

SAMUEL WRIGHT, Editor and Proprietor.

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

## VOLUME XXX, NUMBER 10.]

### COLUMBIA, PENNSYLVANIA, SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 1, 1859.

## [WHOLE NUMBER 1,519.

sin and avenged my father; let my bleeding form forever stand between you and your

seducer. I could not have survived my love for you. Farewell."

Laurence is still beautiful, but she never

passes the threshold of her home. In that

Daniel Webster and John Mumma.

ing anecdote of the late Daniel Webster:---

The Rev. Mr. Milburn relates the follow-

"One night before railroads were built, he

was forced to make a journey by private

conveyance from Baltimore to Washington.

The man who drove the wagon was such an

of robberies and murders, that before they

alarmed. At last the wagon stopped in the

midst of a dense wood, when the man, turn-

ing suddenly round to his passenger, ex-

driver, grasping him warmly by the hand.

Gentlemen-1 take the above paragraph

from your paper of the 27th of August. It

is not usually worth while to notice such

stray anecdotes, but this is so wholly un-

true, and presents Mr. Webster in so un-

pleasant and unbecoming a manner, that I

I do not know the Rev. Mr. Milburn, and

it is evident he did not know Mr. Webster,

and has been imposed upon, or he would

never have given circulation to such a story.

The real facts from which this tale arose

are. I suppose, the following, and are not

entirely uninteresting-and unlike the "an-

In May, 1813, when Mr. Webster was on

his way from Portsmouth, N. II., to Wash-

ington, to take his seat for the first time in

Congress, at the extra session of that year.

passengers returned on foot to the tavera

he could not procure a conveyance to take

To the Editors of the Post:

lo not like to let it pass.

### -

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A ORITS & ORY. 'No subscription received for a less time than six 'mo muchs; and no paper will be discontinued until all 'arcearages are paid, unless at the option of the pubicher. f[] Moneymayberemittedbymailatthepublish-er's risk.

Rates of Advertising.

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### DR. HOFFER,

DENTIST .... OFFICE, Front Street 4th door D from Locust, over Saylor & McDonald's Book store Columbin, Pa. IT Entrance, between the Book and Dr. Here's Drug Store. [August 21, 1858]

THOMAS WELSH. JUSTICE OF TIBE PEACE, Columbia, Pa. OFFICE, in Whipper's New Building, below Black's Hotel, Front street. Deprompt atioulion given to all business entrusted to his care. November 28, 1857.

DR. G. W. MIFFLIN, DENTIST, LOCUST STREET, a few doors above the Odd Fellows' Hall, Columbia, Pa. Ootymbia, May 3, 1856.

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

J. W. FISHER.

Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Columbia, September 6, 1966.11

SHAKER CORN.---A fresh lot of Shaker Corn, for sale by HENRY SUYDAM, Nov. 13, 1859. Cor ner GEORGE J. SMITH.

WIELESALE and Retail Bread and Cake Baker.-Constantly on hand a variety of Cakea on numerous to mention; Crackers; Soda, Wine, Seroll and Sugar Biscuit; Confectionery, of every description, tec., Lc. OUUST STRIMT, Feb. 2, '56. Between the Bank and Franklin House.

JOST received, three dozen Dr. Brunon's Vegetable Bitters, a certain cure for Dyspepsia

Vegetable Biviers, a certain cure for Dyspepsia uso, a fresh lot of "ap Sago and Pine Apple Clueses Farina and 'orni Starch, at D. HFRR'S Sept 5, 1857. Grocery and Liquor Store TUST RECEIVED, a beautiful assortment of

owe Depot. Columbia, April 18, 1857. CHEWING TOBACCO.

A THENRY PFAHLER'S, Locust street.opposite the Franklin House, can be had CUBA LEAF. CON-GRESS, and several other brands of the best Chewing Tohacco, to which the attention of chewers is invited. May 1, 1859.

I MPORTED Lubin's, also, Glenn's Double Extracts, for the hundkerelatef, at I for the handkerehief, at HARRY GREEN'S, Feb. 19, '59. Opposite Coln. Bridge, Front St.

NOTICE. GOTO FENDRICH & BRO'S for the Best in a shabby bonnet or an old-fashioned shawl. Ask Marcel how much he saves

enn he honght cleaner of Fendrich & Hos., than else-where. The only c-tablicked wholesale and retail Tobacconists in Columbia. FRONT STREET ABOVE LOCUST. March 12, 1658.

Commonwealth Insurance Co.,

CHARTERED CAPITAL, \$200,000. Insure Buildings and other Property against loss or damage by fire. Also, against perils of the Sea, In-land Navigation and Transportation. URECTORS:-Simon Cameron, Geo. M. Lauman,

Poetry. Under the Violets. BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. r hands are cold; her face is white; No more her pulses come and go; Her eyes are shut to life and light;----Fold the white vesture, snow on snow, And lay her where the violets blow But not beneath a graven stone, To plend for tears with alien eyes; A slender cross of wood alone

Shall say, that here a maiden lies In peace beneath the peaceful skies. And gray old trees of hugest limb wheel their circling shadows -round To make the scotching sualight dim

That drinks the greenness from the ground, And drop their dead leaves on her mound. When o'er their boughs the squirrels run, And through their leaves the robins call, Mid, ripening in the automn son. The acorns and the chestnuts fall,

Doubt not that she will heed them all. For her the morning choir shall sing Its matins from the branches high. And every minstrel-voice of spring,

That tril's beneath the April sky. Shall greet her with its carliest cry When, turning round their dial-track, Eastward the lengthening shadows pass,

Her little mourners, clad in black, The crickets, sliding through the grass, Shall pipe for her an evening mass.

At last the rootlets of the trees Sha'l find the prison where she lies, And bear the buried dust they seize In leaves and blossoms to the skies. So may the soul that warmed it rise

If any, born of kindlier blood, Should ask. What maiden lies below Say only this: A tender bud, That tried to blossom in the snow.

Lies withered where the violets blow Atlantic Monthly

# Selections.

Twenty Years' Interval. "So you do not think, dear mother, that

Paris on fifteen hundred frances a year and cheap, how admirably it fits." love," said a very pretty young girl look-

ing up from her embroidery at her mother, who was buisily at work beside her. "Love, my child," replied the mother, "is the most extravagant thing in the world; your love for Marcel would take the form of a thousand luxuries to add to his comforts; his love for you would make him commit a thousand follies. He would be

vain of you-all men have at least as much vanity as devotion in their adoration; he would hate to see you spoil your hands by domestic toil; he would shudder to see you

out of his fifteen hundred francs a year, and then see whether it would be possible for you to live on the surplus. You know, my poor Laurence, I can give you noth-

"Dearest mother," exclaimed Laurence, Union Buildings, Third street, Harrisburg, and, throwing herself on her knees before older than I am."

ing.'

her mother, she playfully put her arms

birth entitled her. Laurence was beauti- but besides his good looks there was an air to his wife's beauty, and, consequently, ful, charming in her eyes; might she not of refinement and elegance about him that blind to her want of it. You will be apchance to find some one who would think distinguished him from all others. His pointed charge to Brazil, and Zenaide's for of Laurence as she thought of her? But bere poor Mme. de Maurienne was much becoming. Without having any fixed in- with M. de Morville to-morrow?" mistaken, for the only impression Laurence's grace and beauty made on her grand relations was to inspire a feeling of pity and good deal of money, and had evidently spent brought to Marcel. Much surprised, and regret.

"How much happier she would be if she were a plain looking girl; in her position, to obtain advancement, there was, of course, It ran thus: beauty will but lead her into peril or prenothing to say. II is eyes sparkled with devent a quiet bourgeois from marrying her." ight as he beheld Laurence, and Mme. de Some there were, high-born ladies with Maurienne as she watched them coming up ugly daughters, who actually resented Laurence's beauty, as though it had been a personal insult, or as though the poor so well suited to each other, so utterly above child had actually stolen it from their own the dross of society in air and manner, it one of mortification.

daughters. was impossible to associate the idea of Laurence, who was full of vivacity and poverty with them, or imagine them in the intelligence, was not long in perceiving the way in which she was received and the rily entail. opinions entertained concerning her. Her "So mother," said the young man, enterquick sense of the ridiculous made her ing, "Laurence tells me you do not think turn the whole thing into a source of constant enjoyment and fun, so that her periyou have forgotten how much money I make odical visits to her fine relations began to by my articles, that is a great deal." be positively amusing. Instead of striving "And how much you spend." as her mother would have desired her to "But if I were married"-----

look her best, during her short and few apparitions in the salons of the Faubourg, Laurence would studiously endeaver to make herself a fright. Pretexing a cold, she would conceal her figure under a large shawl. Then she would study before the glass the most unbecoming way of dressing her hair, just as most women do the contrary, and having found it, enter the noble

drawing rooms with a demure smile, chuckling over the conviction that she had made herself a perfect fright. Mme. de Maurienne had often expostula ted with her daughter, but in vain.

"See how prettily your hair falls in waves to-day. Laurence, and the other day, at the Duchess', you dragged it all straight back; Marcel and myself could possibly live in and this muslin dress, too, though it is su

"All true, dear mother, all true. But you see I won't condescend to be patronized; our fine relations think I am trying to please them, when all the time I am only laughing at them, and that amuses me.

want nothing of them, mother; never shall." "Nevershall? Laurence, my poor child, when I am gone"-----"Which will not be for years and years;

however, we will not discuss that matter, but I tell you again, dearest mother, I shall never want anything from our grand relations; some one else will take care of me." "Some one else?"

"Yes, Marcel." "Marcel de Crillon?" "Yes, mother dear, Marcel de Crillon;

our Marcel, my brother's friend; Marcel that I have loved ever since I was a little bit of a girl, and he used to carry me on

his shoulder, you know he is ten years "Yes, Laurence, you are fifteen."

"Exactly, that makes him twenty-five; face with two large melting eyes, "we both he meant to tell you all himself, but-"

"Then the honor of an old husband is | As for Laurence, she lay insensible on the floor of her room, her hands tightly clasped not worth much care." At this juncture a young man who occu- over a piece of paper. The last message of pied one of the tables just behind them, her son. "Mother," it said, "I have explated your

any attention.

opera. Far more beautiful than Laurence, all on himself. He said his associations re- imagining that some catastrophe must have but so different; a brilliant and steady eye, quired him to live expensively, and as it induced Laurence to write, he asked per- a majestic form, a cold self-possessed manner, and withal a rich and magnificent toi- sad and melancholy house she sits and tends was through these associations that he was mission to read the letter, and opened it .-lette had replaced the candor, grace, and and watches a peor paralyzed, driveling

love you as I ought, for I cannot be selfish -I cannot sacrifice you. I give you your the garden walk arm in arm, looked on them with admiration and pity, they were the past, and love me as a sister." saw M. de Crillon enter her box, but so did than any other visitor, nor was his manner Marcel bit his lips; his first feeling was

more familiar. "How easily she gives me up!" Then came a sensation of relief. Like all men

sordid occupations poverty would necessa- who are vain and fond of luxury, Marcel that Mme. d'Espard left the house. She bade him good night, however, as dreaded nothing so much as a mental struggle, and he did not love Laurence, but he soon as sho was scated in her carriage, and ill-looking fellow, and told so many stories

me rich enough yet to marry Laurence; but unexpected prospect befor him. -Laurence had saved him all trouble. It was not without a pang that he gave her up, but still it

had been her fault, and, silencing the impulse that bade him fly to Laurence-for "You would spend double. Such a marhe inwardly felt that her excess of love, and inge would be the misery of both. No, my not her indifference, had dictated the letter -he turned to the Duchess with a low bow. "Wait! why, I may wait five years; and and, with a glance from his fine eyes that

I am so miserable and weary of Paris. I even an old woman could appreciate, took her hand and pressed it to her lips. "Come oftener, then, Marcel," said Lau-"Madame," said he, "consider me you cence; "I will console you for waiting .-obedient and devoted son."

You know, Marcel, except my mother, I It was some days before Marcel went te have but you to love in the world. To be Passy. On his arrival there Mme. de Mauyour wife I would wait a century." rienne, who had been much surprised by his absence, inquired its cause; but Lau-

Some time after this, the period arrived for Mme. de Maurienne's visit to the Duchrence playfully interposed and changed the ess de L----. Laurence, who had lost her conversation.

high spirits, except in the presence of her betrothed, after the grand pompous dinner, tone in which there was neither bitterness my father?" sat wearied and abstracted in one corner of nor anger, asked him when he was to be the room, when the Duchess came up to her married.

with a book in her hand; Laurence blushed "Laurence," said Marcel, much embar as she recognized it; it was a new novel by rassed—''dear Laurence'' de Crillon. "Dear brother Marcel, tell me, and re "Laurence." said the Duchess, "young

nember our conditions." girls do not usually read novels, but I want "Next month then. Laurence; and the you to look over this one, because we expect

the author here this evening." for Rio Janeiro." "What, Marcel!" exclaimed Laurence, growing beautiful under the influence of the her mother. oved name.

children, you must wait."

am happy only here."

"Marcel, do you know M. de Crillon?" "He was a friend of my brother's," replied be imprudent, therefore our engagement is Laurence, well knowing that the fact of broken." Marcel's visit to her mother and of his "Laurence," exclaimed her mother, "what

engagement to her would shock the Duchess' have you not suffered?" "Do not ask me, mother. I beheld Marcel for the first time, surrounded and flat-

At this moment Mme. de Maurienne approached. tered; assailed by ambition I resolved to "I find you know M. de Crillon," said try him; he has more ambition than love;

idea of propriety.

the Duchess, "he is a young man in whom it is better so. Now, mother, never speak the minister is much interested; he is to be of this again." here this evening." Mn.e. de Maurienne clasped her daughter

"I Tove Marcel as a son," replied Mme. silently in her arms, and never referred de Maurienne. again to her engagement. "Then," continued the Duchess, "I will Marcel was married: Laurence was at principal entrance on the Faubourg, have per, which was got ready for him in a small

dress, too, without a vestige of affectation tune will enable you to be a worthy repreor dandyism, was the most fashionable and sentative of 'our country. Will you dine rose and left the room without attracting That evening Mme. d'Espard was at the come, Marcel had, by his writings, made a At this moment Laurence's note was

> "Marcel, love is selfish. I find I do not simplicity of former years.

old man. As for Marcel de Crillon, he has From the stalls, the young man who had been sent on a very difficult mission to left the Cafe de Paris, watched her. He Vienna. many others. M. de Crillon staid no longer

Towards the end of the opera, however,

he returned, and it was leaning on his arm

had also been tempted by the brilliant and drove home alone. At the moment shereached her own door, had gone far Mr. Webster was somewhat

a cabriolet dashed up and the young man who had watched her, springing from it, handed her into the house.

"Is that you, Melchoir?" exclaimed Mme. claimed fiercely--'Now, sir, tell me who you d'Espard, tapping his cheeks with her fan are.' Mr. Webster replied in a faltering and gazing up at him with something of the voice, and ready to spring from the vehicle, expression of the Laurence of former days; 'I am Daniel Webster, Member of Congress "I looked for you at the opera, why did you from Massachusetts.' 'What!' rejoined the not come to me?"

As she spoke, they ascended the stairs, 'are you Webster? Thank God! Thank and they were soon in Mme. d'Espard's bou- God! You were such an ugly chap that I doir,, Melchoir assisted his mother to re- took you for a highwayman."

move her cloak, and then, holding her at arm's length, he gazed at her. "You are, mother, dear, the handsomest

woman in Paris."

"Nonsense, Melchoir." "My father used to talk of you as though When they were alone, Laurence, in a you were an angel. Mother, do you love

"What a question, boy!" said Laurence,

turning away. "My poor father, old and infirm, covered with wounds, do you love him?" "Melchoir, has your father complained

of me?" "Never-but when the husband of so

tell how I love, how I adore you.

"What right have you to ask it?"

boir d'Esrard."

friends to you."

bis bed-side.

man."

"My right lies in my name. I am Mel-

her lips on his forehead.

peautiful a woman is old and infirm, the ecdote," are characteristic of the man. next day we go to Marseilles, and embark guardian of her honor is her son." As soon as he had left, Laurence sought "Melchoir, I can take care of my own

honor; such questioning does not become a "Mamma," said she, "Marcel and myson. Good night." self have decided that our marriage would "Good night, mother," said Melchior, the stage coach in which he was, broke down'

DIRECTORS:-Simon Cameron, Geo. M. Lauman, William Dock, Eli Shfer, Jumes Fox. Geo. Bergner, Benjamin Parke, Wm. 11. Kepner, A. B. Warford, W. F. Murray, F. K. Boas, John H. Berryhill, Wm. F.

Packer. OFFICER8:---SIMON CAMERON, President, BENJ. PARKE, Vice President, S. S. CARRIER, H. H. FRY, Agent, Columbia, Pa.

### BAGLEY'S GOLD PENS. FRESH lot of lot A. G. Bagley's Gold Pens,

A FRESH lot of lot A. C. Bagley's usua received, at of different sizes and prices, just received, at SAVLOR & MCDONALD'S, Head Quarters and News Depot, Front street, sec ond door above Locu-t. Murch 27, 1855.

T)ROOMS 100	Doz. Brooms, at Wholesale	2
Dor Retail, at Dec. 12, 1857.	H. PPAHLER'S, Locust street.	"

SINE'S Compound of Syrup of Tar, Wild Cherry and Hoathound, for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, Croup.&c. For sale at McCORKLE & DELLETT'S Family Medicine Store, Odd Feilows' Hull. October 23, 1858.

C. D. HOTTENSTEIN, M. D., CURGON AND PHYSICIAN, Columbia, Pa D Office in the rooms lately occupied by Dr. L. S. Filhert. May 14, 1859-tf.

Patent Steam Wash Boilers. THESE well known Boilers ure kept constantly of hand at HENRY PFAHLER'S, Locust street, opposite the Franklin House. Colombia, July 18, 1857.

( )ats for sale by the bashel or larger quan-B. F. APPOLD, Canal Basin. Columb is Dec. 25, 1858.

FATBA and Superfine Flour, Buckwheat Flour. Corn Meal, and whole Corn and Oats. a. ner of Third and Union streets. [Jan. 8, '59.

ITHORN'S Extract of Copaiba and Sarsaparilla, for sale at the Golden Moriar Drug Store. March 27, 1858.

TOBACCO and Segars of the best brands, wholesale and retail, at BRUNER'S.

### PRESERVE YOUR FRUITS.

FREGENCYE YOUR FRUITS. WILLOUGHBY'S Potent Air-Tight Stopper, for y Frais Preserving Cans and Jars, This is a new patent, and is entirely effectual in excleding the air... The subscriber is sole agent for Columbia. A large supply of Jars and Cans of all kinds and sizes kept con-stantly on band. HENRY PFAHLER. Locust street, Columbia, Pa. June 13: 1859-

SOAD. 25 Series of Duffer Brown Soap on hand and for 25 sale low at the corner of Third and Usion Sts. August 6, 1850.

JUST Received another beamiful 1.4 of Vanilla Beans, at Golden Mortar Drug Store. Front Street.

### Suffer no longer with Corns.

A T the Golden Mortar Drug Store you can procon an aricle which is warranted to temore Corns in 8 hours, without pain or soreness.

### Fly Paper.

A SUPERIOR article of FJy Paper, for the destruc A tion of Files, &c., hus just been received at the Drug Stors of Columbia; July 30, 1859.

AMARTETISON'S GOIUMDIAN Ink. WHICH is a superior article, permanenity Diack, W and not corroding the pen, can be had in any quantity, at the Family Medicine Store, and blacker yet is that Regist Boot Polish. Columbia, Jacs 9, 1539 Martison's Columbian Ink.

hope to beable to give you something to "I know all, dear girl," said Mme. de add to your pension and make you so happy Maurienne in a tone of sadness, drawing in your old age." her daughter towards her; "your all is the

"Poor children," said Mme. de Mauall of every young and tender heart; you rienne, "although I cannot but smile at have loved, and believe in the power of love to smoothe all difficulties. I am not angry your illusions, still they make me happy, for they recall the days of my own youth with you. I alone am to blame. Isolated as we are by our birth, our habits and our when I too had hope, and trust, and confidence: now----education, from all around us, I allowed

Here Mme. de Maurienne, turning away you to be constantly thrown into the society from her daughter, hid her face in her of one who is in every way formed to imhands and wept.

Marcel as a brother, for I loved him as a Madame de Maurienne was the widow of a brave colonel in the French service. She son. The schoolfellow of your brothers. was a woman of high birth, and although their constant companion, he recalls them de Maurienne had been a distinguished constantly to me; I feel as though I had not officer and a man of good birth, the mar- wholly lost them when he is here, and so ringo was considered to be much beneath I forgot the danger to which I exposed her. She had been happy, however, but you."

the premature death of her husband had "Danger, mother? the danger of becoming left her to struggle, with only a small pit- the wife of Marcel; noble by birth, full of tance. She had three children, but as two talent, celebrated already, affectionate, attained the age of manhood, when her kind, devoted, and handsomer than any one weary spirit was looking forward to a re- else I ever saw in my life."

lease from her cares, they had both, stricken "True, child, but poor, with nothing but by the same epidemic, died within a few his talents and his connections to rely on; days of each other. how many years you may have to wait."

"Not many, mother," replied Laurence. Mme. de Maurienne had now but her drawing herself up; "Marcel says he is sure youngest child, Laurence, to console her. Mme. de Maurienne, who for the sake of of retting an appointment—bat he will tell her sons' education had endured the priva-you all about it."

tions and difficulties of a residence in Paris, "Heaven bless you, my child," said Mme. was now at liberty to follow her own tastes de Mauriene, "and give you strength to and to choose a refuge where her scanty encounter all you have before you. Time time, however-" means would be less apparent.

Here Mme. de Maurienne lapsed into She retired to rez de chaussee in an oldfashioned house in the Grande Rue de Passy, thought, whilst Laurence, imagining all which though totally out of the world, from obstacles now to be removed, began to the terraced garden at the back, looked watch for Marcel.

down the hill, studded with fanciful villas, This conversation had taken place a year to the fashionable alleys of the Bois de before Laurence had inquired of her mother not be long." Boulogne, their house with its mansarded as to the possibility of becoming the head

windows and its high walls, built in a time of a family on fifteen hundred france a when every one imitated Louis XIV's taste |year. Marcel who, as Laurence said, had | Marcel is spoiling you."

for Le Notre, forming a picturesque point risen to celebrity by the publication of a de vue for the promenaders beneath. Here, novel and various witty and sarcastic man, on his return, delivered them to de with sir, the dignity of space and solitude, feuillctone, and a daily paper, had long Crillon; but as the party was breaking up,

Laurence. Since her widowhood, Mme. de isterie des Finances; at length he obtained fied vanity standing by the Duchess about is an old flame of Mme' d'Espard. It's

own family, all rich, all in high society, all was, and many young men envied him, it surprise and humility, to the plans the min-

proud of their ancestry and their position. Was exactly fifteen hundred frans a year. All her near connections called on her "Marcel." said Laurence, running out to to him.

twice a year, and twice a year invited the meet him, and opening the garden gate by widow and her changhter to their house. which he always entered, "mamma does

Mme. de Maurienne would gladly have re- not think us rich enough to marry." fused these supercilious invitations, but All who had looked at Marcel would

considered this as Laurence's only chance have been of the same opinion as Laurence opened you, and, believe me, after the first ion you know, blase, immensely rich and a

tell you a little plot that has been laid. The his wedding. No word or look betrayed the large gardens, which extend to the Champe room, into which he was shown, and which minister you know, has an only daughter, workings of her heart, and calmly, firmly, Elysee. Between the hours of two and adjoined a large bar-room.' As the door and she has taken a violent fancy to Mar- she bade him furewell.

cel's works. Now M. de Crillon, who is mouse, and Mile. de Morville is not pretty, the only young girl within her circle, she shrubbery, down to the gate on the Champ filled with people drinking and talking, and not in good health, and has one shoulder set diligently about seeking a husband for Elysee. She was followed by a man who his attention was attracted to a large powjust a little higher than other. You know her.

for all these reasons the minister cannot pretend to a great alliance, nor M. de Crillon neither. We have thought this would indeed, when she chose to be. She had no press the imagination. I thought you loved be an admirable match, and to the advantage of both, for, of course, the minister would advance his son-in-law; besides, Mile. de Morville inherited all her mother's fortune. Oh, there is M. de Crillon, and there I declare, comes the minister and his daughter. I must receive them."

"Mother," said Laurence, "let us go." "Why, Laurence, you are not amused at this plot of the Duchess. I am."

"I am not amused, mother. Let us go." "You know Marcel loves you. Ah, little one, are you jealous?" "Not of her poor thing," replied Lau

rence, looking towards Mlle. de Morville, a de Crillon, heaving a last sigh to the little pale. deformed woman, gazing up memory of his first love. with evident looks of admiration at de

Crillon: "but let us go," Mme. de Maurienne obeyed her daughter's wish. They withdrew quietly, the Duchess the Boulevards. They had just finished having a carriage always ready to take them dinner, and were leisurely smoking their cigars. home.

"Mother," said Laurence, when they were seated in the carriage, "may I write to after all," said one of the gentlemen, lean-Marcel without showing you the letter?" "What can you write to Marcel? You will see him to-morrow."

"I will write to-night and send it by your aunt's coachman. He will wait; I shall

"As you please, Laurence. What a little capricious thing you are getting to bel-

Laurence wrote but a few lines; the coach-

Mme. de Maurienne had herself educated been promised an appointment in the Min- de Crillon, in the very intexication of grati- he is an old man, and de Crillon, you know, Maurienne had been drawn nearer to her it, and when it came a great favor too it to take leave, was listening with feigned quite a romantio history. He was her first

ister had authorised the Duchess to reveal

"Zenaide de Morville is a must accom plished woman, and her father adores her.

M. de Crillon, you have no mother; let me their feelings." advise you in this. A brilliant career is

of penetrating into the class to which her had said; he was remarkably handsome, six months a husband is perfectly insensible great coquette."

Meantime the Duchess had taken a great far nobler than the minister, is as poor as a fancy to match-making, and, Laurence being stealthily wending her way through the glanced into this large room, pretty well

> She was not long in finding one. Laurence was young and beautiful-charming, fortune, it is true; but, with all her other advantages, a man of fifty-five was bound to overlook that. Laurence made no objections, though her mother pointed out to her the

impediments to happiness. "I shall be rich, mother," said Laurence;

"that, it seems, is the greatest happiness; I murmured between her sobs. need seek no further." So Laurence became the wife of Colonel

Marcel, why did we meet again?" Marcel announced her marriage. "She had more ambition than love," said

Twenty years after these events, two

stopped directly in front of him. young men were sitting at the Cafe de Par-"M. de Crillon?" said he. is, gazing at the equipages that passed along "The same." "What right has M. de Crillon to leave nurning, by a back door?'

"That is the handsomest woman in Paris, ing out as a brilliant calache passed them. "What, Mme. d'Espard? You are rightthough I believe she has a grown up son." "A son-where?"

"In Algiers. You know his father was commander at Oran for some years, and his son entered his regiment.

like his mother's intimacy with de Crillon, though all Paris tolerates it."

"But the Colonel?"

seeing him.

"It is amusing to watch their manœuver-

the duci. they both take very little pains to conceal

"Oh, Mme. d'Espard is a woman of fash-

three in the morning, Mme. d'Espard, en- | was opened, every now and then by the veloped in a dark shawl and dress, was young woman who waited on table, he appeared to walk with great precaution, and erful looking man, who seemed to take the strove to walk on the turf so as to avoid the lead in general conversation and to be the great man of the crowd. After a while he. creaking of his boots on the gravel. Neither spoke, and on reaching the gate inquired of the young woman who that apsilent pressure of the hand was all the parently considerable person was,"and was adieu given as the gentleman issued forth, told that it was John Mumms, the butcher. and Laurence locked the gate behind him.

terrible climate of Algiers has scared away nearest tavern.

add clasping his arms round her, he held on the road a dozen or fifteen miles north of

her to his heart; "oh, mother, if you could Baltimore, in the evening. Some of the

"Have I not adored and spoiled you, my they had left, or sought shelter in the houses

only child, Melchoir? Ah! darling, you along the road; some remained by the coach;

look weary and are sad; you are tired; that but Mr. Webster walked on ahead to the

your youth;" as she spoke she passed her On arriving at this, he stated to the land-

hands through his dark hair, and pressed lord his name and business, and inquired if

Then he left her. Mme. d'Espard lived him on that night to Baltimore. The landin one of those beautiful mansions in the lord undertook to furnish him one. In the

Faubourg St. Honore, which, having a meantime, Mr. Webster ordered some sup-

Now, in the Baltimore riots, which took When she was alone, Mme. d'Espard place in the preceding year, July, 1812, and terrible disproportion of age, and the want threw herself on a rustic seat beneath one in which Gen. Lingan was killed, and eight of any affection on her side, as two great of trees, and appeared wrapped in thought, or pine other gentlemen left for dead, this while many a tear stole down her face, and John Mumma was a conspicuous leader. the names of Melchoir and Marcel were and took a prominent part in the assaultupon and capture of the Jail, where the un-"Oh, Heaven! to blush in the presence of fortunate gentlemem were sont for protoc-

my son. I have endured years of deceit to- tion, and was generally supposed to have d'Espard, and the firtt letter written to wards my husband, but my child. Oh, killed Gon. Lingan himzelf. Of course, his name was well known all over the country, Meantime M. de Crillon walked hastily and he was represented and believed to be

along the Champ Elysee; all at once he was a most ferocious and dangerous ruffian. met by a man, who, crossing his path, After supper was over the landlord came in and announced that a vehicle was ready; at the door. Mr. Webster paid for hissupper, put on his overcoat, and went out. An old-fashioned no-top gig was General d'Espard's house at two in the at the door, and a man sitting in it; and. as the landlord held up his lantern, for the night was very dark. to show Mr. Webster the sten into the vehicle. - who should be see for his driver but John Mumma himself! It was too late to turn .buth. "Laurence's son? let me pass, young and though he would hardly have chosen such a companion, on such an occasion, "Not Laurence's son, as you dare call her one who had killed one man for being"a. but General d'Espard's son, and an officer Federalist, and might think well= to kal in the chasseurs d'Afrique. I will send my another,-yot, as he used to say, he did not think that "any man could put him en-Melchoir stood aside, and Marcel passed sily under the wheel"-be got in; and off they drove for their fifteen miles midnight The next day Mme. d'Espard inquired for trip. They proceeded at a great pace for her son; he was absent; she felt, however, some distance with but little conversation. no anxiety, but rather relieved by his ab- and that of an ordinary kind-on the roads sence, she felt embarrassed at the idea of the weather, the night, the speed of the horse and so forth,-until having reached As for Marcel de Crikon he strovein every the middle of a long tract of forest, the driway to refuse this duel, but without betray. ver suddenly pulled up and stopped short." ing the secret cause of his unwillingness Turning round upon Mr. Webster, he said, to encounter Melchoir, he could not avoid "Do you know who you are driving with!"-Mr. W. replied, "Oh, yes, very well; John They met, That evening Melohoir was Mamma the butcher, the man who killed brought dead and bleeding to his father's Gen. Lingan."

home, and the old general sat weeping by "And are you not afraid to ride with me at this time of night?"

"Luckily for him, for he would scarcely

"Oh, he knows nothing about it; besides,

love."

ing."

"There is not much manœuvreing; I think