

THE COLUMBIAN

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

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SAMUEL WRIGHT, Editor and Proprietor.

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Larger advertisements in proportion.
A liberal discount will be made to quarterly-half yearly or yearly advertisers, who are strictly confined to their business.

DR. HOFFER,
DENTIST—OFFICE, Front Street 4th door from Locust, over Saylor & McDonald's Book Store, Columbia, Pa. Entrance, same as Jolly's, Photograph Office, August 21, 1861.

THOMAS W. WELSH,
OFFICE, in Wagon's New Building, below Black's Hotel, Front street.
Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to him.
November 23, 1857.

H. M. NORTH,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
Columbia, Pa.
Columbian, May 4, 1850.

J. V. FISHER,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
Columbia, Pa.
Columbia, September 12, 1859.

S. Atee B. Clark, D. D. S.
PRACTICES the Operative, Surgical and Mechanical Departments of Dentistry.
Office, in Wagon's New Building, below Black's Hotel, Front street.
Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to him.
November 23, 1857.

Harrison's Columbian Ink.
Such an article, superior to any other, and not containing the least amount of any quantity, at the Family Medicine Store, and blacker yet than the English Blue Polish.
Columbia, June 2, 1859.

We Have Just Received
DR. CUTLER'S Improved Chest Expanding
Syrup and Patent Sufferer and Brace for Ladies, and the article which is wanted in this time. Come and see them at Family Medicine Store, 107 Locust Street, Columbia, Pa.
April 10, 1859.

Prof. Gardner's Soap.
We have the New England Soap for those who do not obtain it from the purest materials, and is the best for the skin, and will take grease spots from Woolen Goods, it is therefore no humbug, for you get the worth of your money at the Family Medicine Store, Columbia, June 11, 1859.

GRAHAM, or Bond's Boston Crackers, for Invalids, and children's articles in Columbia, at the Family Medicine Store, April 10, 1859.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE.—The want of such an article is felt in every family, and now it can be supplied for medicinal purposes, eliminating all impurities, and is therefore no humbug, for you get the worth of your money at the Family Medicine Store, Columbia, June 11, 1859.

IRON AND STEEL!
The best quality of iron and steel, and large stock of all kinds and sizes of
BAK IRON AND STEEL!
They are constantly on hand, and in the largest branch of his business, and can furnish it to customers in large or small quantities, at the lowest rates.
J. W. WILKINSON & SON,
Largest street below Second, Columbia, Pa.
April 25, 1859.

RITTER'S Compound Syrup of Tar and Wild Cherry, for Croup, Colds, &c. For sale in the Golden Mortar Drug Store, Front street, Columbia, Pa.
April 25, 1859.

ALEX'S Compound Concentrated Extract
Sarsaparilla for the cure of Scrofula, King's Evil, and all scrofulous affections, in the form of pills, just received and for sale by
J. W. WILKINSON, Front street, Columbia, Pa.
Sept. 21, 1859.

FOR SALE.
200 GROSS Friction Matches, very low for cash.
June 23, 1859.
J. W. WILKINSON.

Dutch Herring!
A No one fond of a good Herring can be supplied at a better price than at the
Corner of Chancery Lane, N. E. Corner of Locust Street, Columbia, Pa.
J. W. WILKINSON & SON, Proprietors.
April 25, 1859.

LYON'S PURE OHIO CATAWBA BRANDY
and PURE WINES, especially for Medicines and Sacramental purposes.
J. W. WILKINSON & SON, Proprietors.
April 25, 1859.

NICE RAISINS for 5 cts. per pound, are to be had only at
March 10, 1859.
EBERLEIN'S Grocery Store, No. 71 Locust street.

GARDEN SEEDS.—Fresh Garden Seeds, warranted pure, of all kinds, just received and for sale by
J. W. WILKINSON & SON, No. 71 Locust street.
March 10, 1859.

POCKET BOOKS AND PURSES.
A LARGE lot of Fine and Common Pocket Books and Purses, at from 15 cents to two dollars, each.
J. W. WILKINSON & SON, No. 71 Locust street, Columbia, Pa.
April 14, 1859.

BEV more of these beautiful Prints sold, which will sell cheap.
No. 71 Locust street, Columbia, Pa.
April 14, 1859.

Just Received and for Sale.
1500 SACKS Ground Alum Salt, in large or small quantities, at
APOLDS' Warehouse, Canal Basin, No. 71 Locust street, Columbia, Pa.
April 14, 1859.

Turkish Prunes!
For a first rate article of Prunes, you must go to the
Corner of Chancery Lane, N. E. Corner of Locust Street, Columbia, Pa.
J. W. WILKINSON & SON, Proprietors.
April 14, 1859.

GOLD PENS, GOLD PENS.
Just received a large and fine assortment of Gold Pens, of Switzer and Griswold's manufacture, at
SAYLOR & McDONALD'S, Front street, above Locust.
April 14, 1859.

FRESH GROCERIES.
We continue to sell the best "Levy" Syrup, White and Brown Sugar, good Coffee and choice Tea, to be had in Columbia at the New Corner Store, opposite Old "Fellows" Hall, and at the old stand adjoining the same.
H. C. FOMBERGER, Proprietor.
April 14, 1859.

Segars, Tobacco, &c.
A LOT of first rate Segars, Tobacco and Snuff will only be found at the store of the subscriber. He keeps
No. 71 Locust street, Columbia, Pa.
Oct 6, 1859.

CRANBERRIES,
NEW Crop Prunes, New Citrus, &c.
A. M. RAMBOLD'S, No. 71 Locust street, Columbia, Pa.
Oct 6, 1859.

Poetry.

Not Yet.
BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Oh country, marvel of the earth!
Oh realm to sudden greatness grown!
The age that gloried in thy birth,
Shall hold thee better o'erthrown!
Shall trample that that greatness lo!
No, Land of Hope and Blessing, No!
And who we wear the glorious name,
Shall we, like thee, stand up in shame,
When those whom thou hast bred are dead,
The death-bell at thy generous head,
Forth goes the battle cry, and lo!
Ho! rise in harness, shouting, No!

And they who founded, in our land,
The power that rules from sea to sea,
Died they in vain, or vainly planned
To leave their country great and free?
Their sleeping ashes, from below,
Send up the thrilling murmur, No!
Kilt they the gentle ties which long
These sister States were proud to wear,
And forged the kindly links so strong
Which bind us all in one?
For scornful hands a-ide to throw?
No, by our fathers' memory, No!

Our humming mill, 'ere iron ways,
Our horse-Atlantic, with its bay,
The ocean, broad Ocean of the West,
And Mississippi's torrent flow,
And loud Niagara, answer No!
Nor yet the hour is high, when they
Who deep in Earth's dim twilight sit,
Earth's ancient kings, shall rise and say,
"Proud country, welcome to the pit,
So soon art thou like us, in length of life?"
No, unless group of shadows, No!

For now, behold the arm that gave
The victory in our fathers' day,
Strong as of old, to guard and save—
That mighty arm which none can stay—
On clouds above, and fields below,
Writes, in merest sight, the answer, No!

Dead Love.
BY PHILIP CARY.

We are face to face, and between us there
Is the love we thought could never die.
Why is it only lived in you?
Who has murdered it—or you?

No matter who—the deed was done
By one or both, and there it lies
The smile from the lip forever gone,
And darkness over the beautiful eyes.
Our love is dead, and our hope is wrecked;
So what does it profit to talk and rave,
Whether it perished by my neglect,
Or whether you cruelly dug its grave?

Why should you say that I am to blame,
Or why should I charge the sin on you?
Our work is done, before us all the same,
And the guilt of it lies between us two.
We have praised our love for its beauty and grace,
Now we stand here, and hardly dare
To turn the face—look back from the face,
And see it is that which it hides there.

Yet look! ah, that heart has left its last,
And the beautiful life of our life is dead,
And we are left here, and left the past,
We two, together, can walk no more.
Is lead in my bosom I can lay,
And slower my voice than, lies on kiss,
But there never was resurrection day
In the world for a love so dead as this!

And since we cannot see the sin
By mourning over the deed we did,
Let us draw the winding-sheet up to the chin,
As, up till the death blind eyes are hid:

Selections.
"Pray, Sir, Are you a Gentleman?"
On the 23rd of March, 1860, I went to London for a couple of days on business. Turned the corner of Chancery Lane, I unexpectedly encountered my friend Frank Stonhouse. I call him my friend, though there was a disparity in our ages—he being forty-five, I thirty years old. He, moreover, was a married man with a family; I an itinerant animal, without embraces, called a bachelor. Still we were very much attached to each other. After an exclamation of surprise and pleasure, Frank rapidly said, "I am very busy now, and you must come and dine with me at 7 o'clock."

"Yes, now then, in with you, Jack."
"Hyde Park Corner." I thought I would name a distant place to give my friend breathing time. We moved forward a few paces, and then stopped.
"Now then, Cabby," said I. "What is the matter?"
"Why, sir, blowed if there ain't them perlice at the station gate, hexaminig of every cab, and the parties inside on 'em, and they be doing the same to those be walking."

My companion turned deadly pale. I pulled out a flask of neat brandy. "Drink two, anything to give you color."
At the same time I too took two cigars, lighted them, pushed one into my friend's mouth.
"Smoke," said I, "as hard as you can, your safety depends on it."
Two detectives looked in at the window. "Where from, sir?"
I blew a volume of smoke into the man's face, which caused him to rub his eyes and they be doing the same to those be walking."

"Where from?" replied I. "Why from Dayer; what on earth do you want?"
Another discharge of smoke settled the matter.
"All right, sir, beg pardon."
I gave him a parting volley of smoke.
"Drive on cabman with the gentleman!"
In another minute, after continuing from sheer habit to now lace a lumpy atmosphere, I was gone. The middle had fainted. I no time yet for thinking, but acting. I used my flask again, then a vigorous pinch. By-and-by the young gentleman came round.

"Well, now you are safe, at least from detection and pursuit, at any rate, for the present. Where shall I tell the man to drive to?"
"I don't know, I wish you would tell me where I can go for two or three days, till I am able to mature my plans."
"Indeed I cannot."
"Can you not recommend me to some safe, respectable woman who will not betray me, even though a large reward be offered?"
I shook my head.

"Then, surely, you have some lady relations or acquaintances in London, who will take pity on me, or (I had told her I was a barrister), you could conceal me till the end of the week in your chambers, in the Temple."
"With regard to the last, you know not what you ask," I said. "Even were I to give you the key to my chambers, and go into the country, not returning till you had got me, it certainly would come out some day, and then in the eyes of a censorious, wicked world, who judge others by themselves, your character would be irretrievably blasted and ruined, and mine not much improved, though that is of little consequence as I am a man, and society, thank goodness, judges us very leniently, and yet it might be pursued by the electric telegraph, and detected at the terminus, unless I can contrive by disguising myself to deceive those who will search for me. I give you the word of a lady, that in doing what I am driven to do I am not acting in any way wrongly—more I cannot tell you."

"She burst into tears, and after a hysterical sob or two, she said, 'Now, sir, if you will not give me any thing belonging to you to remind me of this hour, I shall be obliged.'"
I pulled out a small shilling likeness of myself, destined for a young nephew of mine, and a lock of my hair, which was wrapped up with it. Without opening the parcel, I said, "Madam, that may serve to remind you hereafter of what certainly has been the strangest chapter in my hitherto not unvaried life."
I pulled out the parcel in her waistcoat pocket, took a pearl ring off her finger and gave it to me, with a lock of her hair, saying, "Keep that, then, to recall to-day. In ten minutes we shall part forever."

"For a time both of us were silent. At last I said, 'Madam, if I think that, alone as you are, and probably unaccompanied to London, you can escape the detectives at the station, you are mistaken. I could tell at a glance to borrow a phrase from your profession, that you were sailing under false colors.'"
"Indeed," said she somewhat startled; "well, if you will extend your kindness to seeing me clear of the foot on the seat opposite to the corner of the street, I shall be more than ever your debtor for life."
"Then there is no time to be lost, the train is slackening speed. Put both your delicate hands at once deep into the pockets of your monkey-jacket—they are not like those of a sailor. Leak back in a careless way; and wait, let me dirty your boots by treading on them. Now put your mind the clean cushion; throw the other leg negligently over the arm by your side. Don't dream of speaking; I will talk, if necessary. Whistle, if you can, when we stop. Give me your ticket."

"It was marked from Dayer to London—Capital, thought I; wonder how she got it. Mine was a season ticket."
"Tickets, sir, please." The middy whistled. The guard and policeman actually looked under the carriage seats. A long time the train was delayed before it moved into the station. At length it did.
"Now, follow me," I said, "roll in your walk, if you can, mind you keep your hands in your pockets."
"Cab, sir."

I gave her what she requested, and offered her money.
"No, thank you, I have plenty of that; and now, good-bye, sir. God bless you for your kindness to a persecuted, helpless, suffering, but not wicked girl."
She hysterically pressed my hand for a moment, then recovering herself, said—
"Stop then, please sit, get up, tell me to drive on. May God bless you for your kindness."
I raised her not unwilling hand to my lips, and did as she directed. In another moment I stood alone in Oxford street.

"I raised her not unwilling hand to my lips, and did as she directed. In another moment I stood alone in Oxford street. I have to the best of your intention acted kindly. It is a mystery; you will never read it. Well, thought I to my mind, and forthwith commenced walking to my chambers in the Temple.
"THIRTEEN HUNDRED POUNDS REWARD—Whereas, on the 17th of the month, a young lady, aged 19, left her home near Regent and proceeded in the direction of Dayer, from which place the advertisement of a man will be paid to any one who will give such information as shall lead to her discovery, she is undoubtedly a high light, and a reward of one thousand five hundred pounds, Address, A. B. & Co., 10, Pall Mall, London, W."

Such was the advertisement which two days after the last mentioned occurrence met my eye in the second column of the Times. The girl, thought I. In the course of the same day, I was again obliged to travel by the railroad which started from London Bridge. I missed my train, and having two hours to wait, I resolved to pay a visit to an old friend of my family who had married a detective policeman, and lived near the London Bridge terminus. I called her at home. Not long after her husband came in. The subject of the advertisement in my mind was brought forward.

"Circumstances that, sir, which occurred on the line the other day, when a young lady managed to escape from us all. Of course, too, you have seen the advertisement in the Times. Well, I could discover the runaway; why £300 would be a small fortune to Sarah and myself."
"How do you mean, sir?" I asked.
"Oh, yes, sir, we all but had them. You see, sir, not only was the train examined, but all the foot-passengers and carriages as they left the station. The telegraphic message had been most positive, and £300 reward, which it offered, put us all on the lookout. Unfortunately, I examined the foot-passengers, but I did not see the lady, though she was well disguised, would not have escaped."

"Thank goodness," muttered I, inwardly, "you did not examine the cabs. Well, but how did she manage to get away?" I asked.
"Why, sir, you will hardly believe it—but dressed as a midshipman, in a cab, with a gentleman—him, I suppose, as was a running away with her?"
"But how can you tell it was her?"
"Well, you shall hear it, sir. As soon as all the passengers had left the station we detectives put our heads together. The cab containing the middy was mentioned. By a kind of instinct, I felt that must have been her. But, as it won't do to act on instinct only, I at once, having ordered a fast Hansom to be in readiness, telegraphed down to Dayer, from which place the middy's ticket had been taken—to know if a naval officer had taken a ticket and paid half fare by such a train. The answer was 'No.' Now a middy is not often very wise, but he is seldom so foolish as to pay full price for his ticket when he knows that, as he is traveling in uniform, he can go at a cheaper rate. Dayer, from which place the middy's ticket had been taken, to know if anything unusual had been picked up, anywhere on the line. The answer came back 'Yes.' In one place a bundle containing ladies' apparel, in another some light colored hair wrapped up in paper. Without losing a moment I sent off in a Hansom one of my best men, with orders to drive to the bank towards Hyde Park Corner till he came up with a four-wheeled cab, No. 906, drawn by a grey horse—to keep it in sight till its fare was deposited. If the people in the cab stopped at a private house, to watch the door, and not allow them to leave till I came up; if they were dropped in the road, to arrest them as they went, and bring them back here. A bold message, sir, but remember, £300 reward, and perfect immunity guaranteed for any illegal arrest made under mistake. Well, you will believe it, that though my man overtook the cab in Fleet street, and followed it to Hyde Park Corner, yet when both the vehicles stopped it was found the bundle had flown! How the pot was a mere trifle, I can imagine; but they had escaped, and that, too, without any circumstance of cabby, for my man brought him back here, and, on strict examination, I found not only that he did not know his passenger had escaped, but had actually been bilked by them of his fare. He swore roundly he would summons them on his own account, if he could catch them."

I laughed inwardly.
"Well," said I, "any success yet?"
"No, sir; but we shall be sure to have the lady soon, if she is above ground."
"And why not the gentleman also?"
"The fact is, sir, that not only have we a most accurate description of the lady, but the policeman who looked in her side of the cab could tell how she looked as a middy, and said which first raised my suspicions—that she smoked like one who had never tried to do so before; the policeman, however, the other side of the cab cannot give much account of the gentleman because he smoked so desperately in his face. All he can say is that he was gentlemanly-looking, dark-haired, and about thirty—at any rate, he spoke as if quite as old as that. The policeman is not clever, and yet he thinks he might know the gentleman again, if he saw him."
I at once resolved to postpone my journey from London Bridge, and then said:
"Can you tell me why the young lady ran away, or who she is?"
"I believe I can answer both your questions, sir, but I am not at liberty to do so—I must keep secrets."

"Very well. It was only curiosity made me ask. Now, I must be going. Good morning, Sarah. Good morning, Mr. Sharp. Mind, if you catch these people, or hear anything of them which you are at liberty to communicate, pray tell me, for you have quite interested me in the matter, and you detectives are so very clever, I quite delight in hearing your stories."
"Yes, sir, we are a little clever. We flatter ourselves. I shall be able to give you information in a week, I think. Good morning, sir."
"I give you my word that this is not the case. Circumstances may warrant my doing what I am doing; but certainly, in my opinion, justify any sane creature in precipitating himself unadvised for before his Almighty Father."

Such was the next advertisement on the subject that I saw in the Times. Well, thought I, she must be detected now.
Walking down Holborn, a month later, I hailed a Hansom that was passing, and ordered the driver to proceed to a house a little distance from London. No sooner did we get clear of the crowded streets, and into a road where a man did not require two pairs of hands and four eyes to keep clear of other vehicles, than Jarvey, opening the trap-door in the roof, over my head, touched his hat, with a "Good morning, sir."
"Shut that door at once," I said; "are you drunk, man, and anxious that I should give you into charge?"
"No, sir; but I hope you are very well."
"What would the man mean? There was a curtain look in his eyes that plainly said he could fathom me, while, touching him, I was utterly at sea.
"I drove a four-wheel," he continued, "a short time ago, sir. I hope you and the young gentleman—the middy, I mean, sir—are quite well. Nice little boy that as ever I see. You may remember I picked you up, in the Strand, about a month ago, and after a bit you got out and left me drive the middy on."
I like your memory, thought I, and then said:
"Well I fancy I do recollect your face."
"Thought you would, sir, when I recalled the circumstances to your mind."
"Now, then, stop, my man. I am getting near the house to which I want to go. Let me get out. I will walk the rest of the way—I don't see the fun of talking to you through a hole."
When I stood on the footpath I steadily gazed at cabby, he ditto at me, with composed interest and a leer.
"Well, now," I said, "what do you want?"
"Oh, nothing, sir—you're a gentleman."
"In course, does, sir," specially the second column of the Times."
"Well, where did you drive the middy after I left you?"
"Eccleston Square, and then the young lady—beg pardon, sir, the young gentleman—gave me two sovereigns, and told me to drive away, and not look back."
"Did I, sir?"
"You looked back?"
"I did, sir."
"You are not rich?"
"I am not, sir."
"Now just tell me why you have not informed the police?"
"For several reasons, sir. First place, though I am a cabby, I have my feelings, and wouldn't go far to betray a poor gentleman who gave me two sovereigns."
"Nonsense," interrupted I.
"Next place, sir, see, I never likes to press hard upon ladies."
"Cabby, do you take me for a fool?"
"In this place, you see, sir, I have been in trouble more than once, and I don't like to see my face before them for any reason."
"Well, I can understand that," I said. "Now there's a sovereign for you—you don't mind telling me, I suppose, where the middy went?"
"No, sir, not a bit; but you didn't hear my fourth and chiefest reason for not going to the police. First is I don't know where the middy did go to. I did not look back soon enough. I twiggled her going towards No. 1 Eccleston Square, and when I looked back she wasn't in sight, so then I drives back to No. 1. A flunky comes to the door, so says I, 'John, your master has left summat in my cab.' 'Go to the dogs!' said he. 'Oh, yes,' said I, 'by all means; but now, here is a half-crown, and John Thomas, you tell me who your young master is.' He peckered my half-crown, and then told me the middy had nothing to do with the house; that he had only asked if Sir Jasper Blares lived there, and on being told 'No,' had bolted round the corner. So then I used the flunky to give me half a crown, or, at any rate, to come and have me out in drink. The mean fellow told me, if I was not off directly, he would give me a charge at once. So, as I sodd a Bobby coming up the square, I drove off. Now, sir, I know as little about the middy as you do. If I know more, do give me a hand to go to the police, and get your hundred pounds notice you; and there is an end of us. If you uphold me, I will uphold you, and we shall go on as before."

He found means to obtain an excellent footing.
One evening, in the winter of 1855, a brilliant party was assembled in the gay saloons of the Countess B—, when a gentleman, well known to all, arrived in breathless haste, and apparently much excited. He made his way as quickly as possible to the counters, and all crowded round to hear what great piece of intelligence he had to communicate.
"We are all I think," he said, "well acquainted with Baron M—, who is so constant a visitor here. I regret to say that I have just learned, in the most positive manner, that he is undoubtedly a spy; he has in fact been seen to enter and to leave the cabinet of Monsieur Fouche."
The assembled guests were thunder-struck at this unexpected announcement, each endeavoring to recollect what indiscreet expression might have pressed his lips in the presence of the treacherous baron; and all, naturally enough, feeling extremely uneasy at the possibility of being called upon to answer for some long-forgotten words, spoken, as they thought, in the security of private society. The hostess of course was most indignant at the insult which had been put upon her, and could hardly believe in the truth of the accusation.
However, something must be done; the baron was momentarily expected; and unless he were able to clear himself from this serious imputation, he must be at once expelled from the society. After some discussion, therefore, it was decided that, upon the arrival of Baron M—, the countess should request a few minutes' private conversation with him; that she should then, in another room, and having told him of what he was accused, should ask if he had any explanation to offer, as otherwise she must be obliged to signify to him that he should discontinue his visits.

In the midst of the incentives which were poured forth on the head of the unfortunate baron, that worthy made his appearance. Immediately all was silent; and though he had advanced to the serious accusation which had been put upon him, he evidently saw that all was not right, as his most intimate associates of yesterday avoided speaking to him, or at most, gave him the slightest possible salutation.
"Not being, however, very easily abashed, Baron M— proceeded, as usual, to make his bow to the ladies, with the remark, 'has been agreed, said to him, "I mention the baron, may I request the favor of a few words with you in private?"
"Certainly, madame," she replied the baron, offering his arm, which she declined to take, and led the way to an ante-chamber.
The countess, feeling naturally very nervous at the part she had to perform, at length said with some hesitation: "I know not whether you are aware, Monsieur le Baron, of the serious accusation which has been put upon you; and which, unless you can explain satisfactorily, must forever close my doors against you." The baron was all attention, as the countess continued: "I have been informed, upon what appears to be undoubted authority, that you are in the pay of Monsieur Fouche—that you are, in short, a spy."
"Oh," replied the baron, "is that all? I will not attempt to deny it; nothing can be more true; I am a spy."
"And how," exclaimed the lady, "have you dared to insult me and my guests by presuming to present yourself here at night at my house in such an unworthy manner?"
"I repeat," said the baron with all possible coolness, "that I am in the pay of Fouche; that I am a spy; and in this capacity, of some subjects, I am tolerably well informed, of which, Madame la Comtesse, I will give you a proof. On the last pay-day, at Monsieur Fouche's, you received your pay, for the information you had brought him; immediately after I had received mine."
"What cried the countess, "do you insinuate anything so infamous? I will have you turned out of the house instantly."
"Softly madame," answered the baron; "that I am a spy. I have not attempted to deny; that you are likewise a spy, I have long known, and can readily prove. We are in the same boat—we swim together; if you proceed to inform the countess of my infamy, you will be sure to inform her of mine. I will have you turned out of the house instantly."

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He found means to obtain an excellent footing.
One evening, in the winter of 1855, a brilliant party was assembled in the gay saloons of the Countess B—, when a gentleman, well known to all, arrived in breathless haste, and apparently much excited. He made his way as quickly as possible to the counters, and all crowded round to hear what great piece of intelligence he had to communicate.
"We are all I think," he said, "well acquainted with Baron M—, who is so constant a visitor here. I regret to say that I have just learned, in the most positive manner, that he is undoubtedly a spy; he has in fact been seen to enter and to leave the cabinet of Monsieur Fouche."
The assembled guests were thunder-struck at this unexpected announcement, each endeavoring to recollect what indiscreet expression might have pressed his lips in the presence of the treacherous baron; and all, naturally enough, feeling extremely uneasy at the possibility of being called upon to answer for some long-forgotten words, spoken, as they thought, in the security of private society. The hostess of course was most indignant at the insult which had been put upon her, and could hardly believe in the truth of the accusation.
However, something must be done; the baron was momentarily expected; and unless he were able to clear himself from this serious imputation, he must be at once expelled from the society. After some discussion, therefore, it was decided that, upon the arrival of Baron M—, the countess should request a few minutes' private conversation with him; that she should then, in another room, and having told him of what he was accused, should ask if he had any explanation to offer, as otherwise she must be obliged to signify to him that he should discontinue his visits.

In the midst of the incentives which were poured forth on the head of the unfortunate baron, that worthy made his appearance. Immediately all was silent; and though he had advanced to the serious accusation which had been put upon him, he evidently saw that all was not right, as his most intimate associates of yesterday avoided speaking to him, or at most, gave him the slightest possible salutation.
"Not being, however, very easily abashed, Baron M— proceeded, as usual, to make his bow to the ladies, with the remark, 'has been agreed, said to him, "I mention the baron, may I request the favor of a few words with you in private?"
"Certainly, madame," she replied the baron, offering his arm, which she declined to take, and led the way to an ante-chamber.
The countess, feeling naturally very nervous at the part she had to perform, at length said with some hesitation: "I know not whether you are aware, Monsieur le Baron, of the serious accusation which has been put upon you; and which, unless you can explain satisfactorily, must forever close my doors against you." The baron was all attention, as the countess continued: "I have been informed, upon what appears to be undoubted authority, that you are in the pay of Monsieur Fouche—that you are, in short, a spy."
"Oh," replied the baron, "is that all? I will not attempt to deny it; nothing can be more true; I am a spy."
"And how," exclaimed the lady, "have you dared to insult me and my guests by presuming to present yourself here at night at my house in such an unworthy manner?"
"I repeat," said the baron with all possible coolness, "that I am in the pay of Fouche; that I am a spy; and in this capacity, of some subjects, I am tolerably well informed, of which, Madame la Comtesse, I will give you a proof. On the last pay-day, at Monsieur Fouche's, you received your pay, for the information you had brought him; immediately after I had received mine."
"What cried the countess, "do you insinuate anything so infamous? I will have you turned out of the house instantly."
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