

# THE COLUMBIA SPY.

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and PURE WHISKY, for medicinal purposes, at  
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**NICE RAISINS for 2 cts. per pound, and to**  
be had only at  
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ranted pure of all kinds, just received at  
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No. 71 Locust street,  
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A LARGE stock of Fine and Common Pocket Books  
and Purse, at from 15 cents to two Dollars each,  
at the Golden Mortar and News Depot,  
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**NEW more of these beautiful Prints**  
and more of these beautiful Prints,  
at the Golden Mortar and News Depot,  
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**Just Received and for Sale.**  
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Just received a large and fine assortment of Gold  
pens of various and elegant manufactures, at  
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We have the best of all kinds of Groceries,  
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**Segars, Tobacco, &c.**  
A Large assortment of Segars, Tobacco and Sog  
only a first rate article, at  
S. P. EBERLEIN'S, No. 71 Locust st.,  
Columbia, Pa.,  
Nov. 19, 1860.

## Poetry.

**Euphonia.**  
THE WINDS.  
O! love the flowers are blowing in park and field,  
Wish love their bursting hearts are all revealed,  
So come to me, and all thy fragrance yield,  
O! love the sun is shining in the west,  
And sequent stars all sentinel his rest,  
So sleep, while angels watch, upon my breast,  
O! love the flooded moon is at its height,  
And traces sea and land with tranquil light,  
So shine, and glid with beauty all my night!  
O! love the ocean floods the crooked shore,  
Till sighing beaches give their morning o'er,  
So, Love, overflow me, till I sigh no more!  
THE GARDEN WINDS.  
O! wif! the fragrant May-dew now appears,  
Fresh as the Pilgrims saw it through their tears,  
So blows our love through all these changing years,  
O! wif! the sun is rising in the east,  
Nor fires to shine, while eyes have increased,  
So shines our love, and fills my happy breast,  
O! wif! on yonder beach the ocean sings,  
As when it bore the May-dew's drooping wings,  
So in my heart our love is ever doing rings,  
O! wif! the moon and stars slide down the west,  
To make in fresher skies their happy quest,  
So, Love, once more we'll wed among the best.  
*(Atlantic Monthly.)*

## Selections.

### A Practical Joke.

I have heard it said that "all the world  
and his wife" were in London in 1851 to see  
the Crystal Palace; of course I was there,  
and, after spending most of my mornings in  
the wonderful structure, systematically exam-  
ining catalogues in hand, one thing at a  
time—I used to drive out every afternoon to the  
neighborhood of the beautiful and far-famed  
Richmond Hill, to Bellevue, the residence  
of a very estimable family, whose guest I  
was.

It was exceedingly pleasant to see how  
affectionately disposed the members of the  
family were to each other, and I must own,  
with some surprise, and, I must own, a  
little distrust, that I one day saw Mr. Mor-  
ton, our host, chastise his son, a mere lad,  
with what struck me as being uncalled-for  
severity, as his only fault had been playing  
a trick upon one of the servants. As the  
case descended, poor Bob's voice ascended,  
but above all could be heard the father, as  
stern for once in his life, he said: "I have  
punished you before for practicing jokes,  
and I am determined that they shall cease."  
After some admonition of such kind,  
he treated his labor of love.

The family physician who was spending  
the afternoon with the Mortons, also wit-  
nessed the caning, and, no doubt, seeing  
the astonishment depicted on my face, re-  
ferred to the subject at one or two after-  
noon, as we were driving to town together,  
assuring me that I would not wonder at Mr.  
Morton's horror of practical jokes if I knew  
the great family affliction which was brought  
about by one in the very house in which  
they were then living.

"Although it is a sad story," said he "I  
will relate the circumstances if you would  
like to hear them."  
As I confessed my interest, and hoped  
that the narration would not be too painful,  
he began:

"You may have noticed that although  
you have been shown through the rest of  
the house, there is one room which is kept  
carefully locked, and no direct reference is  
made to it. It is said that at least once  
every year a goblin, or ghost, or whatever  
you might choose to call it, made its ap-  
pearance there in shape even more ghastly  
than the conventional sheet; in short, it as-  
sumed the form of a human skeleton.—  
Whatever foundation there may be for the  
story, the room certainly went by the name  
of the 'haunted chamber,' and was not used,  
although the latter fact was probably owing  
to the reason that there was plenty of space  
beside in the house. Well, not many years  
ago, (in fact, the occurrence is within the  
remembrance of many persons,) the family  
residing in Bellevue consisted of an elderly  
couple and their three grown children, two  
boys and a girl, ranging in age from sixteen  
to twenty. Nothing could exceed the at-  
tachment which existed between these two  
brothers and their sister. Although, in a  
less degree, the same cordiality was extend-  
ed to a somewhat older friend, named Lenox,  
from whom and the brothers a  
strong feeling of intimacy had sprung up  
while at college, a feeling which was oc-  
casioned by vacation visits, and otherwise,  
to such an extent that in a couple of years the  
union of the families by the marriage of  
George Lennox and Lucy Morton was looked  
upon not only as a consummation devoutly  
to be wished, but as an *esse in futuro*.

Soon after leaving college, Lennox ob-  
tained an ensigncy in the Indian army, and  
after an affectionate parting, left England  
to join his regiment and accompany it in its  
short and disastrous campaign in Affghani-  
stan. After the war, during which he was  
twice wounded, he wrote home to say that  
he had applied for leave of absence, and  
that on his return, which would be in a few  
weeks, he would claim Lucy for a bride,  
she having by this time attained the age  
which the parents thought suitable. The  
whole household was delighted, both at  
George's safety and at his soon expected re-  
turn, and perhaps, though less demonstrat-  
ive, none felt more intense though calmer  
joy than Lucy, whose heart was well as pray-

ers had followed George through all his  
perils.  
"It is unnecessary to describe the meet-  
ing when George, somewhat tanned and  
formidably mustachioed, returned from his  
campaign. Lucy, the dear girl began her  
preparations for the wedding, and George  
meanwhile took up his abode at Bellevue,  
as did also some other young friends of the  
family.  
"With books, chess, fencing and more  
athletic sports, several days was spent most  
happily, till unfortunately one morning the  
conversation happened to turn on courage,  
and in the course of the argument, one of  
the visitors named Forbes, addressing  
George, said, with some appearance of  
warmth, that there were situations, as for  
instance, where supernatural sights and  
sounds were supposed, in which no man on  
earth could retain courage and coolness.—  
Now, both these qualities George was known  
to possess to an eminent degree; indeed, on  
one occasion he had, single-handed, saved  
the regimental colors when in imminent  
danger of being captured; he smiled, there-  
fore, as he said that, never having had the  
pleasure of meeting a ghost, he could not  
declare what he had done on the occasion;  
but, as he did not believe that disembodied  
spirits walked the earth, he had no doubt  
he would set upon the belief that some im-  
posture was being practiced upon him, and  
would treat the ghost as he believed the ap-  
pearance really was, in most if not in all  
cases, a person in disguise. Forbes, then  
with some eagerness, asked him if he would  
pass a night in the haunted chamber; George  
replied that undoubtedly he would, and that  
morover he would take a pistol on watch  
with him, and try the effect of a bullet on  
the phantom.  
"Forbes told Stephen Morton of George's  
resolution, and asked his assistance in a  
project which he had in view. Morton re-  
plied, that as far as tradition went, any one  
might sleep in the haunted chamber with  
impunity, except on a certain night in No-  
vember; but Forbes said his scheme was to  
disguise some person as the skeleton, and  
for this purpose he thought Stephen was  
well qualified, as he was tall and thin.—  
Stephen had no objection in the world to  
play ghost, but said he had several reasons  
for not wishing to be a target for George,  
who was a dead shot—one of his objections  
being based on the decided unwhole-  
some-ness of lead when violently introduced into  
the system. But Forbes quieted his fears  
by declaring that of course the experiment  
should not be tried unless he could, un-  
known to George, extract the bullet from  
his pistol. It was therefore decided that  
Morton should be dressed in 'thin black  
tights, which their amateur-theatrical ward-  
robe would provide, and should have the  
ribs and all the bones chalked or painted on  
this black surface, trusting to the dim light  
afforded by one candle, and also to the  
trepidation which it was promised George  
would experience to hide the imposture.  
"Poor Morton was delighted, and was  
very much in favor of making a terrific  
speech, beginning with 'unhappy mortal,'  
or something to the same effect, and making  
his appearance in a flash of lightning, or  
at least of lycopodium. However, Forbes  
declined strongly against the likelihood  
of a skeleton speaking, for, as he forcibly  
put it, 'where would he keep his wind?'  
and thought it would be much more dig-  
nified for the phantom, after he was discover-  
ed, merely to move forward slowly recov-  
ering the supposed shot from George, and if  
the latter had neither yelled, run away, nor  
fainted—and one of these contingencies  
Forbes thought likely—then the imposture  
was to be acknowledged, those on the look  
out at the door would enter, and they would  
all enjoy a hearty laugh at their want of suc-  
cess.

"Of course, as it was likely that a pistol  
would be fired in the house at or about mid-  
night, it was necessary that all the family  
should know as much about the affair as  
George did, namely, that he had received  
and accepted a challenge to pass a night in  
the haunted chamber, the young man hav-  
ing been let into the secret. The manner  
in which George's resolution was comment-  
ed upon was characteristic; the father, who  
was a disbeliever in ghosts, said 'Nonsense,  
in the most decided manner; the mother,  
more doubtful, said, 'I hope no harm will  
come of it,' while Lucy, who was started at  
the proposal, seemed 'anxious; her English  
common sense, which told her that ghosts  
could not, or rather do not appear, strug-  
gled in her mind with tradition, which  
rouseed for so many appearances of them;  
and, as upon retiring, she bade George  
'Good night,' perhaps she had a present-  
ment of evil for her voice faltered, while  
she added with a forced smile, 'I also will  
keep watch in my room, to hear the first  
news; take good care of yourself!'  
"And now, George having selected one of  
a pair of pistols which Forbes had hunted  
for the occasion, loaded it, at the same  
time dropping a hint or two about his skill  
with the weapon, and having again declared  
his intention to fire at any unusual object,  
he wished them 'unpleasant dreams' laugh-  
ingly, and closing the only door of the  
haunted room after him, he reconnoitered by  
looking under the bed and out of the win-  
dow, which is at some distance from the  
ground, and then, to the dismay of the out-  
siders, who in their stocking-feet, listened  
to the whispered report of one of their num-  
ber, who was stationed at the key-hole, he  
placed his chair against the door and sat

There he sat.  
And so called him Charles  
Augustus. As if such a being deserved a  
name, or was worthy such a designation of  
distinguished consideration. I didn't like  
him from the first. His presence had the  
same effect upon me as a chill. When I  
had worked myself to that fever point of  
love known as the 'moment of declaration,'  
his appearance was like dropping a chunk  
of ice into my bosom. I hate him, and  
there's the truth of it. I am human, and  
not devoid of the common frailties of man.  
Therefore, I hate a man who is dressed  
better than myself—particularly when he  
is my rival in the affections of a young lady  
who possesses in her own right all those at-  
tacking charms which are directly, from a de-  
fect of nature's bounty, absent in me.

Under such circumstances I hate a man  
who is handsomer than myself, whose whisk-  
ers are more delicately luxuriant, whose  
moustache is more tractable in the twist of  
its ends, and whose hair yields more easily  
to the curling and frizzling process than  
mine. I hate a fellow who can talk me  
down in the presence of the lady of my  
choice. There are plenty of such graceless  
beings who take delight in this faculty.—  
Heaven created them with tongues on the  
till, so that they are ready to wag either  
way. Those tongues never tire. They  
work on like a perpetual motion. Long af-  
ter all subjects for conversation have ex-  
hausted their possessors' minds, these  
diabolical tongues take on, as if they had ex-  
tra minds and extra sets of brains in their  
ends. One of this kind of animated nu-  
isance is "Charles Augustus."  
There he sat, in the drawing room; no  
matter what evening or afternoon I might  
call, there he was. Sometimes as I ascend-  
ed the steps of the house, I met him coming  
down; but in these instances he was sure to  
return in a very few minutes, and stay un-  
til he had chattered and talked and bored me  
out. Again, I have encountered him squares  
and squares away from the house, on his  
way down town, and I have said exultingly  
to myself, "Now is my chance with Emma,"  
and I have forthwith hurried up to her re-  
sidence. As I turned the corner, near the  
house of the beloved, there, to my unqual-  
ified disgust and horror, I beheld the ubi-  
quitous Charles Augustus, going leisurely  
up the steps and reaching out his gloved  
fingers to pull the bell knob. If the unnot-  
iced but deeply thought anathema I have  
from time to time hurled upon his devoted  
self a ray of avial, I wouldn't give much for  
his chances of enjoying any very comforta-  
ble quarters in the great hereafter.

There he sat, or there he stood, or there  
he lounged, or there he waited as it might  
occur. He was an elaborate dresser. Not  
a wrinkle in his coat, not a crease in his  
pants, nothing the most infinitesimal part  
of an inch out of place. I don't think he  
ever unharassed himself. I verily believe  
that when he retired to rest, he stood him-  
self up before the looking-glass and took his  
sheep perpendicularly, looking at his mag-  
nificence, dreaming of his magnificence, and  
waking into a white change from his posi-  
tion. I believe, had he ever caught himself  
undressed, in front of a glass, he would  
have fainted. If ever he died, I expect to  
see his clothes, hat, boots, and little uni-  
corn-headed cane, come up and haunt me.  
Well, for the third time, I repeat—there  
he sat, the eternal, the inevitable Charles  
Augustus.

Another characteristic of his made me ut-  
terly detest him. He was near-sighted, or  
pretended to be so. He used a pair of spec-  
tacles, behind which his gentle orbs looked  
like a couple of great bloated sad seales. I  
am certain he entertained the idea that those  
glasses added materially to his personal  
beauty. Whenever I entered the parlor, he  
invariably placed those glasses upon his  
apology for a nasal appendage, slowly laid  
his head back, and gave me the benefit of a  
prolonged stare, at the close of which the  
glasses dropped, and the orbs languidly  
opened and closed.

This stare was sufficient to provoke a duel,  
had I not been aware of the fact that he  
would have abetted himself behind the  
law. I don't know but that, were it not for  
the law, he would have long since mysteri-  
ously disappeared, and so plunged his un-  
conscionable creditors into the mire of grief  
and bankruptcy. Such names Charles Au-  
gustus must have creditors. I cannot imag-  
ine that the monotonous desert of their ex-  
istence would be tolerable, without some  
such pleasant, green and gushing interrup-  
tionary oasis as a creditor.

Young ladies, I take it, have no objection  
to young gentlemen on account of debt.—  
Young gentlemen who are not in debt are  
considered as rather behind the age, and  
not up to the conventional snuff of social in-  
tercourse. A Charles Augustus who does  
not understand getting into debt, and oblig-  
ing his creditors to be complaisant and civil,  
and confident, is not, I am tolerably certain,  
likely to be very popular as the associate of  
gentle society, as that gentle society is  
now constituted.

There he sat, like a fulgurant comet,  
which had taken root in the profound depths  
of the sofa, the ungloved fingers of his right  
hand toyed with the cord of his eye-glass,  
and his left hand and arm resting upon the  
carved back of the sofa.  
Had that arm ever encircled the waist of  
the glorious radiant Emma, I could not be-  
lieve it. I could not believe it. I could not be-  
lieve that the magnificent Charles Augustus

had sufficient energy to accomplish such a  
feat. If I could believe he had at any time  
however remote in the history of my ac-  
quaintance with her, I would crush him,  
pulverize him into powder, and scatter the  
dust over the paper on which I should re-  
cord his merited fate. Zounds, it was  
enough that he had the privilege of gazing  
upon her, and of revelling in the dreams of  
the dowry, &c.; yet there he sat. At the  
opera two or three times, when I escorted  
her thither, and expended large sums for  
secured seats, I did not dare leave her side,  
for I knew that just behind me, and near  
the entrance to the box—there he sat, wait-  
ing his chance to assump my position.

Would he do so mean an act?  
A man of the name of Charles Augustus,  
I verily would be mean enough to do any-  
thing.  
Would she not resent such an act unpo-  
sited intrusion?  
No, for he would talk her into forgetful-  
ness—of everything save the fact that he,  
the "grandest of them all," was at her side.  
Why, on one occasion, I thought I had  
circumvented the ever-present Charles Au-  
gustus, by securing a private box at Wal-  
lack's. I think the play had something to  
do with the romance of a poor young man—  
but I didn't see any young man poorer or  
more dejected, or meaner than myself,  
either on the stage or in front.

I obtained the exclusive use of the private  
box, for the sole purpose of being unob-  
truded by that frightful Charles Augustus.  
Emma and myself were snugly ensconced  
and matters through the first act were cozy  
enough. The *tele a tele* I intended to have  
during the recess between the first and sec-  
ond acts were interrupted by Emma's con-  
stant references to the "delightful, charm-  
ing acting" of Mr. W.—. Inwardly I con-  
sidered that popular comedian, to a region  
where overcoats and mufflers are never in  
season. Outwardly, of course, I could not  
do otherwise than pronounce him admirable  
—as an actor.  
Emma had much to say of his teeth, the  
elegance of his bow, his fascinating smile  
and his splendid figure. "Oh, isn't he,"  
she exclaimed, as the curtain went down,  
"isn't he charming in that character?"  
"Certainly!" what else could I say.

However I thanked my luck in getting a  
private box, for the luxury of the absence of  
that infernal Charles Augustus. There was  
an antidote to a dozen of captivating L.  
W.—. Mr. W.— may be a very fine  
actor, but I don't like him. His moustache  
is infinitely superior to mine. I think I  
shall have mine taken off shortly. I have  
found it unpleasant in the summer months  
to unconsciously carry half my breakfast  
around on my moustache, where it had  
lodged or been caught from my knife and  
fork. I will think of it, however. I have  
noticed, in reading history, that the major-  
ity of great scoundrels, tyrants, traitors,  
wore moustaches and indulged largely in  
whiskers, while the patriots, heroes, and  
good men were smooth-lipped and shaved as  
regularly and constantly as if the mowing  
of the hirsute stubble were one of the cere-  
monies of their religious faith.

Emma wanted a glass of sherry. Would  
she have a cobbler? "Oh, yes." No woman  
is so feeble that she has not strength enough  
to enjoy a sherry cobbler. The woman who  
hath no love for sherry cobbler in her soul  
is a whif for marriage, noisy children and  
a whiskey-drinking husband.  
I left the box. As I opened the door she  
called me.

"Bring two," said she.  
"Charming, forthright!" said I to my-  
self. "Over those cobbler she meditates a  
*tele a tele*—one for her, one for me—excell-  
ent!"  
In order to do the thing up in style, I or-  
dered the cobbler to be sent to the box, and  
she started to return to Emma.—In the  
lobby I met an acquaintance, with whom I  
conversed upon various topics for four or  
five minutes, then, excusing myself, passed  
on. I reached the box door, opened it, and—  
There he sat. Charles Augustus forever  
more.

And, worst of all, the servant had brought  
in the cobbler, and Emma was in the act  
of handing my cobbler to—Charles Au-  
gustus.  
I stepped in, grinned, and ordered the  
servant to bring me another cobbler. The  
curtain was up, and that fascinating W.—  
was on the stage, and, as it seemed to me,  
winking to my loathed rival. There he sat  
—magnificent in habit and as sublimely  
impudent as ever.  
And Emma who should have scorned his  
impertinence, appeared to like it. She was  
entirely too familiar with him.  
When I first became acquainted with her  
—when I first knew she was an heiress—  
there he sat. He was sitting, in the draw-  
ing room. Since then he has been my ban-  
ner man who has done business in the  
courting line can appreciate the annoyance  
to which I have been subjected. Charles  
Augustus seemed to have an intuitive  
knowledge of the time when I would visit  
my lonely intended.

We had a private picnic one day, ten  
miles away over there in doelate, rural  
Jersey. The hated Charles Augustus was  
there. To lighten my misery, an old  
maiden aunt of his accompanied the party.  
She, nearly half a century ago, probably  
had been a beauty, a belle, and she adored  
of a host of young beaux, who now, like her,  
are in the cere and yellow parchment skin  
of age. She kept a malignant eye upon me,  
She evidently had instructions as to my po-  
sition from C. A.—She, at times, fairly  
glared at me.—She imagined herself still a  
belle. Her cadaverous cheeks were painted  
and powdered. She had false teeth and  
false hair. She wore hoops of the largest  
dimensions. Her shrivelled form bore, I  
have no doubt, the same relation to the  
hoops that the clapper of the State House  
bell does to the bell itself. I believed that  
when the hoops rested upon the ground she  
was swinging herself in them.  
We had a swing. A great rope, fastened  
to the bough of a beech tree. I essayed a  
swing, receiving my starting impetus from  
one of the young gentlemen of the party.  
The old aunt stood in front of me, upon a  
little knoll. I am certain she was inwardly  
praying that unmerciful fate would cause  
the rope to break, and so break my neck.  
Just as I was coming up with a tremen-  
dous swoop, the rope did break, and I went  
head and heels, with an appalling momen-  
tum, straight into the old aunt's calculations.  
I struck her just in that precise locality  
the sailors would designate as being "ab aft  
midships." I almost crushed her into  
the earth. I recovered the upright position  
upon to man immediately, and Charles  
Augustus gathered up the demolished relic  
of my family, and sent her under the tree  
—my lady love ascending fainting her.  
Returning homeward, my adored and my-  
self strolled into a Jerseyman's garden.  
The Jerseyman, whose face was freckled  
with the sun and the effects of the liquid  
lightning poultice to that state, was in the  
act of exhibiting to us a series of cranberry  
bushes, when, taking a step forward, I sud-  
denly disappeared.  
A wild scream from Emma brought the  
rest of the party up. I had fallen into an  
old cistern, the rotten boards covering which  
had given way beneath my weight. Charles  
Augustus, as I afterwards learned, simply  
exclaimed, "Yas, it must be damp down  
there." The Jerseyman procured a rope,  
one end of which I wrapped about my  
hands, while he and three or four others  
began to pull me up. We got along bravely,  
and my head was just on a level with the  
edge of the cistern, when—the infernal rope  
broke, and down I went again, splash into  
the foul water. At length I was fished out,  
The old aunt's malignant eyes twinkled with  
malicious satisfaction. The first object,  
however, that met my glance was Charles  
Augustus.  
He sat upon the edge of an up-  
turned wheelbarrow, staring at me through  
his detestable eye glass, as if I were a new  
fashioned gorilla, fished up from the inner-  
most bowels of the earth.  
For four long months I have endured  
Charles Augustus. Four months of insupport-  
able anxiety, which was, at length, brought  
to a close by the death of Charles Augustus's  
father, who left him, as a helm to his suc-  
cessor, an immense fortune.  
Emma dismissed me, and accepted him.  
I am now daily expecting Raham! let  
them be miserable, and get up a sensation  
divorce if they like—why should I grieve  
over it?  
Once, since her marriage, I have seen them  
—once only.  
I went to the opera, the last Patti night,  
and in a private box—  
There he sat.

**Supernatural Revelation.**  
The following take-off on spiritualism is  
worthy of personal, especially by those  
who believe in supernatural revelations:  
I am a married man. As may be inferred  
from the foregoing, I have a wife, only  
one. Children, two. A boy and a girl.  
The boy's name is John. The girl's  
name is Mary.  
I hired a tenement on — street a few  
days ago. I was told that it had all the  
modern improvements. "I was not aware of  
the nature of one of the 'modern improve-  
ments.' Had I known it I think I should  
have made another choice.  
I lived in uninterrupted domestic bliss for  
two months.  
On the night of the 7th inst. I returned  
home from my business at the usual hour.  
My wife and children met me in the hall  
with kindly greetings.  
After supper, the children having been  
put to bed, as myself and wife were sitting  
by the fire the candles were suddenly extin-  
guished. Thinking that it was occasioned  
by a draft, I rose to light, when I was  
startled by a scream and an angry—  
"Quit that, you!" from my wife's  
society lighted the candles, when my wife,  
somewhat flustered and disordered, ap-  
pearance, informed me, excitedly, that some-  
body had "suggested her." As Mrs. F.—  
is still a good looking woman, I was some-  
what surprised to hear it. I searched the room  
thoroughly but found no voices. I may re-  
mark that I was not unduly excited. I am  
seldom astonished, and am not what is usu-  
ally termed superstitious.  
A few moments afterward we had a sud-  
den occasion of piercing shrieks from Augustus's  
room. I followed my wife, who composedly  
ascended the room, and found my child in the  
floor; Mary had been thrown out of bed by  
the informed me, with a trembling voice,  
and Johnny had the contents of the pitcher  
splashed over his innocent head. Both had  
been speaking; a careful examination dis-  
covered the cause of this. I looked at the  
half-dazed darlings and endeavored to soothe  
their alarm and sought my apartments with

There he sat.  
And so called him Charles  
Augustus. As if such a being deserved a  
name, or was worthy such a designation of  
distinguished consideration. I didn't like  
him from the first. His presence had the  
same effect upon me as a chill. When I  
had worked myself to that fever point of  
love known as the 'moment of declaration,'  
his appearance was like dropping a chunk  
of ice into my bosom. I hate him, and  
there's the truth of it. I am human, and  
not devoid of the common frailties of man.  
Therefore, I hate a man who is dressed  
better than myself—particularly when he  
is my rival in the affections of a young lady  
who possesses in her own right all those at-  
tacking charms which are directly, from a de-  
fect of nature's bounty, absent in me.

Under such circumstances I hate a man  
who is handsomer than myself, whose whisk-  
ers are more delicately luxuriant, whose  
moustache is more tractable in the twist of  
its ends, and whose hair yields more easily  
to the curling and frizzling process than  
mine. I hate a fellow who can talk me  
down in the presence of the lady of my  
choice. There are plenty of such graceless  
beings who take delight in this faculty.—  
Heaven created them with tongues on the  
till, so that they are ready to wag either  
way. Those tongues never tire. They  
work on like a perpetual motion. Long af-  
ter all subjects for conversation have ex-  
hausted their possessors' minds, these  
diabolical tongues take on, as if they had ex-  
tra minds and extra sets of brains in their  
ends. One of this kind of animated nu-  
isance is "Charles Augustus."  
There he sat, in the drawing room; no  
matter what evening or afternoon I might  
call, there he was. Sometimes as I ascend-  
ed the steps of the house, I met him coming  
down; but in these instances he was sure to  
return in a very few minutes, and stay un-  
til he had chattered and talked and bored me  
out. Again, I have encountered him squares  
and squares away from the house, on his  
way down town, and I have said exultingly  
to myself, "Now is my chance with Emma,"  
and I have forthwith hurried up to her re-  
sidence. As I turned the corner, near the  
house of the beloved, there, to my unqual-  
ified disgust and horror, I beheld the ubi-  
quitous Charles Augustus, going leisurely  
up the steps and reaching out his gloved  
fingers to pull the bell knob. If the unnot-  
iced but deeply thought anathema I have  
from time to time hurled upon his devoted  
self a ray of avial, I wouldn't give much for  
his chances of enjoying any very comforta-  
ble quarters in the great hereafter.

There he sat, or there he stood, or there  
he lounged, or there he waited as it might  
occur. He was an elaborate dresser. Not  
a wrinkle in his coat, not a crease in his  
pants, nothing the most infinitesimal part  
of an inch out of place. I don't think he  
ever unharassed himself. I verily believe  
that when he retired to rest, he stood him-  
self up before the looking-glass and took his  
sheep perpendicularly, looking at his mag-  
nificence, dreaming of his magnificence, and  
waking into a white change from his posi-  
tion. I believe, had he ever caught himself  
undressed, in front of a glass, he would  
have fainted. If ever he died, I expect to  
see his clothes, hat, boots, and little uni-  
corn-headed cane, come up and haunt me.  
Well, for the third time, I repeat—there  
he sat, the eternal, the inevitable Charles  
Augustus.

Another characteristic of his made me ut-  
terly detest him. He was near-sighted, or  
pretended to be so. He used a pair of spec-  
tacles, behind which his gentle orbs looked  
like a couple of great bloated sad seales. I  
am certain he entertained the idea that those  
glasses added materially to his personal  
beauty. Whenever I entered the parlor, he  
invariably placed those glasses upon his  
apology for a nasal appendage, slowly laid  
his head back, and gave me the benefit of a  
prolonged stare, at the close of which the  
glasses dropped, and the orbs languidly  
opened and closed.

This stare was sufficient to provoke a duel,  
had I not been aware of the fact that he  
would have abetted himself behind the  
law. I don't know but that, were it not for  
the law, he would have long since mysteri-  
ously disappeared, and so plunged his un-  
conscionable creditors into the mire of grief  
and bankruptcy. Such names Charles