

THE COLUMBIA SPY.

SAMUEL WRIGHT, Editor and Proprietor.

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Poetry.

Autumn.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

Who sings of pallid primroses that fringe
Departing Winter's mantle, and the guest
Of hidden violets; or lauds the lunge
Of roses, hymned by tending bees, a-dust
With golden spoils—his music is unjust,
If in the wisest measure of his lays,
Sweet matron of the year, he has no song
To speak the ripened glories of his days,
When through the evening haze,
The sunlight strong
Wrestles among the meshes of the haze,
And o'er the deep blue garments of the Night
Sheds ruddy light,
And spangles all their edges with its rays.

II.
Mother of Earth, whose full-orbed bosom feeds
The sons of men—the hungry raven's nest
Gather in hope; with grateful trust in thee.
The dead leaves, brown and bronze and brown,
Plunging at early morn,
Among the billowy corn,
Like a bold swimmer in a golden sea.
Of things insidious thou know'st the needs:
And from the trees, before the Winter dreads,
The dead leaves, brown and bronze and brown,
Thou shakest down
Among the ferns and mosses at the roots,
To grow again in fruits,
And glad the branches of another year.

III.
The winged and downy seeds thy gales bestow
In cooling nooks, beyond the search of frost
That in the coming seasons they may blow,
And not the simps and wild-ferret be lost—
Nor thine in landing, by hard parent be lost—
Into thy gentle lap,
May ever hap
Upon a grave untimely in the snow;—
Such is thy tender providence. Nor yet
Dost thou at all forget
The Present in the Future's care! For crown
With faint and flowers and corn,
Thy plentiful show,
Scatter, its orb-irradiated rays on the ground!

IV.
I love thee, Autumn, when thy drowsy air
Frembles in concert with the raptur'd leaves,
When birds are piping down among the sheaves,
And in the berries lugging everywhere,
Ah, faint would I to some dim lower escape,
Where round the dusky grape
The sunlight with the shadow intertwine;
There would I knit such music in my lines
To face a minstrel.
That should be worthier thee
And mould my fancy to a nobler shape,
Singing beneath the coronal of vines,
To joyous strings,
Giver of such fair things,
Of the delights that to thine empire live,
Flow warmer suns flood thee with lavish rays,
How broader morn upon thy harvest gaze—
So Heaven gifts thee greatly those who greatly
give!
(St. James' Magazine.)

Selections.

The Tale he told the Marines.

Now mind, I will not guarantee the truth of this. I can only tell you as he told it. It sounds improbable, certainly, but no one can say it is impossible. What is there to prevent a lady if she is so inclined, from —? But that would spoil the story.— And there is no law of nature, I suppose, to restrain a man who is so devoid of gentlemanly feelings as —. But that would tell you what is coming. It is no good saying he was intoxicated, for I defy you to get drunk on sherry and soda-water; and to lay it to the heat of the evening is absurd, for it was a remarkably cool evening for August. No! Jenkins is a man who has had some strange experiences, and this wasn't the least strange among them. Still, mind, I will not guarantee the truth of this; though, by the way, you don't often find a man tell the same tale twice in exactly the same way if it is not true, and I have heard him tell this twice. The first time was at a dinner at Lord —. Well it does not matter where. It is sometimes advisable not to mention proper names. I don't think mentioning this would do any harm, though—at a dinner at Lord's cricket ground, and the second time was on the occasion of which I am speaking, when I found him drinking sherry and soda-water and smoking cheroots with three officers of Marines, one of whom, with five gloves (lady's six-and-a-half) and a withered rose before him, was telling how—"after leading me on in this way, after gaining my young affections in this treacherous manner, by Jove! sir, she throws me over and marries Blubber."

"It's like the sex," said the second Marine.

"It's woman that seizes all mankind," said the third Marine.

"It reminds me of what once happened to myself," said Jenkins; "you know the story," he continued, turning to me. "So just order yourself some sherry and soda-water; ah! and while you are about it order some for me too, and you can pay for them

both when they come; then I sha'n't be put out. Paying for anything always puts me out. Thank you! I'll try one of your seats. Well, gentlemen," turning to the Marines. "Some time ago I was staying with Sir George P—, P— House, P—shire. Great number of people there—all kinds of amusements going on. Driving, riding, fishing, shooting, everything in fact. Sir George's daughter, Fanny, was often my companion in these expeditions, and I was considerably struck with her. For she was a girl to whom the epithet 'stunning' applies better than anything that I am acquainted with. She could ride like Nimrod, she could drive like Jehu, she could row like Charon, she could dance like Terpsichore, she could run like Diana, she walked like Juno, and she looked like Venus. I've even seen her smoke."

"One good point in her character, at any rate," said the third Marine.

"Just like the sex!" said the second Marine.

"Ah! she was a stunner," continued Jenkins, "you should have heard that girl whistle, and laugh—you should have heard her laugh. She was a truly delightful companion. We rode together, drove together, fished together, walked together, danced together, sang together; I called her Fanny, and she called me Tom. All this could have but one termination, you know, I fell in love with her, and determined to take the first opportunity of proposing. So one day, when we were out together fishing on the lake, I went on my knees amongst the gudgeons, seized her hand, pressed it to my waistcoat, and in burning accents entreated her to become my wife."

"Don't be a fool!" she said. "Now drop it, do and put me a fresh wren on."

"O Fanny," I exclaimed; "don't talk about wrens when marriage is in question. Only say—"

"I tell you what it is now," she replied angrily, "if you don't drop it, I'll pitch you out of the boat."

"Gentlemen," said Jenkins, with strong emotion, "I did not drop it; and I give you my word of honor, with a sudden shove she sent me flying into the water; then seizing the sculls, with a stroke or two she put several yards between us, and burst into a fit of laughter that fortunately prevented her from going any further. I swam up and climbed into the boat. 'Jenkins!' said I to myself, 'Revenge! revenge!' I disguised my feelings. 'I laughed—hideous mockery of mirth—I laughed. Pulled to the bank, went to the house and changed my clothes. When I appeared at the dinner table, I perceived that every one had been informed of my ducking—universal laughter greeted me. During dinner Fanny repeatedly whispered to her neighbor, and glanced at me. Smoothed laughter invariably followed. 'Jenkins!' said I, 'Revenge!' The opportunity soon offered. There was to be a balloon ascent from the lawn, and Fanny had tormented her father into letting her ascend with the aeronaut. I instantly took my plans, bribed the aeronaut to plead illness at the moment when the machine should have risen, learned from him the management of the balloon, though I understood that pretty well before, and calmly awaited the result. The day came. The weather was fine. The balloon was inflated. Fanny was in the car. Everything was ready, when the aeronaut suddenly fainted. He was carried into the house, and Sir George accompanied him to see that he was properly attended to. Fanny was in despair."

"Am I to lose my air expedition!" she exclaimed, leaning over the side of the car. "Some one understands the management of this thing, surely? Nobody! Tom!" she called out to me. "You understand it, don't you?"

"Perfectly!" I answered.

"Come along then!" she cried, "be quick; before papa comes back."

"The company in general endeavored to dissuade her from her project, but of course in vain. After a decent show of hesitation, I climbed into the car. The balloon was cast off, and rapidly sailed heavenwards. There was scarcely a breath of wind, and we rose almost straight up. We rose above the house, and she laughed and said,—

"How jolly!"

"We were higher than the highest trees, and she smiled, and said it was very kind of me to come with her. We were so high that the people below looked mere specks, and she hoped that I thoroughly understood the management of the balloon. Now was my time."

"I understand the going up part," I answered, "to come down is not so easy," and I whistled.

"What do you mean?" she cried.

"Why, when you want to go up faster, you throw some sand overboard," I replied, suiting the action to the word.

"Don't be foolish, Tom," she said, trying to appear quite calm and indifferent, but trembling unconsciously.

"Foolish!" I said. "Oh dear no! but whether I go along the ground or up in the air I like to go the pace, and so do you, Fanny, I know. Go it you cripples!" and over went another sand-bag.

"Why you're mad, surely, she whispered in utter terror, and tried to reach the bags, but I kept her back.

"Only with love, my dear," I answered, smiling pleasantly; "only with love for you. O Fanny, I adore you! say you will be my wife."

"I gave you an answer the other day," she replied; "one which I should have thought that you would have remembered, she added laughing a little, notwithstanding her terror."

"I remember it perfectly," I answered, "but I intend to have a different reply to that. You see those five sand-bags. I shall ask you five times to become my wife. Every time you refuse I will throw over a sand-bag—so lady fair, as the cabmen would say, reconsider your decision and consent to become Mrs. Jenkins."

"I won't," she said; "I never will! and let me tell you, that you are acting in a very ungentlemanly way to press me thus."

"You acted in a very ladylike way the other day, did you not, I rejoined, 'when you knocked me out of the boat?' She laughed again, for she was a plucky girl, and no mistake—a very plucky girl. "However," I went on, "its no good arguing about it—I will promise to give me your hand?"

"Never," she answered; "I'll go to Ursula Major first, though I've got a big enough bear here, in all conscience. Stay! You'd prefer Aquarius, wouldn't you?"

"She looked so pretty that I was almost inclined to let her off! I was only trying to frighten her of course—I knew how high we could go safely well enough, and how valuable the life of Jenkins was to his country; but resolution is one of the strong points of my character, and when I've begun a thing I like to carry it through, so I threw over another sand bag, and whistled the Dead March in Saul."

"Come, Mr. Jenkins," she said suddenly, "come, Tom, let us descend now, and I'll promise to say nothing whatever about all this."

"I continued the execution of the Dead March."

"But if you do not begin the descent at once I'll tell papa the moment I set foot on the ground."

"I laughed, seized another bag, and looked steadily at her, said—

"Will you promise to give me your hand?"

"I've answered you already," was the reply.

"Out went the sand, and the solemn notes of the Dead March resounded through the car."

"I thought you were a gentleman," said Fanny, rising up in a terrible rage from the bottom of the car, and looking perfectly beautiful in her wrath; "I thought you were a gentleman, but I find I was mistaken; why a chimney-sweeper would not treat a lady in such a way. Do you know that you are risking your own life as well as mine by your madness?"

"I explained that I adored her so much that to die in her company would be perfect bliss, so that I begged she would not consider my feelings at all. She dashed her beautiful hair from her face, and standing perfectly erect, looking like the Goddess of Anger or Beldice—if you can fancy that person in balloon—she said,—

"I command you to begin the descent this instant!"

"The Dead March whistled in a manner essentially gay and lively, was the only response. After a few minutes silence, I took up another bag, and said,—

"We are getting rather high, if you do not decide soon we shall have Mercury coming to tell us that we are trespassing—will you promise me your hand?"

"She sat in sulky silence in the bottom of the car. I threw over the sand. Then she tried another plan. Throwing herself upon her knees, and bursting into tears, she said,—

"Oh, forgive me for what I did the other day! It was very wrong, and I am very sorry. Take me home, and I will be a sister to you."

"Not a wife!" said I.

"I can't! I can't!" she answered.

"Over went the fourth bag, and I began to think she would beat me, after all, for I did not like the idea of going much higher. I would not give in just yet however. I whistled for a few moments, to give her time for reflection, and then said,—

"Fanny, they say that marriages are made in heaven—if you do not take care, our's will be solemnized there."

"I took up the fifth bag."

"Come," I said, "my wife in life, or my companion in death! Which is it to be?" and I patted the sand-bag in a cheerful manner. She held her face in her hands, but did not answer. I nursed the bag in my arms as if it had been a baby.

"Come, Fanny, give me your promise!"

"I could hear her sob. I'm the most soft-hearted creature breathing, and would not pain any living thing, and, I confess, she had beaten me. I forgave her the ducking; I forgave her for rejecting me. I was on the point of flinging the bag back into the car, and saying, 'Dearest Fanny, forgive me for frightening you. Marry whomsoever you will. Give your lovely hand to the lowest groom in your stables—send with your priceless beauty the Chief of the Pan-Ki-Yanki Indians. Whatever happens, Jenkins is your slave—your dog—your foot-stool. His duty, henceforth, is to go whithersoever you shall order—to do whatever you shall command. I was just on the point of saying this, I repeat, when Fanny suddenly looked up, and said, with a queerish expression upon her face,—

"You need not throw that last bag over. I promise to give you my hand!"

"With all your heart!" I asked quickly.

"With all my heart," she answered, with that same strange look.

"I tossed the bag into the bottom of the car, and opened the valve. The balloon descended."

"Gentlemen," said Jenkins, rising from his seat in the most solemn manner, and stretching out his hand, as if he were going to take an oath; "Gentlemen, will you believe it? When we reached the ground, and the balloon had been given over to its recovered master—when I helped Fanny tenderly to the earth, and turned towards her to receive anew the promise of her affection and her hand—will you believe it?—she gave me a box on the ear that upset me against the car, and running to her father, who at that moment came up, she related to him my disgraceful conduct in the balloon, and ended by informing me that all of her hand that I was likely to get had been already bestowed upon my ear, which she assured me had been given with all her heart."

"You villain!" said Sir George, advancing towards me, with a horse-rip in his hand. "You villain! I've a good mind to break this over your back."

"Sir George," said I, "villain and Jenkins must never be coupled in the same sentence; and as for the breaking of the whip, I'll relieve you of the trouble, and snatching it from his hand, I broke it in two, and threw the pieces on the ground. "And now I shall have the honor of wishing you good morning. Miss P—, I forgive you." And I retired.

"Now I ask you whether any specimen of female treachery equal to that has ever come within your experience, and whether any excuse can be made for such conduct?"

"As I said before, it's like the sex," said the second Marine.

"Yes, all mankind is seised by woman," said the third Marine.

"It's just my case over again," said the first Marine. "After drawing me on in that way—after gaining my affections in that treacherous manner, by Jove! sir, she goes and marries Blubber!"

Well, it does sound improbable, certainly—very improbable. But, I said before I began, that I would not guarantee the truth of it. Indeed, if you ask my candid opinion, I don't think that it is true; but yet the Marines believed it.

Pauline.

Pauline was an only daughter adopted by some worthy citizen of the Rue St. Honoré, Paris, who, having brought her up to the age of sixteen, had placed her in his shop—a perfume warehouse—to dispense his goods at the counter. Women in France are almost universally and practically heads of commercial establishments. The master of the house, when he does not lounge life away in a cafe, play billiards or cards half the day, or walk about like one living on his means, is contented to occupy a retired and dignified position, attending, not to sales, but to wholesale purchases. But such was not the case with M. Boulard, the adopted father of Pauline. Both he and his wife shared the labors of the shop together, he keeping the books while Pauline and Madame Boulard attended to the details. The young girl was very pretty and very modest, and her presence contributed not a little to the success of the business. The good couple, having no children of their own, had manifested their intention of making Pauline their heiress, and this added to the charm that hung over the perfumer's store.

Pauline had many lovers, a great many—as young ladies who are pretty, modest and virtuous are apt to have, especially when rich; for, although the world is not half so selfish and wicked as certain persons fancy, yet a grain of interested love will always peep out among the truest suitors. Two lovers were chiefly assiduous in their attentions—the one a rich shipkeeper of the same street; the other, a poor frolleur; both were young and tolerably good-looking, and very devoted in their attachment, and it would have been hard to say which was the most deserving. But Monsieur Alexis Laparant was rich and Jean Provost was poor. It will be readily understood that the parents of Pauline would not have hesitated in their choice; but they knew only of the affection of Alexis; that of Jean was concealed even from himself. Alexis came often to the house under one pretence or another, and was always favorably received. The Boulards were highly flattered at this preference; Pauline liked his frank open manners, and always greeted him with a smile. The frolleur—one who waxes and shines by means of rubbing the wooden floors of rooms—came to the house in the exercise of his trade. He always bowed low to Pauline, and asked her how she was; and even on her fête day had brought a single rose, which was gratefully received. Jean was also a commissioner, and ran on errands, and often came to the house to buy perfumes, soap, &c., for his employers, who, appreciating his honesty and desire for work, freely trusted him with purchases. How happily Jean was if Pauline only served him; and how gentle and respectful was his tone, and how little he concealed his happiness if she gave him a good natural word. Pauline could scarcely be blind to the open love of Alexis, or the concealed affection of the poor frolleur; but, however this may be, she said nothing and appeared to notice neither. But young Laparant had spoken to old Boulard and he to his wife, and his wife to the young girl, but she kissed her adopted moth-

er so affectionately, and said so gently that she wished not to leave home that the worthy woman was silent, and put off a little while any serious discussion of the matter.

Jean, meanwhile, became sober and thoughtful, he dared not hope, he dared not even think of making an offer; he a poor workman with uncertain means of livelihood, and so far beneath the position of her he loved. Had she been an unfriended orphan, without home, he would joyfully have offered his heart, and the only fortune he had—his honest labor. While thus depressed an event occurred which drove Pauline completely out of his thoughts.

One day he was sent for to wax the floors of a house near the Palais Royal, the apartments of which were generally devoted to the pleasure parties of the courtiers. Jean, who was well known and trusted, was told to wax the floor of every room then unoccupied. He obeyed, and soon found himself in a chamber of luxurious appearance, surrounded by pictures which told of rural love and happiness. Jean had seen them often before, but they had never affected him so much, and forgetting time, place and his duties, he leaned on the stick which held the wax and fell into deep thought. Suddenly he was startled by voices in the next room; a horrible sentence caught his ear, and justified his listening. Pale and terrified, he hearkened to every word, and moved not for fear of being discovered.

He had discovered an awful and frightful secret, and he was a dead man if found in that room, the ill-jointed waistcoat of which allowed everything in the next room to be distinctly heard. "What shall I do?" thought he to himself; "to-morrow is the fête day of St. Louis, I have no time to lose."

Jean left the room on tip-toe, and with the utmost caution; then, descending the stairs, he slipped to leave for dinner. No sooner was he clear of the house than he made for the Prefecture of Police, and entering the hotel asked to see the Lieutenant. The servants replied that he could not be seen. It was one o'clock and the fashionable Paris dinner hour of that day—now six hours later. Not a valet dare disturb M. de Bellisle from his meal; but Jean insisted, stormed, implored, and at last, as they seized him by the shoulders to put him out, cried, "Do not drive me out. I must see Monsieur de Bellisle; the King's life is in danger."

It was the eve of St. Louis, 1758, and the King was Louis XV. The servants hesitated, looked at one another, and an agent of police, struck by the man's tone, made them pause.

"Go, repeat his words to Monsieur le Lieutenant," said he, "and show this person in to his private cabinet."

Jean, recovering his breath, followed his guide, and soon found himself face to face with the magistrate, whose mien was severe and inquisitive, and even incredulous. He bade the frolleur sit down, and asked his business in a somewhat petulant tone—the tone of a man disturbed in the midst of his dinner.

"I come here," said Jean, firmly, "to inform you of a plot against the King's life."

"I am informed of such plots every day," replied the Prefect, who was used to pretended denunciations from persons aiming at exciting attention and getting money.— "But let me hear the details."

Jean related all that the reader knows, added that the attempt on the King's life was to be made that evening at the reception on the occasion of the eve of the fête St. Louis, when it was usual to present the monarch with bouquets of flowers. One of these was to contain a poison so subtle that the King, on smelling it, would fall as if struck with apoplexy. Bellisle looked at Jean. His mien was agitated; he was profoundly moved. His handsome and honest features were excited as if with deep indignation; the pallor of horror was on his countenance. But the Prefect of Police, remembering the pretended revelations of Le Tale and others, was still not wholly convinced.

"Are you sure," said he to Jean, "that you have heard what you tell me? Be careful. If you have done this from mere motives of cupidity, and invented a fable, you will pay dearly for it; the Bastille for life."

"Put me to the rack, if you please," cried Provost, "it will no longer alter my words. I repeat that the King is in danger. I will offer my life as security for my truth!"

"Enough. I believe you. We will go together to Versailles."

It was a very short time afterwards, when M. de Bellisle and Jean Provost entered the Palace of Versailles by the stairs of the Rue de Bouff, and arrived secretly at the King's private apartments. Every precaution was taken to conceal the presence of the Minister of Police from the courtiers, as thus the conspirators might guess the discovery of their atrocious plot.

Louis received the Lieutenant, and had with him a long and secret interview. In fact, they parted only when at eight o'clock the monarch went in the Hall of Treaties to receive the respectful homage of all the ambassadors and courtiers, who on this occasion were all received in state. The Lieutenant of Police joined Jean Provost, guarded in a private chamber by two exempts, and sat down to a hurried meal, in which he invited the frolleur to join him without ceremony.

Meanwhile Louis XV. had entered the Hall of Treaties, and seated himself upon his throne at the end of his apartment. Before him was a magnificent round mosaic table, given to Louis le Grand by the repub-

lic of Venice, and which was now destined to receive the splendid and rare bouquets offered on this occasion by the royal family, the grand officers of the household, and the members of the diplomatic corps to the King. The crowd was gay and gorgeous. Every variety of costume—rich, bright and resplendent—shone beneath the blaze of light, which showed off the brilliancy of the diamonds on the women. The King, who, despite his frivoly, had great courage, if not a fund of good sense, which, with other education, would have made him a different man, was by no means moved, but smiled graciously on Madame de Pompadour, and caressed his favorite spaniel, which sat upon a stool at her feet.

The ceremony commenced. The King, as was the custom, took the bouquets one by one, thanking every giver by some sprightly word. Pretending to play with the spaniel, and to repress its indiscreet caresses, he placed every bunch of flowers near the spaniel's nose, and then laid it on the mosaic table. Madame de Pompadour laughed, but hid her laughter with her fan.

"If it feel hurt!" said she, in a whisper.

"It is your spaniel, O queen," replied the King gallantly.

The foreign ministers had the precedence, and had presented all their bouquets. The members of the royal family came next.—The King took the bouquets from the nearest of the blood royal, who, afterwards, stepped back bowing. He held the flowers to the spaniel's nose; the poor brute snuffed it, reeled, and fell dead!—Madame de Pompadour turned pale and would have shrieked, but the King had warned her by look.

"Not a word," whispered he; "it is nothing. Drop the folds of your dress over the poor animal; it has died to make true the saying, 'Son of a King—brother of a King—never King!'"

The ceremony proceeded, Louis XV. completely concealed his emotions, while Madame de Pompadour smothered her alarm and curiosity. As soon as all was over, the King retired to his chamber, and sent for the Lieutenant of Police, who at once was struck by his solemn manner.

"Am I to arrest the guilty?"

"You were correctly informed, Bellisle. Last year the dagger of Damien's, this time a bunch of flowers; and always from the same quarter. I cannot, nor ought I to punish. I order you to desist from inquiring into this mystery. Where is the man who saved me?"

"Close at hand, sire," replied the Lieutenant, who knew well whence the blow came, and also that it descended from too exalted a hand and too near a relative to be noticed.

"Bring him to me!"

"Am at your orders, sire," and the Lieutenant of Police bowed. M. de Bellisle was far too honest a man to do as his predecessors would have done—use the discovery, and kept all the credit to themselves.

"I have brought this young man with me, sire," continued Bellisle; "he is in the guard room, confused and alarmed at being in his rude working dress."

"So much the better," said the King; "it is at least an honest occupation. Bring him in, Monsieur de Bellisle; I will receive him better than I would a courtier."

Bertin de Bellisle went out, and returned leading the frolleur by the hand. Jean Provost—bold, stout fellow though he was—trembled, held down his head, and turned and twisted his cap in his hands, quite unaware that he was pulling it to pieces.

"Embrace your King," cried Louis XV. with a grateful tear in his eye; "this is your first reward."

"Sire," said Jean, falling on his knees; "I ask no reward but the feeling of having saved my Majesty."

"Come hither," and the King seized him and kissed him on both cheeks.

"I am unworthy such honor."

"What can I do for you?" asked Louis, who was capable of good emotions.

"I asked nothing, sire."

"But I insist. Whatever you may ask you shall have."

"If your Majesty could give me Pauline," whispered Jean Provost.

"O, O," laughed Louis XV., who was now once more himself again, "a rare affair. Come, the frolleur shall sup to-night with the King, whose life he has saved, and tell his story. Bellisle, send a coach for him in the morning, or rather come yourself. I will give you further instructions about this matter. But silence, my friend, not a word."

The Lieutenant of Police retired, and Louis XV., who was always delighted with novelty and an unexpected amusement, took the frolleur just as he was, to the Trianon, where he was to sup with Madame de Pompadour; and there, in the presence of the court favorites, made him tell his story, which Jean did with a naive truth and sincerity which deeply interested the King, used wholly to another atmosphere. Next morning Louis, after shaking Jean warmly by the hand and holding a private conference with Bellisle, said:

"You shall have a house in the park, my friend, near the Trianon. You shall be honorary head gardener, with a hundred louis a month for your salary, and every morning you shall bring me a bouquet. I shall thus never forget you, nor the cause which compels my everlasting gratitude."

Next morning, at an early hour, before the business of the day commenced, and while a porter was taking down the shutters of the shop, M. Boulard called his wife and

Pauline in his little office. The good man's air was grave and a little annoyed. He had gone out the previous evening, and returned at a late hour. Pauline had long since retired to rest, but M. Boulard had held a long conference with his wife. The excellent citizen spoke with animation, and not without a little anger, but finally cooled down before the soothing of his wife.

"Besides," said he triumphantly, "she can never hesitate. Bah! prefer a wretched frolleur to a substantial citizen—never."

"Pauline," began M. Boulard in the morning, "I have to speak seriously to you. It seems your marriage must be decided on at once, since high people have troubled themselves about it. But that I have spoken myself with the Minister of Police—I should think—never mind; I am not a fool. But of course I should be wrong. Well, Pauline, you must this morning decide. Two lovers are at your feet—Alexis and you will never believe it, Jean Provost, the frolleur! Isn't it ridiculous?"

"Dear father, excuse poor Jean," stammered Pauline.

"I knew you would forgive him, child. But now you must decide freely, of your own will between them. We have our wishes; but this is nothing; we leave you unbiased. Speak out like a good little girl, and speak frankly."

"But my dear father, I have no wish to marry."

"But, child, you must. You shall know the reason at another time. So now, child, you must speak out. Who is it to be—Alexis or Jean?"

"Must I speak now?" said Pauline blushing.

"Yes, child," said Madame Boulard, "it is absolutely necessary."

"Then, dear papa and dear mamma, if it is all the same to you, I like Alexis."

"Very well; but—love—Jean." And Pauline buried her pretty, blushing, pouting face in her hands.

The perfumer looked at his wife, his wife at him, and both cried, "I never could have thought it!"

"But," said Madame Boulard, resignedly, "perhaps it is for the best."

"Perhaps," replied Boulard, with a melancholy shake of the head. "O, woman, woman!"

A knock came to the door, and then Jean Provost entered, so well dressed, so proudly happy, so handsome, that all started.

"I am come to know my fate," cried he; but the rogue had heard the last words of the old couple through the half open door.

"She is yours," cried M. Boulard, with a sigh; "though what a poor frolleur can want with such a wife is more than I can imagine."

"I am not a poor frolleur," said Jean Provost; "I am an honorary head gardener of the royal garden of Versailles, with a hundred louis of a monthly income, and a house large enough to hold us all, if you will come and live with us, and sell your business.—That you may understand my sudden rise, I may tell you my new parents—but never repeat it,—that I have luckily saved the King, from the attempt of an obscure assassin, and that Louis XV. has shown his gratitude to the frolleur."

"Monsieur Jean—"

The young man smiled, he had never before called Monsieur before.

"Mon. Jean, here is my hand. We accept and are very glad, since Pauline loves you. It was for her sake that we hesitated. There, take her, and may you both be as happy as we have been; and the old man looked affectionately at his wife, and at the young couple, who had scarcely looked at one another.

They were married, and they were happy. They went down to Versailles to live in the house the King gave them, and lived there long after Louis XV.'s death, the place being kept for them by Louis XVI. Jean became gardener in reality; and for the eleven years that the King lived he never wanted a bouquet of some kind at the Palace of Versailles, and far more wonderful; he never forgot the action of the frolleur, nor ceased to bear it in grateful remembrance. At his death there were two who shed genuine tears, and cast many a garland on the tomb—and these were Jean Provost and Pauline his wife.

Old Stories.

We most of us tell old stories in our families. The wife and children laugh for the hundredth time at the joke. The old servants (though old servants are fewer every day) nod and smile a recognition of a well known anecdote. "Don't tell that story of Grouse in the gun-room," says Digory to Mr. Hardcastle in the play, "or I must laugh." As we twiddle, and grow old and forgetful, we may tell an old story; or, out of mere benevolence, and a wish to amuse a friend when conversation is flagging, disinter a Joe Miller now and then; but the practice is not quite honest, and entails a certain necessity of hypocrisy on story hearers and tellers. It is a sad thing to think a man, with what you call a fund of anecdote in a hump, more or less amiable and pleasant. What right have I to tell my "Grouse and the gunroom" over and over in the presence of my wife, mother, mother-in-law, sons, daughters, old footman or parlor maid, confidential clerk, courtier, or what not? I mimic Jones' grin, Hobbs' squint, Brown's stammer, Grady's brogue, Sandy's Scotch accent, to the best of my power; and the family