

# THE COLUMBIA SPY.

SAMUEL WRIGHT, Editor and Proprietor.

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## Poetry.

### Under the Cross.

I cannot, cannot say—  
Out of my breast and breaking heart—  
Storm driven along a thorn-set way,  
While blood drops start  
From every pore, as I drag on—  
"Thy will, O God, be done."

I cannot, in the wave  
Of my strange sorrow's fierce baptism,  
Look up to heaven, with spirit brave,  
With holy cheer;  
And while the whirling rite goes on,  
Murmur, "God's will be done."

I am not strong to bear  
This sudden blast of scorching breath,  
Which blossoms here in black despair,  
And life in death;  
I cannot say, without the sun,  
"My God, thy will be done."

I thought but yesterday,  
My will was one with God's dear will;  
And that it would be sweet to say—  
Whatever ill  
My happy state should smite upon—  
"Thy will, my God, be done."

But I was weak and wrong;  
Both weak of soul and wrong of heart;  
And pride above in me was strong,  
With cunning art  
To cheat me in the golden sun,  
To say, "God's will be done."

O shadow, dear and cold,  
That fights me out of foolish pride;  
O flood, that through my bosom rolled  
Its bitter tide;  
I said, till ye your power made known,  
"God's will, not mine, be done."

Now faint and sore afraid,  
Under my cross—heavy and rude—  
My idols in the ashes laid,  
Like ashes strewed,  
The holy words my pale lips shan—  
"O God, thy will be done."

Pity my woes, O God;  
And teach my will with thy warm breath;  
But in my trouble have thy rod,  
That quickens death;  
That my dead faith may feel thy sun,  
And say, "Thy will be done."  
[W. Y. Ezemir.]

### Under the Ice.

Under the ice the water runs;  
Under the ice our spirits lie;  
The gentle glow of the summer sun  
Shall cheer our fetters by and by.  
Moon and stars in thy prison cold,  
River of life—river of love;  
The winter is growing woe and old,  
The frost is leaving the melting mould,  
And the sun shines bright above.

Under the ice, under the snow,  
Our lives are bound in a crystal ring;  
By and by will the South winds blow,  
And all the roses bloom on the banks of Spring.  
Moon and stars in thy prison cold,  
River of life—river of love;  
The winter is growing woe and old,  
The frost is leaving the melting mould,  
And the sun shines bright above.

Under the ice our souls are hid;  
Under the ice our good deeds grow;  
Men but credit the wrong we did,  
Never the motives that lay below.  
Moon and stars in thy prison cold,  
River of life—river of love;  
The winter is growing woe and old,  
The frost is leaving the melting mould,  
And the sun shines bright above.

## Selections.

### The Mystery of Miss Marsh's Lodger.

A TALK OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

Since the expiration of Miss Marsh's occupancy, scores of tenants have come in and gone out of 14 Great Rumball street. Just now one would be puzzled to say who is the representative tenant, it is let out to so many divisions of handicrafts, all asserting their respective claims to the portion of door posts where their bells are ranged one above the other; and the door itself—where the French polisher in the parlor, the working jeweler in the first floor, and the dress and pelisse maker in the second, announce themselves in zinc; all, I should think, with more than their full complement of offspring, to argue from the children that twing upon the railings and play upon the door-steps, and generally harass the skirts of the house. But in Miss Marsh's time it was so different. That was, as I said, very many years ago. Then it was all so trim and tidy.—The windows shone. The old-fashioned balsams and mignonette from the sills blossomed kindly out upon the street. The blinds hung straight and snowy. The brass knocker and door-knob were stainlessly radiant. It was a positive pleasure to see rosy-checked Marian come, in her clean cap and rough black apron, with clinking pail and

twirling mop, to wash the steps in a morning and slush and polish every speck away. That was what old Mrs. Withers, who lived opposite, said; and she ought to have known if any one did, for she passed her life sitting in her easy chair, knitting, and looking out of the window at the world of Great Rumball street.

I do not think if Mrs. Withers' spectacles had been of twenty times stronger magnifying power they could have seen anything to disapprove in her neighbor's arrangements. All was so frugal, and cleanly, and patent to society. From six o'clock in the morning, when the window of Miss Marsh's bedroom was opened to the cheerful early sunshine, to ten at night, when her candle was extinguished, you might almost read her daily life of simple industry on the other side of the walls—at least in so far as any one can read any one else's daily life. But amongst other things which Mrs. Withers, and the world in general, saw in the course of time, was a change in Miss Marsh's circumstances—long suspected, but openly announced one day by a flag of distress in the parlor window, bearing the legend, "Apartments to let!" and, in the course of time also, they witnessed the arrival of Miss Marsh's lodger.

I think, in a general way, householders are disposed to resent the existence of lodgers as a class—are disposed to view them with suspicion and treat them with rigor. So, in proportion to the good will felt by Great Rumball street to No. 14 was its distaste to the newly-installed "first floor." He was a young man. He was a medical student. He was a fine, strapping fellow. Given all these premises, would not the fair deduction be late hours—rollicking—dissipation—extravagance? Decidedly, Miss Marsh was imprudent, to say the least of it, to take such an occupant under her quiet, orderly roof—and with that young, good-looking servant too! Had it been an elderly lady now, or a blind gentleman, or, in fact, any one else—although she would have done better to have given up house-keeping altogether, and become a lodger herself.

So the little world of the street settled the affair of their neighbor for her, years upon years ago; just as the younger world of today arranges for another generation of neighbors—just as my affairs are decided for me, and yours settled for you.

For once, however, they were wrong; and whether right or wrong, as the popular manner is, having had their say out, they soon forgot all about the young man who had occasioned it—only to Miss Marsh, and to Miss Marsh's maid he became an object of daily increasing interest.

Every man is a hero to some woman; so, to these two, he became part of daily life—his breakfast, his fire, his boots, his bed, his books being made much of; just, only in lesser degree, as his mother, the clergyman's widow down amongst the Somerset orchards, and his young sister, and one other, talked of him, and prayed for him, and kept him in their simple, loving hearts. It was September when Ralph Sellwood entered upon his lodgings; and now it is May. All that time he had been studying hard in the schools of medicine he had come to town to attend, making way steadily, and becoming a favorite from a frank, genial good nature, which accorded well with his vigorous good health and light heart, and good looks. Many a day, after some jest of the moment had been uttered, or some boyish frank had been played, they were remembered, and thrown into the casting up of the sun. So much for the generalities of the young man's life.

On Sunday, the 14th of May, as the bells were ringing for morning prayers, Mr. Sellwood, coming down stairs, encountered at the open hall door his landlady dressed for church, and talking to a friend who had passed without, also on her way to the service. The fresh sunshine lit up the street. The sky was blue above. There were a thousand sweet odors of early summer in the air. A vision of the fragrant summer seized him, and smote him with the indefinable longing that every one has experienced—a longing to feel the foot on the greenward, and to bare the head to the pure breeze upon the hill! Miss Marsh, however, with all her kindly sympathies, would not have had one for such a want. The tender sky, and the cowslip meadow, and the blue bell bank in the wood, were things, so to speak, to be put decently out of sight and hearing, like the children's toys in the drawer, from Saturday till Monday. All this had often been discussed between young Sellwood and his landlady—on one side with railery, on the other with the nearest approach to acrimony that gentle nature was capable of. But he was in no mood for a lecture now; so, in reply to her question of which church he was going to, he said, on the spur of the moment, he was going to a friend at some distance, with whom he should remain to dine. Miss Marsh had then said neither would she return for the day, but would accept the invitation her acquaintance without had just been urging upon her, to go to hear a distant preacher and remain with her. As the young man passed out, she stepped back to tell her maid the change in her arrangements.

Ralph Sellwood was soon out of the streets—it did not take so long to leave them behind as now. The streams of people with prayer and hymn books, bound sedately to church and chapel, gradually declined into one or two late and hurried

stragglers. The bells had ceased, and as he passed here and there a place of worship he could hear the deep boom of the organ within, or the voices of the congregation singing some old psalm tune, that seemed like a faint echo coming back, muffled and indistinct, but familiar, from his boyhood. A morbid sense of isolation weighed down his buoyant nature as he strode on through the bright, and Sunday street—a yearning for home and the dear faces there, such as a child might feel, fell upon him with fierce impotence. As he stretched northwards away by the then country villages of Highgate and Hamstead, and sat down upon the wild Heath overlooking the great city, it was not London below that he saw with his vacant eyes, but the distant cottage with its peart-tree against the gable, and the jessamine around the porch, and the fragrant cabbage-roses and sweet lavender in the garden. It was his mother with her widow's dress that sat at the open window of the cool, low parlor, and his sister and young cousin, in their Sunday white frocks and blue ribbons, that paced up and down the path without, as he had so often seen them. Under that pure light gentle Memory took his hand, and opened many a long-closed chamber.

A clock rudely struck out the hour, and all the vision melted away. There was only the wild heath, and the woods, and the stern fact of London at his feet. He rose and stretched himself. He felt tired, and cross, and hungry, and in no mood for companionship. Instead, therefore, of seeking out any of his friends, as he had had some vague intention of doing, he bethought him of turning home again, and getting through an accumulation of work in writing out old notes of lectures which he had neglected. So, like a working-man he stepped out. There is nothing like a brisk walk for restoring the mental circulation. By the time he had got past the fields and gardens on to the flag-stones, he had left behind all the gloom and reverie of his morning's idle dreams, and was, through the elasticity of his nature, once more gay and sanguine as ever. As he got into his own neighborhood they were taking down the shutters from a public house much frequented by the students of the hospital, and where he was well known. There he turned in, and took a glass of ale and bread and cheese; and as the clock struck two let himself in with his latch-key at his lodgings.

Everything Ralph Sellwood did, whether it were work or play, he did in earnest, so he lost no time in dressing, but sitting down to his table, commenced putting into order the *dijecta membra* scattered through his note-book. He read and he wrote, he wrote and he read, on and on, fluently and clearly, interested in his subject, and with the indefinite, pervading glow of satisfaction which attends any kind of successful labor. The sunshine, which had streamed broadly down upon the floor of the room when he began, rose to the chairs, to the tables, to the walls—higher and higher till it vanished. The bells had again rung out their summons to evening prayer, and all was still. Closer and closer he bent to the task he had set himself for his day's work. It was a race between him and the fast-fading light. Not strain his eyes as he might, he could no longer see the faint pencil-marks to which he referred, and he wanted but a few lines more to finish all up! His lamp, ready trimmed, stood upon the dumb-waiter in the corner; but in those days lamps were not; it was the stern old regime of steel and tinder box, and the place of the fire in the grate was filled with the fragrant beaumont of Hawthorn and sweet-briar. Putting down his pen he rang his bell, therefore, for a candle, and sat waiting in the twilight. He rang again and again. He then bethought him that it was Sunday, and he had said he would not return—there was, probably, no one at home but himself, so he went down stairs to seek what he required. Everything in the underground kitchen was quiet, and so dark that for a moment he could not distinguish what was that monstrous heap yonder—only a terrible instinct made his heart stand still. In an instant he had stirred up the smouldering embers of the fire into something of a blaze, and had turned the purple, swollen face to its light. Oh, horror! There with protruding tongue, bitten through and dripping blood, with wild, staring, dead eyes, with fiercely clenched, blue hands, lay Marian, the pretty, fresh maid he had seen but a few hours before. It was the work of an instant to light a candle, to tear apart her dress, to take out his lancet and open the vein in her neck. Alas, no! The blood was still warm, but it had ceased to flow forever! Then, with a wild cry for help, Ralph Sellwood rushed into the street.

This was on the 14th of May. The Criminal Courts were then sitting, and, on the 11th of June following he was placed at the bar of the Old Bailey on the charge of "wilful murder."

There could not be a cleverer case deduced from circumstantial evidence. Read it, as it stands in those dark annals side by side with other cases, and you will see it fits in, piece by piece, to a complete mosaic, while many of them, considered sufficiently proved have here and there irreconcilable gaps of contradiction.

The crown prosecutor had not many witnesses to call. The barmaid at the tavern, who had served the prisoner with drink at half-past one (she remembered the hour by the doors having been just opened)—and the gentlewoman who from her opposite win-

dows had seen him enter the house with his latch-key as the clock struck two, were the principal ones. The person to whom Miss Marsh had been speaking in the morning also bore testimony to the young man having distinctly said he was engaged to spend the day at a distance, and to his having heard his landlady speak of her intention not to return till night. This Miss Marsh herself was obliged to confirm, and a cross-examination only strengthened the impression of the intimacy which had existed between the prisoner and the deceased.

Now for the aspect of the house. Everything was undisturbed. The plate gathered together in the basket was safe in its accustomed place. There was money lying open in the girl's work-box upon the dresser. The kitchen-table had been set for ten for two persons, and there stood also upon it a bottle of brandy, which was proved to belong to Mr. Sellwood. He had been seen to enter the house at two o'clock, and it was nearing eight when he called for assistance. What had he been doing in the interior? It was in vain to point to the mass of manuscript. That only referred to weeks and weeks past, as the date of the notes and evidence of the professors who delivered the lectures went to show. Nor could he attempt to prove having had any such engagement as he had spoken of.

As for the deceased, she was a quiet, reserved person from London, having no friends in the country. There was no question raised of "Death from natural causes." It was a palpable case of "murder," so palpable that Sellwood's counsel advised him as his best chance to plead guilty to the charge of "manslaughter;" but to this, as to every imputation of the crime, the young man, heart-broken and bewildered as he was, persisted to the last in returning an indignant insistence of his innocence.

Yes! to the last; and that was not very far off, for in those good old times there was but little fear of the sword of justice rusting in its scabbard. Barely six weeks had elapsed from the commission of the crime to that unclouded sweet summer morning when the unhappy lad made that dreary journey along Holborn and Oxford street, whose termination was Tyburn. There he was "hanged by the neck still he was dead," and Justice sheathed her sword, and rode home in her coach.

Thirty years after that Jane, when fine stuccoed houses were beginning to rise on the clearing of the ugly, fruitful Tyburn tree, and when Justice, no longer taking her morning drive westward, only made a good breakfast and took but one step to the adjoining scene of her triumphs, a relation of the jutter-down of these facts was jogging along the green lanes of their rural districts. He was thinking of turnips, or tithes or Sunday's sermon, or Monday's vestry meeting—of nothing, or anything, rather than what he was riding to hear. For, truth must be told, the best of vicars riding to visit a dying bed does not spur his beast, wildly and think of nothing; but his mission the call which the clergyman had received the night before as he paced, in the purple evening light, by the south wall of his garden, peacefully contemplating the strawberry beds and the mellowing green grapes, was one which often came to the vicarage—"A man was laid and wished to see the person."

He was lying at a house at the extreme end of the parish, a good four miles off, where he had lived as a farm servant for some time. He was now down with fever, and all his cry was for the minister. It was in compliance with this request, therefore, that the vicar mounted his mare next morning, and rode through the rich country, where the ripening fields of corn and the fragrant hay gave promise that the year should be crowned with plenty.

The mistress of the farm was a kind-hearted dame, well-esteemed by her relative, who generally had a crack with her on market-days, and who always saw her in her place at church, as became a decent woman. She now came out to meet him as he rode into the yard. "The sick man was still alive, but sinking fast. He had lived with them fourteen years come next Martinmas, and all that time had never so much as once crossed the church threshold. Some thought he was a Papist, and some a Jew; but he was very close, and nobody cared much to meddle with him. He was a steady, sober man, and could not be said to be the worse for liquor more than once or twice in the year. It was after one of these bouts he had fallen sick, a month or more ago." So the good woman gossiped.

The room in which the sick man lay was in a range of out buildings appropriated to the farm laborers. A glance at the ashen face, and tight, receding lips on the pillow of the truckle-bed, convinced the vicar that his hours were indeed numbered. At such diagnostic divinity is as skillful as physics. The door was closed, and they were alone—not a sound but the ticking of the clergyman's watch, and the buzz of the summer insects by the window. Then the sick man spoke, laboring in that sweat of his brow as he had never labored in all his hard life before.

"What day is it?"  
"It is Thursday, my friend," said the vicar; "Thursday, the 26th day of June."  
"That'll do. Sit down there; I've something I want to put down in writing."

Upon the table lay inkstand and paper ready prepared, and he sat down. I copy verbatim from the document he wrote at that bedside, taking down the words as they slowly fell from his dying lips:

"My name isn't John Gibson. My right name is Thomas Dell. My cousin's name was Marian Dell, and I was courting her a matter of five-and-thirty years ago. She went up to London to place, and I had a situation as helper in the stable at 'The Three Crowns.' When we had saved a bit of money we were to be married and take a public-house—but that was all talk. When she went away I got stupid like, and didn't care for nothing. I tried the Methodists, as I heard people say that did them good; but it didn't do me none. After that I broke clean out, and took to drink, and skittle-playing, and that finished by my losing my place. Then I rummaged about, and got from bad to worse; not because I was thinking of the young woman. I most clean forgot her, and I'm sure I didn't want her to think of me. If I'd a known she was coming down one street, I'd a gone up the other. I'd no character, and couldn't get no employment, so I went on the cross altogether.

I'd been in London a matter of two year, when, one day, who should I see but my young woman gain along with her basket. I knew her in a moment, and she knew me, for all the change in me, and though I hadn't a decent tick to my back. We was very good friends, and I often saw her after that. I used to watch for her when she went out of errands. I think if she'd of taken up with me again I'd have turned over a new leaf, but she seemed to have got proud and uppish; and whenever I talked of sweetheating she'd take herself off with a bounce, as though she wouldn't demean herself with the likes of me."

"It was somewhere about Christmas that I got into some trouble about a trifle, and got four months for it. When I came outside the gate I was in rags, and had only a few half pence in my pocket. My position was a most unpleasant one. I was in the wide world without a friend and without a character. I feared every constable I met was on the watch for me, although I had done nothing to care for. But yet I was afraid. I didn't know what to do, unless I went on the cross again. I hung about until Sunday, and was a most starved out. Then I thought I'd go and make a hole in the water, but that I'd just see the girl first.

"There was some stables running at the back of the house where she lived as servant. I'd been up there before, and see her cleaning the windows. When I got up there I found one right close where the bricklayers had been at work, and left open. I easy swung down, and crept under the wall of the back kitchen to see if she was there; but there wasn't a sign of her. Then I got a handful of ashes and heaved it at the window. In a moment she comes, and when she see me she looked quite white and scared, as though she'd fainted away. Then, without a word, she took me down into the kitchen. It was 'most like a parlor, and she was dressed for all the world like a lady, in a beautiful aprilled cotton gown. I've seed it often enough since then! We didn't say nothing much, but she set the tea and put out a bottle of liquor, and I took a good swig of it. I suppose it was my being so right down clammed that made it get up into my head. I felt as though I should like to shriek out and kiss her some! I says, 'Come, Mary, give us a kiss, my lass!' Then she rises up like a queen, and says, 'You wretched man, you'll never be no better than a jail-bird, and a disgrace to everybody belonging to you! Leave this house before any one comes into it, and never let me see your face no more.'

"Then my blood was up, and I began to reckon her about a young man that lodged in the house, and we got to high words.—Then I suppose the devil had right hold of me, for I caught her by the arm; but she hit me with the other hand. She was going to scream out, but I caught her by the throat. She was very strong in the arms and we had a cussel for it. While we was struggling the bell rang. I thought we was alone in the house, and I was most frantic mad; so I gave her a grip that did for her, and she only fetched one moan, and fell down straight off my hands. Then I was frightened, and all my strength seemed gone in a moment, and to run out of me in a cold sweat, like water. I heard steps coming down, and I had only barely time to hide in a coal-cellar at the foot of the stairs before the young man that lived in the house came down. He was a doctor, and he tried to bring her to, but 'twant no use. When the crowd come into the house I got mixed up with them, and nobody suspected me, for they'd all made up their minds the other young man had done it.

"I went to his trial, and I went to his execution. He was very genteel and pretty spoken. I got a place right under the scaffold, for I felt I must see the last of it. He was dressed all in black, with his hair tied with a blue ribbon—somebody said his sweetheart had sent it to him. When his arms were pinioned, he stood up facing the crowd, very pale, but quite composed, as if he was laid in his coffin, and he says, quite distinct: 'Good people, I go to meet my God innocent of this crime!' and, as I live, he looked straight at me with his shining eyes.

"His name was Mr. Ralph Sellwood, and the place where it happened was 14 Great Rumball street, London.

"After that, two or three times, I tried to make away with myself, but I couldn't.—Once the rope broke, but I've the welt of it on my neck now.

"On the 14th of every May, wherever I am, I see Marian Dell in her flowered gown; and on the 29th of June the young man!—The first year they appeared they wasn't so big as my little finger, but quite perfect, eyes and all. The next year they were as long as my hand, and every time they've been growing bigger. I shouldn't have minded so much if they was always the same. 'Twas no use getting drunk; I've tried that. This May I was mending a barrow in one of the sheds, and she come and stood looking in at the door. She was now just her natural size, and I knowed by that she'd never come no more.

"I feel I'm dying, and I solemnly declare every word of this confession is true.—John Gibson, his mark X.

Exhausted by the lengthened effort, the lids dropped over that dreadful long line of light seen under half-closed dying eyes; the fingers plucked feebly at the coverlet; the thickening speech became incoherent as he muttered fast. The clergyman stood, sadly, trying now and again to deliver his message of pardon and peace.

Suddenly, with a wild cry and outflung arms, he rose upon his feet in the bed, glared with a savage terror into vacancy, and—was gone!

Thirty years! Whose story lasts so long? To whom could orring Justice come now with a mournful acknowledgment of her mistake? Those heart-broken women whom it so cruelly concerned had long ago gone to the Source of all truth and justice. And as for the world—the world, buying and selling, marrying and giving in marriage, eating and drinking, and living the life of today; holds as little reckoning of that other world of a dead and gone generation, as the tenants that sleep, and rise, and sleep again, under the roof of the old Rumball street house, do of their predecessors more than half a century ago.

### Napoleon and the Rothschilds.

A great many stories have been told illustrating the comprehensive powers of the Rothschilds, but we recollect no instance more strikingly illustrative of such powers than that related of them in connection with the escape of Napoleon from Elba, and his march to Paris. The story is very well told in Sharp's Magazine for September 1845. Not having the book before us we shall attempt only the substance as it comes to us in memory:

It was about nine o'clock in the evening of March —, a number of clerks were busily engaged in the rooms of a celebrated banking house in Paris, preparing letters to be forwarded to different parts of Europe by the morning post. Suddenly the head of the house breaks in upon the scene and disturbs the monotony of the hour, his swarthy visage more swarthy by some apparent disturbing cause. The clerks look up surprised and astonished. (The house is that of the Rothschilds—the person, the re-side-t French partner.) He abruptly addressed them by stating the startling news just received in Paris, that Napoleon had left Elba and was on his way to Paris; that the Bourbon monarch was packing his crown jewels, and other valuables, preparatory to as hasty a departure as his immense fat would allow, and ending by exclaiming—

"The house of Rothschild is ruined! We have five millions in gold in the vaults. Napoleon will require it as a forced loan. Oh, that my brother in London was here! He is the genius of our house. He alone can save us."

In such a strain he continued alternately to address his clerks and to soliloquize.—Presently a modest under clerk by the name of Wolverenden, a German, ventured to ask—

"Why cannot your brother be communicated with before the news in regular course crosses the channel?"

"Impossible!" shouted the excited Israelite, "the gates are closed. No one will be permitted to leave but a courier from the English Embassy; and if he gets the news into London before my brother hears of it, the house of Rothschild is ruined."

The clerk, emboldened by his success, ventured to inquire—

"What time does the courier leave?"

"At ten o'clock precisely, and it is now only fifteen minutes to that hour!" "Oh," said he, agonizingly, "if I could only get a message in ahead, but it is impossible!"

The clerk asked if the courier's name was not Schmidt.

"Yes, the same," replied Rothschild.—

"Why do you ask?"

"Trust me. I will go and get to London ahead of him, or lose my life."

Turning to the head clerk, R. asked, "who is this young man—can he be trusted?"

"Yes," was the response, "true as steel. I will run the risk—what do you want young man?"

"Plenty of gold, a letter to your brother and a token of recognition."

"Here is a ruby ring, valued at sixty thousand francs. My brother will recognize it. But stop, take this," and he scrawled upon a slip of paper a few Hebrew characters, the interpretation of which was—"Trust this young man in all things."

Seeing the gold, and taking the paper and ring, Wolverenden with one bound cleared the flight of steps into the street, rushed into

the embassy, and found Schmidt seated in a coach, with five horses attached. Schmidt recognized him; they were old chess players, and this was the secret by which Wolverenden hoped to overreach him. W. was the best player, and at the last game had taken the odds. Schmidt knew nothing of the employment of Wolverenden. When the latter approached the carriage, he carelessly inquired:

"Where now, friend Schmidt; across the channel alone?"

"Yes."

"Do you have lights in your carriage?"

"Yes."

"What a grand chance to play chess!"

"Capital!" exclaimed Schmidt; come, get in; I shall be so lonesome without company."

"You had better not ask a second time," said Wolverenden; I have got nothing to do for a few days, and the trip would be delightful."

"Hop in then, we are off."

Wolverenden rushed to the nearest cafe, purchased a chess-board, returned to the carriage, and they were off—passed the gates of Paris. They drove rapidly towards Boulogne, Relays were awaiting them along the route, and at Boulogne two conveyances were waiting to take the courier across the channel. From Paris to Boulogne Wolverenden was busy studying out how he should outwit Schmidt. To do this, and get to London first, he was determined, and even the dark thought swept across his mind of doing murder as the last resort.—Arrived at Boulogne, a happy thought struck him as the courier waited for rest and change of horses. Wolverenden sauntered out in the street and found a blacksmith. Taking him to a carriage, he significantly pointed to a nut fastening one of the joints of the carriage.

"Sir," said he, "what would be the result if this nut was removed?"

"The carriage would break down."

"What if this one was removed?" pointing to another.

"The carriage would go about two miles and then open the axle."

"Ah, that is it; I have a fancy for that nut. Remove it, and here are ten Napoleons. The carriage will be returned for repairs. You will repair it, but understand, not under two hours. You understand?"

"Yes," said the shrewd blacksmith.

"The carriage started. At two miles the accident happened; the carriage returned and the same blacksmith was on hand.

Schmidt retired to a room to study out a move in the game of chess he was playing. Wolverenden slipped out on pretence that he did not wish to disturb his friend, rushed into the street, called for the swiftest horse, announced himself an advance of the English courier, reached the quay, overcame all objections of the coast-guard, paid the crew five guineas apiece, crossed the channel to Dover, passed the packet that was waiting for the courier, reached the house of Rothschild at five o'clock, rushed into his room and incoherently broke the news to him; explained all, and handed him the token and scrip.

R. motioned him into an adjoining room, and in a few minutes he made his appearance calm and collected.

"Young man," said he, "you have done well; our house is not in danger of being ruined, but its credit may be shaken. I cannot now write, but listen to what I tell you, and repeat it to my brother. Call in all undue bills that are issued with our acceptance. Search Paris till every one is gone. If these do not absorb the gold, tell my brother to buy those acceptances in his private memorandum. Napoleon will want gold; paper will do him no good. More than this, people holding our acceptances will gladly exchange them before the time for gold, and pay ten per cent. bonus. More than this, tell my brother to operate largely in stocks through third parties. The Bourbons will be frightened; but I have no confidence in the success of Napoleon. He has reached his climax—France wants nothing else. I give him a hundred days; then he will be defeated, and defeated forever. But tell my brother to appear at the first reception. These were all the instructions. Furnished with a passport, of which the R's had always on hand a number of blanks, Wolverenden reached Paris on the morning of the 8th of March. Napoleon could not reach Paris till the 20th. Twelve days was ample time. The five millions of gold were exchanged for paper, and a million of francs gained by the exchange. Napoleon arrived. A grand fete was given. The Rothschild, according to his brother's instructions, was present. The moment the Emperor put his eye upon him, he remarked, "I see there are two Napoleons in Europe." No one but R. read the riddle, and luckily for him, Napoleon had his hands full. He afterwards laughed over the incident at St. Helena, characterizing it as the most splendid specimen of strategy he had ever known. The decisive battle of Waterloo followed. Peace was restored. Bills of remittance to every capital in Europe were in demand, and the five millions of gold came rushing back to the Rothschilds in exchange for such bills, and a premium of five to eight per cent.—Every one knows how much this made in the rise of stocks. Wolverenden was rewarded, and Hanburg boasts of no wealthier house than Wolverenden & Co., Bankers. Thus was Napoleon checked and check-mated.