

"Ha!—ha!—ha! that is a good joke! But do you not know that he is more than a count, more than a knight, more than a lieutenant-colonel?—Can you guess what he is?"

"Yes; he is a man who broke his compact with me in the bagne of Toulon, and spurned me away with his foot as he sprang over the wall. I must have him back; it is only justice. Good morning;" and the old *forcat* went into the prefecture.

This time he was apparently but little more successful than on the former occasion; but the functionaries were surprised at his pertinacity, and considered it due to the character of the Count to send some one to him to hint deliberately at the calumnies that were abroad. They told the informer, therefore, that inquiries would be made, and directed him to call the next day, in the idea that by that time they would have authority to take him into custody. He was pleased accordingly, with his success. He dined cheerfully; spent the afternoon in walking about; in the evening felt hungry again, but resisted the temptation to commit a theft, lest he should be looked up from the business that engrossed him; and at night, being perfectly moneyless, he repaired to one of the bridges, to sleep under an arch.

This was the most quiet, though by no means the most solitary, bed-chamber he could have found; for that night every crib in Paris was searched for him by messengers who would have silenced him in one way or other. As it was, he lay undisturbed, except by his dreams, and the fitful moonbeams glancing like spectres upon the water. Sometimes he awoke, and fancied himself in the prison of Toulon, till reassured by the voice of the river which murmured in his ear, "It is only justice." Then he felt hungry, and the night grew chill, and the hard stones pierced his limbs; and he thought of the thousands and thousands of francs that had been offered him, and of the pleasure and dignity of robbing in a great band commanded by a nobleman. But then he shrugged his shoulder, by means of which Coignard had stepped upon the wall; and, looking forward to the morrow, a grim feeling of satisfaction stole over his heart, the indulgence of which seemed better than food, money or honour. And then the moonbeams disappeared on the river, and the wind moaned along its bosom, and the waters answered with a hollow murmur which syllabled in his ear, "Justice—justice!" and he fell into a profound slumber that lasted till morning.

The prefect in the meantime had employed Gen. Despinos to wait upon the count; but the latter, instead of meeting the charge with the incredulity, ridicule or indignation that had been expected, made quiet speeches, and entered into long explanations, and the astonished envoy returned to his employers, hardly able to form an opinion. That opinion was, however, at once come to by the more experienced authorities of the prefecture; and after a minute examination of the informer, who had planted himself at the office door long before it opened in the morning, it was determined to arrest the count on suspicion of being an escaped felon. But this was only what he had expected, and for some days all Paris was searched for him in vain. They tracked him at length to the house in the Rue St. Maur; and although he defended himself with the pistols, both of which he discharged at the *gens d'armes*, he was overpowered and taken into custody. The revelations made in this den of thieves identified him with the mysterious chief of banditti who had so long kept the city in awe; and, being conducted to the prison of La Force, he was tried for various distinct robberies, as well as for his evasion from the bagne of Toulon.

A narrative like this, with its circumstances laid only a few years ago, wears an air of improbability; but many personations quite as extraordinary took place after the confusion of the Revolution. The peculiar feature in the case of Coignard is, that the imposture was followed out to the very last, in spite of the legal exposure. He would not plead by any other name than his fictitious one; and the president of the court was obliged to call him simply, "You accused!" When transferred to his old quarters at Toulon, under sentence of tatters for life, he preserved the calm, sedate dignity of an injured man, and was much respected by the other *forcats*, who always addressed him by his assumed title. This character he continued to enact up to his death; and perhaps he ended by persuading even himself that the companion of nobles, and the protégé of a king, was in reality the Count de Saint-Helene.—*Albion.*

Belle—A pretty but useless insect without wings whose colors fade on being removed from the sunshine.

A FRIGHTFUL SNAKE STORY.

The following incident was related to us the other day by one whose veracity is unquestioned, and who was an eye witness of the fact. It is more appalling than any we recollect to have ever read in the history of these reptiles.

Some time last summer the inhabitants of Manchester, Mississippi, gave a barbecue, which was attended by most of the fashion and beauty of the town and surrounding country. It happened that among the guests there was a young lady, Miss M. recently from one of the eastern cities, who was on a visit to her relations in the neighborhood of the town.

Miss M., was a gay and extremely fashionable young lady, and withal possessed an uncommon share of spirit and courage, except in the matter of snakes, and of those she had so great a dread that she scarcely dared walk anywhere, except in the most frequented places, for fear of encountering them. Every effort was used, but without avail, to rid her of her childish fears. They haunted her continually, until at last it became the settled conviction of her mind that she was destined to fall a victim to the fangs of a rattlesnake. The sequel will show how soon her terrible presentiment was fulfilled.

Towards the close of the day, while scores of the fairy feet were keeping time in the dance to the music, and the whole company were in full tide of enjoyment, a scream was heard from Miss M., followed by the most agonizing cries for help. The crowd gathered round her instantly, and beheld her standing the perfect image of despair, with her hands grasping a portion of her dress with all the tenacity of a vice. It was some time before she could be rendered sufficiently calm to tell the cause of her alarm, and then they gathered from her broken exclamations that she was grasping the head of a snake among the folds of her dress, and feared to let go her hold for fear of receiving the fatal blow. This intelligence caused many to shrink from her, but most of the ladies, for their honor be it told, determined not to leave her in her direful extremity.

They besought her not to relax her hold, as safety depended upon it until some one could be found with courage enough to seize and remove the terrible animal. There were none of the ladies however willing to perform the act, and the situation of Miss M., was becoming more and more critical every moment. It was evident that her strength was failing fast, and that she could not maintain her hold many minutes longer.

A hasty consultation among the calmest of the ladies was held, when it was determined that Mr. Tison, who was present, should be called to their assistance. He was quickly on the spot, and being a man of uncommon courage, he was not many minutes within the circle of weeping and half-fainting females, until he caught the tail of the snake and wound it round his hand to make sure of his hold.

He then told Miss M., that she must let go at the moment he jerked it away, and to make the act as instantaneous as possible, he would pronounce the words one, two, three, and at the moment he pronounced the last word, she must let go her hold, and he doubted not he could withdraw the snake before it would have time to strike. All stood in breathless horror, awaiting the act of life or death, and at the moment the word three was pronounced, the doctor jerked out the largest and most diabolical looking bustle that was ever seen in Mississippi. The whole affair was then explained. The fastenings of the machine had become loose during the dancing, and it had shifted its position in such a way that it dangled about the lady's limbs, and induced the belief that it was a snake with an enormous head.

The doctor fell right down in his tracks, and fainted—he did.—[Mississippi Journal.]

BROTHERS.

According to my observation, any persons can do business together better than brothers," said a voice near me as we were detained in a crowd when passing out of a city church. I looked at the speaker in amazement, almost expecting to see the uniform dress of some charity institution or House of Refuge, where foundlings grow up without feeling the deep, yearning affection which God has given to brothers and sisters; but instead I met the keen, intelligent gaze of a middle aged man, who looked as if he had learned what was in the human heart without a misanthrope. He passed on, but his words remained in my mind, and I found myself more than once saying, "If such is the fact, why is it?"

Why should brothers, born and nurtured at one fireside, sharing each other's inmost thoughts,

looking up to one mother's face for sympathy and love, during the most impressible years of life why should they become as strangers?

Then my mind ran back to the old farmhouse, my early home where I had grown up beneath the overshadowing love of brothers and sisters; and I saw my noble brother standing with a large sled drawn up before the door; his pantaloons tucked in his boots; and his fine, manly face radiant with generous excitement, all ready for Jamy and Lucy to ride to school, and my mother's gentle face, as she followed us to the door with a caution not to let Jamy get hurt. Hugh was not the oldest, but Jamy was a delicate boy, who could not face the winter wind; so his brother gladly lent his strength, and was fully rewarded when at evening the long hard sum and difficult lesson were made plain and easy by the thoughtful elder brother. The blessed partnership continued till Jamy was beyond our care and love.

Those brothers and sisters unlike, and yet each so perfect in their way, as I counted them like jewels when asked 'how many' we were; who grew up so united, so ready to help each other must they change.

That night when all were sent for, one from college, one from his clerkship, and one from school to see mother die; when they stood with bleeding hearts, as one by one she begged us to meet her in heaven, and bade us not let her absence weaken the bond which linked us; when she besought the thrifty, managing son to counsel and help the one too lavish; when she committed to our trust the young daughter whose mind she had hoped to mature for heaven; and then with a look of trust in the mourning band around her, closed her eyes in death; that night in its bitterness, and the succeeding day loneliness, when the centre and sun of our existence seemed shrouded in darkness, came over my mind with new power. Can hearts so firmly linked in joy and grief grow cold?

What if the brother lacks the 'faculty to get along,' or has a wife you cannot like, or lacks the polish you have acquired! cast him not off—help him. Are you not of one blood?—Are not his very faults common property?

The sister may be poor, or plain, when compared with the companions of your prospered years but remember she is that unprotected one on whom that dying mother's eye lingered longest.—Why not be a brother born for adversity? What if to cement the family bond, you sacrifice a portion of money or fame!—You will be repaid by a wealth of love which cultivates the world's neglect and scorn, and will fill your heart with healthful joy, when, life's fever is past, you long for the pure and unselfish love which blessed your childhood. Can that noble school-boy who lifts up and protects his fallen brother, who generously shares the rare fruit, and when the new toy cannot be divided, throws it in his sister's lap, and says with true love. 'It's as much yours as mine; can he look with indifference upon the misfortunes and the faults of one of these precious friends of childhood? Alas, he may!

'Why is it?' I looked in vain for a reply and am again reminded of a scene of my childhood. One day, with tearful eyes, I carried an empty robin's nest to my mother, and eagerly asked where the birds were gone, and if the little ones that had nestled so lovingly together had forgotten their old home and tender parents.

'Yes, they are no more to each other than any strange birds, now that they are old enough to provide for themselves.' This touched my inmost heart as I sorrowfully inquired, 'Mother why is it?'—Because they have no souls, my child,' was the answer.

Brothers and Sisters, is there not a moral for you in this brief reply?—[N. Y. Evangelist.]

A MODEL LETTER.

The National Intelligencer publishes the following letter, written by a distinguished literary lady, Mrs. W. of Troy, and addressed to a learned Judge of New Haven, on the eve of his marriage. The letter accompanied the present of a pair of blue stockings, knit by the fair writer's own fingers. We recommend it to the careful perusal of all married persons, as well as all who contemplate entering into that enviable and holy state.

"Dear Cousin:—Herewith you will receive a present of a pair of woolen stockings knit by my own hands; and be assured, dear cousin, that my friendship for you is as warm as the material, active as the finger work, and generous as the donation.

But I consider this present as peculiarly appropriate on the occasion of your marriage. You will remark, in the first place, that there are two individuals united in one pair, who are to walk side by side, guarding against coldness, giving comfort

as long as they last. The thread of their texture is mixed, and so alas is the thread of life. In these however, the white is made to predominate, expressing my desire and confidence that thus will it be with the color of your existence. No black is used, for I believe your lives will be wholly free from the black passions of wrath and jealousy.—The darkest color here is blue, which is excellent where we do not make it too blue.

Other appropriate thoughts rise in my mind regarding these stockings. The most indifferent subjects, when viewed by the mind in a suitable frame, may furnish instructive inferences. As saith the poet—

"The iron dogs; the fuel and tongs;
The bellows that have leathern lungs;
The firewood, ashes, and the smoke,
Do all to righteousness provoke."

But to the subject. You will perceive that the top of these stockings (by which I suppose courtship to be represented) are seamed and by means of seaming are drawn into a snarl; but afterwards comes a time when the whole is made plain, and continues to the end and final toing off. By this I wish to take occasion to congratulate yourself that you are done with seaming and have come to the plain reality. Again, as the whole of these comely stockings was not made at once, but by the addition of one little stitch after another, put in with skill and discretion, until the whole presents the fair and equal piece of work which you see, so life does not consist of one great action, but millions of little ones combined. And so may it be with your lives; no stitch dropt when duties are to be performed; no widening made where bad principles are to be reprov'd or economy is to be preserved, neither seaming nor narrowing, where truth and generosity are questions. Thus every stitch of life made right and set in the right place—none either too large or too small, too tight or too loose—thus you may keep on your smooth and even course, making existence one fair and consistent piece, until, together having passed the heel you come to the very toe of life. And here in the final narrowing off and dropping the coil of this emblematical pair of companions and comforting associates, nothing appears but white, the token of innocence and peace, of purity and light. May you like these stockings, the final stitch being dropt and the work completed, go together from the place where you were formed to a happier state of existence, present from earth to heaven!

Hoping that these stockings and admonitions may meet a cordial reception I remain in the true-blue friendship, seemly, yet without seeming.

Yours, from top to toe,

THE MAID, THE WOLF AND THE DEER.—A Wisconsin paper tells a story of a Wisconsin heroine:—"A young lady of fifteen living at Rawley's Bay, while out with another young lady, saw a wolf a short distance off, watching a deer that he had driven into a lake, with courage rarely equalled she drove the wolf away, and wading into the lake, brought the deer on shore by the ear; but after petting him short time, the ungallant fellow made several attempts to get away, and finally carried matters so far as to knock her down and tear her dress, when becoming justly incensed by such behaviour, she took a stone and dashed out his brains, the wolf at the time standing a short distance off, a silent spectator of the fight in which he took no further part then by showing a formidable row of teeth occasionally, to show his disapprobation of her interference." The editor adds, in the genuine Hoosier style:—"If this girl lives a few years longer she will be able to whip her weight in wild cats, outscram the catamount, give the young 'badger' the heartache, and what is better, preside with grace and dignity over some 'wild Wisconsin home.'"

A REASON.—"I say Sambo, does ye know what makes de corn grow so fast when you puts de manure on it?" "No, I don't know hardly," cept it makes de groun' stronger for de corn." Now I jis tell ye. When de corn 'gins to smell de manure it dont like de 'f'mery, so it harries up ob de groun' and gets up as high as possible, so's not to breath de bad air."

A young man having lost his watch key, and being weary of looking for it remarked, that he supposed that it had gone to h—, by this time. Well, observed his grandfather who was near by he contented for you will be quite likely to find it again.

In the month of July, upwards of one million dollars worth of property was destroyed by fire in the United States.