THE COLUMBIA SPY.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE.] AND LITERARY REGISTER. [$1,50, PAYABLE AT SIX MONTHS.

NEW SERIES, VOL. 2, NO. 13.] COLUMBIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1848. [WHOLE NUMBER, 956.

GEO. W. SCHROYER, Editor and Publisher.

Office—Front Street, three doors above Locust.

TERMS.—The SPY is published every Saturday morning at the low price of $1 per annum IN ADVANCE, or one dollar and fifty cents, if not paid within one month of the time of subscribing. Single copies, THREE CENTS.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid.

No subscription received, or paper discontinued, for a less period than six months.

Letters to receive attention, must be post-paid.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

[Fifteen lines or less to the square.]

Advertisements will be inserted three times at the rate of $1 per square; for every subsequent insertion after the third, 25 cents will be charged. The number of insertions desired must be marked, or the advertisement will be continued until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

A liberal deduction will be made on the above prices to yearly advertisers.

MARIETTA ACADEMY.

THE 8th session of this Institution will commence on the 18th of September, 1848.

During the present season the Principal has purchased a large and handsome building, and adjacent to it erected another, so that he is prepared to accommodate a large number of students.

The course of instruction embraces all the branches of a complete English and Mathematical education, together with the Latin, Greek, French and German languages.

The charge for tuition, boarding, &c., for the winter session of 26 weeks, is $65. For a quarter of 12 weeks, $30. Circulars, or any additional particulars, can be obtained by addressing the Principal by letter or otherwise at the Academy. J. P. HICKERSHAM,

Marietta, Sept. 2, 1848.—5t* Principal.

DR. HUNTER'S

INDIAN VEGETABLE PANACEA. Hunter's Panacea warrants the American people in soliciting for treatment the

WORST POSSIBLE CASES

that can be found in the country, in secret and all diseases of the urinary organs. It acts first by purging off all irritating matter from the system which aggravates the disease and at the same time acts upon the secretions through the medium of the blood, by which all vestiges of the syphilitic taint are eradicated from the system. It also eradicates secondary syphillis, cures whites or leucorrhea in women, and is a general purifier of the system.

Be sure to ask for Hunter's Indian Vegetable Panacea. Price $1 per bottle. For sale by

September 2, 1848. W. A. LEADER.

NOW IS THE TIME

TO SAVE MONEY. By calling at the cheapest CLOTHING STORE under the sun you can save twenty per cent.

C. LEVY & Co., Front Street, one door above Schreiner's Row, would respectfully call the attention of the citizens of Columbia and vicinity to their large and splendid assortment of

SEASONABLE READY MADE CLOTHING,

Consisting of French Broadcloth Coats of all colors and descriptions, Pants, Vests, Caps, Handkerchiefs, Cravats, Stocks, Suspenders, Carpet Bags, &c., &c.

C. LEVY & Co., flatter themselves that they can sell the cheapest Clothing in Columbia, or any where else; and if you do not believe it, just give them a call.

Columbia, August 19, 1848.-2m

REMOVAL.

C. L. KELLING, Herb Doctor, late of Marietta, begs leave to inform his friends and the public generally, that he has removed to the house of Henry Martin, next door to Boyle's Hotel, Front street Columbia, Pa.

Whilst he returns his sincere thanks for the very liberal encouragement hitherto received in the practice of his profession, he respectfully acquaints them that he continues as usual the PRACTICE OF MEDICINE, in all its various branches, and will attend, either by day or night all those who may have occasion for his services.

Columbia, July 1, 1848.—tf

GIVE EVERY MAN WHAT HE MERITS.—I do certify that having been attacked with a violent disease, I called on Dr. C. L. Kelling who restored me to perfect health in a few days, by his excellent Herb medicines. I can recommend him to all who are in any way afflicted.

Columbia, Pa. S. LAZARD.

HATS AND CAPS.

LEWIS TREDENICK & Co., late from Philadelphia, dealers in HATS and CAPS, would most respectfully beg leave to inform the citizens of Columbia and its vicinity, that they have purchased the old and well known Hat Manufacturing Establishment kept by JOHN VAUGHEN for many years, next door to J. Felix's Jewelry Store, Front Street, Columbia, Pa., where they intend to spare no pains and means to carry on the above business in all its various branches. Their stock consits in part of fine Mole Skin, Beaver, Nutria, and Castor HATS. Also, a splendid assortment of Pearl and Braid Summer HATS of the latest fashion and style, together with a good assortment of CAPS of every size, price, and quality. New style Silk Hats, which we have just received from Philadelphia, and which we will sell at city prices.

With the confidence resulting from an experience of a number of years with one of the first hatters in Philadelphia, will guarantee us in saying, that for fashion, neatness, durability, and CHEAPNESS, we cannot be surpassed by any establishment in the Union.

LEWIS TREDENICK & Co.

Columbia, June 3, 1848.—tf.

NEW STORE.

THE abscribers Respectfully inform their friends and the public, that they have taken the Store formerly occupied by S. B. Boude & Co., corner of Locust and Front Streets, and are now opening an entire new Stock of Goods, purchased at the present very low prices, among which are

FRENCH, ENGLISH & AMERICAN BLACK CLOTHS. Olive, Brown, and Blue Cloths; French, English, and American Black and Blue-Black Cassimeres; Striped, Plaid, and Figured Cassimeres, Satinets, Summer Cloths, Gambroons; Low priced Summer Stuffs. Cords and Beaverteens, &c.

LADIES' DRESS GOODS.

Grenadines, Organdies, Passlins, Barege. Silk Tissue, Lawns, Ginghams, and Black and Blue-Black Gro de Rhines, Plaid and Striped Black Silks, Fancy Dress Silks, New Style Chamelies, ALSO, Calicoes, Muslins, Checks, Ginghams, Ticking, Chambreyse, Linen and Cotton Table Diaper, Napkins, Gloves, Cotton, Alpaca, and Silk Hose, New Style Bonnet Trimmings, &c., &c. ALSO,

GLASSWARE & QUEENSWARE—GROCERIES.

Sugars, Coffees. Teas, Mackerel, Herring, Molasses, Fish and Sperm Oils, Soaps, Candles, Spices, &c., &c., &c.

Our goods are all NEW and selected with great care, and we hope by strict attention to business, to receive a share of custom of our friends and the public. All kinds of Country Produce taken in at the highest prices.

ROBT. CHALFANT,
PETER HALDEMAN, Jr.

Columbia, March 25, 1848—tf

BALD HEAD

GRAY Heads, Red Heads, and all with Bad Hair, Read! Mr. ABRAHAM VANDERBEEK, of 93 Avenue D., New York, certifies that his head was entirely bald on the top, and by the use of two 3s. bottles of Jones's Coral Hair Restorative, he has a good crop of hair, and will soon have it long and thick.

Mr. William Jackson, of 80 Liberty street, Pittsburgh, Pa., certifies: On the 3d of February, 1847, that Mr. Thomas Jackson's head, on the top, was entirely bald for 15 years, and that by using two 3s. bottles of Jone's Coral Hair Restorative, the hair is growing fast and thick, and will soon be entirely restored.

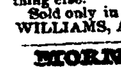
Gray Heads! Gray Heads! Read—I hereby certify that my hair was turning gray, and that since I have used Jones's Coral Hair Restorative it has entirely ceased falling—is growing fast, and has a fine dark look. Before I used Jones's Coral Hair Restorative I combed out handfulls of hair daily. W. TOMPKINS, 92 King st., N. Y.

Mr. Power, a grocer, of Fulton st., had his hair choked up with dandruff, and Jones's Coral Hair Restorative entirely cured it.

Do you want to dress, beautify, and make your hair soft and fine. Read—I, Henry E. Cullen, late barber on board the steamboat South America, do certify that Jones's Coral Hair Restorative is the best article I ever used for dressing, softening, cleansing, and keeping the hair a long time in order; all my customers preferred it to any thing else.

Sold only in N. York at 82 Chatham street; and by R. WILLIAMS, Agent for Columbia. je24'48-6m

MORNING TRAIN AGAIN.



Between York, Wrightsville and Columbia.—The President and Directors of the Baltimore and Susquehanna Rail Road Company having consented to continue the MORNING TRAIN between the above places.

☞ The Car will leave Columbia DAILY, [Sundays excepted] at 6½ o'clock, A. M., and the Train will leave Wrightsville at 6¾ o'clock. Returning, the Train will leave York at 8 o'clock, A. M.

D. C. H. BORDLEY,
Super't

April 17, 1847

Business Directory.

TERM OF THE DIRECTORY.

To persons advertising in the SPY by the year, there will be no extra charge. Subscribers can have the Spy and their card inserted for one year by paying $1.50 in advance, or if they have paid for the paper, 50 cts. for the card. Those who are not subscribers we will charge $1 for inserting their card one year.

JOHN F. HOUSTON,
Attorney. Locust Street, between Front and Second Sts.

PHILIP GOSSLER,
Attorney. Walnut St., between Front and Second.

WILLIAM S. McCORKLE,
Physician, corner of Locust and Second streets.

T. TYRRELL, DENTIST,
Nos. 3 & 4, Walnut street, above Barr's Hotel.

P. SCHREINER'S WATCH AND
JEWELRY STORE, No. 1, Schreiner's Row, Front Street.

HERR'S WASHINGTON HOTEL,
Corner of Front and Walnut Streets, Columbia, Penna.

CONNELLEE, WOLF, & CO.,
Manuf'rs of Stoves, Hollow-ware, &c., Wrightsville, Pa.

J. D. & J. WRIGHT,
Dry Goods Merchants, Locust st, 3rd door below 2nd st.

FRY & SPANGLER,
Dry Goods Merchants, Locust street, below the Bank.

W. & S. PATTON,
Dry Goods Merchants, S. E. corner of Locust & Front st.

CHALFANT & HALDEMAN,
Dry Goods Merchants, N. W. corner of Locuts & Front, st.

J. W. FISHER,
Merchant Tailor, Front street, 2d door above Locust st.

JOHN JORDAN & CO.
Merchant Tailors Front St., between Locust and Walnut.

A. G. STEVENS,
Clothing Merchant, No. 42, Front street.

WILLIAM A. LEADER,
Druggist, Front Street, between Locust and Walnut Sts.

R. WILLIAMS,
Druggist, Front st, between Locust and Walnut sts.

G. L. MYERS,
Druggist, Schreiners Row, Front street.

LEWIS TREDENICK & CO.,
Hatters, Front Street, a few doors below Herr's Hotel.

WM. TEMPLE, HATTER,
No. 2, Schreiner's Row, Front st.

P. SEIBERT,
Cabinet Maker, corner of Third and Locust Street.

JAMES JORDAN, BOOT AND SHOE
Manufacturer, Locust street, opposite Haldeman's Store.

C. GROVE,
Boot and Shoe Manufacturer, adjoining Herr's Hotel.

FRANCIS BRADLEY, BOOT & SHOE
Manufacturer, Second, between Locust and Walnut st.

J. M. WATTS, BOOT & SHOE
Manufacturer, Front st, between Locust and Walnut st.

S. GROVE,
Boot and Shoe Manufacturer, Front, below Locust st.

J. H. HUNTER,
Hat, Boot and Shoe Store, No. 40, Front st.

J. N. M'CARTY, BOOT AND SHOE
Manufacturer, Locust street, opposite the Town Hall.

F. X. ZEIGLER, VARIETY AND
Shoe-Finding Store, Locust street, above Front street.

JOHN SLACK,
Variety Store, No 41, Front st.

WM. MATHIOT,
Variety Store, Front st, between Locust and Walnut st.

WM. H. SPANGLER,
Book seller and Stationer, Front st. 3d door above Locust.

SAMUEL EVANS,
Lumber Merchant and Master Builder, Locust street.

H. SUYDAM, PAINTER, GLAZIER,
Paper Hanger, &c., Second, between Cherry & Union st.

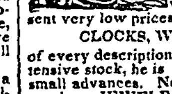
MARTIN & KELLING,
Herb Doctors, Front Street, next door to Boyle's Hotel.

WM. CLEGGETT, BARBER AND
HAIR DRESSER, back of Herr's Hotel, Walnut street.

JOSEPH KELLEY, SHEET-IRON
And Tin-plate worker, Front st, just below the Depot.

FRENCH REVOLUTION.

TYRANTS as well as Monopolies must fall, so must prices. That is a fact which can be proved by calling at the Old Established CLOCK, WATCH, and JEWELRY Stand of John Felix, Front street, a few doors below Herr's Washington Hotel.



The undersigned having just returned from Philadelphia and New York, where he has purchased, at the present very low prices, a large and splendid assortment of

CLOCKS, WATCHES, AND JEWELRY

of every description, which, together with his former extensive stock, he is determined to sell off quick and at small advances. Now is is your time if you wish to purchase JEWELRY of the very best quality, and at astonishing low prices. The following embraces some of the leading articles of his magnificent stock:

GOLD and SILVER PATENT LEVER WATCHES,

full jeweled; Gold and Silver Lepine, Quartier, and English Watches; Gold and Silver Miniature Cases; Silver Table, Tea, Salt, and Mustard Spoons; Silver Sugar Tongs, Butter Knives, &c.; Silver Scissor Hooks, Silver Combs and Hair Darts, Silver and Steel Belt Slides, Gold and Silver Spectacles, Spectacle Glasses, Silver Thimbles, Gold and Silver Pencils and Pens, German Silver Spectacle Cases; German Silver Table and Tea Spoons; Gold Fob and Guard Chains, Steel do.; Gold, Silver, and Steel Watch Keys; Bracelet Clasps, Ear-Rings, Finger-Rings, Breast Pins and Bosom Studs of every description; Card Cases, Steel Purse Rings and Tassels, Bag and Purse Clasps; a large assortment of Silk Twists, Shell Side and Back Combs; Pen Knives, Pistols, Spy Glasses, Music Boxes, Pocket Books and Purses, together with a large variety of other useful and ornamental articles usually kept in Jewelry Stores.

Particular attention paid to repairing Clocks, Watches, and Jewelry—and all work warranted.

Thankful for past favors, the subscriber solicits a continuance of the same—which he flatters himself to merit from his experience and by a strict attention to business.

JOHN FELIX.

N. B. Remember the place. It is in Front street, a few doors BELOW Herr's Washington Hotel, Columbia, Pa., where you can buy cheap and good Jewelry, and warranted to give satisfaction in every instance or have your money refunded. J. F.

Columbia, August 19, 1848.-1y

WANTED.

WANTED a first rate Wagon-maker, to take charge of a shop and carry on the business on his own hook, above the Depot. A shop will be rented to a good mechanic at about $15 per annum, and at least $120 worth of work given by the subscriber himself to start on the first year. The work is principally on heavy Ore Wagons. For further particulars address

H. M. WILLS.

August 19, 1848.-2m Columbia, Pa.

JUST RECEIVED

A NEW STYLE OF HATS AND CAPS at Lewis Tredenick & Co.'s Fashionable HAT & CAP Store, first door below John Felix's Jewelry store, where you can always get a Fashionable Hat or Cap at the lowest city price. Call and examine our New Style and judge for yourselves. TREDENICK & Co.,

August 5, 1848-tf Front Street, Columbia, Pa.

ALL DISEASES

OF THE head, face and hands, such as scurvey, erysipelas, saltrheum, itch, sores, sore heads, tan, freckles, sunburn, morphew, yellow dark disfigured skin are cured. When these causes are removed, persons who use the bath freely should remember that more than water is required to remove the humor from the pores. I have seen persons who have had filthy skin diseases, for years, and after trying everything in vain, have been cured by washing the skin with Jones's Italian Chemical Soap, and can conscientiously offer it for any of the above complaints. It is particularly adapted to persons from the sunny South. They would find their skin much whiter, clearer and smoother by its use. But they must be sure to ask for Jones's Chemical Soap, as there are numerous counterfeits. Price 50 cents. For sale by R. Williams, agent for Columbia. au26'48-tdec24

HAIR

RESTORATIVE. Jones's Coral Hair Restorative will force the Hair to grow on the head or face. By using a 3s. bottle the whiskers and beard maybe cultivated to any reasonable extent.

Sold only in N. York, at 82 Chatham street, and by R. WILLIAMS, Agent for Columbia. je24'48-6m

Poetry.

BESSIE.

BY WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH.

She lay before me in her little shroud,
Her pale hands softly folded on her breast,
As if o'erwearied, she had sunk to rest,
To dream of heaven, and of the radiant crowd
That tread its golden pavements. Not a trace
Of dying anguish lingered on her face:
But on her lips a sweetly serious smile
Still seemed to play—a token from the Lord
Of bliss upon her sinless spirit poured.
Then came a thought of Him who blessed, erewhile,
Young children—"Suffer them to come to me!"
Still thrilled that heavenly voice upon my ear,
And my heart answered, as I dropped a tear,
Thy will be done!—we leave our child with Thee!

When over her sweet face the coffin lid
Was closed for ever, and with tears we gave
Our loveliest to the keeping of the grave,
(And who that knew her would our tears forbid?)
"'Tis a sad world," said one, "a world of woe,
Where sorrow reigns supreme." Yet from my heart
The all-sustaining hope did not depart;
But to its impulse true, I answered—"No!
The world has much of good—nor seldom Joy
Over our spirits broods with radiant wing!
Gladness from grief, and life from death, may spring;
Treasures are ours the grave cannot destroy,
Then chide not harshly our instructress stern,
Whose solemn lessons Wisdom bids us learn!"

I'LL WHISPER--WIFE.

Of all the titles woman fair—
Dear woman—here can ever bear—
Though all are holy words to me,
Associate in my heart to be,
With holy thoughts and things—
Yet one among them ever brings
Such gushing feelings on its wings—
Such memories of Love and Care—
Of Trust and Faith in days that were,
Of Hope and Joy for time to come—
Of Truth—of Chastity—and Home—
That of all others, that I feel,
I love thee best in woe or weal.
It is not Sister—Love—Bride;
'Tis dearer, far, than all beside;
In all the chequered way of life,
Her hand in mine, I'll whisper—WIFE!

Select Tale.

From Holden's Magazine for October.

HAND AND GLOVE.

BY PHIL PRINGLE.

CHAHTER I.

"Ros.—Why, 'tis a boistrous and cruel style,
A style for challengers: why she defies me.
As You Like It."

I have seen many coquettes by nature and many more who strove to obtain that killing title, but never one who failed so completely as my lovely little pet in her childhood, Rose Montrose. At eighteen she was mistress of rare beauty, a sparkling flow of spirits, and a most provoking, bewitching disposition,—in short, every qualification to succeed in her ambition, except simple heartlessness. Her mother was never more than a mere fashionable, and had always sought to educate Rose for the same useless life. Even at the point of death, she strictly enjoined upon the guardian, a kind-hearted, but inexperienced oddity of an old bachelor, to keep her daughter at a certain finishing establishment until she became properly qualified to enter the world as the fashionable daughter of a fashionable mother. One can hardly wonder, that her mind trained under these influences, took an artificial bias. And indeed, what young beauty, spoiled by education, fortune, and the close friendship of romantic school-girls, would have a different ambition on her first peep at the world from that of supremacy over the lords of creation? And so Rose Montrose flirted, and laughed, and played the unmerciful despot. But I who knew her well, was perfectly aware that all this was foreign to her character: I believed, in fact, that her arbitrary commands arose from a nervous timidity, striving to conceal itself in the role she would act, just as cowards sometimes in endeavoring to assume coolness, rush desperately into the wildest dangers. In no other way could I account for her caprice of a moment and feeling for the next hour. Her lovers were as perplexed as they were disheartened. Her playful pettishness would occasionally subside, and then break forth in a torrent of sparkling wit at the first semblance of sentiment or feeling. The truth was, that she knew the sacred fulness of heart's emotion, and shrank from exposing it to one, who might see but could not understand. As was said to me, by a young friend, of whom hereafter, whose occasional puns betrayed his sole ungentlemanly propensity, her artlessness was so plain that none but an ignorant cockney could call it heartlessness, and he confessed with a blush that he was once such an one.

Their walk had been extended to the full second mile, before either of the pair awaked from that absorbing conversation. Rose Montrose was leaning on the arm of a young gentleman, whose dreamy, artist-like eye had been passionately seeking hers for the last half hour in vain. He had been pouring into her ear glowing descriptions of the olden days of chivalry, and in depicting the thoughts of others had artfully, yet without premeditation drawn forth his own. It was the skill which love bestows upon even the artless. She had listened in silence though all tumultuous within, until their path ceased before the verge of a cliff, and she awaked from herself to the artificial again. It was to stop the nervous beating of her heart, and interrupt the burning words she yet longed to hear, that she stepped forward to the very edge and rattled on hurriedly,

"Mr. Sumner, all this is very fine,—the scenery I mean as well as your eloquence. But certainly those knights were as chivalrous as they were foolish to venture so much for such a simple, silly thing as a lady's smile. Look half way down this frightful cliff, and you will see a few wild flowers growing almost out of the very rocks. Now, if a cavalier were here, like those you have described, how gladly would he risk his neck and seize those flowers to wreathe in some lady's hair! I am glad that the gallants of our prudent days have more sense."

She spoke nervously, and as he cast his eyes down the precipice, bent upon him an imploring look, as if beseeching him not to hear words that she would give worlds to unsay. But it was too late.

"Were such an one here, he would rejoice in the opportunity to earn a boon that she could not refuse. He would place the wreath in her hand, and she would place her hand in his."

His words were impetuous, half-enquiring, and the warm blood mounted to her cheeks. She felt her self-possession vanishing, yet spake eagerly the first words of her heart.

"And she would keep the flowers forever." Then she shuddered and calmly added, "Come let us leave this silly romance and return."

They walked back in silence.

Late in the evening Sumner left the house of Mr. Nevers after an unsatisfactory visit. He saw that much of her coquetry was affected, but there was still enough to cause him serious uneasiness. Several times had he endeavored to draw from her an answer to his ardent and undisguised avowels of love, yet hitherto she had avoided the subject with the full tact of woman, as he bitterly called her girlish, blushing timidity. But she had now almost challenged him to the proof of his devotion, and he vowed to appear before her on the morrow with a claim for an audience, which she could not avoid. There was a scorn too, as he fancied in her tone when she praised the careful wisdom of modern lovers. He determined to obtain the flowers that very night when none were abroad to witness and ridicule his attempt.

This chivalrous plan required some rather unromantic means in the shape of an iron bar and a coil of rope. These he procured from his sleepy landlord, and after a few minutes brisk walking, prepared to descend the cliff with their help. The bar was firmly driven into the earth, and the rope with knots every few feet fastened to it securely. With a strong grasp he then commenced his descent.

About half-way down he stopped to rest for a moment upon a crag that pushed itself boldly out from the almost perpendicular side of the precipice. Descending still farther, he found that the rope resting upon the edge of this rock just above, suspended him at some dozen feet out from the main wall; but when he had swung just opposite to the flowers, a few violent springs enabled him to gain a firm foothold. The prize was now in his grasp, but in the eagerness of success, he loosed his hold of the rope, and it swung far out of his reach. However, there was nothing peculiarly dangerous in his position. Like the famous samphire-gatherer, in a similar predicament, he knew that a bold leap for the rope might save him, and at the worst the deep flood was rolling only fifteen or twenty feet below. Carefully securing the flowers in his bosom, he watched the oscilation of the rope, and at the critical moment sprang nimbly out into the air. His agile limbs practised in boyhood among his native Highland mountains and tall sea-cliffs did not fail him now. But his full weight, cast suddenly upon the rope, tore it at once from the bar, and he dropped into the cold sea. The first natural impulse was to swim for the nearest point of land, and the second to burst in a hearty, though somewhat silly laugh at this uncomfortable termination of his romance.

Once on shore he hurried to his quarters in the village inn. Like a true lover, he first dried the flowers, and arranged them into a graceful wreath, and then, more like a man of sense, exchanged his dripping clothes for a warm bed. But his sense came too far behind folly, and on the morning after his chilly immersion, he awoke in a high fever.

Rose Montrose was sitting alone with blushing cheeks, and a soft smile beaming from her half-closed eyes. There was nothing around her to cause this silent expression of pleasure; the maiden was only receiving delight from the thickening emotions that rose up from her heart, tremulous in first love. A sweet, uncertain tumult of thoughts surrounded with enchantment the single idea that love really reigned within, and swayed the fairy scepter over her, who had hitherto prided herself on her queenly command upon other's hearts. At that moment she did not think of his feelings for doubt on that subject had never arisen, but she trembled at the thought of her own deep passion. And then the delicious color, that consciousness had called forth, fled from her cheeks, and she clasped her hands suddenly at the idea of her mocking challenge the previous day. She feared that Sumner had not seen through her coquettish hypocrisy of the moment—that, which she then feared he might perceive; that, which was assumed to hide her heart. Suddenly his step was heard, and—oh! the mysterious working of woman's heart—ashamed to be detected while her face was yet transparent of feeling, timid and fluttering, she raised her eyes desperately with a confused consciousness that she was about to finish her role of the coquette. In her blindness she fancied that otherwise her heart would be unavoidedly revealed, and she shrank from an exposure of its depths—most of all to him. She was not yet sufficiently accomplished in her game, and always bungled sadly. Never more than now.

Sumner entered the room with irregular step and flushed face, wherein fever plainly burned, but she fancied it to be no more than a lover's natural trepidation. Had she not loved, it would have made her more cool, collected and unsparing in her coquetry, but as it was she trembled with him and fully shared in his supposed agitation. And she hardly knew whether she was right or wrong, as he hurriedly placed a wreath of wild flowers in her hand, saying abruptly and in husky tones,

"There—your hand."

"Ah, yes! these are the pretty fieldflowers I admired so much yesterday. You are very kind in being so thoughtful, and really deserve some reward." Her words crowded on each other with desperate rapidity. "but my hand is too useful a member to be parted with lightly. Will not this glove answer your purpose? Why, you seem afraid of it! It is only a glove that I am giving you."

All this was very silly and very cruel, and so Rose well knew, but for her life she could not say otherwise. He received the glove she carelessly tossed into his hands: the color fled from his cheeks and lips; his tall form shivered as he bowed coldly, and staggered rather than walked from the room.

Gone! it was reality then. Rose sprang to the window, and as she remarked his faltering step, and remembered the wild, feverish expression of his face, knew the truth and wept. The wreath was cast violently upon the floor and trodden under foot: —the cause of their sorrow had been obtained at the peril of his life. But it was his gift—she raised it again and pressed it to her bosom.

Soon cama the news that he was dangerously ill, delirious, and poor Rose wept that she had cast away the right to be by his side. Daily a servant was sent from Mr. Nevers to inquire after the sick man's health, but it was always Rose who met him in the hall and took the words from his mouth. At last the news came by his landlord that Sumner was slowly recovering, and Rose again wept, but now for joy that she could see him and frankly explain all. She felt no hesitation at the idea of exposing her own foolish weakness, for he had suffered from it, and had he not a right to know? But one day, a close carriage whirled by the house, and her next messenger brought the news that Sumner had suddenly departed, even before he was perfectly restored to health.

Two weeks after this, Mr. Nevers paused in his perusal of the paper and read aloud:

"In the list of passengers for the last packet, we notice the name of L. Sumner, Esq., the talented artist. The point of his destination is understood to be Rome; his object of course, is to study the maestros in his art. We wish him full success."

CHAPTER II.

"Love comes, the beautiful, the free,
The crown of all humanity,
In silence and alone
To seek the elected one."
LONGFELLOW.

One year from this time found Leonard Sumner still in his Italian studio, and happy only when the glowing subject of his art reminded him of a reality more perfect and beautiful than even the delicately created shadows traced by his pencil. From the first he felt no resentment at the seeming heartlessness that drove him from his native land. His noble heart only swelled with astonishment that such unworthiness could, and sorrow that it did exist in a form so captivating, and a mind which he knew to be so richly endowed. A smaller soul would have been considered puffing itself with offended pride: he thought of it only with sadness that a kindred spirit was imperfect. Still there was a wound, and without any angry haughtiness of feeling, he experienced a saddened mortification, that he had been rejected, and in such a manner. Perhaps he thought less of it than at first, but this was natural and in healing, Time had also softened. His whole energies were turned to the cultivation of his favorite art, and already his studio was visited by the munificent patrons of genius.

One day Mr. Nevers unexpectedly entered the room. The young artist greeted his old friend with warmth, before he thought of the awkwardness of their meeting, but his inquiries for the health of Miss Montrose, were as cool and business-like as any fashionable gentleman could have desired. Mr. Nevers was more embarrassed. The good old bachelor fidgeted upon his chair during the preliminary remarks that followed as usual, and then with awkward directions explained the particular object of his visit. It seemed that he had picked up a protege in the person of a Spanish boy, whom he found in the streets of Cadiz. The youth appeared to be educated, was friendless, houseless, and at the time Mr. Nevers saw him, was gazing away an afternoon at a beautiful painting with but a real in his pocket. Nature had evidently intended him for an artist, and Mr. Nevers' present object was to obtain for him a place in some studio as pupil, where he might fulfil all the expectations which his fine promise had excited. Mr. Nevers told the story quite well, although he was walking on strange ground, and acting a part, the very thought of which, but two months before, would have made him roll up his eyes in comical amazement.

The idea of a constant companion was not peculiarly pleasing to Sumner, who lived only when alone with his memory, but the wishes of her guardian seemed almost to come from Rose herself, and he could not decline compliance. Mr. Nevers withdrew with an odd expression, half of pleasure, half of whimsical anxiety upon his honest countenance, and left the artist to follow out the train of delicious imaginings, which their sudden meeting had called forth. Foolish certainly and profitless, but he almost fancied himself again with Rose and the past year blotted out forever.

Early in the next day came his visitors. The young Spaniard, delicately formed, and with bright eyes throwing an air of intelligence over his clear olive and rather Moorish face, finely relieved by long jet tresses descending upon his shoulders, might perhaps in other circles have become that pet of all somewhat young ladies, a handsome boy. He seemed about seventeen, certainly no less by the long delicate moustache that drooped daintily from the corners of a finely-cut mouth. Though clear and high-toned, his voice seemed somewhat strained into a manly prolongation of sound. At first sight Sumner involuntarily raised his hand as if to clear away something from before his eyes, but on second thought, and a deliberate survey of the other's person, merely formed the opinion that his future pupil might not prove the source of annoyance that he had anticipated. A short conversation confirmed him in this belief, and after the departure of Mr. Nevers, he proceeded to the first instructions with a hearty pleasure that astonished himself, and indeed seemed to confuse the boy. All Sumner's advances were received with a species of cool gratitude, that chilled the artist's fervor and really perplexed him, though it seemed to please inwardly the careless young Spaniard. But his hand was quick and skilful, so that after abandoning this sudden interest in the graceless boy, Sumner derived real pleasure as an artist in watching the magic developments of genius hitherto unskilled only in the finer rules which ages have drawn from the spirit of the great masters.

They had been together in this singular companionship but a day or two, when a Sicilian nobleman entered the studio of the foreign artist, whose pencil had attracted so much attention throughout Rome. His desire was to obtain a painting of a free, glowing, and artless Swiss shepherdess, a "mountain nymph—sweet Liberty." He withdrew with munificent offers of patronage, leaving Sumner already rapt in the bright creation of his fancy, and impatient to be alone. Day after day he wrought with passionate skill upon the canvass, wholly absorbed in his labor, and scarcely exchanging a look with the boy, who was studying with equal ardor in the opposite corner of the room. Thus were they busied. Sumner upon his painting, the young Spaniard in mentally delineating the other's features in his earnest eyes, when the Sicilian again appeared.

"It is unfinished!" exclaimed Sumner.

"Unfinished!" said the noble, hurrying to the easel with an exclamation of delight, "then do not finish it. Touch it not with your brush again;—it is matchless, another of such unfinished paintings and this shall be doubled."

He placed a heavy purse in the artist's hand. Sumner quietly returned it.

"I cannot part with this, either now while it is incomplete or at any other time."

"Not part with it."

"Impossible."

They exchanged low bows and the Sicilian walked out in dignified resentment. Sumner gazed one moment on the canvass with a burning eye, then turning about, he saw his pupil, and hurriedly seizing him by the wrist, drew him forward full before the easel.

"There! is there not something incomplete?"

For the first time the boy now saw the painting on which Sumner had lavished more than an artist's devotion,—the faithful portrait of Rose Montrose. A crimson dye strangely blushed through his dark complexion, as he gazed upon this living proof, that Sumner's heart had breathed upon his imagination and mingled the enchantment of memory with the creations of his soul. But the master saw none of this, for his eyes were again fastened upon that sweet and generous face. And then the pupil, with a powerful effort that sent the blood from his cheeks and lips, spoke very calmly, though his tones trembled somewhat in the earnestnes of his words.

"Aye! the painting is perfection itself, but there is something incomplete in the expression of that face. I see there frankness and a generous nature,—perhaps a soul, but the emotions which spring from the very heart have not risen to beam from that countenance. The model from which that was caught may possess higher nobility, and immeasurable depths of true affection, but that nobility has hitherto been stifled, and those depths remained as sealed fountains. And there must have been causes, too, which have restrained this natural developement;—faulty education, perhaps, or inexperience, for that lady seems young, too young, it may be, to know that she carries a falsehood on her face; that years and epochs have not yet shown her how different she really is from the artificial character she bears. Yes, the portrait is incomplete. Emotions, the teachings of the heart, and the heart itself are not there. Yet she is not, or will not always be thus, unless her existence is meaningless, and she no true woman. Believe me, they are lines and features in that face, which, if rightly traced, betoken a better future. In this manner it is incomplete."

Sumner gazed on this noble boy with amazement, for as he poured forth these rapid words, his eye burned with a strange brilliance, and the whole frame, seemed shaken with a powerful emotion which he was too proud to conceal. A new, but undefined thought leaped into life with in the artist's mind, and he longed for solitude to analyze it. He spoke in general terms, quite different from his impassioned manner but a moment before.

"It is true, and grievous wrong may have been done through ignorance. But that was not my meaning. This is, indeed, a portrait of a real model, and I may say, correct in general, but still there is something in the original—I know not what—which is not here. I have tasked my memory in vain; that otherwise faithful representation lacks some hidden property of the original. perhaps longer thought will enable me to reach it."

He seized his hat and departed, leaving his pupil in the same attitude, but now with a blush upon his cheeks, and softly murmuring to himself.

"He suspects but does not know. Ah! how rash and hasty those forward words that came before a thought of prudence. Will he now think the less of me? I know not—it matters not, for all is done. Something incomplete! I could have told him—I will tell him now, before I go, never to enter this studio again. First, away with this disguise."

A little water removed the dark Moorish hue from that arch and tempting face; a sly twitch, and the drooping moustache fell from the corners of her mouth, now drawn up into a merry laugh, and in full beauty Rose Montrose stood before her less lovely image. Those slender fingers seized the brush and skillfully traced a fairy wreath of wild flowers, such as the artist drew, all faded and dead, from her bosom. One hand of the portrait clasped tightly a single glove, and the other seeme passionately buried in the flowers. And then, with a glance, part of merry pride, part of anxious fear, Rose withdrew.

The next morning, Leonard Sumner entered his studio with the determination to solve the mystery which his young pupil had thrown around him. A single step within, a single glance at the portrait, and the whole truth rushed upon his mind with clearness, even bewildering in its simplicity. He hastened to Mr. Nevers' house without delay.

She was sitting alone, and as one might who knew that her lover was near. He walked straight forward, and seating himself by her side, said softly,

"Dear Rose, may I repeat my last words at our last meeting—your hand?"

"Oh! forgive the past," she exclaimed, looking up with tearful energy, "and forget my folly, my madness. Believe me, that I knew not what I said, that I feared to say what I felt; that I was weak, foolish—anything but earnest and heartless. Remember that no true light had ever shone upon me; that I had lived only in the world, and was all worldly. I see my failings; I know that in what constitutes the noblest part of human character I was incomplete. The frame of my heart was unfinished."

"But there is nothing incomplete at this moment. When you stood before that portait and hurriedly unveiled a heart of whose richness I had been ignorant, I saw at once where was my mistake, and indeed, my sweet pupil, half fancied that the earnest-eyed Spanish boy knew more of Rose Montrose than did even her lover. Ah, Rose, behold the glove you gave me once, and would grant me nothing more."

"And this is the hand that should have accompanied that glove," said the blushing girl, frankly placing it within his own.

Here Sumner would always stop, and obstinately refuse to relate a word farther. But he often affirmed that he had no fear of Rose Sumner's ever playing the coquette in future.

Miscellneous Items.

A SCENE ON THE CANAL.—An unsophisticated Joker was fishing one day in the muddy waters of the Eastern portion of the Pennsylvania Canal, when to his great surprise he got a savage bite. He immediately gave his line a jerk that would have brought out a shark, when lo! and behold, he pulled out a huge snapping turtle and threw it flat on the tow-path. He stood in amazement, gazing on the singular "beast," when bye and bye an Irishman came along, followed by a large dog. The countryman tried by gentle words to get the son of the Emerald Isle to put his fingers into the turtle's mouth, but Paddy was too smart for that, but, says he, "I'll put my dog's tail in, and see what the bloody baste will do."

He immediately called up his dog, took his tail into his hand, and stuck it into the turtle's mouth. He had hardly got it in, when Mr. Turtle shut down upon the poor dog's tail, and off he started at railroad speed, pulling the turtle at a more rapid rate than it ever travelled before. The countryman thinking his day's work would be thrown away if the animal should run long at that rate, turned with a savage look upon the laughing Irishman, and exclaimed—"Call back your dog! call back your dog!"

Paddy put his hands into his pockets, threw his head to one side, winked, and then answered with provoking sang froid, 'Be Jabers! call back your fish!'"

SOCIAL KINDNESS.—How sweet is social affection!—When the world is dark, without, we have light within. When cares disturb the breast,—when sorrow broods around the heart,—what joy gathers in the circle of love! We forget the world, with all its animosities, while blest with social kindness. That man cannot be unhappy that has a heart that vibrates in sympathy with his own—who is cheered by the smiles of affection and the voice of tenderness. Let the world be dark and cold—let the hate and animosity of bad men gather about him in the place of business—but when he enters the ark of love—his own cherished circle—he forgets all these, and the cloud passes from his brow and the sorrow from his heart. The warm sympathies of wife and children dispel every shadow, and he feels a thrill of joy in his bosom which words are inadequate to express. He who is a stranger to the joys of social kindness, has not begun to live.

A CURIOUS ADVANTAGE.—The following advertisement appears in a Dublin paper:—"If Edward Headen, house painter, who is in the habit of travelling to all parts of the country in prosecution of his business, willl communicate with his brother, Henry Headen, at 48 goldenlane, Dublin, it will be for his advantage, as his wife is dead."