THE COLUMBIA SPY.

SAMUEL WRIGHT, Editor and Proprietor. "NO ENTERTAINMENTIS SO CHEAP AS READING, NOR ANY PLEASURE SO LASTING." $1,50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE; $2,00 IF NOT IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME XXXIII, NUMBER 10.] COLUMBIA, PENNSYLVANIA, SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 5, 1861. [WHOLE NUMBER 1,624.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

Office in Carpet Hall, North-west corner of Front and Locust streets.

Terms of Subscription.

One Copy per annum, if paid in advance, $1 50
" " if not paid within three months from commencement of the year, 2 00

4 Cents a copy.

No subscription received for a less time than six months; and no paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publisher.

Money may be remitted by mail at the publisher's risk.

Rates of Advertising.

1 square (16 lines) one week,		$0 38
"	three weeks,	75
	each subsequent insertion,	10
(12 lines) one week.		50
	three weeks,	1 00
"	each subsequent insertion,	25

Larger advertisements in proportion

A liberal discount will be made to quarterly, half-early or early 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 his 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, 1850.

J. W. FISHER,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

Columbia, Pa.

Columbia, September 9, 1859-tf

S. Atlee Bickius, 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 prove it at the

Jan 29th 1859 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 2—, 1860.

RITTER'S Compound Syrup of Tar and Wild Cherry, for Coughs, Colds, &c. For sale by the Golden Mortar Drugstore, Front st. [july2

AYER'S Compound Concentrated Extract Sarsaparilla for the cure of Scrofula or 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

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

Headquarters and News Depot.

Columbia, April 14, 1860.

A EEW 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 "Java" 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 it.

S. F. EBERLEIN'S Grocery Store,

Oct 6, '6 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.

When Thou Sleepest.

BY CHARLOTTE BRONTE.

When thou sleepest, lulled in night,
Art thou lost in vacancy?
Does no silent inward light,
Softly breaking, fall on thee?
Does no dream on quiet wing
Float a moment mid that ray,
Touch some answering mental string,
Wake a note and pass away?

When thou watchest, as the hours,
Mute and blind, are speeding on,
O'er that rayless path, where lowers
Muffled midnight, black and lone;
Comes there nothing hovering near,
Thought or half reality,
Whispering marvels in thine ear,
Every word a mystery.

Chanting low an ancient lay,
Every plaintive note a spell,
Clearing memory's clouds away,
Showing scenes thy heart loves well?
Songs forgot, in childhood sung,
Airs in youth beloved and known,
Whispered by that airy tongue,
Once again are made thine own.

Be it dream in haunted sleep,
Be it thought in vigil lone,
Drink'st thou not a rapture deep
From the feeling, 'tis thine own?
All thine own; thou need'st not tell
What bright form thy slumber blest,—
All thine own; remember well
Night and shade were round thy rest.

Nothing looked upon thy bed
Save the lonely watch-light's gleam;
Not a whisper not a tread
Scared thy spirit's glorious dream
Sometimes, when the midnight gale
Breathed a moan and then was still,
Seemed the spell of thought to fail,
Checked by one ecstatic thrill;

Felt as all external things,
Robed in moonlight, smote thine eye;
Then thy spirit's waning wings
Quivered, trembled, spread to fly;
Then th' aspirer, wildly swelling,
Looked where, mid tran-cendency,
Star to star was mutely telling
Heaven's resolve and fate's decree.

Oh! it longed for holier fire
Than this spark in earthly shrine;
Oh! it soared and higher, higher,
Sought to reach a home divine.
Hopeless quest! soon weak and weary
Flagged the pinion drooped the plume,
And again in sadness dreary
Came the baffled wanderer home.

And again it turned for soothing
To th' unfinished broken dream;
While, the ruffled current smoothing,
Thought rolled on her startled stream.
I have felt this cherished feeling,
Sweet and known to none but me:
Still I felt it nightly healing
Each dark day's despondency.

[*Cornhill Magazine*

Selections.

Why Tompkins Married.

The mushroom villas which form a sort of fairy-ring round London, increasing in circumference month by month, are not perhaps entitled to that rusticity which their names affect. Bobadil Bowers and Clementina Cottages are to *bona fide* Devonshire residences what Damon and Clarissa are to actual shepherds and shepordesses; still, there are make-believes—mock-turtle soup, for instance—which are much better than the realities they represent, and I do wish that some literary genius would pluck up courage to beard Carlyle, and write a defence of Shams. A shepherd in the flesh eats onions, which his biscuit-china representative does not; and though a rural retreat in Wales or Westmoreland is very pleasant in its way, how far it is from the club!

No. 1 Morley Park Villa, my present home, is certainly not an ideal house; in style of architecture it bears a strong resemblance to those mansions which the young are accustomed to draw on their slates when they are supposed to be engaged in arithmetical calculation; and the walls, which are but one brick in thickness, are plastered over with some composition like icing of a Twelfth-cake, which *will* peel off every winter, to the great disarrangement of the words *Morley Park Villas*, which are stuck up on the forehead of my house, and which wriggle sideways and topsy-turvy as the cement loosens until they resemble Hebrew rather than Christian characters, so that our abode has occasionally been taken for a synagogue. Nor am I quite comfortable about the foundations, for we were rocked in an alarming manner by the gales last November; nor did the logical suggestion of Mrs. Share, of No. 3, "that if the villas had intended to fall they would have done so long ago," entirely reassure me.—But what are these trifling drawbacks when balanced against our advantages? Our villas are within twelve miles of Hyde Park Corner, ten minutes walk of the railway station, and a quarter of a mile of the Thames. They are eight in number, each surrounded by about half an acre of garden; and these gardens are none of your newly laid out plots, with a few baby laurels, and embryo rose-trees dotted about them, but are gay with mature flowers, fringed with thick shrubberies, and adorned by lime, chestnut, and cedar trees of fifty or sixty years standing, which throw a grateful shade over mossy lawns, where thrushes and black birds hold their diets of worms. Behind our villas lies a nobleman's park; while the road in front, by which they are approached, divides them from a farm in a high state of cultivation. Report speaks of fabulous sums offered by building societies for this park and farm, which have all been hitherto refused; and so, despite our proximity to London, we are slightly pastoral, and surrounded by a faint halo of poetry and pigs.

It was in June, and shortly subsequent to my marriage, that I first took up my residence in Morley Park Villas. The sun was shining, the birds were singing, the roses were—and the north-easterly gales were *not*—blowing; and altogether the weaker points of the place were not perceptible, while the strong ones came out in bold relief, so that I began to think that I had stumbled upon Paradise, and to prove myself equal to the situation, took up gardening. I have no curiosity in my composition and so I cannot tell how I came to be watering in the shrubbery which divided our garden from that of No. 2 one evening. There were no plants there which particularly required that attention, and there were others elsewhere which did; perhaps I was in an absent fit; perhaps I was fated to know who our next door neighbors were; anyhow, there I found myself sprinkling the hardiest of laurels and glancing over the hedge.

I saw a young man with a red face and a wide awake, lounging on a garden seat in his shirt-sleeves, with a long pipe in his mouth, Bell's Life in his hand, and some brandy and water on a table before him, and was turning away in disappointment, when a peculiar movement of his head made me stop, stare, set down the watering-pot, and slide off to the left, to get a better view of his face, while a feeling of tarts, cricket, and switching-blocks stole over my senses, as I recognized an old school-fellow; a man, too, whom I had often wished to hear something of, for he had been a character, rather a bad one, if it is true, but still original and eccentric, and I have a peculiar weakness for the society of people who are unlike the mass of their fellow-creatures. So I called out "Tompkins!"

"Hulloa! Come round, and have something. Who are you?" was the indiscriminately hospitable reply.

So I went round, and presently he recognized me for it so happened that I had once done him a good turn, and one of his extraordinary peculiarities was memory for that sort of thing.

"Well," said he, when old reminiscences had made him communicative, "do you know I have got a wife in there?" and he pointed to the house.

"Indeed! Have you been married long?"

"Pretty well about two months?"

"I am sure I congratulate you. I am in much the same position myself. Our wives must become acquainted.''

"For goodness' sake don't bring a lady near me!" he cried; "I have escaped from all that sort of thing at last. Why what do you suppose I got spliced for?"

"Love?"

"Gammon! Do I look, now, like a fellow who would do anything so romantic as that?"

I must confess his appearance was not that of fish likely to raise to any "fancy flies;" so I suggested the matrimonial ground-bait; "Money!"

"Not a farthing. I had to set her up in clothes and hair-brushes for the wedding.—No, I married for peace and quietness."

"Never heard of so paradoxical proceeding in all my life before. Suppose you tell me all about it."

"Well, I will. You remember at school? I was not very happy there. The masters were forever wanting me to learn Latin and Greek, and my tastes did not lie in that direction; the boys, too, were rather particular fellows about dress and manners; and as I did not come up to their standard in those matters, they used to treat me in a supercilious sort of way, which always made me feel uncomfortable. Even when they wanted to borrow my money, or get me to treat them, they called me "Good Tompkins!" or "Honest old buffer!" or some half-patronizing name or another, which bothered me exceedingly, for I never could be sure when they were laughing at me. I would have given anything sometimes for a good downright quarrel with one of my polite tormentors; but the fellows knew better than to push me too far, for I was strong and wiry, and could spar, not to mention that my guardian (my parents were dead) let me have plenty of money, and neither boys nor men are apt to quarrel with those they can get anything out of, if they can help it. Perhaps, being a shy sort of fellow, I imagined a good many slights which were never intended. Anyhow; I did not live comfortably with either masters or boys; I always felt alone as it were, and made no friends; and so I used to skulk off in play-hours to Tom Badger's yard, where we kept our dogs and hawks, you remember; and there I would spend hours with the Bilbury Chicken, and Joe Noggins the pigeon-fancier. They would sit and drink with me, and be grateful for what I gave them. They looked upon me as a gentleman, listened to what I had to say, and gave in to my opinion; and I felt at my ease with them, which I never did with you fellows. At last, old Switcher got an inkling of my habits, and I had to leave. My guardian was in a violent rage when I got to his house, and went on about proper pride and station, and so forth, till I got angry in my turn, and repaid him with some insolence; upon which he said I was a reprobate, and he would have nothing more to do with me; whereat I gave him a cheer.

"He did not keep his word however, for he sent me to a private tutor, whose groom was a capital fellow; and soon after I had a commission in a light cavalry regiment.—That was worse than school. I never could understand my brother officers; for, though they would swear and drink like coal-heavers, there was always a something about them which I could not pick up, and which I cannot explain or define; and when thrown off my guard by the general freedom from restraint which was apparent after mess sometimes, I was continually saying or doing something which brought them all up as stiff and grave as parsons. I overheard one of them say one day: 'Poor Tompkins, what a blackguard he is! but one must make allowances for such a good natured fellow.' and I know that was just the feeling they all had about me. I should have been much happier as a private trooper—if I could have kept moderately sober, that is—than as an officer. How I used to long to go and join my men, when I passed them drinking at the beer shops! However, that was quite out of the question, so I made some acquaintances amongst the farmers round about our quarters, and had a quiet goose now and then with them. If there had been a war, and some fighting to do, I think I might have won some respect in the regiment, and then perhaps I should have done better; but as there was no prospect of active service, I sold out when I came of age, for I had five thousand a year, and where was the use of stopping in the army till I should be turned out of it?

"After this I gave gentility a fair trial, for the uncle who had been my guardian got hold of me, and persuaded me to go down to an estate I had in Norfolk, where he and his family came and kept house for me; and all the county folk gave dinners and balls, to which I was dragged, and at which the people made a fuss about me, and tried to marry me to their daughters, till at last I could stand it no longer; so one night I lowered myself and a carpet-bag from my bed-room window, and went to London, where I got into what you fellows call "low company." I do not think I spoke to a gentleman—certainly not to a lady—for a year and a half. What sort of people did I associate with? Why, all sorts. I went up the river with bargemen; I patronized sparring-cribs, and never missed a fight; I took the chair at different clubs of small sporting tradesmen; I did not care, so long as I was with a set of fellows who were my inferiors in education and fortune, and who looked upon me as a bit of a swell. That was the sort of life for me; and I dare say you wonder how I ever came to give it up. Well, as I was never what you may call sober at that time, I have no clear notion of what the row was about; but there was a row. You see, I ran through a good deal of money—how it went I cannot tell; some fighting-men who played at cards may have had some, and I used to drop a little pigeon-shooting and skittles; and then some foolish fellows got a cheque for five pounds from me, and turned it somehow into one for five hundred, but did it so clumsily that it was detected, and there was a shindy, which got into the papers, so that my uncle and a set of other relations, who had before attempted to make a gentleman of me, came to hear about it, and they got a pack of lawyers and doctors together, who took a mean advantage of a little touch of *delirium tremens*. It was made out that I was not fit to be trusted with the management of my own affairs, and for three months I was treated just as if I had been cracked! Even when I was declared all right again my relations would not let me alone; they made me take a house at Brighton, where they used to come and stay with me, and bore me to death, particularly an old aunt, who made me read tracts, and who said I was a brand, and it was her mission to pluck me. As far as I can make out, that has been the mission of a good many people! You may wonder why I put up with all this; but there were several reasons for it. You see, my uncle really had done me a service, in rescuing a good slice of my property from the maws of a set of money lenders, who were lapping it up pretty fast, and so I did not like to fly in his face; then I am an easy sort of fellow, apt to be led by the nose, and Brighton was not such a bad place after all; for I had made friends with the fishermen, and used to go out with them in their smacks. Capital fellows some of those sailors were, who could tell stories and sing songs by the hour together. They were the best companions I ever met for one thing, that they were just as jolly without drink—and they never got drunk at sea—as with it, which was never the case with the set I got mixed up with in London.

"The man I liked best of them was an old salt of the name of John Rudd, who had a small craft of his own, in which I have spent many a rough night, far happier in my pea-jacket and sou'-wester than I should have been dressed up in a white choker and a stiff black coat, in one of those solemn draw-room-rooms into which my relations were forever trying to drag me, and from which, to their intense disgust, I used often to escape to a quiet pipe and glass of grog at old John's cottage, when he was on shore.

"Sometimes, too, when he was at sea, for he had a wife and daughter who always gave me a hearty welcome, and who were much pleasanter people to talk to than any of the fine ladies I met out in society, in whose presence I felt shy and awkward, and afraid of saying something I ought not.—Mary Rudd was always bright and cheerful, and seemed glad to see me; and it is nice somehow to see a pretty girl look pleased when you come into the room. Not that I got at all spooney, you know, not a bit of it; I never even talked any nonsense to her, for I always thought, in a vague way that if I married at all, I must, as a matter of course, choose a lady, but I did not mean to marry; and as for anything else, I would have kicked myself if I had dreamed of such a thing. However, it seems that my relations took their own view of the object of my visits to the Rudds, for one morning my uncle and former guardian came into my room with an extra grave face.

"'Glad to see you,' said I; and that is one of the nuisances of polite society, one has to lie so! 'What will you have?'

"'Thank you,' said he, with the sort of bow the Duke of York's Column would make if introduced to the Victoria Tower. 'I have not come here for the purpose of partaking of your hospitality, but to speak to you on a subject of serious importance.'

"'Hulloa,' thought I, 'what is in the wind now?' for I knew from experience what all those fine words betokened.

"'Those nearest related to you in name and blood,' he went on, 'and most interested in upholding the honor of the family, have lately met together for the consideration of certain matters concerning yourself.'

"'Very kind of them, I am sure.'

"'And they have requested me to convey to you their earnest remonstrance and unanimous resolution. We are all grieved to see that you retain your unfortunate predilection for low company. Now, Robert, how is this? Have you not the blood of an old family in your veins?'

"'Perhaps it is begining to run thick, like a barrel of beer near the bottom,' I suggested.

"'Did you not receive a polite education?'

"'O yes; I was kicked by the boys who were bigger than myself, and was just as polite to those who were smaller.'

"'Did I not get you a commission in a crack regiment? and, in short, have we not all done what we could to make a gentleman of you?'

"'Certainly you have, and very much obliged I am; but you see I am unfortunately but a sow's ear, and article utterly unsuited for the manufacture of a silk purse.'

"'I fear you are right; but do not make the task utterly hopeless by contracting this low marriage.'

"'What marriage?' cried I, in great astonishment.

"'The report has reached us that you are about to take for your wife a female of the lower orders—a creature of the name of Rudd, a fisherman's daughter; and I am deputed to inform you that if you inflict this last disgrace upon your family, we shall feel it to be our duty to repudiate you altogether.'

"'Wait a bit,' said I; let me clearly understand you. Do you mean to say that if I marry Rudd's daughter none of you will come near me again?'

"'That is the decision we have arrived at,' he replied.

"'Will not my cousins come and stay with me as they have done?'

"'Certainly not.'

"'Will no one ask me out to dinner-parties?'

"'No.'

"'Nor balls, nor concerts?'

"'As far as we are concerned, you will be debarred from all society.'

"'You would not cut me in the street?'

"'I fear it would be our painful duty to do even that.'

"'Then,' cried I, slapping my hand on the table, 'I'm——'

"'Hush!'

"'——if I don't do it!'

"'Do what? Are you, then, so infatuated as to give up all your family for the sake of this girl?'

"'Infatuated! not a bit of it: the idea never entered my mind until you put it there.—Many thanks for the hint, old gentleman; I'll go and make her an offer at once!'

"And so I did, and married her within the month, and I have not seen or heard of one of my relations since. It is delightful: I have no one to bother me, and I do just as I like——Eh, what is it, Jane?"

"If you please, sir, miss-is wants to speak to you."

"Eh? Ah! say I am coming. You see," he added, turning to me, "my wife is a bit jealous of *this*," and he tapped the spirit-case which stood on the table; "and though, of course, I am not ruled by her in any way, yet still I think it better during the first months of our marriage to let hed down easy; but I see there is no use trying to humbug you, you are in the same boat, poor fellow!"

'Please, sir, missis says ——"

"I'm coming immediately. Good-by, old fellow; glad to have a chat with you in this way: but, I say, don't *call!*"

[From Table Traits.

A Light Dinner for Two.

Many years ago, when railways were things undreamt of, and when the journeys from Oxford to the metropolis were inevitably performed on that goodly and pleasant high road which is now dreary and forlorn, a gentleman and his son, the latter newly flushed with college fame and university honors, rode forth over Magdalen Bridge and the Cherwell, purposing to reach London in a leisurely ride. A groom, their only attendant, carrying their scanty baggage with him on a good stout cob, had been sent on in advance to order dinner at a well-known roadside hostelry, where Oxford nags baited, and where their more adventurous riders frequently caroused, out of reach of any supervision by Principals or Pro-Proctors.

Pleasant is the spot, well approved by past generations of Freshmen, picturesque and charming to an eye content with rich fields, luxuriant meadows, and pretty streams, tributaries of the now adolescent Thames, whose waters had not at that date been polluted by barge or lighter at that point of its course. The neighborhood is famous for its plump larks; and whether in a savory pudding, swimming with beef-steak gravy, or roasted, a round half-dozen together, on an iron skewer or a tiny spit, those little warblers furnished forth a pretty adjunct on a well-spread table, tempting to an appetite somewhat appeased by heavier and more substantial viands. Mine host at our roadside quarters had a cook who dressed them to a nicity; contriving to produce or develope a succulency and flavor which meaner practitioners would scarcely have deemed practicable. Now Martin, pursuant to his master's instructions for securing a repast of ducks and the dainty lark, finding the landlord brought out from his shady porch by the clatter of the horse's hoofs on the well-beaten road, announced the approaching arrival, and ordered dinner.

"My master wishes to find a couple of larks, and a dozen of ducks, well roasted, on his arrival at four o'clock."

"Did I understand you rightly, young man?" said Boniface.

"O!" said the varlet pettishly, "in Oxford no landlord needs twice telling;" and betook himself to the stables, looking forward to the enjoyment of a tankard of good house-brewed ale—no brewer's iniquitous mixture—and the opportunity of shining with some lustre in the tap, or the kitchen, before country bumpkins, eager to listen to a man like himself, who had seen racing at Newmarket and Doncaster, and high life at Bath and Cheltenham. Meantime his masters came leisurely along the road, nor thought of applying a spur, until the craving bowels of the younger horseman, whose digestive organs were unimpaired by college themes and examinations, suggested a lack of provender; and, their watches, when consulted, indicating the near approach of the dinner hour, they broke off their chat, and soon drew rein at their place of temporary sojourn.

Finding the cloth laid, and the busy waiter's preparations nearly complete, they glanced with satisfaction to a table of somewhat unnecessary dimensions, considering the limited extent of the party, which our young Hellenist would have described as a "quality." Just as our travellers were growing impatient, the landlord, having previously satisfied himself, by obsequious inquiry, that his guests were quite ready, re-entered, bearing a dish with a bright cover, and heading as good a procession of domestics, each similarly laden, as the limited resources of his modest establishment admitted. The large number of dishes rather surprised the elder of the twain, whose mind was less absorbed by the suggestions of appetite; and, having dispatched the sole attendant left for a bottle of the best Madeira the cellar could supply, and a jug of that malt liquor for which the house had obtained some notoriety, he proceeded to look under the formidable range of covers. Seeing under the first a couple of ducks, he said, "Come, this is all right!" but finding the next, and the next, and still the next, but a repetition of the same, either with or without the order of seasoning, he fairly stood aghast, when six couple of goodly ducks stood revealed before him. The young collegian's mirth was great, his laugh hearty, at the climax of two pretty little chubby larks which closed the line of dishes. Apple sauce and gravy, broccoli and potatoes, stood sentries, flanking the array. Upon his ringing the bell with no gentle hand, the landlord himself stepped in from the passage, where he appeared to have awaited a summons; and, in answer to a question the reader may easily anticipate, replied that the servant's order was precise, and that it was impatiently repeated upon his own hesitation in accepting it. The respectability of the landlord, and the evident truthfulness of his manner, stayed all further questions. But the elder gentleman said firmly that he should not pay for what had been so absurdly provided, alleging that no two, or even three, persons could be found who would do justice to such provisions. The landlord, like Othello, "upon that hint spake," for he saw a faint chance of righting a somewhat difficult matter.

"O, sir," said he, "I think I could find a man hard by who would not consider the supplies too much for his own appetite."

"Produce him," said the guest, "and settle the point; for, if you do, I will settle the whole."

The anxious landlord said no more; but left in search of a neighboring cobbler, whose prowess with the knife and fork was pre-eminent in the vicinity. Meantime, our hungry travellers sat down to dinner with such good will, that each of them had disposed of one of the regiment; and in a joint attack, a third fell mutilated, leaving but fragmentary relics. A lark apiece was a mere practical joke; and cheese, with celery, left nothing further wanting to appease those cravings which had prompted them to action. While these little matters were in progress, the landlord had found the shoemaker, and told his story.

"Well," said Lapstone, "this is plaguy unlucky, for I've just had a gallon of broth! Such a famous chance, too; for if there is anything I am particularly fond of, certainly duck is a weak point, sir!"

Boniface, thinking it his only chance, urged him to try; and the man of bristles, nothing loth, consented. On being duly introduced, orders were given for setting to on the spot, to insure fair play, and defeat any supplementary aid, or a deposit in any other pocket, save that with which the savage in a nude state finds himself provided—the stomach. While the travellers sipped their wine, and trifled with their dessert, the voracious cobbler fell heartily to work on the row of eight ducks before him—one having been sent down for the undeserving groom, whose blunder had proved a godsend to the man of leather. Wisely eschewing vegetables, and eating scantily of bread, the *disjecta membra* of the doomed ducks rapidly yielded up their savory integuments. But flesh is weak, and cobblers' apperites are not wholly unappeasable; so that while the fifth victim was under discussion, a stimulant, in the shape of "a little brandy," was requested; and when the sixth was but slowly and more slowly disappearing, poor Lapstone, who began to think further progress impossible, was seen whispering to the landlord. The gentleman loudly demanded what the fellow was saying.

"Sir," said the landlord, promptly and cunningly, "he says he wishes there were a half-dozen more, for he is just beginning to enjoy them."

"Confound the rascal's gluttony," said the travellers; "not a bit more shall he have. Put the remaining couple by for our supper; for we shall not leave your house till to-morrow;" an arrangement affording much relief to the shoemaker, and entire satisfaction to the innkeeper.

She Will and She Wont.

Doesticks seems to be resuscitated by marriage, though too much disposed to imitate his mother-in-law. He says:

"One reason why it is difficult to please a woman is that she seldom knows herself what she wants. In most cases it is as hard to satisfy a woman as it would be to content a captain who should tell you to steer his ship and wouldn't tell you whether he wanted to go to Jersey or Japan. They wouldn't be satisfied whatever you do.

"Especially in the matter of war.

"Particularly in the matter of the present war. Your wife, or mother, or sister, or whoever may be the woman that owns you, refuses to be content, no matter what you do. If you dont join a military company, she sulks, insinuates you are a coward, turns up her nose, and 'wishes she was a man.' If you do join said company, she scolds about the expense, grumbles about the loss of time, and growls whenever you go to drill—though in spite of her growling, she always saves the choicest part of the dinner when you do come.

"Then she laughs at you, and calls you a 'dressed up monkey,' the first time she sees you in uniform; and then, as soon as you are gone out of the house she rushes over to Mrs. Jones to tell what a 'splendid officer' her husband is, and how magnificent he looks in his new military dress.

"Then if your regiment is ordered away, and you insinuate that 'business affairs' will keep you at home, all her fire is blazing in an instant, and she upbraids you for 'backing out' at the critical moment, and insinuates that you are a 'play-boy soldier,' and then she wishes that she were a man—she'd show folks how to fight. Then, when you finally make up your mind to go to the seat of war, she bursts into wet tears (which spoil your new uniform and tarnish the gold lace on your sleeves), and thinks you 'ought to be ashamed to go off and leave your family.' She vows she 'don't believe you care a straw for your wife, or a cent for your sweet children;' she 'knows you would rather be anywhere than at home,' and 'wishes she were a man, she'd teach the President better than to send men away from their families.'

"Then, when the day comes for you to start, she vows that she will 'never speak to you again if you persist in going.' Then, when you take a paper out of your pocket and pretend to read a furlough from the commandant, excusing you, and giving you leave to stay at home; she throws her apron over her head, sits down on the floor, and howls aloud, 'to think that she should have a coward for a husband'—'that her husband should be afraid to go to the wars.' And then, when you tell her that it's all a mistake, and that you are going after all, she howls louder than ever, because she 'knows you will be killed,' or she feels it in her bones that you'll come home with two wooden legs, and then how can you take her to the Academy on opera nights? Then she resorts in turn to every one of the immense list of female tactics to keep you at home—she wishes she was a man—she gets mad—she sulks—she threatens to go home to her mother—she coaxes—she 'won't ever live with you another day'—she scolds, she entreats, and as a last resort, she faints—in this case she always falls into your arms, if you make an offer to catch her; if you don't offer, and it is early in the morning, and she hasn't made her bed yet, she'll falls on the bed; but if the bed is made up nicely, she'll fall on the carpet so as not to mess the bed: if the fainting dodge don't work, and you still are resolved to go, she vows she 'hates you and that she'll never speak to you again,' and then, to prove the bitterness of her hate she goes off and packs your haversack full of all the dainties and delicacies of the season; then, after all, at the very last moment, she comes and throws her arms around your neck, and whispers that she 'loves you best of all in the world,' and that she'll 'be *such* a good girl till you come back,' and that she'll 'take *such* good care of the children,' and that 'you must'nt fret about her,' and that she'll write every blessed day, and that you must write just as often as you can, and that she 'loves you best, best, best,' and a thousand little messages only for you, but all kind and loving and all told without a tear, for she doesn't cry now until you are out of the house; and when you are gone she weeps like a shower bath for half an hour, then suddenly stops short, wipes her eyes, and doesn't waste another tear till she sees you again.

"That's the way they all do; and, talk as peacefully as you can, she is never satisfied in her heart till she sees you in uniform.'