THE COLUMBIA SPY.

SAMUEL WRIGHT, Editor and Proprietor. "NO ENTERTAINMENT SO CHEAP AS READING, NOR ANY PLEASURE SO LASTING." $1,50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE; $2,00 IF NOIN ADVANCE.

VOLUME XXXIV, NUMBER 54.] COLUMBIA, PENNSYLVANIA, SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 21, 1863. [WHOLE NUMBER 1,700.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

Office in Carpet Hall, North-west corner of Front and Locust streets.

Terms of Subscription.

One Copy per annum, if paid in advance, $1 50
" " if not paid within three months from commencement of the year, 2 00

4 Cents a Copy.

No subscription received for a less time than six months; and no paper will be discontinued until all arrearage are paid, unless at the option of the publisher.

Money may be remitted by mail at the publisher's risk.

Rates of Advertising

1 Square (12 lines) one week,	$0 50
three weeks,	75
each subsequent insertion,	10
1 Inches one week,	50
three weeks,	1 00
each subsequent insertion,	25

Larger advertisements in proportion.

A liberal discount will be made to quarterly, half yearly and yearly advertisers, who are strictly confined to their business.

H. M. NORTH,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
Columbia, Pa.
Collections promptly made in Lancaster and York Counties.
Columbia, May 4, 1850.

H. B. ESSICK,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW.
COLUMBIA, PA.

DR. HOFFER,
DENTIST.—OFFICE, Front Street 4th door from Locust, over Saylor's Hardware Store, Columbia.
Columbia, April 4, 1857.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE.—The want of such an article is felt in every family, and now it can be supplied; for mending furniture, china ware, ornamental work, toys, &c., there is nothing superior. We have found it useful in repairing many articles which have been useless for months. To be had only at the
Jan 25th ft at the FMILY MEDICINE STORE

POCKET BOOKS AND PURSES.
A LARGE lot of Fine and Common Pocket Books and Purses, at from 15 cents to two dollars each. Headquarters and News Depot.
Columbia, April 4, 1862.

Lawns, Lawns, Lawns.
LADIES call and see our beautiful lawns, in fast colors, at STEACY & BOWERS'.
June 28, 1862. Opposite Odd Fellows' Hall.

HOOPED SKIRTS.
A NEW and splendid style of Hooped Skirts just received; Also, a full assortment of other styles, very cheap MALTBY & CASE,
Columbia, Apr. 26, 1862. Locust Street.

FOR SALE,
1500 Sacks G. A. Salt, 100 Sacks Ashton Salt. Apply at the Warehouse, Canal Basin.
Columbia, Dec. 28, 1861.

NOW FOR BARGAINS.
WE have just received another lot of all-wool Delaines and plaid Mosamiques, which we offer at reduced prices. STEACY & BOWERS,
Cols. June 28, 1862 Cor. 2d and Locust Sts.

COLD CREAM OF GLYCERINE.—For the cure and prevention of chapped hands, &c. For sale at the OLDEN MORTAR DRUG STORE,
Dec 3, 1859 Front street, Columbia

BALT SALT
JUST received by the subscriber, at their store on Locust street below Second.
100 Bags Ground Alum Salt,
which will be sold at the lowest market prices.
C. July 6, '61. J. RUMPLE & SON

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

Harrison's Columbian Ink
WHICH is a superior article, permanently black and not corroding the pen, can be had in any quantity, at the Family Medicine Store, and blacker retailing at English Boot Polish.
Columbia, Nov. 9, 1861.

FISH! FISH!
MACKEREL by the barrel, half barrel and quarter barrel, of the best qualities.
Apply to B. F. APPOLD,
Columbia, July 12, 1862. Canal Basin.

CORN VINEGAR!
THE very best article of Vinegar in the market is HIMES & CO'S "PURE CORN VINEGAR," which may be had at the Manufactory, in Second st., adjoining Odd Fellows' Hall.
C. G. HIMES & CO.,

HALDEMAN'S STORE.
Army Blankets,
Good Blankets,
Grey, Red and Blue Flannels,
Striped and Plaid Flannels,
Soldiers' Woolen Mitts,
Grey Under-shirts and Drawers,
at low prices, at HALDEMAN'S STORE,
Columbia, October 25, 1862.

Tom Thumb About Again!
AT Fahler's Tin and House-furnishing Store, Locust street, opposite the Bank. The "Tom Thumb" lamps are the very best Coal Oil Lamps ever made, and examine them.
Best Coal Oil at 25 cts. per gallon, at
Columbia, May 17, 1862. FAHLER'S

PAPER YOUR HOUSE NOW!
THE last chance, for bargains.
2500 Pieces Wall Paper,
OF our last styles and quality, yet on hand, which we are selling out at 20 per cent lower than Philadelphia Wholesale Prices! Call soon as we are selling off rapidly.
F. C. FONDERSMITH,
Adjoining the Bank.
Columbia, March 29, 1862.

We Have Just Received
DR. CARTER'S Improved Chest Expanding Suspenders and Shoulder Braces for Gentlemen, and Chest Supporter and Brace for Ladies, just the article that is wanted at this time. Come and see them at Family Medicine Store, Odd Fellows' Hall. April 9, 1859

Just Recived
AND for sale, in large or small quantities, 500 sacks G. A. Salt, 100 sacks Ashton Salt.
Columbia, July 5, 1862. B. F. APPOLD, Canal Basin.

Attention Gentlemen!
A CHOICE Lot of New Style Spring Cassimeres and Black French Cloths, will be opened shortly, and will be sold cheap for cash at the old stand.
H. C. FONDERSMITH,
Adjoining the Bank.

FOR MAKING SOAP!
SODA ASH, one of the best articles in the market, can be had in large or small quantities, at the Drug Store of F. WILLIAMS, Locust Street.

RICH Plaid and Plain Poplins, and Poplins, of high colored Wool Delaines, just received and for sale at the Cheap Cash Dry Goods Store of Thos. W. Sparks & Co., Philadelphia, now opening at
H. F. BRUNER'S,
Nov. 4, 1862. Corner Second and Locust Streets.

LADIES' DRESS GOODS.
WE have now in store a large and well selected stock of Dress Goods, which we will sell at very small profits for cash.
Columbia, Nov. 29, 1862. FONDERSMITH'S.

Hudson Bay Oil!
Just received and for sale by
Nov. 15, 1862. F. WILLIAMS.

Silk Velvets!
Silk Velvets!
Ladies are respectfully invited to call before purchasing elsewhere and examine our stock.
CHARLES GALFORD & SON,
Nov. 15, 1862.

Garden and Flower Seeds.
Warranted Garden and Flower Seeds, in bulk or in papers, for sale at the
FAMILY MEDICINE STORE.
Oct 25.

HOMMONY, BEANS, &C.
WHITE Hommony, Beans, Shaker Corn, &c., in large or small quantities, at the Grocery, Front and Union sts. HENRY SUYDAM.

DELAINES! DELAINES!—A beautiful line just received at greatly reduced prices. Ladies call and secure your christmas presents early.
STEACY & BOWERS,
Dec. 20, 1862. cor. 2d and Locust Sts.

HANOVER Buck Gloves and Gauntlets, just received by
STEACY & BOWERS,
corner Second and Locust Sts.
Dec. 20, 1862. Columbia, Pa.

ZEPHYR Knit Hoods, Nubias and Scarfs, at reduced prices to close out the stock.
STEACY & BOWERS,
corner 2d and Locust Sts.,
Dec 20, 1862. Opposite Odd Fellows' Hall.

WINEGLASSES, Tumblers and Goblets; beautiful Glass Fruit Vases, Cream and Sugar Bowls to match. Very desirable and suitable for Christmas and New Year Presents.
STEACY & BOWERS,
Corner of Second and Locust Streets,
Colm., Dec. 20, 1862. Columbia, Pa.

USEFUL PRESENTS:—Linen and Damask Table Cloths, Napkins, Doylies and Towels, very cheap at
STEACY & BOWERS,
Dec. 20, 1862. Opposite Odd Fellows' Hall.

CIDER FORMINCE PIES,
Extra lard Brown and White Sugar on hand; Best Rio Coffee for sale by
H. B. BRUNER,
Columbia, 3d and Union Street.

ANOTHER ARRIVAL OF
CHEAP DRY GOODS.
Opened this Week at
H. C. Fondersmith's Old Stand, Adjoining Bank.
NEW STYLE Delaines, Cashmeres, Silk Poplins, Plain Poplins, Rich Figured Poplins, Plaid Poplins, Rich Gros Grains, Watered Poplins, New Colors in Merino Cloths, Gray and Fancy Colored Flannels, Choice Brown Linen Skirts, Hooped Skirts, all sizes. A full line of Cassimeres, Satinetts and Jeans. Bleached and Brown Muslins, Checks, Ginghams, Drills, Flannels, &c., at the lowest market prices for cash, to which we respectfully ask the attention of our customers and the public generally. H. C. FONDERSMITH'S
Oct. 4, 1862. Cash Store.

EMPTY CASKS.
A LARGE lot of Iron Bound Casks and Hogsheads, for sale by R. J. HALDEMAN.
October 4, 1862.

PICKLES! PICKLES!
IF you want good pickles, go to Himes & Co's Pure Cider Vinegar Manufactory, in Second st., adjoining Odd Fellows' Hall. [Oct. 4 '62.

NEW FALL AND WINTER GOODS,
THE SUBSCRIBERS HAVE JUST ADDED TO Their already large stock of goods, a splendid and full assortment of Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, Hosiery, Gloves, Drills, Delaines, Flannels, Blankets, Hats and Caps, Groceries, Queensware, &c. They would especially invite particular attention to their very large stock of
READY MADE CLOTHING,
AND BOOTS AND SHOES,
Our assortment being complete in all the Best Material and manufacture, and will be sold at the lowest cash prices. Being determined to be undersold by none, we believe it will be to the interest of purchasers to examine our stock before making their purchases. Inspection solicited.
Cash, Oct. 18, 1862. MALTBY & CASE.

THE SECOND INVOICE OF
FALL & WINTER GOODS,
NOW OPENING AT H. F. BRUNER'S
Cheap Cash Dry Goods and Grocery Store,
Corner of Third and Union Streets.
THE undersigned, having just returned from Philadelphia with the second invoice of Fall Goods, begs leave to call the attention of the citizens of Columbia and vicinity, to his extensive and varied assortment of Fancy and Staple Dry Goods, Groceries, &c., consisting in part of Delaines, Coburgs, Calicoes, Muslins, Tickings, Checks, Flannels, Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, Boots and Shoes, Coffee, Sugar, Hams, &c., &c.
He hopes by close attention to business and strict integrity to continue to receive a share of public patronage. H. F. BRUNER.
Columbia, October 4, 1862.

RAISINS.—A full assortment of cooking, Seed, Bunch and Layer Raisins just received.
H. F. BRUNER,
Nov. 29, '62. Corner 3rd and Union sts.

TEAS.—Just received an extra quality of Imperial, Young Hyson and Black Teas, at
Dec. 13 H. F. BRUNER'S.

CITRON.—The best for cooking purposes.
H. F. BRUNER.
Nov. 29, '62. Corner 3rd and Union sts.

CURRANTS.—New crop currants, a very good article.
H. F. BRUNER.
Nov. 29, 1862. Corner 3rd and Union sts.

CHRISTMAS GOODS.
JUST received, a large assortment of Goods suitable for the season; among which are a fine selection of Zephyr, Knit, Opera and Skating Cap, Scarfs, Sontags, Skating Coats, Nubias, Mitts, Gloves, &c., &c. Also, Fancy Baskets, Port Monnaies, Gravats, Ladies Collars, &c., with a great variety of other goods suitable for Christmas Presents. Also, a large addition to our stock of Boots and Shoes, Clothing, Cassimeres and Dress Goods. The attention of purchasers is respectfully invited, and an examination of goods solicited.
MALTBY & CASE.
Columbia, December 20, 1862.

BAKER'S Chocolate, Starch, Corn Starch, Rice, Baking and Washing Soda, Cheese, Toilette, Castile, Country, Housekeeping and Ballston Soap, York Soap, Buckets, Brooms, Shoe and Stove Blacking, Bond's Boston Crackers, Olives, Anything that one can wish or ask for you may find at
H. F. BRUNER'S.
Nov 29 '62. Corner 3rd Union sts.

WALL PAPER.
WE have yet on hand a fine assortment of Wall Paper, which we are selling at our usual very low prices. This will be your last chance to get your money back on Wall Paper.
F. C. FONDERSMITH,
Oct 25, '62. People's Cash Store.

MOORHEAD'S Magnetic Plaster! a sovereign remedy for burns, aches, pains, &c., just received and for sale by F. WILLIAMS', Locust st.

BREINIG AND FRONEFIELD'S Cattle Powder, just received and for sale by
F. WILLIAMS', Locust st.

BURNETT'S Cocoaine for the hair. A fresh article, just received at the Drug Store of
F. WILLIAMS', Locust st.

ROUND and Flat Chimneys, for Coal Oil Lamps.—Persons can procure either kind by calling at the Drug Store of F. WILLIAMS', Locust st.
Dec. 20, 1862.

Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, Silver and Silver-Plated Ware.
WM. SHREINER & SPERLING,
HAVING taken the old established stand of Wm. Seitz, Front street, Columbia, respectfully invite the public to call and examine their large assortment of
CLOCKS, WATCHES, JEWELRY,
SILVER and SILVER-PLATED WARE,
CUTLERY, COMBS, PISTOLS,
ACCORDEONS, and FANCY ARTICLES,
such as are usually kept in a first-class Jewelry Store. We will keep constantly on hand a large stock of
American Watches,
in Gold and Silver Cases, Appleton, Tracy & Co.'s, E. Ball's and Waltham movements, which we will offer to the public at prices to suit the times.
A continuance of the former patronage is respectfully solicited.
Repairing of all kinds promptly attended to.
Columbia, July 19, 1862.

MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup can be obtained at F. WILLIAMS', Locust st.

I KNOW PEOPLE will eat my new article for mince pies, when they once get it.
H. F. BRUNER.
Nov. 29, 1862. Corner 3rd and Union sts.

CORN BROOMS.
Superior quality, constantly on hand and for sale by F. WILLIAMS, Locust st.

MONEY MONEY!
WANTED by the subscriber, on Mortgage, Property in the Borough of Columbia, $1,000.
B. F. APPOLD.

Selections.

Our Best Bedroom.

Twenty years ago I was a curate in the stirring and noisy manufacturing town of Twistley. The district church to which I belonged was an appendage to the ancient minster of St. Mark the Evangelist, and was called a chapel of ease. But, in truth, there was little ease for any one connected with the edifice, whether lay or clerical. The church was a hideous, red-brick pile, adorned with a portico of raw, gray stone, and was always damp, draughty, and inconvenient to preacher and congregation. The district was large and unhealthy, comprising the worst portion of the suburbs, and the curates were miserably paid by doles from various bounties and societies. All things considered, there were pleasanter pieces of performent in the church than that which I, in common with two other young clergymen, enjoyed at Twistley.

I hope these preliminary remarks will not be misconstrued; I do not desire to be taken for a clerical Sybarite, intent upon loaves and fishes, but negligent of the calls of duty. It was not the work that we murmured at but the darkling atmosphere of smoke and fog, the moist air of the swampy plain and sluggish river, the dull, and monotony of the ill-built town, and the phalanx of evil, on which our feeble efforts seemed to make no impression. In truth, a manufacturing town, twenty years back, before emigration and the repeal of the Corn Laws had lightened the burden of the poor, was not exactly an agreeable field for labor. Fierce and sullen discontent seemed the normal condition of many who are now in a healthier and kindlier frame of mind, and we had no docile flock to attend to. It was scarcely pleasant to be involved in endless arguments here with a furious Leveler, there with a disciple of Clootz; to be reviled as hypocrites when we meant nothing but good, or to be dubbed oppressors when our hearts were aching at the sight of the unrelieved misery around us. We had little to give, for our pay was low, and it was no easy matter, in especial for Jones and myself, who were married men, to make both ends meet in a place so dear as Twistley. Lester, the other curate, was single, and had some allowance from his father, but we two Benedicts were almost entirely dependent on our salary, and our shabby black coats grew shabbier and whiter about the seams every day. Of preferment we had little hope; not one of us had any interest with those who had benefices to bestow, and we could not reasonably expect promotion for some years at least.

Thus far the prologue. My story really begins with the moist and fast-darkening winter afternoon when Jones and I were returning, wet and tired, from our rounds in the suburb. The day had not been a pleasant one. First, Jones had been posed in argument by a wandering lecturer, a clever unscrupulous fellow, who had contrived to turn the laugh against the curate, though most unfairly in a logical point of view. Next, I had been severely mauled in controversy by a Mormonite cobbler, who pelted me with garbled texts, and refused to hearken to the right version. Thirdly, we had seen household after household hungry and despairing, without the power of rendering any material help, for it was a time of dearth, and great numbers were suffering cruel distres; so we were out of spirits, and walked slowly.

As we passed through the High street we met a tall, gentlemanly man, with bushy gray whiskers and a thoughtful face, who bowed to Jones, and looked hard at me, as he made way for us on the pavement.

"What a remarkable face!" I exclaimed; and indeed it was so. Very delicate were the finely cut features, very bright the eyes, and very pleasant the momentary smile of the stranger as he greeted Jones, but there was something curious and odd in the general effect for all that. I could not analyse the impression which this gentleman's look made upon me, but it was hardly an agreeable one.

"That's Mr. Staunton," said Jones. "I wonder what brings him to Twistley on this damp, dark day. He very seldom comes over, and, indeed, it is a long drive to Staunton Dene."

"Staunton Dene!" said I. "Is not that the place we had a distant view of from the top of Carsewell Hill, when we took that tremendous constitutional last summer—the grand old House among those noble beech-woods, with the park lying beyond, and the glittering lake peering out among the clumps of heavy timber? He lives there then?"

"He lives there," said my companion, "at least till his nephew, the present baronet, comes of age, which I believe will be two years hence. He is his guardian, and has the management of the property, which is a splendid one, by all accounts. I have heard—but you know how gossiping tongues will run on—that Mr. Richard Staunton was bitterly disappointed when his brother, Sir John married very late in life. Sir John was a sad rake, though he could not do much harm to the property, which was strictly entailed, and it was thought that Mr. Richard would be sure of the title and lands. But Sir John disappointed every body by marrying some one much below his own station—a daughter of a tradesman, or farmer, I believe—and, when he died, three years later, he left a son to succeed him.

"So the Mr. Staunton had the care of the young heir," said I, carelessly.

"Not of the heir, though he had full power over the property," returned Jones, who was a sort of living chronicle of all that concerned his acquaintances. "The mother, a sensible, good woman, devoted herself to the task of bringing up her son, and I have heard that the boy turned out very well indeed. Poor soul, she died six months since; and now I suppose the nephew must be under the uncle's care till he comes of age."

All this did not interest me much, but out of civility to Jones I surpressed a yawn, and remarked that Mr. Staunton had the look of a very superior man.

"So he is," said Jones—"a great traveler, and took the highest honors at Oxford. He's a chemist, too, and well up in all the oligies, about which folks like you and me, Harper know so little. I met him, years ago, at a watering place, and he is very polite, as you saw, but we have never got beyond the preliminaries of acquaintanceship."

We had by this time got past the region of shops and sound pavements, and were picking our way through the mud and rubbish heaps of the outskirts. My lodgings were in Paradise Row, and those of Jones in Waterloo Cottages. The Row was the nearer of the two, and I asked Jones to stop for a cup of tea. It was half-past five o'clock, and we had dined at one. Jones accepted my modest invitation, and we turned the corner, and beheld a tall gentleman, evidently a stranger to the locality, heedfully scrutinizing the fronts of the little houses of the Row.

"Bless me!" exclaimed Jones, "there is Mr. Staunton again. What can he possibly want here?"

It did seem odd. Paradise Row consisted but of six houses, one of which belonged to the decent widow whose lodgings I and my family occupied; while the other five respectively appertained to a tailor, a dancing master, a washerwoman, a master blacksmith, and a carpenter, who called himself, somewhat ambitiously, a cabinet-maker and undertaker. Unless Mr. Richard Staunton, by some strange chance, required the services of one of these useful artisans or artists, it was unintelligible that he should be there. Staunton Dene had no connection with Twistley. It had its own cathedral town, nine miles off, its own market town, within half that distance. It did not seem probable that the temporary master of the old Hall was likely to seek sartorial aid or tuition, in dancing, or even neat mangling and careful clear-starching in Paradise Row. "Why, as I live," said Jones, "as I live, he's going to call upon *you*." And indeed the tall gentleman was very deliberately manipulating the rusty little knocker of Number Six. "Pooh! nonsense. It must be Mrs. Parks that he wants to speak to," said I, with a beating heart, though why my heart should have throbbed one second the quicker because a stranger of station and education paid me a call, may seem incomprehensible to those who do not know how welcome is any break in a monotonous life.

At any rate, Mr. Richard Staunton, after a brief colloquy with the check aproned little maid who answered his rap, was admitted, and the door closed on his tall form.

"Some mistake," said I, ponderingly. "I wonder whom he is looking for."

Jones was quite eager to solve the enigma, so we hurried on, my companion suggesting, as we went, two hypotheses—one that I might have known Mr. Staunton, and forgotten him; the other, that he might have known my wife in bygone days. At any rate, we found him seated in our small and dingy sitting-room, which looked all the smaller and dingier for his stately presence, while opposite to him sat poor Clara, trying very hard to keep the children quiet, and to seem at her ease. Clara was the best and dearest of little women, but she could not help feeling ashamed of the mean apartment and its poor furniture, as Mr. Richard Staunton blandly surveyed it through his heavy gold-rimmed glasses. And yet there was something very winning in the manner in which she visitor rose to receive Jones and myself. He said, with a very pleasing frankness, that he felt some explanation of his presence was needed—that I was no stranger to him, by report, at least; and that he had lately seen my former college tutor, Mr. Gidley, whose warm eulogiums on my classical attainments and moral character had induced him to seek my personal acquaintance, and to decide on making me the offer which he was about to suggest.

"Briefly, then, Mr. Harper, I may inform you that Sir Frederick, my nephew and ward, has large ecclesiastical preferment at his disposal, and is, in fact, patron of four livings. One of these, as you are perhaps aware, is the valuable rectory of Bullingdon, on the banks of the Thames——. Isee, Mr. Harper, you do know the spot."

Know the spot. I should think I did, for my poor father had been vicar of a neighboring parish, and as a child and a school boy I had been used to consider the rector of Bullingdon, with his glebe, his handsome house, almost hidden by rhododendrons and flowering shrubs, with the smoothest of lawns, the mellowest of peach-walls, and the snuggest of stables, as a prince of the church. The great and small tithes, taken together, made up a fat and comfortable income, equal to that of most deans. But this living had long been enjoyed by the Honorable and Rev. Cecil Dessy, D. D., and I knew that the old gentleman was still alive and hale.

"The benefice," resumed Mr. Richard Staunton, with a gentle sigh, "is not vacant. But Oakleigh Parva, fifteen miles from this, in the hill country, is mine to bestow, Mr. Thrump, the late incumbent, having accepted a colonial bishopric. The house is pretty good; the garden is a fair one; the duties—though I hardly know the amount of the population—are not onerous; and the stipend is four hundred and twenty, which Easter-offerings may—— I see you are impatient. Would it be worth your while to accept Oakleigh Parva?"

Worth my while! The room seemed to whirl round and round before my eyes, and I hardly know whether, in the excess of my surprise, I was not guilty of some very extravagant conduct. Consider, dear reader, I had but a hundred as curate of St. Mark's chapel of ease, and a wife and two children pining in shabby genteel poverty and failing health, and who was I to be indifferent to such a shower of gold, to such a sunbeam of prosperity! I think I was a little faint and giddy for a moment, for I remember Clara, crying herself, poor thing, but with tears of joy, loosening my neckcloth, while Jones—a good fellow, quite devoid of jealousy, and who was magnanimous enough not to grudge this wonderful windfall that had fallen into another's lap—patted me kindly on the shoulder, and wished me joy.

"There is one condition, and one only," said Mr. Staunton, when I had recovered my composure, "and that will not, I trust, appear a hard one. My nephew, Sir Frederick, as whose guardian it is my privilege to give away the living in question, is in delicate, almost feeble health, in spite of the very great care with which his excellent mother—of whom he has lately been bereaved—brought him up. He is a youth of very high promise, and of a gentle and engaging disposition, but perhaps over-sensitive, and requires regular study and cheerful quiet. In two years, as you are perhaps aware, he will come of age; but in the meantime it would be well that he should be prepared by tuition and example for the high position which he must ere long be called upon to fill."

How beautifully Mr. Richard Staunton spoke, not pompously in the least, but with a graceful stateliness quite bewitching. A most superior man! Even his face, which I had not, to own the truth, much liked at first sight, now seemed to me to wear the impress of every noble sentiment and candid virtue. He was my benefactor; I saw him with a golden aureola round his intelligent head; and his bright, restless eyes, sharp chin, and beetling brows, no longer inspired the vague dislike with which they had at first struck me. He went on to say that he should esteem it as a favor if I would take charge of the young heir, watch over him, read with him, and direct his studies. A horse, if I approved this proposition, was to be kept for the young man's use, and I was to receive for expenses, and my salary as tutor, two hundred and fifty pounds a year.

"In two years," Mr. "Harper," said the guardian, "your pupil—if you agree to my wish—will arrive at man's estate. He will owe a debt of gratitude to the kind care of Mrs. Harper and yourself, which the mere money-payments can never cancel. And who knows that old Dr. Dozy, who must be much beyond the allotted threescore and ten, cannot always hold the living of Bullingdon. But there is one stipulation—Oakleigh, though healthy, is bleak, and my nephew is accustomed to a more sheltered abode—his room, if you please, *must* have a south aspect, and be airy and large, with a good fireplace."

Of course we made no objection. If Mr. Staunton had stipulated that we should camp, gipsy fashion, in the woods about the vicarage, I believe Clara and I would have agreed, so eager were we to get away to this new Land of Promise. I could not but feel that the salary offered for my care of the young baronet was a liberal one, and I had not much doubt that I was a sufficiently good scholar to be his tutor, though I felt rather awkward as I mentioned, that of modern tongues I was almost wholy ignorant. My wife, too, was a little nervous at the idea of the responsibility we were about to incur, but the beneficent visitor gently ridiculed our scruples.

"Sir Frederick," said he, "has been for years abroad, with his mother, and is well advised in modern languages, but his classical education has been comparatively neglected. His studies in history, too, are probably somewhat backward; but it was the dying wish of my poor sister-in-law—a most excellent woman—that he should enter Parliament, and assume that position which belongs to the head of the Stauntons. And I am sure that Mrs. Harper, in spite of her youth, is the best of nurses in sickness, and——"

Just then in came the little maid with the tea-tray, and my wife looked a little confused and guilty at the sight of the thick bread and butter, the black tea-pot of Staffordshire make, and the mugs of milk and water for the children. But our guest put her at her ease by declaring himself tired and thirsty, and by asking, with a kind of gay deprecation, if I may use such a paradox, for a cup of tea. He had his cup of tea, praised its flavor, and accommodated himself amazingly well to the coarse brown sugar, and the dull, ten-spoons of German silver. During the meal he talked entertainingly, with the graceful ease of a man accustomed to good society, and yet sufficiently conversant with the world not to consider himself too good for it. The children were for the most part well behaved, and he talked to them with a kindness that made them look upon him as a benefactor. Before he had been half an hour in our room, he had contrived to make us feel that he was a man whom it was a pleasure to know, and that his station was not higher than our own only because we were all of the same kindly race. He talked of his nephew, the young baronet, with a mingled pride and tenderness that was very touching, and of his own boyhood, when he had been a fellow-student with the lad's father, and had shot and fished over the broad lands of Staunton Dene. He had been a great traveler, and had a store of anecdote and adventure, which he told with a quiet humor that was very delightful. He had been a great book-collector, and had a library at Staunton Dene, which was the pride of his heart, and he was a connoisseur in pictures, and had a gallery of paintings by the old masters, which he had purchased when abroad for a mere trifle, and which were now worth a fortune. He was a liberal patron to artists, and had a young sculptor then in his house, whom he was about to send to Rome at his own expense, because he had a wonderful genius, and his patron was a man who knew what genius was, and could afford to befriend it. He was a Tory, of the old school, but not a violent one, and he could see the good in his opponents, and was willing to do them justice. He was a magistrate and deputy-lieutenant, and had been high sheriff when his turn came, and had entertained the judges at his house, and was a man who had a place in his county, and was known and respected throughout it. He was a bachelor, and had been a gay man in his youth, but had never met with a woman he could love till he was past forty, and then the lady had married another man, and he had never cared to look for a second love. He was a Churchman, but not a bigot, and he could tolerate and even pity those who differed from him, and he was a man who had read and thought for himself on many points, and was not afraid to think that his pastor might be wrong in some things, and that he might be right in others. He was a man who had seen much of the world, and had profited by what he had seen, and who was not ashamed to own that he had been wrong in his youth, and that he was a better man at five-and-forty than he had been at five-and-twenty. He was a man who had his faults, and was not afraid to own that too, for he was a man who had been long enough in the world to see that his neighbors had their faults as well as he, and that it was a Christian duty to make the best of them. He was a man who had his sorrows, and had borne them like a man, and was not ashamed to own that he had wept when his mother had been laid in her coffin, for she had been a good woman, and her son was her only child, and she had died in her prime, and he was but a lad when she had died, and she had been very fair to look upon, and he was her only child, and she had died when he was far from her, and he was young and had been wild, and had wept bitterly when he had heard that she was dead, and had felt that he was alone in the world, and had been sorrowful and penitent for many days. He was a man who had a kind word for all, and a smile for most, and who was a welcome guest in every house in the country side, and who might have married twenty times if he had asked twenty women, but who had never found the woman he could love till he was past forty, and then she was married to another man, and he was a lonely bachelor, and had been a lonely bachelor for five years, and was a lonely bachelor still, but was not like to be lonely much longer, for he was a man who had been long enough in the world to know his own mind, and who had found out that life was but a lease at best, and that love was the sweetest thing in life, and that he had loved once, and could love still, and was not ashamed to own that he had loved a woman who had married another man, and who was a married woman still, and was the mother of children, and was a good woman, and a fair woman, and a woman who was a queen among her peers, and who was the prettiest creature he had ever seen, except one, and that was the woman he had loved long years before, and could not forget though she was married to another man