

# 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. HOPFER,**  
DENTIST—OFFICE, Front Street 4th door from Locust, over Taylor & McDonald's book store, Columbia, Pa. Entrance, same as Jolley's, Photographic Gallery. August 21, 1859.

**THOMAS WELSH,**  
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Columbia, Pa. Office, in the new building, below Black's Hotel, Front street.  
Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to his care.  
November 29, 1857.

**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,**  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
Columbia, Pa.  
Columbia, September 9, 1850.

**S. Allee Bockius, 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, 1850.

**Harrison's Columbian Ink.**  
Which is a superior article, permanently black and not corroding the pen, can be had in any quantity at the Family Medicine Store, and blacker than the best English Blue Polish.  
Columbia, June 1, 1850.

**We Have Just Received**  
**DR. CUTLER'S Improved Chest Expanding**  
Pneumonia and Asthma Braces for Consumption, and Patient's Skin Supporter and Brace for Ladies. Just the article that is wanted at this time. Come and see them at Family Medicine Store, Old Fellows Hall.  
April 9, 1850.

**Prof. Gardner's Soap.**  
We have the New England Soap for those who do not obtain it from the soap man; it is pleasant to the skin, and will take the spots from the wood-work; it is therefore no luxury, for you get the worth of your money at the Family Medicine Store.  
Columbia, June 1, 1850.

**GRAHAM, or Bond's Boston Crackers,** for invalids and children—these articles in Columbia, at the Family Medicine Store.  
April 16, 1850.

**SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE.**—The want of such an article is felt in every family, and now it can be supplied; for mending furniture, chairs, ward, ornamental work, toys, &c., there is nothing superior. We have found it useful in repairing many articles which have been useless for months. You can get it at the  
FAMILY MEDICINE STORE.

**IRON AND STEEL!**  
THE Subscriber has received a New and Large Stock of all the more useful articles in  
**BAR IRON AND STEEL!**  
They are constantly supplied with stock in this branch of the business, and can furnish it in large or small quantities, at the lowest rates.  
R. W. PEARCE & SON,  
Locust street below Second, Columbia, Pa.  
April 25, 1850.

**RITTER'S Compound Syrup of Turpentine and Wild Cherry,** for Coughs, Cold, &c. For sale at the Golden Mortar Drug Store, Front st. July 2

**AYER'S Compound Concentrated Extract**  
Sarsaparilla for the cure of Scrofula, King's Evil, and all serious affections, is first class. Just received and for sale by  
R. WILLIAMS, Front st., Columbia.  
Sept. 24, 1850.

**FOR SALE.**  
**200 GROSS Friction Matches,** very low for cash.  
R. WILLIAMS,  
June 25, 1850.

**Dutch Herring!**  
Any one fond of good Herring can be supplied at Nov. 19, 1850.  
Grocery Store, No. 71 Locust st.

**LYON'S PURE OHIO CATAWBA BRANDY**  
and PURE WINES, especially for Medicines in Sarsaparilla, &c., at the  
FAMILY MEDICINE STORE.

**NICE BAISINS for 8 cts. per pound, are to be had only at**  
EBERLEIN'S Grocery Store,  
March 10, 1850. No. 71 Locust street.

**GARDEN SEEDS.—Fresh Garden Seeds, War-**  
ranted pure, of all kinds, just received at  
EBERLEIN'S Grocery Store,  
March 10, 1850. No. 71 Locust street.

**POCKET BOOKS AND PURSES.**  
A Large lot of Fine and Common Pocket Books and Purses, at from 5 cents to 100 dollars each. It is requested, that you call on  
S. F. EBERLEIN'S, Columbia, Pa.  
Columbia, April 14, 1850.

**A BEW more of those beautiful Prints**  
left, which will sell cheap, at  
S. F. EBERLEIN'S, Columbia, Pa.  
April 14.

**Just Received and For Sale.**  
**1500 SACKS Good Alum Salt,** in large or small quantities, at  
APFOLDS,  
Warehouse, Canal Basin.

**GOLD CREAM OF GLYCERINE.—For the care**  
and prevention of chapped hands. For sale at the  
GOLDEN MORTAR DRUG STORE,  
Front street, Columbia.  
Dec. 21, 1850.

**Turkish Prunes!**  
FOR a first rate article of Prunes you must go to  
S. F. EBERLEIN'S, No. 71 Locust st.  
Nov. 19, 1850. Grocery Store, No. 71 Locust st.

**GOLD PENS, GOLD PENS.**  
JUST received a large and fine assortment of Gold Pens, of various and beautiful manufacture, at  
S. F. EBERLEIN'S, No. 71 Locust st.,  
April 14.

**FRESH GROCERIES.**  
We continue to sell the best "Levy" Syrup, White and Brown Sugar, good Coffee and choice Tea, and Brown Sugar, at the Corner Store, opposite the "Old Fellows Hall," and at the old stand at Spring street, at  
H. C. FORD'S (1877).

**Segars, Tobacco, &c.**  
A Large lot of Segars, Tobacco and Snuff will be sold at the lowest price. He keeps only a first-class article. Call on  
S. F. EBERLEIN'S, Grocery Store,  
Oct. 5, '51. No. 71 Locust st., Columbia, Pa.

**CRANBERRIES.**  
NEW Crop Prunes, New Currants, &c., at  
A. M. RAMBO'S,  
SARDINES,  
Worcestershire Sauce, Beffed Peas, &c., just received and for sale by  
S. F. EBERLEIN'S,  
Oct. 21, 1850. No. 71 Locust st.

**CRANBERRIES.**  
JUST received a fresh lot of Cranberries and New Currants, at No. 71 Locust street.  
S. F. EBERLEIN,  
Oct. 21, 1850.

## CARRIER'S ADDRESS TO THE PATRONS OF



## THE COLUMBIA SPY.

NEW YEAR, 1861.

From the Orient comes the Future  
As an Angel bright and fair;  
Crowded in her train sweet spirits  
Hither bring the new-born Year.

Hope and Joy are there embracing;  
Mercy, with her smile of Love,  
Fortitude, each heart to strengthen,  
Charity—the meek-eyed Dove.

Peace, her crown of olive bearing,  
Asks a welcome to our front,  
Plenty, bids us take her treasure,  
Confidence, shall give us rest.

Blessings, every heart to gladden,  
Joyful lengthen out her train,  
Messengers to Earth from Heaven,  
Shall their coming be in vain?

All in silence come the spirits,  
Speaking to the heart alone,  
Not with frownings shall we greet them,  
Make their blessings all our own.

Flowers they bear, and fruitful treasures,  
Gifts of goodness from above,  
Meet them, then, with hearts of gladness,  
Welcome them with works of Love.

Meet them, Mortals! give them welcome  
To the Earth so blessed and fair,  
Bid them enter in your dwellings,  
Bid the spirits rest them there.

Teaching us that evils tarry  
Only where the heart is frail,  
That the faithful shall not perish,  
Clad in Truth's impervious mail.

The Old Year fled, with fun'ral train,  
Like to Phantoms of the dead,  
Bears away its days and hours,  
To a dirge's solemn strain.

Bears away our grief and sorrow,  
Bears away our many woes,  
Corsets grim, with fital torches  
Lighted to their long repose.

Noisless as the shades that wander  
On the gloomy Stygian shore,  
Look they back with fital glances,  
Leaving all they knew of yore.

Let them bear with them whatever  
In us may have been of ill,  
Leaving hearts inclined to goodness,  
Peace, and Truth, and Mercy still.

Bear away our oft offenses,  
Bear away a bitter thought,  
Bury in oblivion's waters,  
Every thing with evil fraught.

Bear away our evil passions,  
Bear away each fearful heart,  
Leaving in our many bosoms,  
Souls to know and do their part.

Spectral shadows that have haunted  
Us with dread—no more to come,  
Misery, and Want, and Sadness,  
Let them take from every home.

Leaving with us what shall sweeten  
All the sources of our strife,  
Hope, all bright with golden cincture,  
Child like Love and peaceful life.

Child-like love for every Pilgrim,  
Who, in Life's uncertain day,  
Trusting in a hopeful future,  
Calmly treads the beaten way.

Not in doubting and repining,  
Shall our hearts a solace find;  
Let the Past, its lessons leaving,  
Wisdom teach the willing mind.

The Harp unused to moving strain,  
Gives not sweet music to the listening ear,  
Ere, sweetest of the tuneful train,  
Inspires but seldom in my humble sphere.

Then let me cease.—With wishes that the Past  
May leave no memories of saddened hue,  
The Future bring no skies to be'crest  
By night of evil—Patrons, Friends, Adieu!

### Selections.

#### The Thirteenth Juror

When the criminal, Pierre Granger, escorted by four gendarmes, was placed in the dock of the court of assizes, there was a general stir among the crowd, which had assembled from every quarter to be present at his trial.

Pierre Granger was not an ordinary culprit, not one of those poor wretches whom the court, as a matter of form, furnishes with an advocate, judges in the presence of a heedless auditory, and sends to oblivion in the convict prisons of the state. He had figured at length in the columns of the newspaper, and while M. Lepervier had undertaken his defence, M. Tourangin, the attorney general, was to conduct the prosecution.

Now, at the time of which I write, these two men stood at the head of their profession. Whenever it was known that they were to be pitted against each other in any case, crowds immediately flocked to enjoy their eloquent sentences, sonorous periods, and phrases as round and as polished as so many billiard-balls. It was a perfect riot of tropes and figures, a delicious confusion of periphrases and metaphors. All the figures of rhetoric defied before the charmed auditory, and spouted, jested, and struggled with each other, like Virgil's playful shepherds. There was a luxury of epithets, passing even that of the Abbe Delille.

Every individual substantive was as regularly followed by its attendant adjective, as the great lady of the last century by her train-bearing page. In this pompous diction—a man became a mortal; a horse, a courser; the moon was styled pale Diana. My father and my mother were never called so, but invariably the authors of my being; a dream, was a vision; a glass, a crystal vase; a knife, a sword; a chair, a chariot; and a breeze became a whirlwind; all which, no doubt, tended to produce a style of exceeding sublim-

ity and beauty. Pierre Granger was a clumsily-built fellow, five feet ten in height, thirty-eight years old, with fusty hair, a high collar, and small cunning gray eyes. He was accused of having strangled his wife, cut up the body into pieces, and then, in order to conceal his crime, set fire to the house, where his three children perished. Such an accumulation of horrors had shed upon a romantic halo round this perpetrator. Ladies of rank and fashion flocked to the jail to look at him; and his autograph was in wonderful request, as soon as it became known that Madame Cesarine Langlois, the lioness of the district, possessed some words of his writing in her album, placed between a ballad by a professor of rhetoric and a problem by the engineer-in-chief of the department; neither gentleman to say the truth, being much flattered by such close juxtaposition with the interesting pet prisoner.

When Pierre Granger, with his lowering brow and air of stolid cunning, was placed in the dock, the names of twelve jurors were drawn by lot and the president demanded of the counsel on either side, whether they wished to exercise their right of challenge. Both declined offering any objection to twelve such honorable names; but the attorney general added, that he would require the drawing of a supplementary juror. It was done, and on the paper appeared the name of Major Vernon. At the sound, a slight murmur was heard among the spectators; while M. Tourangin and Lepervier exchanged a rapid glance, which seemed to say: "Will not you challenge him?" But neither of them did so; an officer conducted Major Vernon into his appointed place, and amidst profound silence the indictment was read.

Major Vernon had lived in the town during the last two years. Every one gave him the military title, yet none could tell when, or where, or whom he had served. He seemed to have neither family nor friends; and when any of his acquaintances ventured to sound him on the subject, he

always replied in a manner by no means calculated to encourage curiosity. "Do I trouble my head about your affairs?" he would say. "Your shabby old town suits me well enough as a residence, but if you don't think I have a right to live in it, I shall be most happy to convince you of the fact at daybreak to-morrow morning with gun, sword, or pistol."

Major Vernon was precisely the man to keep his word; the few persons who had entered his lodgings, reported that his bedroom resembled an armory, so fully was it furnished with all sorts of murderous weapons. Notwithstanding this, he seemed a very respectable sort of man, regular in his habits, punctual in his payments, and fond of smoking excellent cigars, sent him, he used to say, by a friend in Havana. He was tall, excessively thin, bald, and always dressed in black; his mustaches curled to a point; and he invariably wore his hat cocked over his right ear. In the evening, he used to frequent the public reading room of the town; but he never played at any game, or conversed with the company, remaining absorbed in his newspaper until the clock struck ten, when he lit his cigar, twisted his mustaches, and with a stiff, silent bow took his departure. It sometimes happened that one of the company, bolder than the others, said, "Good night, major!" Then the major would stop, fix his gray eye on the speaker, and reply, "Good night, monsieur;" but in so rude and angry a tone, that the words sounded more like a malediction than a polite salutation.

It was remarked, that whoever thus ventured to address the major, was during the remainder of the evening, the victim of some strange ill-luck. He regularly lost at play, was sure to knock his elbow through a hand-some lamp or vase, or in some way to get entangled in a misadventure. So firmly were the good townsfolk persuaded that the major possessed an "evil eye," that their common expression, when any one met with a misfortune, was: "He must have said

'good-night' to the major!"

This mysterious character dined every day at the ordinary of the Crown Hotel, and although habitually silent, seemed usually contented with the fare. One day, however, after having eaten some bread soup, he cast his eye along the table, frowned, and calling the host, said: "How comes it that dinner to-day is entirely meagre?"

"Monsieur, no doubt, forgets that this is Good-Friday."

"Send me up two mutton chops."

"Impossible, major; there is not an ounce of meat to be had at any butcher's in the town."

"Let me have some fowl."

"That is not to be had either."

"What a set of fools!" exclaimed the major, striking his clenched hand on the table with such force that the bottles rumbled and rocked, just as if all the wine in their bottles had got into their heads. Then he called the waiter and said: "Baptiste, go to my lodging, and bring me the inland cabin which hangs over my pillow."

The poor host trembled, and grew very pale, when Baptiste returned with a double-barreled gun, beautifully inlaid with silver. The major coolly examined the lock, put on fresh caps, cocked both barrels, and walked out, followed at a respectful distance by the guests and inmates of the hotel. Not far off stood an old ivy-mantled church, whose angular projections were haunted by many ravens: two large ones flew out of a turret just as the major came up and took aim for a double shot. Down tumbled both the unclean birds at his feet.

"Sacredieu!" cried he, picking them up: "I'm regularly sold—they're quite lean!"

He returned to the hotel, and according to his express orders, one moiety of his ill-omened body was dressed in a sarony stew, and the other simply roasted. Of both dishes he partook so heartily, that not a vestige of either remained, and he declared that he had never eaten more relishing food.

From that day the major became an object of uneasiness to some, of terror to others, of curiosity to all, whenever he appeared on the public promenade, every one avoided him; at the theatre, his box was generally occupied by himself alone; and each old woman that met him in the street, invariably stopped to cross herself. Major Vernon was never known to enter a church, or accept an invitation; at first, he used to receive a good many of these, and the performed billets served him to light his cigars.

Such, then, was the thirteenth juror drawn in the cause of Pierre Granger, and it may be easily understood why the audience were moral at hearing the name of Major Vernon.

The paper of accusation, notwithstanding, drawn up by the attorney general with a force and peculiarity of description which horrified the ladies present, was read amid profound silence, broken only by the snoring of the prisoner, who had deliberately settled himself to sleep. The gendarmes tried to rouse him from his unnatural slumber, but they merely succeeded in making him now and then half-open his dull, brutish eyes.

When the clerk had ceased to read, Pierre Granger was with difficulty thoroughly awakened, and the president proceeded to question him. The interrogatory fully revealed, in all its horrors, the thoroughly stupid ferocity of the wretch. He had killed his wife, he said, because they couldn't agree; he had set his house on fire, because it was a bad night, and he wanted to make a good blaze to warm himself, as to his children, they were dirty, squalling little things—no loss to him or to any one else.

It would be tedious to pursue all the details of this disgusting trial. M. Tourangin and M. Lepervier both made marvellously eloquent speeches, but the latter deserved peculiar credit, having so very bad a cause to sustain. Although he well knew that his client was as thorough a scoundrel as ever breathed, and that his condemnation would be a blessing to society, yet he pleaded his cause with all a lawyer's conscientiousness. When he got to the peroration, he managed to squeeze from his lachryminal glands a few rare tears, the last and most precious. I imagine, which he carefully reserved for an especially solemn occasion—just as some families preserve a few bottles of fine old wine, to be drunk at the marriage of a daughter or the coming of age of a son.

At length the case closed, and the president was going to sum up; but as the heat in court was excessive, and every one present stood in need of refreshment, leave was given to the jury to retire for half an hour and the hall was cleared for the same space of time, in order that it might undergo a thorough ventilation. During this interval, while twelve of the jurors were cooling themselves with ices and sherbet, the thirteenth lit a cigar, and reclining in an arm chair, smoked away with the gravity of a Turk.

"What a capital cigar!" sighed one of the jurors, as he watched with an envious eye the odoriferous little clouds escaping from the smoker's lips.

"Would you like to try one?" asked the major, politely offering his cigar-case.

"If it would not trespass too much on your kindness."

"By no means. You are heartily welcome."

The juror took a cigar, and lit it at that of his obliging neighbor.

"Well! how do you like it?" asked the major.

"Delicious! It has an uncommonly pleasant aroma. From whence are you supplied?"

"From the Havans."

Several jurors now approached, casting longing glances on M. Granger's cigar-case.

"Gentleman," said he, "I am really grieved that I have not a single cigar left to offer you, having just given the last to our worthy friend. To-morrow, however, I hope to have a fresh supply, and shall then ask you to do me the honor of accepting some."

At that moment an official came in to announce that the court had resumed its sitting; the jury hastened to their box, and the president began his charge. Scarcely had he commenced, however, when the juror who had smoked the cigar, rose, and in a trembling voice begged permission to retire, as he felt very ill. Indeed, while in the act of speaking, he fell backward, and lay senseless on the floor.

The president, of course, directed that he should be carefully conveyed to his home, and desired Major Vernon to take his place. Six strokes sounded from the old clock of the town hall as the jury retired to deliberate on their verdict in the case of Pierre Granger.

Eleven gentlemen exclaimed with one voice that the wretched assassin's guilt was perfectly clear, and that they could not hesitate for a moment as to their decision. Major Vernon, however, stood up, placed his back against the door, and regarding his colleagues with a peculiarly sinister expression, said slowly: "I shall acquit Pierre Granger, and you shall all do the same."

"Sir," replied the foreman in a severe tone, "you are answerable to your conscience for your own actions, but I do not see what right you have to offer us a gratuitous insult."

"Am I, then, so unfortunate as to offend you?" asked the juror meekly.

"Certainly; in supposing you capable of breaking the solemn oath which we have taken to do impartial justice. I am a man of honor—"

"Bah!" interrupted the major; "are you quite sure of that?"

"Do you know, sir, that such a question is a fresh insult?"

"You are quite mistaken," said Major Vernon. "What I said was drawn forth by a feeling of the solemn responsibility which rests on me. Before I can resolve to make a dead corpse of a living, moving being, I must feel satisfied that both you and I are justly guilty than Pierre Granger, which, after all, is not quite so certain."

An ominous silence ensued; the major's words seemed to strike home in every breast; and a leathern one of the gentlemen said:—"You seem, sir, to regard the question in a philosophical point of view."

"Just so, Monsieur Cernau."

"You know me, then?" said the juror, in a trembling voice.

"Not very intimately, my dear sir, but just sufficiently to appreciate your fondness for discounting bills at what your enemies might call usurious interest. I think it was about four years ago that an honest, poor man, the father of a large family, blew out his brains, in despair at being refused by you a short renewal which he had implored on his knees."

Without replying, M. Cernau retired to the farthest corner of the room, and wiped off the large drops of sweat which started from his brow.

"What does this mean?" asked another juror impatiently. "Have we come here to act a scene from the *Memoirs of the Devil*?"

"I don't know that work," replied the major; but may I advise you, Monsieur de Bardine, to calm your nerves."

"Sir, you are impertinent and I shall certainly do myself the pleasure to chastise you."

"As how?"

"With my sword. I shall do you the honor to meet you to-morrow."

"An honor which, being a man of sense, I must beg respectfully to decline. You don't kill your adversaries, Monsieur de Bardine; you assassinate them. Have you forgotten your duel with Monsieur de Sillar, which took place, as I am told, without witnesses? While he was off his guard, you treacherously struck him through the heart. The prospect of a similar catastrophe is certainly by no means enticing."

"With an instinctive movement, M. de Bardine's friends drew off."

"I admire such virtuous indignation," sneered the major. "It especially becomes you, Monsieur Dario."

"What infamy are you going to cast in my teeth!" exclaimed the gentleman addressed.

"Oh, very little—a mere trifle—simply that while Monsieur de Bardine kills his friends, you only dishonor yours. Monsieur Simon, whose house, table and purse are yours, has a pretty wife—"

"Major," cried another juror, "you are a villain!"

"Pardon me, my dear Monsieur Calant, let us call things by their proper names. The only villain among us, I believe, is the man who himself set fire to his house, six months after having insured it at treble its value, in four offices, whose directors were foolish enough to pay the money without making sufficient inquiry."

A stifled groan escaped from M. Calant's lips as he covered his face with his hands.

"Who are you that you thus dare to constitute yourself as our judge?" asked another looking fiercely at Vernon

"Who am I, Monsieur Perou? simply one who can appreciate your very rare dexterity in holding court cards in your hand, and making the dice turn up as you please."

M. Perou gave an involuntary start, and thenceforward held his peace. The scene, aided by the darkness of approaching night, had now assumed a terrific aspect. The voice of the major rang in the ears of eleven pale, trembling men, with a cold, metallic distinctness, as if each word inflicted a blow.

At length Vernon burst into a strange sharp hissing laugh. "Well, my honorable colleagues," he exclaimed, "does this poor Pierre Granger still appear to you unworthy of the slightest pity? I grant you I have committed a fault, and a fault which you would not have committed in his place. He has not had your cleverness in masking his turpitude with a show of virtue; that is his real crime. Now, if after having killed his wife, he had paid handsomely for masses to be said for her repose—if he had purchased a burial ground, and caused to be raised to her memory a beautiful square white marble monument, with a flowery epitaph on it with gold letters—why, then we should all have shed tears of sympathy, and eulogized Pierre Granger as 'the model of a tender husband. Don't you agree with me, Monsieur Norbec?"

M. Norbec started as if he had received an electric shock. "It is false!" he murmured. "I did not poison Eliza; she died of pulmonary consumption."

"True," said the major; "you remind me of a circumstance which I had nearly forgotten. Madame Norbec, who possessed a large fortune in her own right, died without issue, five months after she had made you her sole legatee." Then the major was silent. They were now in total darkness, and the throbbing of many agitated hearts might be heard in the room. Suddenly came the sharp click of a pistol, and the obscurity was for a moment brightened by a flash; but there was no report—the weapon had missed fire. The major burst into a load fit of laughter. "Charming! delightful! Ah my dear sir," he exclaimed addressing the foreman, "you were the only honest man in the party, and see how to oblige me, you have made an attempt on my person, which places you on an honorable level with Pierre Granger!" Then having rung the bell, he called for candles, and when they were brought he said: "Come, gentlemen, I suppose you don't want to sleep here; let us make haste, and finish our business."

Ten minutes afterwards the foreman handed in the issue paper—a verdict of Not Guilty; and Pierre Granger was discharged amidst the hisses and execrations of the crowd, who, indeed, were prevented only by a strong military force from assaulting both judge and jury. Major Vernon coolly walked up to the dock, and passing his arm under that of Pierre Granger, went out with him through a side door.

From that hour neither the one nor the other was ever seen again in the country.—That night there was a terrific thunder-storm; the ripe harvest was beaten down by hail-stones as large as pigeons' eggs, and a flash of lightning striking the steeple of the old ivy-covered church, tore down its gilded cross.

This strange story was related to me one day last year by a convict in the infirmary of the prison at Toulon. I have given it verbatim from his lips; and as I was leaving the building, the sergeant who accompanied me said: "So, sir, you have been listening to the wonderful rhodomontades of Number 19,788?"

"What do you mean? This history—"

"Is false from beginning to end. Number 19,788 is an atrocious criminal, who was sent to the galleys for life; and who, during the last few months, has given evident proofs of mental alienation. His monomania consists chiefly in telling stories to prove that all judges and jurors are rogues and villains. He was himself found guilty, by a most respectable and upright jury, of having robbed and tried to murder Major Vernon. He is about to be placed in a lunatic asylum, so that you will probably be the last visitor who will hear his curious inventions."

"And who is Major Vernon?"

"A brave old half-pay officer, who has lived at Toulon, beloved and respected, during the last twelve years. You will probably see him to day, smoking his Havana cigar, after the table's hotel dinner, at the Crown Hotel."

For a great many years, Mr. Twist bore the title of Deacon. Clergy and laity recognized it, and everybody called him deacon. "Good morning, Deacon Twist," was a common salutation, and it seemed fitting that he should be deacon, because he was such a good, quiet, benevolent man. "Your neighbor Deacon Twist, it seems to be a great favorite," said one who had newly moved into the neighborhood, to an old settler; "what church is the deacon of?" "Not of any church," was the reply. "Well, what gives him his title, then?" the stranger continued. "Why," said the one questioned, "when they were plastering the new church down here, he and another sat up one cold night to watch the fire, so that their work shouldn't freeze; and to keep awake, they played old dice in the organ loft, and he's been called Deacon to this day."

Why are fixed stars like wicked old men? Because they scintillate (sin till late