NEW PUBLICATIONS.

JUVENILE AND LIGHT LITERATURE.

"Our Boys, Friends, and How they Answed Themselves." By M. E. Dodge. Mrs. Dodge (daughter of Prof. Mapes, deceased,) has done more for "Social Science," by teaching Society how to amuse itself, than all the humanitarians combined. She has selected an assortment of pleasant games, and filled up her measure by inventing a few more, and then combined them all in a series of chapters that are linked upon a slightly-blasted story. "Society," admits Mrs. Dodge, "in its crude, crude state, is apt to display a great influence of fancy and wit, but I have yet to see the bright, intelligent, fresh-hearted human being who does not, under certain circumstances, enjoy a really good game." The young people delineated by the writer really have a very striking likeness, in walk, talk and look, to the ordinary good folks who meet at a Thanksgiving dinner or at a Christmas festival from one year to another, and the games are just level with popular intelligence. To the hostess who is always in nervous alarm lest she should see a guest yawn at her soirée, we feel that we commend a veritable angel, in the disguise of Mrs. Dodge's lively narrative.—Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

"The Mimic Stage." By George M. Baker. "There is a great deal of neat fun in these ten little vaudevilles. The diction is sprightly, the necessities of parlor theatricals are perfectly understood, and the "study" is so easy that amateurs can get up their parts, or fit in their own improvisations, with great facility. It is an admirable book of suggestions for the holiday season. Published by Ince and Shepard, for sale at Petersen's.

"New Book of Two Hundred Pictures." American Sunday School Union: 1868. "Book" is a collection of entertaining pictures, each explained by a lively paragraph, and embodies images enough to keep a bright child wondering and inventing for months together.

"Ronald's Reason; or, the Little Cripple." Mrs. E. C. Hall has written a very pretty story, proving story for the young, all about Philip, the lame boy, and his schoolmate Ronald who is a perfect Bayard, and saves his pocket-money to pay the cripple's doctor, and surprises everybody, and at length blushes to find it fame. Mrs. Holmes' most cherished feelings in where her Ronald upsets a bed boy, then leaps upon a table to address a moral lecture to his schoolfellows, and then in turn of the head, yields himself up to justice with this patronizing oration to the teacher: "I have broken your command, in your presence, sir, and now give myself up to be punished as you please." The book is a festive-looking illuminated pamphlet, with large and pleasing illustrations. Published by Carlton & Lanahan; on sale at 1018 Arch street.

"Harry Lane" heads the index of two dozen poems for children, each of them a pretty story in itself, and the whole embellished with a high class of wood engravings. It is an eligible holiday gift. Published by Carlton and Lanahan; on sale at1018 Arch street.

"The Christmas Font," by Mrs. Mary J. Holmes, tells about the children's Sowing Society, which has the character of being capable of producing a marble baptism-font, and many other articles, for a Church Fair. The story inculcates industry and public-spirited generosity among the young and has the advantage of being literally true. Illustrated; published by Carleton, and for sale by T. B. Peterson and Brothers.

"The Wickedest Woman in New York." The humor here is of the most praiseworthy artifice, being forced into the book as conscientiously and mechanically as carbonic acid into soda-water; so many puns to a page, with a conviction on the reader's part that Mr. Carleton would have liked his hack if the latter had ventured to declare his double-meanings; the latter process, however, might have saved the life of the squib, which is destined to shoot the longest of all flying stars. The illustrations are scratchy and crisp; by much study of Hogarth and the French Bertall, the dandy artist Howard has arrived at a flippant brilliancy not very much inferior to that of the latter. The title is published, as we said, by Carleton, and sold at Peterson's.

GRISCELLI, THE TUILERIES SPY.

One of the most entertaining papers in *Liquacate Magazine* contains the story of one of the Emperor's familiars and spies.

Griscelli, the hero of it, a young Corsican brave, after deals and adventures in Corsica, is at last arrested at Lyons for an amorous peccadillo, and placed in prison. This scandal brought him to the notice of the Countess Lucien Bonaparte, who lived in the Palace of Justice and wit, but I have yet to see the bright, intelligent, fresh-hearted human being who does not, under certain circumstances, enjoy a really good game." The young people delineated by the writer really have a very striking likeness, in walk, talk and look, to the ordinary good folks who meet at a Thanksgiving dinner or at a Christmas festival from one year to another, and the games are just level with popular intelligence. To the hostess who is always in nervous alarm lest she should see a guest yawn at her soirée, we feel that we commend a veritable angel, in the disguise of Mrs. Dodge's lively narrative.—Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

"Why not?"

"Because if Kelch should come near to your Majesty in fore I have had time to point him out to you, I should certainly kill him on the spot."

The prefect laughed, but Napoleon remained calm and said nothing. After a pause he ordered M. Pietri to say Griscelli a thousand francs, and to furnish him with everything he might need in the execution of his office. He also gave orders to direct horses and a carriage to be kept ready for him in the imperial stables, and then informed him that on the next day he would ride out, toward two o'clock, in the Bois de Boulogne.

Then ended the first interview with the Emperor, which subsequently led to a strange kind of intimacy between the master and the servant. At the end of the Opera the prefect and the spy followed the Emperor to the Tuileries, where they settled the money question, and then they went to the place where the police records of all suspicious people were kept. To mask the proceedings, the prefect pretended that it was in contemplation to pardon Kelch, who had previously already been engaged in a desperate conspiracy. When the chief clerk in the office heard this, he exclaimed: "Pardon Kelch! Why, he is the most desperate man I know. When he was arrested he boyl took fourteen men to carry him to the guard-house. He had to be handcuffed and bound bodies. He is a perfect Hercules."

The description in his little stated that he was five feet seven inches high, of herculean proportions, a very dangerous man, and living with his mother at Vaugirard. He was known to frequent a certain house in the street where the latter lived, in order to pay his attentions to the pretty daughter of a restaurant-keeper.

THE AMBUSH AT PYLATE.

At six o'clock on the following morning, Griscelli was standing in front of the restaurant, and though it was one of the coldest days of December. An hour later, a pretty girl came down, and Griscelli accosted her and gave him a letter to deliver in person. Not a word was lost, and the secret agent followed the messenger, who went through the whole of Paris, and did not stop till he reached the village of Meulimontant. There, at the bell at a modest-looking house, and a man, Kelch himself, came to the door, took the letter and said, "Thank you! I am coming at once. I shall be there before you."

His appearance and his deep, powerful voice made no special impression upon the spy, who derived, however, great encouragement from the fact that the Emperor was coming on Friday. Immediately afterward, Kelch came out, took a cab at the first stand and drove to the Barrière de la Vaugirard. Griscelli had followed him closely, and saw how the whole family came running down, embraced Kelch, and took him into the house. Two hours later, however, the whole family came out—one man excepted—and went to the restaurant, where they enjoyed themselves at table, the young lady being the soul of the whole feast. Griscelli sat down in adjoining room, and heard his friend say a word, and at his modest outlet. After their late breakfast they went to a large stable, where Kelch bried a magnificent horse, which he seemed to be known as best by its name, and then departed with his friends, he said, in the hearing of Griscelli.

"Napoleon's police are too stupid to find me out. They think I am fast asleep in London, I need not go and hide myself! I will come and sleep at the house. Do not be afraid! I'll come to-night."

Poor Kelch! he did not know that his beautiful mode were all overreached by one of Napoleon's police agents, who did not intend to lose sight of him, and with whom he was so long to have a most unpleasant interview. The secret agent was at his post, and had not the secret in this affair as he had had another attack of vertigo while eating his chop at the restaurant, and firmly believed, on this account, that this was the matter of life and death for himself as well as for Kelch.

THE "ATTENTAT."

Precisely at two o'clock, Louis Napoleon, accompanied only by two officers on duty, appeared on the public square, coming from the Tuileries. Kelch, who was then on the bridge near the palace, dashed up at full gallop. The secret agent, well mounted from the Imperial stables, was close behind him, but he had to horse nearly touching the saddle of the assassin, as the Emperor came by. In his left hand he had gathered the reins—with his right hand he prepared himself to strike the attack in his cover. Kelch allowed his intended victim to pass quietly and make no movement. He was not to die so publicly.

As soon as the Emperor had passed the two men, whom he recognized perfectly, he gave his horse the rein and rode at full speed to the place lale in the Bois de Boulogne. He was followed by perhaps thirty persons, but, wishing to rid himself of the crowd of curious people who stared at him, he soon gave the order to move forward at a tremendous rate, so that hardly any one could follow, and returned to the Tuileries. Kelch had left him some time before, and returned to the house of his friends. The same scene was almost duly repeated for a fortnight, during which poor Kelch was not permitted to be one moment out of sight. The secret agent followed him on foot and on horseback wherever he went, sometimes at the same table with him or seated by his side at the theatre; and yet so full was his unfortunate mind of the idea of great purpose that he never noticed how he was watched and followed.

The Emperor had repeatedly sent for Griscelli, and one day, when the latter was going in his report, the Prefect of Police entered with a letter, in which Kelch informed Marzini that the Emperor would not survive two days longer. He insisted upon being authorized to arrest the would-be murderer on the spot; but Louis Napoleon had his own plans, and ordered the secret agent to ask for a particular case, and to be on duty at two o'clock for the usual ride of the Emperor. All the persons most interested in the conspiracy were at the same hour again on the Place de la Concorde—the Emperor, followed by a single adjutant; Kelch, in high top-boots, with a spur on one heel, and a pistol in his belt, and thing concealed; and Griscelli, in pinin pointed and pointed. Seeing an Kelch perceived Napoleon, he galloped up toward him; the Emperor threw on an easy trot, and, seeing the secret agent had only time to whisper to the jockeys to keep close to their master, and then to follow as well as he could. When the party reached the Bois de Boulogne, there began a regular race at a fearful pace over wide, bleaky, brooks, all were passed, they hardly know how, and at last the Emperor, who was then by yet like a vision said the Emperor was either drunk or mad.

He was neither the one nor the other; he was only tired to be ill. After a rest of an hour the hours they returned the same way they had come; the horses were white with foam, and the secret agent understood why he had been ordered to select a particular horse. When they came near the Tuileries, Kelch was forced to remain behind, in spite of all he could do with spur and whip, his horse was unable to go any further; he was completely broken down. This suggested to Griscelli a bold thought: he made a great effort, rode past the Emperor and cried, aloud: "Hurrah for the Napoleons! The assassin is beaten!"

The Emperor looked behind him, and seeing the poor wretch in his sad plight, rode on slowly, ordering the spy to go after him to the palace. When he entered his rooms, Napoleon, still perspiring violently, threw himself in a chair and then drew from a secret drawer five thousand francs, which he gave to Griscelli, saying: "Take this, and rest: we shall want you again. Send me Kelch."

ANGERY OF THE ASSASSIN.

The secret agent had not rested an hour when he was waked by the Prefect of Police, who directed him to come to his house at midnight. When he appeared there, he found, to his surprise, forty men waiting, who were to help him in arresting Kelch. After a long discussion, he agreed to take three of them, whom he carefully picked from the number, and after hunting in vain for Kelch, he at last found him at his house, where he was quietly smoking a pipe. Now, no man long to have a most unpleasant interview. The secret agent was at his side, and was so well received in this affair as he had had another attack of vertigo while eating his chop at the restaurant, and firmly believed, on this account, that this was the matter of life and death for himself as well as for Kelch.

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