

THE COLUMBIA SPY.

SAMUEL WRIGHT, Editor and Proprietor.

"NO ENTERTAINMENT IS SO CHEAP AS READING, NOR ANY PLEASURE SO LASTING."

\$1.50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE; \$2.00 IF NOT IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME XXX, NUMBER 48.]

COLUMBIA, PENNSYLVANIA, SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 30, 1860.

[WHOLE NUMBER 1,558.]

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING
Office in Carpet Hall, North-west corner of
Front and Locust streets.

Terms of subscription.
One Copy per annum, if paid in advance, \$1 50
If not paid within three months from commencement of year, \$2 00
Advertisements.
No subscription received for a less time than six months; and no paper will be discontinued until the arrears are paid, unless at the option of the publisher.
Money may be remitted by mail in the shape of a check or draft.
Rates of Advertising.
One square (12 lines) one week, \$0 25
Three weeks, 75
One month, 1 00
Six weeks, 1 25
Three months, 3 00
Six months, 5 00
One year, 9 00
Larger advertisements made to order, half price for each day, unless otherwise specified.
A liberal discount will be made to quarterly, half yearly or yearly advertisers, who are strictly confined to their business.

DR. HOFFER, DENTIST.
Office, Front Street, 4th door
from Locust, over Taylor & McDonald's Book store
Columbia, Pa. Entrance, same as Jolley's Photograph Gallery. August 25, 1859.

THOMAS WELSH, J. OFFICE.
In the new building below
Black's Hotel, Front street.
Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to his care.
November 28, 1857.

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

J. W. FISHER, Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
Columbia, Pa.
Columbia, September 9, 1859.

S. Alice Beckus, D. D. S.
PRACTICES the Operative, Surgical and Aesthetic
Departments of Dentistry.
Office, 107 Locust street, between the Franklin House
and Post Office, Columbia, Pa.
May 7, 1859.

GUSTAVUS HEGMAN, Professor of Ancient and Modern Languages.

MADAME HEGMAN, Teacher of Vocal and Instrumental Music.
Manassas street, over Front, south side.
Columbia, May 12, 1850.

TOMATO PILLS.—Extract of Tomatoes; a
cathartic and Tonic. For sale at
H. B. DILLIETT & CO'S
Golden Star Drug Store.
Dec 3, 1859.

BROOMS.—100 Doz. Brooms, at Wholesale
or Retail, at
H. B. DILLIETT & CO'S
Golden Star Drug Store.
Dec 3, 1859.

**SINE'S Compound of Syrup of Tar, Wild
Cherry and other ingredients.**
Columbia, Pa.
Columbia, May 12, 1850.

Patent Steam Wash Boilers.
These well known Boilers are kept constantly on
hand at
HENRY FAHLER'S,
Locust street, opposite the Franklin House.
Columbia, July 16, 1857.

Opis for sale by the bushel or larger quantity.
Columbia Dec 25, 1859. B. F. APFOLD.

JUST IN STORE, a fresh lot of Breck's and Frowde's
celebrated Vegetable Cattle Powder, and for sale by
H. B. DILLIETT & CO'S
Golden Star Drug Store.
Sept. 17, 1859.

Harrison's Columbian Ink.
WHICH is a superior article, permanently black
and not fading, and which can be had in any
quantity at the Family Medicine Store, and blacker
yet at the English Boot Store.
Columbia, June 9, 1859.

On Hand.
MR. WINSLOW'S No. 100 Syrup, which will
cure, soothe, and relieve the most distressing
coughs, colds, croup, whooping cough, and
all the pulmonary affections, in a rapid and
safe manner.
R. WILLIAMS, Front st., Columbia.
Sept. 17, 1859.

REDDING & CO'S Russia Silt. This ex-
cellent preparation is used for the cure of external
eruptions, such as the scabies, and is
sold by R. WILLIAMS, Front st., Columbia.
Sept. 21, 1859.

CASPER'S PUMPS.
THESE are a large stock of Steam Pumps
and Hoses, to which he calls the attention of
the public. He is prepared to put them up for use in
a substantial and enduring manner.
H. FAHLER,
Locust street.
December 19, 1857.

Just Received and For Sale.
200 lbs. Ground Mustard, 50 lbs. Extra Family
Mustard, 25 lbs. Pure Oil of Olive, 25 lbs. Pure
Oil of Sweet Almonds, 25 lbs. Pure Oil of
Cotton Seed, 25 lbs. Pure Oil of Castor.
March 26, 59. B. F. APFOLD.
No. 1 and 2 Canal Street.

CRAMER, or Bond's Boston Crackers, for
Dyspepsia, and Arrow Root Crackers, for in-
valids and children. For sale at the Family Medicine Store,
April 16, 1859.

NEW CROP SEEDLESS RAISINS.
THESE are the best for Pies, Fudding, &c.—a fresh supply at
H. B. DILLIETT & CO'S
Golden Star Drug Store, Corner Front and Union st.
Nov. 19, 1859.

Seedless Raisins!
A LOT of very choice Seedless Raisins, just received.
At
H. B. DILLIETT & CO'S
Golden Star Drug Store, No. 71 Locust st.
Nov. 19, 1859.

SHAKER CORN.
JUST received, a first rate lot of Shaker Corn.
At
H. B. DILLIETT & CO'S
Golden Star Drug Store, Corner Front and Union st.
Nov. 19, 1859.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE.—The want of
such an article is felt in every family, and now
it can be supplied for mending furniture, china,
wood, ornamental work, toys, &c. there is no
superior. We have found it useful in repairing
articles which have been broken for months. You
can see it at
H. B. DILLIETT & CO'S
Golden Star Drug Store.
FAMILY MEDICINE STORE.

A FIRST-RATE ARTICLE of Dried Root, and
of Ham, can be bought at
H. B. DILLIETT & CO'S
Golden Star Drug Store, No. 71 Locust street.
March 10, 1860.

**CHOICE TEAS, Black and Green, of differ-
ent varieties.** Address for list received at
H. B. DILLIETT & CO'S
Golden Star Drug Store, No. 71 Locust street.
March 10, 1860.

**THE FATE OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN, the un-
derstanding of the Arctic Expedition, and the
discovery of the Northwest Passage, by
J. S. DILLIETT & CO'S
Golden Star Drug Store, No. 71 Locust street.
Feb. 11, 1860.**

JON'S PURE CANTAWA BRAND.—A very
superior and genuine article, for sale at
H. B. DILLIETT & CO'S
Golden Star Drug Store, No. 71 Locust street.
Feb. 11, 1860.

COAL OIL LAMP GLASSES.—Beware of cheap
ones. Owing to the large increase in
the consumption of Coal Oil, the market is full of
cheap and inferior articles. We have had at
H. B. DILLIETT & CO'S
Golden Star Drug Store, No. 71 Locust street.
Feb. 11, 1860.

FOR MAKING SOAP.—A superior article of
Soda Ash on hand and for sale by
H. B. DILLIETT & CO'S
Golden Star Drug Store, No. 71 Locust street.
March 4, 1860.

Poetry.

Ladies' Luggage.

How happy is the single life,
Of all those priests and monks,
Not one of whom has got a wife
To bother him with wrinkles,
And handkerchiefs, and a great
For man or horse to be, or
Which may charge for over-weight,
And cause a double fare.

Full cure, at with your bride you post,
Distracts your anxious mind,
Lest the portmanteau should be lost,
Or that he left behind:
Her baggage as you travel down
Lest she should weigh more and more,
And still as halber grows your crown,
Becomes a greater bore.

Outriggered by Fashion vile and vain,
Hoop-petticoes, and waist,
Now British fashion, in content,
Require no end of change.
To which bags, baskets, bundles, add,
Too numerous to name.
Enough to drive a poor man mad,
A job with rage inflame.

The cab keeps away o'er your head,
With luggage piled above,
Of errands you ride in dread,
With her whom you should love;
Then you, the station when you gain,
Must see that lumber stored,
And stare about in the train,
Your heart and soul corrode.

Then does your wife each journey spoil
Of yours that she partakes,
The keeps you on the feet and broil,
Year after year, and comes, by breaks,
With all these boxes at her things,
(How many!) to enclose,
The fair Encumbrance on you brings,
A wagon-load of woes.

Selections.

Doctor Dubois.

Doctor Dubois had just finished a dinner
which, if not served up according to the
philosophical principles of Brillat-Savarin,
was at any rate both succulent and substan-
tial. He had turned his feet towards the
fire—it was in the month of December—and
was slowly cracking his nuts and almonds,
and occasionally mistaking them with a
glass of genuine Beauvine. Evidently he
considered that his day had been well em-
ployed; and fervently hoped that the gud-
desse Hygieia would watch for that evening
at least over his numerous patients. A pair
of comfortable slippers—presented by a
nervous lady for his assiduous attendance
upon a scratch on the little finger of her left
hand—adorned his small feet. A black
velvet skullcap was pulled half over his ears,
and a brilliant morning gown fell in grace-
ful folds about his legs. Bobonne had re-
tired to prepare the customary coffee. The
evening party had arrived. Fraught with
interesting, because as yet unknown intel-
ligence, it was waiting on the edge of the
table to be opened. There might be news
of a new war or of an unexpected peace;
some miraculous rise or fall of the funds
might have taken place. The worthy doc-
tor had already thrice glanced at the damp
parallel-gram of folded paper; but it was
his custom to tantalize himself agreeably
before satisfying his curiosity. He dalled
with the little stone-colored strips that held
the journal in a cross, and bore his name
and address, before he liberated it; and was
glancing at the first column when he was
startled by a melancholy shriek of wild
that came up the Rue de Sevres, mingled
with the crash of falling tiles and chimney-
pots, the dashing of shotters, and the loud
splashing of the rain.

"Whew! peste!" ejaculated Doctor Du-
bois in a tone of pleasant wonder, "what a
night! How fortunate it is that I am not
called out. This weather will protect me.
All my friends are going so nicely, bless
them! No one is in danger of a crisis.—
Madame Farris has promised to wait till
tomorrow. Nothing but a very desperate case
could make people disturb me at such a
time. Decidedly, I shall have one quiet
evening this week.

The words were scarcely out of the doc-
tor's mouth when the bell of the apartment
rang violently. A physicianist would have
been delighted with the sudden change
from complacent security to peevish despair
that took place on the doctor's countenance.
He placed both his hands firmly on his
knees; and, turning round towards the door,
waited for the announcement that was to
chase him from his comfortable bedside.

"My poor gentleman," said Bobonne,
bustling in with a platter on which was the
expected coffee; "you must be off at once.
Here is a lad who will not believe that you
are out, although I told him you are from
home, twice. He says that his mother is
dying."

"Diable!" exclaimed Doctor Dubois, half
in compassion, half in anger. "Give me
my coffee—tell him to come in. Where are
my boots? Indeed, if she be dying—really
dying—I am scarcely wanted. A priest
would have been more suitable. However,
duty, duty, duty."

"We shall be eternally grateful," said a
young man, who, without waiting to be
summoned, had entered the room, but who
had only caught the last words. "When
duty is willingly performed, it is doubly
worthy."

"Certainly, sir," replied the doctor, ques-
tioning Bobonne, with his eyebrows, to know
whether his previous grumbling could have
been overheard. "I shall be with you
directly. Warm yourself by the fire; my
dear young man, whilst I am myself for
the combat."

The youth—who was tall and slight, not
more than eighteen years of age—walking
impatiently up and down the room, whilst
Doctor Dubois pulled on his boots, swallow-
ing his scolding coffee, wriggled into his
great coat, half strangled himself with his
muffler, and received his umbrella from the
attentive Bobonne.

"I have a sacre," said the youth.
"So much the better," quoth Doctor Du-
bois; "but precautions never do any harm.—
Now I am ready. You see a man may still
be sprightly at fifty. Go to bed, Bobonne;
and take a little anæstic—that cough of yours
must be cared for—dot, mind."

The buxom housekeeper followed her mas-
ter to the door; and no old bachelor who
witnessed the attentions which she per-
secuted him—buttoning his coat tighter, pull-
ing his muffler higher over his chin, giving
a tug to the brim of his hat, and, most sig-
nificant of all, stopping him in the passage
to turn up his trousers nearly to the knees,
lest they might be spoiled by the mud—no
one of the doctor's bachelor friends who wit-
nessed all this (and the occurrence was fre-
quent) failed to envy the doctor his excel-
lent housekeeper. The youth saw nothing.

He had gone down stairs three steps at a
time, and was in the vehicle and angry with
impatience long before the man of science
bustled out, thinking he had been extraor-
dinarily energetic, and wondering how much
more decision of character was required to
make a general of division or an emperor.

"Now that we are in full march," quoth
he, as the driver was endeavoring to make
his drenched hacks step out briskly, "I
should like to know something of the case;
not the particular symptoms; but the gen-
eral facts. What is your mother's age?"

The youth replied that she was about forty,
and had been ill some time. Her family
had supposed, however, until then, that her
disease was rather mental than physical.—
He said other things; but the doctor felt
certain that there was something behind
which shame had concealed.

The vehicle continued to roll; but it had
left the Rue de Sevres, and was threading
some of the sombre streets between that and
the Rue de Valenciennes.

"You came a long way to look for me,"
said the physician, half enquiringly.

The youth muttered some answer that
was unintelligible, and was saved from fur-
ther questioning by the stopping of the
cabriolet. On getting out, the doctor recog-
nized the house as one of the largest pri-
vate hotels in that quarter. He had often
passed by, and thought it was uninhabited.
The porte cochere was opened by an elderly
servant-man, who looked sad and sorrow-
ful.

"She is not yet—" exclaimed the youth,
not daring to utter the word of the omen.

"No, no!" but she has begun to talk
reasonably."

"Be frank," whispered Doctor Dubois, and
they crossed the court under the hastily
opened umbrella. "Has your mother's
mind been affected? It is necessary that I
should know this."

"Yes—in one particular—in one particu-
lar only. I will explain all; but—it is
very humiliating."

"Medical men are confessors," said the
doctor, sententiously.

"After that disaster you continued to
inhabit your old hotel in the Faubourg St.
Gormain. Whenever I pass I see the shut-
ters closed. I see no one come in or go out.
I am not inquisitive. Indeed I have noticed
these symptoms without reflecting upon them
I had forgotten your name. I now under-
stand that you have remained here ever
since; living on the ruins of your fortune,
and keeping your poor mother in the illusion
that nothing had been changed—that she is
still rich, honored, and happy."

"All this is true," exclaimed the youth,
seizing the hand of the doctor; "but you do
not know all."

"I know enough, was the reply, "to make
me honor and respect you."

The story which the young man in the
fulness of his heart now told was orisious
and painful. M. de Cheseul, his grand-
father, the old man whom Doctor Dubois
had seen in the other room, was one of the
nobles who had emigrated during the first
French Revolution. He had gone to
America, where he married the daughter of
a Virginian planter, and settled down quite
hopeless of ever returning to his native
country. After a time his wife died, and
left him with an only daughter. He came
to Paris; where, although his fortune was
small, he was able to give his child a com-
plete education. After eighteen hundred
and thirty news came to him from America
that his father-in-law had died, leaving all
his property to him. He again crossed the
Atlantic with his daughter, then nineteen
years of age. On the voyage out he made
the acquaintance of M. de Jarante, a young
French nobleman of great wealth, who was
going to the west to expend his super-abun-
dant energies in travel. An affection sprang
up between this young man and M. de
Cheseul's daughter. The consequence was
that, some time after their arrival in Amer-
ica, they were married. But M. de Jarante
had not entirely lost his wandering propen-
sities. Whilst M. de Cheseul was en-
gaged in an unexpected lawsuit, with the
relations of his father-in-law—which ended
in the will being utterly set aside—the
young couple travelled together in various
directions. This lasted some years. Victor,
the youth who related the story to the Doc-
tor, and Valerie were born, and the mother
found it necessary to remain more station-
ary than before, to look after her children.—
Then M. de Jarante undertook to explore the

cordilleras of the Andes alone, and sent his
wife and family back to France.

Victor evidently slurred over certain do-
mestic quarrels here, but it came out that
M. de Cheseul had reproached his son-in-
law with neglecting his daughter, and seem-
ed to think that it was partly because the
fortune which she had expected had been
taken from her. M. de Jarante afterwards
returned in safety, and led a very quiet life
in Paris. His wife thought his restlessness
was now quite worn out; but at length he
again started for South America, wrote home
—frequently sending valuable collections
which he made by the way—and was last
heard of when about to undertake a voyage
across the Pacific. This happened six years
before the period at which Doctor Dubois
became acquainted with the story. For
some time Madame de Jarante suffered no
misfortune but separation from her hus-
band; but at length his relations had reason
to consider him to be dead. They asked
his wife to give an account of his immense
fortune. She refused, saying that it de-
volved upon her children. Then, to her sur-
prise, they asked for proofs of her mar-
riage. She had none to give. A trial took
place, and although some corroborative
testimony was brought forward, it did not
satisfy the law, and Madame de Jarante
was not only deprived of her husband's for-
tune, but was called upon to give an ac-
count of many large sums she had spent.—
M. de Cheseul sacrificed all that remained
to him to protect her. The hotel in which
they lived had luckily been taken in his
name. They sold the furniture piecemeal
to enable them to live. Then it was that
Madame de Jarante first showed symptoms
of her mental disorder. She could not be-
lieve in the disaster that had overtaken her;
and to save her from complete insanity, her
father and children found it necessary to
commence the system of deception which
they had ever afterwards been compelled to
carry on. Victor gave many details of the
extraordinary means they took for this pur-
pose—always successfully. His mother
invariably kept her room. Only within the
last few weeks, however, had she shown
signs of bodily decay. Assistance had not
been called in, simply on account of their
poverty.

"And what, may I now inquire," said the
doctor, deeply interested, "are the grounds
of hopes of better times which you seem to
entertain?"

"I am certain," replied Victor, "that my
father is not dead. He will return, there is
no doubt, and restore us to our former
position. All that I ask is that my mother's
life shall be preserved until then."

Doctor Dubois did not entertain the same
confidence. "Little stress," he said, "must
be laid on presumptions of that kind.—
Meanwhile, your mother must not be allowed
to wait for anything. You must borrow
money of some friend."

"Then I shall write a prescription,"
muttered the doctor, as he seized pen and
paper.

What he wrote was as follows:
MONSIEUR, I am in want of money im-
mediately, please send me three hundred
francs by the bearer. ARTHUR DUBOIS.

"There," said he, getting up, "take that
to his address to-morrow morning, and do
not let me hear from you again until you
have used what you received. I will come
again to-morrow evening."

So saying, the doctor bustled away to es-
cape the thanks of Victor, and crossed the
court in so great a hurry that he forgot to
put up his umbrella.

In the morning Doctor Dubois returned to
the hotel, and felt his heart warmed by the
evidences of greater comfort he beheld.—
He now ventured to prescribe medicine, and
succeeded eventually in restoring his pa-
tient's health. There was no change, how-
ever, in her mental condition. She still
believed herself to be surrounded by wealth;
only she thought her children were more
attentive than before. The little comforts
they now gave her excited no surprise but
gratitude. The doctor continued his visits
and his loans. "You shall pay me all back
with interest," he said, when Victor hesi-
tated to accept.

"Good works are never lost," remarked
Bobonne, falling in with her master's
humor.

One evening in the following summer,
when the physician happened again to be
making ready for a comfortable evening
with his feet in the same slippers; with the
usual plate of nuts and almonds before him
and an uncorked bottle of Beauvine, with
which he took alternate draughts of Seltzer
water; with the same black velvet skullcap
thrust to the back of his head, and the same
morning-gown thrown back in graceful
folds. Bobonne had just come in with the
coffee and evening paper. The bell rang
again. Doctor Dubois again exclaimed,
"Diable!" and "Peste!" It was Victor as
before.

"Come," he exclaimed, "to save us from
the consequences of excess of joy!"

"They are never very serious," quoth the
doctor, without moving. "What is the
matter?"

"My father has returned."

Bobonne instantly understood the signifi-
cance of these words, was the first to urge
her master to be up and doing, and lost no
time in handing him his hat. "As for your
coffee, my dear doctor," I will keep that
warm for you," she said in a tone of affec-

tionate familiarity which was new to Victor.
Doctor Dubois learned, as he walked to-
wards the hotel, that Monsieur de Jarante
had suddenly appeared without giving any
warning whatever. His wife became insen-
sible on beholding him, and Victor had
instantly rushed away for medical assis-
tance. When they reached the hotel, all
danger seemed to have passed, and the re-
turned traveller was listening with astonish-
ment, anger, and contrition to the story of
the sufferings of his family. For his own
part, he had met with many perils and
fatigues, which had disgusted him at last
with a wandering life. He had been stip-
wrecked on a remote island, scalped, and
had escaped with his life only by a miracle.
He admitted that he had been neglectful.
His future life, however, should atone for
his past.

He naturally resumed possession of his
fortune, and established the legality of his
marriage, and the legitimacy of his children.
Madame de Jarante at length understood
all that happened to her, and might have
returned into the society which had so
readily cast her off; but instead of seeking
pleasure, she occupied herself in relieving
the poor; in which benevolent occupation
she is much assisted by Doctor Dubois.—
Her son and daughter both married well;
and although M. de Cheseul recently died
in the fulness of years, the whole family
now enjoys a happiness which it had never
before known.

It may as well be mentioned that Doctor
Dubois went the other day with rather a
confused look, to ask Victor to stand god-
father to a son and heir which Bobonne—
we beg her pardon—which Madame Dubois,
had presented him with.

Last Charge of the Old Guard.

A new French work gives the following
grand picture of the last desperate
charge of Napoleon's "Old Guard," at Wa-
terloo:

During the day the artillery of the Guard,
under Drouot, maintained its old renown,
and the Guard itself had frequently been
used to restore the battle in various parts
of the field, and always with success. The
English were fast becoming exhausted, and
in an hour more would have been forced into
a disastrous defeat, but for the timely arrival
of Blucher. But when they saw him with
30,000 Prussians, approaching their courage
revived, while Napoleon was filled with
amazement. A beaten enemy about to form
a junction with the allies, while Grouchy,
who had been sent to keep them in check,
was nowhere to be seen! Alas! what check
plans a single inefficient commander can
overthrow!

In a moment Napoleon saw that he could
not sustain the attack of so many fresh
troops, if once allowed to form a junction
with the allied forces; and he determined
to stake his fate on one bold cast, and en-
deavored to pierce the allied centre with a
grand charge of the Old Guard, and thus
throw himself between the two armies.—
For this purpose the Imperial Guard was
called up, and divided into two immense
columns; which were to meet in the British
center. That under Reille no sooner enter-
ed the fire than it disappeared like mist.—
The other was placed under Ney, "the brave-
st of the brave," and order to advance
given. Napoleon accompanied them part
of the way down the slope, and halting a few
moments in the hollow, addressed them a
few words. He told them that the battle
rested with them, that he relied on their
valor, tried in so many fields. "Vive l'Em-
pereur!" answered him with a shout that
was heard above the thunder of the ar-
tillery.

The whole continental struggle exhibited
no sublimer spectacle than the last effort
of Napoleon to save his sinking empire. The
greatest military skill and energy the world
ever possessed had been taxed to the utmost
during the day. Troops were tottering on
the turbulent field, and the shadows of
fugitive kings filled through the smoke of
the field of battle. Bonaparte's star twink-
ling in the zenith—now blazing out in its
ancient splendor, now paling before his
anxious eye. The intense anxiety with
which he watched the advance of that col-
umn, and the terrible suspense he endured
when the smoke of the battle wrapt it from
his sight, and the utter despair of his great
army when the curtain lifted over a fugitive
host, and the despairing shriek rang out:
"The Guard recoils! the Guard recoils!"
makes us for a moment forget all the carnage
in sympathy with his distress.

The Old Guard felt the presence of the
immense responsibility, and resolved not to
prove unworthy of the great trust committed
to it. Nothing could be more imposing than
its movements to the assault. It had never
recalled before a human foe, and the allied
forces beheld with awe its firm and steady
advance to the final charge. For a moment
the batteries stopped playing and the firing
ceased along the British line, as without the
beating of a drum or a bugle note to cheer
their courage, they moved in dead silence
over the field. Their tread was like muffled
thunder, while the dazzling helmets of the
cavaliers flashed along lines of light upon
the dark and terrible mass that swept in one
strong wave along. The stars Drouot was
written amid his guns; and on every brow was
seen the unalterable resolution to com-
quer or die! The movement of the artillery
ceased, and the head of that gallant column
seemed to sink into the earth. Rank after

rank went down; yet they neither stopped
nor faltered. Dissolving squadrons and
whole battalions disappearing one after
another in the destructive fire, affected not
their courage. The ranks closed up as be-
fore and each treading over his fallen com-
rades, passed unflinchingly on.

The horse which Ney rode sank under
him, and scarcely had he mounted another
before it also sank to the earth, and so-
nother and another, till five in succession
had been shot under him. Then with his
drawn sabre he marched sternly at the head
of his column. In vain did the artillery
hurl its storm of iron upon that living mass.
Up to the very muzzle they pressed, and
driving the artillerymen from their pieces,
pushed on through the English lines. But,
just as the victory seemed won, a file of
soldiers who lay flat on the ground, behind
a ridge of earth, suddenly rose and poured
a volley, in their very faces. Another and
another followed, till one broad sheet of
fire raged on their bosoms, and in such a
fierce and unexpected flow that they stag-
gered before it. Before the Guard had time
to rally again and advance, a heavy column
of infantry fell on its left flank in close
and deadly volley, causing it, in its unset-
tled state, to swerve to the right. At that
instant a whole brigade of cavalry thundered
on the right flank, and penetrated where
cavalry had never gone before.

The Interpel Guard could have borne up
against the unexpected fire from soldiers
they did not see, and would have rolled back
the infantry that had boldly charged their
left flank; but the cavalry finished the dis-
order into which they had been momentarily
thrown, and broke the shaken ranks before
they had time to re-form, and the eagles of
the hitherto invincible Guard were pushed
backward down the slope. It was then the
army, seized with despair, shrieked out:
"The Guard recoils! the Guard recoils!"
and turned and fled in wild dismay. To
see the Guard in confusion was a sight they
had never before beheld, and it froze every
heart with terror.

For a long time they stood and let the
cannon-balls pass through their ranks, dis-
daining to turn their backs on the foe.—
Michel, at the head of those battalions,
fought like a lion. To every command of
the enemy to surrender, he replied; "The
Guard dies—but never surrenders!" And,
with his last breath bequeathing this glo-
rious motto to the Guard, he fell a witness to
its truth. Death traversed those eight bat-
talions with such rapid footsteps that they
soon dwindled away to two, which turned
in hopeless daring on the overwhelming
numbers that pressed on their retiring foot-
steps.

List of all but a single battalion, the
debris of the "column of granite," at
Marango, was left. Into this Napoleon
flung himself. Cambreuil, its brave com-
mander, saw with terror the Emperor in its
flank keeping. He was not struggling now
for victory; he was intently on showing
how the Guard could die. Approaching the
Emperor, he cried out: "Retire! Do you
not see that death has no need of you?" and,
closing mournfully but sternly round the
expiring eagles, those brave hearts bled
Napoleon an eternal adieu, and, flinging
themselves on the enemy, were soon piled
with the dead at their feet.

Many of the officers were seen to destroy
themselves rather than suffer defeat. Thus,
greater even in its own defeat than any
other corps of men in gaining a victory, the
Old Guard passed from the stage, and the
certain dropped upon its strange career. It
had fought its last battle.

Artemus Sees Patti.

The moose which time most use to is the
inspiring strains of the hand organ. I