

THE COLUMBIAN SPY.

SAMUEL WRIGHT, Editor and Proprietor.

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AT HENRY PAULER'S, Locust Street, opposite the
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GREAT quantities, and of the best
quality, to which the attention of
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called.

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THESE well known Boilers are kept constantly
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Boxes of Duff's Brown Soap, on hand and for
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A safe and reliable remedy for the cure of
Corns, which will not irritate, and
will remove them in
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difficulty.

Fly Paper.
A SUPERIOR article of Fly Paper, for the destruc-
tion of Flies, &c., has just been received at the
Drug Store of
R. WILLIAMS, Front Street,
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Harrison's Columbian Ink.
WHICH is a superior article, permanently black,
and of a fine quality, can be had in any
quantity, at the
Families Medicine Store, and
blacker
than any other Ink.
Columbia, Pa. 1858.

On Hand.
MRS. W. W. MIFFLIN, so long
known for her
GREAT variety of
GOLDEN SYRUP, and
other valuable
Ingredients, for the
cure of
Croup, Whooping
Cough, Sore
Throat, and all the
Families Medicine Store,
Old Fellers' Hall,
Columbia, Pa.
September 17, 1858.

REDDING'S CO'S Russia Salve! This ex-
traordinary salve is the best
remedy for the cure of
all the
Families Medicine Store,
Old Fellers' Hall,
Columbia, Pa.
September 24, 1858.

SALT by the Sack or Bushel, and Potatoes
of the best quality, for sale at the
Families Medicine Store, and
blacker
than any other Ink.
Columbia, Pa. 1858.

GREEN PUMPS.
THESE well known Boilers are kept constantly
on hand at
H. PAULER'S,
Locust Street, opposite the Franklin House,
Columbia, Pa., 1858.

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THESE well known Boilers are kept constantly
on hand at
H. PAULER'S,
Locust Street, opposite the Franklin House,
Columbia, Pa., 1858.

Just Received and For Sale.
A large quantity of
GOLDEN SYRUP, and
other valuable
Ingredients, for the
cure of
Croup, Whooping
Cough, Sore
Throat, and all the
Families Medicine Store,
Old Fellers' Hall,
Columbia, Pa.
November 10, 1858.

GRAHAM, or Bond's Boston Crackers, for in-
fants, and children, and
all the
Families Medicine Store,
Old Fellers' Hall,
Columbia, Pa.
November 10, 1858.

Seedling Raisins.
A large quantity of
GOLDEN SYRUP, and
other valuable
Ingredients, for the
cure of
Croup, Whooping
Cough, Sore
Throat, and all the
Families Medicine Store,
Old Fellers' Hall,
Columbia, Pa.
November 10, 1858.

Selections.

A Slight Mistake.

One cool afternoon in the early fall, I—
Chester F. Leroy, gentleman—stood on the
platform of the Albany depot, watching the
procession of passengers just arrived in the
Hudson River boat, who defiled past me on
their way to the cars. The Boston train, by
which I had come, waited patiently, as steam
and fire might, for their leisure, with only
occasional and faint snorts of remonstrance
on the part of the jostling crowd
hurried past by the train, and through
them in search of seats; the increasing number
at last warned me that I might find it
difficult to regain my own, and I followed them.

"I beg your pardon, sir."
I turned in obedience to a touch on my
arm, and saw a respectable looking negro
man before me, who bore the traveling bag
and sward, and was evidently the attendant
of a slender and stylish girl behind him.

"Do I speak?" he said, bowing respect-
fully, and glancing at the portmanteau I car-
ried, on which my surname was quite legible.
"I do address, sir, Mr. Le Roy?"

"That is my name—at your service—what
can I do for you?"

"The young lady, Miss Florence Dandard,
who was to join you at Albany at six o'clock
this evening—I have charge of her." He
turned to the young lady behind him.

"This is Mr. Le Roy, Miss."
The young lady, whose dark blue eyes
had been scanning me, as I could perceive,
through her blue silk veil, now lifted it with
an exquisitely gloved little hand, and ex-
tended the other to me, with a charming
mixture of frankness and timidity.

"I am very glad to meet you, Mr. Le Roy,"
said she. "I thought I should know you in a
moment. Jenny described you so accurately."
How kind it was of you to offer to take
charge of me. I hope I shall not trouble you.

"In the midst of my bewilderment, at thus
being addressed by the sweetest voice in the
world, I managed to see that I must make
a proper reply, and proceeded to stammer
out what I thought an appropriate speech,
when the servant, who had taken up my
trunk, returned, and I abandoned it un-
falsely.

"Did you see my baggage, Edward?" asked
his mistress.
"Yes, Miss; it is all on."
"Then you had better hurry to reach the
7 o'clock boat. Good bye, and tell them
you saw me off."

It was like one in a dream, while the man
handed me two checks for the trunks and
instructed me with the light baggage he had
carried; but I was aroused by the young
lady asking me if we had not better secure
our seats in the cars, and answered by of-
fering her my arm. In ten minutes we
were seated side by side, and trundling out
of Albany at a rate that grew faster and
faster.

I had no time to reflect, with that lovely
face opposite me, but what was the use—
Some strange mistake had undoubtedly hap-
pened, and I had evidently been taken
for another person of the same name; but
how to remedy this now, without alarming
the innocent young lady in my charge—how
to find the right man, with the right name,
among several hundred people, and how to
transfer her, without an unpleasant scene
and explanation, to the care of some one
whose person was not less strange to her
than mine! While these thoughts whirled
through my head, I happened to encounter
those smiling eyes fixed upon me, and their
open, unsuspecting gaze decided me. "I
will not trouble or distress her by any
knowledge of her position," I concluded,
"but will just do my best to fill the place of
the individual she took me for, and conduct
her wherever she wishes to go, if I can only
find where it is!" I turned to her with an
affectionate ease, which I was very far
from feeling, and said, "it is a long journey."

"Do you think so? but it is very pleasant,
isn't it? Cousin Jenny enjoyed it so much!"
"Ah, indeed?"
"Why, what a queer man!" she said, with
a slight laugh. "Does she never tell you,
as she does me in all her letters, how happy
she is, and that St. Louis is the sweetest
place in the world to live in? Dear me,
that I should have to tell her own husband
that! How we shall all laugh about it when
we get there!"

So it was St. Louis where we were going,
to, and I was her cousin's husband. I never
was so thankful for two pieces of informa-
tion in my life.

"And how does dear Jenny look and
what is she doing? and how is dear Aunt
Beman? do tell me the news!"

"Jenny," said I, mastering courage and
words, "is the dearest little wife in the
world you must know, only far too fond of
her scamp of a husband. As to her looks
you can't expect me to say anything, for she
always looks lovely to me."

"Bravo!" said the pretty girl, with a ma-
jestic smile; "but about aunt's rheuma-
tism?"
"Miss, I mean, of course, Mrs. Beman is
very well."

"Well," said my fair questioner, regard-
ing me with surprise, "I thought she had not
been well for a number of years!"

"I mean well for her," said I, in some
trepidation; "the air of St. Louis (which I
have since learned is a misty misty order)
has done her a world of good. She is quite
a different woman."

"I am very glad," said her niece.
She remained silent for a few moments,
and then a gleam of amusement began to
dance in her bright eyes.

"To think," she said, suddenly turning to
me with a musical laugh, "that in all
this time you have not once mentioned the
baby!"

"I know I gave a violent start and I think
I turned pale. After I had run the gamut
of all those questions triumphantly, as I
thought, this new danger stared me in the
face. How was I ever to describe a baby,
who had never noticed one? My courage
sank below zero; but in the same proportion
the blood rose to my face, and I took my
teeth fairly chattered in my head.

"Don't be afraid that I shall not sympa-
thize in your raptures," continued my tor-
mentor, as I almost considered her, "I am
quite prepared to believe anything after
Jenny's letter—you should see how she
cares for him."

Him! Blessed goodness, then it must be
a boy!

"Of course," said I, blushing and stam-
mering, but feeling it imperative to say
something—"we consider him the finest fellow
in the world; but you might not agree with
us, and in order to leave your judgement
unbiased, I shall not describe him to you."

"Ah, but I know just how he looks, for
Jenny had no such scruple—so you may
spare yourself the trouble or happiness,
which ever it is—but tell me what you mean
to call him?"

"I indeed! I thought she intended to give
him yours."

"The deuce she did!" thought I. "No, one
of a name is enough in a family," I an-
swered.

The demon of inquisitiveness, that, to
my thinking, had instigated my companion
heretofore, now ceased to possess her, and
we talked of various indifferent things, and
I had the relief of not being compelled to draw
on my imagination at the expense of my
conscience, when I gave the name of a
my recent journey from Boston. "Very, I
was far from feeling at ease, for every sound
of her voice startled me with a dread of
fresh questions, necessary, but impossible to
be answered, and I felt a guilty flush steal-
ing upon my temples, every time I met the
look of those innocent eyes.

It was late when we stopped for supper,
and soon after I saw the dark fringes of my
companion's eyes drop long and often, and
began to realize that she was on the verge
of sleep. I knew perfectly well that it was my
duty to offer her a resting place on my shoulder,
but I hardly had courage enough to ask
that innocent face to lie on my arm, which
was not as she thought it, that of a cousin
and married man. Recollecting, however,
that it was my duty to make her comfort-
able, and that I could scarcely do so, if her
more than I had already done, I proffered
the usual utility. She slightly blushed,
but thanked me, and accepted it by leaning
her head lightly against my shoulder, and
looking up into my eyes with a smile said,
"As you are my cousin." Soon after her
eyes closed and she slept sweetly and calmly
as if resting in security and peace.

I looked down at the beautiful face,
slightly paled with fatigue, that rested
against mine, and felt like a villain. I
dared not touch her with my arm, although
the rebounding of the cars jostled her very
much. I sat remorseless until the sleeper
settled the matter by slipping forward and
awakening. She opened her eyes instantly,
and said—

"It's no use for me to try to sleep with
my bonnet on," she said; "for it is very
much in the way for me; I'm sure it trou-
bles you." So she removed it, giving me
the pretty little toy, with its graceful ribbons
and flowers to put on the rack above me. I
preferred to hold it, telling her it would be
safer with me, and after a few objections,
she resigned it, being in truth too sleepy to
contest the point; then tying the silk
veil over her glossy hair, she leaned against
my shoulder and slept again.

This time when the motion began to shake
and annoy her, I stifled the reproaches of
my conscience, and passing my arm lightly
round her slender waist, drew her head upon
my breast where it lay all night. She slept
the sleep of innocence, serene and peaceful,
and it is needless to say that I could not close
my eyes or ease my conscience. I could only
gaze down on the beautiful, still face, and
imagine how it would confront me, if she
knew what I was, and how I had deceived
her or dreaming more wildly still, repre-
sented it in a hundred scenes, which I had
never before paused to imagine, as the face
of my wife. I had never loved, unless the
butterfly loves of Saratoga and Newport
might be so dignified, and still less had I
ever dreamed or thought of marrying, even
as a possibility and far contingency. Never
before, I solemnly aver, had I seen the wo-
man I wished to make my wife—never be-
fore had I so longed to call anything my
own, as I did that lovely face lying on my
heart. No, it was impossible for me to
sleep.

In the morning we reached Buffalo, and
spent the day at Niagara. If I had thought
her lovely while she slept, what was she
when the light of feeling and expression
played over her face, as she eloquently re-
sponded to the scene before us, or watered our
singly still. I don't think I looked at
the tataras as much as I looked at her, or

thought the one creation more beautiful than
the other.

She was now quite familiar with me in
her innocent way, calling me "cousin Frank,"
and seemed to take a certain pleasure in my
society and protection. It was delightful
to be greeted so glibly by her, when I en-
tered the hotel parlor, to have her come for-
ward from the lonely seat where she had
been waiting, not to embrace me, or to notice
to receive me—to have her hang on my arm
—look up into my face—tell me all her little
adventures alone (how long it seemed to
me), while every word, look and smile,
seemed doubly dear to me, because I knew
the precious treasure by which I held my
right to them. She busied herself, too,
while I was gone out, with our joint bag-
gage, and rummaging all over her trunks to
find a book which I had expressed a desire to
see. She mended my gloves, sewed the
band on my traveling cap, and found my
cigar case whenever I had lost it, which was
about twenty times a day, while she soiled
me for the carelessness which she declared
almost equaled her own.

Long ago she had given over to my posses-
sion her elegant little portmanteau, "with
all the money in it, which she was sure she
would lose, as she could never keep any-
thing," and as she had ordered me to take
out what she wanted for her travelling ex-
penses, I opened it with trembling hands
when I was alone, and examined the con-
tents. There were, besides all the bank
bills which she had probably been furnis-
hing for her journey, and which with pious
care she had packed into the smallest pos-
sible compass, as much gold as her pretty
toy could carry, a tiny pearl ring, too small
to fit my finger, but not hers—two I am
afraid I kissed—a card with her name on it,
and a memorandum in a pretty hand—"No.
—Olive Street, St. Louis," which I rightly
conjectured was the residence of her cousin
Jenny, whose husband I was; a very fortu-
nate discovery for me. Indeed, thus far I
had not found the way of the transgressor
hard, in external circumstances at least,
and when with her I forgot everything but
her grace and beauty, and my firm resolu-
tion to be no more to her than her cousin
should be, but out of that charmed presence
made me miserable.

I am afraid I must sometimes have be-
trayed the conflicts of feeling I had, but
in my manner; but when I was reserved, and
ceremonious with her, she always resented it,
and begged me so bewitchingly not to
treat her, and to call her by her sweet name,
"Florence," that I had dreamed as much as
I longed to do I could not have refused her.
But the consciousness that I was not what
she thought me, but an impostor, of whom
after our connection had ceased, and she
had discovered the truth, on practiced upon
her, she could think or remember nothing
that would not cause unwarmed self-re-
proach and mortification, all innocent and
trusting as she was, this reflection, more
than any other I confess, and the knowledge
of the estimation in which she would forever
hold me, after my imposition was discover-
ed, agonized me, and I would have given all
I possessed to own it to her and leave her
eight at once, though the thought of never
seeing her more was dreadful. But that
could not be.

At last we reached St. Louis. Do I say
"at last?" When the sight of those spires
and gables warned me that my brief dream
of happiness was over, and that the remorseful
reflections I had—staving off so long
were now to commence in earnest, the
thought of my coming punishment from
Florence was dreadful to me, and the time
seemed to fly on lightning wings as it drew
near.

She was all gayety and was astonished at
my smiles and assurance of mind, when so
near home and Jenny, and when we entered
the carriage that was to convey us to our
destination, I had half a mind to take a cov-
ardly flight rather than encounter the scorn
and disappointment of those blue eyes; but
I mastered courage and followed her, giving
the address I found in the portmanteau which,
fortunately, was the right one, to the driver.

"Almost home!" said she, turning her
bright eyes towards me—we were rattling
up the street and my time was short—"how
can you be so quiet?"

"Because, Miss Florence," I answered, "the
cause has come in which I must confess to
you that I have no more right in the house
to which we are now hastening than to the
name by which you address me, and that my
only claim to either, is that of an impostor
and deceiver."

She turned her lovely face, wondering
and puzzled towards me.

"Thank heaven I did not read fear and
aversion in it."
"No right no claim!" she repeated, "what
can you mean?"

I confessed the whole truth, as nearly as
I have set it down here, denying nothing,
and concealing nothing, not even the useless
secret of my love for her. When the brief
revelation was ended, we both remained silent,
she had hidden her face, I could see she
trembled violently with shame and repul-
sion. The sight of her distress was agony
to me, and I tried to say a few words of
apology.

"You cannot blame or hate me, Miss Dan-
dard, more than I blame or hate myself," I
said, "for the distress I have unwillingly
caused you. Heaven knows that if I ac-
cepted the charge of so much innocence and
beauty too lightly, I have been heavily
punished, in having occasioned this suffer- ing to

you, and my own punishment is more than
I can bear."

The coach stopped as I spoke, she turned
towards me eagerly, her face bearing traces
of tears, and said in a low voice, "Do not mis-
understand me if I was silent."
The coachman threw open the door, and
stood waiting. I was obliged to descend and
assist her out. I hardly dared to touch that
little hand, though it was for the last time,
but I watched her graceful figure with sad
distress. She was already recognized, for
the door was thrown open, and a pretty wo-
man followed by a fine looking, black-wick-
ered gentleman whom I supposed to be my
namesake, rushed down the steps. There
were loud exclamations of astonishment and
pleasure, a cordial welcome, and some rapid
questions to which Florence returned very
low and quiet answers, and quickly extric-
ing herself from the confusion, presented me
as "Miss Le Roy, your husband's namesake,
and the gentleman who kindly took
charge of me."

I glanced at her face to see if she was
mocking me, but it was pale and grave—
Mrs. Le Roy opened her eyes widely, but
was too well bred to express surprise, and
after introducing me to her husband in the
same terms, invited me into the house—
Hardly conscious what I did, or of anything
except that I was still in the presence of
Florence, from which I could not endure to
banish myself, I followed them into a hand-
some parlor, where sat an old lady whom
my conscience told me was "the rheumatic
aunt" I had so cruelly belied. Florence her-
self presented me to this lady, who was a
figure, and unable to rise from her chair,
and before I could stammer out an apology
and retire, related in her own way (how
different from mine,) the mistake by which
she had been placed in my care and the
history of our journey, in which it appeared
my host, Mr. Le Roy, had been a fellow
passenger. When she had ended, they all
crowded about me, warmly expressing their
thanks for my "kindness and consideration,"
to my utter bewilderment and surprise, and
cordially inviting me to remain with them,
and make the acquaintance of my namesake
and family.

I detached myself from all this unexpect-
ed kindness as soon as I could, for I fancied
I read aversion in the flushing and pal-
ing face, and drooping eyes of Florence, and
with one last look at her left the room. A
moment after, and I felt the touch of a light
hand on my arm, and turning, saw with
mute surprise, that she had followed me in-
to the vestibule.

"Mr. Le Roy," she said hurriedly, "I can-
not let you go away misunderstanding me
as I see you do. If I was silent while you
so humbly apologized for your noble, gener-
ous and honorable conduct, I was not an-
gered; believe me, but because I was too
much astonished, afterwards to move more
and grateful to speak. I owe you more
than I can say, and should be miserable,
indeed, if a false shame, which you see has
not prevented my telling you this, should
prevent you from continuing an acquaint-
ance so strangely begun. Trust me, sir, I
speak the truth."

I don't know what a scene I made, for the
recollection of feeling was almost too great
for words, and the rapture of knowing, as I
looked down into that lovely face that it was
not for the last time, quite took away the
little sense I had remaining.

If you want to know how I felt, ask a
man who is going to be hung, how he would
feel to be reprieved.

We soon time flies. It certainly does
not seem five years since all this happened,
yet cousin Jenny (my cousin Jenny now) so
bitterly reproaches us in our last letter, for
not visiting her in all that time, we have
again undertaken the journey, but under
different auspices, since Florence is Florence
Dandard no more, and sleeps upon my arm
in the more blissfully, but with the
consent of a wife of nearly five years
standing, and I register our names in the
hotel book, as "Mr. and Mrs. Le Roy," and
bless my lucky stars as I read it over—
Even while I write Florence, lovelier than
ever, as I think, makes a grand pretence of
arranging our baggage at the hotel where we
stop, (and which has reminded me by
past transactions, to write down this story)
or comes leaning over me to call me "dear
Chester," instead of "dear cousin Frank,"
as five years before, and to scold me for
being so stupid as to sit and write instead of
talking with her. Was ever man so happy
in a slight mistake.

A Terrible Revenge.

Of our pleasant party at the Elms last
Christmas, Kath O'Hara, was the beauty,
far away. I remember our little silence of
admiration as she came into the drawing
room just before dinner was announced (for
your prima donna does not care to enter
until the house is full), and the great sen-
sation her arrival made, though she could not
have approached more quietly or meekly if
she had been the cat. Half a dozen young
ladies who, before her advent, looked pretty
enough, suddenly became quite uninter-
esting to a corresponding number of bachelors,
and even we married men, passed awhile in
our talk of short horns to steal an admiring
glance. We had resumed our boyish con-
versation, and were diverging, if I remem-
ber aright, in the direction of the Prince
Consort's pig, when my wife came up to me,
and whispered—

"That's little Kate O'Hara!"
Why did my cheek glow, and my heart

throb? Why did the name of one whom I
had not seen since she was a little child re-
call at once the crowning happiness and
chief confusion of my life?

It shall be told, terribly anon.
The six bachelors entered themselves
immediately for "the O'Hara stakes," as
one of them was subsequently pleased to
designate the dreaming of Love's young
dream; and two of them—a middy and an
under-graduate—got the start, and made the
running at the most reckless pace I ever
saw. In fact, the sailor-proposed on the
third evening, and was declined with such
good natured cheerfulness that he seemed to
be rather pleased than otherwise; whereas
the collegian, who was of a poetical turn,
took his refusal, the day following, very seri-
ously to heart, and passed the remaining
part of his visit in sorrow and the abra-
beries. Two other competitors, unattached
(except to Kate), were disposed of at an
archery hall; and the race then lay between
Charles Northcote, captain of hussars; and
Philip Lee, curate.

It was a grand set-to—"hands up," I can
tell you. If Charles had the hardiest
face, and playing with a bullet-pendulum
from his watch chain, but which had resided
in his leg—could talk of the time "when I
was in the Crimea?" Philip had the more
intellectual expression, and had won at Ox-
ford the "under-graduate's" "blue ribbon,"
the "Nevedgate" prize for English verse—
Charles, it is true, when we were skating
on the "under-graduate's" "blue ribbon,"
the "Nevedgate" prize for English verse—
Charles, it is true, when we were skating
on the "under-graduate's" "blue ribbon,"
the "Nevedgate" prize for English verse—

On the night before our party separated
we had a grand performance of charades,
and in the last of these the Rev. Mr. Lee
had won immense applause as a ferocious
captain of banditti, acting with the greatest
enthusiasm, and having composed for him-
self, with the co-operation of a clerk, a pair
of mousethatches which rivalled Charles's.
We were to appear at supper in our charade
costumes, and were waiting the announce-
ment of that reflection, when I noticed an
extraordinary phenomenon, which caused
me instantly and earnestly to whisper to
Miss O'Hara, "I have something to say to
you. Come at once."

We passed unnoticed from the crowded
drawing room into the library, still littered
with our theatrical properties. Seizing a
dagger, and assuming a characteristic cowl
(I was attired as a brigand's assistant), I
bade her "Lie still!" And she (I see her now
in her pretty hat and cloak, for she had re-
presented in our last scene the young Eng-
lish countess stopped by the robbers,) ever
ready for "bullets" and "mirbs" as she sup-
posed all this to be—made answer, solemnly
"Say on!"

"Twelve years ago, Catharine O'Hara, I
wooded and won in the home of your child-
hood the lady who is now my wife. On a
sweet summer eve I told my love, sitting
under an acacia, and upon a cushion, the
property of your respected sire. Hard by
you, then a little child, were swinging in a
swing. Those same long silken tresses
drooped over those deep blue eyes, and
never dreamed that you took note of us;
sealing in the usual manner, our vows of
mutual love. Judge then, how intense our
agony, how complete and awful our abasement,
when, as we rejoined our festive
strong for coffee, you cried aloud for all to
hear—

"Oh, mamma, those two did so kiss each
other, when I was swinging in the elm!"
"For twelve years, Kate O'Hara, the
memory of that humiliation has troubled my
indignant soul; but at last, I am avenged—
look here!"

I held before her one of the hand looking
glasses which lay on the table near; and she
was preparing to say something in the dra-
matic style, as she snatched it from me with
the proud air of a tragedy queen, when her
eyes caught the reflection of her face, and
in a moment, that full consciousness was
blanched and pale, and she stood with her
head dropping, speechless. For, upon her
lip, reader, she saw, as I had seen, the cer-
tain sign and trace that, in some obscure
corner behind the scenes, the race had been
decided for the "O'Hara Stakes," and that
the brigand Lee had won. He had left half
his cork moustache on the lovely lip.

"Kate," I said, "you cannot be vexed
with me, for I congratulate you with all my
heart. May you be as happy, dear girl,
with my friend the Robber, as those two
have been happy, whom you saw so kissing
one another, from beneath those silken
lashes as you sat swinging in the elm!"

The Sans Culottes.
A REMINISCENCE OF BALTIMORE.

Those who, some five and twenty years
ago, were familiar with the people, manners
and things of the pleasant-old city of Bal-
timore, will of course, by no means have for-