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I COULD NEVER SEE A GOOD REASON.

I could never find a good reason,
Why sorrow unbidden should stay,
And all the bright joys of life's season,
Be driven unheeded away.
Our care would wake no more emotion,
Were we to our lot resigned,
Than pelts flung into the ocean,
That leaves scarce a ripple behind.

The world has a spirit of beauty,
Which looks upon all for the best,
And while it discharges its duty,
To Providence leaves all the rest:
That spirit's the beam of devotion,
Which lights us through life to its close,
And sets like the sun in the ocean,
More beautiful for than it rose.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
TRANCE-SLEEP.

The deepest grade of trance-sleep extinguishes all the ordinary signs of animation. It forms the condition in which many are buried alive. It is the so-called vampire state in the vampire superstition. The middle grade presents the appearance of profound unconsciousness; but a gentle breathing and the circulation are distinguishable. The body is flexible, relaxed, perfectly insensible to ordinary stimuli. The pupils of the eye are not contracted, but yet are fixed. This state is witnessed occasionally in hysteria, after violent fits of hysteric excitement.

In the lightest degree of trance-sleep, the person can sustain itself sitting; the pupils are in the same state as above, or natural; the apparent unconsciousness profound.

Two features characterize trance-sleep in all its grades. One, an insensibility to all common stimuli, however violently applied; the other, an inward flow of ideas, a dream or vision. It is well to provide all words with a precise meaning. The word vision had better be restricted to mean a dream during the trance-sleep.

The behavior of Grande, who had been buried in the vampire state, when they were clumsily cutting his head off, makes no exceptions to the first of the above positions. He had just then emerged out of his trance-sleep, either through the lapse of time, or from the admission of fresh air, or what not.

It will not be doubted that the mind may have visions in all the grades of trance-sleep, if it can be proved capable of them in the deepest; therefore, one example will suffice for three cases.

Henry Englebrecht, as we learn in a pamphlet published by himself in the 1630, after a most ascetic life, during which he had experienced sensorial illusions, was thrown for a brief period into the deepest form of trance-sleep, which event he thus describes:—

In the year 1623, exhausted by intense mental excitement of a religious kind, and by abstinence from food, after hearing a sermon which strongly affected him, he felt as if he could combat no more, so he gave up and took to his bed. There he lay a week without tasting anything but the bread and wine of the sacrament. On the eighth day, he thought he fell into a death-struggle; death seemed to invade him from below upwards; his body became frigid, his hands and feet insensible; his tongue and lips insensible of motion; gradually his sight failed him, but he still heard the laments and consultations of those around him. This gradual demise lasted from midday till eleven at night, when he heard the watchmen; then he lost consciousness of outward impressions. But an elaborate vision of immense detail began; the theme of which was, that he was first carried down to hell, and looked into the place of torment; from thence quicker than an arrow, was borne to paradise. In these abodes of suffering and happiness, he saw and heard and smelt things unspeakable. These scenes, though in apprehension, were short in time, for he came enough to himself, by twelve o'clock, again to hear the watchmen. It took him another twelve hours to come round entirely. His hearing was first restored; then his sight, feeling, and motion followed; as soon as he could move his limbs, he rose. He felt stronger than before the trance.

Trance-walking presents a great variety of phases; but it is sufficient for a general outline of the subject to make or specify but two grades—half-waking and full-waking.

In trance half-waking, the person rises, moves about with facility, will converse even, but is almost wholly occupied with a dream, which he may be said to act, and his perceptions and apprehensions are with difficulty drawn to anything out of the circle of that dream.

Somnambulism is a form of half-waking trance, which usually occurs during the night, in ordinary sleep. When it occurs in the day-time, the attack of trance is still ordinarily preceded by a short period of common sleep.

The somnambulist then, in a half waking trance, is disposed to rise and move about. Sometimes his object seems a mere excursion, and then it is remarked that he shows a disposition to ascend heights. So he climbs, perhaps, to the roof of the house, and makes his way along it with agility and certainty; sometimes he is observed, where the tiles are loose, to try if they are secure before he advances. Generally these feats are performed in safety. But

occasionally a somnambulist has missed his footing, fallen, and perished. His greatest danger is from ill-judged attempts to wake and warn him of his perilous situation. Luckily, it is not easy to wake him. He then returns, goes to bed, sleeps, and the next morning has no recollection of what he has done. In other cases, the somnambulist, on rising from his bed, betakes himself to his customary occupations, either to some handiwork, or to composition, or what not.

These three points are easily verified respecting his condition. He is in a dream, which he, as it were, acts after his thoughts; occasionally he remembers on the following day some of the incidents of the night before, as a part of the dream.

But his common sensibility to ordinary impressions is suspended. He does not feel; his eyes are either shut, or open and fixed; he does not see; he has no taste or smell; the loudest noise makes no impression on him.

In the meantime, to accomplish the feats he performs, the most accurate perception of sensible objects is required. Of what nature is that of which he so marvelously evinces the possession? You may adopt the simple hypothesis—that the mind, being disengaged from its ordinary relation to the senses, does without them, and perceives things directly. Or you may suppose, if you prefer it, that the mind still employs sensation, using only impressions that in ordinary waking are not consciously attended to, for its more wonderful feats; and otherwise common sensation, which, however generally suspended, may be awakened by the dreaming attention to its objects.

The following case of somnambulism, in which the seizure supervened, of a girl affected with St. Vitus' dance, and combined itself with that disorder, is given by Lord Mombodo:—

The patient, about sixteen years of age, used to be commonly taken in the morning a few hours after rising. The approach of the seizure was announced by a sense of weight in the head, a drowsiness, which quickly terminated in sleep, while her eyes were fast shut. She described a feeling beginning in the feet, creeping like a gradual chill higher and higher, till it reached the heart, when consciousness or recollection left her. Being in this state, she sprang from her seat about the room, over tables and chairs, with the astonishing agility belonging to St. Vitus' dance. Then, if she succeeded in getting out of the house, she ran at a pace with which her elder brother could hardly keep up to a particular spot in the neighborhood; taking the directest but the roughest path. If she could not manage otherwise, she got over the garden-wall with surprising rapidity and precision of movement. Her eyes were all the time fast closed. The impulse to visit this spot was often conscious during the approach of the paroxysm, and afterwards, she sometimes thought she had dreamed of going thither. Towards the termination of her indisposition, she dreamed that the water of a neighboring spring would do her good, and she drank much of it. One time, they tried to cheat her by giving her water from another spring, but she immediately detected the difference. Towards the end, she foretold that she would have three paroxysms more and then be well—and so it proved.

The following case is from a communication by M. Pigatti, published in the July number of the *Journal Encyclopedique* of the year 1762. The subject was a servant of the name of Negretti, in the household of the Marquis de Sale.

In the evening, Negretti would seat himself in a chair in the ante-room, when he commonly fell asleep, and would sleep quietly for a quarter of an hour. He then righted himself in his chair, so as to sit up. [This was the moment of transition from ordinary sleep into trance.] Then he sat some time without motion, as if he saw something. Then he rose and walked about the room. On one occasion, he drew out his snuff-box and would have taken a pinch, but there was little in it; whereupon he walked up to an empty chair, and addressing by name a cavalier whom he supposed to be sitting in it, asked him for a pinch. One of those who were watching the scene, here held towards him an open box, from which he took snuff. Afterwards he fell into the posture of a person who listens; he seemed to think that he heard an order, and thereupon hastened with a wax candle in his hand, to a spot where a light usually stood. As soon as he imagined he had lit the candle, he walked with it in a proper manner, through the *salle*, down the steps, turning and waiting from time to time, as if he had been lighting some one down. Arrived at the door, he placed himself sideways, so as to let the imaginary persons pass, and he bowed as he let them out.

He then extinguished the light, returned up stairs, and sat himself down again in his place, to play the same farce over again once or twice the same evening. When in this condition, he would lay the tablecloth, place the chairs, which he sometimes brought from a distant room, and opening and shutting the doors as he went, with exactness; would take decanters from the *buffet*, fill them with water at the spring, put them on a waiter, and so on. All the objects that were concerned in these operations, he distinguished where they were before him with the same precision and certainty as if he had been in the full use of his senses. Otherwise he seemed to observe nothing—so, on one occasion, passing a table, he upset a waiter with two decanters upon it, which fell and broke, without exciting his attention. The dominant idea had entire possession of him. He would prepare a salad with correctness, and sit down and eat it.—Then if they changed it, the trick passed without his notice. In this manner he would go on eating cabbage, or even pieces of cakes, seemingly without observing the difference. The taste he enjoyed was imaginary; the sense was shut. On another occasion, when he asked for wine, they gave him water, which he drank for wine, and remarked that his stomach felt better for it. On a follow

servant touching his legs with a stick, the idea arose in his mind that it was a dog, and he scolded to drive it away; but the servant continued the game. Negretti took a whip to beat the dog.—The servant drew off, when Negretti began whistling and coaxing to get the dog near him, so they threw a muff against his legs, which he belabored soundly.

M. Pigatti watched these proceedings with great attention, and convinced himself by many trials that Negretti did not use his senses. The suspension of taste was shown by his not distinguishing between salad and cakes. He did not hear the loudest sound, when it lay out of the circle of his dreaming ideas. If a light was held close to his eyes, near enough to singe his eyebrows, he did not appear to be aware of it. He seemed to feel nothing when they inserted a feather into his nostrils. The ordinary sensibility of his organs seemed withdrawn.

Altogether, the most interesting case of somnambulism on record, is that of a young ecclesiastic, the narrative of which, from the immediate communication of an Archbishop of Bordeaux, is given under the head of somnambulism in the French Encyclopedie.

This young ecclesiastic, when the archbishop was at the same seminary, used to rise every night, and write out either sermons or music. To study his condition, the archbishop betook himself several nights consecutively to the chamber of the young man, where he made the following observation.

The young man used to rise, to take paper, and write. Before he wrote music he would take a stick and rule the lines with it. He wrote the notes, together with the words corresponding with them, with perfect correctness. Or when he had written the words too wide, he altered them. The notes that were to be black, he filled in after he had written the whole. After completing a sermon, he read it aloud from beginning to end. If any passage displeased him, he erased it, and wrote the amended passage correctly over the other; on one occasion, he had to substitute the word "*adora*" for "*admir*;" but he did not omit to alter the preceding "*ce*" into "*et*," by adding the letter "*t*," with exact precision to the word first written.

To ascertain whether he used his eyes, the archbishop interposed a sheet of pasteboard between the writing and his face. He took not the least notice, but went on writing as before. The limitation of his preception to what he was thinking about, was very curious. A bit of aniseed cake, that he had sought for, he cut approvingly; but when, on another occasion, a piece of the same cake was put in his mouth, he spit it out without observation. The following instance of the dependence of his preceptions upon, or rather their subordination to, his preconceived ideas, is truly wonderful. It is to be observed, that he always knew when his pen had ink in it. Likewise, if they adroitly changed his papers, when he was writing, he knew it, if the sheet substituted was of a different size from the former. But if the fresh sheet of paper which was substituted for that written on, was exactly of the same size with the former, he appeared not aware of the change.—And he would continue to read off his composition from the blank sheet of paper, as fluently as when the manuscript itself lay before him; nay, more, he would continue his corrections, and introduce the amended passage, writing it upon exactly the place on the blank sheet, which it would have occupied on the writing page.

The form of trance which has been thus exemplified may be therefore well called half-waking, inasmuch as the performer, whatever his powers of preception may be in respect to the object he is thinking of, is nevertheless lost in a dream, and blind and deaf to everything without its scope.

The following case may serve as a suitable transition of instances of full-waking in trance.—The subject of it alternated evidently between that state and half-waking. Or she could be at once roused from the latter into the former by the conversation of her friends. The case is recorded in the *Acta Vratisl.* ann. 1722, Feb. class. iv. art. 2.

A girl seventeen years of age was used to fall into a kind of sleep in the afternoon, in which it was supposed, from her expression of countenance and her gestures, that she was engaged in dreams which interested her. Then, if those present addressed remarks to her, she replied very sensibly; but then fell back into her dream discourse, which turned principally upon religious and moral topics, and directed to warn her friends how a female should live, Christianity, well governed, and so as in as to reproach. When she sang, which often happened, she heard herself accompanied by an imaginary violin or piano, and would take up and continue the accompaniment upon an instrument herself. She sewed, did knitting and the like.—But on the other hand, she imagined on one occasion that she wrote a letter upon a napkin, which she folded with the intention of sending it to the post. Upon waking, she had not the least recollection of her dreams, or of what she had been doing. After a few months she recovered.

I come now to the exemplification of full-waking in trance, as it is very perfectly manifested in the cases which have been termed double-consciousness. These are in their principle very simple; but it is not easy in few words to convey a distinct idea of the condition of the patient. The case consists of a series of fits of trance, in which the step from ordinary waking to full-waking is sudden and immediate, or nearly so, and either was so originally, or it through use has become so. Generally for days together, the patient continues in the state of trance; then suddenly reverts to that of ordinary waking. In the perfectest instances of double-consciousness, there is nothing in the hearing or behaviour of the entranced person which would lead a stranger to suppose her (for it is an affection far commoner in young women than in boys or men)

to be other than ordinarily awake. But her friends observe that she does everything with more spirit, and better—sings better, plays better, has more readiness, moves even more gracefully, than in her natural state. She has an innocent boldness and disregard of conventionalisms, which imparts a peculiar charm to her behaviour.

In the meantime, she has two complete existences separate and apart, which alternate but never mingle. On the day of her first fit, her life splits into a double series of thoughts and recollections. She remembers in her ordinary state nothing of her trance existence. In her trances, she remembers nothing of the intervening hours of ordinary waking. Her recollection of what she had experienced or learned before the fit began, is singularly capricious, differing extraordinarily in its extent in different cases. In general, the positive recollection of prior events is annulled; but her prior affections and habits either remain, and with her general requirements, they are quickly by association rekindled or brought into the circle of her trance ideas. Generally she names all her friends anew, often her tone of voice is a little altered; sometimes she introduces with particular combinations of letters some odd inflection, which she maintains vigorously and cannot unlearn.

Keeping before him this conception, the reader will comprehend the following sketch of a case of double-consciousness, communicated by Dr. George Barlow. To one reading them without preparation, the details, which are very graphic and instructive, would appear mere confusion:—

"This young lady has two states of existence. During the time that the fit is on her, which varies from a few hours to three days, she is occasionally merry and in spirits; occasionally she appears in pain and rolls about in uneasiness; but in general she seems so much herself, that a stranger entering the room would not remark anything extraordinary; she amuses herself with reading or working, sometimes plays on the piano, and better than at other times, knows every body, and converses rationally, and makes very accurate observations on what she has seen or read. The fit leaves her suddenly, and she then forgets everything that has passed during it, and imagines that she has been asleep, and sometimes that she has dreamed of any circumstance that has made a vivid impression upon her. During one of these fits she was reading Miss Edgeworth's tales, and had in the morning been reading a part of one of them to her mother, when she went for a few minutes to the window, and suddenly exclaimed—"Mamma, I am quite well, my headache is gone." Returning to the table, she took up the open volume, which she had been reading five minutes before, and said, "What book is this?" she turned over the leaves, looked at the frontispiece, and replaced it on the table. Seven or eight hours afterwards, when the fit returned, she asked for the book, went on at the very paragraph where she had left off, and remembered every circumstance of the narrative. And so it always is; as she reads one set of books during one state, and another during the other. She seems to be conscious of her state; for she said one day, "Mamma, this is a novel, but I may safely read it; it will not hurt my morals, for when I am well I shall not remember a word of it."

This state of double-consciousness furnishes the basis of the physical phenomena observed in the extraordinary cases which have been occasionally described under the general name of catalepsy.—The accounts of the most interesting of these that I have met with were given by M. Petatin, in 1787; M. Delpey, 1807; Dr. Despine, 1820. The wonderful powers of preception evinced by the patients when in this state of trance-walking, would exceed belief, but for the respectable names of the observers, and the internal evidence of good faith and accuracy in the narratives themselves. The patients did not see with their eyes nor hear with their ears. But they heard at the pit of their stomach, and perceived the approach of persons when at some distance from their residence, and read the thoughts of those around.

I am, my dear Archy, no wonder monger; so I am not tempted to make a parade to you of these extraordinary phenomena. Nor in truth do they interest me further than as they occur with the numerous other facts I have brought forward to show and positively prove, that under some conditions the mind enters into new relations, spiritual and material. I will, however, in conclusion, give the outline of a case of the sort which occurred a few years ago in England, and the details of which were communicated to me by the late Mr. Bulcock. He had himself repeatedly seen the patient, and had scrupulously verified what I now relate to you:—

The patient was towards twenty years of age.—Her condition was the state of double-consciousness, thus aggravated, that when she was not in the trance she suffered from spasmodic contraction of the limbs. In her alternate state of trance-walking she was composed and apparently well; but the expression of her countenance was slightly altered, and there was some peculiarity in the mode of her speaking. She would mispronounce certain letters, or introduce consonants into words upon a regular system; and to each of her friends she gave a new name, which she only employed in her trance. As usual, she knew nothing in either state of what passed in the other. Then in her trance she exhibited three marvellous powers; she could read by the touch alone; if she pressed her hand against the whole surface of a written or printed page, she acquired a perfect knowledge of its contents, not of the substance only, but of the words, and would criticize the type or handwriting. A line of a faded note pressed against her neck, she read equally well; she called this sense-feeling. Contact was necessary for it. Her sense of smell was at the same time singularly acute; when out riding one day, she said, "There's a violet," and centered her horse fifty yards to where it grew. Persons

whom she knew, she could tell were approaching the house, when yet at some distance. When persons were playing chess at a table behind her, and intentionally made impassable moves, she would smile and ask them why they did it.

Cases of this description are no doubt of rare occurrence. Yet not a year passes in London without something transpiring of the existence of one or more of them in the huge metropolis. Medical men view them with un pardonable indifference.—Thus one doctor told me of a lady, whom he had been attending with other physicians, who, it appeared, always announced that they were coming some minutes before they drove to the door. It was very odd, he thought, and there was an end of it.

CAPSICUM HOUSE;
FOR YOUNG LADIES.

A Letter from India—A Turtle.—As Miss Griffin came down the walk, Mr. Corks appeared in the back ground. His face seemed we thought, ripe with satisfaction. His eyes—his lover's eyes—drooped tenderly upon Miss Griffin, and she swept along the path. As she advanced upon the holy-bush that screened us, we sauntered round it, as though lackadaisically strolling from another walk.

"I come to seek you," said Miss Griffin, all of a glow.

"Ladies!"—and she turned to her pupils suddenly huddled together, Fluke, however standing out from the crowd in very bold relief—"Ladies to your tasks. In five minutes I shall be prepared to examine the Turtle-Soup class."

"If it's real turtle, ma'am," said Fluke, "I'm not yet in it. You know, when you examined me, I hadn't got beyond calf's head."

Miss Griffin now really felt that the moment was arrived when, with a tremendous repartee, she ought relentlessly to crush that daring girl, once and forever. Miss Griffin's mind was made up—she would do it. And then frowning she looked above her—then below her—but, somehow, the withering retort would not come; then she looked to the left, into the very middle of a bush of worm-wood—then to the right, on a bed of capsicums—still, neither sharp nor bitter syllable would present itself. Deep was the vexation of Miss Griffin. She felt majestic pains, akin, no doubt, to those of Jupiter, when he would coerce rebellion, but has somewhere mislaid his thunderbolt. And then Miss Griffin smiled, and said, "Nevertheless, Miss Fluke, you will attend the class. Go in, child.—When you are able to write a letter like this,"—and Miss Griffin laid her hand as reverently upon the sheet as though it had been a hundred pound bank note—"then, for all this care, all this indulgence, how you will bless me!"

Miss Fluke, without condescending to award the least hope of any such benediction on her part, just jerked a courtesy, and, like a fainted pigeon, minced her way to the house, followed by her companions, whose sides—had Miss Griffin turned to view them—were shaking with laughter in its softest sounds.

"I suppose I shall be rewarded for my trouble with that little mix—pardon the expression," cried Miss Griffin, shrinking from the epithet with all the delicacy of a woman.

"No doubt, madam," said we comfortingly.—"No doubt, your mission is indeed a trial."

"Sir, but for consolation, for encouragement like this"—and Miss Griffin shook the letter—"I would destroy the marble statue of a saint. But this conveys with it a real solace."

"The most delicious I ever looked upon," cried Mr. Corks, coming up at the word, and rubbing his hands, we at first thought, in affectionate sympathy with the goodness. "I wonder how much it weighs! You could see the turtle on its back! A dise, sir—a dise that would have covered Achilles. I cannot account for it!"—and Corks suddenly intoned in his oiliest falsetto—"but I feel a sort of—of—sympathy—of tenderness, when I see a turtle thrown upon its back. In a moment, my imagination transports me to those waters of cerulean blue—to those shores of golden sand—to the imperaled caverns of the deep—where the creature was wont to swim, and bask, and dive; and then—to see it on its back—greatness overthrown, awaiting the knife. I do feel for the creature! I always feel for it!"

Miss Griffin's eyes—as the professor of intonation ran up and down his voice—dilated with sensibility. Hurriedly she cried, "But this, and things like this—to say nothing of the turtle—are my best reward. It is, sir,"—and Miss Griffin turned to us—"it is from a dear pupil of mine, the late Caroline Ruffler, now Lady M'Thistle, of the Madras Bench. She went out in *The Forlorn Hope*, with goods for the India market."

"And has married well?" we venture to observe.—"She has married, sir, the man of her choice.—She was over a girl of energy, sir; always would have her own will. And such are the girls, sir, to send to the Colonies. They make us respected at home and abroad."

"And, as you say, Miss Ruffler—landed from *The Forlorn Hope*—married the man she loved?"

"I meant to say, sir—that at the very first ball; she made her mind up to the man she proposed to make happy; and if marriage can insure happiness—"

"Can!" echoed Corks, spreading his hand across his waistcoat.

"Caroline has done it. Here is her own sweet letter. I wish I could read it to you every line!"—said Miss Griffin—"but that's impossible. The female heart has so many secret places—unthought of—unprespected—unvalued—"

"For all the world, like a writing-desk!"—said the figurative Corks—"a writing desk with secret drawers. To the common eye—the unthinking eye—there looks nothing: all seems plain and above board—and then, you touch the hidden

spring, the drawers are open, and discover who shall say what yellow gold, what rustling notes? And such!"—said Corks, dropping his voice like a plummet—"such is woman's heart!"

Miss Griffin sighed, and continued, "Nevertheless, I think I can pick you out some delicious little bits—what I call bits of real feeling!"

"That will do," said Corks; "from the little toes of Diana, we may judge the whole of the Parian statue."

"Now, this is so like her," said Miss Griffin, and she read, "You will naturally inquire, my dear, dear governess, what I wore at my first ball. You know that I always detested the profetious show of jewels. A simple flower was ever my choice—a rose-bud before a ruby."

"And there nature, divine nature!"—said Corks—"is such a kind creature. Always keeps open shop."

"Therefore, as you may well imagine!"—read Miss Griffin—"I did not wear a single gem. I appeared in my white muslin, voluminously flounced; nevertheless, how I did blaze. For what do you think? Inside my flounces, I had sewed a hundred fire-flies, alive, and as it were burning! You can't imagine the effect and the astonishment. Women—who by their looks had lived forty years in the country, smothered, I may say, with fics day and night, had never before thought of such a thing—and I am sure some of 'em, for spite—the wicked creatures! could have eaten me for it. Sir Alexander has since told me"—that is for her husband," said Miss Griffin, so very solemnly, that we almost felt inclined to touch our heart. Miss Griffin, after a pause, continued, "Sir Alexander has since told me that the cheapness of my jewelry slightly touched his heart; but—being resolved to die a bachelor—he would not be subdued. Nevertheless, as he confessed, those fire-flies imprisoned in muslin did flash him. You will perceive that Sir Alexander is from the balmier though colder side of the Tweed. Providence conferred honor upon the very flourishing town of Saltecoats, by selecting it as his birthplace. Yes, dearest governess; my taste, my economic taste, was not altogether lost. Think how pretty—and how cheap! Fire-flies captive in white muslin bands."

"I don't know," said Corks, "but I think there's some meaning in that."

"No—nothing!" cried Miss Griffin, with pettiest mirth; "how should there be? But let us go on. The dear girl then says, "My final triumph was, dearest governess, as you predicted; it was the triumph of the kitchen. Sir Alexander visited the dear friends who protected me. I had heard much of his love for his native land and every thing belonging to it. How often he wished to lay at least his bones in the kirkyard of Saltecoats, though he continued to sit upon the bench of Madras. Sir Alexander was to dine with my friends. I felt that my moment was come. I asked one boon—only one: the sole direction of one cook for the coming day. Need I say it was granted? It was in that interval that I felt the strength of the principle I had imbibed in your pantry. A something in my heart assured me of conquest; and I was calm—I may say desperately calm!"

"Beautiful!" cried Corks. "Quite Siddonian!"

Miss Griffin smiled, and went on with Lady M'Thistle's letter:—

"The dinner hour arrived. Sir Alexander—it had been so settled—took me down. Course after course disappeared; and Sir Alexander took no more than his usual notice of them. At length a dish was placed before him. His eyes gleamed—his lips quivered—he snatched off the cover. He saw his native haggis!"

"What is haggis?" asked Corks.

Miss Griffin waved her hand, and read—"Sir Alexander looked at the hostess; and she—dear soul—instantly said, and very audibly—"The cook, Sir Alexander, sits beside you!" He smiled; but— I since know his character—his judicial prudence rose within him. He would not commit himself! he would first taste the haggis. He ate—and ate—and ate—and his face grew red and bright; and as he ate, I could see it, Scotland rose before him.—He saw his blue hills—he heard the rushing streams; his foot was upon the heather! A tear—a patriotic tear—trickled from his right eye. I could have kissed it from his cheek! The guests saw, but respected his emotion, and were silent. For twenty years had they beheld him on the bench, in the most tremendous moments, and yet had they never seen the strong man weep before! And now he dropped a tear upon his native dish—and I had unlocked that tear, and made it trickle from his sacred source! Why should I further describe? In three days Sir Alexander having first with his own eyes supervised my preparation of a second haggis—in three days, I became

"Your affectionate pupil,
CAROLINE M'THISTLE."

"P. S. I send you a turtle. Love to all the girls."

"Beautiful!" repeated Corks.

"Very beautiful—I may say, too beautiful," cried Miss Griffin; who then twitched out her pocket-handkerchief, and made for the house.

"Very odd, sir," we observed, "very odd that a man should be caught in matrimony by a haggis. If cookery's to do it, the chains of hymen may be forged out of black puddings."

"I can't say, sir," replied Corks, "but on thing is, I think, plain—that to catch and keep a man's heart, it may now and then be necessary to tickle his stomach."—*London Punch.*

The 26 letters of the alphabet make 403 quantities of combinations; 20 make 2j quadrillions, and 12 would make 379 millions.

Recreation is a second creation, when weariness hath almost annihilated one's spirits. It is the breathing of the soul, which otherwise would be stifled with continual business.