# THE COLUMBIA SPY.

$1 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.] AND LANCASTER AND YORK COUNTY RECORD. [$1,50 AT SIX MONTHS.

NEW SERIES, VOL. 1, NO. 32.] COLUMBIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1848. [WHOLE NUMBER, 923.

**WESTBROOK & SPANGLER,**
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

*Printing Office*—Front Street, opposite Barr's Hotel
*Publication Office*—Locust Street, opposite the P. O.

TERMS.—The COLUMBIA SPY is published every Saturday morning at the low price of ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE, or one dollar and fifty cents, if not paid within one month of the time of subscribing. Single copies, THREE CENTS.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING—Advertisements not exceeding a square three times for $1, and 25 cents for each additional insertion. Those of a greater length in proportion. ☞A liberal discount made to yearly advertisers.


## An Enigma.

The enigma following was published in the Analectic Magazine for May, 1815. He who copies it has never met with its solution, and would be happy to know it, if any kind reader of this paper will enlighten him:

It be true, as some folks say,
"Honor depends on pedigree,"
Then all stand by—and clear the way
Ye sons of heroes inured of yore.
And you the sons of old Gleadower—
And let me have my play.

And ye, who boast from ages dark
A pedigree from Noah's ark,
Painted on parchment nice—
I'm older still, for I was there,
A first of all I did appear
With Eve in Paradise.

And I was Adam Adam I,
And I was Eve, and Eve was I,
In spite of wind or weather—
Eat mark me—Adam was not I,
Neither was Mrs. Adam I,
Unless they were together.

Suppose then Eve and Adam talking,
With all my heart—but were they walking,
There ends all simple—
For I have tongue and often talk,
And legs too, yet who e'er I walk
That puts an end to me

Not such an end but that I've breath,
The return to such a kind of death
I make but small objection—
For soon again I come to view,
And though a Christian yet 'tis true
I die by resurrection

## Select Stories.

### THE GRAND HOUSE IN OUR VILLAGE.

BY CLARENCE ATWELL.

Our village is situated in a beautiful valley. This valley is about a mile in length, and varies from a half to three quarters of a mile in breadth. It is fenced round with an irregular line of hills, which is broken in three places, where the principal roads pass. On the western side, there is no outlet, and here, the continuous fence of hills is very steep. From this direction, the more scheming people of the valley expect a railroad will come, some day; and, at times, they get so warm with this expectation, as to enjoy the fame of the tunnel through their hill. The south end of the valley is open to a distant view of the sea.

The scenery is enchanting. In spring and summer, it is brim full of the spirit of delicious dreams. Our people are noted for their purity of manners, and their good schools. But they are too busy to dream much. They are, generally, honest, quiet folks, who till the earth, make butter and cheese, and abhor all sorts of "aristocracy."

"A few springs ago, the ordinary quiet of the village was somewhat disturbed, by the arrival of new inhabitants. Such an event is always a godsend for the gossips of any country village; but, in the present case, the excitement was unusual, for the new-comers arrived with an imposing equipage, and very plainly assumed to be of no ordinary consequence.

Mr. Jonas Harding was a "retiring merchant." He was a great man, in his own estimation, because he was rich, and he had come to play the nabob in a country village. While putting on the giant's mantle, he doubted not that the giant's power was beneath it. Perhaps he had never heard, that the giant's mantle did not contain the whole virtue of the giant's greatness. He was sure the simple villagers would treat him with great reverence. They would at once elect him to all the chief offices. He should become a judge. That country district would immediately send him to Congress. Mr. Harding's good qualities had never had fair play. While acquiring money, he had failed to acquire intelligence or refinement. His good qualities were like sick trout in a frog pond. He knew nothing beyond the arts by which he had made money; and his lofty ignorance was; none the less unlovely for being set up to view, in the temple of pride, on a golden pedestal.

Mrs. Harding was a "lady," born and bred; that is to say, she was born in the city, and grew to womanhood under the care of a mother, who had kept her eyes turned toward the circles of extreme fashion, as to the summits of the delectable mountains, or the bowers of Paradise. She had married Mr. Harding because he was rich, and because, after manœuvring ten years, she despaired of doing better. She had flirted with dandies, and waltzed with whiskered foreigners; she had repeatedly visited the springs for her health; she had spent two winters in Washington; she had dressed, and sighed, and done her best to be sentimental: but all in vain. When she stood at the marriage altar, her strongest emotion was resentment against fate. Why, she had believed a god would come in a cloud of ambrosial things, from the heaven to which her eyes had been turned so anxiously, and bear her away, swooning with rapture on his bosom; and, now, to have caught only this Jonas Harding! But he was very rich. That was something; and, with commendable philosophy, she resolved to make the best of it. Mr. Harding, who had never succeeded well as a dandy, reverenced her as a "finished lady;" and she had spirit and tact enough, not only to have her own way, but, also, to govern him when she choose to do it.

They had three children, two daughters and a son. This son did not come with them to Elmvale. He was then in college, where his father had placed him, guided partly by some vague notions of learning, as a genteel accomplishment, though chiefly by the mother's persuasion that her son was a genius.

Mr. Henri Alphonse Jules Fitzwilliam Howard Harding resembled his mother in person, as well as in some qualities of mind. Before he was able to speak, she had discovered in him the indications of wonderful talents. As he grew older, she saw these indications more clearly; and, in talking the matter over with her confidential friends, often regretted that Mr. Harding was not an English nobleman, that her son's future career, assisted by a title, might be as dazzling as Byron's. You smile, perhaps; but she was never more sincere.

The new inhabitants were at length fully established in their "grand house," as the people of the village named it; but the airs they displayed in their intercourse with their neighbors, began to win them anything but warm-hearted respect. If Mr. Harding and his family had been wise enough to place themselves in true relations with the people around them, they might have found, in this charming village, some of the purest and richest enjoyments of life. What means did their wealth offer, for all the beautiful ministries of good will! But they came on purpose to assume a false relation; and their appearance in the place was like the breaking out of a cancer. The social health was disturbed.—They failed to bless themselves, while they occasioned much that was unlovely in others.

In the latter part of the summer, the family at the grand house invited the few of our people on whom they deigned to cast a glance, half-patronizing, half-social, to meet their son, on his arrival from college. This event occasioned no little gossip, and no small flutter in the minds of several young ladies who were invited. Miss Sophia Green had become acquainted with the Misses Harding, and pretended to an intimacy with them. Sophia's weak mother was predisposed to the social disease of the new neighbors, and had, of late, frequently found occasion to observe that her husband was a justice of the peace, and the owner of two farms. She began to add also, that her uncle Stevens was very wealthy. Miss Sophia dressed herself for the party with great care, thinking, the while, that Mr. Henri's sisters would surely prepare him to make her the chief object of his attention.

Meanwhile, let us turn our attention elsewhere. A small river winds through this valley. Up this stream, nearly half a mile from the meeting-house, and some forty rods from the road, there is a kind of bower, formed of luxuriant grape-vines, and a high rock. While Miss Sophia was at her mirror, arranging her pretty face, an over-dressed young man might have been seen walking down the stream toward this bower. He had just left a carriage, which was now passing on to the village.—This was the expected son. He had left the carriage, with the consciousness of his genius, which, on his arrival, he presumed, should vindicate itself by getting enchanted with the scenery of the place, which he had been told was very beautiful.

He walked on, thinking of eyes in 'fine frenzy rolling,' and trying to work his own eyes up to this frenzy movement, until he came to the bower.—Here, he had a vision, which suddenly changed his mood, and woke an interest, in which there was not the slightest tinge of affection.

He beheld a young maiden, reclined in the shade of the grape-vines, and occupied with a book. Her bonnet lay on the grass, and her glossy brown hair hung in ringlets about her shoulders. She and the foliage together, seemed like a picture, just starting and softening into life. Her form, her attitude, her whole appearance was enough to change the mood of a wiser man. His quiet approach had not drawn her attention, and for some minutes, he stood gazing at her, as if enchanted. With a quick blush, she snatched her bonnet and started to her feet.

Whatever may have been the ordinary tone of Henri's manners, a sudden fascination, as if he felt the power of a superior being, now gave to his manner the appearance of timid and delicate respect. He introduced himself, and asked permission to walk with the young lady to the village.—This short walk increased the spell. She was a beautiful creature, and he had never before seen a face that had more of the indescribable witchery that springs from unconscious beauty of intellect, blended with artless modesty, and spontaneous self-respect; a witchery which may be lost but can never be imitated, or manufactured at the toilet.—Henri ventured to ask what book she had been reading.

'Spencer's Faerie Queen,' she replied.

'Spencer's Faerie Queen!' he echoed, 'Oh, I have seen that book. It is in the library of our Society; I must take it out and read it next term. Let me see. It is about the heavenly Una, and her milk white lamb. Wasn't she a shepherdess? and didn't a great prince fall in love with her? and didn't he finally marry her, and become a shepherd, and raise a flock of sheep from her lamb?"

Henri's genius had undertaken the story. The maiden was silent. In fact, she struggled to repress a burst of laughter. She was a strange girl, after all. She could not well prevent his walking with her to the village; but somehow he felt himself unequal to the familiarity of asking her name. He could not get a step beyond that dissertation on the Faerie Queen.

Henri reached home so full of his adventure, that he forgot to be cordial in his greetings. At evening when the company began to appear, he watched every arrival, but the beautiful girl did not come.

He was vexed, and, turning to his mother, asked,

'Are they all here?'

'Yes, all we invited. Some of these, perhaps, ought to have been left out. But the best of them are really so barbarous, that any selection is almost intolerable.'

'There are better people in the village.'

'No, I have invited the very best.'

'I tell you, there are better people here than any you have invited.'

Henri's mood did not contribute to enliven the party. He did not fascinate the visitors. They generally thought what the physician's wife said: 'He is just like the rest of them.'

But Henri had condescended to converse with Sophia Green, fifteen minutes; and during that time, said some things that nearly turned her head. She had asked, with what she thought the most lady-like modulation of voice imaginable,—

'How do you like our village, Mr. Harding?'

'Oh, it is a gorgeous place! Romantic trees! Splendid hills! Glorious rocks! and I have found here the most glorious girl I ever saw.'

'Indeed! she will be proud of your admiration. What is her name? or is that a secret?'

'I cannot tell her name now; but I shall remember her as long as I live.'

Sophia took all this to herself; and lay awake half the night, thinking how fine it would be to marry Henri, and live like the people at the grand house. What would her companions say? She went so far as to settle in her mind how to demean herself, and what to say, when introduced to his fashionable acquaintances in New York. And she would go to Europe with him; for his sisters had said it was fashionable to finish a bridal by travelling in Europe.

The next three or four days, Henri spent in the fields near the bower. He sought another meeting with the unknown beauty; but she came not. Once, he thought he saw her go from the bower, and pass quickly among the trees toward the village. The truth was, this bower was her favorite haunt, where she was accustomed to spend leisure hours in delightful converse with books. But she had observed his movements, and chose not to meet him again.

He said a few words to his mother and sisters, of the vision of the bower; but they assured him, that she must have been some transient visitor in the place. He was vexed and sullen. His manners at home were quite rude; but his mother explained all, by whispering to his sisters, that he was undoubtedly at work in secret, on a great poem. She added, that his eyes were dreamy and *spirituel*, and his hair and shirt-colar more intensely poetical than she had seen them.

One Sunday morning, he sat by the window, watching the street, with his mother and sisters. The people were passing to church. At length, three young ladies passed together on the opposite side. Henri saw them, and exclaimed,

'There she is! my soul! there she is! Look! mother, look! Estelle, who is she?'

'What do you mean?' said his mother.

'There she goes! That is the girl I met the day I came home. What is her name? She with the straw bonnet?"

The ladies burst into a laugh. 'The girl with the straw bonnet? Why, you simpleton, her mother is an old woman, who lives by the river, and takes in washing.'

'No, no,—I mean that splendid creature farthest from us.'

'That splendid creature! Is the boy a fool?' and the mother's voice growled.

'There! she looks round! My soul, what eyes! Why don't you tell me her name?'

'We have not had the honor of an introduction to her,' sneered Estelle.

Henri hastened to church; with some of the people he was already acquainted. In the course of the day, he learned that the maiden's name was Jane Lee. His eagerness, his talk about Jane, and his inquiries were all reported. The next day every tongue was in motion. Some said Jane had won a great prize; some thought Henri was most certainly the very softest of fools; some hoped Jane would 'keep that fellow at a distance!' Miss Sophia wondered what he could see in 'that girl;' Jane kept closely at home, and said nothing; Mrs. Lee was indignant at the 'ill-mannered fellow;' and when Henri called on her, she sent him away, with the assurance that she had no desire to become acquainted with him.

At the 'grand house,' there was something like a whirlwind, a thunder-storm, and an earthquake, all together. Henri vowed he would marry the girl, as soon as he left college. Estelle scowled and mocked; his mother wept, declaimed and cursed; his father smoked cigars, and threatened to disinherit him.

But Mr. Harding finally suggested, that boys would be a little wild. 'Henri cannot be persuaded to marry that low girl,' he said; 'boys don't always have marriage in view, when they run after pretty faces.'

'I hope it is so,' replied the lady-mother; 'but Henri is very imaginative; exceedingly romantic, and likely to do strange things if left to himself.'

The demonstrations at home might have had the proper effect upon Henri, but for his genius. He thought of princes in love with peasant girls; and of poets writing sonnets to shepherdesses. He had read, that poets are a most susceptible race of mortals, with whom love is apt to make strange work. It occurred to him, that a youth of genius must not listen to the stormy lectures of his family; and certainly, Jane was as beautiful as any shepherdess that ever brightened the summer air, if her mother did take in washing.

One afternoon, he met Jane in the street. She would have shunned him; but he ran to her, and aimed to keep up with her. She hurried on; he, too, hurried.

"Dear Miss Jane," he said, breathing hard, "I have—have something—very particular—to say to you."

"I cannot stay to hear it."

"But you must—you are so beautiful—I vow to marry you—I lo—love you—you will stay to hear that!"

But Jane had escaped. He stopped, like one in doubt as to whether he is or is not thunder struck. Presently he felt his brain in labor with a new idea. She is not that we thought. "She would not be so proud and disdainful to *me*, if she had not something to be proud of. She is not that old woman's daughter. There is some mystery about it."

Princesses in disguise had kept sheep, he believed. This Jane must belong to some distinguished family. He was certain of it. He supposed she had good reasons for living here unknown, until her family appeared to claim her. "And she so haughty; I suppose they are about to appear,"—he thought.

He could not meet her again; but, the morning of his return to college, he wrote the following epistle, and, without directing it, bade the coachman give it to the handsomest girl in the place.

"Beautiful creature,—I love you! I love you! I love you! I solemnly promise to marry you, as soon as I come home again from college. I have found out your secret, but I will keep it. When we are married, and they know all about it, how mother and Estelle will stare! How proud of you they will be! I love you, and I never will love anybody else. Your passionate lover,

HENRI ALPHONSE JULES FITZWILLIAM HOWARD HARDING."

Now the coachman thought the prettiest girl in the village was Sophia Green. He believed the Misses Harding thought so too, for they noticed her more than any other. So he carried the epistle to her. Sophia read it, and believed she was rising a little above the seventh heaven. She ran with it to her mother, who read it exclaimed, "My dear, dear child!" sighed out a room full of sentiment, and, leaning back, fanned herself violently. They agreed to keep the matter secret. But Mrs. Green could not hold it all in; and, when Henri was mentioned in connection with Jane Lee, she would say, "Ah, Henri is too deep for you! He knows how to play his cards. He knows how to mystify people."

Jane Lee's mother was the daughter of a very wealthy farmer. Her mother died when she was a child; but she had been very happy at home, with her father and brother, until her brother engaged in mercantile speculations, and ruined his father. She married a young man, with whom she lived happily two years, when he died and left her nothing but her child, and poverty. Her brother left the country, and went, no one knew where; and, when her father died, a few years afterwards, she was left alone to struggle with poverty as she could. She was universally beloved and respected, in Elmvale. She had learned to be happy under the discipline allotted her; and, though she said it often, to her neighbors, yet she never said without manifest emotion, that Jane was the light and the joy of her life.

It is not exaggeration to say Jane was a rare creature. She had grown up like a beautiful wild flower: she had not only the most engaging qualities of mind and heart, but that beauty, that charm of these qualities, which is the "flowering of virtue." An early life of intellect had made her the best scholar in the schools, and led her to make a diligent use of the village library. Her mind was strong and rich, as well as bright; and, while she was loved as the 'excellent Jane Lee,' always amiable to her companions, and always kind and helpful to her mother, few, if any, were aware to what an extent culture had filled her mind with life and aspiration.

In this culture of her mind, Jane was partly influenced by a motive which she did not fully acknowledge to herself. Among the companions of her early school days, there was a certain Charles Sears, with whom she had been a favorite. This lad was timid and reserved, and seldom joined in the amusements of other boys of his age. He was Jane's closest companion in her studies, and his uncommon activity and originality of mind had contributed greatly to hers. While they were at school together, she had found nothing pleasanter than his sympathy.

Charles was the clergyman's son. As he grew older, he devoted himself to study. His father had removed to another parish, and he had visited Elmvale but twice since he entered college. But he had frequently written to Jane, always expressing the warmest rememberance of her, and requesting an account of her reading, while he spoke at large of books that had interested him. In Jane's feelings, he was associated with much that had found sympathy nowhere else. He had pursued his studies successfully, and was now in the law school at Cambridge.

Henri's passion for Jane became so alarming to his family, that his mother, not doubting Jane's readiness for a clandestine marriage, raged, pleaded, threatened, schemed, and, finally, contrived to have him to undertake a voyage to Europe. He, accordingly, went with his father to New-York.

While they were in New-York, the feelings of the lady at the 'grand house' underwent a very sudden and surprising change. One evening, about ten days after their departure, Jane and her mother were astounded by a visit from her. The lady came in her carriage, and was dressed as if for a royal levee. Poor Mrs. Lee was startled;—but Jane's instinctive self-respect could not allow her to stand abashed in such a presence. Presently the lady began:

'My dear Miss Lee, I have called to speak with you and your mother on a matter of some delicacy,—a matter in which we all feel a deep interest,—I mean the attachment between you and our son, which Mr. Harding has seemed to oppose.'

At first, 'my dear Miss Lee' gave her a look of astonishment,—then replied, with a tone and manner by which the patronizing air of her visitor was much embarrassed:

'Excuse me, madam, I do not understand you.'

'Oh, there is no mistake,' said the lady; 'on the whole, you have been very prudent, and I respect you for it. You may own it all now. We thought Henri was too young to marry—but early marriages are happiest. His passion for you makes him wild, and I do not wonder, now I see how beautiful you are. My dear Jane, the fond love of two young hearts shall not be crossed. I have just received a letter from Mr. Harding. Henri will not go to Europe. They will return to-morrow, and you shall be immediately united.'

'What do you mean, madam?' said Jane, with a flash of indignation; 'what have I done to warrant this language?'

'My dear, you need not hesitate to be frank with me,' continued the lady, in whose mind there had not begun even the dawn of a thought that Jane could refuse her son, 'you must understand me, I am really in earnest. It is the dearest wish of my heart, to see you and Henri united. The whole village knows how strongly you and he are attached to each other.'

'Excuse me, madam; the whole village knows, or should know, just the contrary. You compel me to say, that my strongest feeling toward your son is contempt. Perhaps I ought to pity him, for I believe he is not capable of behaving like a gentleman.'

Mrs. Harding turned to stare at the speaker, and her silk rustled as if quivering with sudden anger. Then recovering herself, she said, 'Oh, I understand,—some love-quarrel,—but lovers' quarrels never last long.'

'What is your object, Mrs. Harding? What do you mean, by persisting to speak in this way?—Have you come here to insult me?'

'You talk strangely, Miss Jane: do you mean that you will not marry Henri, now we all desire it?

'But I do mean it. I hope I am understood.'

Jane was a little severe, perhaps; but she was cruelly provoked. Mrs. Harding went home, swelling with indignation; and, because she could do nothing else, she vowed vengeance.

But what had occasioned this change in the lady's feelings? A very natural question, which must be answered. One morning, when Mr. Harding had been in New-York about a week, an elderly gentleman, of very striking appearance, came to his room with an acquaintance, and was introduced as Mr. Wilson, from the East Indies, and late of the firm of Wilson, Reeves & Co. Mr. Harding had long known the reputation of the firm, and received him with obsequious reverence, much as a Broadway dandy would receive a great lord, just landed from Europe. The stranger said:

'I have called, sir, to beg the favor of some intelligence from Elmvale, where, I am told, you reside. It is my native place. I had a father and sister living there, when I left it.'

'I shall be very happy, sir, to give you any intelligence in my power,' replied Mr. Harding.

'Some years ago, I saw a notice of my father's death, in an American newspaper. I had sent my father some money, that did not reach him, and thus failed to secure communication with my friends. They, probably, thought me dead. I wish to learn whether my sister resides there still. Our father's name was Benjamin Wilson; and, just before I left, my sister was married to a young man by the name of William Lee.'

'Lee—Lee—Lee—' mused Mr. Harding; 'I do not recollect any person of that name in Elmvale. There is no one there of that name but a washerwoman, who is very poor. But she cannot be your sister.'

'Is she married? Has she a family?' asked the stranger.

'She is a widow, and has one child, a daughter. Her husband has been dead a long time, I believe; and I now recollect having heard that her father's name was Benjamin Wilson, and her husband's William Lee. She has always lived there, I think. But it is not possible that she is your sister, for she is a washerwoman, and very poor.'

Mr. Wilson's face quivered as his eyes filled with tears. 'Yes, yes,' he replied, 'that is my sister.—Poor Mary! She must be very poor, for I ruined my father by an unfortunate speculation. There was nothing left. She must be very poor; but I have no family, and all I have shall be hers. I will settle half of my property on her immediately, and the rest shall be her daughter's, as soon as I have done with it.'

In the course of the day, Mr. Harding inquired in various quarters, and found that Mr Wilson's property amounted to more than two and a half millions of dollars.

'By the stars!' he exclaimed to himself, 'Henri has made a hit after all. That pretty girl is now worth having!'

Without delay, he wrote to his wife, telling her of the great fortune of the Lees, and advising her to call on them at once, and consent to receive Jane as Henri's wife, before they could have time to know of Mr. Wilson's arrival. This letter occasioned the visit, from which we saw the lady return with looks not so fair as Jane's roses.

The next day after the visit, towards evening, Jane was in the vine-bower by the river; and now, there was a gentleman with her, from whom she did not seem anxious to escape. They remained there until after sunset; and they walked so slowly homeward, that it was nearly dark when they reached the widow's door. When they had entered, he led Jane to her mother and said,

'Jane and I have known each other a long time; but now, we have learned to know each other better than ever. Will you make us both happy, by saying she may be mine?'

'Yes, Charles,' was the tearful answer. 'I have long foreseen this; and if I must part with her, there is no one to whom I could be so willing to give her, as to you. Take her; and may the blessing of God be upon you both!'

'But you will not part with her,' said Charles Sears; 'no, you will not *part* with her; for we shall not be happy, unless you live with us.'

There was a knock at the door, which Jane hastened to open. Mr. Wilson entered, and stood a few moments, gazing at the widow. He spoke:

'Mary, my dear sister, do you not know your brother?'

She advanced towards him, and he caught her in his arms, as she cried, 'George! George! is it you? Then you are alive! You have come back again! heaven be praised!'

There was happiness in the widow's house that night; and there was joy on her account, through the whole village the next morning.

Mr. Wilson purchased the farm which had belonged to his father. He also built a house in the village, where he resides with his sister. He will not suffer Charles and Jane to leave them. He idolizes Jane's children; and says, they are almost as beautiful as their mother.

Henri soon afterwards married a New-York lady, whom Mr. Wilson always speaks of as 'that melancholy butterfly.' His marriage increased his fame in Elmvale; for it occasioned a law-suit. Miss Sophia Green prosecuted him for a breach of paomise. It was in vain that he protested that he was innocent—that he scarcely knew the girl, and all that. His letter was produced in evidence; and Miss Sophia recovered.

But the Hardings have left Elmvale, and returned to the city. They grew sick of the country.—Mrs. Harding says, the country air did not suit her health; and that she feared the country village would spoil the manners of her children.

### BECKY WILSON'S COURTSHIP.

Oh, now, Becky, *do* tell us all about it?" *ses* the galls.

Becky had'nt been married mor'n a month, and hadn't got over her bashfulness yet.

"Bout what?" ses she.

"Why, bout your courtship," ses the galls.

"Shaw," ses she, turning away her head and blushin dreadful; "you better tell your own courtships yourselves, I reckon."

"Yes, but none of us ever had any bows, Becky, and you's a married woman. Come, now, *do* tell us all about it. I do love to hear about courtin so much," ses Betsy Bowers.

"Oh, yes, Becky, do tell us."

"Well," ses Becky, after a great deal of blushin and twistin about, "I'll tell all how it was, if that'll satisfy you."

"Well, now," ses the galls, all gettin round her so they could hear good.

"Well," ses Becky, putting an emphasis on bout every other word, "John, he cum to ower house to see me," she ses, turnin away her head and kind o'lookin down sideways under her arm. "Fool! he better go to see his self, I reckon. Gracious knows, I didn't care nothin bout him."

"Well," ses the galls.

"Well, John, he sed he loved me. Fool! better love his self, I reckon."

"Oh, that's so funny," ses the galls—"go on."

"Shaw," ses Becky, "I won't tell no more."

"Oh, yes, do—do, Becky?" ses all of 'em.

"Well, then, John, he ax'd me if I wouldn't have him. Hem, fool! better have his self, I reckon."

"Then what did you say?"

"Hem! I never sed nothin. Gracious knows, he wasn't gwine to git nothing out of me."

"Then, John, he, ax'd mother, if he moughtn't have me. Fool! better have his self, I reckon."

"Well," ses the galls.

"Well mother, she, got kind o'flustricated, and sed yes. Fool! she better mind her own business, I reckon."

"And then what!"

"Then John, he ax'd daddy, if he moughtn't have me; and daddy, he got kind o'flustricated, too, and sed yes, too——

"*That's* the sort of daddy," ses the galls, rubbin their hands.

"Then mammy, she went to town, and got a white frock, for me, and white gloves, to put on my hands, for me to be married to John. Hem, fool! she better be married to him herself, I reckon."

"Well," ses the galls—"go on Becky!"

"Shaw, now I aint a gwine to tell you no more about it, so I aint."

"Oh yes, Becky, do go on? Oh, do tell us all about the weddin, Becky?—that's a good soul!"

"Oh, hush, galls, bout sich nonsense."

"Oh, do, now, that's a good soul."

"Well, bimeby, the preacher-man, he cum to ower house, and, a whole heap of people to marry me. Fools! they great deal better staid home, I reckon. Gracious knows, I didn't want to see 'em"

"Never mind, Becky—go on."

"Well, then, John, he, cum to take me up to the preacher-man, for to be married. Fool! I never did feel so mad—and then———Oh, shaw, galls, I can't tell any more."

"Oh, yes, go on, Becky."

"Well, then, the preacher-man, he, ax'd me, if I, would have, John, to be, my lawful husband. Hem, fool! better have him, his self, I reckon. And then—Shaw galls, I *won't* tell you any more."

"Oh, do, Becky. Now, you'r jest cumin to the interest part. Oh, do tell us the rest, Becky?"

"Well, I never sed nothin, and the preacher-man, he, sed, I must have John, to be, my husband, when he was sick, and when he was well, and when he was better, or worser, and rich and poor, and love him, and stick to him, and mind him, and Lord only knows what a heap of things; and then he sed, people what he put together, it was again the law, for any body to take a part; and so I was married, hard and fast, the fust thing I know'd, to John."

"Well, what then, Becky?" ses the galls, gettin more and more interested all the time.

"Why, then, the preacher-man, he, went home, and then, all the fellers, cum a pullin, and hallin me, and kissin me, and squezzin me, and sich other carryins on, as they did cut up. Fools! they great deal better kissed their own selves, I reckon."

"Go on, Becky—tell us all about it?" ses the galls.

"Well, then, after they all went away, John, he, ——Oh, shaw!" ses she "I aint gwine to tell you not another word more. When you get married yourselves, you'll know all about it, I reckon."—*Western Continent.*

DRIFTWOOD JOHNSON.—A very strange occurrence took place some years since in the flourishing city of Cincinnati, and is yet fresh in the minds of many of the residents there, not by any means as "the oldest inhabitants," who know all things. It is still told of winter's night around a cheerful fire-side to many a wondering youngster, and the moral instilled into their young minds with greater force from the circumstance of its "being as true as gospel." The hero of the tale was an old man named Johnson, who had lived from a boy in the place, and followed a curious trade for a livelihood. Early and late he was seen down at the river's side collecting driftwood, and toiling at it so incessantly, day after day, and year after year, that it at last became whispered about that old Driftwood Johnson was making money; that he had invested his earnings well and had realized large sums by fortunate speculations: but still he clung to his old business. He was mean in dress and very saving—all the money he ever spent, except for the merest necessaries of life, being for the education of a most lovely daughter, for the old man had a wife and child. At last Driftwood bought a very large brick house, or built one; and, much to the surprise of every body, furnished it elegantly and brought his daughter home from school to be belle of his mansion. It was a good way out of town, but he said the city would grow to it, and so it has. There was always something mysterious about the old man's family; and his wife, who was a very amiable woman, had a care-worn, anxious look that no one could account for. The beauty and accomplishments of the daughter soon brought her plenty of lovers, who sighed and pined for her hand; but the favored of all was a young merchant's clerk, connected with one of the most flourishing establishments in Cincinnati, and soon to become a partner. His suit prospered, and he hoped to make the daughter of Driftwood his wife. He used to think it a very odd circumstance that during all his evening visits, which were far from being "few and far between," he never could meet the man, and all his inquiries after him failed to elicit any satisfactory replies, but knowing that the old man was what is generally termed "an odd fish," he never troubled himself much about the matter.

On returning to his [illegible] late one night, after a visit to his lady-love, [illegible] the door at finding th[illegible] of a man, a strange [illegible] from the second or t[illegible] and been killed almo[illegible] called in and the p[illegible] watch-house, and a [illegible] body. He had been dead four hours, and [illegible] was nothing left but to endeavor to find out who the man was, and hold an inquest over his body. There was no trace or sign about him that could possibly lead to a recognition—no paper, no mark on his clothes, and a bunch of skeleton keys, a box of matches, and a small dark lantern were all that he had about him; so the inquest was held the next morning, a verdict in accordance with the facts rendered, and the body buried.

The next evening, upon visiting his intended, the lover found the family uneasy at the continued absence of old Driftwood, but he pursuaded them that he had suddenly been called away on business, and would soon return. Advertisements were put in the papers, but no clue to him could be obtained, and the people at last believed that he had either been murdered or carried down the Mississippi while gathering driftwood and drowned. In his house there were a number of rooms which had always been locked, and the keys of which old Driftwood had always kept, and when it became necessary to settle his affairs these rooms were forced open and found to contain goods to a large amount of all sorts and descriptions: silks, satins, broadcloths, linens, shawls, watches, jewelry, and in short all sorts of goods and valuables of every description—which have been stolen in Cincinnati from different places, at various times, for years. The secret was out. Old Driftwood had for years employed pedlars to sell goods through the Western country, sent them down in flat boats to points on the Mississippi below Cincinnati, and all of them he had himself, unaided by any accomplice, stolen. The man who was found by the clerk a bleeding corpse was old Driftwood Johnson. The clerk, however, convinced that the daughter of the old man was innocent and unaware that her father had [illegible] ing, married her, and she [illegible] rounded by a numerous family. Truth is stranger than fiction.—*N. O. Picayune.*

### A WESTERN MALE.

Our friend, *Ike Sims*, came in from the Upper Merrimack, yesterday, to examine the city. He says that they are beginning to talk so loud up in his diggins about telegraphs, stone dykes, and such "Yankee doings," that he concluded to come down and look at the place, see for himself, and report accordingly. Ike is a "manifest destiny" man—has been all his life waiting for St. Louis to move up the Merrimack; but, as it kept up considerable fuss down here, and didn't "come along" his way, he concluded at length to come and see it. He had on a woollen cap, decorated with two red tassels, and, if we ain't much mistaken, a new copperas suit—it may have been newly dyed—at all events, it looked bright as a "Fourth of July."

In wandering round the city, Ike run against the Post Office, and after counting every one of the boxes, he called a clerk to the window, and offered to bet him a peck of oats he could tell the "*fust lick*" the entire and "*hull*" amount of them. At this moment the clerk was called away by an inquiry for a letter, and as soon as he passed it to the person on the out side, Ike transferred his attention to the recipient. The latter immediately opened his missive, and commenced reading its contents. They happend to be of no pleasing character, for he bit his lip, knit his brow, and muttered a smothered curse upon its contents. Ike, all this time, was watching him with intense interest, was swaying his body to and fro with sympathy, and trying to discover from the owner's motions "whar" it hurt him; at length when the latter stamped his foot, Ike could contain himself no longer—he yelled right out:

"Rip the consumed thing into chitlins, don't you see how its hurtin' your face to look at it!"

The person he had taken such a deep interest in, stared wildly at him, coolly folded up his letter, and remarked.

"*You're a fool!*"

"Well, mabbe I am," says Ike, "but I never seed a crazy fellar make wuss mouths than *you* did jes now."

The man departed, and instantly a young Miss came slowly from the ladies' window, perusing an epistle, every line of which wreathed her face in a succession of delightful smiles. Ike caught the infection and smiled out in a loud snigger. Looking over the lady's shoulder, he remarked:

"You got a rail *good* one—didn't you!"

Placing the precious messenger hurriedly in her bosom—no doubt it treated of love, and that was, therefore, the proper [illegible] for it—she fled from Ike as if she thought he wished to seize the treasure,

"Off like a bird, by jingo," says Ike—"they sold her the right kind of a one."

A citizen now walked away with a bundle of papers and letters. Ike followed him a few steps to see if he knew him, but he shook his head—

"Taint him," said he, "but it looks des'prate like him—he must be a *candidate*, though, ef I know anythin', cause *tha* allays carry the papers."

Peeping through the window again, he accosted the clerk this time, with the inquiry:

"Here, you, what'll you just sell a squar pile of them papers for, and lump the hull lot?"

"The eastern mail is in sir," says the clerk at the same time closing the window. Ike felt offended at being thus thrust aside for an eastern "fellar," as he supposed, so stepping out into the street, and slapping his Merrimack thumpers together, he yelled out to the clerk:

"*Yur* is a *western male* kin jest put you eastern fellar through, and show him sights—hey *whoop-e!*"

The clerk quietly muttered to himself as he assorted the letters inside:

"Put it through—Cave Johnson—see sights—it would—eastern mail—better get a contract."—*Reveille.*