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otheir business.

DR. HOFFER,

DENTIST .-- OFFICE, Front Street 4th door Columbia. Pa DEntrance, same as Jolley's Pho-ograph Gallery. [August 21, 1855]

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Columbia, Pa.
OFFICE, in Whipper's New Building, below
Black's Hotel, Front street.
IIT Frompt attention given to all business entrusted
his care.
November 29, 1857.

H. M. NORTH,
A TTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
Collections promptly made in Lancasterand York
loanures. Jountles. Columbia, May 4, 1850.

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

S. Atlee B ckius, D. D. S. PRACTICES the Operative. Surgical and Mechan ical Departments of Dentity,
OFFICE Locus street, between he Franklin House and Post Office, Cotumbia, 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 auntity, at the Family Medicine Store, and blacker clist that English Boot Polish.

Columbia, June 9, 1859

We Have Just Received DR. CUTTER'S Improved Chest Expanding Suspender and Stouder Bruces for Genelemen and Patent Skirt Supporter and Brace for Ladie-just the article that is writted at this time. Command see them at Family Medicine Store, Odd Fellows Hall.

Dec Goodwards Science Stores

Prof. Gardner's Soap. WE have the New England Sanp for those who did not obtain it from the Song Man; it is pleasant to the skin, and will take greate spots from Woolen Goods, it is therefore no humbur, for you get the worth of your money in the Family Medicine Store Columba, June 11, 1850.

GRAHAM, or, Bond's Boston Crackers, for

PALDING'S PREPARED GLUE,—The want of such an arracle is tell in every family, and now it can be supplied; for mending furning, chinaware, ornamental work, mys. &c., there is nothing superior. We have found in a full in repairing many arracles for months. You articles which have been useless for months. You Jan.2cia it at the ta.ounA:

FMILY MEDICINE STORE.

IRON AND STEEL! Stock of all knots and sizes of BAR IRON AND STEEL!

They are constantly stop fee with stock in this branch of his business, and c or launch it to cus onners in large or small quantities, at the lovest ones.

A SUMPLE & SON,
April 28, 1860.

RITTER'S Compound Syrup of Ter and Wild Cherry, for Congres, Golds &c. Fri sale a he Golden Moriae DrugStore, Front st.

A YER'S Compound Concentrated & tract Sur-aparella for the cure of Serolala (King's Evil, and ad serofulous affections, a fresh are the just received and for sale by R WILLIAMS, Front 81, Columbia, ≠ept. 24, 1659.

FOR SALE. 200 GROSS Friction Matches, very low for cash.

Dutch Herring!
Ny one fond of a good Herring on be supplied at S. F. EBERLEI V.S.
Nov. 19, 1859. Grocery Store, No. 71 Locust st. ANy one fond of a good lies YON'S PURE OHIO CATAWBA BRANDY

nd PURE WINES especially for Medicine eramental purposes, at the B. FANILY MEDICINESTORE NICE RAISINS for 8 cts. per pound, are to EBERLEIN'S Grocery Store,
March 10, 1560. No. 71 Locus: street

ARDEN SEEDS .- Fresh Garden Seeds, warrunted pure, of all kapis, just received at EBERLEIN'S torocery Store, March 10, 1860. No 71 Losust street

POCKET BOOKS AND PURSES. A LARGE tot of Fine and Common Pocket Books and Purses, at from 15 cents to two dollars each He tiquarters and News Depot. Columbia, April 14.1 360.

A EEW more of those beautiful Prints will be sold chenp, at SAYLOR & McDONALD'S Colombia, Pa.

Just Received and For Sale. 1500 SACKS Ground Alum Salt, in large

APPOLD'S
Warehouse . Canal Basin. May 5 ' 60. / OLD CREAM OF GLYCERINS For the cure J and prevention to enapted hands, &c. For sat the GOLDEN MORTAR DRUG STORE, Dec 3,1859. Front street, Columbia PiDec.3,1859.

Turkish Prunes! POR a first rate article of Prunes you must go to S U. BBERL EIN'S PNOV. 19, 1859. Grocery Store, No 71 Locust s

GOLD PENS, GOLD PENS. JUST received a large and fine assortment of Gold Pens, of Newton and Grawold's manufacture, a SAYLOR & MCDONALD'S Book Store, Agril 14 Pront street, above Locust.

FRESH GROCERIES. FRESH GROCERIES.

W E continue to sell the descriptory is your. White and Brown Sugars, good Coffees and choire Teast to be lad in Columbia at the New Corner Store, opposite Od Fellows' Hall, and at the Old string adjoining the like. H. C. FONDERSMITH.

Segars, Tobacco, &c. A LOT of first-rate Segars, Tobacco and Snuff wi be found at the store of the sub-criber. He keep

A be found at the store of the only a first-rate article Cull it.

S. P. EBERLEIN'S Grocery Store.

Locust at , Columbia, Pa. CRANBERRIES,

SARDINES,
Worrestershire Sauce, itchined Coccus, &c., just reserved and for cale by S. P. EBERILIEN,
Oct. 80, 1850, No. 71 Local St.
CRANBERRIES.

Noetry.

The 0:d Days and the New.

BY C. P. CRANCH.

A poet came singing along the vale,—
"Ah, well a day for the dear old days! They come no more us they did of yore, By the flowing river of Aise."

He piped through the mendow, he piped through th

grove,
"Ah well-a-day for the good old days! They have all gone by, and I sit and sigh By the flowing river of Ai-e.

Knight« and tudie«, and shields and «words,— Ah, well-a-day for the grand old days! Ca-tles and monts, and the bright steel conts,
By the flowing river of Aise.

The lance are shivered, the helmets rust -Ah, well-u-day for the stern old days! And the classion's blust has sung its last, By the flowing river of Aise.

and the warriors that swept to glory and death, Ah. well a day for the brave old day-! They have fought and gone, and I so here alone, B; the flowing river of Ai-c.

The strength of limb and the mettle of heart, Ah, well-a-day for the strong old day-! They have withered away, mere butterfl es' play, By the flowing river of Aise.

The queens of beauty, whose smile was life,-Ah, well-a-day for the rare old days! With love and despuir in their golden hair, By the flowing river of Ai-e.

They have flatted away from hall and bower,-Ah, well-n-day for the rich old day-! Like the sun they shone, like the sun they have got By the flowing river of Aise.

And buried beneath the na'l of the past .-Ah, well-n day, for the proud old days! Lie valor and worth and the beauty of earth, By the flowing tiver of Atee. And I sit and sigh by the idle stream .-

Ah, well-a-day for the bright old days! For nothing remains for the poet's strains But the flowing river of Aise."

Then a voice rang out from the oak overhead,-"Why well-u-day for the old, old day-? The world is the same, if the bard has an aim, By the flowing river of Ai-e.

There's beauty and love and truth and power,-Cease well-a-day for the old, old days The humble-t home is worth Greece and Rome, By the flowing river of Ai-e.

There are themes enough for the poet's strams,— Leave well-a-day for the quant old days! Take there eye- from the ground, look up and aroun From the flowing river of Aisc.

To-day is as grand as the centuries past, Leave well-a-day for the famed old days There are battles to fight, there are troths to plight, By the flowing river of Ai-e. There are hearts as true to love, to strive,-

No well-u-day for the dark old days! Go put into type the age that is ripe By the flowing river of Aise"

Then the marry poet piped down the vale,-By day and by night there's .nu-ic and light By the flowing river of Aise" [Atlantic Monthly.

Selections.

From Chambers Journal, Van Slingelandt's Wooing.

in the place of his birth, the quaint old city to aid the artist, ignorant of much art themof Leyden, a sort of dull, dirty, Dutch Venice, minced up by incessant canals into fifty dark islers, all tied loosely together by some hundred and forty old bridges. Peter was a calm, quiet, contente I man, with no locomotive longings, no very fervid aspirations. He was not the bird that beat itself to death against the bars of its cage, in agonizing and hastened to raise the silk curtin again efforts of liberty; he preferred to make his cage as cozy as he could, and to adapt himself to its limitations. Besides, it was a voluntary confinement; he needed not to have had the Leyden ramparts for ever the took up a microscope and scrutinized bounding his horizon and framing his life. the picture severely. Others had wandered away to the sheeny south, and looked on eyes of love and amuzedustrious, enthusiastic worker, but one who conscientious, scrupulous, indefatigable. microscopic man, how could be produce rapidly? True, facile slovenliness would have brought the gold more quickly in; but Peter respected his art, respected himselfhe could not condescend to let the "scamp work" go out of his studio. I doubt even if it ever occurred to the dear, good, plodding but on a green velvet cushion at her feet wrought, intensely finished pictures.

studio, before a panel of the casel. Not a a crimson curtain, falling over a half open flaunting, flaring studio of more recent date, door, through which, in a dusky twilight, remember, but a Dutch painter's studio of other figures were dimly seen, though tracethe year 1660, or so. No garish draperies, no glittering weapons, no polished fragments of armor, no dusty torsos blocking up the corners, no cast of muscular limbs, no nose broken antiques-a neatly furnished, nicely garnished, well-kept room, with polished floor, polished table, chairs, and even polished easel. All windows firmly closed, all doorn tightly fitting; for Peter has proclaimed unremitting war with the dust; he will suffer it under no pretence; he will do all man doublet, with ivory buttons; he hangs up his

the pencil handles are polished, and there is handle. John Vander Heyden worked with a silk vail protecting the face of the panel. The "properties" of the painting room are not remarkable; a mirror, framed by five-andtwe: ty smaller mirrors, reflecting altogether six-and-twenty miniature portraits of the tsudio with the broad back of Peter Van Singelantd well visible,-a prominent object as he bends over his panel; a brown, uncouth looking jug, which has often sat for its picture, and to which good Peter sometimes applies his lips; glasses long in the stem, with much cutting and engraving about them drinking horns, flasks, cups, pipes. For the rest, there is little in the room beyond the ordinary fittings of a burgher's house of that day, and not a very rich burgher

cither. Peter sits at his work, a portly good-lookng fellow, with long, blonde, dry hair, and still more blonde and dry eyebrows, eyeashes, moustaches, and peaked beard. His plump cheeks are closely shaven, and he has very calm, steady blue eyes. To him, sitting contemplatively, enters his good friend Max Keppen, a student of the Leyden University; very like Peter, only younger and thinner-not a bit more demonstra tive. He lifts up the brown jug, and regales himself with its contents. He understands the usages of Peter's studio; he moves about slowly, cautiously; he has shaken himsel well outside-he brings in no dust.

Few words of salutation pass between hem-they are top intimate, they under stand each other too well for that. Peter removes the silk shroud from the panel; they both pure over it speechless for about half

"It grows," says Max, at last, in a low whisper.

Peter nods his head; he points with the small, keen pencil in his hand. "I have been bringing 'that' out since Wednesday. Do you mark, Max, that little finger nail? -I could not sleep for thinking of it. Say, is it right my Max? That far corner, where the tinge of purple subsides into blueish red; then the light, catching it, breaks into a fine line of warm pearl white. Light is always warm, Max. How men cheat themselves. Many would have there struck in cold, dead

color. Sname!" "It is very good, Peter." "Don't stamp my Max. In places there is still wet paint. Think of the dust, good friend. Ah, if any should alight." And

he let fall the silk shroud. Max looked penitent, concerned. The movement of his foot had been involuntary; he had been stirred thereto by his sober, settled enthusiasm f r Peter's genius. He was the painter's chief intimate, his warmest friend and admirer-the unavoitable appendage of the studio. Every painting room is haunted by such men-faithful, laudatory, Peter Van Slingelandt set up his art tent attached, devoted, they would do anything selves, they worship and marvel the more on that account, and they become the conto the humble follower and friend who is

not, who can never be a rival. "It has been two years about," quoth Peter. He saw poor Max's pain and sorrow,

"Two years to-day." "And it will be finished?" asked Max. Peter shook his head mournfully. It seemed quite hopeless to name any date .--

It was the portrait of a lady, very fair in complexion, very flaxen as to ringlets-a ment, yet with a feeling of immense removal close crowd of them fulling in delicate vine from the glories of Italian art some had tendrils over her exquisite forehead and neck crossed to England and found welcome, and -rather full in figure, large round blue eyes patronage, and wealth; but Peter held on to pretty red mouth, and round plump chin, his quiet studio in the old gable-topped house with just a hint of another little chin beof the city. He was not rich-a steady in- tion. She were a full spreading Dutch lace loved his work, and loved to linger over it; sleeves, also decked with ample lace falls. I go." Her black velvet dress opened in front over petticoat of superb maize colored satin. sparkled wonderfully. Upon her round white arms were pearl bracelets, and in one hand she held a fan of peacock feathers. A bright-eyed lap dog, curled up compactly, sober soul to do such a thing; he had no with a red ribbon round his neck, and every notion of art apart from solid, highly hair of his coat accurately accounted for in the picture. Russet hangings formed the So he he sat one day in his small quiet back ground, relieved on the right hand by able much more distinctly the more you ex-

> amine the work. could think of. "It grows-rapidly."

It was bold to say that. changes his shoes outside his studio door; ly. They studied intensely; meditating themselves! he putson another well brushed, dusky green each touch, as a poet might over a verse, pausing on it, weighing it, counting it .cloak; he enters the room cautiously as a Guedaert of Middleburg spent thirty years time upon the blonde head of Peter-now

slant in at the upper half of the window, and fore an orange, a melon, and an agate- now upon the leather-covered knob of Pcangrily the little motes that will somehow bandled knife, contemplating their wondrous ter's mahl stick-now upon the tiny little the copy?" What a silvery, bird's whisper ded harm! how the rudest of us softened dance and float about in that shaft of golden assemblage and variety of color, before he sable pencils with which Peter seemed to was that explanation! light. There is no invitation, no provocation even commenced to paint them. Gerard be working on the panel as though with to the dust at all. The color box is polished Dow spent five days in the close painting of needles upon copper—and now, with a her little plump hand; you would have pocket that hand was ever withdrawn closed, and its lid closes with an extreme exactness; a hand, and three in representing a broom- twinkling smile dancing about the corners flought the creature was going to cat it! only to be opened, in our own; with the such delicate minuteness, that, in one pic- jug in the corner; but they always turned gave as she stooped down her head. Really plucked, the little egg she had found, the ture, an open Bible is seen no larger than a man's palm, in which every line is legible wainscot, as though that were their proper through a magnifying glass. In another performance, Peter, himself, had occupied a whole month on the frill and ruffles of a genment for permanent residences. tleman whose portrait he was painting .-They were marvelously microscopic, these

> cles at thirty. mournfully, and sighed. Max looked rather crest-fallen; but he plucked up heart, and

tried again. "She is very beautiful, my Peter." But Peter only sighed the more. Max was at his wit's end. He was nearly stamping on the floor again; but he contrived to stop

himself in time. "You love, then, still, my Peter?" he asked, in a low, awful tone.

"With all my soul," answered Peter, simply; and he seemed relieved, and plied the microscope again.

They know every line, every tint, every touch of that picture. Even Max's unedu cated eye could follow it all, and knew it all They had watched and seen in advance under their gaze, as a mother sees her child's growth; as the poor girl in the garret pores ver the tiny geranium under the cracked tumbler in the one flower pot, and sees its dim, green leaves one by one. unfold. They could quite appreciate the never-tiring labor all lights, examine it how you would, pore bostowed upon the picture. Peter took up the brown jug, refreshed himself, and passed it on to Max.

"And she?" Max held up the jug, he he could not drink until he heard the answer. "I know not, my Max." Max sorrowfully drained the jug.

"Sometimes, I think-I almost think; but it is my vanity, my Max, it is that, d uhtless." Max denied it stoutly by violently shaking his head.

"She dropped her 'kerchief yesterday, and let me restore it to her." Peter went on, years; aye, more than that-" blushing. "And, oh, Max, how bright came the light into her eyes. Kindly, too, Max; and she smiled. Ah, her smile is heaven, Max. Is the jug empty? Never

"She loves, brother-it is that," whispered Max artfully.

"I know not, my Max. Ah, it must end. And she gave me her han I, Max; her dear. soft, scented hand-white satin, with pink lining; I took it in mine, Max; I raised it, out-bah! I dared not kiss it."

Max abstractedly proffered the empty jug. Poter tried to drink from it, found it empty.

and simply put it on one side. "Oh, if I might only hope; but, my Max fidants of the painter; he can open his heart a dream, my brother-a dream. The picture mustend -1 could paint on it for ever and ever. Is that the blue of her eye? Is that the caranation that floats on her cheek, now below the surface? Is that the crimson of her dear moist lip, my Max? Bah!-No. But, two years-two years; the end must come. She grows impatient-she will go, my Max-the picture will go, my Max; and then-then-what will become of me? Sav."

And he rose from his chair, and fell sobbing upon the neck of Max. That worthy ollower was cut to the heart.

"It is not so, my Peter. Look up." he said; "she laves you; I say so -- Max; believe me. You will be bappy, my Peter; you shall be happy. Hush, she is coming now; I hear her on the stairs. Hush! take just turning out of the handsome high street | yond, us a rainbow is dogged by a reflectiourage. Tell her you love her with all your soul, my Peter; tell her as you would collar, which, at the shoulder, met her puffed tell me-think it is I to whom you speak.

> "This way-the back staircase. Gently, my Max-think of the dust. Do not bang upon which the light fell, and flickered and the door! Farewell, my Max. Ah! she is

Then entered the room the lady, tall, arge, calm. Peter had been successfulthe portrait was very like. She came in slowly and stately, and soon accupied her well known seat and accustomed position. Peter, bowing and blushing, went on with his work. Hardly a word was spoken. The portrait had been in hand for two years, and all ordinary topics of conversation between painter and sitter had been long ago exhausted. On the other hand, habit had completely mastered all the irksomeness of the business. The lady seemed hardly less "It grows," Max said again. It was the tired of sitting than Peter of painting. She Peter who was hiding his face in his hands, only form of consolation for Peter that he knew to a nicety when she was correctly posed; detected, to half an inch, when her blonde locks. fingers strayed from their position in the One who had seen the work a year back, picture; perceived directly when any of the would have though it then, perhaps, as far amber tendril ringlets became stragglers advanced as it seemed now. Its growth from the main body; and then the large could hardly be called rapid, anyhow. But blue eyes, how well aware they were of the rapid painting was hardly known in Hol- exact knot in the oak wainscot, upon which can to exclude and suppress dust. He land. Men worked steadily, but very slow- two years ago, they had been directed to fix

True, they wandered now and then-took circling flights like birds, alighting at one UNANBERRIES.

JUST received a fresh tot of Cramberries and New Cat looking for a mouse; he regards with studying the economy of the insects he paint—upon the mirror with the twenty-nve cat looking for a mouse; he regards with studying the economy of the insects he paint—upon the mirror with the twenty-nve cat looking for a mouse; he regards with studying the economy of the insects he paint—upon the mirror with the twenty-nve cat looking for a mouse; he regards with studying the economy of the insects he paint—upon the mirror with the twenty-nve cat looking for a mouse; he regards with studying the economy of the insects he paint—upon the mirror with the twenty-nve cat looking for a mouse; he regards with studying the economy of the insects he paint—upon the mirror with the twenty-nve cat looking for a mouse; he regards with studying the economy of the insects he paint—upon the mirror with the twenty-nve cat looking for a mouse; he regards with studying the economy of the insects he paint—upon the mirror with the twenty-nve cat looking for a mouse; he regards with studying the economy of the insects he paint—upon the mirror with the twenty-nve cat looking for a mouse; he regards with studying the economy of the insects he paint—upon the mirror with the twenty-nve cat looking for a mouse; he regards with studying the economy of the insects he paint—upon the mirror with the twenty-nve cat looking for a mouse; he regards with studying the economy of the insects he paint—upon the mirror with the twenty-nve cat looking for a mouse; he regards with studying the economy of the insects he paint—upon the mirror with the twenty-nve cat looking for a mouse; he regards with studying the economy of the insects he paint—upon the mirror with the twenty-nve cat looking for a mouse; he regards with the twenty-nve cat looking for a mouse; he regards with the twenty-nve cat looking for a mouse; he real looking for a

of the rosy lips, upon Peter's empty brown What a delightful little laugh the widow nuts she had gathered, the cherries she had back again, and settled on the knot in the nest and home, and all other alighting kiss that made them even more rosy than! What treasure of story fell from those old places were temporary caravanseras, useful enough, but not to be mistaken for a mc-

At last the lady refreshed her eyes by two or three of these visual voyages, and found Dutch painters. No wonder that many of that there was nothing more to be donethem had so teased and worried their eyes, that they were reduced to wearing specta- no more entertainment to be derived in that way-and ever so little a sigh started up Peter was not consoled; he would not ac- and escaped from her heart, through the half cept of Max's flattery, he shook his head open casement of her her lips. Peter was not slow to hear it; he blushed-his hand trembled a little, he was nearly making a mistake, going just the thousandth part of an inch or so out of his course.

> "I tire you, madame." "No," said the lady, and her eyes settled

on his moustache. She had a sweet, low, languid sort of voice. "But will it soon be done?"

It seemed as though some words were about to issue from under the moustache, but Peter checked himself, bowed his head, and gave a touch or two to the delicate gray halftints on the lady's forehead. Then came another little sigh. Peter stopped as though he and been wounded; quite a change came over him. Ah, he loved the fair widow! In is microscopic, Dutch painter way he had gone on loving her for two years; it had be gun in a miniature sort of fashion, had gone niggling on , but it was now a complete and finished buisness. You might look at it in into it with a magnifying glass, you could find no flaw in it; it was very whole, web and woof, a highly wrought, exquisite, delicate, periect piece of passion. Peter was wounded by the sighs. He rose up.

"I tire you, malame," he said again, so boldly that the widow seemed alarmed .--She deprecated his anger; would have given the world to have had the sighs back again safe and sound, tight prisoners in her bosom. "I will paint no more then. Let us say the portrait is finished. It has been two

The laly shrunk back at this. Peterwent on in a low voice, glancing alternately at the lady and the picture: "No; it would take a life, and then it

would not be completed." The lady quite clasped her hand in her distress at this. A whole life sitting for one's portrait! Was Peter mad? He understood her astonishment, and gave his explanation slowly and rather confusedly,

and with his cheeks decidedly red. * There are some graces that cannot be portrayed, some traits that cannot be imitated, some charms which it is wholy impossible to render. I might try all my life; I might spend all my days before that panel, and still the portrait might never be comthe rich burgomaster's widow! Why, all pleted to my thinking. Madam it could

the feeblest shadow of you. The lady was decidedly pleased, yet amaz ed, perhaps frightened. You see the late burgomaster had not made love thus.

"Then I may send for the picture?" she said, at last, softly. Poor Peter bowed his head, sadly in the affirmative.

"And the price?" It was cruel in the widow; but she did it simply, without malice-at least I think so-or it might be intentionally, to be firm, and end the thing, as people strike hard blows to get the sooner at the termination of the fight.

There were quite tears in Peter's eyes. "No money can repay me madam,"-But the pior fellow stopped short; there was something in his throat that would not let the words pass out.

"For your labor-I know it has been great, ncessant, but"-"Not that;" and Peter's pride conquered

his sobs. Nothing can compensate me for the loss of the picture; it has been my whole sole thought and occupation for two years: t has been the ceaseless joy and light of my studio. That gone, and this room is a dark dungeon; my life as a blind man's, who can never hope to see the sun again. I love it! Pray don't take it from me; it is priceless!" and he sank on his knees before the panel.

It was a delicate way of making love to the

widow; a little complicated, perhaps, but

still very effective. She could not possibly

be offended by it, and it might touch her

very nearly, and it did. It was realy an artful plan of the simple Peter's. The widow came quite close to him, and she was trembling and fluttering a good deal, and quite a tempest of emotion was surging in her white neek. She bent over till her gold ringlets mingled with Peter's

"Will nothing repay you?" and her soft warm breath stirred the dry, blunde locks as a beeze a cornfield. "Nothing, nothing!" moaned Peter pite-

usly. "Not even this?"

And her little plump hand stole down and rept into his. To give money? A ring.perhap-? No; it was empty! Dull Peter! he was an humble, pludding, miniature minded man-did not quite understand even yet. cat looking for a mouse; he regards with studying the economy of the insects be paint- upon the mirror with the twenty-five flow pretty the widow looked blushing and other, that one would not have wondered to the surface, and the substance, or the bet-

Peter comprehended then. How he kissed did make out at last, and gave her lips a had stored for us-the offering of her heart. to the widow.

never hoped for this. Bertha, dear Ber- And then when we begged her to sing! tha, may I call you Bertha?"

"Of course you may." The door leading on to the back staircase

pened very slowly and quietly, and the face and mother used to lay her knitting softly of Max Keppen appeared there. The dog down, and the kitten stopped playing with had been listening! He was very pale, with very bright eyes, plentifully decorated with lower in the corner, and the fire died down tears. He was beset by two emotions; he to a glow, like an old heart that is neither rejoiced at Peter's happiness, and he sorrow-chille i, nor dead, and grandmother sang. ed because he began to fear that Peter's To be sure, it wouldn't do for the parlor whole love would now be given to Bertha, and concert room now-a-days; but then it that none would be left for Max. He saw was the old kitchen and the old-fashioned Peter's wife stepping in, and severing him grandmother, and the old ballad, in the dear from Peter. But he was an unselfish, good fellow. He had a great heart; there was room in it for all, he thought. I will love them both; then they will both love me." So he gave himself up reservedly to sympathy with Peter's happiness, and triumphed in his triumph. Discreetly he closed the door without disturbing the lovers, and disappeared, immensly comfortable. Such was the manner of Van Slingelandt's

rooing.

The Old-fashioned Grandmother.

Blessed be the children who have an oldfashioned grandmother. As they hope for length of days, let them love and honor her for we can tell them they will never find another.

There is a large old kitchen somewhere therein, with its smooth old jambs of stone everlusting. -smooth with many knives that had been sharpened there-smooth with many little fingers that have clung there. There are andirons, too-the old andirons with rings in the top, wherein many temples of fame have been builded, with spires and turrets of crimson. There is a broad worn hearth, by feet that have been torn and bleeding by the way, or been made "beautiful," and walked upon floors of tesselated gold. There are tongs in the corner, wherewith we grasped a coal, and "blowing for a little life," lighted our first candle; there is a shovel, wherewith were drawn forth the glowing embers in which we saw our first fancies and dreamed our first dreams-the had so many lambs, so many marbles, or so

was we wished our first wishes. There is a chair-a low, rush-bottom and varn, and quilts of rare patterns, and

And everywhere and always the dear old wrinkled face of her whose firm, elastic step the homestead. mocks the feeble saunter of her children's children—the old-fashioned grandmother of twenty years ago. She, the very Providence of the old homestead-she who loved us all, and said she wished there was more of us to love, and took all the school in the Hollow for grand children beside. A great expansive heart was hers, beneath that woolen gown, or that more stately bombazine, or that sole heir-loom of silken texture.

We can see her to day, those mild blue eyes, with more of beauty in them than time could touch or death do more than hi lethose eyes that held both smiles and tears within the faintest call of every one of us, and soft reproof, that seemed not passion but regret. A white tress has escaped from be neath her snowy cap; she has just restore! wandering lamb to its mother; she lengthened the tether of a vine that was straying over a window, as she came in, and plucked four-leafed clover for Elico. She sits down by the little wheel-a tress is running through her fingers from the distaff's dishevelled head, when a small voice cries, 'Grandma'' from the old red cralle, and 'Grandma!" Tommy shouts from the top of the stairs. Gently she lets go the thread, or her patience is almost as beautiful as her charity, and she touches the little red bark in a moment, till the young voyager is in a dream again, and then directs Tommy's unavailing attempts to harness the cat. The tick of the clock runs faint and low, and she opens the mysterious door, and proceeds to wind it up. We are all on tip-toe, and we beg in a breath to be lifted up one by one and look in the hundrelth time upon the time at last. Good night, to thee, grandtin cases of the weights, and the poor lonely wother. The old-fashioned grandmother pendulum, which goes to and fro by its little was no more, and we miss her forever. But dim window, and our petitions are all gran- we will set up a tablet in the midst of the ted, and we are lifted up, and we all touch with a finger the wonderful weights, and write on it only this: the music of the little wheel is resumed. · Was Mary to be married, or Jane to be

wrapped in a shroud? So meekly did she fold the white hands of the one upon her still busom, that there seemed to be a prayer in them there, and so sweetly did she wreathe the white rose in the hair of the had more reses budded for company.

"Will you take the original as payment for | How she stood between us and apprehenbeneath the geatle pressure of her faded and tremulous hand! From her capacious Peter was, after all, a dull fellow; but he "turn-over" she had baked, the trinket she

ever. I think, certainly, that it was the lips-of good fairies and evil, of old times widow who made love to Peter, and not Peter when she was a girl; and we wondered if ever-but then she couldn't be handsomer "O how I love you! How happy I am! I cr dearer-but then if she ever was "little." "Sing us one of the old songs you used to sing mother, grandma."

"Children, I can't sing," she always said; the yarn upon the floor, and the clock ticked old times, and we can hardly see to write for the memory of them though it is a hand's breadth to the sunset.

Well, she sang. Her voice was feeble and ravering, like a fountain just ready to fall, but then, how sweet-toned it was; and it became deeper and stronger; but it couldn't grow sweeter. What "joy of grief" it was to sit there around the fire, all of us, except Jane that clasped a prayer to her bosom, and her thoughts we saw, the hall-door was opened a moment by the wind; but then wo were not affaid, for wasn't it her old smile she wore?-to sit there around the fire, and weep over the woes of the "Babes in the Woods;" who lay down side by side in great solemn shadows; and how strangely glad we felt when the robin-redbreast covered them with leaves; and last of all, when the in the past, and an old-fushioned fireplace angels took them out of the night into day

We may think what we will of it now, but the song and the story heard around the kitchen fire have colored the thoughts and lives of most of us; have g ven us the germs of whatever poetry blesses our hearts, whatover memory blooms in our yesterdays. Attribute whatever we may to the school and the school-master, the rays which make that little day we call life, radiate from the God-swept circle of the hearth-stone.

Then she sings an old lullaby she sang to mother-her mother sang to her; but she does not sing it through, and falters ere 'tis done. She rests her head upon her hands. and it is silent in the old kitchen. S. mething glitters down between her fingers and shovel with which we stirred the sleepy logs the firelight, and it looks like rain in the till the sparks rushed up the chimney as if a forge were in blast below, and wished we soft sunshine. The old grandmother is many somethings that we coveted; and so it haired and light-hearted girl she hung of the voice that sang it; when a lightaround that mother's chair, nor saw the shadows of the years to come. Of the days chair; there is a little wheel in the corner, a big wheel in the garret, a loom in the chamber. There are chests full of linen to bring them back ngain? What words can we upon, what deeds undo to set linek

just this once, the ancient clock of time? How she used to welcome us when we were grown, and came back once more to

We thought we were men and women. but were children there. The old-fashioned grandmother was blind in the eves, but she saw with her heart as she always did. We threw our long shadows through the open door, and she felt them as they fell over her form, and she looked dimly up and saw tall shapes in the door-way, and she says, "Edward, I know, and Lucy's voice I can hear. but whose is that other? It must be Jane's' -for she had almost forgotten the folded hands. "Oh, no, not Jane, for she-let me see-she is waiting for me, isn't she?" and

the old grandmother wandered and wept. "It is another daughter grandmother, that Elward has brought," says some one, "for vour blessing."

"Has she blue eyes, my son? Put her hand in mine, for she is my latest born, the child of my old age. Shall I sing you a song, children?" Her hand is in her pocket as of old; she is idly fambling for a toy, a welcome gift to the children that have come

ngain. One of us, men as we thought we were, is weeping; she hears the hulf-suppressed sob; she says, as she extends her feeble hand, 'Here my poor child, rest upon your grandmother's shoulder; she will protect you from all harm. Come, children, sit around the fire again. Shall I sing you a song, or tell you a story? Stir the fire, for it is cold;

he nights are growing colder." The clock in the corner struck nine, the bed-time of those old days. The song of life was indeed sung. the story told, it was bedmemory, in the midst of the heart, and

Sacred to the memory OF THE

OLD-FASHIONED GRANDMOTHER: GOD BLESS HER FOREVER.

Society is like a glass of ale-the dregs go to the bottom, the froth and scum ter portion remains about the centre.