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EWHOLE NUMBER, 1,472.

sudden pang crossing her heart.

"What is it ?" said the Viscountess.

" I will go and see," replied the counters.

But ere she could leave the room the

The Counters staggered, and hiding her

"An accident, madam," said the game-

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SAMUEL WRIGHT, Editor and Proprietor.

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Poetry.

Woman or Wine.

BY T. WARD.

To the President of the New England Society, who Wine at enterianments. Oh, weak and foolhardy'reformer!

To substitute women for wine, The glow of whose presence is warmer Than sumiest juice of the vine.

Believe me, less fatal are juleps Than woman in witchery skilled,

For there onces more venom from two lips Than ever from grain was distilled. Who barters for beauty his whiskey,

The change will be certain to rue; For her eyes shed a spirit more frisky? Than lurks in the "mountain dew.

Ah! those eyes at each meeting so merry, Yon'il find to outsparkle champagne! And ringlets more golden than "sherry Will fuddle us well the poor brain.

More tapering necks than the bottle's, With mouths more bewilderingly crowned Will pout from their ray shing throttles A stream that a sage would confound.

If wine makes us brutes, iove is able To turn us fools to with like case ; If the one lays us under the talle, "Pother brings as at least to our knees.

Still at table some mischief she's brewing; Her feet scrape acquaintance below; Ah! no heel-taps so pregnant with ruin, As those hidden taps of the toe.

door.

toms of doubt.

And hands, between courses at leisure, Make friends when there's no one to mark, Ah! less poison yield grapes under pressure Than fingers thus squeezed in the dark.

As home reels the typer of beauty, How crimeon his visage, poor elf! How fevered he sleeps! how his duty Is left to take care of itself!

When thwarted, how palsied his powers, Till he sinks in despair at death's door ; Oh! if woman her, victim thus lower, Say, what can the bottle do more?

No spirit so ar lent as woman's-So sure to intoxicate man; Her touch is "delirium tremens, That muddens him more than it can.

"The glance of har eye is "blue ruin," Her blush is the blond of the vine, Her pout is a panch in whose brewing Tart, sugar and spirit combine.

So sparkling, so heating, so heady, No hope for her victum appears; Should her similes only render him giddy,

He'll be surely drunk with her tenrs. Not the grape-juice of Eden made Adam So stupidly forfeit his all;

It is scarcely a year ago since a young room was filled with visitors. Not a word and hundreds offered to watch with Mr. | family connexions. He found him a wife exempted frequently from joining in his man died in the town of Huddington. His was spoken-they could only look. [Here it was that Mrs. S---- placed her dead man's chamber at the first unusual of his hephew. Somewhat melancholy in One day it happened that Henri de Montconduct had been so outrageously dissolute, hand upon my shoulder, and whispered in sound, (for such was the curato's purpose, disposition, she had never mingled in the fort, who had just started for a fishing exthat everybody repulsed him with abhorrence. Finally he sank down in half starved my car-ber breath throbbing painfully frequently avowed in the course of the day,) pleasures of Parisian life; at once proud cursion, in crossing the grove near the house folding doors were thrown open and four

condition at the door of his uncle, an old against my excited tympanum.] blacksmith of Haddington, and was kindly One of the benches was slightly moved, taken in and cared for. Everything was and the left foot of the corpse rested upon done for him that even affection could sug- the floor. The eyes were open-wide open,

fears of his companions by boldly investigest; but ho grew worse and worse until and staring at something far-far away.

220 Ja (* 14

of such frightful import that few persons face, there was yet an expression of curios consideration. He acknowledged his belief could remain near him. There were cer- ity merging into fear, which taken in conwork, and insisted that the citizens of Hadtain expressions which excited more atten- nection with the disturbed position of the tion than others-indeed they drew tears body, forced the opinion upon the spectators as a warning against dissoluteness. " Perfrom those who heard them, as well on ac- that the dead man suddenly started. Terror count at the earnestness with which they began to be diminished into simple wonder. haps," said he, with hesitation, as if the were uttered, as the distracted gesticulations | The people, at length, conversed with one idea he wished to advance was incompreaccompanying them. He seemed to stare another, but all they could do was to close hensible even to himself, "perhaps, in this at some distant object-distant as a fixed the eyes of the deceased, and replace the cuse, death has been too eager-so that disstar; and with his outstretched hands thrust half-crown pieces; lift up the leg, and again euse could not complete its office of bodily forward as if to resist the rapid approach envelop it in the sheet. That day no work punishment, and there is yet in the disturof something, he shouted in a voice bub- was done in Haddington-no one ate anybling up through his death rattle, "Back! thing. But night came on again ; and othback .- awa' wi' ye! awa' wi' ye! It is nae ers must take their turn at watching in the that I wish to judge Andrew Allan. God with taking her there and fetchingher back. thing white at the bottom, and draws forth truth.

forbid !" sae written; I am not to be braised! No, ante-room. Twelve men volunteered-eleven He read such passages from his Bible as of them citizens of Haddington, but the twelfth was an upstart student from St. Infernal Being, and impressed them upon Andrews, who derided the credulity of the people, and quoted Dr. Brewster.

at last ended in death. Excellent cheer was provided for the a happy emphasis, the sublime paraphrases It is the custom in Scotland to set up watchers. A fire was kindled in the ante- of Milton, three nights with the dead. The corpse of Andrew Allen (for that was the young room, and a kettle enlivened the company man's name) was placed up stairs in a back with its song. The student talked incessroom. It rested upon a rude table, consist- antly about spectral illusions, but his coming of four small benches supporting two panions did not listen to him-they sipped boards. It was wrapped in a sheet, and their hot water and whiskey in silence, octwo half-crown pieces were placed upon his casionly holding their breath at some fancied eyes to keep them shut. The blacksmith's sound. The night wore on. The town haps, in the street, among the crowd-but down stairs, and at the further end of the a groan. It was midnight. The student hall were two bed-rooms. A staircase burst into a boisterous laugh. It was, at I'm not to be bruised-I'm the seed o' the commenced near the door, and led to the first, a laugh of derision ; but it soon ceased. woman !" Almost simultaneously with this second story, in which there were what The young man rose up-gave one look there was a crash. The benches were all might be called an ante-room, and the large toward the platform at the head of the stairs dashed away from under the boards, and servant, placing a parcel on the table. apartment where the body of Andrew Allen and fell down swooning, for the half-erown the body rolled upon the floor. The curate lay. A door opened into this chamber from pieces jingled upon the floor-rebounded started to his feet, but his companions held fashions, my maid is considerably puzzled I narrow platform at the head of the stairs. and fell again ; two benches were turned him back. Clinging to one another they for a trimming to my new dress."

was distinctly heard to slide along the inclined plane. The listeners all spang to and the sound would have been much louder, Evening came on and the blacksmith's two sons, cousins of the decensed, were ap- their feet, under an impulse to make their escape, but they durst not pass the dreadful pointed to sit up the first night. They were to occupy the ante-room. It was too warm platform, so impressed were they with the for fire: so they were provided with a couple certainty (as they all afterward testified be-

fore the investigating committee, that Anof tallow candles, a jug of "mountain dew," drew Allan would appear, in, the door of and some tobacco and pipes. Jamie was just twenty--a fine looking lad of quiet de his chamber, and implore them not to leave meanor, and industrious habits. Archie. however, twenty-two years of age, was far again thronged. A crowd rushed up stairs, been heard; for the doomed corpse was more sprightly. He took great delight in to the great relief of the watchers, who being involved in love scrapes. In fact he hastened to acquaint them with what had two rooms with a force far above human. was, what they call in the Highlands, "the occurred. Great excitement began to be very diel among the lassies." Hour after manifested. The people needed some one hour he entertained Jamie with his con- to lead them, and no one had the courage

to approach with the intention of opening quests, until the latter began to show sympthe door of the terrible apartment. At this juncture some one cried out, "An' are you sure, Archie," he asked, "Rin for the curate ; rin for the curate !"

This good man, a Mr. Handyside, lived as he did so, "it is my duty !" They had not given their cousin in the in a neighboring hamlet, preferring the adjoining room a single thought. They could not disguise the fact (nobody could) | husy town of Haddington. He is still length they ceased.

"Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool His mighty stature; on each hand the flowes Driven backword, slope the repointing spirit, and rolled In billows, tenve in the multi a horrist rate, Them with exempted wings he story has flight Mofe, incumibent on the do-ky air—" Mr. Handyside thought it was in the ad-

joining room-his friends that it was, perthe words "back! back!-awa' wi' ye! in thought.

Any one descending the stairs from the over, the ends of the plank, which they listened in a sort of asphyxia for what was to follow. They heard a step, as of a beante-room, must pass in contact with this supported, dropped again, and the corpse ing barefooted-heavy. The house shook.

if the footsteps had not been cautious. Vondes. stealthy. But they soon heard another noise, like the dragging of a human body over the floor. The four men cried in a loud voice-but such a cry ! In its spasmodic quivering it sounded like laughter, and from the thronged streets a yell of horror rose upon him. Long before daylight the house was the midnight air, such as never yet had dashed against the partition, separating the When it fell it was dragged away, and again hurled against the wall-at each repetition the concussion producing a sound more and more dull. The curate looked every moment

> for the wall to be dashed down. He had now no one to restrain him ; he took his candle and rushed into the room, exclaiming out him-Maurice!" The noise continued sometime after Mr.

Here the Countess turned another page quict he enjoyed there to the noise in the Handyside entered the chamber, but at and blushed, looking closer down to the book as she beheld the number eleven un-

but when that good man, a few hours after and gentle, she was, in every way, suited caught his line in one of the bushes and men entered hearing the Count de Montnight fall, mounted the stairs with his can- to Henri, the Henri whom her cousins cal- broke it. Just at this spot there was a fort, pale and bleeding, on a shutter. dles and his Bible, only four men followed led the Montfort of the middle ages. Clotilde small summer house, kept in especial order

to be that a supernatural agency was at if not love. Clotilde, who, like himself, was an he wanted a piece of silk or thread. orphan, readily agreed to live in the stately "Clotilde frequently brings her work the foot of the plateau, after he had been

> sacrifice it even to her heirs, made an ex- The Count looked about ; at last, opposite press condition with the bridegroom that under a bench, he sees a piece of thick Clotilde should pass the three winter months green silk; he clutches it; to his anamewith her in the capital. M. and Mme. de ment, after resisting slightly, with another Montfort had now been married three years. pull this thread raises a board in the floor, the Counters."

The first year Henri had spent the alotted Much amazed, the Count goes down on his

her.

They were sitting one lovely morning in vant entering, roused the ladies from a state

of silence and abstraction into which they to his feet. His gun is near, he seizes it,

"What is it, Jean?" said the Viscountess. "Your usual box of books and papers

Clotilde obeyed, and having found the securing for herself, at the same time, a

Leaning back in her chair, she turned wer the leaves mechanically, opening the book at a place were the leaves appeared to have been cut. All at once a burning blush suffused her cheek, her hand trembled, and exclaimed : she heaved a deep sigh. Now, spite of the genius and talent expended on the Revue des deux: Mondes, it must be confessed that it was not the article her eyes were fixed on that caused the emotion of the Countess; no it is what I have lost ?" -close beside it on the wide blank margin was a neat little pen and ink drawing of a

ed, while to herself thus she spoke: "How imprudent; he is here, then; how will he see me? how ingenious; how he loves me; how dreary has this month been with-

Handyside, and accompany him into the Clotilde du Harlai was, in all ways, worthy sports. him. Seated at a table, he calmed the consented to become de Montfort's wife and repair for Mine. de Montfort, with face in her hands, suit into a chair. without repugnance. To one whose heart whom it was a favorite resting place. Here "Oh, heaven?" exclaimed the Viscourhe went into a delirium, and uttered things. Without any change in the lines of the gating the awful facts subjected to their was disengaged, Henri de Montfort could Henri entering, sat down to repair the dis- tess, rushing forward, "what is this?" inspire nothing but admiration and respect. aster to bis fishing-line-all at once he found

> keeper. "We found my master lying at dington should treasure up the circumstance magnificence of Auvergne-but her aunt, here, I think," said he, "there may by shot; he must have fallen from it." to whom Paris was too essential for her to chance he a stray thread on the floor." " Is there danger ?"

" There is no hope, I fear," said the old, experienced gamekeeper. " Put me down here," said de Montfort, in a low, husky voice, " and leave me with

They obeyed. When they were alone bed corpse a soulless sensibility, over which three months in Paris with his bride; each knees, throws aside the board, and discovers Clotilde rose, but she did not dare to adconscience and Satan have control-not succeeding year he had contented himself a hollow place beneath, for there is some vance. She had a fatal presentiment of the

It was now autumn, the autumn of the a bundle of letters tied with the given silk, "Clotilde," said Henri, in an imperative third year of their marriage. Madame de of which the end had led to this discovery, voice, "come here; kuel by my side, had a hearing upon the personality of the Montfort had been back from Paris about a On his knees as he is, the Count past es ; wretched, faithless woman, and look on month, and for the first time her aunt, the the light is dim, yet he could see to read : your work. I am dying ; it was your lover's the minds of his hearers, by repeating, with Viscountess de Cherzy, had accompanied but he hesitates, and he knew not why he hand that killed me. None will ever know it but you, and let it be an eternal remov-

At last, however, dashing away the long to you. Nay, lock me in the face you theold library, hung with ancostral portraits. hair that falls over his brow, grown cold shall. I would not publish my dishonor, the long windows of which displayed the and clammy, he pulls one letter from he but I would be avengel. We met as though magnificent views of the wooded valleys neath the string, opens it, and reads the by as ident-we fire I both together-and

had failen. Mme. de Cherzy had gone to he rushes to the door, but there his strength with your husband bleeding, dying before house was built upon a very simple plan .- clock struck the first peal of the midnight there was a wail-a subdued sound like a sleep over her knitting, whilst Clotilde, fails him; he clutches at the side, he sinks you, think of him? We fired together: I The outside door opened into a small hall hour. Each stroke swelled on the air like ventriloquial shriek-a voice pronouncing leaning her head on her hand, appeared lost down, and burying his face in his hands, am dying; why should he live? There the proud, the strong de Montfort weeps. must be justice in heaven."

But soon this one last tender emotion is over. De Montfort rises calmly; now he streaming, her voice choked with sobs, from Paris, Mme. la Viscountess," said the looks at the letters : there is no signature, seemed scarcely to hear his words: when all but at the bottom of each is a small ex- at once, clear and distinct, giving rapid orders to the servants. Fauconnier's voice This does not enlighten De Montfort, was heard without,

the presence of Fauconnier sends his hair from her face, and stopping amid her

By a supreme effort the Count raised himcopy of the last month's Revue des deux and silent, there was something in the seif on one arm, and with his powerful hand Count's manner to reveal the agitations of clutching Clotilde by the throat, he drew her toward him. His hunting knife was at his girdle, he had yet strength to draw it

> turned to Maurice with an arch smile, and "What reward will you give me for what live to be happy when I am gone;" and as hejuttered these wordshe expired. Clotilde was dead already, and when Maurice. hav-

> rice. " Do you mean to imply by that, that ing heard that de Montfort was alone with Clotilde, rushed in, at all risks to save "Yes. I know it belongs to you : see----her from his fury, he only dragged one and as she spoke she put into the hands of corpse from the embrace of the other. De Montfort, who sat between Fauconnier "I did not think Clotilde loved her hus-

and herself, a golden stud. De Montfort almost started from his seat him, M. Fauconnier," said Maie, de Chersy; as he held it in the palm of his hand -it "did you ?" was the representation in gold of a falcon,

"No," replied Maurice, as he turned designed evidently from the drawing he had away. But the epitaph on the marble monument in the de Montfort chapel records "Oh !" exclaimed Maurice, without heed- how, in a sudden fit of love and frenzy and ing de Montfort's emotion ; "it is my sleeve | despair, the young Countess, not being able to survive her husband, killed herself on his

trembles. and barren hills of Auvergne, when a ser- first line-"my own, my dearest Clotilde !" I am here !"

With a ferociousshrick de Montfort starte " And he ____ "

"What! wretched woman, do you dare.

Clotilde, kneeling on the floor, her eyes

"Oh !" shrieked Clotilde, dashing the

Viscountess, as she was cating her grapes, forth and plunge it in her side. "You shall not speak his hateful name again within my hearing-nor shall you

band to such an excess as to kill herself for

I have found ?" "What have you found ?" replie . Mau-

seen at the bottom of the letter.

utton; see, here is its fellow; they

shall be saved."

on what was to be done."

" Count !"

"Eh! Clotilde, open it, let us see the last quisitly drawn figure of a falcon. unused to love devices and intrigues, but Courrier des dames, handed it to her aunt, thoughts wandering towards him.

his heart.

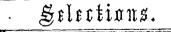
falcon; on that she gazed, at that she blush-

When they all met at dinner, though cold At the conclusion of the repast, the

Led him tipsily on to his full.

Not the wines of fair Cyprus the rover," So sure as the woman beguile; Better rest where he is "half sea's over," Than sieer for so faint an iste.

Oh! then shun such a tempter as this is, Nor commence so hazardous court, Who embarks on the waves of her tresses Will grieve that he ventured from Port.



From Rus-eld's Mogazine. My Landlady's Story. That hour o' night's black arch the key-stane. Tum O'Shanter.

Mrs. Crowe, in her work entitled the "Night side of Nature," makes allusion to the facts, upon which the following little story is founded, but, strange, she does not give the dotails. It was a case strikingly in point forher. Was it too horrible to put in hor book; or was she restrained by the same delicacy that made every marvel-monger speak of it in a whisper?

It was told to me, in Edinburg, by my landlady, Mrs .----. She was from Montrose, and spoke in a well-marked Gælic idious, that greatly enhanced her descriptive powers. It is a remarkable fact, that no language is so well adapted to the thrilling, the pathetic, and the humorous, as the dialect pieces drop upon the floor. of the Scottish Highlander. Sir Walter Scatt owes much of his success to it, and at day-light, and saw his sons crouching in the lyrics of Burns would be comparatively the corner of the room, he thought they had insipid without it. I remember once hear- been drinking to much, and began to chide ing Mrs. S- jest with her husband about them. But he soon stopped, for they rose some nonsense he perpetrated in his court- up and came to meet him with a wild exship. She was so much amused at it, that pression of joyful relief on their counte she fell back in her chair and exclaimed, "I nances ; and pointed to the door at the head cannot think o' it, but it a'most splut me of the stairs. They were not able to speak seeds a laching." The same expression in a word. The old man, without hesitation, plain English, "I cannot think of it, but it pushed open the door and entered the room almost makes me split my sides a laughing," but he came rushing back, uttering a cry of is utterly tame by the sides of the other .- | horror-such a cry as none but an old man Mrs. S-, moreover, had a manner which can give-shrill--tremulous. They fled

made her narration vividly impressive. It was in the evening twilight, and we street. The neighbors were aroused-the were watching from the parlor window the story told-and, in less than half an hour Inchksith light in the Frith of Forth, throwing out its flashes of warning to the mariner. blacksmith's house was soon filled with I forget what drew from Mrs. S--- the geople; but none had courage to open the awful recital, the interest of which I have door. The head of the column stood upon feebly attempted to maintain, by drawing the platform resisting the force from behind. upon my fancy for some slight amplification: It increased to such violence, however, that but she began, in substance, as follows, oc- resistance availed nothing. There was an casionally tapping me upon my shoulder impatient rush from below-the door was

ing gratification, however, under the old comforting maxim, "It was weel the puir body was relieved o' his sufferin." The night dragged on. Archie continued his amatory reminiscences to the great annovance of Jamie, until the town clock "strak the twal"-it was midnight.

'you're na telling me a pack o' lees?"

no, no! It is written that the seed of the

woman shall bruise-awa' wi' ye !--mercy!

oh, mercy, mercy, mercy!" These ravings

The candle required snuffing and Jamie reached forward his hand for that purpose, but a noise reaching his ears from the room where the corpse was-a sound like the moving of a bench, caused him, in his tremulousness, to put out the light. The darkness was total. The young men held

their breath-each one choked by the throbbing of his heart.

"Jamie," said Archie, "it was nachingnacthing but the wind. Gae doon an' get a light."

"Oh, Archie, for the luve o' God tak hold o' me-it is na your voice-you dinna speak in your ain voice!"

The next moment the brothers were locked in each other's arms, and fell cowering against the wall, shuddering in the extremity of terror; for another sound reached them, and one calculated to paralyze the bravest. They heard with unmistakable distinctness the two half crown

When the old blacksmith went up stars written !"

down stairs-out of the house, and into the

there was tumult. The stair-case in the 'it was but one night mair." The news had by this time spread in every direction. People came from Edinourgh and Glasgow. Crowds poured in from the neighboring towns and hamlets until, at twelve o'clock, the streets of Haddington could not hold them. No doubt

The people beer alive and beloved by everybody : but. since alarmed for then pastor, and several of them went in to his the word wood with a pencil mark upon it. his participation in the mysterious horrors of the third night, he has been regarded as assistance. They found him in a swoon, from which they soon resuscitated him. a man having knowledge of things which trimming?" no mortal ought to possess.

But they gazed around-what could they He cheerfully obeyed the summons, and expect to see ! There lay the body of Anepaired to the blacksmith's house. It was drew Allan, bruised-beaten into a quiver-

now after sunrise. The people gathered ing, gelatinous clot of gore ; while upon the around their pastor, and told him what had floor, printed in blood, where footprints of appened. He paused a moment in deep gigantic dimensions.

Mr. Handyside has never told what he neditation, and then entered the dreaded saw His only answer to the importunities chamber. Not more than three persons accompanied him-the others, as each one of his friends has been, " I thought it was passed the door and looked into the room, my duty, but I was mistaken,-I committed pressed their hands over their eyes and fled a sin. Heaven forgive me." into the street, uttering loud cries.

Parisian Pickings.-Honor.

[I remember the distant chimes of St. In one of the beautiful valleys of Auvergne Giles, reaching our hearing at this moment, there is an old chateau, surrounded by a accorded sadly with the whisper to which magnificent park, and hedged in by thick Mrs. S----- had again lowered her voice !]

woods, which, for many centuries, has be-The two benches, supporting the feet of longed to the Count de Monfort, and which Andrew Allan, were found thrown some is inhabited still by his representative, the distance from where they originally stood, Count Henri. This family, keeping aloof as if they had been kicked with some vio from court, favor and politics, had kept lence. The dead body was consequently in their fortunes unimpaired, so that the present a half sitting posture. The eyes were again Henri de Montfort kept up state and station open, and this time gazing at something as great and as honorable as the de Montnearer-very much nearer, than what they forts of the middle ages. had stared at on the previous night. The

The present Count, left carly an orphant. hands were unlocked, and thrust forward as if to implore or resist ; the physisgnomy, had been brought up under the care of his uncle, an old soldier, who knew nothing without any change in the facial lines, be tokened the most agonizing alarm; while either of the world or of society-military liscipline and the code of honor being his the general attitude inclined the beholder only guides. A private tutor had educated to the belief, that the body had been stiffenthe young Count at Montfort, in Auvergne. ed in an attempt to rise up and make its esand it was not until he had attained the age cape. Some of the persons who had fled of five and twenty that, after a tour through from the house, had Allan's death struggle Europe and the East, he had been introducso forcibly recalled by these appearances ed into Parisian society. In Paris, of course. that they declared his voice was issuing he had the traditional position of his family rom the corpse, and repeating words. which secured him a welcome in the most Back! back-awa' wi' ye! it is na sae exclusive ranks of the Faubourg St. Ger-

nain. Henri de Montfort never became Under the encouragement and direction what is called popular in seciety: though f the curate, the body was readjusted. handsome in person and high-bred in man-Is proposed to the people that they should ner, his cold aspect and proud bearing chilled bury it at once; but they would not violate the men of his own age, who felt instinctively the old Highland custom, especially since

leasures, and rather felt as if in him they

had a censor rather than a companion. Neither Henri nor his uncle liked Paris. t was but out of deference to his nucle that Maurice were not troubled even by a fear. Henri had consented to remain these dur- M. de Montfort was a great deal from home.

derlined, and towards the middle of the page " A love gift?" said De Montfort. "Aunt, dear, have you found a pretty

love gift, ingenious, too, the idea-a falcon ; "Well, yes-come here and see; but how you know the crest of my family-Fauconflushed you are, Clotilde." nier."

"Yes, aunt, I am going into the garden, and perhaps into the grove. I will send Suzanne to consult with you." Clotilde-his last look of love.

A few minutes later Mine. de Serizy was deep in consultation with her maid, and Mme. de Montfort was in the dark shaded grove of the park, weeping, yet smiling, in the encircling arms of Maurice Fauconnier. "You see, Clotilde, I have tried one month he had been holding. without you-I cannot try another." "Life has changed without you, Maurice,"

murmured Clotilde; "but this is so imprulent."

For two hours the lovers-for such, indeed, they were—sat beneath those trees and talked; then they separated. How they decided to meet again may be inferred by a servant towards evening-when M. de Montfort was sitting beside his wife and his aunt-throwing wide open the door and announcing:

"M. Maurice Fauconnier."

"Mon dicu! how charming!" exclaimed the dowager; "we were so dull. This is my tions," said Maurice. nephew. Clotilde, you will be so glad to velcome M. Fauconnier. M. de Montfort, this gentleman is one of our most distinsubitues of my society. I hope you are going to remain some time."

"Mine is merely a morning visit. I -hould not have taken the liberty-" "Monsieur," said M. de Montfort, "we pay no morning visits in Auvergne, these ladies will show you the scenery of our valleys, and I will show you the sport among our hills. I trust you will remain sometime with us."

So Maurie Faucennier achieved his purpose, and in a short time became as much that Henri had no sympathy for their a favorite with his host as he already was with his wife and his aunt.

M. de Montfort had too much pride to be either suspicious or jealous. Clotilde and foot, sternly motioned him to proceed. Some hours afterwards Madame de Mont- details. The bottom of this ill-pavel tub fort was reading Maurice's last novel aloud | was traversed by long and irregular stone ing a whole season. But his uncle, during and under the pretence that Lis Parsian to her aunt, when a great noise and con-gutters, all of which radiated toward the more than a thousand persons visited the this season, accomplished the purposes for constitution would not stand the same fused sounds were heard in the hall. Mme. circumscribing wall, on reaching which and reducing her voice to a hissing whisper. | pushed open, ar', in an instant, the terrible room up stairs in the blacksmith's house, which he had introduced his nephew to his futigue as that of Montfort, Maurice was de Montfort put down her book. they were closed by iron doors, consisting

very precious to me, they were a gift." dead body.

"Well, yes," said Maurice, laughing. "a The Rats of Montfaucon.

The most magnificent rat hands in the world are held at intervals at Montfaucon. outside Paris. Montfaucon is an establish-"I understand," said De Montfort, and meut, under government superintendence, looking up, he gave one long gaze at where worn-out horses are slain, stray dogs are made an end of, and several other se-When it began to grow dark that evening, eret mysteries are accomplished. When De Montfort asked Maurice to take a walk Monsieur Brissot Thivars had charge of the with him. As soon as they were out of public salubrity-which gave him the comsight of the chatcan, De Montfort abrabily mand of Montfaueon as well as of the stopped, and dropped Maurice's arm, which French sewers-he invited Balzac, the great French novelist, to a field-day, which was

"M. de Fauconnier," said he," I have eagerly necepted by that distinguished found out your secret : it authorizes me to writer, and the following account of a scene fell you here at my feet-to take her life witnessed there is thus describel: too ; but that shall not be. We cannot both

It was agreed that the in perfor of salulive, but the honor of the De Montfort's brity, Balzae. Dr. Gentil, and another gentleman should reach their destination at three in the morning. The party were ex-

"Do not speak. You love Clotible and act at the readertous. A dizen men emcannot live. A duel, however, wou I be- played on the place preceded them with a tray me, dishonor her. We must be aven- degree of mysterious circumspection, each ged by chance. I have known of this since having a lighted rosin torch in his right morning; since that time I have reflected hand, and a long ladder on his left shoulder. four others, having ladders only, followed "I submit beforehand to all your condi- with the silence of conspirators. By the

side of the party there trotted a pack of dingy "To-morrow we will go out with our dogs, of the same color as the cloudy night. guns together, under pretext of sheating who had their own private reasons for joingame. On yonder mountain there is a ing the company houldes the adjustion they guished novelists, which, of course, you small plateau; it measures just forty feet, here to their matters. They were mastiffs know-everybody does. He is one of the I have chosen it to-day; there we will go and buildors, descended, by careful crosto-night, we can measure twenty paces, sing, from the reast formitable and famous

mark them to-morrow : standing on that Savon and English raves, with square, anspot we can fire ; but one of us will return (gular heads, short ears, prominent and Heal-had eye , tooth of iron, and elephanto the chateau. Do you consent !" ine feet and logs. "To all."

"Ther let us part ; no more words are Arrived at the enclosure for the purpose. (the ladders were place) against the wall needed. To-morrow, at ten o'el el." The next morning Clotil to short benerith and after a difficult ascent, the party and the training roses of the Gothie porch and their dozen torch-hearers took their places watched the two sportsmen as they left the fou the top of the wall. Before and below

chotean. She smilingly threw a handful of them was a vast enclosure, appropriated to

roses she held after them, and one of the the slaughter of condemned horses. Heaps flowers fell at Maurice's feet. He shoped of hones, scattered here and there, indicated

to pick it up, this last memory of Clotilde,) this funeral destination. It required a few but De Montfort, crushing it beneath his minutes to accustom the eye to the gloomy scene, before they could well make out its