

THE COLUMBIAN SPY

SAMUEL WRIGHT, Editor and Proprietor.

"NO ENTERTAINMENT IS SO CHEAP AS READING, NOR ANY PLEASURE SO LASTING."

\$1.50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE; \$2.00 IF NOT IN ADVANCE

VOLUME XXXIII, NUMBER 27.]

COLUMBIA, PENNSYLVANIA, SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 1, 1862.

[WHOLE NUMBER 1,641.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.
Office in Carpet Hall, North-west corner of
Front and Locust streets.

Terms of Subscription.
One Copy per annum, in advance, \$1 50
if not paid within three
months from commencement of the year, 2 00
A liberal discount will be made on quarterly, half
yearly or yearly subscriptions, if paid in advance.
Money cannot be returned unless the publication
is discontinued.

Rates of Advertising.
Quar. (6 lines) one week, \$0 38
three weeks, 75
one month, 1 25
each subsequent insertion, 10
(12 lines) one week, 50
three weeks, 1 00
one month, 1 50
each subsequent insertion, 25
A liberal discount will be made on quarterly, half
yearly or yearly advertising, who are strictly confined
to their business.

Poetry.

Mare Mediterraneum.

A line of light! It is the inland sea,
The least in compass and the first in fame;
The gleaming of its waves recall to me
Full many an ancient name.
As through my dreamland float the days of old,
The forms and features of my heroes' deeds,
I see Phœnician soldiers bearing gold
From the Tartaric main.
Seeking new worlds, storm-tossed Ulysses plows
Remotest surges of the winding main;
And Grecian captains come to pay their vows,
Or gather up the slain.
I see the temples of the "violet crown"
Burn upward in the hour of glorious light;
And mariners of unnumbered nations,
Who won the great sea-girt.
Again the Carthaginian rovers sweep
With sword and commerce on from shore to shore!
In visionary storms the breakers leap
Round Syrtis, as of yore.
Victory, sitting on the seven hills,
Had gazed the world when she had mastered them,
They bosom with the Roman war-note thrills
Waves of the inland sea.
Next, singing as they sail, in shining ships,
I see the monarch minstrel of romance;
And hear their praises murmured through the lips
Of the fair maidens of France.
Across the deep another music swells,
On Adrian bays a later pleader smiles,
"Power hurls the marble erie where she dwells,
Queen of a hundred isles."
But the light fades, the vision wears away;
I see the mist above the dreary waves,
Blow, winds of Freedom, give us another day
Of glory to the brave.
[Cornhill Magazine]

Selections.

From the Cornhill Magazine.
To Esther.

The first time that I ever knew you, was
at Rome one winter's evening. I had walked
through the silent streets—I see them
now—dark with black shadows, lighted by
the blazing stars overhead and by the lamps
dimly flickering before the shrines at street
corners. After crossing the Spanish place
I remember turning into a narrow alley and
coming presently to a great black archway,
which led to a glimmering court. A figure
of the Virgin stood with outstretched arms
above the door of your house, and the light
burning at her feet dimly played upon the
stone, worn and stained, of which the walls
were built. Through the archway came a
glimpse of the night sky above the court-
yard, shining wonderfully with splendid
stars; and I also caught the pulsing sound
of a fountain flowing in the darkness. I
groped my way up the broad stout stair-
case, only lighted by the friendly star-
shine, stumbling and knocking my shins
against those ancient steps, up which two
centuries of men and woman had clambered;
and, at last, ringing at the curtained door,
I found myself in a hall, and presently ush-
ered through a dining-room, where the cloth
was laid, and announced at the drawing-
room door as Smith.

It was a long room with many windows,
and cabinets and tables along the wall, with
a tall, carved mantelpiece, at which you
were standing, and a Pompeian lamp burn-
ing on a table near you. Would you care
to hear what manner of woman I saw; what
impression I got from you as we met for the
first time together? In after days, light,
mood, circumstance, may modify this first
image more or less, but the germ of life in
it—the identical presence—and I fancy it
is rarely improved by keeping, by painting
up, with love, or dislike, or long use, or
weariness, as the case may be. Be this as
it may, I think I knew you as well after the
first five minutes' acquaintance as I do now.

I saw an ugly woman, whose looks I liked
somehow; thick brows, shallow face, a tall
and straight made figure, honest eyes that
had no particular merit besides, dark hair,
and a pleasant, cordial smile. I seemed to
be aware of a frank spirit, uncertain, blind,
wayward, tender, under this somewhat
stern exterior; and so, I repeat, I liked you,
and, making a bow, I said I was afraid I
was before my time.

"I'm afraid it is my father who is after
his," you said. "Mr. Halbert is coming,
and he too is often late," and so we went on
talking for about ten minutes.

Yours is a kindly manner, and a sad toned
voice; I know not if your life has been a
happy one; you are well disposed towards
every soul you come across; you love to be
loved, and try with a sweet artless art to
win a charm over each man or woman

that you meet. I saw that you liked me,
that you held me not quite your equal, and
might perhaps laugh at, as well as with me.
But I did not care. My aim in life, Heaven
knows, has not been to dominate, to lay
down the law, and triumph over others, least
of all over those I like.

The colonel arrived presently, with his
white hair trimly brushed and his white
neckcloth neatly tied. He greeted me with
great friendliness and cordiality. You have
got his charm of manner; but with you, my
dear, it is not manner only, for there is loy-
alty and heartiness shining in your face, and
sincerity ringing in every tone of your voice.
All this you must have inherited from your
mother, if such things are an inheritance.
As for the colonel, your father, if I mistake
not, he is a little, shriveled-up, old gentle-
man, with a machine inside to keep him
going, and outside a well-cut coat and a well
bred air, and knowledge of the world, to get
on through life with. Not a very large cap-
ital to go upon. However this is not the
way to speak to a young lady about her
father; and, besides, it is you, and not he,
in whom I take the interest that prompts
these maudlin pages.

Mr. Halbert and little Latham, the artist,
were the only other guests. You did not
look around when Halbert was announced,
but went on speaking to Latham, with a
strange flush in your face; until Halbert had,
with great embarrassment, made his way
through the chairs and tables, and had greet-
ed, rather than been greeted by you, as I
and Latham were.

So thinks I to myself, concerning certain
vague notions I had begun to entertain, I
am rather late in the field, and the city is
taken and has already hoisted the conquer-
er's colors. Perhaps those red flags might
have been mine had I come a little sooner;
who knows? "De tout l'aurier un poison est
l'essence," says the Frenchman; and my
brows may as well be unwreathed.

"Come upstairs with the dinner," Mr.
Halbert was saying. "It reassured me as
to my punctuality. I rather pique myself
on my punctuality, colonel."

"And I'm afraid I have been accusing
you of being always late," you said, as if
it were a confession.

"Have you thought so, Miss Oliver?" cried
Halbert.

"Dinner, sir," said Baker, opening the
door.

All dinner-time Halbert, who has very
high spirits, talked and laughed without
ceasing. You, too, laughed, listened, look-
ed very happy, and got up with a smile at
last, leaving us to drink our wine. The
colonel presently proposed cigars.

"In that case I shall go and talk to your
daughter in the drawing-room," Halbert
said. "I'm promised to Lady Parker's to-
night; it would never do to go there smelling
all over of smoke. I must be off in half-an-
hour," he added, looking at his watch.

I, too, had been asked, and was rather
surprised that he should be in such a desper-
ate hurry to get there. Talking to Miss
Oliver in the next room, I could very well
understand; but leaving her to rush off to
Lady Parker's immediately, did not accord
with the little theories I had been laying down.
Could I have been mistaken? In this case
it seemed to me this would be the very
woman to suit me—(you see I am speaking
without any reserve, and simply describing
the abrupt little events as they occurred)—
and I thought, who knows that there may
not be a chance for me yet? But, by the
time my cigar had crumbled into smoke
and ashes, it struck me that my little cas-
tle had also crumbled away and vanished.
Going into the drawing-room, where the
lamps were swinging in the dimness, and
the night without streaming in through
the uncurtained windows, we found you in
your white dress, sitting alone at one of
them. Mr. Halbert was gone, you said; he
went out by the other door. And then you
were silent again, staring out at the stars
with dreamy eyes. The colonel rang for
tea, and chirped away very pleasantly to
Latham by the fire. I looked at you now
and then, and could not help surprising you
with thoughts somehow, and knowing that I
had not been mistaken after all. There you sat,
making simple schemes of future happiness;
you could not, would not, look beyond the
present. You were very calm, happy, full
of peaceful reliance. Your world was all
with shining stars, great big shining meteors,
all flaring up as they usually do before going
out with a splutter at the end of the enter-
tainment. People who are in love I have
always found very much alike; and now
having settled that you belong to that crack-
brained community, it was not difficult to
guess at what was going on in your mind.

I, too, as I have said, had been favored
with a card for Lady Parker's rout; and as
you were so absent and ill inclined to talk,
and the colonel was anxious to go off and
play whist at his club, I thought I might as
well follow in Halbert's traces, and gratify
my little curiosity I might feel as to his be-
havior and way of going on in your absence.
I found that Latham was also going to her
Ladieship's. As we went downstairs to-
gether Latham said, "It was too bad of Hal-
bert to break up the party and go off at
that absurd hour. I didn't say I was going,
because I thought his rudeness might strike
them."

"But surely," said I, "Mr. Halbert seems
at home there, and may come and go as he
likes." Latham shrugged his shoulders.—
"I like the girl; I hope she is not taken in
by him. He has been very thick all the

Winter in other quarters. Lady Parker's
niece, Lady Fanny Parnham, was going to
marry him, they said; but I know very lit-
tle of him. He is much too great a swell
to be on intimate terms with a disreputable
little painter like myself. What a night it
is!" As he spoke, we came out into the
street again, our shadows falling on the
stones; the Virgin overhead still watching;
the lamp burning faithfully, the solemn
night waning on. Lady Parker had lodgings
in the Corso. I felt almost ashamed of step-
ping from the great entertainment without
into the close, ricketing little tea-party that
was clattering on within. We came in, in
the middle of a jangling tune, the company
spinning round and round. Halbert, twirl-
ing like a Dervish, was almost the first per-
son I saw; he was flushed, and looked ex-
ceedingly handsome, and his tall shoulders
overtopped most of the other heads. As I
wondered him I thought with great compla-
cency that if any woman were to love me,
it would not be for my looks. Not that what
are mere good looks compared to those men-
tal qualities which, &c., &c. Presently, not
feeling quite easy in my mind about these
said mental qualities, I again observed that
it was still better to be liked for one's self
than for one's mental qualities; by which
time I turned my attention once more to
Mr. Halbert. The youth was devoting him-
self most assiduously to a very beautiful,
oldish young lady, in a green gauzy dress;
and I now, with a mixture of satisfaction
and vexation, recognized the very same
looks and tones which had misled me at
dinner.

I left him still at it and walked home,
wondering at the great law of natural equal-
ity which seems to level all mankind to one
standard, notwithstanding all those artificial
ones which we ourselves have raised. Here
was a successful youth, with good looks and
good wit and position and fortune; and
here was I, certainly no wonder, insignif-
icant, and plain, and poor, and of common-
place intelligence, and as well satisfied
with my own possessions, such as they were,
as he, Halbert, could be with the treasure
a prodigal fortune had showered upon him.
Here was I, judging him, and taking his
measure as accurately as he could take
mine, were it worth his while to do so.—
Here was I, walking home under the stars,
while he was flirting and whispering with
Lady Fanny, and both our nights sped on.
Constellations sinking slowly, the day ap-
proaching through the awful realms of space,
hours waning, life going by for us both
alike; both of us men waiting together
amidst these awful surroundings.

You and I met often after this first meet-
ing—in churches where tapers were lighting
and heavy censers swinging on the Pincio,
in the narrow, deep-colored streets; it was
not always chance only which brought me
so constantly into your presence. You your-
self were the chance, at least, and I the
blind follower of fortune.

All round about Rome there are ancient
gardens lying basking in the sun. Gardens
and villas built long since by dead cardinals
and popes; terraces, with glistening
shadows, with honey-suited clambering in
desolate luxuriance; roses flowering and fading
and falling in showers on the pathways;
and terraces and marble steps yellow with
age. Lonely fountains splash in their basins,
statues of fawns and slender nymphs stand
out against the solemn horizon of blue hills
and crimson-streaked sky; of cypress trees
and cedars, with the sunset glowing through
their stems. At home, I plead a very busy,
anxious life; the beauty and peace of these
Italian villas fill me with inexplicable sat-
isfaction and gratitude toward those moul-
dering pontiffs, whose magnificent liberality
has secured such placid resting-places for
generations of weary men. Taking a long
walk out of Rome one day, I came to the
gate of one of these gardens. I remember
seeing a carriage waiting in the shade of
some cedar tree; hard by, horses with
drooping heads, and servants smoking as
they waited. This was an uncommon sight;
the English are forever on their rounds;
but somehow on this occasion, I thought I
recognized one of the men, and instead of
passing by, as had been my intention, I
turned in at the half-open gate, which the
angels with the flaming swords had left un-
guarded and unlocked for once, and, after a
few minutes' walk, I came upon the Eve I
looked for.

You were sitting on some time-worn steps;
you wore a green silk dress, and your brown
hair with the red tints in it, was all ablaze
with the light. You looked very unhappy.
I thought; got up with an effort, and smiled
a pitiful smile.

"Are you come here for a little quiet?" I
asked. "I am not going to disturb you."
"I came here for pleasure, not quiet,"
you said, "with papa and some friends. I
was tired so they walked on and left me."
"That is the way with one's friends," said
I. "Who are the culprits, Miss Oliver?"
"I am the only culprit," you said grimly.
"Lady Fanny and Mr. Halbert came with
us to-day. Look, there they are at the end
of the alley."

And as you spoke, you raised one hand
and pointed, and I made up my mind. It
was a very long alley. The figures in the
distance were advancing very slowly. When
they reach that little temple, thought I, I
will tell her what I think.

This was by no means so sudden a deter-
mination as it may appear to you, reading
over these pages. It seems a singular rea-
son to give; but I really think it was your

hopeless fancy for that rosy youth which
touched me and interested me so. I know
I used to carry home sad words, spoken not
to me, and glances that thrilled me with
love, pity, and sympathy. What I said was,
as you know, very simple and to the purpose.
I knew quite well your fancy was elsewhere;
mine was with you, perhaps as hopelessly
placed. I didn't exactly see what good this
confession was to do either of us, only that
I was, ready to spend my life at your ser-
vice.

When I had spoken there was a silent
moment, and then you glowed up—your
eyes melted, your mouth quivered. "Oh,
what can I say? Oh, I am so lonely. Oh,
I have not one friend in the world; and now,
suddenly, a helping hand is held out, and I
can't—I can't push it away. Oh, don't de-
spise me. Oh, forgive me."

Despise scorn! * * Poor child! Only
liked you the more for your plaintive appeal;
though I wondered at it.

"Take your time," I said; "I can wait,
and I shall not fly away. Call me when
you want me, send me away when I weary
you. Here is your father; shall I speak to
him? But no. Remember there is no sin-
gle link between us, except what you your-
self hold in your own hands."

Here your father and Halbert and Lady
Fanny came up. "Well, Esther, are you
rested," says the colonel cheerfully. "Why,
how do you do (to me)? What have you
been talking about so busily?"

You did not answer, but fixed your eyes
on your father's face. I said something; I
forgot what. Halbert, looking interested,
turned from one to the other. Lady Fanny,
who held a fragrant heap of roses, shook a
few petals to the ground, where they lay
glowing after we had all walked away.

If you remember, I did not go near you
for a day or two after this. But I wrote
you a letter, in which I repeated that you
were entirely free to use me as you liked;
marry me—make a friend of me—I was in
your hands. One day, at last, I called; and
shall never forget the sweetness and friend-
ly gratefulness with which you received me.
A solitary man, dying of lonely thirst, you
met me smiling with a cup of sparkling
water; a weary watcher through the night
—suddenly I see the dawn streaking the
bright horizon. Those were very pleasant
times. I remember now, one afternoon in
early Spring, open windows, sounds coming
in from the city, the drone of the *pyffarri*
buzzing drowsily in the sultry streets. You
sat at your window in some light-colored
dress, laughing now and then, and talking
your tender little talk. The colonel, from
behind *The Times*, joined in now and again;
the pleasant half-hours slid by. We were
still basking there, when Halbert was an-
nounced, and came in, looking very tall and
handsome. The bagpipes droned on, the
flies sailed in and out on the sunshine; you
still sat tranquilly at the open casement; but
somehow the golden atmosphere of the hour
was gone. Your smiles were gone; your
words were silenced; and that happy little
hour was over forever.

When I got up to come away Halbert
rose too; he came down stairs with me, and
suddenly looking me full in the face said,
"When is it to be?"

"You know much more about it than I
do," I answered.

"You don't mean to say that you are not
very much smitten with Miss Esther?" said
he.

"Certainly I am," said I; "I should be
ready enough to marry her, if that is what
you mean. I dare say I shan't get her.—
She is to me the most sympathetic woman I
have ever known. You are too young, Mr.
Halbert, to understand and feel her worth.
Don't be offended," I added, seeing him
flush up. "You young fellows can't be ex-
pected to see with the same eyes as we old
ones. You will think as I do in another ten
years."

"How do you mean?" he asked.

"Isn't it the way with all of us," said I;
"we begin by liking universally; as we go
on we pick and choose, and weary of things
which had only the charm of novelty to
recommend them; only as our life narrows
we cling more and more to the good things
which remain, and feel their value ten times
more keenly. And surely a sweet, honest-
hearted young woman like Esther Oliver is
a good thing."

"She is very nice," Halbert said. "She
has such good manners. I have had more
experience than you give me credit for, and
I am very much of your way of thinking.—
They say that old courtly colonel is dread-
fully harsh to her—wants to marry her, and
get her off his hands. I assure you she
has a very good chance."

"I mistrust the old colonel," said I, dicta-
torially; "as trust his daughter. Some-
how she and I chime in tune together," and,
as I spoke, I began to understand why you
once said wofully, that you had not one
friend in the world; and my thoughts wan-
dered away to the garden where I had found
you waiting on the steps of the terrace.

"What do you say to the 'Eliastro d'
Amore' Lady Fanny and I have been per-
forming lately?" Halbert was saying mean-
while, very confidentially. "Sometimes I
cannot help fancying that the colonel wants
to take a part in the performance, and a
cracked old tenor part, too. In that case I
shall cry off, and give up my engagements."
And then, nodding good-by, he left me.

I met him again in the Babuino a day or
two after. He came straight up to me,
saying "Going to the Oliviers, eh? Will

you take a message for me, and tell the
colonel I mean to look in there this evening.
That old fox the colonel—you have heard
that he is actually going to marry Lady
Fanny. She told me so herself yesterday."

"I think her choice is a prudent one," I
answered, somewhat surprised. "I suppose
Colonel Oliver is three times as rich as
yourself? You must expect a woman of
thirty to be prudent. I am not fond of that
virtue in very young people, but it is not
unbecoming with years."

Halbert flushed up. "I suppose from
that you mean she was very near marrying
me. I'm not sorry she has taken up with
the colonel after all. You see, my mother
was always writing, and my sisters at
home; and they used to tell me * * *
and I myself thought she—, you know
what I mean. But, of course, they have
been reassured on that point."

"Do you mean to say?" I asked in a panic,
"that you would marry any woman who
happened to fall in love with you?"

"I don't know what I might have done a
year ago," said he, laughing; "but just now
you see, I have had a warning, and besides,
it is my turn to make the advances."

I was immediately relieved at this, for I
didn't know what I was not going to say.

Here, as we turned a street corner, we
came upon a black-robed monk, standing,
valet and motionless, with a skull in one
bony hand. This cheerful object changed
the current of our talk, and we parted pres-
ently at a fountain. Women with black
twists of hair were standing round about,
waiting in grand, careless attitudes, while
the limpid water flowed.

When I reached your door, I found the
carriage waiting, and you and your father
under the archway. "Come with us," said
he, and I gladly accepted. And so we drove
out at one of the gates of the city, out into
the Campagna, over which melting waves
of color were rolling. Here and there we
passed ancient ruins crumbling in the sun;
the roadsides strewn with color and frag-
rance from violets and anemones and sweet-
smelling flowers. After some time we came
suddenly on some green hills, and leaving
the carriage climbed up the sides. Then
we found ourselves looking down into a
green glowing valley, with an intense heat
above all melting into light. You, with
a little transient gasp of happiness, fell
down kneeling in the grass. I shall always
see the picture I had before me then—the
light figure against the bright green, the
black hat, and long falling feather; the
censer face looking out at the world. May it
be forever green and pleasant to you as it
was then, O eager face!

As we were parting in the twilight, I sud-
denly remembered to give Halbert's mes-
sage. It did not greatly affect your father;
but how was it? Was it because I knew
you so well that I instinctively guessed you
were more by it? When I shook hands
with you and said good night, your hand
trembled in mine.

"Won't you look in, too?" said the Colo-
nel.

But I shook my head. "Not to-night—no
thank you." And so we parted.

My lodgings were in the Gregorians; the
windows looked out over gardens and cupo-
las; from one of them I could see the Pincio.
From that one next morning, as I sat drink-
ing my coffee, I suddenly saw you, walking
slowly along by the parapet, with your dog
running by your side. You went to one of
those outlying terraces which flank the road
and leaning over the stone-work, looked out
at the grand panorama lying at your feet—
Rome, with her purple mantle of mist,
regally spreading, her towers, her domes,
and great St. Peter's rising over the house-
tops, her seven hills changing and deepening
with noblest color, her golden crown of sun-
light streaming and melting with the mist.
Somehow, I, too, saw all this presently when
I reached the place where you were still
standing.

And now I have almost come to the end
of my story, that is, of those few days of
which you, Esther, were the story. You
stood there waiting, and I hastened toward
you, and fate (I fancied you were my Fate)
went on its course quite unmoved by my
looks or your fairs. I thought that you
looked almost handsome for once. You cer-
tainly seemed more happy. Your face
flushed and faded, your eyes brightened and
darkened. As you turned and saw me, a
radiant quiver, a piteous smile came to
greet me somewhat strangely. You seemed
tried to speak, but the words died away
on your lips—to keep silence, at least, but
the faltering accents broke forth.

"What is it, my dear?" said I at last, with
a queer sinking of the heart, and I held out
my hand.

You caught it softly between both yours.
"Oh!" you said, with sparkling eyes, "I am
a mean, wretched girl—oh! don't think
too ill of me. He, Mr. Halbert, came to see
me last night, and—and, he says. . . .
Oh! I don't deserve it. Oh! forgive me, for
I am so happy; and you burst into tears.
"You have been so good to me," you whis-
pered on. "I hardly know how good. He
says he only thought of me when you spoke
of me to him, when—when he saw you did
not dislike me. I am behaving shamefully
—yes, shamefully, but it is because I know
you are too kind not to forgive—not to for-
give. What can I do? You know how it
has always been. You don't know what it
would be to marry one person, caring for
another. Ah! you don't know what it would
be to have it otherwise than as it is" (this

clasp your hands). "But you don't ask
it. Ah! forgive me, and say you don't
ask it." Then standing straight and look-
ing down with a certain sweet dignity, you
went on—"Heaven has sent me a great and
unexpected happiness, but there is, indeed,
a bitter cup to drink as well. Though I
throw you over, though I behave so selfishly,
don't think I am utterly conscienceless, that
I do not suffer a cruel pang indeed; when I
think how you must look at me, when I re-
member what return I am making for all
your forbearance and generosity. When I
think of myself, I am ashamed and humili-
ated; when I think of him— Here you
suddenly broke off, and turned away your
face.

Ah! me! turned away your face forever
from me. The morning mists faded away;
the mid-day sun streamed over hills and
towers and valley. The bell of the Trinita
hard by began to toll.

I said, "Good-by, and Heaven keep you
my dear. I would not have had you do oth-
erwise." And so I went back to my lodging

Dickens, on Getting a Hasty Dinner
at a Railroad Hotel.

The following is from the last of the "En-
commercial Traveller" papers of Chas.
Dickens:

"You are going off by railway, from any
terminus. You have twenty minutes for din-
ner before you go. You want your dinner,
and, like Dr. Johnson, sir, you like to dine.
You present to your mind a picture of the
refreshment table at that terminus. The
conventional, shabby, evening hearty sup-
per—accepted as the model for all termini
and all refreshment stations, because it is
the last repast known to this state of exist-
ence of which any human creature would
partake but in the direst extremity—sickens
your contemplation, and your words are
these: "I cannot dine on stale sponge cake
that turns to sand in the mouth. I cannot
dine on shining brown patties, composed of
unknown animals within, and offering to
my view the device of indigestible star fish
in leaden pie-crust without. I cannot dine
on a sandwich that has long been pining
under an exhausted receiver. I cannot dine
on barley sugar. I cannot dine on coffee." You
repair to the nearest hotel, and arrive,
agitated, in the coffee-room.

It is a most astonishing fact that your
waiter is very cool to you. Account for it
how you may, smooth it over how you will,
you cannot deny he is cold to you. He is
not glad to see you, he does not want you,
he would much rather you hadn't come.—
He opposes to your flushed condition an im-
movable composure. As if these were not
enough, another waiter, born, it would seem,
expressly to look at you in this passage of
your life, stands at a little distance, with
his napkin under his arm and his hands
folded, looking at you with all his might.—
You impress on your waiter that you have
ten minutes for dinner, and he proposes
that you shall begin with a bit of fish that
will be ready in twenty. That proposal
declined, he suggests—as a neat originality
—"a veal or common cutlet." You close
with either cutlet, any cutlet, anything.—
He goes leisurely behind a door and calls
down an unseen shaft. A ventriloquial dia-
logue ensues, tending finally to the effect
that real only is available on the spur of the
moment. You anxiously call out, "Vaal,
then!" Your waiter, having settled that
point, returns to array your table cloth with
a table-napkin folded cooked-but wise (slowly,
for something out of the window engages
his eye), a white wine glass, a green wine
glass, a blue finger-glass, a tumbler, and a
powerful battery of fourteen castors with
nothing in them; or at all events—which is
enough for your purposes—with nothing in
them that will come out.

All this time the other waiter looks at
you—with an air of mental comparison and
curiosity now, as if it had occurred to him
that you are like his brother. Half your
time gone and nothing come but the jug of
ale and the bread; you implore your waiter
"see to that cutlet, waiter, pray do?" He
can not get at once, for he is carrying in
seventeen pounds of American cheese for
you to finish with, and a small lauded es-
tate of celery and water-cress. The other
waiter changes his leg, and takes a new
view of you—doubtfully, now, as if he had
rejected the resemblance to his brother, and
began to think you more like his aunt or
his grandmother. Again you beseech your
waiter with a pathetic indignation, to "see
after that cutlet!" He steps out to see after
it, and by and when you are going away
without it he comes with it.

Even then he will not take the sham sil-
ver cover off without a pause for a flourish
and a look at the rusty cutlet, as if he were
surprised to see it. Which can not possi-
bly be the case—he must have seen it so
often before. A sort of fur has been pro-
duced upon its surface by the cook's art,
and in a sham silver vessel, staggering on
two feet, instead of three, is a cutaneous kind
of sauce, of brown pimples and pickled cu-
cumber. You order the bill; but your waiter
can not bring your bill yet, because he is
bringing, instead, three flint-hearted pota-
tes and two grim heads of broccoli, like the
occasional ornaments upon area railings,
badly broiled. You know that you will
never come to this pass, any more than to
the cheese and celery, and you imperatively
demand your bill; but it takes time to get
—even when gone for—because your waiter
has to communicate with a lady who lives
behind a sash window, in a corner, and who

appears to have to refer to several ledgers
before she can make it out—as if you had
been staying there a year!

You become distracted to get away, and
the other waiter, once more changing his
legs, looks at you—both suspiciously now,
as if you begin to remind him of the party
who took the great coats last winter. Your
bill is at last brought and paid at the rate
of six-pence a mouthful, your waiter re-
minds you "attendance is not charged for
a single meal," and you have to scratch in
all your pockets for a six-pence more. He
has a worse opinion of you than ever when
you have given it to him, and lets you out
into the street with an air of one saying to
himself, as you can not doubt he is, "I hope
we shall never see you again."

A Shrewd Trick—A Bit of Practical En-
tomology.

A writer in one of the London weekly
journals tells this story:

A comical little lady, in green spectacles,
told us the story, gravely; we will set it
down as we heard it.

Little Old Lady, *topitur*:

"The scene was a very popular place of
amusement and recreation; there is no need
to particularize further. You have been
there, and so have I. It was not a very
grand day at the place of amusement; that
is to say, no monster attraction had been
got up to draw multitudes thither, but there
were visitors in plenty, nevertheless, and
there was also music. Amongst those vis-
itors I have to bespeak your attention on be-
half of a friend of mine; as she happened to
wear on this occasion a blue dress, and as I
won't mean to mention names, I shall call
her the Lady in Blue. She was walking
companionless in the place of public resort,
and had left the more frequented spots for
one comparatively lonely, where the hum of
the human hive was still audible, a sort of
accompaniment to the footsteps of the few
who were sauntering up and down, probably,
like herself, waiting for friends."

"Looking at the entrance, the Lady in
Blue experienced a momentary feeling of
wonder at the sight of a policeman in that
quiet spot, where people had nothing to do
but to enjoy themselves peacefully. It
might have formed a fine subject for a
"fragment" on the depravity of human na-
ture, but the Lady in Blue was no poet, and
could not improve the occasion. She walked
on, therefore, and listened to the music, and
had just begun to wonder impatiently why
her friends were so late at the place of meet-
ing, when, by one of those chances which
get such fine names from mental transferists
and thought impressionists, she raised her
head suddenly, caught the glance of a pecu-
liarly gentleman-like stranger fixed in a
searching manner upon her. It was avowed
at once, of course; nevertheless there was a
little additional *hauter* in the carriage of
the Lady in Blue as she continued her walk.
Still on her ear came faintly the delightful
platinitudes of the eternal, never to be worn
out, Trovatore; but suddenly there was a
step close beside her, a touch, a gentle and
most polite.

"Excuse me, madam."

"And the lady stopped in amazement. It
was the gentlemanly stranger.

"I beg ten thousand pardons, but there's
is a—in fact a disagreeable insect on your
face. Might I be allowed to remove it?"

"The Lady in Blue turned with a face of
horror. It was a disagreeable insect, there
is no denying that. She was to tell you the
truth, she told the Little Old Lady, nodding
over her spectacles. "I am not an Ameri-
can, but an old fashioned English woman,
and I always like to call things by their
right names. If there is any fine long Lat-
in word for the insect, I don't know it, and
I should be glad if I did. It was what is
vulgarily called a bug."

"When the Lady in Blue had recovered
herself a little, her first impulse was to look
for the gentlemanly stranger, but he was
gone. And very proper of him, too, she
thought; a great proof of delicacy and good
breeding. But the thing—the insect! To
be actually on her shawl! How did it get
there? How did it get on that shawl? How
was such a calamity possible? Did any
one see the transaction? These were ques-
tions of terrible import, and unanswerable.
Her walk lost its languid ease; Trovatore
had no longer any charms for her. A sen-
sation of horrible discomfort lingered about
that shawl, and the hum of the human hive,
which before had been soothing, seemed
now like a chorus of distant voices lined up
on the subject of that disagreeable insect.—
When would her friends join her? At any
rate, it must be long past the time appointed.
Thinking thus, she began fumbling nervous-
ly at her watch chain; at least in the direc-
tion of the chain. For you see the chain
itself was gone; and the watch was gone;
and when she searched her pockets, she
found that her purse was gone too. And
by this time her face of dismay and her ex-
clamations had attracted the policeman,
whose appearance in such a place had
seemed to her as unnecessary a short time
before.

"Other curious individuals also began to
gather round her, in fact the poor Lady in
Blue thought all the world was coming to
chatter about her, and add to her confusion,
which was quite a superfluous attention on
the world's part; and to the question, "When
did you miss the articles?" she could only
put her hand to her head in a distracted
manner, and utter disjointed signals of dis-
tress.

"Miss them! I don't know—I—"

"When did you have them last?"

"I really cannot tell. I—yes, now I
know. I am quite sure. I looked at my
watch just before that strange gentleman
spoke to me about—"

"What gentleman?"

"A stranger to me quite. He—why
there he is again; that one with the white
hat. Ah, he is gone! I don't see him now."

"But before this speech was ended the poli-
ceman was gone too; and if any one is
anxious as to the fate of the missing articles,
I beg to reassure them.

"The gentlemanly stranger encounters an
unexpected friend at the door of the popular
resort, who kindly relieved him of a burden
which must have been heavy. Besides the
jewelry of the Lady in Blue, the stranger
was found to have about his person several
watches and chains, and a goodly array of
purses. Also, he had in his waistcoat pocket
—a little box of bugs."