# THE COLUMBIA SPY.

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

VOLUME XXXIII, NUMBER 20.] COLUMBIA, PENNSYLVANIA, SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 14, 1861. [WHOLE NUMBER 1,634.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

*Office in Carpet Hall, North-west corner of Front and Locust streets.*

**Terms of Subscription.**

One Copy per annum, if paid in advance. $1 50
" " if not paid within three months from commencement of the year, 2 00

**4 Cents a copy.**

No subscription received for a less time than six months; and no paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publisher.

☞ Money may be remitted by mail at the publisher's risk.

**Rates of Advertising.**

1 square [16 lines] one week, $0 38
" three weeks, 75
" each subsequent insertion, 10
[12 lines] one week 50
" three weeks, 1 00
" each subsequent insertion. 25

Larger advertisements in proportion

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


## Poetry.

### The Memory of Monboddo.

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG.

AIR—*The Looking Glass.*

1.

'Tis strange how men and things revive,
Though laid beneath the sod, O!
I sometimes think I see alive
Our good old friend Monboddo!
His views when forth at first they came,
Appeared a little odd, O!
But now we've notions much the same;
We're back to old Monboddo.

2.

The rise of man he loved to trace
Up to the very pod, O!
And in baboons our parent race
Was found by old Monboddo.
Their A B C he made them speak,
Then learn their *Qui, quæ quod*, O!
Till Hebrew, Latin, Welsh, and Greek
They knew as well's Monboddo.

3.

The thought that men had once had tails
Caused many a grin full broad, O!
And why in us that feature fails,
Was asked of old Monboddo.
He showed that sitting on the rump,
While at our work we plod, O!
Would wear th' appendage to the stump
As close as in Monboddo.

4

Alas! the good lord little knew,
As this strange ground he trod, O!
That others would in path pursue,
And never name Monboddo!
Such folks should have their tails restored,
And thereon feel the rod, O!
For having thus the fame ignored
That's due to old Monboddo.

5.

Though Darwin may proclaim the law,
And spread it far abroad, O!
The man who first the secret saw,
Was honest old Monboddo.
The Architect precedence takes
Of him that bears the hod, O!
So up and at them, Land of Cakes!
We'll vindicate Monboddo.

6.

The Scotchman who would grudge his praise,
Must be a senseless clod, O!
A monument then let us raise,
To honor old Monboddo
Let Noel Paton make the plan,
While Rogers* gives the nod O!
A monkey changing to a man!
In memory of Monboddo.

NOTE.—Johnson thus describes Lord Monboddo to Mrs. Thrale: "He is a Scotch judge, who has lately written a strange book about the origin of Language, in which he traces the monkeys up to men, and says that in some countries the human species have tails like other beasts.—BOSWELL's *Life of Johnson*, Vol. iv p. 73, note. [*Blackwood's Magazine*

*The reverend "getter up" of the Wallace Monument, etc., etc.

### Fallen Leaves.

Weary, the cloud droopeth down from the sky,
Dreary, the leaf lieth low;
All things must come to the earth by-and-by,
Out of which all things grow.

Let the wild wind shriek and whistle
Down aisles of leafless wood,
In our garden let the thistle
Start where the rose tree stood;
Let the rotting mass fall rotten
With rain-drops from the leaves,
Let the dead Past lie forgotten
In his grave with the yellow leaves.

Weary the cloud droopeth down from the sky.
Dreary, the leaf lieth low;
All things must come to the earth by-and-by,
Out of which all things grow.

And again the hawthorn pale
Shall blossom sweet in the spring;
And again the nightingale
In the blue nights shall sing;
And seas of the wind shall wave
In the light of the golden grain;
But the love that is gone to the grave
Shall never return again.

Weary, the cloud droopeth down from the sky,
Dreary, the leaf lieth low,
All things must come to the earth by-and-by,
Out of which all things grow.

[*All the Year Round*

## Selections.

### The Tete Noire, at Mauconseil.

It happened that at one period of my life the path of my destiny lay along the highways and byways of France, and that I had occasion to make frequent stoppages at common French roadside cabarets—that kind of tavern which has a very bad name in French books and French plays. I had engaged myself in an undertaking which rendered such journeys necessary. A very old friend of mine had recently established himself at Paris in a wholesale commercial enterprise, into the nature of which it is not necessary for our present purpose to enter. He had proposed to me a certain share in the undertaking, and one of the duties of my post was to involve occasional journeys among the smaller towns and villages of France, with the view of establishing agencies and opening connections. My friend had applied to me to undertake this function, rather than to a native, feeling that he could trust me better than a stranger. He knew also that, in consequence of my having been half my life at school in France, my knowledge of the language would be sufficient for every purpose that could be required.

I accepted my friend's proposal, and entered with such energy as I could command upon my new mode of life. Sometimes my journeyings from place to place were accomplished by means of the railroad, or other public conveyance: but there were other occasions, and these I liked the best, when it was necessary I should go to out-of-the way places, and by such cross roads as rendered it more convenient for me to travel with a horse and carriage of my own. My carriage was a kind of phaeton without a coach-box, with a leather hood that would put up and down; and there was plenty of room at the back for such specimens or samples of goods as it was necessary that I should carry with me. For my horse—it was absolutely indespensable that it should be an animal of some value, as no horse but a very good one would be capable of performing the long courses, day after day, which my mode of traveling rendered necessary. He cost me two thousand francs, and was any thing but dear at that price.

Many were the journeys that we performed together over the broad acres of beautiful France. Many were the hotels, many the auberges, many the bad dinners, many the damp beds, and many the fleas which I encountered *en route*. Many were the dull old fortified towns over whose drawbridges I rolled; many the still more dull old towns without fortifications and without drawbridges, at which my avocations made it necessary for me to halt.

On the morning when I was to start from the town of Doulaise, with the intention of sleeping at Francy le Grand, I was an hour later in commencing my journey than I ought to have been. It was because on that morning, to use a popular expression, everything went wrong. So it was an hour later than it ought to have been, when I drew up the sheep-skin lining of my carriage apron over my legs, and established my little dog comfortably on the seat beside me, set off on my journey. In all my expeditions I was accompanied by a favorite terrier of mine, which I had brought with me from England. I never traveled without her, and found her a companion.

It was a miserable day in the month of October. A perfectly gray sky, with white gleams about the horizon, gave unmistakable evidence that the small drizzle which was falling would continue for four and twenty hours at least. It was cold and cheerless weather, and on the deserted road I was pursuing there was scarcely a human being (unless it was an occasional cantonnier,* or road mender) to break the solitude. A deserted way indeed, with poplars on each side of it, which had turned yellow in the autumn, and had shed their leaves in abundance all across the road, so that my mare's footstep had quite a muffled sound as she trampled them under her hoofs. Widely extending flats spread out on either side till the view was lost in an inconceivably melancholy scene, and the road itself was so perfectly strait that you could see something like ten miles of it diminishing to a point in front of you, while a similar view was visible through the little window at the back of the carriage.

In the hurry of the morning's departure I had omitted to enquire, as I generally did in traveling an unknown road, at which village it would be best for me to stop, about noon, to bait, and what was the name of the most respectable house of public entertainment in my way; so that when I arrived, between twelve and one o'clock, at a certain place where four roads met, and when at one of the corners formed by their union I saw a great bear-looking inn, with the sign of the Tete Noire swinging in front, I had nothing for it but to put up there, without knowing anything of the character of the house.

The look of the place did not please me it was a great, bare, uninhabited looking house, which seemed much larger than necessary, and presented a black and dirty appearance, which, considering the distance from any town it was difficult to account for. All the doors and all the windows were shut; there was no sign of any living creature about the place; and niche I into the wall above the principle entrance was a grim and ghastly-looking life size figure of a Saint. For a moment I hesitated whether I should turn into the open gates of the stable-yard, or go further in search of some more attractive halting-place. But my mare was tired, I was more than half-way on my road, and this would be the best division of the journey.

There were no more signs of life in the interior of the yard than were presented by the external aspect of the house as it fronted the road. Everything seems shut up. All the stables and outhouses were characterized by closed doors, without so much as a straw clinging to their thresholds to indicate that these buildings were sometimes put to a practical use. I saw no manure strewed about the place, and no living creature; no pigs, no ducks, no fouls. It was perfectly still and quiet, and as it was one of those days when a fine small rain descends quite straight, without a breath of air to drive it one way or the other, the silence was complete and distressing. I gave a loud shout, and began undoing the harness while my summons was taking effect.

The first person whom the sound of my voice appeared to have reached was a small but precocious boy, who opened a door in the back of the house, and descending the flight of steps which led to it, approached to aid me in the task. I was just undoing the final buckle on my side of the harness, when, happening to turn round, I discovered, standing close behind me, a personage who had approached so quietly that it would have been a confusing thing to find him so near even if there had been nothing in his appearance which was calculated to startle one.—He was the most ill-looking man that it was ever my fortune to behold. Nearer fifty than any other age I could give him, his dry, spare nature, had kept him as light and active as a restless boy. An absence of flesh, however, was not the only want I felt to exist in the personal appearance of the landlord of the Tete Noire. There was a much more serious defect in him than this—a want of any hint of mercy, or conscience, or any accessible approach to the better side (if there was a better side) of the man's nature. When first I looked at his eyes, as he stood behind me in the open court, and as they rapidly glanced over the comely points of my horse, and thence to the packages inside my carriage, and the portmanteau strapped on in front of it—at that time the color of his eyes appeared to be of an almost orange tinge; but when, a minute afterward, we stood together in the dark stable, I noted that a kind of blue phosphore-escence gleamed upon their surface, veiling their real hue, and imparting to them a tigerish lustre. The moment when I remarked this, by-the-by, was when the organs I have been describing were fixed on the very large gold ring which I had not ceased to wear when I adopted my adventurous life, and which you may see on my finger now. There were two other things about this man that struck me. These were, a bald red projecting lump of flesh at the back of his head, and a deep scar, which a scrap of frouzy whiskers on his cheek wholly declined to conceal.

"A nasty day for a journey of pleasure," said the landlord, looking at me with a satirical smile.

"Perhaps it is *not* a journey of pleasure," I answered, dryly.

"We have few such travelers on the road now," said the evil faced man. "The railroads make the country a desert, and the roads are as wild as they were three hundred years ago."

"They are well enough," I answered carelessly, "for those who are obliged to travel by them. Nobody else, I should think would be likely to make use of them."

"Will you come into the house?" said the landlord, abruptly, looking me full in the face.

I never felt a stronger repugnance than I entertained towards the idea of entering this man's doors. Yet what other course was open to me? My mare was already half through the first instalment of her oats, so there was no more excuse for remaining in the stable. To take a walk in the drenching rain was out the question, and to remain in my caleche would have been a wrong indication of suspicion and mistrust. Besides, I had nothing since the morning's coffee, and I wanted something to eat and drink.—There was nothing to be done, but to accept my ill-looking friend's offer. He led the way up the flight of steps which gave access to the interior of the building.

The room in which I found myself on passing through the door at the top of these steps, was one of those rooms which an excess of light not only fails to enliven, but seems even to invest with an additional degree of gloom. There is *sometimes* this character about light, and I have seen before now a work house ward, and a barren school-room, which have owed a good share of their melancholy to an immoderate amount of cold gray daylight. This room, then, into which I was shown, was one of those which, on a wet day, seemed several degrees lighter than the open air. Of course it could not be really lighter than the thing that lit it, but it seemed so. It also appeared larger than the whole out-door world: and this, certainly, could not be either, but seemed so. Vast as it was, there appeared through two glass doors in one of the walls another apartment of similar dimensions. It was not a square room, nor an oblong room, but was smaller at one end than at the other—a phenomenon which, as you have very likely observed, has always an unpleasant effect. The billiard table, which stood in the middle of the apartment, though really of the usual size, looked quite a trifling piece of furniture; and as to the other tables, which were planted sparingly here and there for purposes of refreshment, they were quite lost in the immensity of space about them. A cupboard, a rack of billiard cues, a marking board, and a print of the murder of the Archbishop of Paris in a black frame, alone broke the uniformity of wall. The ceiling, as far as one could judge of anything at that altitude, appeared to be traversed by an enormous beam with rings fastened into it adapted for suicidal purposes, and splashed with the white-wash with which the ceiling itself and the walls had just been decorated. Even my little terrier, whom I had been obliged to take up in my arms on account of the disposition she had manifested to fly at the shins of our detested landlord, looked round with a gaze of horror as I set her down, and trembled and shivered as if she would come out of her skin.

"And so you don't like him, Nelly? and your little beads of eyes, that look up at me from under that hairy pent-house, with nothing but love in them, are all ablaze with fury when turned upon his sinister face? And how did he get that scar, Nelly? Did he get it when he slaughtered his last traveler? And what do you think of the back of his head, my dog? What do you think he's about now, eh? What mischief do you think he's hatching? Don't you wish you were sitting by my side in the caleche, and that we were out on the free road again?"

To all these questions and remarks my little companion replied very intelligibly by faint thumpings of the ground with her tail, and by certain flutterings of her ears, which, from long habits of intercourse, I understood very well to mean that whatever my opinion might be she coincided in it.

I had ordered an omelet and some wine when I first entered the house, and as I now sat waiting for it, I observed that my landlord would every now and then leave what he was about in the other room—where I concluded that he was engaged preparing my meal—and would peer at me furtively through the glass doors which connected the room I was in with that in which he was Once, too, I heard him go out, and felt sure that he had retired to the stables, to examine more minutely the value of my horse and carriage.

I took it into my head that my landlord was a desperate rogue; that his business was not sufficient to support him; that he had remarked that I was in possession of a very valuable horse, a carriage which would fetch something, and a quantity of luggage in which there were probably articles of price. I had other things of worth about my person, including a sum of money, without which I could not be traveling about, as he saw me, from place to place.

While my mind was amusing itself with these cheerful reflections a little girl, of about twelve years old, entered the room through the glass doors, and, after honoring me with a long stare, went to the cupboard at the other end of the apartment, and, opening it with a bunch of keys which she brought with her in her hand, took out a small white paper packet, about four inches square, and retired with it by the way by which she had entered; still staring at me so diligently that, from want of proper attention to where she was going, she got (I am happy to state) a severe bump against the door as she passed through it. She was a horrid little girl this, with eyes that in shirking the necessity of looking straight at any body or any thing, had got at last to look only at her nose—finding it, probably, as bad a nose as could be met with, and therefore a congenial companion. She had, moreover, frizzly and fluey hair, was excessively dirty, and had a slow, crab like way of going along without looking at what she was about, which was very noisome and detestable.

It was not long before this young lady reappeared, bearing in her hand a plate containing the omelet, which she placed upon the table without going through the previous form of laying a cloth. She next cut an immense piece of bread from a loaf shaped like a ring, and having clapped this also down upon the dirtiest part of the table, and having further favored me with a wiped knife and fork, disappeared once more. She disppeared to fetch the wine. When this had been brought, and some water, the preparations for my feast were considered complete, and I was left to enjoy it alone.

I must not omit to mention that the horrid waiting maid appeared to excite as strong an antipathy in the breast of my little dog as that which my landlord himself had stirred up; and, I am happy to say, that as the child left the room I was obliged to interfere to prevent Nelly from harassing her retreating calves.

An experienced traveler soon learns that he must eat to support nature; closing his eyes, nose and ears to all suggestions. I set to work, then, at the omelet with energy, and at the tough, sour bread with good will, and had swallowed half a tumbler of wine and water, when a thought suddenly occurred to me which caused me to set the glass down upon the table. I had no sooner done this than I raised it again to my lips, took a fresh sip, rolled the liquid about in my mouth two or three times, and spat it out upon the floor. But I uttered, as I did so, in an audible tone, the monosyllable "Pooh!"

"Pooh! Nelly," I said, looking down at my dog, who was watching me intensely, with her head on one side—"pooh! Nelly," I repeated, "what frantic and inconceivable nonsense!"

And what was it that I thus stigmatized? What was it that had given me pause in the middle of my draught? What thought was it that caused me to set down my glass with half its contents remaining in it? It was a suspicion, driven straight and swift as an arrow into the innermost recesses of my soul, that the wine I had just been drinking, and which, contrary to my custom, I had mingled with water, was drugged!

There are some thoughts which, like noxious insects, come buzzing back into one's mind as often as we repulse them. We confute them in argument, prove them illogical, leave them not a leg to stand upon, and yet there they are the next moment as brisk as bees, and stronger on their pins than ever. It was just such a thought as this with which I had now to deal. It was well to say "Pooh!" it was well to remind myself that this was the nineteenth century, that I was not acting a part in a French melodrama, that such things as I was thinking of were only known in romances; it was well to argue that to set a respectable man down as a murderer, because he had peculiar colored eyes and a scar upon his cheek, were ridiculous things to do. There seemed to be two separate parties within me: one possessed of great powers of argument and a cool judgment: the other, an irrational or opposition party, whose chief force consisted in a system of dogged assertion which all the arguments of the rational party were insufficient to put down.

It was not long before an additional force was imparted to the tactics of the irrational party, by certain symptoms which began to develop themselves in my internal organization, and which seemed favorable to the view of the case I was so anxious to refute. In spite of all my efforts to the contrary, I could not help feeling that some very remarkable sensations were slowly and gradually stealing over me. First of all, I began to find that I was a little at fault in my system of calculating distances: so that when I took up any object and attempted to replace it on the table, I either brought it into contact with the article of furniture with a crash, in consequence of conceiving it to be lower than it was; or else, imagining that the table was several inches nearer to the ceiling than was the case, I abandoned whatever I held in my hand sooner than I should, and found that I was confiding it to space. Then, again, my head felt light upon my shoulders, there was a slight tingling in my hands, and a sense that they, as well as my feet (which were very cold) were swelling to a gigantic size, and were also surrounded with numerous rapidly revolving wheels of a light structure, like Catherine wheels previous to ignition. It also appeared to me that when I spoke to my dog my voice had a curious sound, and my words were very imperfectly articulated.

It would happen, too, that when I looked toward the glass doors, my landlord was there, peering at me through the muslin curtains or the horrid little girl would enter, with no obvious intention, and having loitered for a little time about the room, would leave it again. At length the landlord himself came in, and coolly walking up to the table at which I was seated, glanced at the hardly tasted wine before me.

"It would appear that the wine of the country is not to your taste," he said.

"It is good enough," I answered, as carelessly as I could; the words sounding to me as if they were uttered inside the cupola of St. Paul's, and were conveyed by iron tubes to the place I occupied.

I was in a strange state—perfectly conscious, but imperfectly able to control my thoughts, my words, my actions. I believe my landlord stood staring down at me as I sat staring up at him, and watching the Catherine wheels as they revolved round his eyes, and nose and chin; they seemed absolutely to *fizz* when they got to the scar on his cheek.

At this time a noisy party entered the main room of the auberge, which I have described as being visible through the glass doors, and the landlord had to leave me for a time to go and attend to them. I think I must have fallen into a slight and strongly resisted doze, and that when I started out of it, it was in consequence of the violent barking of my terrier. The landlord was in the room; he was just unlocking the cupboard from which the little girl had taken the paper parcel. He took out just such another paper parcel, and returned again through the doors. As he did so, I remember stupidly wondering what had become of the little girl. Presently his evil face appeared again at the door.

"I am going to prepare the coffee," said the landlord; "perhaps Monsieur will like it better than the wine."

As the man disappeared I started suddenly and violently upon my feet. I could deceive myself no longer. My thoughts were like lightning. The wine having been taken in so small a quantity and so profusely mixed with water, has done its work (as this man can see) but imperfectly. The coffee will finish that work. He is now preparing it. The cupboard, the little parcel—there can be no doubt. I will leave this place while I yet can. Now or never; if those men whose voices I hear in the other room leave the house it will be too late.—With so many witnesses no attempt can be made to prevent my departure. I *will* not sleep—I *will* act—I *will* force my muscles to their work, and get away from this place."

In compensation for a set of nerves of distressing sensitiveness, I have received from nature a remarkable power of controlling my feelings for a time. I staggered to the door, closing it after me more violently than I had intended, and descended—the fresh air making me feel very giddy—into the yard.

As I went down the steps I saw the truculent little girl of whom I have already spoken entering the yard, followed by a blacksmith, carrying a hammer and some other implements of his trade. Catching sight of me, the little girl spoke quickly to the blacksmith, and in an instant they both changed their course, which was directed toward the stable, and entered an outhouse on the other side of the yard. The thought entered my head that this man had been sent for to drive a nail into my horse's foot, so that in the event of the drugged wine failing, I might still be unable to proceed. This horrible idea lent new force to my exertions. I seized the shafts of my carriage and commenced dragging it out of the yard and round to the front of the house, feeling that if it was once in the highway there would be less possibility of offering any impediment to my starting. I am conscious of having fallen twice to the ground in my struggles to get the carriage out of the yard. Next, I hastened to the stable. My mare was still harnessed, with the exception of the head stall. I managed to get the bit into her mouth, and dragged her to the place where I had left the carriage. After I know not how many efforts to place the docile beast in the shafts—for I was as incapable of calculating distance as a drunken man—I recollect, but how I know not, securing the assistance of the boy I had seen. I was making a final effort to fasten the trace to its little pin, when a voice behind me said:

"Are you going away without drinking your coffee?"

I turned round and saw my landlord standing close beside me. He was watching my bungling efforts to secure the harness, but he made no movement to assist me.

"I do not want any coffee," I answered.

"No coffee, and no wine! It would appear that the gentleman is not a great drinker. You have not given your horse much of a rest," he added, presently.

"I am in haste. What have I to pay?"

"You will take something else," said the landlord; "a glass of brandy before starting in the wet?"

"No, nothing more. What have I to pay?"

"You will at least come in for an instant and warm your feet at the stove."

"No. Tell me at once how much I am to pay."

Baffled in all his efforts to get me again into the house, my detested landlord had nothing for it but to answer my demand.

"Four litres of oats," he muttered, "a half-truss of hay, breakfast, wine, coffee"—he emphasized the last two words with a malignant grin—"seven francs fifty centimes."

My mare was by this time somehow or other buckled into the shafts, and now I had to get out my purse to pay this demand. My hands were cold, my head was giddy, my sight was dim, and, as I brought out my purse (which was a porte monnaie, opening with a hinge). I managed while paying the bill to turn the purse over and to drop some gold pieces.

"Gold!" cried the boy who had been helping me to harness the horse: speaking as if by an irresistible impulse.

The landlord made a sudden dart at it, but instantly checked himself.

"People want plenty of gold," he said, "when they make a journey of pleasure."

I felt myself getting worse. I could not pick up the gold pieces as they lay on the ground. I fell on my knees, and my head bowed forward. I could not hit the place where a coin lay; I could see it but I could not guide my fingers to it. Still I did not yield. I got some of the money up, and the stable-boy, who was very officious in assisting me, gave me one or two pieces—to this day I don't know how many he kept. I cast a hasty glance around, and seeing no more gold on the ground, raised myself by a desperate effort and scrambled to my place in the carriage. I shook the reins instinctively and the mare began to move.

The well-trained beast was beginning to trot away as cleverly as usual, when a thought suddenly dashed into my brain, as will sometimes happen when we are just going to sleep—a thought which woke me up like a pistol shot, and caused me to spring forward and gather up the reins so violently as almost to bring the mare back upon her haunches.

"My dog, my dear little Nelly!" I had left her behind!

To abandon my little favorite was a thing that never entered my head. "No, I must return. I must go back to the horrible place I have just escaped from. He has seen my gold, too, now," I said to myself, as I turned my horse's head with many clumsy efforts; "the men who were drinking in the auberge are gone, and what is worse than all, I feel more under the influence of the drugs I have swallowed."

As I approached the auberge once more, I remember noticing that its walls looked blacker than ever, that the rain was falling more heavily, that the landlord and the stable-boy were on the steps of the inn, evidently on the lookout for me. One thing more I noticed—on the road a small speck, as of some vehicle nearing the place.

"I have come back for my dog," said I.

"I know nothing of your dog."

"It is false! I left her shut up in the inner room."

"Go there and find her, then," retorted the man throwing off all disguise.

"I will," was my answer.

I knew it was a trap to get me into the house; I knew I was lost if I entered it; but I did not care. I descended from the carriage. I clambered up the steps with the aid of the balusters, I heard the barking of my little Nelly as I passed through the outer room and approached the glass doors, steadying myself as I went by the articles of furniture in the room. I burst the doors open, and my favorite bounded into my arms.

And now I felt that it was too late. As I approached the door that opened to the road, I saw my carriage being led round to the back of the house, and the form of the landlord appeared in the door-way blocking up the passage. I made an effort to push past him, but it was useless. My little Nelly fell out of my arms on the steps outside; the landlord slammed the door heavily, and I fell, without sense or knowledge, at his feet

* * * * * * *

It was dark—dark and very cold. The little patch of sky I was looking up at had in it a marvelous number of stars, which would have looked bright but for a blazing planet which seemed to eclipse, in the absence of the moon, all the other luminaries round about it. To lie thus was, in spite of the cold, quite a luxurious sensation. As I turned my head to ease it a little (for it seemed to have been in this position some time), I felt stiff and weak. At this moment, too, I felt a stirring close beside me, and first a cold nose touching my hand, and then a hot tongue licking it. As to my other sensations, I was aware of a gentle rumbling sound, and I could feel that I was being carried slowly along, and that every now and then there was a slight jolt, one of which, perhaps, more marked than the rest, might be the cause of my being awake at all.

Presently, other matters began to dawn upon my mind through the medium of my senses. I could see the regular movement of a horse's ears walking in front of me: surely I saw, too, part of the figure of a man—a pair of sturdy shoulders, the hood of a coat, and a head with a wide awake hat upon it. I could hear the occasional sounds of encouragement which seemed to emanate from this figure, and which were addressed to the horse. I could hear the tinkling of bells upon the animal's neck.—Surely, too, I heard a rumbling sound behind us, and the tread of a horse's feet—just as if there were another vehicle following close upon us. Was there anything more? Yes, in the distance I was able to detect the twinkling of a light or two, as if a town were not far off. As I lay and observed all these things, there was such a languor like over my spirits, such a sense of utter but not unpleasant weakness, that I hardly cared to ask myself what it all meant, or to inquire where I was, or how I came there. A conviction that all was well with me lay like an anodyne upon my heart, and it was only slowly and gradually that any curiosity as to how I came to be so developed itself in my brain. I dare say we had been jogging along for a quarter of an hour, during which I had been perfectly conscious, before I struggled up into a sitting posture, and recognized the hooded back of the man at the horse's head.

"Dufay!"

The man with the hooded coat, who was walking by the side of the horse, suddenly cried out "Wo!" in a sturdy voice; then ran to the back of the carriage and cried out "Wo!" again; and then we came to a stand still. In another moment he had mounted on the step of the carriage and had taken me cordially by the hand.

"What," he said, "awake at last? Thank Heaven! I had almost begun to despair of you."

"My dear friend, what does all this mean? Where am I? Where did you come from? This is not my caleche; that is not my horse."

"Both are safe behind," said Dufay, heartily, "and having told you so much, I will not utter another word till you are safe and warm at the Lion d'Or. There are the lights of the town. Now, not another word." And pulling the horse-cloth under which I was lying more closely over me, my friend dismounted from the step, started the vehicle with the customary cry of "Allons donc!" and a crack of the whip, and we were soon once more in motion.

Castaing Dufay was a man into whose company circumstances had thrown me very often, and with whom I had become intimate from choice. Of the numerous class to which he belonged, those men whose sturdy vehicles and sturdier horses are to be seen standing in the yards and stables of all the inns in provincial France—the class of the commis-voyageurs, or French commercial travelers—Castaing Dufay was more than a favorable specimen. I was very fond of him. In the course of our intimacy I had been fortunate enough to have the opportunity of being useful to him in matters of some importance. I think we like those we have served quite as well as they like us.

The town lights were, indeed close by, and it was not long before we turned into the yard of the Lion d'Or, and found ourselves in the midst of warmth and brightness, and surrounded by faces which, after the dangers I had passed through, looked perfectly angelic.

I had no idea, till I attempted to move, how weak and dazed I was. I was too far gone for dinner. A bed and a fire were the only things I coveted, and I was soon in possession of both.

I was no sooner snugly ensconced, with my head on the pillow, watching the crackling logs as the sparkled—my little Nelly lying outside the counterpane—than my friend seated himself beside me, and volunteered to relieve my curiosity as to the circumstances of my escape from the Tete Noire. It was now my turn to refuse to listen, as it had been his before to refuse to speak.

"Not one word," I said, "till you have had a good dinner, after which you will come up and sit beside me, and tell me all I am longing to know. And stay—you will do one thing more for me, I know; when you come up you will bring a plateful of bones for Nelly; she will not leave me to-night, I swear, to save herself from starving."

"She deserves some dinner," said Dufay, as he left the room, "for I think it is through her instrumentality that you are alive at this moment."

The bliss in which I lay after Dufay had left the room is known only to those who have passed through some great danger, or who, at least, are newly relieved from some condition of severe and protracted suffering. It was a state of perfect repose and happiness.

When my friend came back he brought—not only a plate of fowl-bones for Nelly, but a basin of soup for me. When I had finished lapping it up, and while Nelly was still crunching the bones, Dufay spoke as follows:

"I said, just now, that it was to your little dog you owe the preservation of your life, and must now tell you how it was.—You remember that you left Doulaise this morning"——

"It seems a week ago," I interrupted.

"This morning," continued Dufay.—"Well, you were hardly out of the inn yard before I drove into it, having made a small stage before breakfast. I heard where you were gone, and as I was going that way too, I determined to give my horse a rest of a couple of hours, while I breakfasted and transacted some business in the town, and then to set off after you. 'Have you any idea,' I said, as I left the inn at Doulaise, 'whether Monsieur meant to stop *en route*, and if so, where?' The garcon did not know. 'Let me see,' I said, 'the Tete Noire at Mauconseil would be a likely place, wouldn't it?' 'No,' said the boy; 'the house does not enjoy a good character, and no one from there ever stops there.' 'Well, said I, thinking no more of what he said, 'I shall be sure to find him. I will inquire after him as I go along.'

"The afternoon was getting on when I came within sight of the inn of the Tete Noire. As you know, I am a little near-sighted, but I saw, as I drew near the auberge, that a conveyance of some kind was being taken round to the yard at the back of the house. This circumstance, however, I should have paid no attention to, had not my notice been suddenly caught by the violent barking of a dog, which seemed to be trying to gain admittance at the closed door of the inn. At a second glance I knew the dog to be yours. Pulling up my horse, I got down and ascended the steps of the auberge. One sniff at my shins was enough to convince Nelly that a friend was at hand, and her excitement as I approached the door was frantic.

"On my entering the house I did not at first see you, but, on looking in the direction toward which your dog had hastened as soon as the door was opened, I saw a dark wooden staircase which led out of one corner of the apartment I was standing in. I saw, also, that you, my friend, were being dragged up the stairs in the arms of a very ill-looking man, assisted by (if possible) a still more ill-looking little girl, who had charge of your legs. At sight of me the man deposited you upon the stairs, and advanced to meet me.

"'What are you doing with that gentleman?' I asked.

"'He is unwell,' replied the ill-looking man, 'and I am helping him up stairs to bed.'

"'That gentleman is a friend of mine. What is the meaning of his being in this state?'

"'How should I know?' was the answer; 'I am not the guardian of the gentleman's health.'

"'Well, then, I *am*,' said I, approaching the place where you were lying; 'and I prescribe, to begin with, that he shall leave this place at once.'

"'I must own,'" continued Dufay, "that you were looking horribly ill, and as I bent over and felt your hardly flattering pulse, I felt for a moment doubtful whether it was safe to move you. However, I determined to risk it.

"'Will you help me,' I said, 'to move this gentleman to his carriage?'

"'No,' replied ruffian, 'he is not fit to travel. Besides, what right have you over him?'

"'The right of being his friend.'

"'How do I know that?'

"'Because I tell you so. See! his dog knows me.'

"'And suppose I decline to accept that as evidence, and refuse to let this gentleman leave my house in his present state of health?'

"'You dare not do it.'

"'Why?'

"'Because,' I answered, slowly, 'I should go to the gendarmerie, in the village, and mention under what suspicious circumstances I found my friend here, and because your house has not the best of characters.'

"The man was silent for a moment, as if a little baffled. He seemed, however, determined to try once more.

"'And suppose I close my doors, and decline to let either of you go; what is to prevent me?'

"'In the first place,' I answered, 'I will effectually prevent your detaining me single-handed. If you have assistance near, I am expected to-night at Francy, and if I do not arrive there, I shall soon be sought out. It was known that I left Doulaise this morning, and most people are aware that there is an auberge on the road which does not bear the best of reputations, and that its name is La Tete Noire. *Now*, will you help me?'

"'No,' replied the savage. 'I will have nothing to do with the affair.'

"'It was not an easy task to drag you, without assistance, from the place where you were lying, out into the open air, down the steps, and to put you into my conveyance, which was standing outside; but I managed to do it. The next thing I had to accomplish was the feat of driving two carriages and two horses single-handed. I could see only one way of managing this. I led my own horse round to the gate of the stable-yard, where I could keep my eye upon him, while I went in search of your horse and carriage, which I had to get right without assistance. It was done at last. I fastened your horse's head by a halter to the back of my carriage, and then, leading my own beast by the bridle, I managed to start the procession. And so (though only at a foot-pace) we turned our backs upon the Tete Noire. And now you know everything."

"I feel, Castaing, as if I should never be able to think of this adventure, or to speak of it again. It wears, somehow or other, such a ghastly aspect, that I sicken at the mere memory of it."

"Not a bit of it," said Dufay, cheerily; "you will live to tell it as a stirring tale, some winter night, take my word for it."

### Horse Stealing in Algeria.

The Arab who is projecting a master stroke, and intends selecting the handsomest out of a thousand steeds, usually comes in the course of the day to inspect the bivouac, although he is obliged to make his preliminary observations from a distance—from a very considerable distance, it may be. The natives, in fact are allowed to penetrate easily into the middle of an encampment, but they are almost always people of the neighborhood who form part of the expeditionary columns—such as camel-drivers, herdsmen, and pack-horse dealers, who have been hired for the transport of provisions. In the latter case, the Arab thief will be mistaken for one of the men employed. He will take good care that no one shall see him enter. His choice made, the rogue disappears till night. In order to return to the middle of the bivouac, he habitually divests himself of every item of clothing, and retains no other arm than a well-sharpened knife in a leather sheath, along with a strap across his body. He is also provided with a long rope of camel hair, which is twisted round his head like a turban. As soon as he has passed the first sentries, the thief is metamorphosed into a serpent; he crawls on continually without hurry, without noise, without any perceptible rustling. With his eyes fixed on the living objects whom he wish-