

SAMUEL WRIGHT, Editor and Proprietor.: "" "NO ENTERTAINMENT SO CEAP AS READING, NOR ANY PLEASURE SO LASTING."

\$1,50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE; \$2,00 IF NOT IN ADVA

12425 82

VOLUME XXXIV, NUMBER 14.7 . . . í

_ ____

COLUMBIA, PENNSYLVANIA, SATURDAY MORNING. NOVEMBER 1, 1862.

[WHOLE NUMBER 1,680.... A Horse Musically Curable.

Dr. Jackson, inv one of his treatises on

"When I was a boy, my father owned a

-

Poetru.

Love in Antumn. All day with measured stroke 1 hear From threshing-floors the busy flail; And in the fields of stubble near Incessant pipe the speekled quait.

All golden ripe the apples glow Among the orchard's russel leaves; Southward the twittering swallows go That sung all summer 'neath the caves,

Across the fair horizon's line The slender anumn mists are drawn The propes are purple on the vine The sunflower shines upon the lawn.

And stretched athwart the burning sky The spider's threads of silver-white Like netted vapors to the eye,

Hang quivering in the moonday light. A year ago to-day we stood

Beneath the maple's crimson glow, That, like a watch-fire in the wood, Gleamed to the yellowing vale below. Calm was the day, without a breath.

An all pervading stillness deep; A calm that seemed the calm of Den h-A silence like to that of sleep,

And only on the listening ear Through the wide wood that hollow sound Of dropping nuts, and sweet and clear The spring that bubbled from the ground.

Close at our feet the brook slid down, Past tangled knots of scdge and weed, And under leaves of gold and brown, To spurk le through the level mead.

A lock of hair; a ring, a flower-The latter faded, old, and sere, Mute records of that vanished hour, Memento- that my heart holds dear

Like one who in a pensive dream Sees long-lost friends around his bed, J. gazing on those treasures, seem To hold communion with the dead.

The whispered vow-the lingering kiss-The long embraces, check to check-The silence that proclaimed our bliss, Beyond the power of words to speak-

All seem so near-then home we went Through meadows where the aster grow While overhead the hues were blent Of sunset with the melting blue.

O fire that paints the autumn leaf-

O calm that knows no quickening breath-O winds that strip the ungarned sheaf-Ye are to me the types of Denth.

Ah! soon these groves shall lose their glow And yonder sun his heat and glare; And blasts that through December blow Shall leave the branches bleak and bare.

Inconstant.

Inconstant! O iny God! ant: When a single thought of three Sends all my shivering blood Back on my heart, in thrills of cestacy!

Inconstant! when to feel That those hast loved me, will love to the last, Is joy enough to steal All feur from life-the future and the past

Inconstant! when to sleep And dream that thou art near me, is to learn

So much of Heaven, I weep Because the earth and morning must return.

Inconstant! Ald too true! Turned from the rightful the ter of thy breast My tired heart flutters through The changeful world-a bird without a nest.

Inconstant to the crowd Through which I pass, as to the skies above, The fickle summer cloud, But not to thee; O not to thee, dear love!

. I may be faise to all

know that I really think I shall write to single men in Paris; but this was, perhaps, not so much owing to his, own prudence as 1.83. 7 would be to go; writing is of no use." "Well, though this seems a piece of school- physician striving to establish a reputation boy fuo. I will, like another Declus, devote in Paris. The fact was that Leonard looked myself for my country's good," said Pascal, upon Pascal as his own property. Poor and laughing, "and jump not into the gulf of struggling with fortune, having a widowed matrimony, but into the arms of the matri- mother to support, as well as a young sister, he had determined at least to provide well monial agentiza 200619 2008,00.0000 Pascal Devoine, who had taken this re- for her by making her the wife of his friend

solve, was one of the fortunate individuals, Unfortunately she was much younger than who had made an immense fortune before Pascal; but all had gone well, for Pascal, he had attained his thirtieth year, by spec- at thiry, had noither wife nor mistress .ulations growing out of the events of the Leonard's sister was then but just fifteen but another year and all would be well.

day. one of the must distinguished scholars of Leonard, who believed as little as Pasca did in the matrimonial agency of M. de St. the Ecole Polytechnique, he had, on his appointment of lieutenant in the corps of engi- Roch, was not averse to Pascal's making the experiment of his skill and power. This neers, immediately resigned and so found himseif at twenty-five, without any position would amuse Pascal, and, of course, would or profession, True, he was the son of a lead to no results; all Leonard wanted to rich provincial attorney, but M. Devoine, gain was time; a few months, and his sister sixteen, then all would go well, could an senior, had founded great hopes on his son, had been very proud of the distinctions he fail to do so. Pascal was perfectly unconscious of Leonard's designs: he seemed, how had earned, and was proportionately;enraged and disappointed at the strange step his son ever, lately to incline mucht towards star riage, at least he fancied he felt a want of had taken. It was unaccountable, even to interest in life. Leonard, for his own pur-Pascal's intimate friends; and the world in poses, holding his sister in reserve, had engeneral, meaning the small circle in which. couraged this feeling, and when they were Pascal Devoine moved was disposed to look with blame and distrustion a young man, however well off; who has no profesmestic bliss. Still Pascal had no serious and eyes." sion, and apparently no object in life except intentions in visiting M. de St. Roch; curito spend money and amuse himself. osity prompted him, and also a desire for Pascal, however, bore all reproaches,

fun, for with all his seriousness and posi- ber?" taunts, and surmises with wonderful cool. tiveism; Pascal, uncorrupted socially by the ness and indifference, refusing and evading world, was exceedingly fond of fun Acall explanation, even to his mother, who wrote most touching letters on the subject. cordingly 'off set Pascal Devoine on his voyage of discovery. с. Patiently, amidst all sarcasm and surmises, M. de St. Roch* lived in an enormous he lived in Paris, not extravagantly, but in house, that formed two sides of a corner, in the quistest and most retired manner possi one of the most fashionable streets of the ble, until he had attained his twenty-sixth Chaussee d'Antin, to an - grand and birth-day. Then, the very next day, he took He occupied the second story, and his the Chemin du Nord and, proceeded to the partment had no less than sixteen windows town of Lannion, in which his father resided. looking on to the street, at all of which were Here, good-humored and affectionate, he curtains of rich brocade and lace. There endured all the reproaches of his father and were two' entrances and three staircases to withstood the pleadings of his mother. this apartment. The first floor was occu-"What could be your motive for throwing pied by a banker, the third by a milliner, away a career thousands would give the so that both men and women had a fair proworld to see opening before them?"

text for entering the house without being "My motive is simply, father, dear, to suspected of going to the matrimonial agent: make a fortâne in five years." 😳 🖅 😕 🛧 Guided by the indication on the pricipal "In five years? by gambling, I suppose." staircase, Pascal rang the bell at M. de St: "Not even by speculating in the bourse." Rie.'s door. A servant, in a magnificent livery, opened it immediately rand Pascal "With a capital of fifty thousand france was introduced into a splendid drawingleft to me, I believe, by my mother's sister,

room, there to await M. de St. Roch. Amidst when I should attain the age of twenty all the magnificence; Pascal, who noticed all with a curious eye, beheld an innumera-"Yes, sir, you have such a sum; it is at ble quantity of nick-nacks on the various elageres, bearing inscriptions such as these: "That is what brought me here, to claim

"To my friend." "To the author of our huppiness." "Grateful tribute of a happy mother." "A memorial from a happy hus-War HE LITE band." Pascal was still engaged in looking at these trophies of M. de St. Rich's success;

when the agent himself made his appear? ance. Ile was a little, thin 'old man, clad in

Pascal had gone too far to recede; his curiesity had been too much excited not to go minutes afterwards M. Gerbeau came. He "Write, my dear fellow? the greatest fun to the care taken of him by his intimate on further." Accordingly, on Wednesday he was a respectable looking old gentleman, friend and schoolmate, Leonard Leotaud, a was punctual to his appointment. "Sir," said M. de St. Roch, "you are a from business, and determined to enjoy life pearl amongst clients. You have exaggera- in his own quiet, respectable way. It so ted nothing. Your father is worth twenty happened that at this very time he had got thousand france a year, instead of ten, as htmself into a scrape. He had undertaken you said. You yourself claim to possess to build him a house, and between lazy maonly three hundred thousand france. You sons and dishonest architects, he found his

> events of your life better than your intimate counted his sorrows as he did to every one, friend, Docteur Lectaud." Pascal was startled, and almost regretted his visit; de St. Roch, however, continued. more he saw of Antoinette the more he ad-

"Now, sir, I can open my books to you. Do you want a rich wife?" "I want a wife I can love." "Oh! here is one, half a million, nobility

-five hundred thousand francs, fifty-three the image of the matrimonial agent pursue vears of-"Thank you; go on to the next," "Two hundred thousand france; tall, fair,

cantiful; just iwenty; this is better. Ah! meabs: "Certain, however, he was that she here is a note; servants speak ill of her temner." "I dan't like fair women."

"Ah! this will suit us-charming girl black hair, was never at school, entitely alone, somehow the conversation almost al- home 'education; 'father a manufacturer, ways took the turn of a discussion on do- three hundred thoasand france, black hair "Don't go any further." I think that will

do; What is her name? Where can'I see "All in good time; first sign this paper."

Pascal looked at the 'paper 'held toward him it was on obligation to pay five per cent. on the dowry to the agent within forty. ced him, to tim he applied. Joufflers spoke eight hours after the wedding day. as it he had known Pascal Devoine and his Pascal hesitated an instant, but as he fainily for twenty years, giving the minu could not be married by force; and unless he married, the paper would be void, the

took the pen and signed. Then on the paper, in a space left for Int purpose, Mide St. Ruch inserted the name of the lady""Antoinette Gerbeau." "Antoinette'is a pretty name," said Pascal and so they parted.

When Pascal told his' friends the result of his visit, they all blumed him for having bed room to dress, being engaged to go to signed, except Leonard.

"L'u would never take a wife from such source, Pascal, would you?" "Of course not. "You know it's all a joke; and probably seeing who he has to deal

with. M. de Boch will go no further." But greatly to his surprise, on the third from the agent:

DEAR SIR-There is an excellent opportunivy of seeing: Mile. Antoinette Gerbeau My esteemed friend, the Baron de Joufflers will call on you this evening, at 9 o'clock and take you to a ball, where you will' be able to see her, perhaps form her acquain ance. G.B. Dr. Sr. Roca. "Humph! It is eight now. Of course

shall not go," but at that moment his servant-opened the door and announced. Mile Baron de Jouffiers,", and

ed gentleman.

Pascal was exact to the hour, and a few young wives with stingy husbands, men of fashion, to whom he pays high salaries and high per centage. These agents----" perfectly satisfied with the world, retired "Of which you are one?" "Of whom I am one, for I must live.-These agents furnish him with the names of all the marriageable girls of their acquaintance, as well as of the young unmarried men, together with the details of fortune and family. In this manner I gave St. are worth, according to your partner's esti- purse got every day lower, whilst his house mate, nearly four. Ah! sir, I know all the rose no higher. Pascal, to whom he reundertook at once to set all right, and thus obtained admittance into the family. The

· · · · · · ·

mired and loved her. The family, too, delighted him; there was something so genial and honest about the father, whilst the mother, good, gentle and sensible, reminded nd title essential-that won't do-a widow him of his own dear mother. Why should

him like spectre? Pascal Devoine would have given half he possessed to have become acquainted with Antoinette by some other knew nothing of Mi de St. Roch, nor her mother neither; perhaps her father, a business man, had innocently supposed all marringes were negotiated like other business matters. 'Pascal, for several weeks, was

sorely puzzled; at length, however, he got beyond reasoning, and saw only through his feelings; prompted by these, he-boldly declared his love to M. Gerbeau, and asked the hand of his daughter. M. Gerbeau was much pleased, but asked for two or three days to reflect. Of churse he proceeded to make inquiries concerning his future son in-law, and as M. de Joufflers had introdu test details, which, of course, had been furnished him by the agent." So all-was set tled, and one evening Pascal, who had concealed all relating to M. de St. Roch, after the second interview, declared to his friend Leonard that he was going to be married. Here was a blow to Leonard's long-cherished hopes. He cank into a chair, perfectly overcome, whilst Pascal proceeded to his

the opera with Antoinette and ther mother. Leonard sat plunged in thought in Pascal's study, his eyes fixed on the table. Where could Pascal have found : a. wife?howcould it have been, managed? All at once histeyes fell on an open letter; it was precisely the one M. de St. Roch had writday after his visit, Puscal received a note ten; introducing, the Baron, de Joufflers. Leonard did not liesitate an instant after he had comprehended all; but secure in Pascal's absence, he sat down, and wrote two letters. The first was addressed to Pascal's father and ran thus:

DEAR SIR-As soon as you receive this hasten to Paris; your son has fallen into the hands of a scoundrel, a mutrimonial agents M? de St. Roch, and is about to be married to a young lady procured by him, who could find otherwise no honest man to marry her. Do not show this letter to Pascal. The second letter was to M. Gerbeau

M. de Joufflers was unmistakably a high and like the first was anonymous. playing with fire." My Deap Ference Allow me t

matrimonia

Roch Mile. Gerbeau's name, and he put her on his lists. .. In almost all the marriages he makes, one party is always in ignorance of the agent employed:" Sum 1 "How was Gerbeau informed?" "By an anonymous letter, from one of your friends, too, for St. Roch's letter to you was enclosed." and a start of the start of "Abl" said Pascal, I have some traitor mong my friends. But perhaps all may be yet explained."

"Not for me; my credit is lost forever with St. Roch; Gerbeau will betray me, and shall be driven from society." "Ilow can a man like you-

"Alas! M. Pascal, once I was rich, I am now poor and without a profession; at my age what could I do?" Meantime M. Deveine had gone in a

turming passion to M. St. Roch, and profoundly astonished him by seizing him as soon as he saw him by the collar of his blue coat. Before however, explanation could be reached, the door opened and Monsieur Gerbeau entered. .. The unfortunate .ogent at once imagine! he was saved, and shouted

at the top of his voice. "Monsieur Devoine, allow me to introduce Ionsieur Gerbenu." La dit is and the Siri I distinctly, refuse your son." "Sir," said M. Devoine, "a young; lady educed to the necessity of getting a husband brough this man is not to be regretted." "Gentlemen, gentlemen," put in de'St. Roch, "I refer you to M. Bertrand," the notary, who knows you both, if I have deceived either of your families in one single article. Mons. Devoine, M. Gerbeau knew nothing of this negotiation; he never came to me before; Monsieur Gerbenu, indeed, M. Pascal loves the young Indy?"

The two fathers looked late each other; there was a freemasoury of honesty in their looks that brought them instantly to an understanding. "Without a word to St. Roch. taking each other by the arm, they left the

impostors, and arm in arm, perfectly agreed ceeded to find Pascal No explanation was neceded to him. but that he had everybody's consent to be An-

toinette's husband "Still," said Gerbenu, I can't think how a young fellow situated has you are could think of going to St. Roch to get'a wife."

"I went merely as a joké." "My dear sir, marriage is no joke." said Gerbeau.

posed to pound her, but my father for but suggested to Hart to sing. He had a compare our enonymous letters; look, Pascal full, manly, melodicus voice, which rung from his throat in tones sweet and beautiful; and he knew all the ballads from 'Robin much but that Pascal turned pale as he Hood' to 'Yankee Duodle,' and the Methogazed on it; he recognized, too, his own 'pa- dist hymns from 'Blow the trumpet' to 'How happy are they." Twas a scene for "Turner's pencil. In the West the heavens were as black as Erebus. In the cast lay thunder-onns white as snow, like Pelion pron Ossa. North and South the rain had flanked us like the wings of an army_ Here add As soon as all the formalities could be there fell a big rain drop, harbinger of accomplished, the settlements made, and the more, whilst around the load stood the hired men neifing to' pound bla Tib into minoe-ment. trousseau completed. Pascal and Antoinette were married. The poor Baron was not at the wedding. On the morning of his wed-"Hart was on the lead: "Sing," said my ding day, Pascal, taking Leonard aside father." Uart-began and song in hymn. every two lines of which was a chorus of and his eye dilated, and his breat heard and he forgot that behind him, but a little way off, was thunder and lightning enough. rightly expended, to 'blow' up half of orention; and that before him was a crazy old mare within ten rods of a good barn, too mad, or too upset, however, to make her way to it. He thought of his mission, which was to sing God's praise 'mid flashing fire and thunder stroke, and he filled his mission She is beautiful, beautiful. Three hund-

sorrel mare which was called Tib. She was ordinarily sluggish, but possessed good speed and great power. She never frightened at anything, and, aside from her laz-. inces, was a good beast, except on particular occasions, when she, without any apparent cause, would refuse to go. For a long time she was subject to the usual treat-

nervous complaints, save:

ment of balky animals-seycre whipping, pounding, torturing, erc. But-my father and the hired man gave it up ge a bad course, and she was released from this harassment. A close observation of her tantrums led me. to the conclusion that she was subject to paroxysms of the nervous system, growing out of electrical changes of the atmosphere. She was always true to

draw or travel in bright, clear, blue sky spring or summer weather; and, for the doz-; en years that we owned her, we were never

troubled with her on a cold, frosty, still winter's day. But on a summer's day, when the electric fluid passed rapidly from the earth's surface, and dyspentics would look like committing suicide, and rhoumatics would predict a change of atmosphere, when thunder caps white and gorgeous as an East. India palace lifted their heads in the northwest, betokening the clash and flash of

coming storm, then look out for old Tib. the harvest field, or highway, and pitch-fork tines, or apple tree clubs, or handles of fired straw under her belly, could not start her. Like a sentinel at his post, she was deaf to all "Monsieur Devoinel" exclaimed Gerbeau urgenoies and appeals save one. That would start her after, a while. The same result would be witnessed in a winter's day, when the air was from the. South and thawy She was always worked with these reservations, for sho was not always reliable After we had owned her about eight years; my father hired a man by the namo of John (last. Ho, was a pigus . man, and liked above all things to sing. . One bright Aug. ust morning, we were drawing ain, wheat, f and old Tib had been drafted into harness, 2- Wirthatt She had worked well till about four o'clock in the afternoon, when suddenly, as we were loading, there came a glap of thunders from an almost. Series Desert of Einer

room, and in a few moments, were on their a little bigger than a man's hand, portende way to M. Bertrand. Bertrand, their old ing rain. We were not far from the barn, friend, soon satisfied both that neither were and hoping to get loaded and into the barn before the rain reached us, the sheaves were to the marriage of their children, they pro; thrown on by two men, and loaded by Hart with great dexterity. Our hopes were quite, sanguine that Tib would be reasonable this time-first, because she had had hard thun der-shower experience enough to know that

it was not pleasant to her, nor at all oblig-ing te those employing her, second, because she was 'homeward bound,' and a little etfort would put us all under dry cover. She made no hostile demonstrations till the rack was loaded, when, at the usual word, she "No, and to make a joke of it was like refused to budge one inch. The men pro-

On earth beside, and every tender tie Which seems to hold in thrall This weary life of mine, may be a he.

... But, true as God's own truth. My steadfast heart turns backward evermore, To that sweet turns of youth

Whose golden ude beats such a barren shore. Inconstant? Not my own, The hand which builds this wall between our lives;

On its cold shadow, grown To perfect shape, the flawer of love survives.

God knows that I would give All other joys, the sweetest and For one short hour to live Close to thy heart, its comfort and its rest.

But life is not all dark; The snulight goldens many a hidden slope; The dove shall find its ark Of peaceful refuge and of patient hope.

And should another's head Sleep on thy heart, and it should ever seem To be my own instead, O durling! hold it closer for the dream!

God will forgive the sin, If sin it is, our lives are swept to dry, So cold, so passion-clean, Thank Him death comee at last-and so, good bye!

Selections.

A Matrimonial Agency.

"This is a queer advertisement, is it not, especially to be in such a paper as the 'Debate;' do you believe in it, or is it some political association hidden under this masquerade disguise?"

"It is perfectly and exactly what it pretends to be. Why, Pascal, don't you remember three years ago that this very M. de St. Roch, who advertises, was brought up before the courts by some discontented client, and that the court allowed that his trade was an honest one, violating none of the laws?"

"Still," continued Pascal, "that does not prove to me that St. Roch has ever made any marriages; it only proves to me that he has an agency, and that he finds dupes who believe in him and who pay him fees."

""Pretty large fees they must be to pay continually for the whole of the fourth page of 'The Debats,' "

"Paris has two millions of population, be sides strangers; depend upon it; M. de St. Roch never lacks customers."

"That, however, does not pr "That, however, does not prove to me the con paintonship of a few of his intimate that he ever affects a marriage," permated friend, "It had, boy scenario at the per Pascal; "I have such an intense desire to itony, informs, which, heast quality as since

ties, and in a few days the fifty thousan france were transferred to Pascal Devoiue. "Now for, Paris," said Pascal. "Myther," said he, "I have a secret; it is honorable in all respects. If you choose, to you I will reveal it; but I had rather you would trust

sum as soon as you like."

"How do you mean to begih?"

"You need not have troubled yourself, M.

Pascal Devoine. The accounts of my guard-

ianship are all right. You can have that

"The sooner the better," said Pascal.

The old attorney, piqued at his son's cool-

ness, made short work of all formali-

six."

your disposal."

me.' "Pascal," sasl his mother, like a true mother, "I believe you, and have faith in you. If you are wrong, I can always console you. Meantime, let it be as you desire; 1 will wait and trust." So Pascal embraced his mother, forced his father to shake hands with him, and came back to Paris. His secret was simply an association with one of those land speci-

lators grown out of the improvements of fected by the Emperor in Paris. The specplation consisted in huving as much as they had capital to purchase of the wretched streets and alleys to which the trowel and the bammer were to bring civilization and morality. Thus were the contracts made with the government -A street, as it stood. has to be demolished." It is divided into lots and sold to the speculator, who under takes to pull down the old houses and to rebuild new ones according to the plans of the Pascal. government, so as to give uniformity to the street; the property (of course doubling.

trobling in value) belonging to the puroffice." chaser. Besides this profit, all the old material more than covered the price of the sale. Duors, windows, slates, bricks, stones, all had a value; and in a city where wood is the princpal fuel, and at a very high price, the lumber found quick and advantageous sales. This was 'Pascal Devoine's specula tion. He found a partner who undertook all the demolition, whilst he, with his engli neering and architectural advantages, made the plans of the new houses to be built. In: mense fortunes have been made in Paris by

this means during the last five years. Pascal and his associate, both keen, talented and industrious, were not likely to prove exceptions to the rule. Before he had attained his thirtieth year. Pascal Devoine found himself at the head of a capital of

hree hundred thousand francs. During the years he had been realizing this fortune, he had lived in an apartment farnished with great thiste and Taxary, and had denied himself ng comfort; bat had been guilty of no extravegance: lills had keptionting society, restrictings bimself to

black silk knee breeches white satio waist cost and blue coat with steel buttons, and wearing as much jewelry, such as gold of mino, tells; ma you des ire to:go into . socichains and diamond studs and rings, as it is possible fur one to put on. Pascal was chirg you loto two ser three huges, where perfectly dazzled. . . . Las a statute

memorials from the happy couples I have brought togethera . These are nothing; I bave seven other drawing-rooms filled with similar things." when her enges backed . "You have been the means of marrying a good many people?" The beened weeved "The half of France, sir. So successful have I been, that I am meditating adding

another: branch to my agency, a new one, an inspiration, sir." "What may that be? !!.... "An insurance against matrimonial disputes. By paying x small sum a year, husband and wife would each have a right to refer their disputes and discussions to a jury ofin company formed for that purpose; bu Lihave scarcely time yet for this great work,

Pray; sir, in what can I oblige you?"... "I' desire to find a wife," boldly replied "Then, sir," said the agent, rising, "I

must trouble you to come into my private Pascal rose and followed him. The office vas a large room, all oak and leather as to furniture, containing as many ledgers as Ottinger's banking house, and ranged in as good order. The agent closed the duor, then turned gravely to his client.

"Now, sir," said he, "fancy yourself in a confessional; no secret ever passes these doors. All that I tell, you here will be true. for it is not my own interest to deceive." "I believe you, sir. Pray let us proceed o business."

"I am rendy;" and, as he spoke he opened ledger, writing down every reply to his questions as Pascal gave them - name, age profession, family details, fortune, nothing

"And now," said Pascal, "for the wife." "Sir," said the little old man with much dignity, "I know that I speak nothing but

is eract. On Wednesdy next at 2 oclock, Good morning will be and an activity

those in the direction of Eccelure. The Summer's Battery, attacked 1 000 Beblots at to be led into her the Eries, and orgen

"Monsieur Devoine, said he, an old friend | ulate you on the marriage of your daughter for whom M. de St. Roch, the agent, has found a husband. Ile may be ety; I sha'l have great pleasure in introdurich-which I doubt." He certainly was ez. you will be received with the distinction be at the wedding. YOUR UNKNOWN FRIEND.

""Ab!") exclaimed .the agent; ?"you are you deserve. To-night Is will take you to a looking at my excelos, I see. Ab; sir, little ball at the house of one of our Judges of the Court de Cassation, M. de ----. 1 1 - Much amazed. Pasculat last decided that had better see the adventure out. Made Jouffiers was received with the int

nost distinction and courtesy. Pascal'saw every one treat him with respect; as for: the company ground him, it was all genuine, consisting of the higher middle class of Parisian society. Towards the middle of the evening, M. de ed before him.

loafflers came up to Pascal; and without any sort of special meaning in manner, pointed out a young lady seated in a "I wrote all to you." orner by her mother."

"What do you think of her?". Pascal gazed at her, and he must have band through an agent"been more difficult to please, than all present, had he not at once pronounced her to purity itself"be one of the prettiest girls in the room. "And her father, her family?" "That," said M. de Joufflere, after Pascal had expressed his admiration, "is Mlle. An and rich; I have seen the very best society winette Gerbeau." al their house."

Now Pascal had long given up dancing, but as French etiquette dues not require an will go myself to this man." introduction amongst guests of the boat, he made his way up to Mile Gerbeau, and esked her to dance As she neither daucer waltz nor polis, she had but one quadrille disengaged; this she granted to Pascal. Their conversation during this quadrille was comso honorably." nonplace, yet at the end of it, Pascal was tempted to cry out encore to the orchestra. and by the time he had taken his partner de Joufflers entered and demanded an audi-

back by her mother, he was in love. As he could not dance, with ther again asking him what was the matter. and French good breeding forbid his conversing with, a young unmarried woman to stood resolutely, all the evening behind roulever to come to his house, again."-erimother's chair, and talked to shor: aA charming, sensible, well-bread woman he tound herson A: the conclusion of the ere name to him, that he is the victim of such a negotiation." ning he joined the Baron. .745

By dear sit, the is the most charming dignit, "I know that I speak nothing and the state of the from the first." The first of distance 1 that you should meet Monsieur Gerbeau noese niter .ewol 1... one galbitam des lines internets will with see in the state with me,"

What is the matter with him?"

No. explain it.

"Some one has mentioned de St. Roch'

"Now, before we see Antoinette let us do you know the writing of either?"

The writing was disguised, but not so pelled from the school of artillery. I shall In this letter Leonard enclosed St. Roch's per, for his initials were stamped in the letter, bot as he did not know either the corner, and with a pang he 'was forced' to acknowledge that Leonard was the culmrit. name or address of the future father-in-law, He, however, said nothing," but crushing he put the letter in his pocket, and joining Precal in his room began with profound inthe letters up in his hands, he thrust them terest to question him concerning his future away.

family, and soon he contrived to arrive at the knowledge of all he wanted to know. Puscal was much surprised, when, two days after this, his father suddenly uppear-"Unhappy boy," said he, as soon as the

first greeting was over, "what is this I hear? placed in his hands the anonymous letters. you are a going be married." "Leonard," said he, "when next you write incognito to any friends of mine, dun't use "Yes, but you didn't tell me all about

my paper." Leonard, without speaking took the letters your marringe; what, a girl who gets a husand there was another guest besides the

Do not say a word against her; she is Baron absent from the festivities. On the second morning after his marriage M. de St. Roch entered Pascal's Library m

"They are beyond all doubt respectable his new house in the Champs Elysces. "I come to congratulate you, my dea client. I was present at your wedding-mass

"All a trick! a trick! you are daped, but] red thousand frances dowry and such a "It is of no use, I love Antoinette." wife!" "Yes; I am lucky, and supremly hap-

"If she is only poor, if that is the only py." deception, Pascaly I promise you to say

"Another consolation for my old age, nothing: but at least lot us know well to said Roch, sentimently. "Now all that re-mains is for you to fulfil this. little obligawhom we give the name your mothers bears tion;" and as he spoke Roch produced the Just as they were going out 'M, le Baron paper Pascal had signed on his first visit. "What if 'I refuse?"

ence of Pascal. He was so changed and "You will not. Five per cent, on your sorrowful that Pascal could not refrain from happiness is, I'think, very little,"

"Oh, no. You would not like to tell the "Ah, sir, "said he, "M., Gerbeau forbide world how you became acquainted with your lovely young wife."

Here is a check for your money. Now begone." "Yes," said Roch, "like the good fairy in

pantomime; and I will take with me the "Absurd! why he must have known it paper weight as a memorial of your gratitade. Adieu, my son. You must auknow-"No he did not; he had, never heard o ledge that I am truthful, discreet and diehim. Ah! you don't understand St. Roch's mode of proceeding." Autor to a start

"He has agents in every class of society,

HI Concerned I manual and a low of an owner of the de manual

full. Sing away! cried my father, and away, Harr! the old hag is releating is ee it in her eye; and the tip of her ear is playing to your music like the fingers of

ing to your masic like the ingers of a mai-den to a guitar. She likes the hallobiah strain. It soothes her in a red-but callobian If al hal give her the rein; she it to hallobian we're in time-burnhi, there has been no such strains. such singing since Timotheus sung at the feast of Alexander.

"We had made a discovery. Hart's voies would control the old mare in her tantrums, like the lyre of Orpheas the trees, and, whilst he lived with my father, a Methodist hymn would always start her. She way h Methodist from instinct, and Hart declared that Tib knew a Methodist frim" a Presby terian hymn instanter."

Lately an ancient Etrasen tomb was discovered, which had for ages been, ber metrically scaled under the ages, of aber-tions." Those who chered same arous for the decayed gentlemon, widowsof email fortune the sgept for match, making "; its or i to dust and disspect of. eular risks of

Ark Row, New York Care