COLUMBIA HE

By Alfred S. Horsley. COLUMBIA, TENNESSEE, FRIDAY DECEMBER 9, 1870

Religious.

From the Atlantic Monthly for December.

THE PRAYER-SEEKER.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Along the aisle where prayer was made
A woman, all in black arrayed,
Close-veiled between the kneeling host,
With gliding motion of a ghost,
Passed to the desk and laid thereon
A scroll which bore these words alone—
PRAY FOR ME!

Back from the place of worshipping
She glided like a guilty thing;
The rustling of her draperies, stirred
By hurrying feet, alone was heard;
While, full of awe, the preacher read,
As out into the dark she sped,
PRAY FOR ME!

Back to the night, whence she came,
To unimagined grief or shame!
Across the threshold of that door
None knew the burden that she bore;
Alone she left the written scroll,
The legend of a troubled soul—
PRAY FOR ME!

Glide on, poor ghost of woe or sin!
Thou leav'st a common need within;
Each bears, like thee, some nameless weight,
Some misery inarticulate,
Some secret sin, some shrouded dread,
Some household sorrow all unsaid,
PRAY FOR US!

Pass on! The type of all thou art
Sad witness to the common heart!
With face in veil and seal on lip,
In mute and strange companionship,
Like thee we wander to and fro,
Dumbly imploring as we go:
PRAY FOR US!

Ah, who shall pray, since he who pleads
Our want, perchance hath greater needs?
Yet they who make their loss the gain
Of others, shall not ask in vain.
And Heaven bends low to hear the prayer
Of love from lips of self-despair:
PRAY FOR US!

In vain remorse and fear and hate
Beat with bruised hands against a fate,
Whose walls of iron only move,
And open to the touch of love.
He only feels his burden fall
Who, taught by suffering, pities all,
PRAY FOR US!

He prayeth best who leaves unguessed
The mysteries of another's breast,
Why cheeks grow pale, why eyes o'erflow,
Or heads are white, thou need'st not know.
Enough to note by many a sign
That every heart hath needs like thine.
PRAY FOR US!

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

PRESBYTERIAN.

A strong effort is being made by the Presbyterians of the North-west to put Forest Lake University and the Theological Seminary of the Northwest, near Chicago, on a broad and permanent foundation.

The Rev. Arthur Mitchell, of Chicago, declines to accept the Secretaryship of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, which had been previously declined by the Rev. Dr. Jessup.

A correspondent writes to the Pittsburg Banner, that "in the four great central States west of the Mississippi, Iowa, Nebraska, Missouri and Kansas,) with a population of nearly four millions in that vast valley between Omaha and Kansas City, there is not one first class Presbyterian College.

The Synod of Cincinnati has voted to purchase the Ohio Female College, College Hill. It involves the raising of $100,000, one-half to go to the owner and the other half to the endowment of a Professorship.

The Union Theological Seminary is to be rebuilt on lots secured for that purpose in the upper part of the city of New York. The sum of $500,000 is needed to place it on a firm basis there, and $310,000 of the amount has been subscribed. The Seminary has educated 1,400 students, and graduated 840 for the ministry, and has now 140 within its walls receiving instruction.

BAPTIST.

There are five or six Baptist Colleges and Universities in the State of Texas, with claims upon the support of the denomination equal to their respective merits. An effort was made at a meeting of the friends of Education at Brenham, to concentrate Baptist patronage upon a single institution; but the question was adjourned to a general meeting to be held at Bremond in December next.

At the Baptist State Convention of Texas, held at Brenham, the Treasurer reported $2,818,70 collected and $1,887 93 disbursed during the year.

At the Cherokee Association, Missionary Baptist, recently held in Rusk county, Texas, there were 22 churches represented, whose aggregate membership amounted to 1,457. The Church is in a flourishing condition.

The anniversary meeting of the Baptists of Massachusetts developed a remarkable fact. The body consists of 307 ordained clergymen, and there are but 266 churches in the commonwealth. This is only another instance of the excess of supply over demand in that State.

The Minutes of the last Baptist General Association of Virginia show that there are in that State 847 Baptist churches, 453 ministers, and 108,192 members. The number baptized during the past year was 8,497; the number received on experience was 811.

EPISCOPAL.

We learn that the Rev. Dr. J. S. B. Hodges, of Grace church, in Newark, N. J. has accepted a call to the Rectorship of St. Paul's church, Baltimore. Dr. Hodges, though comparatively young man, holds a distinguished place in the Church he has earned by his learning, piety and devoted zeal in his ministry

Judge Wm. H. Campbell was recently ordained Deacon by Bishop Davis, in Audersonville, Va.

Only four Episcopal churches in Ohio discard the use of the surplice, and perhaps only one out of Ohio, that in Hanover, Mass.

The Episcopalians of Oregon have contributed more than $20,000 for educational and church proposes, since Bishop Morris commenced his labors in that field

Sagacity of the Dog.

The following will be found interesting: "A fine Newfoundland dog, which was kept at an inn in Dorsetshire, was accustomed every morning, as the clock struck eight, to take in his mouth a basket placed for the purpose, and containing a few pence, and to carry it across the street to a baker's, who took out the money, and replaced it by a certain number of rolls. With these Neptune hastened back to the kitchen, and safely deposited his trust; but what was well worthy of remark, he never attempted to take the basket on Sunday mornings."

Every one who has travelled much in Scotland, more especially in the Highland districts, must have remarked the large attendance of shepherds' dogs at church on Sundays. This peculiarity is very interesting to English tourists, one of whom states that he was told that many of the dogs were more regular attendants than their masters. This gentleman mentions that, in one parish, the animals, perhaps demoralized by a "black sheep" among their number, became so quarrelsome and unmannerly in their behavior, that the minister requested all who had been in the habit of bringing their dogs, to confine them to the house before leaving for church. This plan answered exceedingly well for the first Sunday, but, for the future, not a single shepherd farmer or could find his dog on a Sunday morning. They had no notion of being deprived of their accustomed liberty, and, well knowing the hour of service, set off to church without their masters. An attempt was then made to compromise matters, by erecting a large kennel close to the church, where the dogs were imprisoned during public worship, but they kept up such a fearful howling, that the congregation was seriously disturbed, and there was no help for it but to restore them to their former rights and privileges.

FOR STOPPING LEAKS IN ROOFS.—Take four pounds of resin, one pint linseed oil, and ounce red lead; simmer together and apply while hot.

Poetry.

DEATH OF AN INEBRIATE.

Raise me up gently—there—
Oh! give me a breath of the pure cold air;
I am dying at last—
I am going so fast—
But no one will care how soon I am cold—
They'll hurry me under the damp, dark mould,
And "only a pauper," they'll say as they pass
"Another poor wretch is buried—alas!
That all were not lying beneath the sod
Who set at naught the great laws of God."

Bring me water, I pray;
I drank nothing else in my childhood's day,
How it ran by our door—
How it kept on the shore—
Oh! why did I drink from the poisoned bowl
That has wrecked my life and ruined my soul?
That has laid in the grave my lovely wife,
And filled my life with bitterest strife?
Why are you here? Can you say me a prayer?
Do you think I can find forgiveness up there?

What a wretch I have been!
None but God knoweth how great is my sin.
But the bowl I've forsook—
Have you 'mong you a book—
The book that tells of the "prodigal son?"
Ah! the life that God gave me is almost gone,
The shadows are deepening, my eyes are dim,
I've heard your prayer and beautiful hymn;
I may be forgiven—God knows alone—
I shall trust and hope to behold his throne.

I am going—good-bye!
No one loves down here; I hope that on high
My pure wife waits for me
By the great crystal sea.
She loved me till death, so true was her heart:
'Twill be sweet to meet her never to part.
My life has been bitter, I'm glad 'tis most o'er.
Your faces look sad; oh! strive ye to save
Some youth from despair and a vile drunkard's grave.

THE LOVED.

They are going one by one.
From the altar and the hearth,
With the music of their tone,
And the sun-light of their mirth;
With the hopes their bosoms cherished,
With the joys their morning knew;
Hopes that in their radience perished,
Like fading flowers or early dew.

From their vallies broad and green,
From their mountains stern yet dear;
From their rivers crystal sheen,
Silently they disappear:
All the visions of their dreaming
Fade away and are forgot,
And the brain, with wisdom teeming,
Sinks to earth and rises not.

Mark the flow'ret on the bough,
Fling its odors on the air:
Look again upon it! now
Its withered leaves are scattered there:
Death will soon all beauty banish,
Waste away its sweet perfume;
Bids youth's buds of promise vanish,
Shroud its azure sky in gloom.

On the hill-side and the lea
Forms were sporting—where are they?
On the air were sounds of glee;
Listen! they have passed away.
Fades the soonest all that's rarest,
Hopes the brightest first decay;
Friends the truest—forms the fairest,
Melt like summer clouds away.

A Steam Army.

Mr. Henry Bessemer, whose name is identified with a well known process of steel manufacture, has conceived the idea of strengthening the defences of England by an "auxiliary steam army," which would have at least this recommendation for the economists: that it would cost comparatively little to create, could be cheaply worked in time of war, and during peace would require neither rations, clothes nor pay. His idea is to have a steam fire-engine throwing a shower of bullets instead of water. A steam fire-engine can throw 181 and three-quarter pounds, (representing 2,540 Enfield rifle bullets) to a verticle height of one mile every minute, with a consumption of about five pounds of coal and three gallons of water. These bullets would not require to be made up into cartridges, are indestructable either by rain in the open field or damp in cellars, and can be easily conveyed without fear of explosion. An increase in the weight of the projectile would increase both its range and force, and two-ounce bullets might be used for a long range, being propelled at the rate of 1,000 per minute. A machine with three parallel barrels could throw two-ounce shot at long range from the center barrel, and one-ounce shot (2,000 per minute) at short range from the side barrels.

"We certainly have," says Mr. Bessemer, "in the steam fire-engine the irrefragible proof of great projectile power, with steam of only 150 pounds pressure. Such steam would rush into the atmosphere at a velocity exceeding 1,900 per second. Now, a two-ounce lead ball presents a transverse area of 0.6 of a square inch, and consequently steam of 150 pounds pressure would impinge on it with a force equal to ninety pounds. As the weight of the ball is only two ounces, we have a power equal to 720 times the work to be performed. It is fair to infer that under proper arrangements the bullet will acquire nearly the velocity of the issuing steam; but suppose that in practice it falls short of this velocity by some 300 feet per second, we should still have an initial velocity of 1,600 feet per second as compared with the 1,100 feet per second, which is the ordinary velocity of projectiles from the Armstrong gun."

An apparatus of this kind could be constructed far less costly and complicated than the ordinary steam fire-engine. Mr. Bessemer further suggests a thin steel mantlet in front of the machine, to protect it and the gunner from the enemy's fire; "universal motion," for the delivery tube, which could be directed on all sides as easily as the jet of a engine; and the combination of this system with that of the Edinburgh traction engine, which, if fitted as a bullet-throwing machine, would not only travel over the common road without horses, but would find its way over very rough ground, would convey stores of any kind to other machines, and in addition to its own fuel and water, would carry 1,000 bullets for its own use. Mr. Bessemer, with prudent patriotism, reserves the details of the apparatus for the consideration of the English military authorities.

A few days ago the newspapers published a citation issued by the Masonic Lodge of the Orient of Paris against Reverend Brother William, King of Prussia, as a traitor to Freemasonry. The King took no notice of the citation; so he was tried as contumacious, and condemned to excommunication. In connection with this M. Victor Hugo's newspaper, the Rappel, publishes the following: "Brother William is now out of the pale of the law. All Freemasons are authorized to assault him and to inflict upon him capital punishment. It remains to be seen how the sentence will be carried out. A Freemason, in whose presence a doubt was expressed as to the seriousness of such a condemnation, replied. 'Do not laugh: the sentence of the Masonic tribunal is of such a dreadful nature that Bonaparte undertook the Italian war solely to retrieve himself from the excommunication pronounced against him by the lodges of Napies and Milan. Pianori and Orsini were Freemasons.'"

As the day closes, we all become weary, and the body yearns for the repose and rest which only the quiet chamber can fully give. The whole system is weak—feet, fingers, arms, everything. There is not a muscle in the body which does not participate in that tiredness. The stomach is a collection of muscles, and these are called to work at each meal; and to dispose of that meal is a work of four or five hours. The more that is eaten, the more work has to be performed. Any one can see, then, the striking absurdity—of giving an already weak stomach four or five hours' work to do at the close of the day, of giving rest to the body by sleep, and yet keeping the stomach hard at work until near daylight. Its repose, then is the repose of exhaustion, and it does not wake up for breakfast any more than the body would if kept out of the bed long past midnight. Not being waked up, it does not call for food and there is no appetite (no "seeking," as the word literally means,) for food.

Miscellany.

THE LAST TRICK OF A PAGE.

From the French: By A. deV. Chaudron

In 1770, at Versailles, lived the Marquis of Charnay—a gallant nobleman—who, forty-five years before, had been one of the pages of Louis Fifteenth.—The Marquis, in his youth, had been one of the most dissipated nobles of the Court. He had been a favorite with all the various mistresses of his sovereign; had been a friend of Madame de Pompadour, and a follower of Madame Dubarry; and having grown gray in pursuit of pleasure, grew weary of the chase, and reformed.

By way of alleviating the hardships of reformation, he married a young and beautiful woman, whose union with so venerable a spouse, afforded much merriment to the courtiers of that excellent monarch, Louis XV., who, like his subjects, had grown old, but unlike him, had not grown virtuous.

Doubtless the Marquis run the same risk as all men who mate their bleak December with the beautcous May; but he was still handsome, accomplished and witty; and to gain the affection of his young wife, he was determined to put forth all of his attractions.

Happily for him, she was disposed to be pleased: and he, being neither jealous nor careless, succeeded in inspiring her, if not with passionate love, with a sincere and respectful attachment. He made no stern regulations for her deportment; she was allowed to receive visitors without restraint, and the Hotel de Charnay was as attractive as youth, beauty, wealth and station could make it; while the tone of the society that frequented its mistress, was in perfect harmony with the age and dignity of her husband.

Among the lordlings admitted to the Hotel de Charnay, was the Baron de Breteuil, a young officer who was just making his entrance into society, and who, for the very reason that he had no record wherewith to frighten the scrupler of a woman of principle, was the very sort of man (should he undertake to grow sentimental) that might also grow to be dangerous.

He was tall and graceful, had melancholy eyes, conversed in melodious demi-tones, and was given to gentle pressures of hands. The Marquis de Charney saw with terror, that the young officer was falling in love with his wife find his heart beat with apprehension when, following the discovery, he perceived that the Marchioness was losing appetite and her *embonpoint*, and was looking wearied and dispirited. Her husband was quite as mucl. concerned at *her* dejection as at *his* suspicions of its cause. He was just as anxious to make her happy as to be happy himself.

After revolving in his head fifty or more schemes, each one leaving him more perplexed than before, he conceived the novel idea of making an appeal to de Breteuil, and by a generous candor, of awakening a reciprocal generosity in the heat of the young man himself.

With this intention he drove to the Baron's lodging. He had just finished the elaborate toilette with which he was accustomed to arm himself for conquest in his daily visits to the Hotel de Charnay, and in the fullness of satisfaction, was thinking that he was more attractive and melancholy looking than usual.

Mr. de Breteuil," began the Marquis "you are falling in love with my wife. You are violating the sacrity of a happy home, and in the thoughtlessness of extreme youth, are periling the happiness of an excellent virtuous woman. Were I a younger man my tone would be different perhaps; but I have lost my agility as a swordsman, sir, and cannot measure weapons with you.—The years that have robben me of strength, however, have taught me, I hope—discretion. My dear wife's name shall be compromised by no word or act of mine; be you equally generous, and spare her reputation by leaving this place at once. Join your regiment at Stenay, and let me owe to your honor or the restoration of my domestic happiness."

Instead of denying his love for the Marchioness, and swearing after the manner of the gallants of the day that had never had presumed to give her a thought, de Breteuil burst into tears, vowed that he loved her to destraction, and poured the whole story of his passion into the ears of the astonished husband.

"What," sobbed he, "ask me to banish myself from her presence!—Why, banishment to me were death! What to me are fame or honor! What care I for my regiment! My world contains but one being for me—life but one aim. To breathe the air *she* breathes—to die at her feet! I ask but that one sad privilege. Do not deny me so small a boon."

This was the very last thing the Marquis had expected to hear. Spite of his own vexation, he felt sorry for de Breteuil, for, being very young, he was very much in earnest, and was fully persuaded at that very moment that simultaneous with a separation from Madame de Charnay would be the sundering of his soul from his body.

"Nevertheless," thought de Charnay, "the separation must take place;" and feeling that words would be wasted upon such a monstruck oddity, he contented himself with forbidding de Breteuil the house, and returned home to see what effect he could have upon the Marchioness.

He came upon her in her boudoir, half-sitting, half-lying upon the downy cushions of a satin lounge, the very counterpart of Sminidrides and his bed of rose-leaves. Those of his wife, de Charnay saw, were very much crumpled indeed, so he began his task with all possible tenderness.

With consummate tact he led the conversation to the subject of de Breteuil; wondered at his frequent visits; spoke of the imprudence of those married women who suffered one man to be more attentive to them than others; and finally drew from his pretty Marchioness that de Breteuil had addressed her several notes.

Madame de Charnay was young and thoughtless; but she was a woman of principle. She had allowed herself to grow sentimental over the plaints of this interesting youth, and was just on the brink of that pity which is akin to love. Her husband's words startled her from her perilous state, and she had scarcely time to shudder before the prospect of mysery that another step would have opened upon her, before she felt her heart leap with joy for the timely deliverance that came through the ministration of her wise and sagacious husband.

"Would you object to show me those notes?" asked he. "No, Marquis," replied she, blushing; "I ought to have shown them to you, unbidden. But I was embarrassed lest I should bring trouble upon you, and my heart bled for that unhappy young man."

She had risen, meanwhile; and after a few moment's search in her dainty *escritoire* of ebany and ivory, she drew forth a velvet portfolio, and from its rose-scented pockets, took the notes of the love-sick Captain.

De Charnay unfolded them and began to read. They were burning with love, but with love that professed no hope of return; and as a matter of course, the despairing odorer, who never, never could overcome his unfortunate passion, had no alternative left him.

While de Charnay was reading those precious effusions, his young Marchioness looked on, pale and trembling.—It was clear that she, at least, had full faith in de Breteuil's menaces of suicide; and that which most excited her interest in the affair; and was therefore likely to be most dangerous to her peace of mind, was her compassion for his excess of love—a love that was to be the cause of his death, and convert *her* into a *quasi* murderess.

"He will kill himself!" exclaimed she, looking piteously at her husband.

"Possibly," rejoined de Charnay, witn the utmost composure. "But," continued he, with a smile that was utterly at variance with the import of his words, "you must die before him."

The Marchioness started. "Gracious heaven!" cried she, "what can you mean?"

I mean," replied the Marquis, "that you have suddenly grown ill; that, in a few hours, you will become worse, and, finally, that day after to-morrow you will be dead."

"Oh!" exclaimed the poor young creature, "I have not deserved this at your hands, Monsieur. I have never spoken or written a word that could compromise me, to Mr. de Breteuil, and I swear, before heaven, that the letters I gave you are the only ones I have ever received from him. Why, then, are his sins to be so heavily visited on my head?"

"I see no other way of escape from the predicament in which he has placed me," was the reply of the Marquis.—"But calm your fears, Eugenie; you are about to simulate death, not to die in reality. I see, my poor girl, that this fellow has touched your fancy. you are good and loyal; but this confounded fop has already managed to make you, if not unhappy, at least melancholy. You are spiritless and languid, and your life is less bright than it was a few months ago. My remedy, I think, will restore you to health and happiness. Will you trust your cause to me?"

"I will," said she, extending her hand.

"No, my love; my letters would have no interest for you, for in them I would certainly not mention de Breteuil's name."

"How long"——began she.

"I cannot tell, but I think your exile may last for four or five months."

"Good heavens! What am I to do, all these months?"

"Remember that you are under no restraint. You can visit and be visited; you can draw and paint, you can study and improve your mind. You are under one restriction only: that of being cut oil from communication with Versailles. Now, if these conditions are too onerous, I have but one alternative."

"What is that?"

"I must run de Breteuil through the body."

"God forbid! But he will die of grief."

"Better die of grief than die by my hand, and ruin your reputation, Eugenie."

"So be it, then," sighed the young Marchioness. "You promise me upon your honor that I am not sent away for an indefinite period?"

"I promise, on my honor, that you shall return home in—let me see—in less than four months."

So the Marchioness left Versailles that night, and on the morrow de Charnay appeared in court, and mentioned the fact of his wife being seriously indisposed. The next day she was worse, and the night following she died.

The Marquis and his household went into deep mourning, and a splendid funeral cortege left the Hotel Charnay to carry the body of the Marchioness to the family vault at some distance from Versailles.

A few days later de Charnay received a visit of condolence from de Breteuil. The former, of course, saw nobody, but he did for his wife's lover more than he had done for any body else: he wrote him a letter.

"I was exceedingly fond of my wife," said he in his missive, "but honor, to me, is a deeper sentiment than the love of woman. I can therefore bear my loss with the calm regret of a man of mature age, whose happiness has been endangered by that which would have been a far heavier blow than the death of the beloved object. As for you, however, whose passion was beyond all bounds of principle, and beyond all love of life; who lived but to breathe the air she breathed, and longed for death when I asked you to cease your visits to my house, I am in hourly expectation of hearing that you have put an end to your intolerable existence. And let me add that my deceased wife departed this life in the full conviction that you would very, very shortly follow her."

"Poor de Breteuil!" said the courtiers of the "*Oeil de Bœuf*," to one another, "to think of his losing that beautiful creature, just as she was about to fall into his arms."

Three months went by, and the Marquis de Charnay decided that it was time to terminate his wife's exile. She resuscitated at midnight; he met her at the *porte cochere*, and giving her his arm, led her to her boudoir, and seated her on the satin lounge.

"You look well, Eugenie, and prettiar than ever."

"Unfortunate de Breteuil!" was the reply of his wife. "Since you recall me, I need not ask what has been his fate. He is dead!"

The Marquis drew from his pocket a tablet.

"Here," said he, "recorded for your special benefit, is a memorandum of the sayings and doings since your demise. On the day of your funeral he dined with several *mousquetaires*, comrades of his, at the "*Trois Pommes*." They all drank to the repose of your soul, and Breteuil was in ectacies at the magnificence of the coffin and hearse. He thoughs I had displayed both taste and liberality in the arrangement of the obsequies. Two days after I wrote him an appeal, in which I proved that it had become his duty to commit suicide. I told him you had not precisely commanded him to die, but I knew you would be disappointed if he did not. To this letter I received no reply; for de Breteuil had already gone to Paris to make the acquaintance of a dashing opera girl, for whom he committed so many follies, that between the cashmeres and the diamonds which he lavished upon *Madamoiselle*, and his losses at cards, he was minus three thousand louis in less than a fortnight."

"Now, de Breteuil, as you know, is not rich: and as this damage to his purse had to be repaired, he cast about him to find a young lady who would exchange some of her surperfluous cash for his name and good-looking person. You see that after all he is a sensible fellow, amenable to reason. He found that sentiment was unprofitable, so he abjured it, and has replaced it by a *mariage de convenance* with one of your own kinswomen. I have recalled you from your tomb, my dear Eugenie, to sign his marriage contract. Moreover, I was dying to see you again, for I bore your loss with far less philosophy than de Breteuil has done."

The Marchioness threw herself into her husband's arms and thanked him from her heart for his tender treatment of her first folly. "And I may securely promise that it shall be my last, for your noble conduct has won from me a warmer feeling than I had supposed could possibly exist in my heart for a man so much older than myself. My dear, excellent husband, fear nothing evermore from me. I am too truly yours to be caught in such a snare again."

"My dearest," replied de Charnay, when a woman is gifted by nature with a soul like yours, she need never fear for her honor, provided she gave her confidence to her husband. Had you acted otherwise than you have done, your reputation would have been injured, your life blasted, and de Breteuil would have been talking lightly of his fancy for that poor Eugenie de Charnay. As it is, nobody has suffered. I have you back again, and my happiness is to-day without a flaw."

"All very well, sir," said the Marchioness, gaily, but you forget that I am dead and buried. How, in the name of all that is spectral, am I to be born again to the world of Versailles, and the Court of France?"

"Ah, well, I have a friend at court, who, after blaming me for marrying a youthful beauty, was magnanimous enough to forego the pleasure of saying, "I *told* you so!" and to uphold me in my hour of need. The King, with whom years ago I have gotten into many a scrape, knows all about your pretended death and burial."

"The King knows all about it!" echoed Eugenie.

"Of course he does, my dearest. How otherwise could I have carried out the stratagem? Do you suppose that any man in France is bold enough to make away with one of his Majesty's subjects as I did, without being open to suspicion? I was obliged to have royalty for my confidant, that I might kill and bury my wife with impunity. You know that in my youth I was one of those *vauriens* called pages to the King. Many are the tricks I have played with Louis for an accomplice; this one, I presume, will be the last; but I think I may flatter myself that it is also my *best*."

Eugenie laughed heartily, and at the *petit souper* that was shortly after served up to herself and her husband, she was as merry as a lark. She was resolved, however, to be revenged on de Breteuil.

The next day was to witness the signing of the marriage contract. De Breteuil was in the act of rising with his *fiancee* to approach the table, when the folding doors of the state drawing-room were flung wide open, and a lackey announced:

"The Marquis and Marchioness de Charnay!"

At the sound of her name de Breteuil started, dropped the hand of his affianced, and gazed in speechless terror at the vision of his lost love. But no spectral figure robed in white met his eye; the lady that leaned on de Charnay's arm was corporeal, tangible, and elegantly dressed in the prevailing fashion of the living. More beautiful than ever, (for country air always improves a belle.) Eugenie came forward, smiling, and to all the "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" of her friends, and to the exclamations of the company in general as to her sudden death and burial, she raised her pretty shoulders and pointed to her husband.

"It was agreed upon between the Marchioness and myself."

"But why, why such a compact?" was the cry.

"Ah, ladies and gentlemen, that is a family secret, and cannot be divulged."

There was great rejoicing over Eugenie's resurrection, and people were, of course, all curious to hear the news from Hades. In the midst of the hilarity to which her adventure had given rise, she found an opportunity to speak to de Breteuil.

She handed him his three notes, and said "would you, too, like to hear from the tomb? These contain all the news I gathered there, and when you shall have seen their contents, you will acknowledge that they were not worth the trouble they have given me."

Of course, the Marchioness de Charnay had to be presented again at court. Nobody being in the secret of her disappearance except the King and de Breteuil, it remained a secret; for de Breteuil was quite as much interested in keeping silence as any one of the party.

The marriage of de Charnay proved after all, a happy one. His lovely young wife became deeply attached to him, and invulnerable to the blandishments of other men. But in spite of her youth and roseate health, she became an object of terror to the inhabitants of Versailles. They had seen her coffin and funeral obsequies, and they never could persuade themselves that she had not arisen from the dead. To them she was a ghost, to the end of her days; and her spirit never was laid until the French monarch perished, and the French nobility were swept from the face of the earth.

SUNDRIES.

Jet ornaments will be much worn on round hats and bonnets this autumn.

Prepared chalk, it is said, is the best thing to use on the face to whiten it.

An old Roman law was that no couple should be engaged for more than two years.

A young lady had a very severe fall the other evening on account of wearing brass heels.

Invitations to church weddings are now to bear the name of the party invited, and will not be transferable.

Sets of jewelry made of satin stretched over molds, and painted with quiet designs, are being introduced.

Tinted cards and note paper are authoritatively pronounced the correct thing; pale pink, buff and pistache are the favorite colors.

A Springfield, Ohio, girl, danced in corsets and early in the engagement her corse it was carried out of the ball room.

A theatrical woman ought to have no objection to the weed. She may win a name if some wealthy friend choose to back 'er.

French journals accuse the Prussian leaders of wanting to weaken Bavaria by shoving Bavarian troops always to the front, and thus bringing about their destruction and slaughter, while they keep their own troops out of the fire as much as possible.

Some young brides think it an evidence of brilliancy to omit the "obey" in the troth plighting of the Episcopal marriage service. One of them was much shocked a short time since when the officiating ministers refused to proceed with the ceremony till the obnoxious word was audibly uttered by the rebellious damsel.

A beautiful Georgia belle, Miss Wilhemina Taylor, late of Macon, was recently married at Trinity Chapel, New York. Her dress was of white silk, trimmed with white satin and point lace; the veil of illusion, bordered with white silk, and the whole set off with a profusion of diamonds that proclaimed the wealth of the wearer, the fair and beautiful bride of eighteen.

The charges for opening churches for fashionable weddings are being raised, on account of the wear and tear of the wood work Even the most fairy-like of bottinics are apt to leave an unfavorable impression on highly polished pew rails.

A correspondent of the London News writes that a translation of the "Captain With His Whiskers" is very popular in the German armies, and adds that the "Captain With His Whiskers" is merely a vulgarized version of an excellent ditty of the old French war, and that the melody is borrowed from the famous Blucher song, "Was blasen die Trompeten, Husheen heraus."

The Darlington (Wis) Democrat tells the following dog story: "While Mr. J. Langford and his family were away from home last week. they left a dog to watch the premises. Mr. Walton lives near, and also has a dog. Mr. W's people laid out some food, and said it must go over for Langford's dog. Walton's dog at once took it and carried it over to his neighbor, returning home for his own, evidently much pleased that his friend had his dinner.

The Culpepper (Va) Observer says: "We are sorry to learn that Mr. John N. Hill was killed last evening about sunset, while returning home. It seems that he was in company with Mr. Yowell, and bantered him for a race. Mr. Hill's horse fell, breaking his (Hill's) neck."

FAST LIFE IN FIFTH AVENU

Hollow show and Gilded Misc
Some Curious Facts.

New York Correspondence Troy Time

It is an old saying that all is not go that glitters, and the history of th Fifth avenue will prove that the golden hue of luxury is generally little more than a deceptive show. If you live in this fashionable spot you must pay $75,000 for a house, (perhaps $100,000,) or you must give an equivalent rent. Think of $8,000 rent to begin with.—You cannot furnish the house at a less expense than $10,000, and, if pictures and statuary be introduced, you may treble that figure. To this is to be added your carriage and span of matched horses, worth $3,000 at least. Then look over your pay-roll of servants.—Here is the coachman, who, with his family, lives in a finished room over your stable. He must have $800 a year, and will have it, even if he be obliged to rob the oat-bin in order to meet a deficiency. Next is the footman, who, on public drives, is perched on the rear of the carriage, and wears the same uniform as the driver. He must have $30 a month and board, Add to these the cook at $16 per month, chamber-maid at $10, and nurse (for the children must not be neglected) at $12 per month. The housekeeper caps the list, for a fashionable lady would as soon take care of her children, or do any other unbecoming work, as attend to housekeeping duties, and no housekeeper can be got for less than $30 per month. I have only put down a half dozen servants, which is a moderate number; but, when we consider that each of these may be a thief, it is as many as you need; and if you can meet the expenses and peculation which your establishment involves, you must have an income of $25,000 at least.

HOW TO KEEP UP AN INCOME.

Notwithstanding the immense financial resources of this city, it is admitted that to keep up a regular income is a matter of no little difficulty. Business here is subject to incessant vicissitude. Our social and commercial strata are volcanic, and sudden convulsions are constantly occurring. A man must be indeed fortunate who can hold his own year after year. A collapse like that of the Pacific Mail Company strikes out the support of many a princely house. Men here often become suddenly insolvent—but the disbursements continue. The pressure of these Fifth avenue families often becomes fearful. The credit system prevails here extensively, and as a consequence there is an incessant "dunning" carried on. The professional collector is on his rounds, and knows how to inflict his presence at the most annoying hours of the day.—Then comes the appeal of the money-lender, whose loans require a chattel-mortgage. The struggle to maintain appearances may be prolonged, but at last comes the grand finale—an explosion, amid which the unlucky family sinks out of sight of its former friends, and at last finds bottom in some lower stratum. To these exigences are to be ascribed the frequent defalcations in banks, insurance companies and similar institutions.

GRADES OF RANK.

It will be found that after social ambition has been gratified by reaching the distinction of a Fifth avenue establishment, there is still a vast unrest.—High life has its peculiar grades, and the Fifth avenue is anything but a level. The man who hires a house there is not on a par with one who owns his dwelling, and he, by the same rule, is not equal with one who is admitted to be of higher wealth. There is a perpetual criticism and a looking down on one's neighbors because they are poorer, or a looking up to them because they are richer, and there is also a perpetual effort to reach the highest rank, at least in a social if not a financial way. Hence it is not to be imagined that social and domestic life here is like love in a cottage, or like the happy valley of Rasselas.

A LOOK INSIDE.

It may be inquired whether there be much of what is called domestic life in the Fifth. There are some exceptions to be found in the old-fashioned class of such people as James Brown, Robert L. Stuart, and a few families who are not only possessed of great wealth, but also of what is of more value, good principles. Domestic happiness cannot co-exist with that artificial life which prevails here, and which is productive of so much misery. Indeed, the splendid misery, as it is sometimes called, of this famous street, would, if written, fill a volume.

MARRIAGE A LA MODE.

The modern style of marriages is as fruitful a source of this splendid misery as can be imagined. The artist Hogarth made a great hit by illustrating the marriage a la mode of his day, and were he now alive he might find an equally rich subject in the high life of New York. I knew an instance of a splendid marriage in which, among other items of display, a half dozen groomsmen and bridesmaids were put in service. The wedded pair sailed for Europe, and while enjoying the luxury of its gayest capital the husband detected his wife corresponding with her music teacher, a fine looking German, by whom she had been captivated. He immediately notified the parents to send for their daughter, whom he at once abandoned. Within six months from her wedding the bride was back in her father's house. That trifling ingredient in matrimony called love is overlooked when the gratification of social ambition is at hand, but the bride will yet find the true minister of her heart, and as in Hogarth's famous series to which I have referred, an intrigue will be the result. In the meantime, while she shares the grandeur of a splendid establishment, she feels that bitterness of disappointment which gives life to a *liaison*.

Among the more noted of these marriages *a la mode* is that of a public man of considerable notoriety, who was at that time a widower of fifty, with a bad reputation both in social and political matters. However, he was reputed to be rich, and wealth, like charity, covers a multitude of sins. He offered himself to a young lady who had reached the ripe age of sixteen, and hence might be expected to know her price. This was a house in the Fifth avenue to be conveyed before the performance of that ceremony which was to unite the affectionate couple. The deed was executed, but it is more than whispered that just one day previous the premises were mortgaged for $85,000. The bride, under these circumstances, might draw consolation from the fact that her honorable and honored husband shaved everybody that came in contact with him, and hence such a piece of sharp practice might reasonably be expected.

I presume that the young lady referred to took pattern by another marriage a la mode, which occurred several years previously, and excited a great deal of remark. This took place between a distinguished financier and a daughter of an eminent naval officer. It is said that in this instance the consideration was not only a deed of a Fifth avenue mansion but $100,000 in valuable stocks. This match, as I have said, excited great notice and even censure, owing to the husband's antecedents.

As the season advances the matrimonial market is getting excited, and several important bargains are now under way. Mention is made of an alliance near at hand between a four-story brown stone house, with carriage and servants and a fortune on top of it of $250,000, on the one hand (encumbered by 200 pounds of flesh and blood, with the bloated countenance of a rakish widower), and on the other a chignon and trousseau, a smattering of French, and love of the world, the flesh and the

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000 worth of
rried to a heartless
who is allured by othe
tions which absorb his
money. As a consequence
his wife with a harshness
breaking her heart, but which she conceals from the world out of regard for appearances. I might designate another establishment of elegant character, whose owner is reputed to be worth a half million of dollars. The family are very showy and keep an expensive equipage. The father is a retired merchant, and has a controlling interest in a great banking house which once was wealthy, but he has sunk most of its capital in stock operations. He is living at his usual rate of $20,000 per year, and yet he knows that his frauds may be discovered at almost any time. He has been for several years on the verge of ruin, but he will keep up appearances for the family's sake as long as possible, and then when the collapse shall come, laudanum or the pistol will be a last resort. The question often arises, how long can this deception be continued? and the reply is, that it depends on good management and good luck. If no sudden pressure takes place, it may be protracted several years; but a panic or any sudden change in affairs will at once bring it to light.

FIFTH AVENUE GUZZLING.

If wine drinking can make a people happy, the Fifth avenue should be in a state of extreme beatitude; for notwithstanding the high prices occasioned by the war, the most costly brands here find a rapid market. If any one will stop of a pleasant afternoon at any of the first-class grocery establishments in Broadway, he may witness the delightful task of liquor tasting performed by little knots of the aristocracy, who stop in to leave orders. In all families, whether of the highest or less repute, we find wine a staple, and the way it is drunk would excite the admiration of all teetotalers. Hardly a grocer's cart backs up to a house but you see the champagne basket. After dinner the wine circulates and is duly praised, for it is of good American manufacture. The only man in the secret is the fellow who comes round every week to buy the empty bottles. He takes them down to the bottling house, where they are filled, and in due time they are returned with fresh brands and silver tops. It seems absurd that the wine-drinking community should be ignorant of this, when almost opposite the Academy of Music there is a large warehouse devoted to this branch of trade. Here one may behold vast quantities of second-hand bottles received daily. There is no necessity of penetrating the mysteries of this place, for they are not beyond the power of good guessing. The transformation of Jersey cider and petroleum into Heidsieck and Veuve Cliquot is so rapid and marvelous that it is a wonder it is not reckoned among the fine arts.

WHAT BECOMES OF THEM.

It is said that life in the Fifth avenue is constantly changing, and that when a fresh *parvenu* comes in somebody must be going out. The question may naturally arise, what becomes of these decaying gentry, and the reply is that they generally go to ruin unless their course be delayed by the patronage of friends. The children of our once richest families have been found dwelling in tenement houses, and sometimes at a still lower depth. I know that a son of one of our first-class families died some time ago in the alms-house of this city. Luxury proverbially exhausts that capacity and efficiency which are necessary in the battle of life.

A LAUGHABLE SNAKE STORY.

"Call A Man."

Any one who is disposed to try a laugh, will do well to read on:

John Jackson was a very industrious, hard-working man, of twenty-three years. Being the eldest child, and the only son, he had always remained at home, assisting his father upon the farm. John was much respected by every one in the neighborhood, and many a bright-eyed girl had secretly thought she would like to change her name to Mrs. John Jackson. But John was no "ladies man." The f