

THE COLUMBIA SPY.

SAMUEL WRIGHT, Editor and Proprietor.

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DR. HOFFER,

DENTIST—Office, Front Street 4th door from Locust street, for Dr. McDonald's Book store. Columbia, Pa. Entrance, same as John's Photographic Gallery. [August 21, 1861.]

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 23, 1857.]

H. M. NORTH,

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

J. W. FISHER,

Attorney and Counselor at Law, Columbia, Pa. Columbia, September 10, 1856-61.

S. Atlee B. Clark, D. D. S.

PRACTICES the Operative, Surgical and Mechanical Departments of Dentistry. OFFICE Locust street, between Franklin House and Post Office, Columbia, Pa. May 7, 1859.

Harrison's Columbian Ink.

WHICH is a superior article, permanently black, and not corroding the pen, can be had in any quantity, at the Family Medicine Store, and blacker than that of any other ink. Columbia, June 9, 1859.

We Have Just Received

DR. CUTLER'S Improved Chest Expanding Suspenders and Shoulder Braces for Gentlemen, and Patent Serratus and Brace for Ladies. Just the article that is wanted in this time. Come and see them at Family Medicine Store, Old Fellows' Hall. Columbia, June 11, 1859.

Prof. Gardner's Soap.

WE have the New England Soap for those who did not obtain it from the soap man; it is soap-scented to the skin, and will keep you from "Washed Goods," it is therefore no washing for you get the worth of your money at Family Medicine Store. Columbia, June 11, 1859.

GRAHAM, or Bond's Boston Crackers, for invalids and children—new article in Columbia, at the Family Medicine Store. April 16, 1859.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE—The want of which is a great evil in the family, and it can be supplied; for mending furniture, chamber-ornaments, toys, &c., there is nothing superior. We have found a great deal of cheap glue, which has been used for months. You can see it at the FAMILY MEDICINE STORE.

IRON AND STEEL!

A Stock of all kinds and sizes of BAR IRON AND STEEL! They are constantly on hand in this branch of his business, and can be had in any quantity, at the lowest price. RUMPLE & SON, Locust street below Second, Columbia, Pa. April 23, 1859.

RITTER'S Compound Syrup of Tar and Wild Cherry, for Coughs, Croup, &c. For sale at the Golden Mortar Drug Store, Front st. July 7, 1859.

ALEX'S Compound Concentrated Extract Sarsaparilla for the cure of Scrofula, King's Evil, and all scrofulous affections, a free trial. Just received and for sale at R. WILLIAMS, Front st., Columbia, Sept. 24, 1859.

FOR SALE.

200 GROSS Friction Matches, very low for cash. Price 25. H. WILLIAMS.

Dutch Herring!

Any one fond of a good Herring can be supplied at Nov. 19, 1859. Grocery Store, No. 71 Locust st.

LION'S PURE OHIO CATAWBA BRANDY and PURE WHISKY, especially for Medicines and Sacramental purposes, at the FAMILY MEDICINE STORE. Jan. 28.

NICE RAISINS for 8 cts. per pound, are to be had only at EBBERLEIN'S Grocery Store, No. 71 Locust Street. March 10, 1859.

GARDEN SEEDS—Fresh Garden Seeds, warranted pure, of all kinds, just received at EBBERLEIN'S Grocery Store, No. 71 Locust Street. March 10, 1859.

POCKET BOOKS AND PURSES.

A LARGE lot of Fine and Common Pocket Books and Purses, at from 15 cts to 1.00 dollars—each. For sale at S. F. EBBERLEIN'S Grocery Store, No. 71 Locust Street, Columbia, April 14, 1860.

A BEW more of those beautiful Prints left, which will be sold cheap, at S. F. EBBERLEIN'S Grocery Store, No. 71 Locust Street. Columbia, Pa. April 14.

Just Received and For Sale.

1500 SACKS Ground Atom Salt, in large or small quantities, at APPOLO'S Warehouse, Canal Basin. May 5, 60.

OLD CREAM OF GLYCERINE—For the cure of all eruptions on the face, and for the cure of all itching humors, &c. For sale at the GOLDEN MORTAR DRUG STORE, Front street, Columbia, Dec. 2, 1859.

Turkish Prunes!

FOR a first rate article of Prunes, you must go to Nov. 29, 1859. Grocery Store, No. 71 Locust st.

GOLD PENS, GOLD PENS.

JUST received a large and fine assortment of Gold Pens of New and Improved manufacture, at S. F. EBBERLEIN'S Grocery Store, No. 71 Locust Street, Columbia, Pa. April 14.

FRESH GROCERIES.

WE continue to sell the best "Levy" Syrup, White and Brown, and all kinds of Groceries, at the GOLDEN MORTAR DRUG STORE, Front street, above Locust, H. C. F. EBBERLEIN.

Segars, Tobacco, &c.

A LOT of first-rate Segars, Tobacco and Sigs will be found at the store of the subscriber. He keeps only a first-rate article. Call on S. F. EBBERLEIN'S Grocery Store, No. 71 Locust st., Columbia, Pa. Oct. 2, 1859.

CRANBERRIES.

NEW Crop Fresh New Currants, at A. M. RAMBO'S, Oct. 20, 1860.

SARDINES.

Warranted pure, refined, and of the best quality, at S. F. EBBERLEIN'S Grocery Store, No. 71 Locust st., Columbia, Pa. Oct. 20, 1860.

CRANBERRIES.

JUST received a fresh lot of Cranberries and New Currants, at S. F. EBBERLEIN'S Grocery Store, No. 71 Locust st., Columbia, Pa. Oct. 21, 1860.

Poetry.

Vive la France.

A sentiment offered at the Banquet to H. H. H. the Prince Napoleon, at Revere House, Sept. 25, 1861.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

The land of sunshine and of song
Her name your hearts desire;
To her the banquet's vows belong
Whose banners have poured its wine;
Our truce, our treaty ally
Through varied change and chance,
So fill your flashing goblets high,
I give you, VIVE LA FRANCE!

Above our hosts in triple fold
The selfsame colors spread,
Where Valor's faithful arm upholds
The blue, the white, the red,
Alike each nation's glittering crest
Reflects the morning's sun;
Twin eagles, soaring east and west:
Once more, then, VIVE LA FRANCE!

Sister in trials! who shall count
Thy generous friendship's claim,
Whose blood ran mingling in the fount
That gave our land its name.

To Yorktown ever is blended line
Our conquering arms advance,
And victory's double garland—twine
Our banners! VIVE LA FRANCE!

Oh land of heroes! in our need
One gift from Heaven we crave
To staunch these wounds—that vainly bleed:
The victor to lead the van;
Call back our Captain of our day
From glory's marble trace,
Whose name shall be a bugle-blast
To rouse us! VIVE LA FRANCE!

Black Condé's baton from the reach,
Wake up stout Charles Martel,
Or find some woman's hand to elench
The sword of St. Paterel.

Give us one hour of old Terrene,
One lift of Bayard's lance,
Nay, call Minerva's chief agent
To lead us! VIVE LA FRANCE!

Alas! our welcome guests shall hear
But sounds of peace and joy;
No angry echo vex their ear,
Fair Daughter of Sorrow!

Once more, the land of arms and arts,
Of glory, grace, romance,
Have here we sworn in all our hearts
God leads us! VIVE LA FRANCE!

"Some Day."

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

You smooth the tangles from my hair
With gentle touch and tender care,
And count the years—ere you shall mark
Among the long locks of my hair,
Smiling the while to hear me say,
"You'll think of this again some day!"

I do not scorn the power of Time,
Nor count on years of fadeless prime,
But to whose gleam will ever shine
Among the long locks of my hair,
Ay, laugh as gently as you may,
You'll think of this again some day.

Some day! I shall not feel, as now,
Your soft hands move about my brow—
I shall not sigh your light commands,
As I draw the long locks of my hair,
I shall be silent and obey,
And you—you will not laugh that day!

Some day!
I know how long your loving hands
Will linger with these glossy strands,
When you shall whisper in my ear,
Of those thick braids, long and brown;
But you will see no touch of gray
Adown their shining length that day!

Some day!
And while your tears are falling hot
Upon my face, as never now,
You'll side from these once treasured tress,
And leave the rest to stentness—
Remembering that I used to say,
"You'll think of this again some day!"

Selections.

Waring's Courtship.

BY W. E. W.

At one of the large packet stations on the south coast of England there is an uncomfortable looking room, where intending travelers may wait for the time of sailing, and meditate on the forthcoming miseries of the voyage. It is just one of those rooms where one knows from intuition that the London Directory will be lying on the table, and there will be a framed Insurance Company's almanac above the mantel-piece; bad unpromising apartment, which plainly declares, in the stiffness of its furniture and the severity of its paper pattern, that comfort is not guaranteed by a public, and is therefore only to be expected by utterly unreasoning and unreasonable persons. Round a tolerably good fire in this room there were assembled, one bleak and wintry afternoon towards the end of November, a number of people, whose business or some other necessity had obliged to leave their homes and cross the channel that divides us from our friendly enemies. They were of the ordinary character of individuals that are usually to be met with under such circumstances—generally speaking middle-aged; decidedly on the average not agreeable looking; much wrapped up in themselves and railway rugs; men who feel that hope is a chimera, and "and making the best of it" a false and ridiculous delusion. And can they be blamed for not at that time presenting a more fascinating exterior? for are they not, most of them, turning over in their minds the many infallible receipts that have been read or been told of for averting that calamity which respects none, from the Prince Consort downwards. There was the man who imagined that a recumbent position with his eyes shut would save him from the enemy; and there, too, was the man who, on the advice of some false friend, had just finished an extensive dinner, which he fondly hoped would take his part, and save him; but which, it is to be feared, would prove traitor, and go

over to the enemy, in more ways than one.

It may well be imagined that a party composed of such elements as these would be neither inclined to be particularly pleasant or unusually communicative, and this was very much the case; for, with the exception, now and then, of a remark on the prospects of the weather and the voyage, the time was either spent in gazing gloomily into the fire, or studying the advantages of insurance, before undertaking a journey, from the almanac above the fire, or looking out of the window, where the clouds, torn in pieces, and racing one after the other, the white-tipped waves, and the steamboat in the harbor rolling to and fro, did not offer subjects from which either comfort or satisfaction could be drawn, and consequently melancholy only reigned with undisputed sway over all.

The papers of that day had brought before the public a more than usually brutal case of wife-beating, where the unfortunate victim had survived but a few days the treatment she had met with from the man who once had solemnly sworn to love, honor and protect her. The group round the fire had gradually thawed a little, and got into conversation on this case, which diverged into a discussion on the numerous cases of the sort that were continually coming before the magistrates, and their particularly heartless character. As this was going on, a gentleman, of the circle, who had not before joined in the conversation, asked whether there were any circumstances under which a man would be justified in striking a woman. The answer was a decided negative, and the faces of his hearers expressed some surprise at his having any doubt on the subject.

"Nevertheless," was his reply, "I have heard of a man who once struck the woman he was engaged to, between the eyes, with his clenched fist; yet his conduct met with universal approval, and her father, who had until then withheld his full consent to their marriage, was induced to give in, and they were actually married, through this affair, much sooner than they would have been had it not occurred."

This announcement produced so much astonishment that the gentleman laughed; and on being asked for an explanation, said that it certainly had a strange appearance; but he thought that he could soon bring all to agree with him in heartily commending this curious application of the art of self-defense.

"It was customary," said he, "in olden time for story-tellers to beguile with their rosiences the tediousness of those hours which could not be devoted to the activity of outdoor sports and occupations, nor, from the rudeness and ignorance of the times, be spent in any of the refined accomplishments of the present day. We are now, for an hour or so, like our ancestors; in this most uncomfortable apartment we have no means of employing our minds; and I will, therefore, with your permission, take the office of story-teller, and read to you, from a manuscript I have in my pocket, the history of this blow, its giver, and its victim: it is called 'Waring's Courtship,' and is in two chapters."

The party were only too glad to have their thoughts turned from the English into a more acceptable channel, and accepted the offer with thanks. He accordingly drew a roll of paper from his pocket, and read as follows:

CHAPTER I.

WARING IS STRUCK.

There is on the east coast of England a little town which I shall call Sandborough, and which was once a place of some importance, and carried on a brisk coasting-trade before railways were invented, but which could not stand competition with them, and has degenerated into a place where fishing and oyster-catching are the chief employments of its inhabitants, who are, with very few exceptions, entirely of the lower orders. This town lies on the north bank of a river, which, in its palmy days, was navigable up to the stone bridge which joined the town to the opposite bank, and which was perhaps half a mile from the sea. This harbor had, however, from want of care, been long choked up, and was only deep enough for the fishing-boats, which, small as they were, were often left high and dry on the mud. The two piers which formed the entrance to the harbor still remained in very good condition, and formed a pleasant promenade for the few visitors that its extensive sands and its quiet retirement brought down every summer to this humble little watering-place. For these individuals' accommodation there were a few lodgings, built at the top of the cliff to the north of the town; but at that time there were none of the usual attractions for seaside visitors, and libraries, concerts, and side walks were not to be had for love or money.

The gentleman who provided for the spiritual welfare of this place was a widower of about seventy, of kind and courteous manners and benevolent appearance, and much liked by his parishioners. He had one daughter, who was, at the time I am speaking of, about eighteen, a fair and very pretty girl, almost equal to a curate in the help she gave to her father among the poor and in the village school, and equally beloved with him by all the population. Having spent her life in this village with scarcely any society, and away from the usual attractions that are so much thought of among girls of her age, she had grown up entirely simple, natural, and unaffected, was scarcely con-

scious that she was extremely pretty, and was totally ignorant that, from her naivete and innocence, she would prove a dangerous companion to any youth of the opposite sex with whom she might be much associated.

Among the visitors to this place, one autumn, there arrived a party of young men, with their tutor, who had determined to put themselves out of all temptation to desert their reading by beating themselves at a place which they knew to be distinguished only for its unmitigated dullness. One of these young gentlemen, Arthur Waring by name, brought with him a letter of introduction to the rectory; and the day after his arrival he walked down with it to the rectory, imagining that the result would possibly be an invitation to dinner, where he would meet the lawyer and the doctor of the place, and be more bored than ever. The rectory was nearer the town than the houses on the cliff; not within its limits, but just sufficient out of them to command a country view—which, by the way, was like that of most sea-side places, not particularly interesting—and surrounded by a large garden and shrubbery, which shut out the town and its chimneys from view, and gave the place a pleasant, country appearance.

When Waring opened the garden-gate a girl of slight figure, and in a gardening costume, which was picturesque as well as useful, drew herself up from the stooping position which the proper doting of some peasant required, and looked with some curiosity to see who the intruder might be. No, Miss Vere: it is not the butcher's boy; nor is it the doctor's assistant, in whose bosom rumor has enshrined your fair self; nor is it your father; no, it is a stranger, young, not unhandsome, well dressed, and, above all, from "wide-awake" to "balmorals," a thorough gentleman.

When Waring rang the house-door bell an old servant appeared, who told him that "the rector was out, but that Margaret was in the garden; would he go and speak to her?"

Waring thought he would, and out he went. Margaret came forward to meet him, a figure very unlike the young ladies he had lately been accustomed to; a not very new brown straw hat—a fashion or two behind the day in shape—was half on and half off a small, well shaped head, the brown hair of which formed a curling and rather—no, not untidy, but charmingly disarranged frame for a very lovely portrait; and yet it was by no means a pretty face—the nose was a little too much inclined to rise, the mouth was the merest trifle too small, the eyebrows might have stood a shade more penciling. It was just the more charming for its imperfections, which proved that it was the face of one who was "no angel."

Waring had sufficient of the poet, and the artist in his composition to thoroughly appreciate her, as she came to meet him in all the picturesque of her half in-door, half out-door costume, and altogether, to his eyes, as charming looking a girl as he had ever seen. Lifting his hat, he explained the object of his visit, and informed her who he was.

"I am sure my father will be very glad indeed to see you," said she. "I have often heard him speak of his old college friend, Waring; and the pleasant hours they spent together in Christ Church."

"I, also," said Waring, "have heard lively recollections of Mr. Vere. They have met, I think, since?"

"Yes, once in the Strand, and another time on King's Cross Station."

"Oh," exclaimed Waring, "fancy the reviving of old reminiscences of youthful days, with the 'more or' of policemen, and the 'take your seats' of railway guards dining in your ears! But, Miss Vere, I am afraid your protegee would suffer from your absence, and I could not really have the death of that small vegetable on my conscience; so I will wish you good-by for the present, and shall hope to meet Mr. Vere another time."

As he spoke, the garden-gate opened, and the rector himself appeared—a tall, clerical-looking gentleman, who, seventy though he was, walked as straight as I strong as a life-guardman. He was evidently somewhat puzzled as to who was, or what chance had brought there, the gentleman who was talking to his daughter; and, as Walter came to meet him, and was about to bow in a formal manner, when a gleam of intelligence came over his expression, and he said, "If you are not a Waring I am very much mistaken!"

"You are right, sir," said Waring; "I am your old college friend's oldest son."

"And you're like your father—very like, with just his eyes and smile. I am glad to see you, sir; come in and lunch with us, and tell me how my old chum is getting on."

In they went, and Margaret did not at all fall in Waring's estimation when she appeared, the picture of neatness and simplicity, at her father's table, and did the honors of the frugal meal which they dignified with the name of luncheon.

If Waring's friends, who by this time had half-forgotten the dullness of Sandborough, and were contemplating with anything but satisfied feelings the pale alibi, after much difficulty, had been procured for them from the one inn on the hill, had seen him eating bread and butter, and drinking water, in a manner not merely indicating content, but even considerable pleasure, they would have been tolerably astonished—Waring, however, forgetting everything but that he was in the company of two educated and

refined people, who, in everything they said and all around them, evinced the fact that the general rustiness of Sandborough had not penetrated into the rectory; but that, retired as it was, somehow or other its inmates were as well qualified to talk on all the topics of the day as if they had lived in the heart of Belgravia.

While we leave Waring in this pleasant society, let us describe his friends. They were three in number: first Brown, the coach, a double first, and notwithstanding, a good fellow; then young Martindale, who cared much more for Tennyson than for Euclid, and did a good deal of lying about in the sun with his hat over his eyes; and lastly, there was Johnson, the sporting man of the party, who was always going out with his gun and a cheerful smile, and generally—from the poor sport-supplying character of the place—coming back much depressed, and half inclined never to go out again. Waring was the cricton of the quartet; he could, when he liked, beat Brown at Greek, and Martindale at English verse, and wipe Johnson's eye in a way that almost brought tears to that ill-used member.

Just as the little party at the rectory sat down to luncheon, the one up at the lodgings did the same; but the views of that meal taken by each were very different.

"I say," said Martindale, as he extracted an only too willing cork from a bottle of beer, which did not at all assist the parting between them, look "here, you fellows, here's the secret of the time it has been in coming—this stuff was in the cask five minutes ago, notwithstanding that it comes to us with this certificate of character."

"It's too bad," cried Johnson; "but it's just on a par with everything else in this hole of a place. I have been all round, and there's not a shop where you can buy a cigar, except at the linen-draper's, and he sells cheese too!"

"Johnson," said the tutor, most emphatically looking up from his book, "if you attempt to smoke a cigar, bought under the circumstance you describe, in this room, I'll leave the place at once."

"Now, Brown," said Johnson, in a soothing manner, "don't be agitated; take something to calm yourself. I would advise a little differential calculus, or a comic section or two. But, by the by, Waring has been an unconventional time paying that visit—What can have kept him?"

"Perhaps," suggested Martindale, "there may be a daughter in the case; we all know our friend's weakness on such points."

"Ten to one that's the thing," said Johnson. "Let's have the lady up, and worm it out of her. My dear," he began to the girl who answered the bell, "tell Mrs. Robinson to step up."

The lady referred to accordingly appeared—a widow of course—in black satin—also of course—and curtsied to Johnson, who, from a certain old-looking appearance, she fancied was officer in command.

"Oh, Mrs. Robinson," he began, "who is the clergyman of this place?"

"Mr. Vere, sir; he is a very nice gentleman, sir; and so is Miss Margaret, his daughter!"

"Unprecedented fact in natural history!" observed Johnson (*otto voce*) to his friends. "But Mrs. Robinson," continued he, "is there no Mrs. Vere?"

"No, sir, she died many years ago, when Miss Margaret was quite a little girl."

"And she takes care of her father's house, then?"

"Yes, sir, and she does a deal of good among the poor besides."

"Indeed," said Johnson. "Well, Mrs. Robinson, we won't detain you further—There," said he triumphantly, "didn't I say so? You won't get much grind out of him now. Brown: he's done for. But perhaps the opening of his young affections may prove an interesting study, unless it should only happen to be an embassage of love to—what's that your friend Tennyson says, Martindale?"

"For heaven's sake," said Martindale, "do not add the crime of murder to your many sins! Keep your sacrilegious hands off Tennyson, whatever you do!"

If there was one thing that Brown enjoyed more than another, it was the getting what he called "a poetical rise" out of Martindale; and therefore grinned with delight at that youth's indignation.

The party had come down with the strongest and firmest of resolutions as to reading, and this being the first day, they were carried out tolerably well. Accordingly, luncheon over, they began the two hours which they had previously determined to devote during the afternoon to study, and this was half over before Waring appeared, with all the air of a man very well satisfied with his morning's work. He was at first inclined to be very reserved as to the details of his visit, but his companions were no novices in the art of "pumping," and soon found all they wanted; and, as he warmed with his subject, and expatiated on the general charmings and beauty of the rector's daughter, his tutor listened with mixed contempt and despair—contempt at the weakness of man's nature, and despair when he thought of the poor chance there would now be of knocking sufficient into his amorous pupil for him to "pass" next term.

CHAPTER II.

WARING TRIES.

When we see and that, put in a man in country house, away from the excitement

and temptation of society, with a young woman staying in the same house at the same time, and that young woman, whether she were the plainest of the plain or not, would, if she liked in a fortnight's time have that man at her feet. Was it, therefore, extraordinary, or at all to be wondered at, that Waring was very soon Miss Vere's devoted slave? And was it not within the boundary of chance that his feelings were reciprocated? Such was the case, and, to the rector's utter astonishment, he was informed of the fact one morning by the principals themselves. Such a thing had never entered his head, as that his Margaret should leave him; and he could not endure the thought when it did come; besides, Waring was so very young, and, on the whole, men are so very fanciful; and, on the whole, he thought that it would be better that there should be no settled engagement, but that Waring should finish his Oxford education, and then, if he felt in the same mind, he could come down to Sandborough, and they might talk more about it. Although not satisfactory, it was better than a regular betrothal; and notwithstanding the rector's advice, they were, to all intents and purposes, engaged—if constant reading, talking, and walking constitutes it. Among the places which they most frequented was the pier on the north side of the harbor mouth; for, owing to the cliff above, it was hidden from the inquisitive gaze of the telescope on the terrace, and was very little frequented by any except a few old pilots, who were generally on the lookout for vessels in the offing. One lovely afternoon, towards the end of August, they were, as usual, slowly walking up and down this pier, the only occupant of which, besides themselves, was a very weather beaten and aged pilot, who was sleepily leaning over the pier-head and smoking a long black pipe. This individual had about as much idea of love making as Barks of happy memory, who, by the way, in his constant inquiries as to whether the object of his affections was "comfortable" or not, showed the aim and object of marriage in that class of life, namely, the giving and receiving, not so much of love as of comfort. It may be imagined, then, that this ancient mariner did not take the smallest interest in the couple near him, and therefore did not at all disturb their privacy over inquisitiveness. These men are almost perfectly calm, and the stillness of the day was only broken by the soft sound of the water lapping gently against the piles of the pier, the occasional crowing of a distant cock, and the boat-builder's hammer in the town. They were thus walking quietly to and fro, when, too much absorbed in each other to notice where they were going, they gradually got nearer and nearer to the edge of the pier, and all of a sudden Waring felt Margaret's arm slip suddenly out of his, and before he could catch her she had fallen into the water below. His first impulse was to immediately jump in after her, but the imminence of the danger brought with it a calmness that would have been, if he could have thought about it, astonishing to himself. Running up to the pier, he pointed to Margaret struggling in the water, and said, "A boat as quickly as possible!" The old man, aroused from all his lethargy by the urgency of the case, immediately ran off, and Waring throwing off his coat and waistcoat, sprang into the water. When he came to the surface he found himself