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Poetry.

Amy's Cruelty.

"Fair Amy of the terraced house, Assist me to discover, Why you who would not hurt a mouse Can torture so your lover.

"You give your coffee to the cat, You stroke the dog for coming, And all your face grows kindlier at The little brown bee's humming.

"But when he haunts your door, (the town Marks coming and marks going.) You seem to have stitched your cyclids down To that long piece of sewing.

"You never give a look-not you, Nor drop him a good morning, To keep his long day warm and blue, So fretted by your scorning."

She shook her head-"The mouse and bee For crumb or flower will linger; The dog is happy at my knee, The cat purs at my finger;

"But he-to him the least thing given, Means great things at a distance; He wants my world, my sun, my heaven, Soul, body, whole existence

"They say love gives as well as takes; But Fin a simple maiden; My mother's first smile when she wakes, I still have smiled and prayed in

"I only know my mother's love. Which gives all and ask- nothing; And this new loving sets the groove, Too much the way of loathing.

"Unless he gives me all in change, The risk is terrible and strange,

I tremble, doubt, deny him "He's sweetest friend or hardest foe, Best angel or west devil; I citker hate, or—love han so, I can't be merely civil.

"You trast a woman who puts forth Her blossoms thick as summer's?
You think she dreams what ove is worth.

Who casts it to new corners "Such love's a cowslip-bill to flux, A moment's pretty pastime, 1 give my-eff, if anything,

The first time and the last time "And, neighbor of the trellised house, A man should murmur never,

Though treated worse than dog or mouse, Till doted on forever?

Harvest and Vintage.

BY A. J. H DUGANNE.

I breamed of a muvelous Harvest-I dreamed of a Threshing-Floor, Where Men, like grain, by Angels twain, Were garnered in measureless store; All bound in sheaves like corn in the leaves, And flatled, from husk to core. And the Angels sang, with voices sweet, "Out of the Gram the Dross we beat, Out of the Chaff we winnow the Wheat: True Souls are the Wheat of a Nation!"

I dreamed of a wonderful Vintage-I dreamed of a Wine-Press red, Where Men, like grapes, by angel-shapes, Were trodden with wrathful tread; As grapes ye work, to must and to murk,
And crush them, shred by shred. And the Angels sang, with tongues divine-"Out of the murk the mu-t we fine Out of the Grapes we mellow the Wine:

Brave Hearts are the Wine of a Nation!

I would that my Dreams were Real-That Angels this Land might beat! And scourge our sod with the flails of God,
And scatter the chaff from the wheat, And mightily trend, in our Wine-Press red. That our souls might sing, in joyous strain-"Out of the Chaff the Wheat we gain. The Wheat and the Wine of our Nation!"

May strive with the Angel of WAR: Till Men, like grain, these Winnowers twain Shall flail, from husk to core; Till Men, like Wine, in libation divine, To Thee, O God! they pour! And forevermore sing, with tongues divine-God of the Free! receive this Wine: The Heart and the Soul of our Nation!"

I pray that the Angel of FREEDOM

Selections.

Modern Definitions .-- Oversight --- To leave your old umbrella in a news-room and carry away a new one.

Unfortunate Man-One born with a con-

science. Progress of Time-A pedlargoing through the land with wooden clocks.

Rigid Justice-A juror on a murder case fast asleep. Independence-Owing fifty thousand dol-

lars which you never intend to pay. Honesty-Almost obsolete; a term formerly used in the case of a man who paid for his paper.

Credit-A wise provision by which constables and sheriffs get a living.

Love—An ingredient used in romance

"Father," said a graceless youth-whose "governor" had a good habit of sak-ing the blessing at meal-times, and a bad one of breaking out into imprecations at other times. "I wish you would stop pray-ing or swearing—I don't care which." Carlyon's Vacation.

BY CUPID.

[CONCLUDED.]

A PIC-NIC PARTY AT THE ABBLY RUINS.

wearisome to Carlyon, was very literally a jour de fele to Du Plat. In the aforesaid rose allce, au clair de la lune, did the improvident Templar swear eternal fidelity to the Chips' governess, and beseech her to be his wife; whether to live in chambers, disguised as the aforesaid Ben, according to Phillip's suggestion, he did not stop to inquire, though he could keep her in any other capacity, Leicester, if put to it, could not have explained. But it was the real thing this time, you see-no deux temps love or ice cream flirtation-and obstacles were therefore in his eyes only so many hoops to

"But what will your friends say to your marrying a governess?" said Inez Windham, smiling.

are they to me, love? If they were to cut me-which they won't-it would be rather a relief, for I am not very fond of the lot .nine-and-twenty. I've been a sad idle dog, but I'm getting rather sick of the life, and it will be a change to get into harness and work one's brain a little. I'll imitate Jeffreys, darling, and if I only make as good

Incz murmured a great deal about the generosity and self-sacrifice, &c., &c. Very pleasant to Du Plat's ears, I dare say; it always is pleasant to be praised for magna nimity when one is doing a thing to gratify ourself. "But if you should marry the heiress after all, Leicester!" whispered the governess, looking up in his face with a malin

for supposing him capable of such treachers for thinking any riches could be to him what she was-and all the rest of it ad in finitum.

"And yet I have an idea that you may marry her, after all," continued Inez. an arch smile hid under her long lashes.

"Good God, dearest! what can you mean? exclaimed Du Plat, fairly startled at the ersistent disbelief in his truth and con stancy.

were generous enough to wish to take me pennile-s, as you fancied me, you will be too generous to let my unhappy 'tin mines, acres, and consols' part us. Don't be angry with me Leice-ter-don't let this miserable oroney break your poor Inez's heart."

He gazed into her eyes bewildered, mystilod, scarcely crediting the veracely of his heiress-what do you mean? You cannot

'yes, I am the heiress your father met at friend. Hawtree. I am the Miss Wiedham who has £10,000 a year, that she will wish to Heavon had never been hers if it annovs or angers you. Dear Leicester, I was sick to death of lovers and friends who sought me for my wealth. I longed for love unsoiled by avarice, and a heart unbought by gold. I had heard your father's wishes for you and me. I thought when you came here you were like the rest-heiress-hunting-and I resolved to trick you. The Chippenhams, and Leila Wyndham, a school friend of mine then coming as governess here, helped me. Her name being the same, made it very easy. She is a dear little thing, ready for any fun, and we all entered into the plot for pure amusement, never thinking of the consequences. Tell me you forgive me, Leicester. Many a time have I been on the point of betraying myself, but the longing to be loved-loved for myself alone-made me go on with the deception. Never mind me you do not love me less!"

in one way; and though he was certainly more astonished than ever he had been in his life, and was sincerely disappointed to be chiselled into doing the very thing he had always vowed not to do, he was far too wildly in love to part from Inez, if to marry her, he had been compelled to live on the extreme peak of Mont Blanc.

Alder, Leicester, rather than marry 'the heiress,' will you?" laughed the quasi-governess, an hour after, when they had settled everything coulcur de rose.

quiet on its wire. Pluck alone sat gazing Office in Carpet Hall, North-westcorner of How HE TROLLED FOR JACK AND GOT HOOKED

CHAPTER V.

The day of the horticultural show, so ger!"

be jumped through.

"My friends? Confound them all. What I cannot offer you money, Inez, but I can work, and I will; it is time I should, at

an ending as he did, we shall do!"

"Marry whom? I would fling myself into the Alder sooner!" cried Du Plat, with vehement reproaches to her for doubting his love,

"I mean," murmured Inez, "that as you

"Yes," she answered, clinging to him-

Du Plat could answer such an appeal only

"And you won't throw yourself into the

"I shall throw myself into the Alder if I don't," said Da Plat. "By Jove! to think that I should be done in this way, that I should marry Money! The worst of it is, the governor 'll be so pleased; he's set his heart upon your wonderful tin mines. But, however, the mistress of the tin mines knows I don't care a rush for them, and her verdict is the only one important to me."

alone; his cat asleep on his knee, his cocka- ment?" too dozing on its stand, and the surgery-bell

at him with his true brown eyes, puzzling ceived. Well, what did she say?" in his clever canine head what had come to his master to make him so stern, so silent,

gouty member of parliment.

struck twelve, he started up, exclaiming.

That night, too, little Leila sat in her som in the moonlight, crying bitterly over withered bunch of wild flowers, and vife ever will, all my life through."

finish your holiday"

ham well?" asked Carlyon, throwing him- made his way to a little pale face under a self down under the cedars.

"Inez? Oh, yes, thank you, she's all right, and as---' "Inez? Pshaw! I mean my-my-pa-

ient." Du Plat whistled gently to himself .-'That's the way the wind lies, is it? No, she looks as ill as-as you do. By George! Lion, you know she's not the heiress after

all." "Not?" asked Carlyon, with a quick glance of his dark eyes.

"No. Oh, I've got no end to tell you." And Du Plat, taking his pipe out of his mouth, proceeded to tell the tale of how he. poor victim, had been trapped mis arrying £10,000 a year. Great was his marvel to hear at the end of his perforation a solemn

and fervent "Thank Heaven!" for? Are you thanking Heaven that I've ers, uttered one or two dry sarcasms, and cient, and do not wish to be insulted by any got the tin mines? I'll return thanks in then leant back in the carriage in chill attempt at explanation." church about it if you think I ought."

"No," said the once calm Carlyon, springing to his feet, "I thank Heaven she is poor, that I may prove to her how dearly I ove her, and that her aild a cal may never say I married her for money

marry! Honoria signer : hasn't smashed.

"Honoria of named cried Philip.rin; my engagement to her was an acted lie to care for him."

her.

"But, good Heavens! Phil, she may "Let her."

"But it will ruin your practice." Poor Honoria's pride will be bitterly hurt, castic up-lifting of the eyebrows, "I begin but she will not heal it by proclaiming her to think so." injuries in the Times law reports."

"And your pride will be hurt too, old fellow. Haughty Philip Carlyon will have to confess that he was actually once in the wrong."

Philip smiled. "Unpleasant, but I am the money, love; you would not have let not so morally weak as to shirk the confession. I have wronged Honoria, and I nate riches. Speak to me, Leicester. Tell ther by marrying her, that her money might keep my brougham, and make me a good position, if I had not been roused by a passion too strong for me to resist. When I was alone there up in town, I felt that a union with a woman I detested would be insupportable. The solitude and barren egotism of my life became hateful; and I began to realize the possibility of a warmer, truer, higher existence. I cannot now go back to what satisfied me then; and it would be a crime to Leila, and a moral suicide to myself, if I could. I must either break my chains and marry where I love, or never marry at all, and lead a life as lowering and profitless as it will be bare and void of eith-

er aim, end or happiness." "Break your chains, then, Lion; you are too good to be lost. Leave Honoria and Money to some fool with neither heart nor brains, and take two better mistresses, Leila

"Yes. It was my duty to tell her."

"Your duty six weeks ago, I humbly con-"Forgave me like an angel."

and so distrait. People's lives were in dan- giveness; their offices generally seem, ac- and regret what you now do? Never wish and strength of action?" ger from Carlyon, and I'm not sure that at cording to the parsons, to consist in writing that you had not renounced money for me, that time he did'nt prescribe belladonna as down our sins. Of course she forgave you. given up ambition for love?" a tonic, and send a child's gray powder to She would if you blew her brains out, and she were able to speak to the fact afterwards: With her my life would have been blighted. He sat and smoked, and smoked and and besides, women are always flattered at I should have had one for my wife with thought, and as he did so, his broad, pale an old love being turned over for 'em. But, whom I had neither thought, feeling, taste can't carp at each other for lack of pedigree. forehead knit, and his white teeth closed by the powers! they're bringing the car- in unison, and fools would have been able hard on his meerschaum. As the clock riages round. We're going pick-nicking to to point at me and say, 'See! Carlyon, proud phant vigilance, and he submits to be henthe ruins at Carlton. Come along. Poor as he is, yet sold himself for money.' In "By Heavens, I can't stand this any lon- Inez'll think I've been shot for a poacher, you, on the contrary, I shall ever have with and when a regret rises in her mind for or disappeared forevermore into the Alder. By George, there she is, too!"

hought to herself, "I shall never be his was warmly welcomed, and made her a wife, but I shall love him dearer than his pretty speech about having run away from gone on in my celd and egotistical routine, "Hallon, Lion, where the devil did you quitted Monkstone so unceremoniously three because I despaired of finding one who ome from?" said Du Plat, seeing Philip weeks before. Then he encountered Sir would respond to them. Then do you ask come across the lawn at Monkstone Court, Godfrey, who made him an instant offer of me whether I shall regret giving up darkat noon the next day. "You look deucedly his pet bay mare to ride to Carlton; then ness for light, hell for heaven?" ill, old boy. I'm glad you've come down to | turned to Inez Windham, just being installed in her pony-carriage by Du Plat, and offered "How are you all? Is-is-Miss Wynd- her courteous congratulations; and then Spanish hat. There were the eyes of twenty people upon them, so Philip could only take his hat off and shake hands with her; but though she tried to smile and seemed unconcerned, and said "Good morning," talked of the weather and the pony she was riding. with forced vivacity, Carlyon read quite enough in the sad eyes and the circles beneath them to satisfy him. "Old Chip" called to him to mount the bay; as he turned, his eyes fell on Honoria Cosmetique.

She was just riding up with her Muddybrook friends, and she gave him a haughty surprised stare; for his two letters in three weeks, and those two laconic and cold to the last extent, had very naturally incensed her. Carlyon saw little Leila shudder slightly, strike her pony sharply, and ride away as the Muddybrook barouche drove up. Ho-"The devil, my dear Lion, what's that norm gave him the extreme tips of two fingmajesty; while the heir of Muddybrook, a pale, timid, sandy-haired individual, a snob, but an unobtrusive one, busied himself in

from the Muddybrook carriage. He rode a man always deceives a woman in simula-"Ye gods! Path, whom .. you going to like a rough rider-rode as only those do ting an affection he cannot feel. There I accustomed to horses from boyhood; for Car- erred; I admit it frankly, and I ask your lyon's father, an improviden't rector, who pardon for it." saved nothing out of an income of sixteen Cold, passionless uscentity, I blush to hundred a year, and who died when Philip There is always, too, something winning think I could ever have stooped to let her was lifteen, had liked nothing better than to in the voluntary self-condemnation of a very buy me with her gold. At last, in my life, see his son taking hedges and ditches after proud man, but it neither disturbed nor won Dupe, I love; love I disbelieved in but never- a Suffolk fox. Leila looked at him reining Miss Cosmetique. She answered very coolly, theless sighed for; and I will break, break at in the fiery mare, at his graceful figure, his a limiting her tight lavender kid glove. once and forever with these hateful ties that handsome chiselled features, his high-bred bind me to one with whom I have not even air, and thought, "He fancies I can easily one thought in common. I have erred- forget him! He little knows his own attracerred to both. My fault is great to Hono- tions. Let him forget me I shall never cease

and a he ever brings its own punishment, It was three miles to the abbey-ruins, but duct has been exactly according to the rules nuricular or ocular organs. "You-the but I will not add to the sin by marrying not once during the three miles could Car- of that chivalrous honor and gentlemalike lyon manage a tete-a-tete with Leila.— courtesy you are wont to say you admire, I ting on the upper step of the flight which I would, I believe, have thrown off the ter-Du Plat stared at him, amazed at this Though she was the Chips' governess, men will not pretend to decide; but of that you led into the house, his head leaning back rible thing, but it moved, and murmured. outburst from his calm and philosophic admired and sought the little thing, and are the best judge." Jack Huntley, and the rector of Monkstone, a young fellow fresh from Granta, accombring a breach of promise case against you." modated their pace to the Shetland's short condemn as severely as she chose. trot with all the dogged perseverance of lovers. Carlyon grew fairly in a passion at "So it must, but I shall be free from her, last; he felt if he stayed much longer he you have a right to judge me harshly, and ond best were tolerable; his worst I should head toward him and glanced nervously beand a man with brains can always live should probably knock the Fusilier off his had I ever thought you loved me, I should not like to see. At present he was indulg- hind her. somewhere. But she will not do that; cold horse, and the rector's hat over his eyes; so, blame myself indeed. But you never did: and phlegmatic as she is, as little affection striking the bay savagely, he galloped the we shall both, as you observe, be happier as there is in her heart, she is neither low-bred last mile at a tremendous pace, arriving at free. I can only say, what I would say to nor coarse-minded, and would have as small the ruins twenty minutes before any of the no living man, that I ask your pardon for for the sake of his matter, and covered over bled, and all my courage fled. I would sympathy as you or I with a woman who, party, and causing the heir of Muddybrook the wrong done you." for the sake of revenge, after all, only im- to ask if Mr. Carlyon wasn't a little mad; to aginary-would expose herself in court .- which Miss Cosmetique replied, with a sar-

ple always do, because it's the most uncomfortable position they can select. However, wish you good morning." a young lady once told me that it is the discomfort which makes the fun. so chacun a son gout. Carlyon somehow began to feel to be wretched for the sake of my unfortu- should have gone on to wrong her still furthat if he were to put salt into Lion's claret. he'd bet he'd drink it without knowing; to himself, till Leila whispered; which she answered, sympathisingly, "And so would you, Leicester, if two men were to pity her now, poor thing, for has she usurping me; so don't make fun of your not lost you?"

Luncheon over, Carlyon's martyrdom ended. As they broke up into different parties, he beat down to Leila. "Come down the river with me; I will take you safely in the punt.

She looked at him in surprise and hesitation. "But Miss Cosmetique-" she murmured.

me now. Come!" and Ambition; they'll make you a happier, straight away out of the memories of both, strength of the new-born love within him. and I bet, in the end, a more successful and he found it more agreeable to stay in Money, gave himself up-to Love.

Carlyon kissed her lins to silence. "Never! me one to rejoice in my success and inspire Philip's clever brain and handsome face, my energies, a spur to exertion, a motive she consoles herself the recollection that she Da Plat tore across the lawn, Car.yon fol- for ambition; you have woke .ne to a nobler lowing more leisurely. He met Lady Chip, hope, given me a warmer life. Had I never met, and never loved you, I should have his patients to apologise to her for having deadening myself to every fonder feeling,

> "A very pretty scene-I beg your pardon for interupting it." The voice was cold, sharp and clear.

> Carlyon raised his eyes, Leila uttered a cry blushed scarlet, unclasped her hands from round his neck, and stooped to pick up her hat, which lay on the grass.

> There, in full dignity, with her India cashmere gathered round her, and her pointlace parasol held with the majesty of a sceptre, stood Miss Cosmotique, looking in upon them from between the aspen boughs. How gratifying it must have been to have heard oneself symbolized by "hell!"

Carlyon felt glad the eclaircissement had come at last. He took a few steps towards her, and said, calmly, "I have long wished for this oportunity Miss Cosmetique; I ought few minutes, and-"

She turned her black eyes on him with fierce hauteur.

"There is not the slightest necessity, Mr. Carlyon; I have seen and heard quite suffi

Carlyon's color rose.

"Your anger is just; you cannot reproach me more than I reproach myself. I have nutting the tiger-skin over her rich flounces. acted wrongly to you from first to last. In Carlyon sprang on the bay and moved engaging myself to you I deceived you, as

He spoke with the grace natural to him

"There is no wrong done, Mr. Carlyon, there is, therefore, no question of pardon.-We have both of us, for some time, felt the want of congeniality between us. We shall be happier free, I hope. Whether your con-

Carlyon bit his lip, but kept all passion

"I do not defend myself," he said, gently, "and I tell you I have done wrong. I feel

"Very condescending!" said Honoria, with a sneer, slightly shrugging her cashmere-covered shoulders. "The next time I hear of a 'man of honor.' I shall remember They lunched on the grass, of course; peo- Mr. Carlyon. I offer you and Miss Wynd- and flustered myself, by ignoring, through on. Then, for the first time, I saw that I ham my sincere congratulations, and beg to my semi-barbarous American-Great-British had lost my way; we were not approaching

Wherewith Miss Cosmetique gathered her cashmere round her, shifted her parasol be- conduct her back to the drawing room, in- we were re-entering the thicket of jessatween her and the sun, and without deignthat this detestable luncheon would never ing to glance at either of them more, swept any for 'one glass more?" come to an end. He could have shot Hunt- through the trees in solemn majesty, her thick bayadere flounces knocking the heads have condensed the whole thing, point and off the campanulas right and left, and spreadat his elbow, and Du Plat whispered to Inez ing destruction among the heaths. Carlyon stood still, and swore a little bit to relieve

"Don't be angry, dear Philip; I can afford

Whereupon Carlyon called her every caressing name he could lay his tongue to, and talked more of what six weeks before he would have decreed bosh and spoonyism, than anybody who only knew his "practical" and "philosophic" exterior would have credited.

"How strange it is that you, you little thing, should have such power over me. I "Miss Cosmetique? Bah! she is nothing to could have defied any one to shake my selfcontrol or unman my resolution, but you, She took his arm, the black lace hiding my darling, with a word, could desolate my eyes full of tears, and Philip led her down life, or make existence paradise," said skep- of you." towards the river. But the river went tical Carlyon, still rather surprised at the

"I won't abuse the power, Philip," she man; for at your age, and with your nature, some of the old cloisters overhung with ivy whispered, looking at him as if he were if you set your fancy on this girl and lose and aspen, where, with no listeners save the some sublime archangel descended to earth her, you'll go to the dogs as safe as this blackbirds and mavises, and no witnesses; for her especial worship. "If I have such pipe stem's made of cherry-wood. Have except the campanulas, nodding themselves power over you, what have you over me?" One night Carlyon sat in his dining-room you told the young lady of your entangle- to sleep on their stems, Carlyon told his sins Then she laughed the laugh that Carlyon, and asked for absolution, and, throwing over in his present state of mind, thought the di-I vinest music he had ever heard. "But don't lady's eye, as she threw out this suggestion. Mr. Trevanion, with his third yawn.

"I cannot help loving you, Philip," whis- you know that you admired me from the first, pered Leila. "I should always have loved monsieur? When I met you in the lane, you if -- if you even had married her. Oh! the day you came down here, did you not and there was a silence of some moments. "Never heard angels were given to for- are you sure that you will never look back praise my wild head, breadth of shoulders, The light from an inner room scarcely

> A month or two afterwards, Carlyon heard and surged and beat lazily upon the beach that Honoria was woodd and won by the not a hundred yards from the house. Piles scion of the house of Muddybrook. It was the fusion of two nouveauux riches-they She rules her sandy-haired lord with triumpecked with admirable grace and meckness never could have so ruled him. As her car- I determined, during the last spring, to riage turned into the Ring the other day, make a causeway here, and so facilitate she saw Carlyon and Leila walking across the Park. They were close by the rails, laughing and talking as they hurried on, and Honoria, as the saw his face, could no how they were coming on. But I was late longer hope she and her brougham were re- in starting. My pony stood saddled at the gretted, or Philip made to repent the prefer- door, and I loitered, to play with my little ence he had given to Cupid over Plutus.

Du Plat is reconciled to the tin mines, and finds £10,000 a year anything but a disagreeable addenda to existence. He was married from old Chip's at the same time with Carlyon, which day, he avers, recollechis place in Devonshire is carefully preserv- there even been a moon) could pierce. ed for Lion's especial benefit. Philip hasn't he likes his Rose d'Amour better than a at night, he finds a joyous welcome more reto have sought it before. Hear me for a has found an object to lavish itself upon, sympathy and rest in the sunshine of affection. And I do really think he is perfectly happy, wife to the piscatory art, or rather to an inagree in blessing that fateful autumn vacaed by Cupid.

What He Saw. "Come, Mr. Trevanion, tell us a story." "My dear Mrs. Grey! a story! I have not told one since I was a very little boy, and was switched for my last."

"Nousense! I am speaking English! I don't wish a "fib;" but a tale-an adventure. Something pathetic, or harrowing, or transcendental, or diplomatic, or-'Oh, such big words! spare me!"

"Big words! Am I a primer that cannot as you are bid." "Bid!" yawned Trevanion. He was sit-

down, for he felt Ilonoria had a right to Mr. Trevanion's manners were—uncommon a human being, but—Great God I can't and various. His very best were very good describe it!" indeed, but he would not run the risk of wearing them out by constant use; his sec- dering attention, and Mrs. Gray bent her ing in his second hest, for if his attitude lacked respect, his tone was pleasant, and he was with those who excused his manner spairing, so deep, so unnatural, that I tremhis defects with the shady mantle of "od- have screamed like a woman, for my horse

ditv." stead of tucking my feet under the mahog-

"No -- I won't have that anecdote; for you all, in your own sentence.'

"Then you wish to be kept in suspense Oh, let me off!"

Mrs. Grey shook her head, and called out: "Mrs. Harrington, Mr. Trevanion is going to tell us a story. Come and listen." which you patronize or submit to me," answering Mrs. Harrington, joining them .-"She sent me a book lately," turning to Mr. Trevanion, "written as an old maumer might talk, with her compliments as the author. I feel greatly obliged for the compli-

ment to my understanding." "Oh! had you been deceived by it," re torted Mrs. Grey, "it would not have brought your wit into question-it would only have shown your apprehension of mine. It was to test your gauge of me, not mine

"That was fair enough," said Trevanion, "if Mrs. Grey had cause to doubt your valnation of her mental charms. But, appropos of writing, I have a story, which ought ened me heartily; for if the dream were to be written-

"Write it, then: for, after all, you write hetter than you speak." "Indeed!" Trevanion was put on his What a raconteur!"

mettle by the malicious sparkle in the lively

"I will tell it to you," he said.

He shook himself into a sitting posture,

reached the group, but a young moon danced upon the broad ocean, which rolled of sand had drifted here and there, and lay white and still in the cool but breathless calm. There was no sound from any neighboring cottage, and nothing interfered with Trevanion's strong and marked voice as he deliberately thus began:

"There is a narrow slip of half-reclaimed land upon my plantation which connects the island on which I live with the 'main.' communication between the two. I had a gang of negroes set to work at this snot, and one afternoon took my way, as usual, to see girl, to watch the gambols of a litter of terriers, to light a fresh cigar, etc. Finally, when under way, the evening had nearly closed in and I pushed on to reach the causeway before night.

"A thicket of trees borders the road on tion of the tin mines alone carried him either side as you approach this end of through. Lion and Dupe are fast chums as the island-jessamine vines interlace the ever. They see a good deal of each other branches, forming by day a perfect bower of as Du Plat spends the best part of the year amber sweetness, but at night producing a in town, and a trout stream running through gloomy darkness, which no moonbeams (had

"My horse dropped into a walk as we tiu mines; either literal or figurative, but skirted this narrow path, and my stirrup brushed aside the blossoms in our slow pro brougham, and, when he comes home tired gress. I was idly meditating another European journey, and thinking of the expense freshing then one of Honoria's chill siorees of it, when a hand as cold as ice laid itself would have been. His deep warm heart upon mine. Starting I turned toward the thicket-everything was indistinct, but the and the nobler inner nature of the man finds lifeless hand lay heavily on my right, and the horse had stopped. I passed my left hand along the wrist of this strange appasince, during a fortnight on the banks of the rition, and discovered an arm belonging to Wye last August, he converted his little it; but so wasted, so emaciated, so worn, that my first idea of its being one of my neterest in his fishing. If she has become an groce fallen dead near me passed from my apostle of Izauk Walton, he has become a mind. None of my people could, unknown convert to Love, and Carlyon and Leila both to me, have reached so miserable a state.-With an impulse, to which I instantly yieldtion when-he trolled for jack and got hook- ed, I drew the entire body from the entangled shrubbery, and tossed it, light as it was, across the pony's neck. Urging him then to full speed, I pressed through the grove, the daylight was nearly spent-and, to my horror, I could just distinguish, as we cleared the overhauging trees and came into the open country, that the burden I partly bore was no negro, but a shapeless mass, of which the head, crowned with golden hair. displayed features most beautiful, most pallid and most ghastly. Just then, to increase my anxiety, my horse began to labor as if the weight oppressed him, and it seemed to me that I could feel an augmented pressure speak in more than dissyllables without giv- in the side which leaned against me. I ing notice? Be conformable, pray, and do gazed at the creature with an indefinite sensation-it was not merely the contact of a dead body—a supernatural horror seized me. upon the door-sill of the piazza, and his legs The warmth-the delicious warmth!' and dangling down. It must be confessed that drew closer to me, feebly gasping, not like

"Go on," cried his listeners, with shud-

"It opened its eyes, and fixed them upon me with a steady look-se carnest, so denow began to snort and shiver, and a cold "Bid!" he yawned again. "What kind sweat bathed his limbs. This must be some of story did you suggest? Diplomatic? shall devilish device. I struck my booted heel in-I tell you how I shocked a whole company to his clammy flank, and tried to urge him habits, that I should offer my arm to the the house-we had not the path to the negro lady I took into my French dinner, and quarters; but, turn the bridle as I would. mines.

"The black night had fallen, and close to me clung this horrible presence, growing heavier each instant, and filling me with such thoughts as a lifetime will not offace. The gaze of those hopeless eyes-the pressure of that death hand! I could stand it no longer. I was about to fling myself from my horse in desperation, when the creature raised one of those long, white emaciated "I don't believe in stories worth hearing arms which gleamed in the darkness, and laid it on my shoulder. It chilled my very marrow. I shook it off, and the voice said. 'What, ungentleness from you!' At the sound my horse's feet refused to move: he staggered, trembled, and stood still. I felt the unearthly breath of the dread mass upon my cheek, hissing in my ear. I struggledwhat a moment of agony!-and awoke-sitting just where I am now, three nights ago -with a perfect consciousness that there is no such thicket of jessamine upon my estate, the dew dampening my hair, and a thankfulness beyond expression that this was all a dream."

"Oh! cried Mrs. Grey, "I shall never ask you for a story again. You have fright. nothing in itself, your manner of relating it was so admirable, your dramatic effect was so perfect, that I sat thrilled and miserable.

"Then I can speak as well as write?" said