

THE COLUMBIA SPY.

AMUEL WRIGHT, Editor and Proprietor.

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

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DR. HOFFER,
DENTIST—OFFICE, Front Street 4th door from Locust, over the Book Store.
COLUMBIA, PA. (Entrance, same as Jolly's, Photograph Gallery.)
(August 21, 1859.)

THOMAS WELSH,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Columbia, Pa.
OFFICE, in Whipple's New Building, below Black's Hotel, Front Street, between Locust and Locust and a half.
Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to his care.
November 29, 1857.

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

J. W. FISHER,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
Columbia, Pa.
Columbia, September 6, 1850-51

S. Atlee B. Kikus, D. D. S.
PRACTICES THE OPERATIVE, SURGICAL and MECHANICAL Departments of Dentistry.
Office, Locust Street, between the Franklin House and Post Office, Columbia, Pa.
May 7, 1850.

Harrison's Cumbian Ink.
WHICH is a superior article, permanently black, and not corroding the pen, can be had in any quantity, at the Columbia Medicine Store, and blacker yet at the English Book Store, and blacker yet at the English Book Store.
Columbia, June 9, 1859

We Have Just Received
DR. CUTLER'S Improved Chest Expanding
Sunder and Shoulder Braces for Gentlemen, and Patent Skin Supporter and Brace for Ladies, just the article that is wanted at this time. Come and see them at Family Medicine Store, Old Locust Street, Columbia, Pa. (April 9, 1859)

Prof. Gardner's Soap.
WE have the New England Soap for those who did not obtain it from the Soap and Candle Store, is pleasant to the skin, and will take grease spots from Woollen Goods, it is therefore no luxury, for you get the worth of your money in the Family Medicine Store, Columbia, June 11, 1859.

GRAHAM, or Bond's Boston Crackers, for Invalids and children—new articles in Columbia, at the Family Medicine Store, Columbia, Pa. (April 15, 1859)

SALADINA'S PREPARED GLUE.—The want of such an article is felt in every family, and now can be supplied from the Soap and Candle Store, for its superior quality, and its use in repairing many articles which have been useless for months. You can obtain it at the Family Medicine Store, Columbia, Pa. (April 15, 1859)

IRON AND STEEL!
THE Subscriber has received a New and Large Stock of all kinds of IRON AND STEEL!
They are constantly supplied with stock in this branch of his business, and can furnish it to customers in large or small quantities, at the lowest rates, at the Family Medicine Store, Columbia, Pa. (April 25, 1859)

RITTER'S Compound Syrup of Tar and Wild Cherry, for Coughs, Croup, Ac. For sale at the Golden Mortar Drug Store, Front St., Columbia, Pa. (July 1, 1859)

AYER'S Compound Concentrated Extract
Sarsaparilla, for the cure of Scrofula, King's Evil, and all scrofulous affections. It is highly recommended for sale by the Family Medicine Store, Columbia, Pa. (Sept. 21, 1859)

FOR SALE.
200 GROSS Friction Matches, very low for cash. W. WILLIAMS, Jr. (June 25, 1859)

Dutch Herring!
Any one fond of a good Herring can be supplied at a first rate article. Call on S. F. EBERLEIN'S Grocery Store, No. 71 Locust St. (Nov. 19, 1859)

LYON'S PURE OLD CATWAMP BRANDY
and PURE WINES, especially for Medicines, for medicinal purposes, at the Golden Mortar Drug Store, Front Street, Columbia, Pa. (Jan. 22, 1859)

NICE RAISINS for 8 cts. per pound, are to be had only at EBERLEIN'S Grocery Store, No. 71 Locust Street, Columbia, Pa. (March 10, 1859)

GARDEN SEEDS—Fresh Garden Seeds, warranted pure, at all kinds of seeds, at the Golden Mortar Drug Store, Front Street, Columbia, Pa. (March 10, 1859)

POCKET BOOKS AND PENS.
A LARGE assortment of Pocket Books, Pens, and Pencils, at the Golden Mortar Drug Store, Front Street, Columbia, Pa. (April 14, 1859)

A NEW more of these beautiful Prints
of the "Wonders of the World," at the Golden Mortar Drug Store, Front Street, Columbia, Pa. (April 14, 1859)

Just Received and For Sale.
150 SACKS Ground Alum Salt, in large or small quantities. APOLLOS Warehouse, Front Street, Columbia, Pa. (April 14, 1859)

GOLD CREAM OF GLYCERINE.—For the cure of Eczema, and all kinds of skin diseases, at the Golden Mortar Drug Store, Front Street, Columbia, Pa. (Dec. 8, 1859)

Turkish Prunes!
FOR a first rate article of Prunes, you must go to the Golden Mortar Drug Store, Front Street, Columbia, Pa. (Nov. 19, 1859)

GOLD PENS, GOLD PENS.
JUST received a large and fine assortment of Gold Pens, of New and Old Gold, at the Golden Mortar Drug Store, Front Street, Columbia, Pa. (April 14, 1859)

FRESH GROCERIES.
We continue to sell the "Wonders of the World," and Brown Sugar, good Coffee and Choice Tea, at the Golden Mortar Drug Store, Front Street, Columbia, Pa. (April 14, 1859)

Segars, Tobacco, &c.
A LOT of fine Segars, Tobacco, and Snuff will only be found at the store of the subscriber. He keeps a first rate article. Call on S. F. EBERLEIN'S Grocery Store, No. 71 Locust St., Columbia, Pa. (Oct. 8, 1859)

CRANBERRIES.
NEW Crop Prunes, New Citrus, &c. A. N. RANDOLPH, Oct. 20, 1859.

SARDINES.
We continue to sell the "Wonders of the World," and Brown Sugar, good Coffee and Choice Tea, at the Golden Mortar Drug Store, Front Street, Columbia, Pa. (April 14, 1859)

CRANBERRIES.
JUST received a fresh lot of Cranberries and New Crop Prunes, at No. 71 Locust Street, Columbia, Pa. (Oct. 21, 1859)

Selections.

The Nun Wife.

In a handsome saloon in the Rue de Saint Peres, one day last spring, were assembled a fine looking old gentleman, a lady of fifty, a man of from thirty-five to forty, and a young woman reclining on a couch, evidently in delicate health. These four persons were, Monsieur de Maubert, a half-pay colonel and bachelor, Madame de Lacy, the young woman's mother, and Monsieur d'Herbilly, husband of the young lady.

A fifth person was announced, and Colonel de Fresnes, a handsome man, still young, entered, and was received with friendly familiarity.

"Colonel," said the delicate lady, "you could not have arrived more a-propos. We are endeavoring to arrange a difficult question, on which opinions are divided, and we want your arbitration. It is about the choice of a name for my new born babe; my mother and I wish to have him christened 'Paul,' after his father. Monsieur Maubert and my husband oppose that wish by a crowd of specious reasonings, a wish which they say is only founded on an old custom or a motive of sentiment which does not recompense for the embarrassments which may arise out of a similitude of names. What do you think of it or advise?"

"I think, madame, that these gentlemen are quite correct in their views, and that sometimes it is most unfortunate to have a namesake!"

"In proof of which," replied Monsieur de Maubert, "if that unfortunate De Serrieres had not had one, he would have avoided the annoyance which befel him when he left Baden in a hurry, to take possession of his title, when an article in the *Moniteur* announced the elevation to the peerage for the Baron Louis de Serrieres, who was another person though he bore his name and title, and probably my friend had the right to precedence, but lost it owing to a namesake."

"That," replied Madame d'Herbilly, "is not quite applicable to the case in question; finding a namesake in a stranger might have unpleasant results, which could not happen between father and son."

"Pardon me, madam," replied Monsieur de Fresnes, "and whilst apologizing for my egotism, I will, at the same time, quote my own example."

"Your! Ah! let us hear it, Colonel." "In 1835, my regiment was in garrison at Nismes. Having only left the military school of St. Cyr three years before, I was but an ensign. When I arrived, I was billeted with a rich proprietor of the name of Monsieur de Mont, who received me more like an old acquaintance than a stranger; he was kind enough to invite me to prolong my stay in his house until I could procure a house to suit me. For some days I took advantage of this offer, which brought me into communication with his family, which was composed of his mother-in-law and four children, the eldest of whom was much older than the others, being nearly twenty years of age. Mademoiselle Cecile was one of those persons who please so much, and I felt myself attracted towards her from the first; her gentleness and amiability of her temper, and a crowd of good qualities, which I remarked in her in the course of daily acquaintance, attached me to her, not by a violent affection, but by a tender and kindly sentiment far more pleasing and lasting, and every day she appeared more agreeable to me; every day confirmed me in the idea that, if I married, it would be only with her. A year, a happy year, passed away in calm and serene happiness, which makes pleasant enjoyment obliterate thought of the future. Having received my promotion to the rank of lieutenant, with an order to accompany my regiment to Africa, I resolved before leaving to tell Cecile that I loved her, and to describe the feelings of her family, as well as her own, about the union, which was indispensable to the happiness of my life. Cecile's answer was that if her parents consented she was willing; her father replied: "That he saw nothing to prevent this marriage a little later; go and gain laurels," he said; "you are now very young and my daughter has time to wait; when you are a captain we will talk about it."

"I left without being able to obtain anything more positive. During two years' absence I only received the replies from Cecile's father to letters I addressed to him, they were friendly, but he in no wise engaged his word, which made me doubly anxious for my advancement, as I loved her daily more and more, and longed for the moment when I should have the right to claim her. An expedition, at last, in which I was engaged, and wherein I was fortunate enough to distinguish myself, obtained for me the rank of captain, and a serious wound. In the midst of my sufferings I rocked myself to repose with the happy thoughts that as soon as I was better I would write to Monsieur Mont. Without doubt Cecile had seen an account in the papers of the affair in which I had been engaged, and she would be uneasy. I was most anxious to re-assure her I lived, and only for herself. These painful ideas occupied me during my return to Algiers, where I found a letter from my father, of which nearly the following was a copy:

"I am uneasy, my dear Eustace, about your wound, and proud of the noble conduct which has made you my equal in military rank. Good blood never lies, and I felt

convinced, when starting you in this career that you would make your way honorably to the end; for, if I have stopped on the way it has been because the opportunity for doing otherwise was wanting. We do not rise in rank by going through one's exercise on parade, or in teaching recruits their goose steps in garrison, where I alone have been. But what could I do? That is not my greatest care. If I had only myself I should be but little troubled. But I am a father, and my unlucky star has written it, that in losing a gentle and good companion, I should remain alone with the responsibility which that name brings. If I had only you with me, my son, I should not be so much embarrassed. I am proud of acknowledging this; but it is not so as regards your sister, good and amiable as she is. At her age now I am incompetent to be her sole mentor; therefore, after having balanced all things; I thought it my duty to decide upon remarrying. Circumstances too long to detail here have brought me into connection with the family of Mademoiselle Cecile de Mont, of Nismes, now residing in Paris. I have met with all the qualities I could desire in this lady, and have been accepted. When you receive this letter we most probably shall be married; the wedding day, which for a double motive will be without pomp, is fixed for the sixteenth of this month."

"And we were then in the earlier days of the following month. I could read no more. I felt as if a cold dagger had pierced my heart. A film covered my sight, and I fainted, weakened by my illness, and this fearful blow, with the crushed letter in my hand? In vain I said to myself that Cecile had betrayed me, and was unworthy my regret. The idea that she was my step-mother made me frantic. Another shock had answered to my misery—but my father—I was powerless there; but I swore never to see his face again. These torments prolonged my illness. It was thought only a return to France would effect a cure.

PART II.

"The voyage was most painful to me, and I arrived there ill, worse than when I left; and in passing through Nismes, which I was desirous of seeing once more, I was obliged to stop, for fatigue and agitation had re-opened my wound.

"I thought of returning to my old lodging; it seemed to me that I should die there where I had lived and hoped for so much happiness—now lost forever—but it was not vacant. Not finding the necessary attentions among strangers, I made them take me to the hospital.

"I had been there several weeks. When I began to get about, this second state of convalescence was quite as painful as the first, for the place revived all my regrets.—Cecile, Cecile—forgetful and inconstant—was continually before my eyes; only reasoning with myself could convince me that I was dreaming. One day, however, even this was powerless to persuade me.

"The chambers assigned to the officers opened on a long gallery, where the Sisters of mercy passed to attend in the hospital; seated in my arm chair near the door, I fancied I saw a person among them who perfectly resembled her, and, despite the absurdity of such a supposition, I felt certain that it was she.

"The hospital attendant, of whom I asked the name of this sister, told me that he did not know her, that she had recently arrived and was not yet received into the noviciate. "The next day I did not see her.

"The following one, after endeavoring to walk in my room, I dragged myself into the gallery, so I might meet the Sisters when they appeared. The bell rang, and they arrived; I saw them at a distance, and from afar off, amongst them, the person I wished to see; my first movement was to close my eyes; that I might not lose the fancy which had seized upon me. The second was to advance. It was the image of her—her style, her features, but faded, as much by suffering—it certainly was herself!

"She walked with her eyes fixed upon the ground, and scarcely raised them as I passed; nevertheless, she recognized me; and starting with surprise, a cry almost escaped her lips. No one noticed her, and she followed the others without once turning around.

"I entered my room mad with delight.—'Twas she; there could be no doubt of it.—I had been suffering tortures from some mistake, for my step-mother could not be there.

"A letter which I had received from my father since my return to France was filled with praises of his Cecile, to whom he owed, he said, perfect felicity.

"It could not, then, be my Cecile, my beloved, whom he had married, and I was resolved to speak to her and discover the truth. "My agitation gave me strength to do so. "The parlor of the convent was not far off. I went there and requested the sister at the gate to inform Mademoiselle de Mont that Captain de Fresnes wished to speak to her.

"According to the conventional rules I was kept a long time waiting, and this gave me time to become more calm. At last I heard the sound of the elderly sister's footsteps on the corridor. The door opened, and Cecile entered after her, and stood erect behind the bars which separated us.

"She was pale and agitated; nevertheless, it was easy to see that she was trying to compose herself, and seemed cold and calm.

"Monsieur," she said "I was ignorant that you were here; had I known it, I could have offered you my attendance, authorized as I now am in doing so by the family ties which unite us."

"'Tis then true," I cried, "'tis then true, 'Tis not a mistake. Pardon me, madame, pardon me! For an instant, I believed in a mistake which I could not understand, as I cannot understand how you are now in this house—how you have left—"

"I am not accountable to any one, Monsieur," she replied, for my actions; I should remain alone with the responsibility which that name brings. If I had only you with me, my son, I should not be so much embarrassed. I am proud of acknowledging this; but it is not so as regards your sister, good and amiable as she is. At her age now I am incompetent to be her sole mentor; therefore, after having balanced all things; I thought it my duty to decide upon remarrying. Circumstances too long to detail here have brought me into connection with the family of Mademoiselle Cecile de Mont, of Nismes, now residing in Paris. I have met with all the qualities I could desire in this lady, and have been accepted. When you receive this letter we most probably shall be married; the wedding day, which for a double motive will be without pomp, is fixed for the sixteenth of this month."

"In my turn, Monsieur, permit me to say I don't know what you allude to. I vow myself to the large family of suffering humanity. This is a holy engagement, Monsieur, and a sacred one, in fact, to which I shall be faithful; but if for this I quit my family, your title of uncle does not the less grant you a double right to my care, and I will give you the attention of a niece, of a zealous and attentive sister, if you desire it!"

"A niece, a sister!" I cried, almost mechanically, pressing my head in both hands; 'tis enough to drive me mad. For pity's sake, Cecile, do not mock me, for see, I suffer—that I am suffering tortures! I have never forgotten you! I am free, quite free, if it be not of my love for you. How can I be your uncle! I do not desire the title, nor that of your brother, and still less will be your son?"

"Be calm, I beseech you," she said; "I see that you are suffering horribly. But two words can explain all. You have not, then, married my aunt, Cecile de Mont, who, three years since, was united in Paris to Captain Gustavo de Fresnes?"

"'Tis my father," I exclaimed, transported with joy. "Then, 'tis not you who are his wife! Oh, Cecile, pardon me; I believed it, and was tempted to curse you for what I looked upon as a double odious treason."

"I have nothing to forgive," she said, "I have not myself fallen into a similar error, from which, like you, I have suffered keenly."

"Oh, Cecile! my Cecile! my beloved! we can be happy yet together. The future is for us, that future which terrified me so much. Oh, now it seems far too short—love should be eternal."

"Meanwhile," she asked, "would you not like me to explain the particulars of this almost fatal mistake?"

"It is scarcely necessary now that it exists no longer, to separate us; but speak on, I will listen to you."

"She then informed me that her father had a sister, by whom she had been held at the baptismal font, and whose name she had received; that the will of a relative of Monsieur de Mont, in favor of his aunt, had caused a rupture between them, and she had gone to reside with her maternal relatives, and all correspondence and communication between them had ceased till the moment of her marriage, when a cold letter, devoid of any particulars, informed him that she was to marry Captain de Fresnes. "We had seen, sometimes previously, your nomination to that rank," continued Cecile, "and we never imagined that there could be any error. So deceiving a coincidence is more extraordinary than the infidelity of a lover."

"The very day of this explanation which had brought so complete a change in our projects, I wrote to my father, and my happiness is so excellent a doctor, that a month afterwards, perfectly recovered, I married Cecile de Mont, who wore her wreath of orange flowers without any regret for her nun's veil. This marriage produced the union of the father with his sister, who found herself called upon one day again to be god-mother in her own family, but it was unanimously decided that no similitude of names should ever expose the children to the painful trial through which their parents had passed."

"The history of Colonel de Fresnes decided the persons in consultation to seek for some name which would not lead to hapless results, and it was at last decided that the boy should be called Aymor, as they knew no one of that name to recall to mind the knights of the round table.

The Last Shilling.

He was evidently a foreigner, and the South. As I sat at the opposite corner of the post-stage, I took a mental inventory of his wardrobe. A military cloak much the worse for wear—a blue coat, the worse for tear—a napless hat—a shirt neither white nor brown—a pair of mud-colored gloves, open at each thumb—gray trousers too short for his legs, and brown boots too long for his feet.

From some words he dropped I found that he had come direct from Paris to undertake the duties of French teacher at an English academy; and his companion, the English classical usher, had been sent to London to meet and escort him to his suburban destination.

Poor, devil, thought I, thou art going into a bitter, bad line of business, and the hundredth share which I had taken in the boyish persecutions of my own French master—an *emigre* of the old noblesse—most violently on my conscience. At Edmonton the coach stopped. The coachman alighted, pulled the bell of a mansion inscribed in large let-

ters, Vosposian House, and deposited the foreigner's trunks and boxes on the footpath. The English classical usher stepped briskly out and deposited a shilling in the coachman's anticipatory hand. Monsieur followed the example, and with some precipitation prepared to enter the gate of the fore-garden, but the driver stood in the way.

"I want another shilling said the coachman."

"You agreed to take a shilling a head," said the English master.

"You said you would take one shilling for my head," said the French master.

"It's for the loggess," said the coachman.

The Frenchman seemed thunderstruck; but there was no help for it. He pulled out a small weazel-bellied, brown silk purse, but there was nothing in it save a medal of Napoleon. Then he felt in his breast-pockets, then his side-pockets, and then his waistcoat-pockets; but they were all empty, excepting a metal snuff-box, and that was empty, too. Lastly, he felt the pockets in the flaps of his coat, taking out a meagre would be white handkerchief, and shaking it; but not a dump. I rather expect he anticipated the result, but he went through the operations *seriatim*, with the true French gravity. At last he turned to his companion, with a "Mistare Barbierre, be as good as to lend me one shilling."

Mr. Barber, thus appealed to, went forth something of the same ceremony.—Like a blue-bottle cleaning itself, he passed his hands over his breast, round his hips, and down the outside of his thighs, but the sense of feeling could detect nothing like a coin.

"You agreed for a shilling, and you shall have no more," said the man with empty pockets.

"No—no—you shall have no more," said the moneyless Frenchman.

By this time the housemaid of Vosposian House, tired of standing with the door in her hand, had come down to the garden-gate, and, willing to make herself generally useful, laid her hand on one of the foreigner's trunks.

"It shan't go till I'm paid my shilling," said the coachman, taking hold of the handle at the other end.

The god-natured housemaid instantly let go of trunk, and seemed suddenly to be bent double by a violent cramp, or spasm, in her right side, while her hand groped busily under her gown. But it was in vain. There was nothing in that pocket but some curl-papers and a brass thimble.

The stitch or cramp then seemed to attack her other side; again she stooped and fumbled, while hope and doubt struggled together on her rosy face. At last hope triumphed—from the extremest corner of the huge dimity pouch she fished up a solitary coin, and thrust it exultingly into the obdurate palm.

"It won't do," said the coachman, casting a wary eye on the metal, and holding out for the inspection of the trio a silver-washed coronation medal, which had been purchased of a Jew for two-pence the year before.

The poor girl quietly set down the trunk which she had again taken up, and restored the deceitful medal to her pocket.

In the meantime the arithmetical usher had arrived at the gate in his way out, but was stopped by the embargo on the luggage.

"What's the matter now?" asked the man of figures.

"If you please, sir," said the housemaid, dropping a low courtesy, "it's this impudent fellow of a coachman will stand here for his rights."

"He wants a shilling more than his fare," said Mr. Barber.

"He does want more than his fare shilling," reiterated the Frenchman.

"Coachman! what the devil are we waiting here for!" shouted a stentorian voice from the rear of the stage.

"Bless me, John, are we to stay here all day?" cried a voice from the stage's interior.

"If you don't get up shortly I shall get down," bellowed a voice from the box.

At this crisis the English usher drew his fellow tutor aside, and whispered something in his ear that made him go through the old manual exercise. He slapped his pantaloons—flapped his coat-tails—and felt about his bosom.

"I haven't got one," said he, and, with a shake of the head and a hurried bow, he set off at the pace of a two-penny postman.

"A ain't going to stand here all day," said the coachman, getting out of all reasonable patience.

"You are an infernal scoundrelly villain," said Mr. Barber, getting out of all classical English.

"You are a—what Mr. Barbierre says," said the foreigner.

"Thank God and his goodness," ejaculated the housemaid, "here comes the doctor."

And the portly figure of the pedagogue himself came striding pompously down the gravel walk. He had two thick lips and a double chin, which all began wagging together.

"Well, well; what's all this argumentative elocution? I command taciturnity!"

"I'm a shilling short," said the coachman.

"He says he has got one short shilling," said the foreigner.

"Poo—poo—poo," said the thick lips and double chin. "Pay the fellow his superfluous claim, and appeal to magisterial authority."

"It's what we mean to do, sir," said the English usher; "but—" and he laid his lips mysteriously to the doctor's ear.

"A pecuniary bagatelle," said the doctor, "it's palpable extortion—but I'll disburse it—and you have a legislative remedy for his avaricious demands."

As the man of pomp said this he thrust his forefinger into an empty waistcoat pocket—then into his fellow—and then into every pocket he had—but without any other product than a bunch of keys, two ginger lozenges, and the French mark.

"It's very peculiar," said the doctor; "I had a prepossession of having currency to that amount. The coachman must call tomorrow for it at Vosposian House—or stay, I perceive my housekeeper. Mrs. Plummer! pray just step hither and liquidate this little commercial obligation."

"Now, whether Mrs. Plummer had or had not a shilling, Mrs. Plummer only knows; for she did not condescend to make any search for it; and if she had none, she was right not to take the trouble. However, she attempted to carry the point by a *copy de main*. Snatching up one of the boxes, she motioned the housemaid to do the like, exclaiming in a shrill treble key: "Here's a pretty work, indeed, about a paltry shilling! If it's worth having its worth calling again for; and I suppose Vosposian House is not going to run away!"

"But may be I am," said the inflexible coachman, "seizing a trunk with each hand. "John, I insist on being let out!" screamed the lady in the coach.

"I shall be too late for dinner," roared the thunderer in the dicky.

As for the passenger on the box, he had made off during the latter part of the altercation.

"What shall we do?" said the English classical usher.

"God and his goodness only knows!" said the housemaid.

"I am a stranger in this country," said the Frenchman.

"You must pay the money," said the coachman.

"And here it is, you brute!" said Mrs. Plummer, who had made a trip to the house in the meantime; but whether she had coined it, or raised it by a subscription among the pupils, I know no more than the man in the moon.

In the meantime, our regiment, under Colonel Duryee's special and personal direction, and he in advance, had marched to position on the right, and opened a heavy fire, and Colonel Townsend's regiment, Third Albany, had come up, marched in column directly in front of the enemy's batteries, and at point blank range got handsomely into position on the left and opened fire.—They flanked the masked batteries on the left and silenced them, and then formed in line of battle front to the enemy's batteries. All these movements took time, and in the meantime our battery, commanded and served by Lieutenant Greble, of the Second Regiment United States Artillery, kept up a galling and successful fire upon the enemy's batteries, and although grape, shell, canister, and solid shot, rained all around and about him, he was as quiet and gentle, both in manner and speech, as if he had been in a lady's drawing-room. I never saw greater coolness in my life.

I cannot say as much for some of those under his command. There were men with him who emphatically stood by their guns, but as the enemy kept improving their range, and danger increased, so many left that there was not men enough of those whose duty it was to be there, and at the call for volunteers from the Zouaves, to help to work the guns, enough of the "red legged devils" stepped forward from their places to have served twenty guns. And so the day wore on till our men were completely worn out.

About 12 o'clock, Col. Townsend's Regiment made a movement to the left, and then coming to the front, we made a general change of the two regiments right up to and in the face of their batteries, and drove them from their first entrenchments. And here the enemy must have suffered great loss, for the men of both regiments, maddened by opposition, fairly sprang on their entrenchments, but were stopped by the second with their heavy guns. This was straightforward, hand-to-hand fighting, and at the point of the bayonet; but their position was too strong, although I think after we had once got it we could have kept it, had we had any support at all. We were obliged to retire, and retire we did, in good order, and without much loss. And here let me pay a deserving tribute to Col. Duryee and Townsend. Col. Duryee went through the fight with a little riding whip in his hand, and encouraged his men both with voice and example.

Col. Townsend is one of the most self-possessed, cool gentlemen I ever saw. He was on horseback, in full uniform, and led his men in every movement. At the charge upon the batteries he was in front, and rode slow enough to let his men keep easily up, and with as much apparent nonchalance as if upon parade.

Four Grebles. He and six men were killed by almost the last shot fired from the enemy's batteries.