

THE COLUMBIA SPY.

SAMUEL WRIGHT, Editor and Proprietor.

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Poetry.

Reliques.

A wild, wet night; the driving sleet
Blows all the lamps along the quay;
The windows shudder, the busy street
Is still alive with hurrying feet;
The wind raves from the sea;
So let it rave! My lamp burns bright;
My long day's work is almost done;
I curl and coil each sound and sight—
Of all nights in the year, to-night
I choose to be alone.
Alone, with doors and windows fast,
Before my open desk I stand
As if some twice long months be past,
My hidden, hidden wealth since last
I held thee in my hand?
So, there it lies, From year to year
I see the ribbon change; the page
Turn yellow; and the very tear
That blots the writing, disappear
And fade away with age.
Mine eyes grow dim when I behold
The precious trifles hoarded there—
A ring of lustrous Indian gold,
A whined blue-shell, and a fold
Of sunny chestnut hair.
Not all the riches of the earth,
Not all the treasures of the sea,
Could buy these losses—goods from my hearth;
But yet the secret of their worth
Must live and die with me.

May-Day.

It is the morn of May!
The flowery holiday
Of Shakespeare's England—with its golden hours,
As bright as ever passed
In glittering waters glassed,
And threading labyrinth of leaves and flowers.
The trees fresh-leafed and cool,
Of murmured bliss are full,
A deep content is poured on nature's need;
And joy is in the flow
Of each pulsation low,
Which sends the larklet rippling to its need.
Fair roses' woodland queen!
The slender birch is seen,
With silken tresses to the sunshine spread;
And gay and gaudy wiles,
The light laburnum shakes her golden head,
Like buds on bridal morn,
There stands the snowy thorn,
White, fragrant, dainty; and the filix there,
From every peachy plume,
Shakes out a rich perfume,
In waves of incense on the happy air.
So glad a day and fair,
Why do they not prepare
The Maypole gay, the dance upon the green?
The woeing in the glade
Would want no serene,
The nightingales would greet the young May-Queen.

Selections.

The Shallowell Mystery.

CHAPTER I.
A long, late, lounging breakfast. Arthur Ringston sits with the relics of the repast still before him; as he leans back in his easy chair it is evident that some entrancing subject occupies all his thoughts.
Now, of all occupations, thinking is one to which he is least addicted. He disapproves of it. It is in direct opposition to his system of living.
Yet this morning, when Georgy Davis, who has the next chambers in the Albany, looks him up, he scarcely notices him, but only receives him with a nod.
Georgy, who is accustomed to make himself at home everywhere, helps himself to some Maraschino, before he takes in the phenomenon; when he does, it renders him voluble immediately.
"Why, Ringston, what's the matter with you? Here I have been nearly a minute and a half in the place, and you have not said a word. Why, I am amused if you don't look as if you were actually thinking about something."
To the question Ringston returned no answer, on the observation he made no remark.
Davis flung himself at full length on the sofa and took a book, determined to wait the result.
In about five minutes Ringston found his tongue.
"First of all, Georgy," he said, "let me apologize for my silence; for I knew you were here, though I did not speak to you. But if I had, it would have put me to great inconvenience; for not being used to thinking, if I had not finished while I was about it, it would have taken me an hour or more to get back to where I was when you came in, supposing I ever arrived there at all."
"Sir," said Davis, "your explanation is most satisfactory, but for your own sake I would not advise you to do it again, for it does not appear to agree with you. Is it permitted to ask at what conclusion you have arrived?"

"I am still in doubt," replied Ringston, "whether you should congratulate or condescend to me. My cousin has just left me three thousand pounds."
"Well, I will congratulate you first, and if you show good cause, will try to condescend to you afterwards."
"Why, you see, it is an awkward sum. It is too much to spend in a week, and it is not enough to be of any particular use."
"Of course you would not think of 'muddling it away' in paying your debts; but it might be some good for staving off any that press."
"No, Davis, no! I am convinced that paying your creditors money on account is a mistake. It is every bit the same thing as letting dogs get a taste for blood. They'd always be wanting more; and as for paying one man, if you did not cash up to the lot, why, it would be what is called in the newspapers—showing undue preference; is it not? I believe it is felony. No, no, Georgy; whatever I do I will never be unjust."
"Well, come and have a game of pyramids, and let's talk the thing over."
"No, George Davis; not if I know it. It's my firm belief that in your theory life is one pyramid, and other people's money the bricks that compose it, by winning which you are to rise to the apex."
"Well, I have not got over 'three bricks higher' by you."
"For the simple reason, my Georgy, that it is many years since I have had any money to lose."
"But what are you going to do with the money? You might get 'The Ruffler' for fifteen hundred, and he is well in for the Caesarewitch."
"The Ruffler will not suit my little book. I arrived at a decision after you came in. This is what I am going to do. I shall go down to a nice watering place within easy distance of a decent park—enjoy myself quietly, and make the money go as far as I can for a twelvemonth; and then—"
"Well, what then?"
"I shall kill myself."
"Oh, of course, to the sound of slow music in the distance; hurdy-gurdies and bag-pipes playing under your girdles, etc."
"No; I mean what I say. Another year will be just enough of it."
"Provided you don't flush an heiress in the meantime. What you have described would be a useful country for that kind of game; and if you make your three thousand pounds, three thousand a year, you might have a chance."
"No; that would be a sacrifice for which I could not screw up my courage; I would sooner go to Boulogne and vegetate on the interest of the three thousand. I don't know why it is, but to me they always seem to take their complexion from their bank-notes, and the shade of their hair from the color of their guineas."
"Why golden tresses are the correct thing."
"Yes; but I am thinking of the 'red, red gold.' Besides, they've too accurate an idea of their own money value impressed upon them from infancy. No, I shall keep to my original plan; and twelve months from the day on which I arrived in my new home, I shall depart this life. My mode of death will form an interesting subject of reflection during my leisure hours; for now I have begun to think I may as well go on."
"Do you really expect me to believe this?"
"If you say you don't—well, I won't call you out, because that might disarrange my plans; but I should prefer your dropping the subject."
"And you won't play one pool?"
"Not this morning. I must see about carrying my new arrangements into effect. Ta-ta."
Georgy Davis soon spread the news of Ringston's legacy, and his theory for its disposal far and wide; and consequently that gentleman was favored with a great many visits in the course of the morning. When he had quite a lot, he went over the whole affair for the public benefit. Amongst the men who were present, some had come expecting to find him a little mad; others had made up their minds that he had been amusing himself at Georgy's expense. But Ringston stated his intentions and his reasons for them in such a quiet and business-like way, that many were shaken in their opinion. Some of the younger men, indeed, at last felt perfectly confident that he had carried out what he had said to the letter. It should be mentioned that he prefaced his explanation by stating that Davis happened to come in just as he had decided upon the course he was about to pursue, and that he had spoken to him about it on the spur of the moment; but, considering it in the light of a confidential communication, he never imagined it would have gone any further.
One man, indeed, ventured to say that he thought the joke had gone far enough; but he soon repeated his torments.
"I am not in jest, sir," said Ringston, in a voice which startled the room; "and as this is a subject which I shall not discuss again, if any one willfully forces upon me a statement of their disbelief in my intentions I shall consider that they wish to give me the lie."
As Ringston had once thrown a man out of a first-floor window, and there was still a latent possibility that he might be mad, this produced rather a hiatus in the conversation. The difficulty was cleverly got over by a young gentleman, who said:
"You have not told us yet, Ringston, what is to be the scene of your operations?"

"Well, I have not made up my mind, and shall be glad of any advice upon the subject."
"What do you say now to Shallowell; Mavery's regiment is stationed there, and it is within easy reach of Glenoroff's pack, and the South Clodshire as well?"
"By Jove, you don't say so; I have not seen Mavery since he returned to England, and it is a nice country, too. Shallowell it shall be. I will write to Mavery to-night. By the-by, if any of you know anybody who could take the rooms off my hands, with furniture and everything as it stands, I should be glad."
As the party gradually dispersed, young Ringston, who was just starting up town, lingered until last, and as soon as they were alone, commenced a negotiation. In ten minutes Ringston had disposed of all his goods and chattels, including some tolerable pictures, for two hundred and fifty pounds, and a hunter which had proved rather too much for Mr. Ringston, as on previous occasions, when there had been a difference of opinion between them with regard to the road which they should go, the horse had generally had the best of the argument.
CHAPTER II.
Miss Etheridge, the belle of Shallowell, stands at the window of the pump-room. She is surrounded by a select band of male and female satellites.
"Who is that in such deep mourning walking with Captain Mavery?" she inquired of Dr. Doser, the most active of news-mongers, and most industrious of gossips.
The gentleman she indicates is a slight, elegant-looking man, about the middle height. He is very pale, with a large black moustache. The rest of his face is closely shaven.
"You may look upon that gentleman as a phenomenon, Miss Etheridge," replied the doctor, "for in him you see a man in mourning for himself. That is Mr. Ringston, of whom I have no doubt you have heard."
"But Mr. Ringston must be in mourning for his cousin who left him the money."
"His cousin may form an excuse to put forward to the world, but I know from the best authority,"—and here the doctor shook his head mysteriously—"that he will never return to another garb. He wears it as a token of his own approaching end."
And here the doctor repeated the story of Mr. Ringston's intentions, which had preceded him to Shallowell. As he concluded it, Mavery and Ringston re-passed on horseback; the Captain in pink, his friend in his usual black. Ringston was riding a gigantic black horse, nearly seventeen hands, and evidently of immense power.
"The hounds meet at Laverock Close this morning; you should have gone to see them throw off, Miss Etheridge," said young George Clatham.
"How is it that you are not there?" retorted the young lady, looking gracefully unconscious.
Poor George blushed, but made no reply. As soon as Ringston and Mavery reached the Close, the Captain, who was a great authority on horse flesh, was carried off by a friend to give an opinion on a mare that Mavery, the livery-stable keeper from Shallowell, had ridden over to sell.
Consequently, Ringston was left alone, and not being known, was a good deal stared at. Most of the men present were members of the hunt, and turned out in the uniform, which was gorgeous in the extreme, so that Ringston's sables formed a striking contrast amid the mass of pink.
"That fellow must be an undertaker," said Mr. Snaffleton.
"The brute he is riding does look as if he had just come out of a hearse," said Bob Bitwell.
"Go and tell him, Charlie, it is no use his coming here; he won't get any orders to-day. Nobody ever breaks his neck in this hunt," said Snaffleton.
"Oh yourself," said Charlie Chesterfield.
"Charlie's afraid," said Bitwell.
"No, Charlie's not," said that young gentleman; "but 'I'll toss Bitwell whether he goes, or I."
"Come, now, that's only fair," cried two or three men.
Bitwell did not like it, but was ashamed to shrink out of it. There was a general laugh when he lost the toss.
As he walked his horse towards Ringston, two or three ranged near enough to hear what he said.
Ringston had been standing with his back to his critics; it is probable that if they had seen his face the joke would not have been suggested. When he happened to turn, as Bitwell came up, that gentleman conceived an additional dislike to the duty he had to perform. However, he felt he was in for it, and plunged desperately in medias res.
"I don't think you'll do much business to-day, sir."
Ringston chose to suppose that he alluded to the prospect of sport, though he had caught a word here and there of the conversation, and suspected that a jest was intended. He replied accordingly—
"Not a bad hunting morning."
"Oh, I did not mean with the fox, I meant with the funerals."
"I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance, sir, and I do not take orders for funerals; but if you should follow me to-day, I think it extremely likely I may have a grave one."
These words Ringston uttered very slowly, and gave additional point to the last sentence

by surveying Mr. Bitwell and his horse through his ebony-encreoled eye glass.
That gentleman looked extremely uncomfortable as he returned to his friends.
They found very soon after this and got away directly, an open country and the pace tremendous. Twenty minutes straight riding and only one momentary check—Ringston only rides ten stone and Erebus is well up to fifteen. He has ridden more than one steeple chase and been first past the post. The black coat takes its place in the first rank as a matter of course. Bitwell, who does not forget the challenge, strives hard to keep ahead, but Erebus is too much for his chestnut across some ploughed land. Over the crest of the hill they go straight as a line, with a splendid view as they top it. But as they begin to descend, they see a great deal more than they like.
One long field with a most unpromising bullfinch at the bottom and beyond the hill falls away precipitously like the side of a house. The fox points straight ahead, and in a minute two or three hounds are seen rolling over in their course towards the bottom. The huntsman turns off to the right for a winding path which leads through the woods to the bottom. Ringston, who had taken the second place, goes straight ahead, glancing once over his shoulder to look for Bitwell, as he neared the fence. Bitwell caught his glance, and kept in his track.—Crash through the bullfinch goes Erebus; but can keep his footing on the other side?
For a second it seems a certainty that he must fall on his head, but with a desperate effort, Ringston recovers him. Another stride and he slides on his haunches on the wet ground; and so on slipping and sliding, Ringston throwing his weight well back, by the most extraordinary luck, they reached the bottom in safety. Then across the road over an oxer "like a bird," just in time for the kill; for the hounds ran into him in the next field.
Bitwell got through the bullfinch gallantly but the chestnut rolled over, the moment he lighted on the descent, crushing his rider beneath him.
Bitwell was picked up about a third of a mile way down the hill, with two damaged ribs and a broken collar-bone. The chestnut rolled to the bottom and broke his back.
Behind Bitwell came Mavery and Snaffleton, but they wisely followed the example of the huntsman, and went around by the lane.
Snaffleton mentioned to the captain what had occurred before the run, and commented on Ringston's desperate riding.
"Why you see if he breaks his neck now," said Mavery, "it will save him the trouble of killing himself at the end of the year, and would be more moral besides."
Then followed the story.
Both Glenoroff's bounds and the South Clodshire had some good runs during the next fortnight at all of which Ringston was present, and rode in the same style. Fortunately he did not again tempt any one to follow him; and thanks to his light weight, light hand, good seat, and the bone and blood of Erebus he came to no harm.
By this time he had become an object of general interest at Shallowell; and though several people thought him mad, he had no relations who considered it would be a profitable speculation to put him in a lunatic asylum.
CHAPTER III.
Ringston soon became rather popular than not, notwithstanding the mystery which surrounded him. Any allusion to this he always checked. With the memory of Bitwell's fate fresh in their minds, and under the unpleasant light which gleamed in Ringston's eyes when he was annoyed, there were few who would have liked to press the point. But the gossips made ample amends for their enforced silence in his presence by the circulation of the wildest speculations behind his back.
It was even suggested that he had sold himself to the Evil One, and that, like the guests at juvenile parties, he would be fetched when his time was up. But his rooms were pleasant ones to drop in at; and it is a matter of doubt whether if his Satanic Majesty had been present as a guest, he would have scared the inhabitants of Shallowell from a champagne supper.
There was a little play afterwards, which occasionally made the evening rather expensive, but then the loss was a chance, the supper a certainty.
Between the hours of eleven at night and three in the morning any one who had been introduced to Ringston's rooms would generally find "something going on," unless there was any bachelor party brilliant enough to lure the lion from his den.
The balls, evening parties, and other festivities, for which Shallowell is so justly celebrated, he utterly eschewed, and thereby gave deadly offence to the majority of the fair sex, in that fashionable watering (and winking) place. It was bad enough that he refused to go himself; but it was far worse that he should keep away Gustavus and Adolphus, who, before his arrival, had been exemplary in their attendance.
Why is Frederic Deuxtremps putting on his hat so quietly in the hall of Mrs. Fitzcram?
It is only half past one. The rush of "The Spirit of the Ball" pours into his ears, as he noiselessly turns the handle of the street door, but it has no power to recall him.—Yet one short month ago he swore to Lucy Lightfoot that there was nothing in the world equal to that first "after supper

galope." He made no exception then even in favor of languid and champagne punch.
When winter passed away and the season of pic-nics arrived, Ringston could never be entrapped into making one of a miscellaneous assembly.
A drag over the Westsea, and a cruise in Colonel Morley's yacht, suited him very well but the peculiar advantages of dining and dancing on the grass, he never could be brought to see.
But all through the summer season, he devoted himself to the Shallowell cricket club.
He got them into such order, that they won every match they played that season, and "the black bowler" became an object of superstitious terror to every eleven in the neighborhood. The most disagreeable thing in Ringston's bowling, was that he always walked up to the crease and no one could ever tell till the ball was delivered whether it would be a slow twister, or swift enough to cut the middle stump in half.
Thus with yachting and cricket, and the occasional races in the neighborhood, the time passed away until November came again, and the allotted twelvemonth drew towards its close.
CHAPTER IV.
Mavery's regiment were the first dragoons who had ever been stationed at Shallowell, and they had been feted a great deal. They therefore considered it incumbent upon them to give a ball. Officers' balls are always a success. It is an understood thing, that every thing is to be praised, and nothing to be criticised.
Everybody comes to enjoy himself, and the majority generally succeed. The number of determined-to-be-agreeable hosts propitiates the fair sex, and all possible partners are made available. It is true that some appear to take the character of steward, only to be able to introduce themselves to any pretty girl they don't know, but these are the exception who prove the rule.
Ringston had declined the invitation at first, but Mavery made it a personal matter, that he should absolve himself.
The Shallowell assembly rooms are unusually crowded. That watering place can always show a fair amount of beauty, but to-night the ranks of the belles are swelled by many drafts from the county families.
Laura Etheridge holds her own, against all comers. She is undoubtedly the belle of the room. In a pause of a quadrille, her eyes fall upon a pale face, which rests against a pillar opposite. We have said that Ringston was an elegant looking man. His pose at this moment is graceful in the extreme, though evidently unstudied. Laura looks at him. She sees that he has evidently forgotten where he is, and takes advantage of his unconscious state, to examine him critically. The breeze of the whirling dresses almost stir his black curls; but he does not note the fair dancers as they pass.
There is something in an expression of utter abstraction which always excites curiosity.
Where are the thoughts which are not with us? Laura had ridiculed a dozen times at least the Ringston story, and yet now that she gazes upon its hero, she can scarcely drive back from her heart, a feeling of terror. She goes mechanically through the quadrille, but she sees nothing but that face.
In vain her partner turns on an even-flowing stream of regulation nothing into her ear. She does not hear a word; and, at last, answers an elaborate criticism on a new prima donna, which he has learnt by heart from yesterday's Times, by saying—
"Yes, quite black."
The irreproachable lieutenant treasured this as a fact and avoiding any display of ignorance at the time, he sought his newspaper on his return home, to see if he had omitted to notice that Mademoiselle Sopranoetta was a coloured artist.
The last figure of the quadrille is drawing to a close when Ringston changes his position, and their eyes meet.
Have you ever watched eyes, which awake from sleep kindle into love beneath your own?
Some such spark gleamed in Ringston's, before Laura could withdraw her gaze. She saw the trance fade in an instant and the light of life come back, at the same moment the thought crossed her mind—"If I were destined to claim him back from death!"
She sits by her chaperon for a moment; the next Ringston was before her with a steward by his side.
"Miss Etheridge, Mr. Ringston!" "Can you possibly spare me a dance, Miss Etheridge?"
"I can give you the next—a waltz, I think!"
What could it have been that induced Laura to keep herself disengaged for that dance, when she had enough positions made to her to fill her card over and over again, before she had been in the room five minutes? What answer would she have made to herself? She must have said that she liked to keep one dance in case some one came in late, with whom she might wish to dance. Had she any idea who "the some one" was to be?
It was evident that at some previous period of his existence, Mr. Ringston had liked dancing much better than he had professed to do since he had resided at Shallowell.
"How they go!" said Snaffleton.
"Fine action. Do for a curricula," replied Captain Mavery.

"I thought you never danced, Mr. Ringston," said Miss Etheridge, as the music ceased.
"I did not think I should ever dance again," he replied and the dark cloud passed over his face once more.
She shuddered. "Can he allude," she thought, "to the story of his approaching death?"
But he seemed to shake the gloom off with an effort, and began to talk. Supper was announced before the next dance, and he took her down, and soon established her in a safe and particularly comfortable corner. He then seated himself deliberately in front of her, so as almost to cut her off from the rest of the room. A glance brought Mavery's servant to his side. "Wait on us," he said; and that judicious attendant obeyed him with the most perfect disregard of every body else, his master included.
Laura Etheridge was not the girl to stand being "appropriated" in the manner we have described, under ordinary circumstances, or by an ordinary individual; but there are some people who no one ever thinks of opposing, and Arthur Ringston was one of them. His charge was not unhappy in her prison; the more they talked the brighter Ringston became, till at last he seemed to regain "his old form."
For the days were not long past since many bright eyes looked brighter when that dark face bent over them.
And certainly Laura lingered an unconsciously long time over her jelly, considering that a sometime favorite partner was waiting to claim her hand for a galope; and more suspicious still, when that was concluded, she allowed herself to be persuaded to take some grapes.
Now all ladies know that grapes may be made to last exactly as long as the consumer likes. When all the ladies had left the supper-room, except one dowager, who was evidently watching them, Ringston felt that it would not do any longer, and they returned to the ball room.
Miss Etheridge introduced Ringston to her mother. "We shall have a few friends next Friday, Mr. Ringston; but I suppose it would be quite a compliment to ask you to join us."
"I should be delighted, I assure you though I do not often go out; but"—and here a shadow darker than she had yet seen seemed to Laura to cloud his face—"but I am compelled to refuse."
In vain she tried to force it back; the thought would come, "The year must be nearly past."
The supper had lasted so long that Miss Etheridge's dancing engagements, according to her "correct card," had been terribly disregarded.
There was, therefore an animated debate between three gentlemen, who all claimed her hand for the next dance. Ringston suggested that if she put an end to the dispute by dancing with him, no one could be offended, but Laura did not agree with them. The fortunate candidate carried her off in triumph at last, and Ringston sat down to converse with Mrs. Etheridge. That lady told her daughter the next morning, that she could not imagine why people talked such nonsense about Mr. Ringston, for she found him a very sensible and agreeable person. Laura danced twice and then said she should like to go home. Ringston took her to the carriage. After the ladies were in, a minute elapsed before they could start. What could induce the belle of Shallowell to repeat an invitation which had once been declined? Yet it is certain that Laura leant out of the window and murmured—"Shall we not see you on Friday?"
A whisper, "Alas, no!" A deep sigh—a pressure of the hand; and they parted—she cannot escape the thought—perhaps forever.
CHAPTER V.
The ball took place on Tuesday. The next morning Ringston sent round Mavery's servant to all his tradesmen to collect his bills, for he had dismissed his own man a few days before. He remained at home all the morning, destroying papers and letters, having given strict orders that he should be denied to everybody. He dined at the mess where he was always a welcome guest. He returned to his rooms about ten o'clock, and several men came in. The play was higher than usual. It was observed that, contrary to his usual custom, Ringston played recklessly. He had, however, an extraordinary run of luck, and won heavily after a long sitting. His guests dropped off by degrees.
Young Lurley, a cornet, who had lately joined, and Snaffleton, remained to the last, playing cards. When they left, at about half past three, Ringston was lying on the sofa half asleep.
Ringston seldom rose early on winter mornings when he did not hunt. The people of the house had strict orders never to call him. But when three o'clock on Thursday afternoon came, and he had not yet rung for breakfast, the landlady, who had lived in fear and trembling for some days, backed up by the maid and a friend from next door, ventured into his sitting room, and not finding any signs of him there, they knocked at his bedroom door. No answer. Again, louder, louder, louder. Still no reply. They try the door; it is not fastened. As it is opened, Mrs. Brown, the lady from next door, detects a strong smell of sulphur, but the room is empty; the bed is disarranged, the clothes he wore yesterday are lying on chairs, but there is no other token of Mr. Arthur Ringston.

The news spreads like wildfire. Very soon rewards are offered for his discovery, for there is one painful element which enters into the romance.
Though the bills were so carefully collected yesterday none of them were paid.
The river is dragged incessantly, and the fashionable broad walk by its side is deserted by the fair sex. The local papers team with paragraphs, some of which achieve the honor of being copied into The Times.
It was talked about everywhere. There was a nearer approach to excitement at the "Poco-curante," of which Ringston was a member, than had ever been known since the club was formed.
"It seems to me," said Georgy Davis in the smoking room, of that institution, "that it is about the nearest thing that our Arthur has ever done, and that is saying a great deal. My firm belief is, that he has not killed himself, but that he has left three thousand pounds, that he has left Shallowell, owing five."
And Laura Etheridge—is she interested in the new story and its thousand and one variations?
Does she still cherish a remembrance of her strange partner at the officers' ball?—She looked as beautiful as ever at her Mother's party on Friday though perhaps a shade paler than usual. At first, whilst the general opinion is, that he has drowned himself—and there are daily reports that his remains have been found in various holes of the river—she has a difficulty in repressing all appearance of anxiety when these reach her. But as there appears a greater probability of his being alive she recovers her equanimity though it may be doubted whether she was quite herself till she had refused Snaffleton—an operation which seemed to do her a great deal of good.
As there was still great uncertainty whether he was dead or alive, it was found that nothing could be done with regard to Ringston's property.
Nothing had been removed from his rooms. His watch was in its stand, his purse, containing thirty-seven pounds fifteen shillings and six-pence was lying on his dressing-table; so were his keys. On opening his writing-desk, a hundred and fifty pounds were found in it.
One or two men said he must have won twice as much or more on Wednesday night, but as there is always a graceful uncertainty with regard to who does win the money, which everybody else has lost, not much attention was paid to this remark. Ringston had paid the landlady her rent, and she did not object to things remaining as they were for a little time. Erebus had been sent to Mavery about a week before.
All things working together, it seemed probable that the excitement at Shallowell would extend even beyond that conventional limit of our wonder at modern miracles—the ninth day.
[CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.]
A French Amazon.
The daughters of the regiment, who swing the flags and canteens so gaily to the music of their own youthful songs, become in time Amazons, if we may believe the stubborn facts narrated in the Paris *Monitor*. Witness the adventures of Marie Dugard:
She was married at the age of 17, and served in the campaigns of Milon, Wagram, Borodino and Smolenko. Her biography is given in the petition which she presented to the President of the Republic in 1850.—Prince—Encouraged by the kind and gracious reception you have given me in 1849, I again come to present you the homage of one whose life has been consecrated to the service of your uncle. In 1802 I united myself as a soldier, and served in the ranks of the French regiment of cavalry, and subsequently overseer of ambulance service in Prince Eugene's *corps d'armee*. I was successively one of the garrison of Lyons in 1802, of Milan in 1805, and of Udine in 1805. To follow my husband, I distinguished myself as a soldier, and served in the ranks under the name of Maurice. Before Raab I afforded succor and distributed soup to 287 wounded. Being remarked by Prince Eugene, I revealed to him the secret of my disguise, and in return, had the honor of being complimented by his mouth. At Wagram I extinguished a fire that tortured the wounded who were lying about the plain, and that threatened to burn up the gathered harvest. After the battle I remained in an isle in the Danube, where the ambulance corps were stationed; from thence I returned to Udine, where I remained till 1812, when I took part in the campaign of that year, and served in every battle where the fourth *corps de la grande armee* was ordered. I was at Smolenko, at Borodino; I was at Moscow, and even beyond it. During the retreat, I shared in all the dangers of the first attack of the Cossacks.
Under the fire of the enemy, I passed the Berezina upon a block of ice. Before Wilna, on the 16th of November, I received seven lance wounds, and fainted in the arms of my husband, who was also wounded. Under cover of night we dragged ourselves to the ramparts, and entered the town through a sewer. When we came to Glogan, my husband sank under his wounds. Prince Eugene, with his own arms, heard my cries of despair. Remembering the care I took of the 287 wounded at Raab, he had the goodness to send his aide-camp to me with the assurance that he would always take care of me; but frightened by my misfortunes, alone and plunged into sorrow, I only demanded to be carried to Strasbourg, where I quitted the soldier's habit, about the year 1815, in my precipitation three months' pay. Returned home, I brought nothing but premature old age. I dare assert with the pride of a soldier, that I am a wreck of the great army, and by virtue of this title, I hope, Prince, to share in your accustomed liberality.