

# THE COLUMBIA SPY.

SAMUEL WRIGHT, Editor and Proprietor. "NO ENTERTAINMENT IS SO CHEAP AS READING, NOR ANY PLEASURE SO LASTING." \$1.50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE; \$2.00 IF NOT IN ADVANCE.

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**DR. HOFFER,**  
DENTIST—OFFICE, Front Street 4th door from Locust, over Taylor & McDonald's book store, Columbia, Pa. [Entrance, between the Book and Dr. Herr's Drug Store. August 21, 1859]

**THOMAS WELSH,**  
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Columbia, Pa.  
OFFICE, in Whipple's New Building, below Black's Hotel, Front Street, between the Book and Dr. Herr's Drug Store. [Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to his care. November 28, 1857.]

**DR. G. W. MIFFLIN,**  
DENTIST, Locust street, a few doors above the Odd Fellows' Hall, Columbia, Pa. Columbia, May 2, 1859.

**H. M. NORTH,**  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW  
Columbia, Pa. Promptly made, in Lancaster and York Counties. Columbia, May 4, 1859.

**J. W. FISHER,**  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
Columbia, Pa.

**C. D. HOTTENSTEIN, M. D.,**  
SURGEON AND PHYSICIAN, Columbia, Pa.  
Office in the rooms lately occupied by Dr. L. S. Filbert. May 14, 1859.

**S. Atlee Beckius, D. D. S.**  
PRACTICES the Operative, Surgical and Mechanical Departments of Dentistry.  
Office, Locust street, between the Franklin House and Post Office, Columbia, Pa.  
May 7, 1859.

**SHAKER CORN—A Fresh lot of Shaker**  
Corn, for sale by HENRY SUYDAM.  
Nov. 13, 1858. Corner

**GEORGE J. SMITH,**  
Wholesale and Retail Bread and Cake Baker—Constantly on hand a variety of Cakes, some of the most delicious, such as Wedding Cakes, Buns, &c., &c., of every description, and Sugar Biscuits, &c., &c., of the best quality.  
Between the Book and Franklin House.  
Feb. 2, 1859.

**JUST RECEIVED, three dozen Dr. BRUNON'S**  
Vegetable Compound Syrup, for the cure of Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, &c., &c., of the best quality, and a fresh lot of Star Sage and Pine Apple Cheese, &c., &c., of the best quality.  
D. HERR'S, Locust Street, between the Book and Franklin House.  
Sept. 5, 1857. Grocery and Liquor Store.

**JUST RECEIVED, a beautiful assortment of**  
Gigles Ink Stands, at the Headquarters and New Depot.  
Columbia, April 18, 1857.

**CHEWING TOBACCO.**  
AT HENRY PFAHLER'S, Locust street, opposite the Franklin House, can be had the best CHEWING TOBACCO, and several other brands of the best quality, to which the attention of the best is invited.  
May 1, 1859.

**IMPORTED Labial, also, Glenn's Double Extract,**  
for the hair, &c., &c., by HARRY GREEN'S,  
Feb. 19, '59. Opposite the Bridge, Front St.

**GO TO FENDRICH & BROS. for the Best**  
Tobacco.  
The Best Sweet Caven Sish, "Twin Leaf," "The Golden Rule," &c., &c., can be bought cheaper at Fendrich & Bros. than elsewhere. The only established wholesale and retail Tobaccoists in Columbia.  
FRONT STREET ABOVE LOCUST.  
March 12, 1859.

**BAGLEY'S GOLD PENS.**  
A FRESH lot of Lot A. G. Bagley's Gold Pens, of different sizes and prices, by G. BAGLEY, Head Quarters and News Depot, Front street, second door above Locust.  
March 27, 1859.

**BROOMS—100 Doz. Brooms, at Wholesale**  
or Retail, at H. PFAHLER'S, Locust street.  
Dec. 12, 1857.

**SINE'S Compound of Syrup of Tar, Wild Cherry and Honey, for the cure of Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, &c., &c., of the best quality, and a fresh lot of Star Sage and Pine Apple Cheese, &c., &c., of the best quality.  
D. HERR'S, Locust Street, between the Book and Franklin House.  
Oct. 25, 1858. Family Medicine Store, Odd Fellows' Hall.**

**Patent Steam Wash Boilers.**  
THESE well known Boilers are constantly on hand at Locust street, opposite the Franklin House.  
Columbia, July 18, 1857.

**Out for sale by the bushel or larger quantity**  
of the Golden Rule Flour, by D. P. CANAL BASIN.  
Columbia, Dec. 25, 1858.

**EXTRA and Superfine Flour, Buckwheat**  
Flour, Corn Meal, and whole Corn Meal, at the Golden Rule Flour Store, Front street, between the Book and Franklin House.  
Jan. 8, '59.

**CORN'S Extract of Capsules and Sarsaparilla, for**  
sale at the Golden Rule Flour Store.  
March 27, 1858.

**TOBACCO and Segars of the best brands,**  
wholesale and retail, at BRUNER'S.  
Jan. 20, '59.

**PRESERVE YOUR FRUITS.**  
WILLOUGHBY'S Patent Air-Tight Stopper, for Fruit Preserving Cans, &c., &c., is a new and entirely original invention, and is the only one that can be used in any kind of Jar or Can, and which is entirely safe for Columbia. Large supply of Jars and Cans of all kinds and sizes kept constantly on hand.  
HENRY PFAHLER, Locust street, Columbia, Pa.  
June 13, 1859.

**Soup.**  
25 Boxes of Delaney Brown Soup on hand and for sale low at the corner of Third and Union Sts. August 6, 1859.

**JUST RECEIVED another beautiful lot of Vanilla Beans,**  
at J. S. DELLETT & CO'S Golden Rule Flour Store, Front Street.

**Suffer no longer with Corns.**  
AT the Golden Rule Flour Store you can procure an article which is warranted to remove Corns in 48 hours, without pain or soreness.

**Fly Paper.**  
A SUPERIOR article of Fly Paper, for the destruction of Flies, &c., was just received at the Drug Store of R. WILLIAMS, Front street, Columbia, July 20, 1859.

**Harrison's Columbian Ink.**  
WHICH is a superior article, permanently black, and not retreating the pen, can be had in any quantity, at the Family Medicine Store, and dealer in all the English Book Folios.  
Columbia, June 9, 1859.

**New Brand of Cheating Tobacco.**  
THIS new brand of Cheating Tobacco, of the celebrated brand "FENDRICH'S BALTIMORE STAR" PATENT CHEWING TOBACCO, which they offer at a very low rate. The Tobacco is a first-rate article, manufactured expressly for this market. The plugs are thick and solid, and the tobacco entirely free from any deleterious substances.  
FENDRICH & BROS., Front street, Columbia, Pa.  
Aug. 12, '59.

## Poetry.

**King Solomon.**  
BY OWEN MEREDITH.  
King Solomon stood in his crown of gold,  
Between the pillars, before the altar,  
In the House of the Lord. And the King was old,  
And his strength began to failer,  
So that he leaned on his ebony staff,  
And with the seal of the Pentateuch.

All of the golden trestled work,  
Without and within so rich and rare,  
As high as the nest of the building stork,  
Those pillars of cedar were—  
Wrought up to the brazen chapters  
Of the Sionian artificers.

And the King stood still as a caven King,  
The carven cedars beams below,  
In his purple robe, with his gignit ring,  
And his beard as white as snow,  
And his face to the Oracle where the hymn  
Dies under the wing of the Cherubim.

The wings fold over the Oracle,  
And cover the beard and eyes of God:  
The spouse with pomgranate, lily and bell,  
As glorious in her abode:  
For with gold of Ophir, and scent of myrrh,  
And purple of Tyre the King could her.

By the soul of each slumberous instrument  
Drawn soft through the magical misty air,  
The stream of the folk that came and went,  
For worship and praise and prayer,  
Flow'd to and fro, and up and down,  
And round the King in his golden crown.

And it came to pass, as the King stood there,  
And look'd on the house he had built, with pride,  
That the Hand of the Lord came upward,  
And touch'd him, so that he died.  
In his purple robe, with his gignit ring,  
And the crown wherewith they had crown'd him King.

And the stream of folk that came and went  
To worship the Lord with prayer and praise,  
Went softly ever in wonderment,  
For the King stood there always:  
And it was solemn and strange to behold  
That dead King crown'd with a crown of gold.

For he lean'd on his ebony staff upright,  
And over his shoulder the purple robe,  
And his hair, and his beard, were low—now white,  
And the feet of him that he died.  
So that none dur'd touch him, though he was dead,  
He look'd so royal about the head.

And the moons were changed, and the years roll'd on,  
And the new King reigned in the old King's stead:  
And men were married and had issue on:  
But the King stood, stark and dead,  
Leaning upright on his ebony staff,  
Preserved by the sign of the Pentateuch.

And the stream of life, as it went and came,  
Ever for worship and praise and prayer,  
Was awe'd by the face and the feet and the fame  
Of the dead King standing there:  
For his hair was so white, and his eyes so cold,  
That they left him alone with his crown of gold.

So King Solomon stood, dead, in the House  
Of the Lord, held there by the Pentateuch,  
Until out from the pillar there ran a red mouse,  
And gnaw'd thro' his ebony staff:  
Then, flat on his face the King fell a crown,  
And they pick'd 'em from the dust a golden crown.

[Revised Transcript.]

**Selections.**  
From Dickens' Household Words.  
**Monsieur Bodry's Apparition.**

[CONCLUDED.]  
CHAPTER III.  
In the meanwhile Henry Blaireau had paid the last offices to his friend in the Cemetery of the Innocents—at that time the place of burial for half the people of Paris—and had written an account of his untimely death to the elder Bodry at Lyons, informing him that all his son's effects were under seal. These pious duties performed, he directed his thoughts to what concerned himself. But he found the study of the law much more distasteful to him now than it had ever been before. In vain he por'd over Pandects and delved into digests; nothing came of it; one object always kept floating between his eyes and the page, which neutralised all his toil; and that object was the smiling face of Madeleine Gombert.

"How unfortunate," he constantly reflected, "that I should have presented myself in the name of another man! She had never seen Henri Bodry—not even friendship subsisted between them; her regret, if she feels any, must be on my account, and I—unhappy wretch that I am!—I have made myself my own rival! If Monsieur Gombert had accepted the invitation to the funeral, I could then have explained my poor friend's caprice, but to attempt to do so now would expose me to I know not what odious accusations."

This hourly Jeremiah made him, of course, much less of a lawyer and much more of a lover than ever, and it always ended in his throwing aside his books and wandering forth to the Rue Saint Martin.

One rainy evening, weary of pacing up and down the dark, damp street without any reward, he stood up for shelter in the porch of Saint Merri. The vesper service was going on, and, thinking the inside of the church more comfortable than the out, Henri Blaireau pushed open the little raised door and entered. The interior was nearly as obscure as the street he had left, for Saint Merri is a large church, and was very dimly lighted. The congregation, as thin as it generally is at vesper on a raw, foggy, wet winter's evening, seemed to consist of only a few old women, and Henri roamed undisturbed through the aisles, thinking, as usual of Madeleine Gombert. He had twice crossed the small lateral chapel which stands on the south side of the building without noticing that any one was there; but the third time he passed, his attention was attracted by a female figure kneeling before an altar dedicated to the Virgin.

Something besides curiosity prompted him to stop and gaze. He did more than stop; he drew nearer, placing himself discreetly behind a massive pillar, the better to obtain

a view of her face. For some time she remained absorbed in prayer. At length she raised her head, and the lamp above the image of Our Lady shedding its rays full on the worshipper, revealed to him the features of Madeleine Gombert. He uttered an exclamation of surprise, at which Madeleine looked round in the direction from whence the sound proceeded; but she soon withdrew them, unable, apparently, to penetrate the gloom. Once more she prayed, and Henri felt an almost irresistible longing to cast himself on his knees before the same altar and pray there, too. But the fear of disturbing her made him pause, and while he hesitated she rose. She did not perceive that she was not alone in the chapel, and came up to the spot where he stood. He put out his hand and caught her by the sleeve. She turned quickly, and, lighted by the altar lamp, beheld, close to her the countenance of the man for the repose of whose soul she had just been praying. The sight was enough to startle the strongest nerves. "Heaven! Monsieur Henri!" she cried. "Save me, Mother of Grace!" and as fast as her feet could carry her she rushed to the chancel door.

To rush after her was Henri Blaireau's first impulse, but he had not gone three yards before he tripped over an old woman who was fast asleep (at her prayers) in the aisle, and came down on the pavement with a crash. In the midst of a furious scolding Blaireau picked himself up as well as he could, and then, remembering for the first time what was due to the proprieties of a church, desisted from further pursuit. To quiet the old woman, whose occupation (besides praying) was the letting of rush-bottomed chairs to the pious, he gave her all the sous he had in his pocket, and then stole away on tip-toe, thinking himself lucky in not having drawn on his head the fulmination of the officiating priest. Once outside, he quickened his steps; but all his haste was vain; he only arrived within sight of Monsieur Gombert's door to see the skirt of Madeleine's garment disappear as the portal was closed.

Could he not find a lodging in the Rue Saint Martin, could he not find a lodging in the very house where Monsieur Gombert dwelt?

He resolved to return next day and see about it. Fortune might be more propitious next time he encountered the beautiful Madeleine; at all events, he would enjoy the melancholy pleasure—this is the way a lover always puts it—of seeing the object of his affections, even if he were himself unseen.

Mademoiselle Gombert said nothing to her father about her fright in the church of Saint Merri, but she made a confidante of Petronille. The old bonno crossed herself on hearing the fearful tale, and asked a great many questions. In what form did the apparition present itself—did it wear a shroud—was it very pale—did it speak—had it a smell of sulphur? All that Madeleine could say in reply was, that the spirit appeared to her to be dressed in the usual male costume, and looked exactly like Monsieur Henri Bodry.

CHAPTER IV.  
The next morning, in order the better to execute his project unobserved, Henri Blaireau set off to the Rue de la Grande Friperie, where he bought at one of the numerous second-hand shops in that useful quarter, a three-cornered military hat and a long, gray dragon-cloak, which last, though it had seen at least twenty years' service, was declared by the conscientious merchant who sold it to be better than new. Wrapping himself closely in his dragon's costume, he then proceeded to the Rue Saint Martin, and carefully reconnoitred Monsieur Gombert's house once more. Daylight enabled him to discover what had been hidden by the darkness of night, the very thing he desired: on one of the door-posts of the open gateway was an ermine announcing that a garni, or furnished room, was to be let, application to be made to the concierge. It was not on the ground floor, for these were the silk merchant's warehouses; neither was it on the first floor (the house had no entree), for there were located Monsieur Gombert and his family; neither was it on the third floor—but without stopping at every landing-place, let us climb at once to the top of the staircase, open the door of a chamber, familiarly termed a mansard or garret, and there we have the jolli apartment, bien meuble, as the concierge postically described it. What furnished it well, consisted of a trundle bed without hangings, two rickety chairs and a still more rickety table; what made it handsome was, perhaps, the flooring of red tiles which, in spite of their colour, did not make the room look warm. It was, in short, a wretched hole, and Henri Blaireau shivered as he cast his eyes round it, but then he was under the same roof with the maid he loved, and that reconciled him, of course, to its wretchedness. He returned to the Ecu d'Argent, settled his account, and loading an Auvergnat with his own and his deceased friend's trunks—a weight which the strongest mule might well have refused to carry—finally installed himself in his delectable abode.

But there was one obstacle to complete concealment which no precaution could overcome. If there be any particular spot on the face of the globe, where gossip holds its head-quarters, it is in a Paris porter's lodge, and this was equally the fact in the reign of Louis the Fifteenth as it is in the reign of Napoleon the Third. The occu-

pants of the lodge at Monsieur Gombert's were Pierre and Phrosine, an elderly couple, whose surname was Le Pocheux: the former had been for many years a soldier, the latter everything in the menial line, and their marriage had been as much an affaire de convenance as if his father had called himself De Rohan and hers De Montmorency. Gossip was the staple of their intellectual existence, and though there did not appear to be much food for it in so simple a circumstance as the hiring of a garret at ten livres a quarter, yet the military externals of the new lodger had fixed the attention of Monsieur Pierre, whose scrutiny inclined him to think that the dress and its wearer did not altogether correspond; so much baggage, too, was incompatible with the condition of a person who took up his lodging under the eaves; and, finally, Madame Phrosine had taken particular notice of very white hands, very bright eyes, and a very handsome face, as far as the cocked hat and the cape of the cloak allowed them to be visible.

The greatest ally of Monsieur and Madame Le Pocheux was, naturally, Madame Petronille (they never failed to salute each other with the prefix which I have adopted), and to her they imparted the news of the stranger's arrival, accompanied by their own enlightened commentaries. Gossip is the mother of a great many children, and her eldest-born is Curiosity. The old bonno became curious about the mysterious dragon, and it was not long before her curiosity was shared by Mademoiselle Gombert. To have a peep at him, on the first opportunity, was Petronille's expressed intention.

For the first hour or two after he was established in his new quarters, Henri Blaireau found occupation enough in trying to make it look more habitable; but when his process was at an end, and he found that, stretched his neck as he might from his solitary window (which only overlooked a court-yard), he could see nothing of the apartment in which Mademoiselle Gombert resided, he began to get very impatient of confinement, and yearned to approach her more nearly. But to leave his room in broad daylight would be to court unnecessary observation, so he waited till it was dusk before he issued from his den. Then, wearing the attire on which he counted for disguise, in the event of his meeting Monsieur Gombert, he slowly descended the staircase, lingering at every step as he drew near the first floor. He had arrived at the last turning when he observed some one standing the doorway of Monsieur Gombert's suite of rooms. There was just light enough for him to see that it was a woman; his heart at once told him who it was—and clearing the flight at a bound, he stood before her. She did not alter her position, but remained behind the shadow of the door. He was encouraged to speak, and after the ceremonious fashion of his time and nation, took off his hat as he did so; scarcely had he uttered a word, before a violent scream saluted him, the door was slammed in his face, and he heard the cry of "Murder!" vociferated within, in the shrillest of female tones.

He rushed down stairs; and, the porte cochere being not yet closed, reached the street without detention.

Petronille, for she it was who had been lying in ambush, continued to exercise her lungs, as she floundered on the parquette, without daring to lift her head until she brought round her the whole of Monsieur Gombert's household, with the exception of Madeleine, who, more piously disposed than ever had gone again to vesper service, in the church of Saint Merri.

"But what is the matter, my poor Petronille?" said Monsieur Gombert, as they raised the old woman, and conducted her into an inner room.

"Oh, sir! sir!" she replied, with hysterical effort; "I have seen him—I myself!"

"Seen whom, Petronille?" asked the silk merchant, tremulously.

"Fresh from the grave, in his winding sheet,—with eyes like burning charcoal!"

Monsieur Gombert groaned instinctively, and did not repeat his question; Jacques, the clerk, Marie, the cook, and Felicite, the fille-de-chamber, were, however, clamorous to hear all.

"But tell us, Petronille, for the love of Heaven!"

"One, two, three,—as slowly as the clock strikes, I heard him descending the staircase, just as I was holding the door in my hand, after letting out Mademoiselle, when she went to vesper. How can I tell you I waited to see who might be coming? These things are fate! Suddenly, before I knew what had happened, he stood within a yard of me. I might have touched him. Then I saw his face! The face of the young gentleman from Lyons, who died last week at the Ecu d'Argent, in the Rue des Carmes. The face of Monsieur Bodry!"

Monsieur Gombert dropped into a chair, unable to utter a word; consternation was depicted on every countenance; and a loud knocking was heard at the outer door.

Everybody (Monsieur Gombert only excepted) screamed again; and Pierre, the concierge, came in, amazed, removing from his head a little skull-cap, made of carpet.

"Monsieur Pierre," shrieked Petronille, "I have seen a ghost!"

"Bah!" replied Pierre, "I've seen five thousand. A ghost and a dead man are the same thing, I imagine. When one sleeps on the field of battle, one sees plenty of ghosts!"

"Ah, but they don't walk, Pierre, those dead people," replied Petronille.

"Very odd, if they did," said Pierre, "when their legs are shot away."

The obstinacy of the old soldier did more to recover Petronille, than even his corporeal presence, and with as much emphasis, but more circumstance, she repeated her adventure. Still Pierre shook his head.

"But Monsieur Gombert," continued the bonno, "has been visited by the same ghost. It is the ghost of a young man! He came to him an hour after his death. And what will you say, when I tell you,—my duty now compels me to reveal it,—that Mademoiselle Gombert, in her turn, has seen the spirit! No later than yesterday evening it appeared to her in the church of Saint Merri. On that account she has gone again to-night, to consult Monsieur le Cure."

"What is that you say?" cried Monsieur Gombert. "Oh, my good friend Pierre run to the church and bid her return instantly! Also, ask Monsieur le Cure to come as soon as the service is over."

The concierge no longer presumed openly to deny what was affirmed on so much higher authority, but he obeyed Monsieur Gombert's orders, and set off at once.

CHAPTER V.  
When Henri Blaireau got into the street he was at a loss what to do next. One set of inclinations prompted him to go and get some dinner; another set of inclinations,—loftier, nobler, altogether becoming a lover—led him to follow the route which Mademoiselle Gombert had just taken.

Accordingly he also bent his footsteps to the church of Saint Merri. Arrived there, he made no pause in the porch, lingered not an instant in the nave, took no heed of priests or old women, but plunging into the south aisle, steered his way softly through the labyrinth of piled up chairs, till he came to the chapel of the Virgin. What was his delight, as he cautiously peeped from behind the pillar where he had stood the evening before, when, in the same attitude and in front of the same altar, he beheld Mad'm Gombert!

Experience had taught him wisdom. His unglucky features, he resolved, should not get him into a scrape again. He advanced therefore, at a quick step, covered his face with both hands, took advantage of a devotee's privilege by plumping himself on his knees beside Madeleine, and bending down his head, began to pray with great fervor.

Though such an association in worship was not so uncommon as to be remarkable, Mademoiselle Gombert felt a little uncomfortable at the close proximity of the stranger.

"Beate mater," murmured the new supplicant, "intacta virgo, gloriosa regina mundi, intercede pro nobis ad—"

He paused for a moment or two, and then, turning towards Mademoiselle Gombert, substituted for the right word, "Magdalena;" and, before she could recover from her astonishment, he added:

"Forgive me, Mademoiselle; but in me you behold the person who, last night, unhappily caused you trouble."

Madeline rose hastily to her feet, and moved from the chapel; but she was overtaken by Henri Blaireau before she had gone many steps.

"Can it be?" she said, faintly. "Do the dead return to this world?"

"Not the dead," said Henri, seizing her hand; "not the dead, but the living."

Madeline's senses could not resist the fact of a human hand being clasped in hers—a hand warm as her own. The voice, too, that breathed in her ear had no sepulchral tone.

"If not the dead, who and what are you? The face I saw was that of Henri Bodry."

"Mademoiselle, forgive a deception which was not premeditated—nay, was almost involuntary. Henri Bodry, is indeed no more; but I am not Henri Bodry. O, you will pardon me, Mademoiselle Gombert, when you have heard my story."

There was something so persuasive in his manner, that Madeleine was induced to listen. He was not a good common lawyer, but he was an excellent special pleader. Is it necessary, then, to add that his suit was not unprosperous.

"There is," said a rough but cheery sort of voice close behind them—the voice of Pierre the old concierge, carpet-cast in hand and on the broad grin—"I don't know what to do at home, ma'msell'. Madame Petronille has been in fits, and everybody is distracted at having seen a ghost. I'm afraid," he added, turning to Henri, "I'm afraid it was yours, Monsieur."

The stir at Monsieur Gombert's house had scarcely subsided, when Madeleine entered.

"Father!" she cried, running in his arms, "I grieve for your distress—for poor Petronille's—but there is one behind me (do not be alarmed at a mere personal resemblance) who can explain all."

About a quarter-of-an-hour afterwards, the cure of Saint Merri was announced.

Monsieur Gombert went with a smiling air to meet him.

"I don't know," he said, "what you will think of my dilemma. I sent for your spiritual aid; but instead of an exorcism, I think I will, upon the whole, ask you to have the kindness to bestow a blessing!"

Boston Wit.—Judging from the allusions in the Boston papers to a late distinguished lawyer, we would infer that he had been twenty years, all the wit in Massachusetts had been in Obsolete.

From Blackwood's Magazine.  
**Guilty or not Guilty.**  
On the 12th of May, 1830, Jean Charles Bouillon was placed at the bar of the Seine Court of Assize, charged with poisoning his second and third wives, and his son, an infant. He is described in the records of that court as being fifty-eight years of age, of small stature, but well made, and having a very intelligent countenance. He was born at Rheims. His parents got him admitted into the school at Brienne, where he had Napoleon for a school-fellow. He quitted this school in 1790, and entered the army as a volunteer. After the battle of Jemappes he was made a lieutenant, and shortly afterwards he was attached to the army of the West, as a commissary, in which quality he resided at Nantes. In the year 1797 he belonged to the army of Italy, in the same capacity. In the fulfilment of his duties he was called upon to place seals upon the *monts de pieté* (pawn-brokers,) at Verona and Padua. He was afterwards accused of having appropriated some valuable articles, contained therein, to his own purposes. A council of war met to make inquiries into the matter, and he was sentenced by it to five years in irons. The judgment was annulled for informality, and a second inquiry took place, when he was acquitted. The president of the council, however, in his report made some severe reflections on Bouillon's conduct, which prevented his being restored to his former situation, although he continued to receive a pension until 1813.

In 1799, Bouillon returned to France, and was married to a lady belonging to a most respectable family; the union turned out unhappily, and they were divorced, the child, a boy, being left in the care of the mother, who, on its attaining the age of seven years, was to give it up to its father, who, however, took care never to claim it.

From the time of his divorce, down to about 1823, he led rather a dissipated life; his pecuniary difficulties were considerable, and though he resorted to some rather equivocal methods of obtaining money, his circumstances were not improved thereby. In the last mentioned year, he became acquainted with an exchange broker, named Mirecourt, and his sister. The latter was possessed of some property, and Bouillon proposed to marry her; and, after some little difficulties had been overcome, they were married. Soon afterwards Mirecourt's affairs went wrong, his sister's property being partly swept away in the ruin.

On the 25th of August, 1824, Bouillon and his wife left Paris for Noyant-sur-Seine. On arriving there, they went to the house of a M. Frugo, who, as he had received no notice of their coming, was away from home, and they were, therefore, under the necessity of waiting two hours in the street. The same evening, Madame Bouillon was seized with violent pains in her stomach, which her husband attributed to her waiting so long in the cold. The following day she seemed very well until the evening, when the pains returned with greater violence, and continued throughout the night. The next morning, Madame Frugo urged Bouillon to send for a doctor, but he refused, and, after making some tea for his wife, which she gave her himself, he started for a place five leagues distant. The condition of Madame Bouillon was at that time alarming. From the first moment of her seizure she had asserted she was poisoned, and expressed her opinion that it was caused by the soup she had taken on her way from Paris, having been prepared in a dirty copper vessel. She continued to grow worse until the 30th, when she died. From the appearance of the body, no one who saw her doubted that she had been poisoned. Bouillon alone refused to believe. The rumor of the affair having reached the authorities, the body was examined and examined, but though there were extraordinary appearances which induced them to express an opinion that she had been poisoned, yet no poisonous substance was discovered.

The prisoner affected the deepest grief at the loss of his wife; nevertheless, in a few months afterwards he made several applications, with a view to marrying again, which were unsuccessful. On the 11th July, 1826, he married a Mlle Desprez, against the wish of her friends. She appears to have been a person of a most excitable disposition, highly imaginative; so much so, indeed, that some of her relatives had, at times doubts of her sanity. She was for some time, a novice in the house of the *Dames Hospitalieres* of St. Thomas, and obeyed the rules with the most perfect resignation; nevertheless, she appeared to have some repugnance to taking the veil, and eventually, as stated above, married Bouillon.

In March, 1827, she gave birth to a son. It was a premature birth, but the child was well shaped and strong; yet, up to the month of May, it was subject to continual attacks of vomiting, attended with convulsions. She directed that it should be sent into the country to nurse, which was accordingly done, and it recovered its health. On being returned to its mother the attacks began afresh; and on the 5th of December of the same year it died—in the opinion of the doctor—of poison. A *post mortem* examination was proposed, but objected to by the prisoner on the ground that the child having once vomited two pins, some more might be found, which would only add to the grief of his wife. Singularly enough, when the examination—ordered by the Court

of the body took place, two pins were found in it—the one in the right hip, the other between the third and fourth ribs—the points of both being directed toward the exterior of the body.

The motive for the crime, as suggested by the public prosecutor, was the desire on the part of Bouillon to relieve himself of the burden of its maintenance; also, that having determined to sacrifice his wife, it became doubly necessary to sacrifice his child, inasmuch as its continued existence, after its mother's death, would have been a bar to his getting possession of 11,000 or 12,000 francs.

No sooner had the child died than the mother was attacked in a similar manner, which gave rise in the doctor's mind, to the gravest suspicions. On one occasion, Bouillon, at the moment he was going out, took her a basin of *tisane*, which she declined to drink; he insisted and she, therefore, swallowed it, and a quarter of an hour afterwards she was seized with violent vomiting, attended with extreme acidity and thirst. For three weeks after she was subjected to these attacks, which were always sudden, and generally came on after taking some prepared drink. The doctor, convinced that she was being poisoned, that the substances thrown up from the stomach should be preserved; but these directions were always eluded. On the morning of the 4th May, Bouillon passed a short time by the bed of his wife, and afterward left her to go to Versailles. Directly after he had left, she sent for Dr. Riquet, to whom she, with great agitation, stated that she had something frightful to communicate; that on the morning of the 4th of May, her husband brought her a cup of *tisane*; that while she was in the act of kissing the hand which offered it to her, she saw him drop something from the other into the cup; that she told her husband to put it on the table, and she would drink it presently; that as soon as he had gone out, she examined the cup, and found therein something white, which she put into the saucer; that the following morning her husband came into the room, and seeing her quiet, he asked her, with a frightened air, what she had done with the *tisane*; to which she replied that she had thrown it out of the window; and finally, she added that before he departed for Versailles, she saw him open his writing-desk, and take from thence a small packet, wrapped in white paper, which he put into his pocket.

On finishing her recital, Madame Bouillon handed to Dr. Riquet a paper containing the substance which she had taken from the cup, and which, on being analyzed, proved to be arsenic; and, at the same time, adjured him to preserve the most profound secrecy with respect to what she had related to him. By the advice of Dr. Riquet, she left her husband's house in his absence, and retired to a private asylum for sick people. The doctor was in an unpleasant predicament. On the one hand, he feared that if he were silent, she might be poisoned; and on the other, it was an offence against the laws for a medical man to divulge any circumstance communicated to him professionally. In his emergency he related to another doctor what had occurred. But nothing was decided upon then. Some days afterwards, Madame Bouillon called upon him and showed him a letter, which she said had been written at her husband's dictation, and in this letter she retracted all she had previously stated, and, in answer to the remonstrances of the doctor, she told him that her husband had agreed to make her an allowance, and that he himself would go abroad. Dr. Riquet eventually decided on giving information to the authorities, who ordered Bouillon to be apprehended and put on trial. After all the above facts had been deposed to in Court, it was decided that Madame Bouillon should be allowed to make a statement, which she accordingly did, to the following effect:

She affirmed in the most honest manner, that her husband was entirely innocent; that she had no recollection whatever of having made the statements imputed to her; that, if she did make them, she must have been laboring under mental aberration at the time; and reproached bitterly with having said anything to cause her husband so much suffering. She asserted that, so far from herself and her husband having had disputes; their establishment was a "model" one.

In the middle of her examination, the Court suspended its sittings for a few minutes, in order that she might get some refreshment; and on her return to Court, she stepped up to the dock and held out her hand to the prisoner, who took it eagerly.—This action on the part of Madame Bouillon excited great emotion in the Court, which, throughout the trial, was crowded to suffocation. On her examination being resumed she persisted in saying that all she had stated to the prejudice of her husband was false, and that she was quite unconscious of having made such statements. Several times during her examination, the prisoner was deeply affected by the affectionate manner in which she spoke of him.

After hearing speeches from the counsel for the prisoner and from the public prosecutor, the jury retired, and, after deliberating an hour, returned into Court, with a verdict of "Not Guilty."

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