

# THE COLUMBIA SPY.

SAMUEL WRIGHT, Editor and Proprietor.

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

VOLUME XXIX, NUMBER 27.1

COLUMBIA, PENNSYLVANIA, SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 8, 1859.

[WHOLE NUMBER, 1,484.]

## PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING

Office in Northern Central Railroad Company's Building, north-west corner Front and Walnut streets.

**Terms of Subscription.**  
One Copy per annum, if paid in advance, \$1.50  
If not paid within three months from commencement of the year, 2.00  
**4 Cents a Copy.**  
No subscription received for a less time than six months; and no paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless the option of the publisher is taken.  
Money may be remitted by mail at the publisher's risk.  
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A square (10 lines) one week, \$0.75  
Three weeks, 1.00  
One month, 1.25  
Each subsequent insertion, 10 cts.  
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## Poetry.

For the Columbia Spy.

### My Little Daughter.

I've darling little daughter,  
A dark-haired Fairy sprite,  
Whose tiny feet and bird-like voice  
Are heard from morn till night.  
Her eyes are bright and dancing,  
And of awfully Gipsy hue;  
A roguish smile plays o'er her face,  
As she turns her glance to you.  
I ask her if she loves me,  
But she answers know full well,  
As she leaps in accents sweet and clear:  
"More than my tongue can tell."  
She's the sunbeam of our loss-child,  
Tho' the orphan's lot she bears,  
May her young life never shadowed be,  
By the darkening wings of care.  
As I fold her to my throbbing heart,  
I gaze in her little face,  
A dream comes back of a loved one's form,  
And his image there I trace.  
The eyes, the smile—all, all are his;  
"Why comes the murmuring cry—  
"Why was his course so quickly run?  
"Why doomed a young to die?"  
Silence—O rebel heart, be still!  
"Ne'er more thy anguish tell,  
Remember him who rules on high;  
He doth all things well.  
Then let him do what seemeth good;  
But spare my birdling joy,  
Whose prattling tongue is piping sweet:  
"In three years old to-day."  
Thou few thy years, my darling,  
For the long life I prize—  
A tranquil, cloudless future,  
As a sunny April day. A. M. K.

## Selections.

### An Eccentric Man.

Among the persons who were in the habit of regularly frequenting the well-known Cafe de Foy in the Palais Royal, about the year 1815, was a little old man, very carefully dressed, although his costume constituted a real anachronism. His head was enveloped in a warm Welsh wig, with a long thick queue depending from it, which appeared, when viewed from the hinder aspect, to resemble a full-grown cabbage, with the stem still dangling from its circumference. His pantaloons were of black cloth, and were met midway down his stumpy legs by long Hessian boots, garnished with tassels, and bright as the surface of a polished mirror; a long green waistcoat fell downward in folds so as to cover in part a well-developed paunch; a loose and capacious coat, of a dark maroon color, decorated with large bright metal buttons, and forcibly reminding one of the era of the Republic, incased the outward man; and a hat, bereft of its sugar loaf form, surmounted the wig, and completed the equipment.

After all, however, this costume was nothing very extraordinary, or indeed very different from that of hundreds of antiquated men, who, about this epoch, were to be seen swarming forth in fine weather, like a host of innocent green frogs basking in the sun after a spring shower. The little old man in question visited the Cafe de Foy every morning at precisely one o'clock, called for a cup of coffee with cream, and a roll of bread, which he always divided into the same number of circular slices. It was necessary, however, that this bread should be stale, and as they knew the peculiar fancy of the old gentleman in this respect, a roll was carefully reserved from each day's consumption, and put aside for his breakfast the following morning. From this practice the old gentleman became known amongst the different waiters by the soubriquet of "the man who always ate stale bread."

The old gentleman's state of existence was so uniform, and his movements so regular, as to resemble, in no small degree, those of an automaton. He entered the cafe every morning without looking to the right or left, and proceeded directly forward to a little round table, isolated and inconspicuous, and which, for this reason, was nearly always vacant. After being served with his breakfast, he invariably abstracted two out of the five pieces of sugar which figured beside his cup, and conveyed them into the dexter pocket of his green waistcoat; he next proceeded to butter in succession each of the numerous morsels of bread, adding, if I mistake not, precisely the same number of grains of salt to each, and then ate his breakfast, cautiously abstaining from looking at any of the journals or periodicals. Some of the ardent politicians who frequented the cafe expressed astonishment and contempt at this last habit, and regarded the little old man as a very Vandal, careless of the honor and interests of his country. The more judicious, among them myself, were of a different opinion; we considered

him, for precisely the same reason, a very paragon of prudence and wisdom. Inattention to both parties, "the man who always ate stale bread" pursued the quiet tenor of his way without change. He never attempted to form any intimacies, or suffered any unnecessary expression to escape from his lips; his breakfast was eaten in silence, and usually terminated with the *finale* of a march, beaten with his fingers upon the table; his next step consisted in pulling up the Hessian boots to their greatest altitude, after which he paid for his breakfast, gave the waiter a sou, and left the house without saluting the *dame de comptoir*.

The worthy old gentleman's habits and peculiarities excited so much attention among the customers and waiters at the coffee-house, and his manners were so gentle and docile, that some of the younger people began to think he would prove an eligible but for their pleasantries. A sub-lieutenant, on half pay and in want of cheap amusement, determined one day to forestall the old gentleman in his accustomed seat and take possession of the table to which he was attached. The little man arrived, and being disconcerted, took his place on the opposite side.

"There is no room here for two," said the young fire-eater, twirling his moustache.  
"I have used this table for months," replied the old man, without moving, and in a deprecating tone of voice.

The soldier could not resist the appeal, and retreated from the field. This occurrence encouraged one of the waiters to make a further trial of his equanimity; the old man, unwilling, as I have said, to waste words, was in the habit of holding out his forefinger to intimate the *quantum sufficit* of coffee and cream. The waiter pretending inadvertence, directed the stream of boiling coffee over the finger of the original, at the instant that he waved it forth as a signal to cease pouring. The sufferer rose silently from his seat, and, with alacrity, brought the point of his stout Hessian boot in contact with the person of the waiter, and sent the joker spinning across the floor of the apartment.

The waiter was exiled from the coffee room as a punishment for the attack; the justice of the master condemned him to serve for a certain space in the laboratory, as the kitchen of the *cafe restaurant* is called. In the end, "the man who always ate stale bread" triumphed over his tormentors, and generally had the laughter on his side. He did not, however, exhibit any appearance of triumph; and after one or two additional attempts at mystification, finding him immovable, his enemies left him to enjoy in peace his little table at the Cafe de Foy.

One day towards the close of the year 1817, the old man quitted the *cafe* without paying for his breakfast; but as he made no observation in so doing, it was supposed that he had forgotten it, and would remember it the next morning. The coffee house keeper, however, reckoned without his host in this supposition, for the next day came, and the next, and the next—"the man who always ate stale bread" regularly pocketed his two lumps of sugar, beat his accustomed march, pulled up his Hessian boots, and did all that he was accustomed to do, with the exception of paying his bill.

This change in his usual practice continued for a week, at the end of which time the proprietor of the coffee house, ignorant of the name or residence of his debtor, determined upon presenting him with a bill, the more especially as the little man gave no explanation of his conduct, or made any allusion to this remarkable change in his ancient habits.

Dominic, the chief waiter of the establishment, had become attached to the old man in consequence of the little trouble he gave and his quiet and gentle demeanor. Dominic imagined, from the circumstance of his not diminishing the expense of his breakfast, that the good man was merely laboring under temporary embarrassment; so that, partly from calculation and partly from good feeling, Dominic determined to become responsible to the proprietor for the past and future breakfasts, not doubting that the embarrassment would shortly cease, and that the little man would soon settle his arrears, and perhaps accompany the settlement with a gratuity for the recommendation.

But Dominic was deceived in his calculation of time; ten months elapsed without any allusion to the matter, or offer of payment. The coffee house keeper and his waiters began to shrug their shoulders and make long faces at the risk poor Dominic was running. Dominic himself, exposed to these daily doubts, began to think that he had acted too liberally in becoming responsible for a man whose debt seemed destined to go on accruing forever, when one day the old man, without any explanation, demanded his account, settled it in full, and after a careful calculation handed to the waiter, in addition, the sum of fifteen francs six sous as his gratuity, at the rate of one sou a day for ten months, of which four contained each thirty-one days.

If interest alone had guided the conduct of the head waiter, it must be confessed that he had lamentably failed in the result, for in France the contributions to the waiters are all placed in one general cash box, and at the end of a certain period the proceeds are divided among all the servants of the house—the master first helping himself to the lion's share; at this rate, therefore, Dominic's recompense would probably amount to a solitary sixpence. Dominic knew this, but was satisfied with the re-

ward of his own heart; he thanked the old man graciously for the payment, placed the gratuity in the common receptacle, and transferred the other monies to his own stronghold, for he had previously paid, day by day, the expense of the breakfast from his own pocket.

The little man followed Dominic's movements with his eyes, at the same time beating upon the table a march, somewhat longer and a little more vehement than was his wont; but by no word or movement did he afford an indication of having understood the liberal conduct of the waiter in his behalf.

About the close of the same year—that is to say, three or four months after the liquidation of this singular debt—the proprietor of the cafe, who had realized a fortune, announced his intention of disposing of establishment and retiring from trade.

Hearing his intention announced in the cafe, the old gentleman made a sign to Dominic, who was in attendance, to approach, and began a conversation. Dominic was as much surprised at this sudden fit of loquacity as though one of the stucco figures on the ceiling had opened its mouth, and had asked for a cup of coffee. But Dominic was destined to be even more surprised at the nature of the conversation.

"My friend," said the little gentleman to the head waiter, "you are a good fellow, and I wish you well."

Dominic bowed, and elevated his shoulders with that slight movement which may be interpreted *ad libitum* to mean, "I am much obliged," or "it is of little consequence to me." The old man took the former explanation, and continued—

"Dominic, I am sure you have been economical! I know this and much more of which I do not speak, because I am too well acquainted with the value of words to throw them away—I know you have saved money."

Dominic bounded back a step or two, and the action hardly need be interpreted. "He is about to ask me to lend him money," thought the head waiter.

The questioner appeared to divine the thought of the waiter, his visage was for an instant distorted with a grimace, of which the model may be seen in the figures of the middle ages which decorate the porch of some Gothic church.

"Dominic," he continued, "I see that I am right—you have money in the funds. This is excellent; and now reply to my question shortly and to the purpose. Do you think from your own knowledge that an intelligent man, desirous of improving his circumstances, would find this a favorable speculation in which to risk a capital so large as that demanded by your master for his business?"

Dominic was pleased to have an opportunity of talking on a subject which entirely occupied his thoughts. "If," said he, "the purchaser understood the business so as to be able to attend to his own interests, and if he was not compelled to borrow the purchase money on extravagant terms, he would find the business a fortune."

"Well, and why do you not purchase it?"

"Merely, I wish what?"

"With your savings."

"My savings! they do not altogether amount to ten thousand francs."

"Ten thousand francs! how long have you been in service, Dominic?"

"I have carried the napkin for twenty-three years. I am now thirty-nine."

"You are a good fellow, as I said; the man who could amass ten thousand francs by adding sou to sou would soon be worth a million at the head of a house like this. Decidedly, it must be so. Dominic, I know a person who would assist you with a loan; how much do you want?"

"Nothing. I would not incur a debt of two hundred and twenty thousand francs—the risk is too great, and the interest would probably absorb all the profit. I would rather continue a waiter for a few years longer, and retire upon a small annuity, than to run the risk of marching to prison in the shoes of a bankrupt."

"You speak sense, my friend; but leave the matter to me."

The old man then adjusted the folds of his boots, and departed without uttering another word. The next morning he came to the cafe half an hour earlier than was his custom. Dominic commenced arranging his table, but the old man arrested his arm.

"Where is the proprietor?" said he.

"In his cabinet," said Dominic.

"Conduct me to him."

Dominic moved forward to show the old man the way; his heart beat with violence, for although he had passed the whole of the preceding day in trying to convince himself that the good man was weak in his intellect, and was trifling with him, still his perplexity returned when he beheld the air of assurance and determination with which "the man who ate stale bread" proceeded about his business. When they both arrived in the presence of the proprietor, the old man commenced the conversation without further preamble.

"How much do you demand for you establishment?" said he.

"Before I reply to you inquiry," said the proprietor, who expected some mystification or scene of folly; "before I reply to your demand, and enter upon the affair with you, I must ask you whom I have the honor to address?"

"You are right. If two parties are about

to enter into a contract, it is first of all necessary that they should know and have confidence in each other. I am the Baron Ragelet, ex-commissary general of the armies of the empire."

"Baron Ragelet!" said the proprietor, bowing. "I know the name; I have seen it lately in the newspapers."

"No doubt—in relation to an injunction obtained by my indigent family to prevent me from wasting my fortune. They say that I am a fool, and that my liberality has its origin in imbecility. During ten months, while the inquiry was going on, my property was sequestered, and I refused to touch the allowance offered me. Since then the inquiry has terminated in favor of my sanity, and having again entered upon the administration of my property, I was enabled to refund to this excellent man the little sum he had the generosity to disburse for me. Now that we know each other, let us return to business. What sum do you demand for your establishment?"

"Two hundred and twenty thousand francs."

"It is not, perhaps, too dear; and you would probably have no objection to leave some of the purchase money on mortgage. But listen to me. The times are unsettled, and the most solid establishments are at the mercy of revolutions, and two hundred thousand francs now are better than two hundred and twenty thousand in prospective. Here, then," he continued, drawing an old portfolio from his pocket, "are two hundred thousand francs in the notes of the Bank of France. If these satisfy you, the affair is finished. This is my way of transacting business, and in my time I have completed more important bargains in fewer words."

Dominic and his master both seemed stupefied with surprise. The Baron appeared to enjoy their confusion, and rubbed his hands and repeated the grimaces to which we have alluded.

"I am willing to agree," said the proprietor, "but it is necessary that the matter should be arranged by a notary."

"Why so? Is not the sale executed in good form by the three parties present?"

"But with respect to the interest," murmured Dominic, in a smothered tone of voice, seizing the Baron's coat, "is it necessary?"

"Bah!" replied the old man. "I do it to oblige a friend, and am no usurer. Give me your acknowledgement—I desire nothing else. But as I have no intention of making you a present of two hundred thousand francs, I will arrange it in such a manner that you shall not long remain my debtor."

Dominic fell from his elevation, and "the man who always ate stale bread" descended to the coffee room. While the buyer and seller were preparing themselves to register the transfer of the property, he swallowed tranquilly his cup of coffee, without forgetting the two pieces of sugar to be transferred to his pocket, beat a superb march on the table, drew up his boots and departed with his two friends to finish, by a dash of the pen, a transfer of the two hundred thousand francs.

In a few days Dominic was installed in his new dignity. The little old man continued to take his customary breakfast in his usual impassable manner, when, one day as he was leaving the room, he deviated so far from his usual custom, as to approach Dominic, who was enthroned on the seat of honor, and addressed him with the following words:

"Dominic," said he, "I think you have warm affections."

"Perhaps," said Dominic; fixing his eyes upon the Baron, as though he would read his thoughts.

"I see," said the other, "you have them when occasion demands it; you are right; I am pleased with the reservation. I find you have not lost your heart—marriage is the most important affair of a man's life—Dominic, you must get married."

"I have thought of it, sir," said Dominic; "a wife would be a great source of comfort and economy—it would save the expense of a *dame de comptoir*."

"True," said the Baron; "you have need of aid and counsel—you shall have them—Be ready at eight o'clock this evening; I will call for you, and we will make a visit together."

The appointed hour arrived, and with it the Baron. Dominic was ready, and accompanied Monsieur Ragelet in a hackney coach to that quarter of decayed wealth—the Faubourg St. Germain. Here they stepped at the door of a house of mean appearance; and having ascended several flights of stairs, entered a small apartment, where they found two ladies, who received them with marked attention.

"Madame Dupre," said the Baron to one of them, with an appearance of friendly familiarity, "this is the worthy man of whom I have spoken, and in whose welfare I hope to interest you. Dominic," continued he, "this lady is the widow of a man who has rendered me an important service. She has promised to extend her favors to you, and will permit you to visit her at intervals."

While Monsieur Ragelet was making these introductions in due form, the daughter of Madame Dupre, whose name was Rose, and who, without being exactly beautiful, possessed all the freshness and bloom of the flower whose name she bore, regarded Dominic attentively, and he in return

bestowed upon her a large share of his attention.

The result of this double investigation appeared favorable to both parties; for Dominic was well formed and with good features, and his countenance reflected the goodness and gentleness of his heart. He had also taken care at his first introduction, to set off his person to the best advantage.

But the meanness of the apartment, and the simple and unexpensive dresses of the ladies, somewhat disappointed Dominic. He was anxious at the earliest possible moment to return the Baron's loan, and indeed thought, from a hint that the Baron had dropped, that it was his intention to introduce him to a lady of property, with some sum towards the liquidation of this debt.

But, observing such obvious signs of want of wealth in the Dupres, he came to the conclusion that the Baron was now desirous of marrying him to a girl who had been under his protection, in return for the favors he had just bestowed.

This thought occasioned Dominic great uneasiness, but, whatever the appearances might be, the conclusion was a wrong one.

The next day, as the interview had been satisfactory between the young people, the Baron announced to Dominic his plans in full. He stated the nature of the obligations conferred upon him by the elder Dupre, and his desire, as the family were left in adverse circumstances, to return the obligation without alarming their delicacy. And this, he thought, he could best do by effecting a marriage between Dominic and the daughter of his friend.

Dominic was satisfied with this explanation and arrangement; the young lady appeared truly amiable, and desirable as a partner for life; and, before a week had elapsed, Dominic made a formal offer of his hand and heart, and was duly accepted by the protegee of "the man who always ate stale bread."

The marriage was soon after solemnized, and the same day, after his customary breakfast, the Baron beckoned Dominic to approach.

"You have done well," said he; "you have married, without interested motives, a woman desirous and capable of rendering you happy. I told you I should find the means to cancel the debt you owe me, it is the dowry of Rose. And here," continued he, tearing the two hundred thousand franc bill to pieces, "I destroy the acknowledgement you gave for the money. Enjoy it, and be happy."

Dominic, full of gratitude, would have thrown himself at the Baron's feet, but he was already out of the door.

"Two or three such acts," he muttered to himself, as he walked swiftly away, "and I shall die contented; and these are what my relations call prodigal dilapidations of my fortune."

Dominic verified the prediction of the Baron, and became a millionaire. He improved the establishment in the Palais Royal, and, having brought it to the present state of perfection, sold the property for five hundred thousand francs. He is now a retired citizen, residing in a noble hotel in the Rue St. Honoré, distinguished chiefly for the simple probity of his character.—Rose and he have never forgotten nor hesitated to acknowledge their obligations to "the man who always ate stale bread."

**A Conspiracy Under the Regency.**  
The clock of St. Roch was striking midnight on the 24th of December, 1749; the snow was falling in large flakes, the streets were silent and deserted, save by two men at the corner of the street of Anjou St. Honoré, who, screened by the wall, were closely watching the lighted window of a large hotel near them. Suddenly a shadowy form moved from it towards them.

"What news?" asked the musketeers, for such they were.

"My master, the Count, will start to-morrow night, in a plain green carriage, which he will drive himself, disguised as a servant."

"And the casket?"

"It has been impossible for me to get it."

"In spite of your promise, you scoundrel!"

"On my salvation—"

"Pshaw! you have perjured yourself; that's your affair, and you must account for it to somebody beside me. We must go now, and I suppose you are too polite to refuse us the pleasure of your company."

"How? Will you arrest me? Where are you going to take me?"

"A very indiscreet question, that, my friend."

"In that case I will not go."

"Then, my brave fellow, I advise you to recommend your soul to God," said the musketeer, with terrific coolness; "for I shall execute my orders, which are to perforate you, in the most conscientious manner."

"Go on then," replied Lambert, and Heaven help me."

The lighted windows were in a saloon hung with superb Abbeville tapestry, and furnished with all the panoply of that era; the hangings were relieved by panels which bore amid delicately carved festoons and acanthus leaves, a Count's coronet and the symbolic attributes of the old and illustrious house to which the Count de Cheronon belonged.

The Count was reading the following letter attentively:

"All your arrangements are approved and forever the Cardinal's police will be at fault; yet keep on your guard. The fairy Ludovic

dreads your arrest, and not so much on her own account, as for the pain she would feel in seeing a man she esteems so highly in a bad position. Above all things, do not forget to burn the papers in the casket. They are of the utmost importance, and would compromise illustrious names."

The Count then took up a little Chinese box, and was about to obey the above injunction, when a young girl came in. "Oh, dear father," she exclaimed, "you are going I do not know where or why; and I cannot help trembling for you."

"There is no danger, my dear daughter."

"Then, why do you start to-night, when the roads are impassable with snow?"

"Important interests require my departure."

"I am afraid to understand you; but do not leave me in this cruel uncertainty? Tell me if your journey is not connected with the conspiracy which is just found out!"

"You have unluckily guessed aright, but my flight will be in safety, for my servant, Lambert, has engaged to watch me, by my own orders, and render an exact account of all my steps to the Cardinal's agents. He tells me that I mean to go to-morrow night; they postpone my arrest until that time, that they may be more certain of getting this casket, which they suppose I shall carry with me."

"But if they discover this stratagem?"

"We must trust in Providence!"

"Yes, Heaven only can save us;" and, clasping her hands, Benediceta began to pray with fervor. The next moment the door was thrown open, and an officer of the gendarmerie, with a file of musketeers. The Count coolly took up the casket; while the officer, after casting a glance around, said: "I am sorry, Count, for this unpleasant commission, but you know a soldier must obey. Have the goodness to give up your sword."

"As my conscience is clear of any offence against the King," replied the Count, measuring his words, "as I love him as every loyal gentleman should do—and, on the other hand, as I distrust the justice of man—you will pardon me if I take every possible means of avoiding it;" and, as he concluded, he pressed a spring in the waistcoat, a small door opened, gave him passage, and closed at once on the astonished soldiers.—The officer merely smiled, and with a sign to his men, left the room.

The Duchess of Maine, the grand-daughter of the great Conde, could not forgive the Duke of Orleans for being Regent of France; and it was with the keenest vexation that she saw her husband, who, by the will of Louis XIV, was to have been one of the Supreme Council to administer the Government during the young King's minority, sink into a mere cipher. She retired to the palace at Sceaux, where she created a miniature court, with poets and courtiers, the necessary accessories of that period. There she played the part of queen seriously, with all the hereditary energy of her family, and also with a lofty and brilliant wit which occasioned Madame Lambert to write her—

"Speech is only perfect when you speak, or we speak of you." All the time the Duchess spared from politics she gave to pleasure, and the description of her festivals at Sceaux are like a page of the Thousand and One Nights. One day she would carry the shepherdess' crook of Estelle; and the next, as the fairy Ludovisa, institute the Order of the Honey Bee, and initiate knights, who swore by Mount Hyemettus; but, amid this Arcadian life, she was always dreaming of pomp and power; and when the Duke was deprived of his situation as preceptor of the King, and all the prerogatives of that high post, Madame de Maine at once conceived the idea of overthrowing the first power of the nation, the Regent, and substituting her husband. Accustomed to see everything yielded to her will, she went to work, thinking it quite an easy matter; and knowing that her success must depend chiefly on the aid of Philip of Bourbon, King of Spain, she entered into correspondence with him through Callamare; his ambassador. Next, she busied herself with winning over the first gentlemen of France. Her ability persuaded some, the injustice of the Regent turned others.

The plot thrived so well in secret, that nothing more was to be done but transmit the plan to the Count at Madrid, which was to give the signal. But the Cardinal-Minister, Dubois, equally skillful and zealous for the Duke of Orleans, was watching the maneuvers of the little court of Sceaux, and aided by chance, discovered the departure of dispatches for Philip of Bourbon. The courier was stopped and his papers seized. The conspirators were dismayed; some attempted flight, but were detected by the Cardinal's police and thrown into the Bastille.

The dispatches, however, did not compromise the Duke and Duchess of Maine, but the Cardinal, by adroitly interrogating persons arrested, learned that the Count de Cheronon was the depositary of a casket of papers, showing the actual part taken by the Duchess and her husband. Therefore, forward the hotel Cheronon was closely watched; the Cardinal suspected the Count would endeavor to cross the Pyrenees, taking the papers with him, and he waited for that moment to seize him. Finding him slow in taking flight, he endeavored to bribe his servant Lambert, who accepted his offers by his master's directions. But the Cardinal suspected the trick, and, on the evening of our account, terrified the unlucky Lambert into confessing the truth.

As the panel had hardly closed on the Count, he hastened to reach a private door opening into an obscure alley; but as he was about to go out, he heard noisy voices and steps, and, quite bewildered, retraced his path, the cold sweat streaming from his temples, his heart beating to agony, and his hands convulsively grasping the casket. Thus he re-entered the room he had left. Benediceta uttered a shriek of affright; her father placed his finger on his lips, and, rushing to the fire, emptied the box on it; but the officer again entered, and, while the soldiers seized the Count, saved all the papers not yet burned. The next hour the Count de Cheronon was placed in the Bastille, in the most absolute secrecy.

Benediceta was a Christian, and, with all the energy which filial love and trust in God could inspire, she resolved to save her father. She immediately took refuge with her cousin, the Baroness of Vergennes, and both devoted themselves to the same task. Their first step was with the Regent, who was really amiable and humane; but, preferring science to business, gave up every thing to his ministers—especially to Dubois, who had been his tutor—and would rather have let all France conspire against him than to take the trouble to stifle one plot. Unluckily, when Madame de Vergennes attempted to him, he was busy with some chemical experiment, and told her she must go to the Cardinal.

This was by no means the same thing to the Baroness, since with him all considerations of humanity vanished before reasons of state; so their supplications were ineffectual. Benediceta then resolved to see the Duchess of Maine at all risks; but was told that the Duchess and her husband had been arrested. The Count trembled, and wondered to what lengths a man would go who dared to lay hands on the blood royal. But Benediceta's courage increased with the danger. She discovered that the increase of prisoners at the Bastille required an increase of domestics. One of the Baroness's friends was acquainted with the Lieutenant, and through that medium Mademoiselle de Cheronon was installed in the laundry of the fortress as a skillful workwoman. Here her difficulties began; for, accustomed to the indulgences of rank and wealth, her aristocratic pride revolted, and she became utterly discouraged. Fortunately she occupied a room with a young girl in whom she felt much interest; Madeleine, in turn, loved Benediceta like a sister. An entire confidence sprang up between them, and Benediceta, finding she could do nothing alone, finally revealed all her plans to Madeleine, who promised to aid her. Her brother was a sergeant of the guards at the Bastille, and the very next day she contrived to find out, through him, in what part of the building the Count was kept.

The Count's trial proceeded rapidly. To all questions he replied simply that he had followed the dictates of his conscience and his heart. He was condemned to death. "I should have wished," he said, "to shed my blood for my king and country. God orders otherwise; His will be done!"

But though death could not shake him, he wept in thinking of his helpless daughter, whom he should perhaps never see again. While wrapped at night in these painful thoughts, there was a tap at the door of his cell. He listened, and next he heard Benediceta's voice, suppressed and trembling: "It is I, my father, Benediceta; but do not be troubled; I am in no danger, and am working for your deliverance."

"Thanks for your holy affection, my child; thanks for this moment of happiness which God grants me; but in His name, my daughter, I entreat you to abandon so mad a project; you will ruin yourself, too."

"Be satisfied, father; a friend watches over us. I must leave you now; in two days I hope to embrace you."

"Have you the impression of the key?" asked Madeleine, as they re-entered their room.

"Here it is," replied Benediceta, showing her a bit of wax.

"Well, my dear young lady, our first attempt has succeeded. With this model, the Baroness can procure us a key. To-morrow I will get a suit of my brother's uniform here, and God will do the rest."

The clock of the Bastille struck one in the morning, and the last round had been made, when a key turned in the door of the Count's cell; he thought it was the summons to execution. What was his surprise to see Benediceta, pale and trembling. She signified to him to be silent and follow her—He obeyed, and they reached her room without hindrance. There she related her entrance to the Bastille, and the plan for his escape. The drawbridge was not lowered till 7 o'clock; at 8 the keepers made their first round. In the interval, the Count in the uniform of the sergeant of the guard, might go out unobserved; a plain carriage with post horses would be in waiting for him not far from the prison. At 7, therefore, he started under Madeleine's guidance. Every one thought he was her brother, and the doors were opened for them; at the postern she parted from him, and thought him saved, when she saw the lieutenant of the Bastille place a hand on his shoulder. "See here, my friend, it seems to me you are going out very early."

"Pardon, Lieutenant; I am not on duty here, but was belated last night and staid with a comrade." He