

# The Lancaster Intelligencer

"THAT COUNTRY IS THE MOST PROSPEROUS WHERE LABOR COMMANDS THE GREATEST REWARD."—BUCHANAN.

VOL. LIX.

LANCASTER CITY, PA., TUESDAY MORNING, MARCH 23, 1858.

NO. 10

## INTELLIGENCER & LANCASTERIAN.

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY, AT NO. 8 NORTH DUKES STREET, BY GEO. SANDERSON.

TERMS.—Two Dollars per annum, payable in advance. No subscription discontinued until all arrears are paid, unless at the option of the Editor. ADVERTISEMENTS.—Advertisements, not exceeding one square (12 lines), will be inserted three times for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for each additional insertion. Those of a greater length in proportion. For Penetration—Such as Hall's Pills, Posters, Pamphlets, Blank Labels, &c., executed with accuracy and at the shortest notice.

### NEVER SAY FAIL.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Keep pushing—'tis wiser  
Than sitting still;  
And waiting the tide;  
In life's earnest battle,  
They only prevail  
Who daily march onward  
And never say fail.  
With an eye ever open,  
A tongue that's not dumb,  
And a heart that will never  
Grow weary of hum,  
You'll battle and conquer,  
Though thousands assail;  
How strong and how mighty  
Who never say fail!  
Ahead, then, keep pushing,  
And elbow your way,  
Unheeding the envious,  
All eyes that stray;  
All enemies vanish,  
All enemies quit;  
In the night of their wisdom  
Who never say fail.  
In life's rocky morning,  
In manhood's fair pride,  
Let this be your motto  
Your footsteps to guide:  
In storm and in sunshine,  
Whatever assail,  
Will onward and conquer,  
And never say fail!  
For the Intelligencer.

### TO THE MEMORY OF A. V. G.

A scene in the lone, still chamber of death—  
Without, the wild wind fearfully sighing;  
Mid the solemn stillness each struggling breath  
Proclaims that the loved one is dying.  
By thy bedside through that bleak winter night,  
While others were sleeping, and the stars  
And the stars sent forth their clear, pearly light  
O'er the spot where dear ones were weeping.  
Stood the friends of thy youth, the young and fair,  
True friends who in life had esteemed thee;  
And there rose that one wild, earnest prayer  
To Him who by dying redeemed thee.  
On that morn from the east the sun's gentle rays  
Sped swift o'er his hilltop and mountain's  
Ere it sunk in the west, the notes of thy praise  
Were sung by the life-giving fountain.  
Vainly they wept by the side of thy bier,  
As slowly to the grave they bore thee;  
And sadly they mourned that loved ones so dear  
So soon should in grief bend o'er thee.  
Thy grave in the lone, distant burial ground,  
'Neath the silent monumental towers;  
And love's fair hand will give that sacred mound  
With spring's best gift, the fair sweet flowers.  
Thy spirit has fled to its saintly rest,  
Far distant from joys that are fleeting;  
Thy sorrowers are few, but the Savior's guests—  
The angels' sweet strain is thy greeting!

### MY ONLY ADVENTURE.

BY A DENTIST.

I am not ashamed to own that I once  
got a terrible fright.  
In my early days, I—like many of my  
profession—travelling from place to place,  
just remaining in each long enough to  
pocket all the spare cash the inhabitants  
were willing to expend on dental orna-  
ments. Sometimes I made a large town  
the centre of my operations, and remained  
in it for months, visiting the lesser ones  
in the neighborhood on stated days. It was  
in one of our largest manufacturing towns  
in the west of England that I met with the  
adventure I am going to give you.

I had been uncommonly successful, and  
had made a long stay in the place on that  
account—indeed, I had spent some months  
there when it happened. I had excellent  
lodgings, and occupied three apartments—  
a sitting room, and sort of reception room  
for patients, on the ground floor, and a  
first floor bedroom, all facing the street.  
I always worked in the last named apart-  
ment, and had the necessary tools and  
materials on a little bench near the win-  
dow. Here I generally took my station,  
and spent the time, from six or seven in  
the evening till midnight, as I was then  
less liable to interruption.

My apartments were all furnished with  
gas burners, and before winter set in, I  
added a gas stove to my bed room, and  
my working there might cause no needless  
trouble or expense to my landlady. One  
evening, being very busy, I sat later than  
usual, and when at length my task was  
done, I drew my chair close to the stove, and  
sat a half an hour reading before exting-  
guishing my light. You are aware that  
we made use of gas, and in consequence  
fastening artificial teeth, and in conse-  
quence of my numerous orders, I had been  
particularly well supplied with the precious  
metal in this form, ever since I came to the  
town. Moreover, I was by no means de-  
ficient in those pieces which bear a likeness  
of our most gracious sovereign. Being  
very weary, and intending to recommence  
my labors early in the morning, I did not  
trouble myself to put away my materials.  
But I was careful to examine the fastenings  
of my door; and this duty done, I  
extinguished the fire and light and got  
into bed.

I fell asleep almost instantly and had a  
somewhat ludicrous dream. I fancied my-  
self a keeper in the Zoological Gardens,  
which I had visited a few days before, and  
that whilst handing some food to my es-  
pecial charges (the bears), I overbalanced,  
and was just tumbling into the pit amongst  
the grizzly brutes when the shock awoke me.

Again I dozed off, but only to get  
amongst the bears once more. I thought  
a tremendous specimen, a perfect Ursa  
Major had just been purchased, and that  
me was entrusted the task of taming the  
monster.

No pleasant thing, even in a dream,  
particularly at that moment, and in the in-  
comprehensible manner only to be accom-  
plished in sleep, the scene shifted to my  
bed room, and I found myself standing in  
clothes, without any means of defence,  
against the ferocious creature advancing  
open-mouthed. I caught I leaped on my  
bench, seized the blind roller, and as he  
advanced, dealt a tremendous blow at him.  
But, alas! he eluded it with the dexterity  
of an accomplished fencer, and I, losing  
my balance, toppled head first to the

ground. The brute sprang upon me. He  
tugged and so did I—with might and main.  
I was getting the worst of it, when sud-  
denly recollecting that any sort of attack  
is lawful, and that one may be permitted  
to waive ceremony with a bear, I seized the  
creature's ear between my teeth and bit  
the piece completely out. He dropped me  
like a hot potato. The ludicrously painful  
howl, and the way in which he applied the  
paw just taken from my waist to his wound-  
ed ear, was too much.

I burst into a perfect roar of laughter,  
and so much noise did I make that it awoke me.

I was still laughing at this whimsical  
vision and wondering if it had any refer-  
ence to an apprentice who was to come  
under my care on the morrow, and who  
was truly as unsmooth a looking cub as any  
gentleman need have to look into shape,  
when I heard, not a ghost—these make no  
noise—but a sort of uneasy grunt, then a  
yawn, such as a person emits when dis-  
turbed from a sound sleep. I listened at-  
tentively, lying perfectly still, and, in a  
moment, distinctly felt something move  
below the bed. I knew no one could have  
entered after I laid down, as I am a light  
sleeper, and the door was too well secured  
to be opened without noise. I therefore  
felt sure they had been under the bed be-  
fore I commenced working, and, having  
fallen asleep, been awakened by the boister-  
ous laughter which had also dispelled my  
own dream.

What was I to do? I feared the mo-  
men I set foot on the floor I should be  
seized, and what could I—a little fellow,  
almost naked and unarmed—do against  
one, or perhaps more, doubtless prepared  
for a struggle?

Oddly enough, the remembrance of my  
dream gave me courage. I had loaded  
pistols in the room, and once out of bed,  
should be able to seize them in a moment.  
I resolved to leap out and secure them be-  
fore lighting the gas, since I, being as I  
presumed, better acquainted with the  
arrangement of the furniture, might man-  
age in the dark to elude my antagonist.  
These thoughts occupied but a few seconds.  
In a many more, the pistols were in my  
hands, and gas lighted. The intruder did  
not venture to appear, and the delay gave  
me courage. I boldly commanded that  
individual to advance and take the chance  
of a bullet. Something immediately be-  
gan to move, and I soon saw the cause of  
my alarm. What was it, think you? You  
ought to guess. I will tell you; it was a  
woman! I saw you are all beginning to  
laugh; and I suppose you think there is  
some long story in the case; and that a  
damsel, beautiful as a *Houri*, or a heroine  
—which is all the same—whom I had  
wooded only to betray, had concealed her-  
self there to reproach me with my broken  
vows, &c.

And wrong. The device a bit of romance  
is there in the whole affair. Had you seen  
the coarse, sullen, ill-favored woman who  
stood before me, wrapped in a dingy plaid  
shawl, you would not suspect such a thing;  
especially as you have seen a specimen of  
my taste in the shape of the lady who  
bears my name.

After all, the scene was dull enough.  
There stood I, shivering in my night habi-  
tudes, pistol in hand, ready to interrogate  
my visitor. She looked carving-knives in  
return; but not seeming in the least shock-  
ed at my scanty garments, though evident-  
ly desirous of turning her back both on  
them and on the wall. On looking up,  
I thought her features seemed familiar, and  
I recollected she had lived as servant in  
the house; but my landlady, suspecting  
her of dishonesty, discharged her shortly  
after my arrival.

I was about to question her, but think-  
ing it advisable to have a witness I com-  
manded her to remain where she was, and  
insured her obedience by locking the door.  
I roused the family, and as I was return-  
ing to my prison, I heard my bed-room  
window hastily closed. "Ah!" I thought I,  
"you are all right there for staying when  
you are; for the window is strongly barred."  
On being interrogated, she said that my  
landlady, Mrs. Wingate, had forbidden her  
coming to the house; but being friendly  
with the other servant she returned to visit  
her.

Whilst talking in the kitchen, she  
heard the mistress approaching, and, fear-  
ing discovery, stole up stairs, crept into  
my room, and hid herself below the bed,  
intending to leave the house when all was  
quiet. My early entrance cut off her es-  
cape, and she supposed she had fallen  
asleep, as she remembered nothing more  
till aroused by a loud fit of laughter.—  
This seemed plausible enough, and but  
for the sequel would have passed off very  
well. But as we were about to dismiss  
her, with a caution not to repeat her visit,  
the door bell rang, and we found a police-  
man waiting for admittance. He stated,  
that passing a short time before, he ob-  
served one of the front windows hastily  
opened. Something was thrown out, and  
then it was as quickly shut. After a short  
search he found a very large and sharp  
Spanish knife, which, he presumed, was  
the article thrown from the window. He  
also observed two fellows of suspicious  
appearance loitering about the place, and  
discovered them to be father and son—  
men of bad character—who got a good  
looking nobody knew how. He had warned  
the mother, and returned to see if anything  
were amiss in the house.

On being informed of my visitor and her  
tale, he expressed a wish to see her, and  
at once recognized her as the daughter of  
the elder, and sister of the younger, man  
he had dismissed.

Instead of liberating the woman as we  
thought of doing, we now deemed it pru-  
dent to give her into custody. No one  
present at her examination entertained the  
slightest doubt that, during the short time  
she was in Mrs. Wingate's house, after  
becoming an inmate of it, she had remarked  
the mother's I used, and that a regular  
plan had been organized to rob, and, per-  
haps, murder me.

Three years longer in the place, and be-  
fore I left I heard many accounts of threats  
which the woman's male relatives had  
uttered against me, for casting suspicion  
on innocent (?) people. I had probably  
injured their business; for I fancy, after  
what had occurred, few parties would have  
been willing to employ my nocturnal vis-  
itor in their houses.

During my former stay, I made many  
agreeable acquaintances, and now—I be-  
lieve—near Christmas—received many in-  
vitations to supper parties, etc., which I  
fancy were not the less numerous because  
I was still a bachelor.

On Christmas eve I accepted one, to  
spend it with a friend at his father's house,  
where there was a very large and charming  
family of sons and daughters. The father  
was a fine, jovial old fellow, and the moth-  
er a very cheerful, but even tempered,  
gentle soul, who alone could bring up such  
girls as hers. We had a glorious evening.

All sorts of joyous Christmas fun was  
carried on, and I kissed pretty girls under  
the mistletoe, until either through the  
exercise, or with quenching the thirst it  
excited, I became slightly elevated. I was  
to dine there the next day, and my friends  
would have persuaded me to stay all night;  
but I was determined to return to my  
lodgings, as I knew Mrs. Wingate would  
sit up for me. It was past midnight, when  
I bade my kind entertainers  
goodnight, and with a hasty, but not  
too steady step, set out on my homeward  
journey.

I was soon at home and in bed. Mrs.  
Wingate had more than once laughed at  
me about the old figure I put on the occa-  
sion of my old adventure. She had also in-  
formed me that the two men who had per-  
formed the *street part*, had been since de-  
tected whilst attempting to commit a bur-  
glary, and imprisoned for twelve months,  
but were now at liberty. The good lady  
manifested no small uneasiness on my ac-  
count, and cautioned me to be very careful  
not to give them an opportunity of execut-  
ing their threats of vengeance against me.

Her evident timidity and anxiety only  
excited my mirth, but I was, nevertheless,  
careful to examine the fastenings of my  
door, and always both locked and bolted  
it.

When I reached my lodgings on Christ-  
mas eve, I was, as I said, a little elevated,  
and, contrary to my usual custom, on get-  
ting into bed, I could not sleep.

I began to think over the amusements  
of the evening, criticising the fair faces I  
had been so close to, wishing I had such a  
cheerful home—speaking as to my  
chance of success in the event of my ask-  
ing one of the said fair damsels to part  
with her name in favor of mine, and thank-  
ing my stars, that at any rate, I should be  
a guest in the same place on the morrow.

The clock struck two, and found my  
thoughts still busy;—but a sudden check  
was given to the current of my ideas.

I heard a grating sound, and then felt  
certain some one was moving stealthily up  
the kitchen stairs. At first I was a little  
alarmed, imagining thieves were in the  
house, and then—pshaw! thought I, Mrs.  
Wingate has been sitting up later than  
usual, I finish her Christmas pudding.—  
It is rather singular that my former ad-  
venture did not enter my mind; though it  
had occurred in that very spot.

I listened again. The footsteps were  
certainly audible, close to my room door—  
a hand was on the lock—it turned—it was  
being steered along the floor of my apart-  
ment—I became sensible of the presence  
of two persons—and now I felt the horrors  
of my situation. Every iota of what had  
formerly happened there, the menaces of  
the two fellows who had then, doubtless,  
been disappointed of their prey, and the  
thought of my own powerlessness nearly  
drove me mad.

Fool, idiot that I was—I had in my tip-  
sily folly refused the cordial invitation of  
the lady, and now I was in a bad way.  
I would have secured me from all danger,  
and had neglected the precaution of secur-  
ing the door of my room, almost for the  
first time in my life within my recollection.  
I became aware of a dim light; and, par-  
tially opening my eyes, I perceived two  
rascals fumbling about a lantern.

I am not ashamed to own I was perfectly  
paralyzed with terror, and utterly incap-  
able of doing anything—indeed, what could  
I do? I saw them remove the candle from  
the lantern, and convert my instand into a  
candlestick. One proposed lighting the  
gas, but the other objected, that if dis-  
turbed, he might be flurried, and turn it  
the wrong way. They then, with singular  
quickness and dexterity, ransacked my  
desk and cases which they opened by  
means of skeleton keys. This done, the  
younger suggested with an oath, that they  
should *finish him*.

He approached my bed, drew aside the  
curtains, and, though I durst not look, I  
felt was gazing in my face. Again he  
turned aside, and fumbled in his pocket,  
as if in search for something.

I had all along hoped that by feigning  
sleep I might escape; for I knew, should a  
struggle ensue, I could not escape unin-  
jured. While he was feeling in my pockets,  
I could not help stealing my hand up to  
my throat, thinking, at the same time, how  
little chance there was that it would again  
be used as a vehicle for Christmas cheer.  
Guess my horror, if you can, when the elder  
sneaked in, in an impatient tone, bade his  
son "make haste, if he meant to do it, and  
not keep him waiting there all night."

The young man tumbled over the articles  
that had been displaced in their search for  
plunder, and not finding what he sought,  
inquired, with another oath, what his father  
had done with the knife. At first, the  
latter seemed puzzled, and then informed  
his son, with an equally elegant expre-  
sion, that he had left it on the pantry shelf  
down below.

The young, bitterly cursing him for a  
greedy fool, who must begin to eat before  
the deed was done, bade him fetch it.

"Yes, a pretty thing; fire, kick up a  
row, and be scragged for it—that would  
pay nicely. Fetch the knife and have no  
more jaw; or we shall wake the chap in-  
stead of sending him up quietly to spend  
his Christmas in heaven without any in-  
vitation." He chuckled, and the old fellow  
seemed equally delighted at his son's wit;  
then, taking up the candle, went off to  
fetch the knife.

All their motions had been so noiselessly  
performed, and the conversation carried on  
in a tone so wonderfully clear, though low,  
that I was astonished at the perfection they  
had attained in their horrid craft. During  
the father's absence the son was not idle.  
He actually loosened the collar of my shirt  
and then stood quietly awaiting the other's  
return.

You could never imagine, unless placed  
in similar circumstances, what a multitude  
of brief minutes. I vainly believe that  
every Christmas, with its accompaniments  
of fun and feasting at which I had assisted  
since I was the height of the table, was  
reviewed in turn. Then I thought of the  
morrow, and the fair girls I had left, and  
how, an hour before, I was full of hope that  
another Christmas came round, I should  
call one my own. Still I found time for  
earnest prayer, and to think of all sorts of  
expedients to escape my impending fate.  
Once I fancied, now there was only one to  
be content with, I might do something; but  
I thought of the muscullar hand of the  
moment would cause my instant destruction.  
Indeed, I have often wondered that the  
fellow did not strangle me in his impa-  
tience. How bitterly did I reproach my-  
self for not raising an alarm when the  
footsteps first became audible.

At length, the fellow fairly gnashed his  
teeth with rage, and uttering a smothered  
exclamation of "Hang the tipping beast,  
he's at that wine again!" he also left the  
apartment to recall his truant parent, and  
fetch the implement of murder.

Now was my time, and you may believe  
I lost none. The instant he left the room,  
I was on my feet; noiselessly I approached  
the door, dashed it to, turned the key, shot  
the bolt, lighted the gas, and once more I  
stood, my heart ready to leap right into  
throat with joy and thankfulness, with my  
trustworthy pistols in my hand.

There was no chance of their re-entering  
for their skeleton keys lay on my table,  
and every article of plunder was there also;  
for intending to return, they had not con-  
sidered it from the room.

I must have done enough from the window;  
my hostess and her daughter, now aroused,  
joined in the chorus, and soon, at the head  
of a host of alarmed neighbors and a couple  
of policemen, we searched the house from  
top to bottom. One of the men I knew  
had left the premises, as I heard him dash  
over the area railings, and down the street;  
but the elder ruffian we discovered, stupidly  
drunk, in the cellar, the danger of his posi-  
tion not having sufficed to prevent his in-  
dulging his favorite propensity when tem-  
ptation was so strong.

We found they had gained admittance  
by cutting away the zinc from the pantry  
window, their skeleton keys having made  
the rest easy.

Bill, the younger ruffian, was too well  
known to escape detection. He was cap-  
tured in a few hours, and both he and his  
father eventually obtained a free passage  
to a distant land in a vessel provided for  
that purpose by Her Most Gracious Majes-  
ty.

The affair made a prodigious sensation,  
and became the lion of all the Christmas  
parties that year; and the extraordinary  
sympathy manifested by a certain fair in-  
dividual at the recital of my story, brought  
about a most satisfactory explanation. My  
next Christmas dinner was eaten in my  
own home, with her as its mistress.

I have often blessed my stars that good  
Mrs. Wingate was not a member of the  
Anti-Slavery Society; for had it not  
been for the liberal replenishing her cellar,  
underwent a few days before Christmas, in  
readiness for the sons and daughters who  
were to gather around her celebrate in her  
house that true home festival, my throat  
would have been in no condition to perform  
its functions when that time arrived.

Well, about six months after Driggs  
had set the example he meant I should  
follow, I met him in Broadway, (for we  
both had settled in New York,) with a lady  
on each arm, and looking for all the world  
like a steam-tug being towed down stream  
(in reversal of the usual order) by two lit-  
tle yachts. "Yacht No. 1," said I to my-  
self, "is evidently Mrs. Driggs. What a  
luck some people have in this world!"

What could she have seen in Driggs? I  
probed neither her exterior rig; she looked  
too much like a snail. I had just got  
the ridiculous idea of a snail in my head,  
when I came full upon the party, and  
hailing Driggs, I asked him where he was  
bound, and how he happened to be under  
such charming convoy? The result was,  
an immediate introduction all round, one  
of the ladies turning out, as I had sup-  
posed, to be my friend's wife, and the  
other her sister, Miss Thorp.

"Will you join us?" said Driggs, "we  
are going to take an ice cream."

Nothing, of course, would give me  
greater pleasure; so I offered my arm at  
once to Miss Thorp, though not without a  
look at her sister, who said plainly  
enough that I had no choice in the matter  
else, etc., and in a few moments we were  
at Maillard's, where we spent nearly an  
hour—my friend Driggs in such unusual  
spirits that twice he positively smiled, and  
I the unhappiest and awkward of mortals.  
The only moment I enjoyed was that  
in congratulating my old classmate,  
and consequently complimenting his wife,  
who looked—well, if I must say it, looked  
divinely. But my chief attention had to  
be paid to Miss Thorp, whom I decided at  
once to be very pert, though matter-of-fact  
and, in a word—under the circumstances—  
a very great bore. Still, I departed  
myself gallantly to her, spilled one spoonful  
of cream upon her dress, and doubtless  
gave her the idea that she had made a  
very favorable impression. Ice cream fin-  
ished, conversation run out, and the hour  
getting late we separated, and Driggs in-  
vited me to come the next day and dine  
with him, the invitation being cordially  
seconded and thirded by the ladies.

Now, was ever a man in such a bad  
fix? I was positively in love with Mrs.  
Driggs! In love with my friend's wife!  
I had never seen a woman who came so  
near to my ideal. She had all the bloom  
of the country and all the grace of the  
city. She was intelligent, refined, and I  
had no doubt accomplished. Her hands,  
to be sure, were rather large, but their  
whiteness was ravishing. And then, too,  
what a neck, and what teeth! Such ex-  
pression, too! Her smile, instead of being

whatever he undertook he accomplished.  
You could no more move him than you  
could move a mountain, but he would move  
you, or anybody, or anything, at will.—  
How he did it, no one knows, but there  
was no resisting him. He asked nothing,  
and got everything. He came upon you  
when he had an object to gain (as he gen-  
erally had) unarmingly, and without ob-  
servation, and moved readily on as though  
drawn by a million or two of snails, who  
couldn't be hurried on any account what-  
ever; but on the other hand he couldn't  
be stopped, and carried everything along  
with him. One day he resolved to marry.  
He went to a farm-house, told the farmer  
he wanted his daughter, told the same  
thing in the course of his conversation to  
the daughter herself, and the next week  
he came in a one-horse chaise, took the  
young woman to church, and got the min-  
ister, after sermon, to marry him to her,  
which of course the minister did, without  
asking a question; he would as soon have  
questioned his off-deacon.

As Driggs "never told his love," or  
anything else, for that matter, his friends  
found out that he was married by reading  
the announcement in that beastly corner  
of a village newspaper decorated (very ap-  
propriately) with a transfixed hen. None  
of us were surprised, for nothing that he  
could have done would have surprised any  
body. We all thought we should like to  
have seen the courtship. He managed the  
matter in his own way. He didn't "pop"  
the question like an impulsive lover, but  
proposed it like a cool-headed lawyer;  
and the poor girl doubtless said "Yes,"  
because no mortal could have met that  
stolid face of his with a "No!"—said  
"Yes," and the one and a half (I repeat  
the idea of the equality of the sexes) were  
forthwith made one—and that one Joseph  
Driggs.

Now Driggs had an affection for me,  
and a devotion which nothing could shake  
—not even sitting up with me a fortnight  
when I had the chills and fever. It was  
his firm belief that I couldn't take care of  
myself, and that he was my special provi-  
dence. He was resolved, therefore, what-  
ever happened, to "put me through"—not  
that he ever used so fast an expression,  
but that was his idea, to put me through.  
Being the exact opposite of himself, he  
took, or, as Fanny Kemble would say, *col-  
tured* me. He was the best scholar in  
our class, and helped me through all my  
troubles, though in such a droll way as to  
make me half suspect that I was helping  
him; in fact, I got the credit of so doing.

Though I don't remember ever having  
helped him in any way except through an  
occasional dinner. And having seen me  
safely through college, he determined to  
see me safely through life. Indeed, I  
found out the other day that he had actu-  
ally secured a place for me at Greenwood,  
and had composed my epitaph.

Now a part of his plan, it seems, was  
that I should marry, but understanding  
the weak point in my character, he knew  
very well that I should never fall in love  
with any woman whom I was at liberty to  
choose, though he gave full credit to my  
sensitiveness, (another weak point), to fe-  
male charms. Unfortunately, I had always  
found those women most charming who  
were married, at any rate engaged.

The question was, how to obviate this difficulty,  
for marry I must, if I had to be chloro-  
formed into it. It is needless to say that  
this resolution on the part of my friend  
was never even suspected by myself, else  
I had surely been felled, and Miss  
Crawfish had not rejoiced in Mrs. Driggs.  
Crawfish! In fact, though he was always  
speaking to me about my future, he had  
never once alluded to marriage. I often  
led him up to the subject, but he didn't  
appear to like the look of it; it was like  
leading a horse, that had just been drink-  
ing to a spring; he would glance at it,  
pause for a moment, and then turn his  
long head round at me, (very horse-like,  
that), as who should say, "How stupid you  
are!"

Well, about six months after Driggs  
had set the example he meant I should  
follow, I met him in Broadway, (for we  
both had settled in New York,) with a lady  
on each arm, and looking for all the world  
like a steam-tug being towed down stream  
(in reversal of the usual order) by two lit-  
tle yachts. "Yacht No. 1," said I to my-  
self, "is evidently Mrs. Driggs. What a  
luck some people have in this world!"

What could she have seen in Driggs? I  
probed neither her exterior rig; she looked  
too much like a snail. I had just got  
the ridiculous idea of a snail in my head,  
when I came full upon the party, and  
hailing Driggs, I asked him where he was  
bound, and how he happened to be under  
such charming convoy? The result was,  
an immediate introduction all round, one  
of the ladies turning out, as I had sup-  
posed, to be my friend's wife, and the  
other her sister, Miss Thorp.

"Will you join us?" said Driggs, "we  
are going to take an ice cream."

Nothing, of course, would give me  
greater pleasure; so I offered my arm at  
once to Miss Thorp, though not without a  
look at her sister, who said plainly  
enough that I had no choice in the matter  
else, etc., and in a few moments we were  
at Maillard's, where we spent nearly an  
hour—my friend Driggs in such unusual  
spirits that twice he positively smiled, and  
I the unhappiest and awkward of mortals.  
The only moment I enjoyed was that  
in congratulating my old classmate,  
and consequently complimenting his wife,  
who looked—well, if I must say it, looked  
divinely. But my chief attention had to  
be paid to Miss Thorp, whom I decided at  
once to be very pert, though matter-of-fact  
and, in a word—under the circumstances—  
a very great bore. Still, I departed  
myself gallantly to her, spilled one spoonful  
of cream upon her dress, and doubtless  
gave her the idea that she had made a  
very favorable impression. Ice cream fin-  
ished, conversation run out, and the hour  
getting late we separated, and Driggs in-  
vited me to come the next day and dine  
with him, the invitation being cordially  
seconded and thirded by the ladies.

Now, was ever a man in such a bad  
fix? I was positively in love with Mrs.  
Driggs! In love with my friend's wife!  
I had never seen a woman who came so  
near to my ideal. She had all the bloom  
of the country and all the grace of the  
city. She was intelligent, refined, and I  
had no doubt accomplished. Her hands,  
to be sure, were rather large, but their  
whiteness was ravishing. And then, too,  
what a neck, and what teeth! Such ex-  
pression, too! Her smile, instead of being

confined to her lips, indeed, eye and lip,  
brow and cheek, all contributed to it, and  
when it grew more and more animated,  
until at last it broke out into clear ringing  
laughter, why, it seems as if her happy  
soul, no longer able to contain itself, had  
broken loose and flooded her whole coun-  
tenance!

For Miss Thorp, I hardly gave her a  
thought. I really had not noticed her  
enough to know the color of her eyes. I  
don't believe I looked her fair in the face  
once the whole evening. The idea that  
she was single, perhaps, and that per-  
haps my friend Driggs imagined "she  
would do for me," prevented my taking  
the least interest in her. The only feeling  
that I had in respect to her was that she  
ought to have been Mrs. Driggs, and that  
Mrs. Driggs ought to have been Mrs.  
Crawfish; and I pitched into the Fates  
that it was not so. What right had Driggs,  
a dull, slow, unromantic creature, to marry  
an angelic, seraphic being like Kate Thorp?

Who would dare to talk to me, after this,  
about matches being made in Heaven!  
Twice I wrote to my friend, pretending  
that circumstances—circumstances—over  
which I had no control—would deprive me  
of the pleasure of dining with him, but  
in neither instance had the resolution to  
send it. The fact is, I was con-  
science-stricken. Suppose a second  
love of Mrs. Driggs should make me  
love her still more—should "feed my  
guilty passion," as the novelists say.  
But was it my fault that I loved her  
the moment I saw her? Didn't Driggs  
probably do the same thing? Again; if I  
am so made that a certain combination of  
features, a certain air, a certain foun-  
tain, make-up, in fine, a certain style of woman  
sets my heart on fire, am I to blame for it?  
To all which questions replied, "Fool that  
you are, do you not know that you love  
that woman only because you know  
she is another's? That if she were single  
and attainable you would not, perhaps, de-  
cide to look at her? That in truth her beauty  
had nothing to do with the matter, and  
you had ought to cure yourself of this terri-  
ble propensity of coveting what is ano-  
ther's?" But I appealed to conscience to  
answer me if Mrs. Driggs was not the most  
beautiful of women? If Driggs himself  
did not introduce me, etc. But it was no  
use; the little monitor stuck to its text,  
and I stuck to mine—and went to Driggs'  
dinner.

To tell all that passed that afternoon  
and evening would require a three volume  
novel. Driggs shown as he had never  
shown before, and he seemed to be the  
happiest man in the world. Why should  
he not be, I asked, with such a wife? After  
coffee had been sipped, I had heard Mrs.  
Lind and Miss Gris, but what were they to  
Mrs. Driggs? I verily believe she would  
have sung either of them off the stage.—  
Miss Thorp sang also; but to be frank, I  
took her powers for granted, and retired  
to the other parlor with Mrs. Driggs. And  
there for hours (so the clock said, but it  
seemed interminable, besides being improper)  
we talked about every imaginable subject  
about the weather, the country, the  
city, about the opera, the fashions, the last  
novel, about poetry, and sentiment,  
and love—until at last one of my hands,  
without the slightest consciousness on my  
part (*parole d'honneur*) had slipped  
into hers, and the other I verily believe  
was about to clasp her to my heart, when  
in came—Driggs! My hands were trans-  
ferred to my pockets in a second, and I  
shrunk from my friend as if I had been  
stealing his silver. I had not said a word  
to his wife (so at least she told me) since  
I was not perfectly proper, but I felt  
as if I was the blackest villain in the world.  
Judge, however, of the State of my brain,  
of my utter bewilderment, when  
stepped to the window to hide my emo-  
tion—or to jump