

THE COLUMBIA SPY.

SAMUEL WRIGHT, Editor and Proprietor.

"NO ENTERTAINMENT IS SO CHEAP AS READING, NOR ANY PLEASURE SO LASTING."

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Larger advertisements will be made to quarterly, half yearly or yearly rates, and who are strictly confined to their business.

DR. HOFFER,
DENTIST—OFFICE, Front Street 4th door from Locust, over Saylor & McDonald's Book Store
Columbia, Pa. [Business, same as Jolly's, Photograph Gallery. August 21, 1859.]

THOMAS WELSH,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Columbia, Pa.
OFFICE, in Whitson's New Building, below Black's Hotel, Front Street.
[Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to him. November 28, 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 1, 1854.

S. Atlee B. Clark, D. D. S.
PRACTICING the Operative, Surgical and Mechanical Department of Dentistry.
Office—Locust street, between Franklin House and Post Office, Columbia, Pa.
August 7, 1859.

Harrison's Columbian Ink.
WHICH is a superior article, permanently black, and not controlling the pen, can be had in any quantity, at the Family Medicine Store, and blacker yet at the English and Scotch.
Columbia, Jan 9, 1859.

We Have Just Received
DR. CUTLER'S Improved Chest Expanding
Suspenders and Shoulder Braces for Gentlemen, and Patent Skirt Supporter and Brace for Ladies, just the articles that are useful in expiring many ailments, and see them at Family Medicine Store, Odd Fellows' Hall.
[April 9, 1859]

Prof. Gardner's Soap.
WE have the New England Soap, which does not irritate the skin, and will take grease spots from Woolen Goods, it is therefore an indispensable for you get the worth of your money at the Family Medicine Store, Columbia, Jan 11, 1859.

CRAMER, or Bond's Boston Crackers, for Dyspepsia, and Arrow Root Crackers, for Invalids and children—new articles in Columbia, at the Family Medicine Store, April 16, 1859.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE.—The want of such an article, and now it can be supplied for mending furniture, chairs, 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 obtain it at the Family Medicine Store.
[April 16, 1859.]

IRON AND STEEL!
THE Subscribers have received a New and Large Stock of all kinds and sizes of
BAR IRON AND STEEL!
They are constantly supplied with stock in this branch of business, and are enabled to customers in large or small quantities, at the lowest rates.
J. RUMBLE & SON,
Locust street below Second, Columbia, Pa.
April 29, 1860.

PITTER'S Compound Syrup of Tar and Wild Cherry, for Coughs, Colds, &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 venereal affections, a treatise, &c. just received and for sale by
R. WILLIAMS, Front St., Columbia, Sept. 24, 1859.

FOR SALE.
200 GROSS Friction Matches, very low for cash. June 25, 1860. R. WILLIAMS.

Dutch Herring!
Any one fond of a good Herring, can be supplied at S. F. EBBERLEIN'S Grocery Store, No. 71 Locust St. Nov. 19, 1859.

YON'S PURE OHIO CATAWA BRANDY
and PURE WINES, especially for Medicines and medicinal purposes, at the Family Medicine Store, Jan. 28.

NICE RAISINS for 8 cts. per pound, are to be had only at EBBERLEIN'S Grocery Store, No. 71 Locust street. March 16, 1860.

GARDEN SEEDS.—Fresh Garden Seeds, warranted pure, of all kinds, just received at EBBERLEIN'S Grocery Store, No. 71 Locust street. March 16, 1860.

POCKET BOOKS AND PURSES.
A LARGE lot of Fine and Common Pocket Books and Purses, at from 15 cts. to two dollars each. See the new styles and News Dept. Columbia, April 14, 1860.

A FEW more of those beautiful Prints which will sell cheaply.
SAYLOR & McDONALD'S, Columbia, Pa. April 14.

Just Received and For Sale.
1500 SACKS Ground Alum Salt, in large or small quantities, at
A. FOLDS' Warehouse, Canal Basin. May 5, 60.

COLD CREAM OF GLYCERINE.—For the cure and prevention of chapped hands, &c. For sale at the GOLDEN MORTAR DRUG STORE, Front Street, Columbia. Dec. 5, 1859.

Turkish Prunes!
FOR a first rate article of Prunes, you must go to S. F. EBBERLEIN'S Grocery Store, No. 71 Locust St. No. 79, 1859.

GOLD PENS, GOLD PENS.
JUST received a large and fine assortment of Gold Pens, of New and Improved manufacture, at S. F. EBBERLEIN'S Grocery Store, No. 71 Locust Street, above Locust. April 14.

FRESH GROCERIES.
WE continue to sell the best "Levy" Syrup, White and Brown Sugars, Good Coffee and choice Teas, to be had in Columbia at the New Corner Store, opposite Old Fellows' Hall, and at the old stand "Young's" at the "Bk." of C. F. CONDER SMITH.

Segars, Tobacco, &c.
A LOT of fine Segars, Tobacco and Snuff will be found at the store of the subscriber. He keeps only a first-rate article. Call on
S. F. EBBERLEIN'S Grocery Store, Locust St., Columbia, Pa. Oct. 20, 1860.

CRANBERRIES.
NEW Crop Cranberries, New Citron, &c.
A. N. RAMBO'S, Locust St., Columbia, Pa. Oct. 20, 1860.

SARDINES.
Wentworth's Sarsaparilla, Best Choice, &c. just received and for sale by S. F. EBBERLEIN'S Grocery Store, No. 71 Locust St. Oct. 20, 1860.

CRANBERRIES.
JUST received a fresh lot of Cranberries and New Citron, at No. 71 Locust Street.
S. F. EBBERLEIN
Oct. 21, 1860.

Poetry.

The Old Couple.

It stands in a sunny meadow,
The house so mossy and brown,
With its crumbling old stone chimneys,
And the gray roof sloping down.
The trees fold their green arms round it,
The trees, a century old;
And the winds go chanting through them,
And the sunbeams drop their gold.
The cowbells spring in the marshes,
And the roses bloom on the hill;
And beside the brook in the pastures
The herds go feeding at will.
The children have gone and left them;
They sit in the sun alone;
And the old wife's ears are failing,
As she hark to the well known tune—
That went her heart in her girlhood,
That has soothed her in many a care,
And praises her now for the brightness
Her old face used to wear.
She thinks again of her bride—
"How, dressed in her robe of white,
She stood by her gay young lover
In the morning's rosy light.
Oh, the morning is rosy as ever,
But the rose from her cheek is fled;
And the sunshine still is golden,
But it falls on a silver head.
And the girlhood dreams, once vanished,
Come back in her winter time,
Till her feeble pulses tremble
With the thrill of spring-time's prime.
And looking forth from the window,
She thinks how the trees have grown,
Since, clad in her bridal whiteness,
She crossed the old door stone.
Though dimmed her eyes' bright azure,
And dimmed her hair's young gold;
The love in her girlhood pictured
Has never grown dim nor old.
They sat in peace in the sunshine,
Till the day was almost done;
And then, at its close, an angel
Stole over the threshold stone.
He folded their hands together—
He touched their eyes with his palm;
And their feet were floated upward,
Like the dove of a solemn psalm.
Like a bride pair they traversed
The unseen path of life,
Till they reached the beautiful city,
"Whose builder and maker is God."
Perhaps that miracle country
They will give her her lost youth back;
And flowers of a vanished spring time,
Will bloom in the spirit's track.
One draught from the living waters
Shall cut back his manhood's prime;
And eternal years shall measure
The love that outlived time.
But the shapes that they left behind them,
The wrinkles and silver hair,
Made holy by the kisses
The angel had printed there,
We will hide away 'neath the willows,
When the day is low in the west;
Where the sunbeams cannot find them,
Nor the winds disturb their rest.
And we'll suffer no tall tale to come,
With its age and date to rise;
O'er the two who are old no longer,
In the Father's House in the skies.

Selections.

An Offer of Marriage.

By an almost unconscious audacity on my part, when a very young man, I do believe that I was nearer the possession of a young, and rich, and beautiful wife, than I have ever been since, or am ever likely to be again. I certainly was a very young man when I knocked at the door of old Mr. Wigley's house in Harley street, with the intention of formally applying for the hand of Miss Fanny Wigley; and I am very much astonished now when I consider that old audacity.
He was an early man, I had ascertained. He took his breakfast at half-past eight every morning in the back parlor, which he chose to call his study, chiefly, so far as I could discover his reason, because he was the only discoverer of his study, because he kept his stock of boots. These were all of the Wellington pattern, and were ranged in front of the fireplace semicircularly, very much as Caspar disposes the skulls in the incantation scene in *Der Freischutz*. I remember that similitude occurring to me on the morning of my visit—the opera being then in the heyday of its popularity. Mrs. Wigley and the young ladies breakfasted at a much later hour in the front parlor. But as my object then was to see Mr. Wigley, and have with him a certain private discussion, of course it was advisable for me to call upon him at his house in Harley street, before he started upon his daily pilgrimage into the city. Having made up my mind to this course on the previous evening, need I say that I was kept awake by the thoughts of it nearly all night, and arose at an absurdly early hour to carry my plan into execution.
Concerning myself, I must disclose that I was at that time an article clerk in the house of Messrs. Blotherstone & Blackland, the eminent solicitors in New Square, Lincoln's Inn Fields—that I had occupied a stool in their office for about two years—that I was entirely dependent for my support on the remittances I received from my relatives in Cheshire—and that I occupied second-floor lodgings in the house of a boot-maker in Great Russell street, Bloomsbury—pleasant apartments enough, but for the all-pervading smell of leather that pervaded them. I know that one seemed to eat, drink, and breathe leather there, and the fits of sneezing with which visitors were seized at their entrance, were really remarkable. I was a young man as I have said. I shaved a good deal; it was not at all necessary, but I did it; I had lived

he was very wise and wary. "Take my advice," he said solemnly, after a huge pinch of snuff; "make love as much as you like, but don't trust yourself near a pen and ink. Don't write no letters—none of that; then, you can't hardly commit yourself, and they can't get hold of you with a breach of promise, or anything of that kind. Do you see all these papers? Well, they're all the letters in a breach of promise case." We're for the plaintiff, and shall make a good thing of it. By the by, there's a copy wanted, on brief paper, for counsel. You may as well make it; you don't seem to be doing much." I thought at the time that he took rather low views of human nature, but then, you see he was a common-law clerk.
I took for granted that every one I encountered on that eventful morning knew all about me and my mission. It seemed to me that my character was stamped all over me in large letters, just as a bad note is marked with the word "Forgery," at the Bank of England. "Lover" was written on my glossy hair, on my shining curls, on my tightly-strapped trousers, on my velvet-lined coat-cuffs. The early milk-women were conscious of my proceedings, and the postman, and the baker with hot rolls in green baize, and the sweeps, and the beggars who professed me lavender, pressing it upon me as though it were a necessary of life, and bergamot and musk were by no means perfume enough for one man. All knew that I was journeying to Harley street to ask of her parent the hand of Fanny Wigley—even to the cook, who was cleaning the door-steps of Mr. Wigley's house—a massive woman, with whom it was difficult to arrive at an understanding as to whether she supposed that I should pass on the right or the left of her, until it was almost necessary, at last, to gain an entry to the house by clearing her as in a hurdle-race. She knew why I came to Harley street, as did also the tall footman, who appeared to be full-dress as to his legs, enclosed in white stockings and sulphur-colored plush, and his dishabille as to his body and arms—for he wore a soiled gray jean jacket—and who ushered me rather unceremoniously, I thought, into the back parlor, where Mr. Wigley was sitting at breakfast. The street door being open, there had been no occasion for my using the knocker. Does he conceive that I came with a ring? I asked myself, for Mr. Wigley did not appear to heed my entrance, and the footman had not announced, nor, indeed, asked of me my name. Mr. Wigley was bent upon tapping his second egg, breaking the shell very neatly all over the top of it. I was disappointed at the reception. I confess, I had flattered myself, and my glass had flattered me, that my appearance was irreproachable, if not positively commanding. I knew that I was red in the face—very red, I may say—and that my cravat felt at that moment a little too tight for me, somehow; but, with these exceptions, I was conscious of nothing distasteful to a gracious welcome at the hands of Wigley.
I made use of the opportunity afforded me for contemplating my presumptive father-in-law. I detected at once a singular likeness between the shape of his shining bald head and the egg he was so busily tapping. A picture, for a moment, appeared before me of a giant form, with a monster spoon, standing over old Wigley, tapping his cranium into a number of neat compound fractures, just as he was tapping the egg. He was sportily but pale, with a sandy fringe of hair at the back of his head, and two sandy tufts of whiskers, triangular in plan, on his cheek bones. He had sandy projecting eyebrows over his pale, blank-looking blue eyes and a white fringe, fastened by a sandy-colored Scotch pebble brooch, gartering out over his large protruding gaster waistcoat. I could not find a trace of resemblance to my angelic Fanny. Still he was her father, and to be generated by me accordingly, and loved and tended affectionately. I may as well say that I think, upon the whole, Mr. Wigley was rather a dull man. He was the head of the eminent firm of Wigley, Bigley & Co., bullion brokers, Ingot Court, Great Winchester street, City. I did not know then, and I do not know now, anything about bullion brokers and their proceedings. I associate the occupation with the idea of immense wealth, though I cannot imagine any talent possessed by old Wigley in any way resulting in money. But then there are certain businesses that are properly supposed to work themselves, merely requiring the presence of an elderly gentleman, to sit in a snug office and read the newspaper while. Perhaps the business of a bullion broker is of this sort; for such an occupation Mr. Wigley was clearly formed by nature.
I had met Mr. Wigley on two or three occasions; he was generally to be seen at the evening parties adorned by the presence of Miss Wigley, either losing half-crowns at the whist-table, or in a torpid state in corners of rooms waiting for supper or his carriage to take him home. I think we had once shaken hands feebly and stably, from not knowing exactly what else to do with ourselves, on the occasion of an introduction to each other by Mr. Blotherstone. But he evidently had forgotten all about me now. I took a chair. He started at this, and looked hard at me. I bowed with a winning politeness.
"I've come, Mr. Wigley," I said.
"Oh! ah! yes; but, perhaps, you'd better see Mrs. Wigley," he interrupted, nervously, (tattooing on the table with his fat white

finger. "Mrs. Wigley always attends to those sort of things. I never interfere—never."
"But I thought it desirable."
"Yes, of course, but it isn't," he said—"You don't seem to me to look very strong," he continued abruptly, staring at me.
I thanked him, informing him that, on the contrary, I was very strong indeed, much stronger than I looked perhaps, and availed myself of the occasion make inquiries concerning his own health. These, however, he quite disregarded. He fixed his eyes steadily on the bright silver tea-pot.
"How long have you been in your present situation?" he asked, rather of the ten-pot than of me.
"Two years," I answered. "I have three more to serve."
"Oh, three more to serve!" he repeated wildly, evidently not in the least understanding me.
"I shall then have done with Mr. Blotherstone," I continued.
"Oh, you come from Mr. Blotherstone?" he cried, with an amazed expression on his face.
"Yes," I said, "I'm his articled pupil, and I've come here, Mr. Wigley"—and I'm sure I spoke with much feeling—"to ask your consent to my union with your daughter Fanny. Mr. Wigley, I love her."
"My daughter Fanny!" and he started up. "Bless my soul! To think of this!" and he fell to rubbing his bald head to a brilliant polish with his handkerchief. "Mr. Blotherstone's articled pupil! My daughter Fanny! Marriage! Dear me! Have you any means?" he asked.
"None whatever," I replied. "But I love her Mr. Wigley, to that extent."
There came the flutter and rustle of a muslin morning-gown, and a lady of large mould entered the room. She was a brilliant looking woman even then, though she was Fanny's mother, with a tendency to dark red in her brunette complexion.
"O Charlotte," cried Mr. Wigley to this superb lady, and an air of intense relief came to him at a moment when, in his embarrassment, I felt sure he was about to say: "Take her then, you dog. Bless you, Fanny, my darling; bless you both; may you be happy."
"Won't do at all," Mrs. Wigley said firmly, after a glance at me—"won't do at all; will never match Joseph."
"My dear," cried old Wigley, in an agony "it's not the new f—" (my impression is that he said *foolman*, but, as he lowered his voice, I cannot be quite sure.) "It's Mr. Blotherstone's articled pupil come to propose for Fanny!"
Mrs. Wigley looked at me inquiringly. I felt my cheeks burning, and wondered they did not set fire to my shirt-collars, they were so hot. She gave a hearty laugh.
"Stuff and nonsense!" she said. "Pooh! pooh! What a foolish boy you must be! I remember you now. We met you at Mr. Blotherstone's and somewhere else. Fanny goes to school next Monday. You mustn't think of such things. Have you breakfasted? Let me give you a cup of tea. There's cold fowl there. Or will you have some broiled ham?"
She blew away my offer of marriage with one breath.
I don't know how I got away from Harley street; I only know that, on leaving the footman in the sulphur plush whispered, grinning: "You must be a jolly flat to think you could come after me!"
She blew away my offer of marriage with one breath.
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be his as the builder of this structure which the archbishop desired; but after this vision of glory, when he took his crayons to sketch out the design, he was thrown into the deepest despondency. He drew, and drew, and added, and erased, and corrected, and began again, but still did not succeed. Not a plan could be complete. Some were too mean, others too extravagant, and others, when done and examined, were found to be good, but not original. Efforts of memory instead of imagination, their points of excellence were discovered to be copies—a tower from one, a spire from another, an aisle from a third, and an altar from a fourth, and one after another they were cast aside as imperfect and useless, until the draughtsman, more than half crazy, felt inclined to end his troubles and perplexities by a plunge into the Rhine.
In this mood of more than half despair he wandered down to the river's edge, and sitting himself upon a stone, began to draw in the sand with a measuring-rod, which served as a walking-stick, the outlines of various parts of a church. Ground-plans, towers, finials, brackets, windows, columns, appeared one after another, were erased, as unequal and insufficient for the purpose, and unworthy to form a part of a design for a cathedral of Cologne. Turning around, the architect was aware that another person was beside him, and with surprise the disappointed draughtsman saw that the stranger was also busily inventing a design. Rapidly on the sand he sketched the details of a most magnificent building, its towers rising to the clouds, its long aisles and lofty choir stretching away before the eyes of the gazer until he mentally confessed it was indeed a temple worthy of the Most High. The windows were enriched by tracery such as artists never before had conceived, and the lofty columns soared their tall length towards a roof which seemed to claim kindred with the clouds, and to equal the firmament in expanse and beauty. But each line of this long-sought plan vanished the moment it was seen, and with a complete conviction of its excellence, when it was gone not a portion of it could the architect remember. "Your sketch is excellent," said he to the unknown; "it is what I have thought and dreamed of—what I have sought for and wished for, and have not been able to find. Give it to me on paper and I will pay you twenty gold pieces."
"Twenty pieces! hal hal twenty gold pieces," laughed the stranger. "Look here!" and from a doublet that did not seem big enough to hold half the money, he drew forth a purse that certainly held a thousand.
The night had closed in, and the architect was desperate. "If money cannot tempt you, fear shall force you;" and springing towards the stranger, he plucked a dagger from the breast of the mysterious draughtsman in the attitude to strike. In a moment his wrists were pinioned as with the grasp of a vice, and squeezed until he dropped his weapon; and he shrieked in agony. Falling in the hands, he writhed like an eel upon the fisherman's hook, but plunged and struggled in vain. When nearly fainting he felt himself thrown helpless upon the very brink of the stream.
"There! revive and be reasonable. Learn that gold and steel have no power over me. You want my cathedral, for it would bring you honor, fame, and profit; and you can have it, if you choose."
"How?—tell me how?"
"By signing this parchment with your blood."
"Avaunt, fiend!" shrieked the architect; "in the name of the Saviour I bid thee be gone." And so saying, he made the sign of the cross; and the Evil One (for it was he) was forced to vanish before the holy symbol. He made time, however, to mutter, "You'll come for the plan at midnight to-morrow."
The artist staggered home, half dead with contending passions, and muttering "Sell my soul," "to-morrow at midnight," "honor and fame," and other words, which told the onward struggle going forward in his soul. When he reached his lodgings, he met the only servant he had, going out wrapped in her cloak.
"And where are you going so late?" said her surprised master.
"To a mass for a soul in purgatory," was the reply.
"Oh, horror! horror! no mass will avail me. To everlasting torments shall I be doomed!" and, hurrying to his room, he cast himself down in tears of remorse, irresolution and despair. In this state his old housekeeper discovered him on her return from her holy errand; and, her soul being full of charity and kindly religion, she begged to know what had caused such grief; and she spoke of patience in suffering, and pardon by repentance. Her words fell upon the disordered ear of the architect with a heavenly comfort; and he told her what had passed.
"Mercy me!" was her explanation—"Tempted by the fiend himself!—so strangely, too!" and so saying she left the chamber without another word, and hurried off to her confessor.
Now the confessor of Dame Elfrida was the friend of the abbot, and the abbot was the constant counsellor of the archbishop; and so soon as the housekeeper spoke of the wonderful plan, he told her he would send for her master, and went at once to his superior. This dignitary immediately pictured to himself the hosts of pilgrims that would seek a cathedral built with skill from such

a wonderful sketch, and (hoping himself to be one day archbishop) he hurried off to the bewildered architect.
He found him still in bed, and listened, with surprise to the glowing account of the demon's plan.
"And would it be equal to all this?"
"It would."
"Could you build it?"
"I could."
"Would not pilgrims come to worship in such a cathedral?"
"By thousands."
"Listen, my son! Go at midnight to the appointed spot; take this relic with you" and, so saying, the abbot gave him a holy morsel of one of the Seven Thousand Virgins. "Agree to the terms for the design you have so long desired, and when you have got it, and the Evil One presents the parchment for your signature, show this sacred bone."
After long pondering, the priest's advice was taken; and in the gloom of night the architect was seen, tremblingly hurrying to the place of meeting. True to his time, the fiend was there, and with a smile complimented the artist on his punctuality. Drawing from his doublet two parchments, he opened one on which was traced the outlines of the cathedral, and then another, written in some mysterious character, and having a yellow, brimstone space left for signature.
"Let me examine what I am to pay dearly for."
"Most certainly," said the demon with a smile, and with a bow that would have done honor to the court of the emperor.
Pressing it with one hand to his breast, the architect, with the other, held up the holy thumb-bone, and exclaimed "Avaunt, fiend!" In the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Virgins of Cologne, I bid thee, Satan, defiance!" and he described the cross directly against the devil's face.
In an instant the smile and the graceful civility were gone. With a hideous grin he approached the sacred miracle as though he would have strangled the possessor; and, yelling with a sound that woke half the sleepers in Cologne, he skipped round and round the artist. Still, however, the plan was held tightly with one hand, and the relic held forward, like a swordman's rapier, with the other. As the fiend turned, so turned the architect; until, both thinking himself that another prayer would help him, he called loudly on St. Ursula. The demon could stand the fright no longer; the chief of the Eleven Thousand Virgins was too much for him.
"None but a confessor could have told you how to cheat me," he shrieked in a cynical voice; "but I will be revenged. You have a more wonderful and perfect design than ever entered the brain of man. You want fame—the priest wants a church and pilgrims. Listen! That cathedral shall never be finished, and your name shall be forgotten!"
As the dreadful words broke upon his ear the cloak stretched out into huge black wings, which were flapped over the spot like two dark thunder clouds, and with such violence that the winds were raised from their slumber, and a storm rose upon the waters of the Rhine. Hurrying homewards, the relic raised at arm's length over his head, he reached the abbot's house in safety.— But the ominous sentence rang in his ears—unfinished and unknown.
Days, months, years, passed by, and the cathedral, commenced with vigor, was growing into form. The architect had long before determined that an inscription should be engraved upon a plate of brass, shaped like a cross, and be fastened upon the front of the first tower that reached a good elevation. His vanity already anticipated a triumph over the fiend whom he had defrauded. He was author of a building which the world could not equal, and in the pride of his heart defied all evil chances to deprive him of fame. Going to the top of the building, to see where his name should be placed he looked over the edge of the building, to decide if it was lofty enough to receive the honor of the inscription, when the workmen were aware of a black cloud which suddenly enveloped them, and burst in thunder and hail. Looking round when the cloud had passed away, their master was gone! and one of them declared that amidst the noise of the explosion, he heard a wail of agony, which seemed to say "unfinished and forgotten!"
When they descended the tower, the body of the architect lay crushed upon the pavement. Thousands of travelers have since beheld the building and sought in vain to learn the name of the architect of the cathedral of Cologne.
Such is one of the traditions of the cathedral; but that building has not the monopoly of such tales, for scarcely a church in Cologne but has its mystery, its marvelous saintly story, or its legend.

A Quarrel with a Wife.

Wait until she is at her toilet preparatory to going out. She will be sure to ask you if her bonnet is straight. Remark that the lives of nine tenths of the women are passed in thinking whether their bonnets are straight, and wind up with the remark you never knew but one who had any common sense about her. Wife will ask you who that was. You, with a sigh, reply, "Ah! you never mind." Wife will ask you why you did not marry her, then. You say abstractedly, "Ah! why indeed?" The climax is reached by this time, and a regular row is sure to follow.

A Legend of Cologne.

No stranger ever enters Cologne without looking to see the cathedral, and nobody ever looked upon that fragment of the mightiest Gothic design in Christendom, without doing three things—without regretting that it never was completed; without asking who was the architect; or without listening to the legend of the builder.
Mighty was the Archbishop Conrad de Hochstaden, for he was lord over the chief city of the Rhine—the city of Cologne; but his thoughts were troubled, and his heart was heavy, for though his churches were rich beyond compare in relics, yet other towns, not half so large or powerful as his, had cathedrals, whose fame extended over Europe, and whose beauty brought pilgrims to their shrine, profit to the ecclesiastics, and business to the townspeople. After many sleepless nights, therefore, he determined to add to his city the only thing wanting to complete it, and, sending for the most famous architect of the time, he commissioned him to complete the plan for a cathedral of Cologne.
Now, the architect was a clever man, but he was more vain than clever. He had a dreamy notion of magnificence which he desired to achieve without a clear conception of how he was to do it, or without the will to make the necessary sacrifices of labor, care, and perseverance. He received the commission with great gladness, and glared for some days upon the fame which would