THE COLUMBIA SPY.

SAMUEL WRIGHT, Editor and Proprietor. "NO ENTERTAINMENT IS SO CHEAP AS READING, NOR ANY PLEASURE SO LASTING." $1,50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE; $2,00 IF NOT IN ADVANCE.

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DR. HOFFER,

DENTIST.—OFFICE, Front Street 4th door from Locust, over Saylor & McDonald's Book store Columbia, Pa. ☞ Entrance, between the Book and Dr. Herr's Drug Store. (August 21, 1858

THOMAS WELSH,

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Columbia, Pa.

OFFICE, in Whipper's New Building, below Black's Hotel, Front street.

☞ Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to his care.

November 29, 1857.

DR. G. W. MIFFLIN,

DENTIST, Locust street, a few doors above the Odd Fellows' Hall, Columbia, Pa.

Columbia, May 8, 1858.

H. M. NORTH,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW Columbia, Pa.

Collections promptly made, in Lancaster and York Counties.

Columbia, May 4, 1850.

J. W. FISHER,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

Columbia, Pa.

Columbia, September 8, 1858-tf

C. D. HOTTENSTEIN, M. D.,

SURGEON AND PHYSICIAN, Columbia, Pa.

Office in the rooms lately occupied by Dr. L. S. Filbert. May 14, 1859-tf.

S. Atlee Bockius, D. D. S.

PRACTICES the Operative, Surgical and Mechanical Departments of Dentistry.

Office Locust street, between the Franklin House and Post Office, Columbia, Pa

May 7 1859.

SHAKER COAL.—A fresh lot of Shaker Coal, for sale by HENRY SUTDAM.

Nov. 15, 1858. Corner Front and Locust streets.

GEO. M. J. SMITH,

WHOLESALE and Retail Bread and Cake Baker.—Constantly on hand a variety of Cakes, as mentioned to mention; Crackers; Soda, Wine, Scroll and Sugar Biscuit; Confectionery, of every description, &c., &c. LOCUST STREET,

Feb. 2, '59. Between the Bank and Franklin House.

JUST received, three dozen Dr. Brandreth's Vegetable Bitters, a certain cure for Dyspepsia: also, a fresh lot of Sap Sago and Pine Apple Cheese. Farina and Corn Starch, at D. HERR'S

Sept 5, 1857. Grocery and Liquor Store.

JUST RECEIVED, a beautiful assortment of Glass Ink Stands, at the Headquarters and News Depot.

Columbia, April 18, 1857.

CHEWING TOBACCO.

AT HENRY PFAHLER'S, Locust street, opposite the Franklin House, can be had CUBA LEAF CONGRESS, and several other brands of the best Chewing Tobacco, to which the attention of chewers is invited.

May 1, 1858.

IMPORTED Lubin's, also, Glenn's Double Extracts, for the handkerchief, at HARRY GREENE'S,

Feb. 19, '59. Opposite Cole. Bridge, Front St.

NOTICE.

Go to FENDRICH & BRO'S for the Best Tobacco.

The Best Sweet Cavendish,
" " Twist,
" " Pouch Leaf,

can be bought cheaper of Fendrich & Bros., than elsewhere. The only established wholesale and retail Tobacconists in Columbia.

FRONT STREET ABOVE LOCUST.

March 12, 1859.

BAGLEY'S GOLD PENS.

A FRESH lot of lot A. G. Bagley's Gold Pens, of different sizes and prices, just received, at SAYLOR & McDONALD'S,

Head Quarters and News Depot, Front street, one door above Locust.

March 27, 1859.

BROOMS.—100 Doz. Brooms, at Wholesale or Retail, at H. PFAHLER'S, Locust street.

Dec. 19, 1857

SMITH'S Compound of Syrup of Tar, Wild Cherry and Hoarhound, for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, Croup, &c. For sale at McCONKEY & DELLETT'S

Family Medicine Store, Odd Fellows' Hall

October 23, 1858.

Patent Steam Wash Boilers.

THESE well known Boilers are kept constantly on hand at HENRY PFAHLER'S,

Locust street, opposite the Franklin House.

Columbia, July 16, 1857.

Oils for sale by the bushel or larger quantity by B. F. APPOLD,

Columbia, Dec. 25, 1858. Canal Basin.

EXTRA and Superfine Flour, Buckwheat Flour, Corn Meal, and whole Corn and Oats, at Corner of Third and Union streets. [Jan. 8, '59.

THORN'S Extract of Copaiba and Sarsaparilla, for sale at the Golden Mortar Drug Store.

March 27, 1858.

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

Ja'59.

PRESERVE YOUR FRUITS.

WILLOUGHBY'S Patent Air-Tight Stopper, for Fruit Preserving Cans and Jars. This is a new patent, and is entirely unusual in excluding the air.—The stoppers can be fitted to any kind of Jar or Can. The subscriber is sole agent for Columbia. A large supply of Jars and Cans of all kinds and sizes kept constantly on hand.

HENRY PFAHLER.

June 13, 1859. Locust street, Columbia, Pa.

Soap.

25 Boxes of Dudley Brown Soap on hand and for sale low at the corner of Third and Union Sts.

August 6, 1859.

JUST Received another beautiful lot of Vanilla Beans, at J. S. DELLETT & CO'S

Golden Mortar Drug Store, Front Street.

Suffer no longer with Corns.

AT the Golden Mortar Drug Store you can procure an article which is warranted to remove Corns in 48 hours, without pain or soreness.

Fly Paper.

A SUPERIOR article of Fly Paper, for the destruction of Flies, &c., has just been received at the Drug Store of R. WILLIAMS, Front street.

Columbia, July 30, 1859.

Harrison's Columbian Ink.

WHICH is a superior article, permanently black, and not corroding the pen, can be had in any quantity, at the Family Medicine Store, and Blacker yet so that English Boot Polish.

Columbia, June 9, 1859

New Brand of Chewing Tobacco.

THE subscriber has just received 40 Boxes of their celebrated Brand "FENDRICH'S BALTIMORE BLACK FAT CHEWING TOBACCO," which they offer at a very low rate. The Tobacco is a first-rate article, manufactured expressly for this market. The plugs are thick and solid, and the tobacco entirely free from any deleterious substances.

FENDRICH & BROS.,

Aug. 13, '59. Front street, Columbia, Pa

Poetry.

Lines for a Village Festival.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

The Poet-lion to his altars bore
Sweet blossoms wet with morning dew,
And veiled the old false worship o'er
With beauty borrowed from the true;

Around Palæmon's flowery shrine
Their mate of grace the maiden's wound,
And wove the wreaths of Isthmian pine
Wherewith the victor's brows were crowned;

And we to-day, amidst our flowers
And fruits have come to own again
The blessing of the summer hours,
The early and the latter rain;

With manhood's strength and maiden's grace,
To lend our Christian holiday
The beauty of the Persian dance,
The vigor of the Grecian play;

To see our Father's hand once more
Reverse for us the plenteous horn
Of autumn, filled and running o'er
With fruit and flower and golden corn:

Once more the liberal year laughs out
O'er richer stores than gems or gold;
Once more with harvest-song and shout
Is Nature's bloodless triumph told;

Our common mother rests and sings
Like Ruth among the garnered sheaves;
Her lap is full of goodly things,
Her forehead gay with autumn leaves!

Oh, favors old, yet ever new!
Oh, blessings with the sunshine sent!
The bounty overruns our due,
The fullness shames our discontent.

We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom on;
We murmur, but the corn-ears fill;
We choose the shadow, but the sun
That casts its shines behind us still.

God gives us with our rugged soil
The power to make it Eden-fair,
And richer fruits to crown our toil
Than summer-wedded islands bear.

Who murmurs at his lot to-day?
Who scorns his native fruit and bloom?
Or sighs for dainties far away,
Beside the bounteous board of home?

Thank Heaven, instead, that Freedom's arm
Can change a rocky soil to gold;
That brave and generous lives can warm
A clime with Northern ices cold!

And by these altars, wreathed with flowers
And piled with fruits, awake again
Thanksgiving for the golden hours,
The early and the latter rain.

[*National Era.*

Hymn of Trust.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

O Love Divine that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On thee we cast each earthborn care,
We smile at pain when Thou art near!

Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrows crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near!

When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us, Thou art near!

On thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love Divine, forever dear,
Content to suffer, while we know,
Living and dying, Thou art near!

[*Atlantic Monthly.*

Selections.

The Barred up Rooms.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER II.

That same day they stood around Lord Level's bed, who was then himself again; Lady Level Mr. Ravensworth, the steward and Mrs. Edwards. A scene of recrimination was going on—it had been told to Lord Level that the closed apartments had been penetrated, and he was abusing them all right and left.

"Go farther off, every one of you," he suddenly exclaimed in a lull in the storm, "I must speak alone with Mr. Ravensworth. Now then," he continued, as the rest moved away; "you must swear that what you have seen there shall never escape your lips."

"On the contrary, it is my intention to proclaim it," fearlessly replied Mr. Ravensworth. "The disgraceful suspicion, that she was the attacker, has fallen upon Lady Level, and she must be cleared from it."

"I am obliged by the anxiety you express for Lady Level's interests," ironically rejoined the peer, "but I believe I am capable of taking care of them myself. Pshal she is my wife, sir; is not that sufficient?"

"Yes, my lord, if you will allow it to be; but this cruel suspicion has attached itself to Lady Level, and you seem inclined to let it remain upon her. I promised her father to protect her in this matter; if you will do it, my interference is unnecessary."

"Pray, what may be your motive in all this?" demanded Lord Level, as sarcastically as before.

Motive! My Lord, I can have but one motive—Lady Level's comfort and welfare; and surely I may say your own, for your interests and hers are identical. It is imperative that this should be cleared up, and the truth made known abroad."

Lord Level lay regarding him with a keen searching eye; he saw that he had a spirit to deal with every whit as resolute as his own. "You look true-hearted enough," he exclaimed at length, "I have a great mind to make a confident of you. Would you reply to it in a generous spirit?"

"No confidence placed in me was ever ill repaid," replied Mr. Ravensworth.

"You harp upon this ridiculous suspicion, which you say has been cast upon my wife; why, it would be rejected at once by any mind of common sense; her interests really lie, and mine also, in the matter's being kept a secret."

"You may so to stop my mouth, Lord Level. It will not avail."

"No I don't. You must stop your mouth, whether or not; and that shall be proved to you. Mrs. Edwards."

"My lord?" she answered, coming from the opposite room; and, at a sign he made, bending down her head to listen to some whispered words. Then he waved her and Mr. Ravensworth away.

"And, Blanche, do you come here," he added to his wife." He put out the hand and arm he was able to use, as she approached, and drew her close to him. "Do you wish this affair noised abroad?"

"I did wish it," she replied. "Think what it is for me to be suspected of such a thing! But if you are so very much opposed to it, why let it go untold."

"The best refutation, Blanche, will be our cordiality with each other.

"Your own conduct has put that out of the question," she returned, tears of pride and vexation filling her eyes.

"Don't be a little simpleton. What was it you said to me, the other night, about wanting a separation?—or else I imagined it in the fever. Have you ever thought, Blanch, what it is for a wife to be separated from her husband—separated by the law, so that they do not meet, and may not if they would? A wife may entrench herself in her anger, while the legal steps are in progress; her temper, bitterly indulged, buoys her up and urges her on; but she does not reflect upon the future of her gloomy days; her repentance, her sad isolated state, far, far more bitter and more hopeless, more weary than aught she had to put up with in her wedded life. Have you reflected on what it would be?"

Lady Level did not answer. Some such gloomy doubts had penetrated to her mind; and what with the fright she had undergone and what with other things, she had a little cooled down from her heroics. He was her husband, after all, as she had said to Arnold Ravensworth.

"Blanche," he continued, drawing her half-reluctant face close to his, "you have something to forgive; but it is not as black as you think. I am not strong enough yet, but when I am we will have a long talk together."

"You cannot explain away what I saw and heard in London."

"I can explain away a dark part of it that you have wrongly got hold of; and don't I tell you, Blanche, you have something to forgive? We must live more for each other."

"If you would only treat me as you are doing now, with confidence, and not as though I were a child, I should have no wish but to live with you, and for you.—What other wish had I when we married!"

"I know. Well—we must try and get along better for the future. But a man is not an angel of perfection, Blanche, or a woman either. If he has his failings, she has her aggravating temper."

"Oh, Lord Level! I am not ill-tempered."

"Not unless you get it in your head that you are provoked to be so, and then up it rises. Let us forget what has been amiss in the past, and do you forgive. Will you love?" he softly whispered.

Her tears rained on his face as she kissed him. "Only let me see that you thus care for me, and you may make me what you will, Archibald."

Lord Level threw his arm round her waist and held her there. "What is there in this world, after all, like a true-hearted English wife," thought his lordship.

But where was Mr. Ravensworth? Listening to a tale of astonishment that went very near to make his hair stand on end. "We were abroad in Italy," Mrs. Edwards had said to him: "the late lord went for his health, which was declining, though he was but a middle-aged man, and I and my brother were with him, his personal attendants, but treated, sir, more like friends.—The present lord, Mr. Archibald, named after his father, was with us—he was the second son, not the heir; the eldest son, Mr. Level—Francis was his name—had been abroad for years, and was then in another part of Italy. He came to see his father when we first got out there, but he soon left again. 'He'll die before my lord,' said I to Mr. Archibald; for if ever I saw consumption on a man's face it was on Mr. Level's. And I remember Mr. Archibald's answer as if it were but yesterday: 'that's just one of your fancies, nurse—Frank says he has looked the last three years as he looks now.' But I was right, sir; for, before the death of my lord, we received news of the death of Mr. Level, and then Mr. Archibald was the heir."

"Did the late Lord die in Italy?"

"He died at Florence, sir. My lord—I speak now of Mr. Archibald—was in no hurry to move from it, and we stopped there three months after his father's death.—'Level stops for the beaux yeux of the Tuscan women,' the world said—but you know, sir, the world always was censorious; and young men will be young men. However, we were on the move; everything was packed and prepared for leaving, when there arrived a young woman, with some papers, and a little child, two years old. Its face frightened me when I saw it; it was, as a child, what it is now as a man; and you have seen it to-day," she added in a whisper. "'What is the matter with him?' I asked, for I could speak a little Italian.—'He's a born natural, as yet,' she answered, 'but the doctors think he may outgrow it in part.' 'But who is he? what does he do here?' I said. 'He's the son of Mr. Level,' she replied, 'and I have brought him to the family, for his mother, my sister, is also dead.' 'He the son of Mr. Level!' I uttered knowing she spoke of Mr. Francis, 'then how can you for shame bring him here and parade him off before us? we English don't recognize children that are not born in wedlock.' 'They were married three years ago,' she coolly answered, 'and I have brought all the necessary papers to prove it. Mr. Level was a gentleman, and my sister was a peasant; but she was beautiful and good, and he married her, and this is their child. They died within two months of each other.'"

"Was it true?" exclaimed Mr. Ravensworth.

"It was true, sir, every word she said. I remarked that is was strange Mr. Level should not have mentioned it to his family, but she said he was ashamed of the child, not being like others, and he did not think he was going to die. He would say when he had a boy worthy of being shown to his father, then he would declare it, she told me; and one morning he got up in his usual health, broke a blood-vessel, and was gone in an hour. The woman left the child and the papers with my lord; that he might have his rights, she said, though in evident ignorance what those rights were: and she left again the same evening."

"Then that—that—poor wretch down there," pointing with his hand to the back apartments, "is the true Lord Level!"

"Had my Lord not desired me to inform you of this, I should have shrunk from it," returned Mrs. Edwards. "That unfortunate creature is the true Lord Level!"

"The present peer no peer—a usurper!" murmured Mr. Ravensworth to himself. "What a secret!" he uttered aloud.

"Sir, you will be true to my lord and keep it," she returned, with a dignified but yet a half-defiant glance, born of her love to Lord Level."

"I have no right to betray it," he slowly replied. "It has been confided to me, and I will hold it sacred. But I wish I had not known it."

"My lord kept on the title, kept on his vestiges of rank and fortune, as if he had been the true peer, which he had believed himself to be. There was a great excuse for this," she impressively added, "for the poor little thing was a helpless imbecile, and we none of us thought it would live through the year. Our plans were changed then, and I and my brother stayed abroad with the child. He got no better, but he lived on and was hearty, and when he was five years old we brought him here—and here he has ever since been. It would have been a hard thing, almost a sin, for my lord to divest himself of his rank and wealth for one who could not understand the one or enjoy the other. Archibald has every kindness shown him, he wants for nothing, and my lord upholds the honors of his house. I and my brother have acted throughout under my lord's orders, and we have not repented it, for it seem to us that it would be a cruel wrong to dispossess him for a being so fated."

"It is a secret to the neighborhood, his being here?"

"Sir, you might have gathered that. Even Deborah has no idea of it whatever. And it is well that it should be so, for prying questions, though they could do no harm, would not be pleasant. My lord, my brother and myself are the sole keepers of the secret."

"Has she informed you?" demanded Lord Level when Mr. Ravensworth returned to him.

"Of all."

"You perceive then why I have trusted you; why it is expedient that the existence of Archibald should not be suspected."

"I do. I shall tell my friend, the inspector, that I have become a convert to Lord Level's view of the mystery, and am firmly persuaded the intruder was no other than a poacher."

"You must not betray it to Blanche. I have told her he is a poor relation taken care of in the house to avoid disgrace, and she is satisfied. Ravensworth, you will forget this tale—if not for my sake, for that of Blanche, and the children she may have."

"On my good faith as a man," replied Mr. Ravensworth. "There's my hand upon it."

"A pretty fellow you are, to send on an errand of life and death," grumbled Major Carlen when Mr. Ravensworth got back to London. "A whole night and a day away, and I waiting upon thorns! What the dickens kept you?"

"We were looking for the fellow."

"Was it Blanche did it?" whispered the old man, with compressed lips.

"Blanche indeed! No, that it was not, and you ought to take shame to yourself, major, for suspecting her."

The major brightened up, and swung on his trailing cloak more jauntily. "Then who was it?"

"Some scapegrace of a poacher, who managed to get in—as Lord Level suspects. He says he should know him again."

"And are my lord and lady at loggerheads still?"

"Not a bit of it. I left them better friends than they ever were."

"Hurrah!" shouted the practical major, "then I shall hope for some more tin out of him when hard up; if Blanche had turned against him there was good-bye to it. But woman are not such fools to act as they talk; and, talk as fast as they will, they generally come down right, in the long run."

The Family Motto.

One evening in the latter end of January, three years since, the streets and the boulevards were suddenly deserted and still. It had been raining all day, when all at once one of those sharp, cutting winds for which the climate of Paris is renowned, had arisen, converting the swollen gutters and the deep pools of muddy water into solid masses of glittering ice. The broad panes of glass of the cafe windows were covered with fantastic designs drawn by the heated atmosphere within upon the half-heated frost-work; the sky above was a cold steel gray; not a star was visible, and the gas lights that so brilliantly illumined the gay crowd that at other times was at this hour just roused to life and animation, now shed but a feeble ray, imprisoned as was its power by the opaque covering of ice that had spread over the lamps.

A few carriages rattled occasionally through the streets, whilst at rare intervals the cafe doors would open and shut with a bang, letting out some heavily muffled figure, who rushed desperately along to his home, feeling that his very life depended on his speed.

It was a night for those who possessed the very poorest home to bless Heaven for it, and to pity the houseless wanderers.—The light, the fire, the comforts of home seemed doubled.

But in no home in Paris was the contrast between the inner and outer world greater than in a luxuriously furnished apartment in the Rue de Tournon, where the bright light streamed on gilding and crimson damask, where the gay fresh voices of youth flashed and laughed as if in defiance of the howling wind without.

They were all men, the youngest about twenty, the oldest not over twenty-five. All bore high-sounding names and titles; all were rich; for all life held forth her fairest promises.

Three of these, so favored by fortune, were guests of the fourth, the Vicomte Raymond de la Fresnaye, himself the most favored of all, for he was the only son of Count de la Fresnaye, the representative of one of the oldest and richest families of the Faubourg St. Germain.

Raymond was a fine dashing fellow, extravagant rather than generous—reckless, skeptical, and, above all, thoroughly selfish. These defects, however, few discovered; his good looks, prodigalities and high spirits misleading as to his real character, which age alone would develope in its full force.

Now Raymond alone was merely a gay companion, ready for anything, ostentatious and conceited; but as his friends were benefitted by his ostentation they called it generosity, and over-looked his self-conceit.

This evening a supper, the result of a bet he had lost, had been given by him, and a royal feast it had been, as its remains on the table and the numerous empty bottles testified.

But now, surfeited with enjoyment, the young men lay around on the ottomans, each intent upon the crowning pleasure of a feast of modern days, tobacco. One had a *narghile*, another a meerschaum, whilst the other puffed the more prosaic cigar. Champagne had added additional spirit to all, but with the usual moderation of Frenchmen, all had stopped on the verge of intoxication. Towards midnight, however, the merry voices began to grow still and the jokes less frequent, until at length it was evident, from the complete silence, that all had fallen asleep.

Then an inner door of the room opened, and through the thick and hazy smoke of the atmosphere a woman was seen to advance.

She was scarcely above the middle height, slender and graceful, and of a beauty which, though foreign and strange, was indisputably great.

Her black hair clustered round her head in short thick curls. Her eyebrows and eyelashes as dark as her hair. Her lips, full and of a deep crimson, were shaded by the slightest pencilling of down; her complexion was, by the artificial light, white and opaque, like the leaf of the camelia, but by the light of day would show a deeper and more sallow hue than our northern women. For beauty such as this it was impossible not to feel admiration; but that was all; as violent passions leave indelible traces on the skin, so corruption leaves on the fairest face its mark. Every man would have been proud to say of this woman, this is my mistress; but all men would have blushed to call her sister.

This fair creature, however, glided along until at length she reached the sofa, where lay Raymond de Fresnaye, fast asleep.—Kneeling down, she brushed the hair from his forehead with her hand, loosened the ribbon from his neck, and strove to place a cushion under his head. But this attempt roused the sleeper, who opened his eyes, and recognizing who it was who awoke him, threw his arms round her and as he pressed his lips to hers, murmured, "Josefa."

"Yes, Josefa; you have forgotten Josefa."

"Why, child, what time is it?"

"Almost dawn and the storm is howling fearfully."

"Let it howl, my child; or rather," added Raymond, rising, "let one of its powerful breezes wake these sleepers and clear this stifling atmosphere." As he spoke Raymond threw open the window, and in an instant the chilling blast swept through the room, and with a shiver Raymond's guests awoke.

Scarcely, however, could they believe that they were not still in the land of dreams, as they beheld the vision, beautiful, indeed, as the vision of a dream, that stood before them.

"Ah! ah! gentlemen," exclaimed Raymond, "you look astonished at finding one guest more than when you went to sleep; but let me account for her presence, and introduce to you Mme. la Victomesse de Fresnaye, my wife."

"Your wife? what, are you married?"

"Well, to tell the truth—you don't care, Josefa, I know—we are not yet married, but shall be this day week, the day on which I am of age."

"Your father, then, refused his consent" said Theodore de Muret, Raymond's most intimate friend.

"Of course; Josefa has no fortune but that she has made by her beauty, beauty which is renowned from Lima, where she was born, to Paris where she will become my wife."

"From Lima; *Josefa*," murmured de Muret; "I have heard the name——"

"Yes, we disguise nothing, do we Josefa? You have heard the name; Josefa is no other than the famous circus rider, about whom Franconi made so much fuss and so many announcements, but whom I was lucky enough to intercept from the public and the manager, and to convert into a Countess. My father opposes this marriage violently; fancy how his noble blood revolted I was not of age and obliged to wait; as you please, M. le Comte, you have a right; we shall see which of us will know best how to maintain the motto of our house, '*Fait voluntas mea*,'"

"I will maintain it to the day of my death; that woman, shall never, with my consent, bear your mother's name."

"The woman we love is always worthy of our name; as soon as I am free Josefa shall be my wife; so, friends, I invite you all to our wedding."

Now some of Raymond's friends would not have dared to outrage every tie and and duty as he was doing, yet all were at this unhallowed marriage; for, fulfilling his threat, Raymond had married the circus rider.

But if Raymond was obstinate, the Count de Fresnaye was fierce. He could not prevent the marriage, but he could stop his son's allowance. Raymond remained without any resources but what he could obtain from the numerous jewels and trinkets, which his days of extravagance had furnished him with. These were speedily exhausted; then came sheriffs, and threats and privations. How these were borne by a pair whose very conditions of existence were luxury and extravagance, none knew. Raymond's friends, though they had to the utmost limits of friendship, aided him with their purses, were still too much linked by pride and affection to the world and society, to frequent the society of one who had violated all the obligations and duties of his class.

At length something was known of this strange marriage. Josefa's name, followed by her husband's title, appeared on the placards of the great hippodrome. The police, solicited by the old Count, had the name struck off the bills, but there was no law to prevent Josefa's appearance, and so all the jockey club rushed to see her dancing in her gauze dress on the fleetest horse in the circus.

But what had become of Raymond? He was not with her. She was alone. Soon, too, the poor lodging in which her first admirer had found her was exchanged for a sumptuous apartment, and in the Champs Elysees it was a sight people loved to see, Josefa seated in her phaeton, driving her four English ponies.

The Count, from the hour of his son's marriage, had never pronounced his name; his wife, stricken thus by the conduct of her only son, had sickened and died without daring to ask her husband to forgive their child. He knew of Josefa; he knew the life she led; he knew that all Paris knew now how she had dragged his name in the dust; his home was desolate and his heart broken, but never, either directly or indirectly, did he seek to know what had become of his son.

At length, it was three years since the marriage, a letter was placed in the Count's hand; it was his son's writing. With a stern brow the Count gazed at the well known characters, and, pausing but to subdue and crush the natural emotion that overwhelmed him, he opened the letter.—But soon the brow relaxed, the hand trembled and in another moment the old man let fall the paper, and, bending his head on the table, hid his face in his hands and wept.

"Father," said the letter, "when you receive these lines, I die by my own hand.—Forgive me, call me once more your son, for I have chosen death because I could no longer endure dishonor. Father save my memory from all the dishonor you can. I leave behind me thirty thousand francs of debt. I implore you, the last request I ever shall make of you, let these debts be paid; the sum is but a trifling one for your immense fortune. Herbert, an humble friend, one who has sustained me in my misery, though he opposed my marriage, will spare you all painful details. He has the list of my debts. You can trust him. He will pay them faithfully.

"Farewell, my father. I leave life without regret, for I know, I feel you will fulfill my last request. Farewell! Forgive me, and implore that in Heaven my mother may intercede for your son. These are my last words. My life has been a disgrace to our name. I dare not rest with our ancestors. No stone shall ever record that I have lived! I would be forgotten; therefore, do not seek my body. Farewell! the last farewell on earth."

Deep was the Count's grief; deeper, perhaps, that it was not unmingled with remorse. He forgot the last reckless years of his son's life, and his memory went back to the early years when he and the young mother had been so proud of their boy, so full of beauty and of promise. Scrupulously did the Count fulfil his son's last behest. Herbert, whose grief almost equalled that of the father, showed him Raymond's last letter to him. Raymond's debts were paid, as he had desired, through the medium of his friend. The papers announced the death of the Viscount, over whose fate some pitying tears were shed, for it seemed as though his death and the motive which had made him seek it, had expiated many of his follies and his vices.

As for the Count, broken-hearted, his pride and his affection still blasted, he secluded himself entirely from the world, and so years passed, without the name of de Fresnaye being pronounced, for though Josefa still reigned in the circus, and in the demi-monde, no one now ever connected her with the name or title to which Raymond's folly had given her a claim. But even Josefa's name was never pronounced before the Count, and the papers in which, by chance, she and her performances were mentioned were all sedulously kept by his old and faithful servants from his knowledge, when one day a brilliant equipage stopped at the door, and a lady descending without other form or ceremony, desired to be introduced into the presence of the Count.

"But madame, on what business, and what name?"

"Family affairs, my good man. Lead on, and when you open the door of the room where I shall find the Count, I will announce myself."

The valet obeyed, and throwing open the library door stood aside, and let the lady pass. She advanced into the room, and walking up to the Count, she stood before his chair, whilst he gazed on her in amazement.

"Do you know me, Sir Count?"

"No, Madame."

"I am Josefa."

"Josefa!" exclaimed the Count, trembling with indignation. "Josefa, bold, impudent wretch—"

"Sit down, old gentleman," interrupted Josefa, "sit down, papa," added she, with a laugh, "don't get in a passion, it's no use. I have something to tell you that you would be sorry to hear, and that concerns you nearly. I am going to tell you of your son."

"Wretched woman, let him rest; you are his murderer."

"Not a bit of it; now you had better listen, you will be sooner rid of me."

"Go on," said the Count, sinking back into his chair, and turning away his head; "go on."

"Do you remember, old gentlemen, how, thinking to punish us after we were married, you cut off the supplies? Well, of course you do. Now, after Raymond had sold all he could lay his hands on, we were reduced to the lowest state of poverty. Now, you see, your fine son could do nothing, I could; so I took to my former profession, and I tell you the day I flew round the circle, amidst the applause of the hundreds who were there, I felt a great deal prouder and happier than I did on the day your son made me a Viscountess."

"Woman!" exclaimed the Count, half rising.

"Sit down; that was a digression. Well, Raymond, who could not earn a loaf of bread, was too proud to appear with me now. I was Josefa, the circus rider; but still, as I had a kind of remains of liking for the fellow, I consented to keep him from starvation in the lodging in which he had hidden himself."

"Wretched boy!"

"Soon he grew tired of his seclusion; he wanted excitement and society; he could not get the best, so he took up with what he found, and led a jolly life, I can assure you. I, however, grew tired of paying the piper, so I did like you, I stopped the supplies; then he came and pretended all at once to grow fond and jealous, and to object to my friends. So, not wanting a row, I opened my purse again. So we went on for some time, till at last Raymond got into a confounded scrape. Some of his friends had not studied the laws sufficiently, and so overstepped their boundaries. They were caught. Raymond, however, was lucky enough to escape, and sent to me for help. It was necessary he should leave the country, but he wouldn't go without money—eight or ten thousand francs—and he promised to go to South America, to Lima, where I came from. Well, I hadn't such a sum, and somehow I couldn't raise it just in the nick of time, so we thought we would try and get it out of you."

"Out of me!"

"Yes, old gentleman; as you were his father, and a rich old codger, we thought we would make it thirty thousand."

"Great Heaven; then Raymond—"

"Lives, of course; haven't you guessed that? Yes, together we concocted that touching last farewell. Herbert got the