out of linen; raking in work-bags and reticules for patterns, and needles and thread. I got so excited in my wish to hear what scandal they were talking about *me* and the rest of their husbands, that I had to clutch the window sill, to keep myself from falling.—What a turn I experienced from this sudden danger may readily be imagined, when I mention that I had totally forgotten to examine *the ground* above which I was sitting, and felt morally certain that I should have perished in the foundations of the unfinished house. I heard a light step coming up the garden walk, and, peering into the darkness, saw a figure approaching the street-door; a genteel crescendo passage upon the knocker revealed the identity of the *intruder*—yes, *intruder* there!

I knew him; it was the "expected;" the Reverend Ignatius Cope!

Such a hush inside, and such a fluttering of the women in their seats, and a hasty disposal of some of the garments under the table, and into the chiffonnier. A moment of breathless suspense, veiled by a *base*, hypocritical, mean attempt to look perfectly unconcerned; and the reverend gentleman entered the room. I had to hold on with both hands, and trembled violently. The ends of my comforter had blown round my head, and confused me for a moment; but when I opened my eyes, there he was, (and mind, I don't deny that he was, and is, a most respectable and praiseworthy person, if the women would only let him alone,) installed in a large easy chair, with two candles before him, at the end of the table, preparing to read from one of three volumes which he had brought with him. This was my first disappointment; I couldn't for the life of me make out what it was about. The low even voice (some people call it mellifluous) of the Rev. Ignatius Cope stole monotonously through the window in one unbroken murmur, no distinct syllable of which reached me. I kept my post, though, with a determination which nothing could baffle. *Hours* seemed to pass while I pressed my nose to the nearest pane in the vain endeavor to make out what subject engrossed their attention. I said *engrossed;* but I could see them whispering and nodding to each other every minute, something about the work on which they were occupied, in a manner by no means complimentary to the reader. I was actually getting sleepy, and my feet, which had been hanging down all this time, seemed as though they would burst out of my shoes. A tray was brought in filled with sandwiches and wine-glasses. It must have been ten o'clock; and I had just gathered up my failing energies to a great attempt. I would try to open the window at the bottom—even half an inch would have done it—when I heard a slow measured tramp coming along the footway at the next houses.

The full horror of my situation burst upon me at once.

Once let me be discovered there by a member of the police force, and I should be incarcerated for what they call "lurking about with an improper purpose."

What should I do? Crawl through the window and discover myself? Impossible! I drew my feet up to the next pole, and rested my heels upon it, lying back in the shadow of the planks, where the fearful pulsations of my heart might have been heard inside. But they were laughing and talking again, and the reverend gentleman laughed and talked as loud as any of them.

Ha! ha! what was there to laugh at, I should like to know! jingling their glasses, too, the wretched gormandizers! I saw the flashing of a long stream of light, which shot here and there among the beams and posts below—if it had turned on me where I sat, I must have fallen from that giddy height into the abyss at my feet—the officer had uncovered his lantern.

I heard him coming to the spot where I had placed the ladder, and I held my breath. "A pretty careless lot they are," he muttered to himself; "to go a leavin' a ladder about like this ere;" and, while I stifled a cry with the end of my comforter, he had taken away my only means of descent, and deposited it at a distance. It was not till his villainous footsteps were lost in the next hundred yards of his confounded beat, that I ventured to move. I was growing desperate, and thought, with a gloomy foreboding, of the morrow, when my mangled remains would be discovered in a stagnant pool in the deep cellarage beneath. I speculated upon clinging to the poles on which I was sitting, and trying to drop into the garden; but dismissed the thought with a shudder, when I remembered that I was just over the spiked railings of the forecourt. Strangely enough, these horrible contemplations helped to nerve me to further endurance. "Robert Snelboy," said I to myself, "compose yourself, and trust to those qualities which must be equal to such an occasion; tempt not the uncertain but endeavor to hold out till morning."

There came sounds of a break-up of the meeting; some of the ladies left the room, and came back prepared to go home. The Reverend Ignatius Cope was shaking hands with everybody, Eliza included; and I heard him say he hoped that they would be able to secure her valuable assistance at their future meetings. Did he! not if I knew it! not if I could escape from the terrible calamity which they had brought upon me!—I should have liked to howl at them, as they all stood to be asked to have "just half a glass more wine!" Why couldn't they pass the decanter outside, the mean wretches!

I was getting beside myself. I've heard of drowning people and people hanging on to points of rock over precipices, and people just ready to be devoured by lions and that saying afterwards that "the memory of a life seemed to be concentrated in a single moment!" I was beginning to understand it myself; I'd got to one stage of it, in fact, for I seemed to have been clinging to that scaffolding for years; and I had now to look forward to hours of anguish, without even the miserable satisfaction of watching the proceedings through the window. When the last guest went out at the front door, and I heard their chatter cease as the gate clinked after them, hope died within me.—There was my wife sitting with Miss Pidgmore, and partaking of warm brandy-and-water and pastry; and I knew by the latter lady extinguishing all but two candles, which came in in flat candlesticks, that they were going to bed. I felt the premonitory symptoms of fever coming over me: my mouth was parched and a cold perspiration was running down my frame, when the servant came and fastened the windows after drawing down the blinds.

It would be impossible to give any adequate description of the emotions of that fearful night. I was conscious only of terrible and prolonged duration of alternate mental and physical agony; at last, I think, stupor must have intervened, for I seemed to wake suddenly, and heard a long low whistle. This was repeated, and seemed to come from some spot below where I was sitting. In my utter fear and confusion I attempted to answer it. "Bob," said a deep, gruff voice, just underneath; "Bob-be-e-e!" Could it possibly be aid to my failing strength? I was too distracted to reflect for a moment, but answered "Hallo!"

"How long 'ave you been a perchin' of yourself up there?" inquired the voice. "Oh' hours and hours. Can I get down?" I gasped wildly leaning as far forward as I could to get a glimpse of my deliverer. "Git down! well, I should say, not azackly; we was to jine company at the lane, and I've been a doggin' about this 'arf hour; they've only just changed the beats though, that's one comfort."

The voice, which was no more than a loud whisper, seemed to be approaching me nearer; and presently I saw a head come up above the edge of the scaffolding—a head with a cap on it, which looked very like my own. "Here, ketch hold, can't yer," said this person; "I'm blest if it ain't jolly hard work a climin' up this 'ere; give us yer fist can't yer?" And he put a long, coarse bag into the hand which I had stretched out to him.

"What—what's this?" gasped I, entirely bewildered.

"What's this!" said my companion, in a very surly way, as I thought; "why, you do know what it is, I suppose. Why, it's the instruments—that's what it is; you ain't a comin' the sneaky doge along a me, I hope, are yer? Now, you jest do what I tell yer, or else you'd better say yer won't, and I'm blowed if I don't pitch yer down into that there cellar in about no time—come now!"

What could be the meaning of this dreadful language! I felt that I was in the power of a ruffian likely enough to keep his word; and as he had now crawled on to the planks beyond where I was sitting, I trembled with suppressed fear, "Now, then, look alive!" he continued, in a low voice. He opened the bag, which I gave him, and took out something; I soon saw what it was—a little dark lantern, such as I used to carry when I lived at St. John's Wood, and expected to be garroted every night. He looked wonderfully like myself with respect to his habiliments, seeing that he also wore a linen blouse; and wore, instead of a comforter, a large, coarse cotton handkerchief tied round his neck in a loose knot. All this I could see by the light of the lantern which he handed to me. "Now then," he resumed, "let me come alongside, and just you stow yer jaw a bit. When I gets the winder open you go in fust, an' I'll shet it arter myself. We've got a good twenty minutes afore the shiner comes along here agin, an' jest you hold the light in front on yer, where they can't see it down below."—I began to entertain a horrible certainity that this man, this ruffian, was a robber, and had forced me to be his accomplice.—Could he have mistaken me for another person? Oh, that vile cap and the gardening blouse? I was doomed—doomed to penal servitude, perhaps; but I dared not speak out. I threw the light of the lantern upon the window-frame, as he bade me. I saw him take a piece of tapering wire from his coat-sleeve; it had a small hook at the thin end; and almost before I knew that he had begun I saw it slide in between the two parts of the sash, and heard the sharp click of the window bolt as it flew back under the pressure. "Now then, in with yer!" he whispered hoarsely, "and douse that there light under the shade; blow'd if I don't hear sum'un a comin' up the street." He lifted the window gently, as I clung to the sill; and while I was drawing my legs gently up, thrust me through, with a brutal push, that nearly wrenched my arms off. I was inside Miss Pidgmore's drawing-room. I could not describe the ensuing ten minutes. Menacing my slowness and stupidity, my villainous companion swept the two candlesticks, a dozen teaspoons and a milk pot, into the bag, which I held in my hand. The lock of the chiffonnier was wrenched silently enough too, in a moment; and I trembled as I heard his anathemas at finding it only filled with unmade baby-linen, two or three nickknacks from the "what-not" and the mantelpiece, and he took off his shoes, an example which, after fumbling at the strings—for which delay I got a kick from his fortunately bare foot—I was compelled to imitate. I remember no more, except that a wild notion of alarming Mrs. Snelboy took possession of my faculties; that I placed my hand upon the knob of the door, which I had conceived to belong to the room; that I was about to open it, and, indeed, had ejaculated "Eliza!" "Mrs. S!" when it suddenly flew from my grasp, and Miss Pidgmore, armed with the tongs, appeared. I have reason to believe that she flung those instruments at my head, and that they closed round my neck. I fell; while she ran screaming back to the window, and opened it, calling loudly for assistance. I heard my late companion calling me, in the room we had just left, but dare not follow, when I saw him making for the window.—Fortunate was it for me that I had, even then; in that desperate extremity, the presence of mind to descend and try the back door; it resembled ours at Joachim Villas, and opened to my trembling hands, in which I still, thoughtlessly, held the bag containing Miss P.'s plate. In another moment I was crouching under the wall in the back garden.

The scoundrel whom I had so lately left had been less fortunate, and I heard a struggle going on, on the other side. He must have dropped from the scaffold into the arms of the police, for in the midst of scuffings and imprecations, a rattle was sprung, which was answered immediately, and another officer came running up from the opposite direction. I thought this would give me an opportunity to make my escape; but I had no sooner began to creep along, than the atrocious villain who had been the cause of my misery, shouted, "There, it aint me. I told yer so; there he goes, t'other side of the wall." One of the officers immediately rushed to the spot indicated. I think he must have imagined me to be bare headed, for he grasped my seal skin cap with such violence, while leaning with half his body over the wall, that it came off in his hand. At that moment his brother constable shouted again for assistance, and I heard a sound of a heavy fall, followed by a loud laugh, and the noise of retreating footsteps. Nerved by desperation, I felt what is generally supposed to be a strength more than human, and, with a hasty glance to the place where I had seen the last policeman disappear, bounded madly forward. Let me not exaggerate; I fell more than once. But what of that? Sixteen brick walls, four of them surmounted by broken bottles, did I clear in my headlong career; and then, flying across some intervening ground where rubbish had been shot, fell breathless, bruised and bleeding into the cucumber-frame in my own garden. There I lay, stunned, and utterly exhausted, till, fearing that search might yet be made for me, I determined to gain admission to my house.

The back door was fastened. "Susan," I said, gently tapping at the kitchen window, "Susan; let me in this way; it's me—Mr. Snelboy."

"The divil it is," I heard a man's voice ejaculate. "Come along wid me, Susey.—D'hear? An' it's oi that'll guard ye." I thought I should have sunk to the earth; but there was no help for it, and, the back-door opening, I sank fainting into the arms of Z 429.

This active and intelligent officer (confound him!) had been looking after the premises in my absence; and although his presence in the kitchen was never satisfactorily accounted for, I could make no answer to his assurance that there had been "an alarum in the neebourwood." Finally coming to myself, I asked Z 429 to partake of brandy and water; and, perhaps inspired by the reviving draught which he afterwards forced upon me, confided to him my belief that a robbery had been committed somewhere, and that I had seen somebody leave part of the proceeds of it in my own garden. We made the round of those premises together afterwards, and there, sure enough, was a bag containing two candlesticks, a milk-pot, and twelve teaspoons, lying in my cucumber-frame, which had been unfortunately broken to pieces. The recovery of this property did great credit to the "sagacious officer," as he was afterwards called, and I believe helped him to his promotion.

I went to bed, and was lying there stiff, sore, and broken down, when Mrs. Snelboy returned the next morning. How she became possessed of my secret, it is unnecessary to disclose. I lay there long, and profited by Eliza's gentle nursing—for I admit that she is gentle when a person's sick. One thing haunted me—or rather, one person haunted me, continually: one who, from his frequent "nods, and locks and wreathed smiles," (as What's-a-name called 'em) intimated that he knew where a screw was loose somewhere. This was Z 429, and I was obliged to tolerate him. Every night that he was on duty did that zealous and indefatigable officer go the round of our lower premises, and look to the fastenings; every night did I surreptitiously dispense drink to assuage his perpetual thirst; and every night did I wonder that the simple fastenings of the lower kitchens required a great deal of precaution, especially as there were two people, Susan and the above officer, to secure them from violence.

In the course of the week, however, Mrs. Snelboy had sent for her mother, Mrs. Simco to come and stay with us. This most remarkable woman at once declined the visits of Z 429, who now only flashes his bull's eye over all the front windows as he passes to and fro. In the company of these two devoted creatures, my wife and my mother-in-law, I am rapidly recovering from the effects of that fearful night; and as I am in treaty for a house at Camden Town, there will soon be bills in the windows of Joachim Villas, N. E.

HENRY OF NAVARRE.—At this very name a figure seems to leap forth from the mist of three centuries instinct with ruddy vigorous life. Such was the intense vitality of the Bearnese prince, that even now he seems more thoroughly alive and recognizable than half the actual personages who are "fretting their brief hour upon the stage." We see at once, a man of moderate stature, light, sinewy and strong; a face browned with continual exposure; small, mirthful, yet commanding blue eyes, glittering from beneath an arching brow, and prominent cheek bones; a long hawk's nose, almost resting upon a salient chin, a pendant moustache, and a thick, brown, curly beard, prematurely grizzled, we see the mien of frank authority and magnificent good humor, we hear the ready sallies of the shrewd Gascon mother-wit, we feel the electricity which flashes out of him, and sets all around him on fire, when the trumpet sounds to battle. The headlong desperate charge, the snow-white plume waving where the fire is hottest, the large capacity for enjoyment of the man, rioting without affection in the *certaminis gaudia*, the insane gallop, after the combat, to lay its trophies at the feet of the Cynthia of the minute, and thus to forfeit its fruits—all are as familiar to us as if the seven distinct wars, the hundred pitched battles, the two hundred sieges, in which the Bearnese was personally present, had been occurrences of our own day.—*History of the Dutch Republic.*