THE COLUMBIA SPY.

COLEMAN J. BULL, Editor and Publisher. "NO ENTERTAINMENT IS SO CHEAP AS READING, NOR ANY PLEASURE SO LASTING." $1,50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE, $2,00 IF NOT IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME XXVII, NUMBER 20.] COLUMBIA, PENNSYLVANIA, SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 15, 1856. [WHOLE NUMBER, 1,372.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

Office in Northern Central Railroad Company's Building, north-west corner Front and Walnut streets.

Terms of Subscription.

One Copy per annum, if paid in advance, $1 50
" " " if not paid within three months from commencement of the year, 2 00

4 Cents a Copy.

No subscription received for a less time than six months; and no paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publisher.

☞ Money may be remitted by mail at the publisher's risk.

Rates of Advertising.

1 square [6 lines] one week, $0 38
" three weeks, 75
" each subsequent insertion, 10
1 " [12 lines] one week, 50
" three weeks, 1 00
" each subsequent insertion, 20

Larger advertisements in proportion.

A liberal discount will be made to quarterly, half-yearly or yearly advertisers, who are strictly confined to their business.

Drs. John & Rohrer,

HAVE associated in the Practice of Medicine.
Columbia, April 1st, 1856-tf

DR. G. W. MIFFLIN,

DENTIST, Locust street, near the Post Office. Columbia, Pa.
Columbia, May 3, 1856.

H. M. NORTH,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Columbia, Pa.
Collections, promptly made, in Lancaster and York Counties.
Columbia, May 4, 1850.

J. W. FISHER. P. L. HACKENBERG.
FISHER & HACKENBERG,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
Columbia, Pa.
Columbia, September 6, 1856-tf

DAVIES E. BRUNER, ESQ.,

ATTORNEY AT LAW AND CONVEYANCER, offers his services to the citizens of Columbia, and assures them that he will attend with promptitude to all business entrusted to his care. Office—Front street, between Union and Perry. Residence—South side Second street, 2nd door below Union.
Columbia, January 13, 1855-1y

GEORGE J. SMITH,

WHOLESALE and Retail Bread and Cake Baker.—Constantly on hand a variety of Cakes, too numerous to mention; Crackers; Soda, Wine, Scroll, and Sugar Biscuit; Confectionery, of every description, &c., &c. LOCUST STREET,
Feb. 2, '56. Between the Bank and Franklin House.

SAMUEL LODGE,
Daguerreian Artist.
Corner Front & Locust sts., Columbia, Pa.
Pictures taken for 25 cents
And upwards, and satisfaction guaranteed.
☞ No Picture need be taken from the Gallery unless it is such as is really desired.
Columbia, March 31, 1855

B. F. APPOLD & CO.,

GENERAL FORWARDING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS, RECEIVERS OF
COAL AND PRODUCE,
And Deliverers on any point on the Columbia and Philadelphia Railroad, to York and Baltimore and to Pittsburg;
DEALERS IN COAL, FLOUR AND GRAIN, WHISKY AND BACON, have just received a large lot of Monongahela Rectified Whiskey, from Pittsburg, of which they will keep a supply constantly on hand, at low prices. Nos. 1, 2 and 6 Canal Basin.
Columbia, January 27, 1856.

J. SHROEDER,
Ladies Boot & Shoe Manufacturer,
No. 1 Locust street, Columbia, Pa.

RESPECTFULLY tenders his sincere thanks for the very liberal patronage he has received, and would announce to his patrons that he has just supplied himself with a large and choice variety of materials, and is prepared to make up, in addition to his large stock of ready-made work on hand, Ladies, Misses, and Childrens SHOES, GAITERS, BOOTS, SLIPPERS, &c., in the latest and best styles. He solicits a continuance of the favor so liberally bestowed by the public.
JAMES SHROEDER,
March 15, 1856. Columbia, Pa.

Penn'a Rail Road Freight Station.

FREIGHT OFFICE and DEPOT in the new building, corner of Front and Gay streets, near the Collector's Office.
Ticket Office for Passengers, East and West, at the Washington Hotel. ERASTUS K. BOICE,
April 19, 1856-tf Freight & Ticket Agent

OATS FOR SALE

BY THE BUSHEL, or in larger quantities, at Nos. 1, 2 & 6 Canal Basin.
B. F. APPOLD & CO.
Columbia, January 26, 1856.

GROCERIES!

THE subscriber would inform the public that he is constantly receiving fresh supplies of the best Family Groceries the market will afford: come and satisfy yourselves. S. C. SWARTZ.
Columbia, June 21, 1856.

ROPES, ROPES, ROPES.

50 COILS, superior qualities, various sizes, just received and for sale cheap, by WELSH & RICH.
Columbia, March 22, 1856.

Balm of Thousand Flowers,

DISCOVERED by Dr. Fontaine, Paris, for beautifying the complexion, curing all the diseases of the skin, for Shaving, cleansing the teeth, for the Toilet and the Nursery; for bathing and manymedical purposes. For sale by SAM'L FILBERT,
Golden Mortar Drug Store, Columbia, Pa.
Columbia, March 22, 1856.

Rapp's Gold Pens.

CONSTANTLY on hand, an assortment of these celebrated PENS. Persons in want of a good article are invited to call and examine them.
Columbia, June 30, 1855. JOHN FELIX.

Excellent Dried Beef,

SUGAR Cured and Plain Hams, Shoulders and Sides, for sale by WELSH & RICH.
March 22, 1856.

GEORGE J. SMITH,

LOCUST STREET, has just commenced manufacturing LEMON BEER, and keeps constantly on hand, a full assortment of SUMMER DRINKS.
Columbia, April 19, 1856.

Just Received,

A LARGE LOT of Children's Carriages, Gigs, Rocking Horses, Wheelbarrows, Propellers, Nursery Swings, &c. GEORGE J. SMITH,
April 19, 1856. Locust street.

CHINA and other Fancy Articles, too numerous to mention, for sale by G. J. SMITH, Locust street, between the Bank and Franklin House.
Columbia, April 19, 1856.

Feed, Feed, Feed.

CORN, Oats, and Flour, can be had at S. C. Swartz's Store, at Mill prices. Delivered free of charge.
Sept. 27, 1856.

PRIME HAMS, 12 1-2 cts. per pound;
Shoulders, 10 do do
Dried Beef, 14 do do
Tide Water Canal Money received for goods.
WELSH & RICH.
Columbia, May 17, 1856.

ALCOHOL and Burning Fluid, always on hand, at the lowest prices, at the Family Medicine Store, Odd Fellows' Hall.
February 2, 1856.

WHY should any person do without a Clock, when they can be had for $1.00 and upwards, at SHREINER'S?
Columbia, April 28, 1857.

Real Estate at Private Sale.

THE subscriber offers at private sale, a **Lot of Ground,** containing three-quarters of an acre, more or less, situate at the junction of the Columbia and Lancaster turnpike and the Mill road, adjoining property of John Knauffman. It is a desirable lot for the construction of a private residence. Apply to JOHN D. KLINGLER.
Columbia, August 16, 1856-tf

For Sale--Very Cheap,

FOUR BRICK HOUSES, in good condition, with all modern improvements, situate in Perry and Union streets. For terms, &c., apply to A. CALDWELL.
Columbia, June 7, 1856-tf

TO LET,

THE front room and basement story of the house at the corner of the alley, adjoining the Lutheran Church and Second street. For terms, &c., apply to ANDREW GOHN.
Columbia, September 20, 1856.

BUILDING LOTS FOR SALE.

ONE TRIANGULAR PIECE, containing an acre and a quarter, at the corner of Marietta turnpike and the ore road, about one-quarter of a mile from the depot, Columbia.

And also, ONE THOUSAND FEET FRONT upon the ore-road, which will be divided into lots to suit purchasers—a beautiful situation for **Cottage Residences**—the soil being in good condition, would suit well for VEGETABLE GARDENING. Or the whole tract of 15 ACRES will be sold together. Apply to J. H. MIFFLIN.
Columbia, July 19, 1856-tf

MONEY WANTED.

SIX THOUSAND DOLLARS wanted on mortgage, on unincumbered real estate, worth ten thousand. Enquire of DANIEL HERR, President, of Board of Trustees Columbia Public Ground Company.
Columbia, June 21, 1856.

GERHARD BRANDT,

CONTINUES to occupy the large building at the corner of Second and Locust streets, and offers to those desiring comfortable boarding the greatest conveniences. At his Saloons and Restaurant will be found Luxuries of all kinds in season, which will be served up in the best manner and at the shortest notice. He respectfully solicits a share of patronage. [Columbia, May 10, 1856.

Mount Vernon House, Canal Basin, Columbia, Pa.
HENRY K. MINICH, PROPRIETOR.

☞ The best accommodations and every attention given to guests, who may favor this establishment with their patronage. [April 19, 1855-1y

Franklin House, Locust st. Columbia, Pa

THE subscriber continues to occupy this well-known Hotel, and will do everything in his power to comfortably entertain all who may patronize him. His facilities for accommodating Horses, Droves, &c., are superior.
MARTIN ERWIN.
April 19, 1856-1y

Washington House, Columbia, Pa.
DANIEL HERR, PROPRIETOR.

THIS old and well-known house is still in the occupancy of the subscriber, and offers every inducement to the traveller, in the way of comfort and convenience. The Cars, east and west, start from this establishment, and it has other advantages unsurpassed by any. Terms reasonable.
D. HERR.
Columbia, April 12, 1856-1y

Bellevue House,

N. E. CORNER of Front and Walnut streets, COLUMBIA, PA.
JOSHUA J. GAULT, PROPRIETOR.
(Successor to Bardwell & Breneman and Mrs Haines)
☞ The House is furnished with all Modern Improvements, and every attention will be given to secure the comfort of guests. Charges moderate.
Columbia, April 12, 1856-tf

NEW STOCK OF FANCY GOODS.

THE undersigned respectfully announces to her friends and the public, that she has now on hand a new assortment of FANCY ARTICLES, such as Infants' Caps and Bonnets, Trimmings of every variety, Blocke Collars, Embroidery of all kinds; also, a large assortment of Ladies' Fancy Baskets. I respectfully solicit an examination of my goods, from those who are in want of the above mentioned articles.
MARTHA J. MILES.
Columbia, September 13, 1856.

PRIME GERMAN SEGARS.

I HAVE JUST RECEIVED 200,000 MORE of those PRIME SEGARS, which I will sell CHEAPER than any Store in this or any other town.
Stock-Keepers,
and others will do well by giving me a call before purchasing elsewhere.
The above mentioned Segars can be seen at
J. F. SAUTTUS
Wholesale Confectionary establishment, Front street, two doors below the Washington House, Columbia.
Columbia, Aug. 30, 1856

Music and Musical Instruments.

THE undersigned having made arrangements with Mr. J. E. GOULD, would respectfully inform the Ladies of Columbia and vicinity that he is now prepared to furnish Music at the shortest notice.
Persons in want of first-rate Violins, Flutes, Guitars, Banjos, or any other Musical Instruments, are respectfully invited to call at the Headquarters and News Depot. S. B. SWARTZ
N. B.—A very fine assortment of Violin and Guitar Strings, always on hand.
August 2, 1856-3m

NEW ARRIVAL of Preserved Pine Apples, Citron, Crab Apples, Limes, Pears, Plums and Blackberry Jam, at S. C. SWARTZ'S,
Aug. 30, 1856. Odd Fellows' Hall, Columbia.

HAIR DYE'S, Jones' Batchelor's, Peter's and Egyptian hair dyes, warranted to color the hair any desired shade, without injury to the skin. For sale by R. WILLIAMS,
May 10, Front st., Columbia, Pa.

CITRATE MAGNESIA, Seidlitz Powder, Soda Powder and Mineral Water, always to be had, of a superior quality, at McCORKLE & DELLETT'S
Family Medicine Store, Odd Fellow's Hall.
July 26, 1856.

PICKLES, Pepper Sauce, Mixed Pickles, Gherkins, Tomato Ketchup and Spanish Olives, just received and for sale by S. C. SWARTZ.
Columbia, Aug. 30, 1856.

FARR & THOMPSON'S justly celebrated Commercial and other Gold Pens—the best in the market—just received. P. SHREINER.
Columbia, April 28, 1855.

SAPONIFIER, or Concentrated Lye, for making Soap. 1 lb. is sufficient for one barrel of Soft Soap, or 10 lbs. for 9 lbs. Hard Soap. Full directions will be given at the Counter for making Soft, Hard and Fancy Soaps. For sale by R. WILLIAMS.
Columbia, March 31, 1855.

SOLUTION OF CITRATE OF MAGNESIA, or Purgative Mineral Water.—This pleasant medicine which is highly recommended as a substitute for Epsom Salts, Seidlitz Powders, &c., can be obtained fresh every day at SAM'L FILBERT'S Drug Store, Front st. 52

JUST RECEIVED, a large and well selected variety of Brushes, consisting in part of Shoe, Hair, Cloth, Crumb, Nail, Hat and Teeth Brushes, and for sale by R. WILLIAMS,
March 22, '56. Front street Columbia, Pa.

A SUPERIOR article of PAINT OIL, for sale by R. WILLIAMS,
May 10, 1856. Front Street, Columbia, Pa.

A SUPERIOR article of TONIC SPICE BITTERS, suitable for Hotel Keepers, for sale by R. WILLIAMS.
May 10, 1856. Front street, Columbia.

FRESH ETHEREAL OIL, always on hand, and for sale by R. WILLIAMS,
May 10, 1856. Front Street, Columbia, Pa.

JUST received, FRESH CAMPHENE, and for sale by R. WILLIAMS,
May 10, 1856. Front Street, Columbia, Pa.

DE GRAFF'S ELECTRIC OIL. Just received, fresh supply of this popular remedy, and for sale by R. WILLIAMS,
May 10, 1856. Front Street, Columbia, Pa.

A NEW lot of WHALE AND CAR GREASING OILS, received at the store of the subscriber. R. WILLIAMS.
May 10, 1856. Front Street, Columbia, Pa.

EXTRA FAMILY FLOUR, just received and for sale by S. C. SWARTZ.
June 21, 1856

Poetry.

THE DREAM.

BY MRS. HOSFORD.

She slept—but not the gentle sleep
That closes childhood's eye;
And not the slumber that in youth
Subdues the pulses high.
All the day the surf had swept the shore
With hoarse, unbroken chime,
And now its midnight murmurings
With her young heart kept time.

In dreams she lived the sorrows o'er
That gave her cheeks a warmer glow;
In dreams she met neglect and scorn,
Reproach and want and woe;
In dreams she cried, "My Father, aid
A wrestler with despair!
Thy discipline is dark and stern;
I faint with grief and care."

Tears fell like rain—a soft repose
Stole o'er the sleeper's eye.
As silver octaves stirred the air,
And white winged hovered nigh;
She heard in trance heroic song,
Of firm endurance given,
To great and holy odes of old,
By perfect trust in heaven.

Of him who on an ocean world
Outrode the surges high,
And at Jehovah's mandate saw
The rainbow span the sky,
Of Enoch's deathless flight to God,
Of Hager's lonely cries;
Elijah by the ravens fed,
And Abraham's sacrifice.

Full swelled the symphony divine,
Exultant and afar,
The dreamer's face was that of one
Crowned with a new-born star,
And when the early morning beam
Athwart her pillow stole.
She woke, the conflict to abide,
Serene and glad of soul.

Oh! nightly doth a vision like
Some burdened spirit see;
Though angels talk no more with man,
God-guided still are we,
And Faith achieves in silent hearts
Its victories sublime,
And seraphs minister, as erst
In Judah's sacred clime.

Select Story.

THE CLERGYMAN'S ADVENTURE.

A CAPITAL PRUSSIAN STORY.

On a dreary day, in the reign of Frederick William, a heavy traveling carriage was slowly lumbering along the muddy road from Potsdam to Berlin. Within it was one person only, who took no heed of the slowness of the traveling; but leaning back in a corner, was arranging a multiplicity of papers contained in a small pocket book.—Since he was dressed in a plain dark military uniform, it was fair to suppose that this gentleman belonged to the Prussian army, but to what grade of it nobody could determine, as all tokens of rank had been avoided. A chilly November evening was closing in, and though the rain had for a time ceased, yet dark masses of clouds flying through the sky gave warning that a "sweeping" darkness was at hand. The road grew heavier, at least so it should have seemed to a foot traveler who was plowing his way through the mire; and so doubtless it did seem to the carriage horses who floundered along so slowly that the pedestrian whom they had overtaken kept easily by the side of the coach, the occupant of which looked out of the window, and perceiving the stranger, called out in rather an authoritive tone of voice:

"Halloo: young man whither are you bound this stormy-looking night?"

"That is more than I can tell you not being at home in this part of the world. My wish is to reach Berlin; but if I find a resting place before I get there, to that I am bound' for I am very weary."

"I should think you must have two hours' walk before you," was the unsatisfactory remark that followed.

The young man made no reply, and after a short pause the stranger said:

"If it please you to rest on the step of the carriage for a few minutes, you are welcome so to do. Herr, What's-your-name."

"My name is Heinrich Meyer," replied the young man, "one of those who never refuses the small benefit because the larger one is not obtained."

From inside the window the next question put to Heinrich was:

"What are you going to Berlin for?"

"To hunt for some cousins," was the answer.

"And pray who may they be?" asked the unknown.

"Well, to tell you the truth, I have not an idea who they are, or where to look for them. Indeed, it is very doubtful whether I have so much as an acquaintance in Berlin, much less a relation."

The questioneer looked amazed, and he said:

"Surely there must be some other motive for your going to Berlin, or what could have put this idea into your head?"

"Why," replied Heinrich, "I have just become a clergyman, without the smallest chance of getting anything to do in my neighborhood. I have no relative to help me, and not quite enough to find me in necessaries."

"But said the Prussian, "what on earth has this to do with cousins in Berlin?"

"Well, now, who knows? Many of my fellow students have got good appointments, and when I ask them to let me know how it was done, the answer always is, "A cousin gave it to me," or "I got it through the interest of a cousin who lives in Berlin."—Now, as I find none of these useful cousins live in the country, I must go without their help or hunt them in Berlin."

This was said in a comical, dry way, so that his listener could not refrain from laughing, but he made no comment. However, he pulled out a piece of paper, and began to write upon it. When he had finished, he turned around to Heinrich, saying that he observed he had been smoking, and that he had felt inclined to do the same, but had forgotten to bring tinder with him. Could Herr Meyer oblige him with a light?

"Certainly with great pleasure," was the prompt reply; and Heinrich, taking a tinder box out of the wallet, immediately began to strike a light. Now the evening was damp, so damp, that there seemed little enough prospect of the tinder's lighting; moreover, the wind blew the sparks out almost before they fell.

"Well if your cousins are not more easily got at than your light is, I pity you, young sir," was the sole remark to which the stranger condescended, as he watched Heinrich's laborious endeavors.

"*Nil desperandum* is my motto," answered the young man; and when the words were scarcely uttered the light had been struck. In his delight at succeeding, Heinrich jumped up at the carriage step; and, leaning through the window, thrust the tinder eagerly in the direction of the gentleman's face. "Hurrah, sir puff away?"

After a short pause, during which time the stranger had been puffing at his pipe, he removed it from his mouth, and addressed Heinrich in this way:

"I have been thinking over what you have been telling me, and perhaps, in a humble way I might be able to assist you, and thus act the part of the cousin you are seeking. At all events, when you get to Berlin take this note," handing him a slip of paper on which he had been writing, "take this note to Marshall Grumkow, who is somewhat a friend of mine. But mind! Do exactly as he bids you, and abide strictly by his advice. If he says he will help you, rely upon it he will keep his word; but he is rather eccentric, and the way he sets about doing a kindness may perhaps seem strange to you. And now," he continued, "as the road improves I must hurry on my horses; and so bid you good evening, hoping you will prosper in your new career."

As Heinrich began to express his thanks for the good wishes of his unknown friend, the signal was given, and the coach, the speed of the horses, and he had any time to make any acknowledgement, leaved him self alone again. The young man was not a little astonished at what had taken place; and as he gazed on the slip of paper, he could not help wondering whether any good would come from it. These were the only works on it:

"Dear Marshal:—If you can forward the views of the bearer, Heinrich Meyer, you will oblige your friend. Let me know the result of the interview with him."

"Time will prove this, as it does all other things," thought Heinrich, as he proceeded on his way. Somehow or other the road appeared less wearisome, and he felt less tired and footsore since receiving the paper.—Hope was stronger within him than she had been for many a day; and quickening his pace he reached Berlin by nightfall.

The noise and bustle of the capital was new to him, and he had some little difficulty in making his way to an inn. He found one at last and after a frugal supper he retired to rest. After breakfast he spent some time in searching for the residence of Grumkow. The house was, however, at last gained, and having delivered his missive to a servant, Heinrich awaited the result in the hall. In a few minutes the servants returned and requested him, in a most respectful manner, to follow him to the Marshal's presence. Arrived there, he was received most courteously; and the Marshal made many inquiries as to his past life and future prospects: requested to be told the name of the village or town in which he had been educated; at what inn he was living in Berlin, &c. But still no allusion was made either to the note or to the writer of it.—The interview lasted about twenty minutes; at the end of which time the marshal dismissed him, desiring that he would call on that day fortnight.

* * * * * * *

At last the time appointed for his second visit to the marshal arrived. His reception was again most favorable. The marshal begged him to be seated at the table at which he was writing, and proceeded at the same time to business. Unlocking a drawer and bringing forth a small bundle of papers, he asked Heinrich, as he drew them forth one by one, if he knew in whose handwriting the various superscriptions were.

Heinrich answered that, to the best of his belief, one was that of Herr Mudel, his former schoolmaster: another that of Doctor Von Hummer, the Principal of such a college, and so on.

"Quite right," remarked the marshal, "and perhaps it may not surprise you to hear that I have written to these different gentlemen, to inquire your character, that I may know with whom I have to deal, and not be working in the dark." As he said these words the marshal fixed his eyes on Heinrich to see what effect they had, but the young man's countenance was unabashed; he evidently feared no evil report. "I feel bound," continued the marshal, "to tell you that all they say of you is most favorable, and I am equally bound to believe and act upon their opinion. I have now to beg of you to follow me to a friend's house."

The marshal descended a private staircase leading to the courtyard, which passed through a gate in the wall into a narrow side street, down which he conducted Heinrich, till they arrived at a private entrance to the palace. Heinrich began to be exceedingly nervous; the conviction that this idea was not a mere trick of the imagination became stronger. Could he have had his own wish, Heinrich Meyer would at that moment have been forty miles from Berlin.—At last he found himself following Grumkow even in the palace; he could not refrain from exclaiming:

"Indeed Herr Marshal there must be some mistake!"

No answer was vouchsafed as the marshal continued to lead him through various galleries and apartments, until at last they reached the door of one situated in a corner of a wing of the palace, where the marshal's knock was answered by a short "come in." As the door opened one glance sufficed to convince Heinrich that his friend in the mud and the king were one and the same person. The poor cousin seeker, greatly confused, knelt before Frederick William, and began faltering out many contrite apologies.

"Rise young man," said the king, "you have not committed treason. How on earth could you guess who I was? I should not travel quietly if I meant everywhere to be recognized."

After re-assuring Heinrich, the king told him that he was prepared to do what he could to push him forward in the profession he had chosen.

"But first," he said, "I must hear you preach. On Sunday next, therefore, you shall preach before me; but mind, I shall choose the text. You may retire."

By the time Heinrich Meyer reached his room in the inn, he had fixed in his mind on the fact that he was to preach to the king.—The fact was only too clear, and all he could do was to set about preparing his sermon as soon as he could receive the text. For the remainder of the day he never stirred out; every step on the stair was to his ear the bearer of the text.

Nevertheless, evening and night passed; and the next day was advanced, and still no text.

What was to be done? There was only two days before Sunday; he must go and consult the marshal, but the latter could give him no further information. All he could do was to promise that if the king sent the text through him, it should be forwarded with the utmost possible despatch.

That day and the next passed, and yet Heinrich heard nothing from either the king or marshal. Only an official intimation had been sent, as was customary, that he had been selected as the preacher on the following Sunday at the Chapel Royal.

If it had not been that Heinrich knew himself to possess no mean powers of oratory, and that he could even extemporize in case of emergency, he would certainly have run away and abjured his discovered cousin. As it was, he abided by the course of events, and fortified himself by prayer and philosophy for the momentous hour.

Sunday morning arrived, but no text.—Heinrich went to the Church appointed, and was conducted to the seat always set apart for the preacher of the day. The king with the royal family occupied their accustomed seat.

The service commenced, but no text. The prayers were ended, and while the organ pealed forth its solemn sounds, the preacher was led to the pulpit. The congregation were astonished, not only at his youthfulness; but at his being a stranger.

The pulpit steps were gained, and the thought flashed across Heinrich's mind that possibly he should find the text placed for him on the desk.

But as he was on the point of mounting the stairs, an officer of the royal household delivered to him a folded piece of paper, saying, "His majesty sends you the text!"

After having recited the preliminary prayers, the preacher opened the paper, and it was blank! not a word was written on it. What was to be done? Heinrich deliberately examined the whole paper, and, after a short pause, held it up before the congregation, says:

"His Majesty has furnished the text for the sermon. But you may perceive that nothing whatever is upon this sheet of paper. 'Out of nothing God created the world.' I shall, therefore, take the creation for the subject of my discourse this morning."

In accordance with this decision, the preacher went through the whole of the first chapter of Genesis in a masterly way, his style being forcible and clear, and fluency of language remarkable. His audience, accustomed to the king's eccentricities, were far more astonished at the dexterity with which the preacher had extricated himself from the difficulty, than at the dilemma in which he had been placed. At last the sermon ended, the congregation dismissed, and Heinrich found himself in the sacristy, receiving the congratulations of several dignitaries of the Church, who all prophesied for him a brilliant future.

Heinrich ventured to express his amazement at the singular proceedings of the king, but was told that he could only have arrived recently from the provinces, if he had not known that such vagaries were quite common to His Majesty. In the midst of the conversation a messenger arrived to conduct him to the royal presence. Being totally unaware what impression his sermon might have made upon the king; the cousin-seeker rather dreaded the approaching audience. But Heinrich had scarcely passed the threshold of the king's room, when His Majesty jumped up and thrust a roll of paper into the young preacher's hand, exclaiming, "Hurrah, sir, puff away; take this for the light you gave me!"

Then, throwing himself back in a chair, he laughed heartily at the young preacher's look of surprise and confusion. The latter scarcely knew what reply to make, or what to do, but just as he got as far as "Your Majesty," the king interrupted him, saying; "Make no fine speeches! go home quietly and examine the contents of your paper.—You came to Berlin to find a cousin; you have found one, who, if you go on steadily, will not neglect you."

It is hardly necessary to add that the roll of paper contained a good appointment at the University of Berlin, and made Heinrich Meyer one of the royal preachers.

Miscellaneous.

REMARKABLE CASES.

Criminals who have Returned to Life after Execution.

The following singular circumstance is related by Dr. Plot, in his Natural Biography of Oxfordshire:

In the year 1650, Anne Green, a servant of Sir Thomas Reed, was tried for the murder of her new born child, and found guilty. She was executed in the court-yard at Oxford, where she hung about half an hour. Being cut down she was put into a coffin and brought away to a house to be dissected; where, when they opened the coffin, notwithstanding the rope remained unloosed, and straight about her neck, they perceived her breast to rise, whereupon one Massan, a tailor, intending only an act of charity, set his foot upon her, and as some say, one Orum, a soldier, struck her again with the but end of his musket. Notwithstanding all which, when the learned and eminent Sir William Perry, ancestor of the present Marquis of Landsdowne, then Anatomy Professor of the University, Dr. Wallis and Dr. Clark, then President of Madalen College, and Vice Chancellor of the University, came to prepare the body for dissection, they perceived some small rattling in her throat; hereupon desisting from their former purpose, they presently used means for her recovery, by opening a vein, having her in a warm bed, and also using divers remedies respecting her senselessness, insomuch, that within fourteen hours she began to speak, and the next day talked and prayed very heartily. During the time of this her recovery, the officers concerned in her execution would needs have had her away again to have completed it on her; but by the meditation of the worthy doctors, and some other friends with the then governor of the city, Colonel Kelsey, there was a guard put upon her from all further disturbance until they had sued out her pardon from the government. Much doubt indeed arose as to her actual guilt. Crowds of people in the meantime came to see her, and many asserted that it must be the providence of God, who would thus assert her innocence.

After some time Dr. Petty hearing she discoursed with those about her, and suspecting that the women might suggest unto her to relate something of strange visions and aparitions she had seen during the time she seemed to be dead, (which they had already begun to do, telling that she said she had been in a fine green meadow, having a river running round it, and all things there glittered like silver and gold,) he caused all to depart from the room but the gentleman of the faculty who were to have been at the dissection, and asked her concerning her sense and apprehensions during the time she was hanged. To which she answered that she neither remembered how the fetters were knocked off; how she went out of the prison; when she was turned off the ladder; whether any psalm was sung or not; nor was she sensible of any pains that she could remember. She came to herself as if she had awakened out of sleep, not recovering the use of her speech by slow degrees, but in a manner altogether, beginning to speak just where she left on the gallows.

Being thus at length perfectly recovered, after thanks given to God and the persons instrumental in bringing her to life, and procuring her an immunity from further punishment she retired into the country to her friends at Steeple Barton, where she was afterwards married, and lived in good repute amongst her neighbors, having three children, and not dying till 1659.

The following account of the case of a girl, who was wrongly executed in 1766, is given by a celebrated French author, as an instance of the injustice which was often committed by the equivocal mode of trial then used in France.

About seventeen years since, a young peasant girl was placed at Paris in the service of a man, who, smitten with her beauty, tried to inveigle her; but she was virtuous, and resisted. The prudence of this girl irritated the master, and he determined on revenge. He secretly conveyed into her box many things belonging to him, marked with his name. He then exclaimed that he was robbed, called in a commisaire, (a ministerial officer of justice,) and made his deposition. The girl's box was searched, and the things were discovered. The unhappy servant was imprisoned.

She defended herself only by her tears; she had no evidence to prove that she did not put the property in her box, and her only answer to the interrogatories was, that she was innocent. The judges had no suspicion of the depravity of the accusor, whose station was respectible, and they administered the law in all its rigor. The innocent girl was condemned to be hanged. The dreadful office was ineffectually performed, as it was the first attempt of the son of the chief executioner. A surgeon had purchased the body for dissection, and it was conveyed to his house. On that evening, being about to open the head, he perceived a gentle warmth about the body. The dissecting knife fell from his hand, and he placed in a bed her whom he was about to dissect.

His efforts to restore her to life were effectual, and at the same time he sent for a clergyman on whose discretion and experience he could depend, in order to consult with him on this strange event as well as to have him for a witness to his conduct. The moment the unfortunate girl opened her eyes she believed herself in the other world, and perceiving the figure of the priest, who had a marked and majestic countenance, she joined her hands tremblingly and exclaimed "Eternal Father, you know my innocence, have pity on me!" In this manner she continued to invoke the eclesiastic, believing in her simplicity, that she beheld her God.—They were long in persuading her that she was not dead—so much had the idea of the punishment and death possessed her imagination.

The girl having returned to life and health, she retired to hide herself in a distant village, fearing to meet the judges or the officers, who, with the dreadful tree incessantly haunted her immagination. The accuser remained unpunished, because his crime, although manifested by two individual witnesses, was not clear to the eye of the law. The people subsequently became acquainted with the resurrection of this girl, and loaded with reproaches the author of her misery.

THE INDESTRUCTIBLE NATURE OF LOVE.

The imperishable, inexhaustible, unapproachable nature of love is shown in this—that all the millions of stupid love stories that have been written have not one whit abated the immortal interest that there is in the rudest and stupidest love story. All the [illegible] dismal twaddle, but you can't help feeling a little interest, when you have once taken up the book, as to whether Arabella will ultimately relent in favor of Augustus; and whether that wicked creature, man or woman, who is keeping them apart, will not soon be disposed of, somehow. And yet, having had some experience in law—in divorce cases, for instance—I have all the time shrewd suspicions that Augustus and Arabella may not hit it off so very successfully when there is no wicked creature to prevent there being "happy ever afterwards!" Still, while I am reading the novel, how I hate the wicked mischief-maker. In earnest—is it not grand to see the indistructible nature of love? Write so foolishly about anything else, and see what will happen. Try it upon theology, and see if twilight does not soon deepen into absolute darkness.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

A RICH JOKE.

A California paper tells the following of Lieutenant Derby, "John Phœnix," the humorist:

One evening, at the theatre, Phœnix observed a man sitting three seats in front whom he thought he knew. He requested the person sitting next to him to "punch the other individual with his cane." The polite stranger did so, and the disturbed person turning his head a little discovered his mistake—that he was not the person he took him for. Fixing his attentions steadfastly on the play and affecting unconsciousness of the whole affair, he left the man with the cane to settle with the other for the disturbance, who being wholly without an excuse there was, of course, a ludicrous and embarrassing scene—during all which Phœnix was profoundly interested in the play. At last the man with the cane asked rather indignantly, "Didn't you tell me to punch that person with my stick?"

"Yes!"

"And what did you want?"

"I wanted to see whether you would punch him or not!"

THE AUTOMATON CLARIONET PLAYER.—This wonderful result of man's ingenuity is now on exhibition at 584 Broadway, in the Unitarian Church. It represents a very large troubadour, and if it were not for a certain death-like expression in and about the eyes, would pass very well for a living figure. The motions were perfectly natural and very graceful. We have examined the machinery inside of this model musician, and can but express our wonder at its elaborateness and elegant finish. It was invented and made upon the island of Java. The visitor can at once comprehend its method. The action is similar to that of a self-acting barrel organ. The notes are legitimately produced through the clarionet held by the figure, and by the fingers, precisely as they would be by a living player. The airs produced are numerous—some of them very difficult. The fingers are worked by steel imitations of the natural muscles and tendons of the arms and hands.

We have seen several automatons of marvellous construction, but none to equal this. Everybody should go to see it. The exhibitor will allow you to examine the mechanism while it is in operation.—*Sunday Times.*