

THE COLUMBIA SPY.

AND LANCASTER AND YORK COUNTY RECORD.

NEW SERIES, VOL. I, No. 19.]

COLUMBIA, PA. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1847.

[WHOLE NUMBER, 910.]

CHARRICK WESTBROOK.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
Printing Office—Front Street, opposite Barr's Hotel.
Publication Office—Locust Street, opposite the P. O.
TERMS.—The COLUMBIA SPY is published every Saturday morning at the low price of ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE, or one dollar and fifty cents if not paid within one month of the time of subscribing. Single copies, THREE CENTS.
Terms of ADVERTISING.—Advertisements not exceeding a square three times for \$1, and 25 cents for each additional insertion. Those of a greater length in proportion. A liberal discount made to yearly advertisers.
JOB PRINTING.—Such as Hand-bills, Posting-bills, Cards, Labels, Pamphlets, Blanks of every description, Circulars, etc., executed with neatness and dispatch and on reasonable terms.

FIRE! FIRE!! FIRE!!! ORR'S CELEBRATED AIR-TIGHT STOVES.

C. J. TYNDALE, No. 97, South Second Street, Philadelphia, wishes to inform his friends and the public generally, that he still continues to manufacture and sell the genuine Orr's Air-Tight Stove, with the latest improvements.
After many years' experience in the manufacture of these Stoves, he is now enabled to offer to his customers the Air-Tight Stoves with ovens, suitable for dining rooms or nurseries.

He has also the Air-Tight Stove, on the Radiator plan, which makes a splendid and economical parlor Stove, to which he would call the particular attention of those who want an elegant and useful article for their parlors. Also, a large assortment of Coal, Parlor and Cooking Stoves, all of which he will sell at the lowest Cash prices. The public would do well to call before purchasing elsewhere.
Mr. T. would caution the public against Air-Tight Stoves, made by most Stove makers, as they do not answer the purpose intended. Philadelphia, Sept. 18th, 1847-2m.

B. E. MOORE. I. N. RISDON. MOORE & RISDON, MERCHANT TAILORS, No. 70 South Third Street, nearly opposite the Exchange, Philadelphia.

RESPECTFULLY announce to their friends and the public that they are constantly prepared to make to order, of the finest and best materials, and at moderate prices, every article of Fashionable Clothing, constituting a Gentleman's Wardrobe, for which their complete stock of choice and carefully selected Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, &c., of the latest and most desirable patterns, are particularly designed.
Their own practical knowledge of the business and a personal attention to every garment, enables them to give entire satisfaction, and to both old and new customers they respectfully tender an invitation to give them a call.
Having been for years connected with some of the best and most fashionable establishments in this country, employing none but the first-rate workmen, and being in the receipt of the latest fashions, and best styles of goods, they are fully prepared to accommodate customers in the best manner. Philadelphia, August 14, 1847.—6m

CHARLES STOKES' GLOBE HALL OF FASHION, No. 296, Market Street, Philadelphia.

NOTHING—A necessary and useful article; it will become every one who buys it, before purchasing to look and see where the goods are bought. I am satisfied (and reader, you will be) if you favor me with a call and look over my stock of goods you will not only buy yourself but tell your friends where.

Having been for years connected with some of the best and most fashionable establishments in this country, employing none but the first-rate workmen, and being in the receipt of the latest fashions, and best styles of goods, they are fully prepared to accommodate customers in the best manner. Philadelphia, August 14, 1847.—6m

Agency of the Canton TEA COMPANY.

The undersigned being the authorized Agents for the sale of the SUPERIOR TEAS imported by the Canton Tea Company, of the City of New York, invite a trial of their Green and Black Teas, embracing the best selections this side of China. Every Package Warranted.
J. D. & J. WRIGHT.
Columbia, April 7, 1847.—4f

Agency of the PEKIN TEA COMPANY.

THE SUBSCRIBER keeps constantly on hand an assortment of Fresh Teas, imported by the Pekin Tea Company. Any Teas sold by me that do not give entire satisfaction, can be returned and exchanged, or the money will be refunded.
C. WESTBROOK,
Locust street, Columbia, Pa.
April 7, 1847.

REMOVAL.

P. SCHREINER has removed his WATCH and JEWELRY WAREHOUSE, from the old location to the new, between Barr's and Black's Hotel, Front Street, where the public can be accommodated, as heretofore, with all articles in the Jewelry line, at the cheapest rates.
Columbia, July 17, 1847.—4f

Notice.

AN Election for thirteen Directors for the Columbia Bank and Bridge Company, will be held at the Banking House in Columbia, on Wednesday the 10th day of November next, between the hours of ten and four.
SAMUEL SHOCK,
Clerk.
Oct. 2d.—16
Lancaster Examiner & Herald, and Union & Tribune, please copy.

LOOKING GLASSES of all sizes and at reduced prices. For sale at FRY & SPANGLER'S, oc247

FRENCH WORKED COLLARS. LATEST style French needle work collars, for sale at FRY & SPANGLER'S, oc247

OVER 1000 different styles entire new patterns of Ladies' Dress Goods, for Fall and Winter. High colored plaids are all the rage. Call at Sept. 24—1f BEE HIVE North Queen st.

THE MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.

BY JAMES G. PEADDOY.
What meant the miles of gleaming wire,
Stretched out afar o'er hill and plain,
As if to bring some massive lyre
To ring out earth's redeeming strain?

It is a lyre, whose every string,
Shall vibrate to the praise of man—
Such tribute to his genius bring,
As ne'er was made since time began.

It is the masterpiece of Earth—
The climax of all future might—
Where man, forgetful of his birth,
Infringes on Jehovah's right.

It is the path where lightning's fly,
Obedient to man's torrid will,
Who forced them from their native sky,
And chained them down on every hill.

Once they were messengers of God,
And flashed through heaven's remotest span,
But now they've left their high abodes,
To herald out the ways of man.

No more we'll trust the carrier dove,
Or iron steed, or lagging gale,
But call the lightnings from above,
To spread the news and tell the tale.

They far outstep the rolling Earth—
And put the car of time aback—
Before the future has its birth,
'Tis past upon the spirit track.

That track—the great highway of thought—
Where distant nations converse hold—
Ere word is said, or deed is wrought,
'Tis whispered round and round the world.

From east to west—from pole to pole—
Where'er man has pressed the sod—
The every thought of every soul,
Is omnipresent like an god.

It binds the nations all in one,
And thrills its pulse throughout the union,
Till every kingdom, tribe and tongue,
Shall live and act in full communion.

TOMMY TICK, THE TALLY MAN.

Reader! hast thou seen in London streets a square-headed specimen of humanity, even of the gender masculine—a very six feet of bad stuff—having at his back a pack or bale some twenty inches square, enveloped in a sable oil skin, which he beareth over his right shoulder suspended by a serpentine stick or long staff? To the topmost left hand button-hole of his blue coat is appended a small vial containing black ink, and one-third of a grey goose quill; while from the breast pocket of the aforesaid coat creeps forth a greasy Lilliputian ledger of some two hundred pages, which are headed with the names of Simkins and Jenkins, and Nills, Hills, Gills, Aggs, Craggs, Bags, and numerous others, who promise to pay for his rags.

Tommy Tick, the Tallyman, is not unfrequently a native of Yorkshire (above two-thirds of his customers are "Yorkshire" too). The contents of his pack comprise pirty Paisly shawls, shickery shirrings, sham silks, common calicoes, flannel bag ends, and twenty other rare bargains, manufactured to tempt the admiring eyes of the wives of the mechanics of England.

Tommy Tick, the Tallyman, is not a believer in the scriptural axiom, "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you;" for the majority of his customers, after they are served, and served out, vote an unanimous verdict of "serve him right," scorning the text of Shakspear—
"Open locks whoe'er knocks!"

The customers of Tommy Tick are divided into several classes, viz: the don't-mean-to-pay-but-never-intended-it; the quite-willing-to-pay-but-aint-got-it; the pawn-as-soon-as-they-get-it; the bounceable-wish-you-may-get-it; the never-at-home-it; the my-husband's-in-the-country-it; and several other species of diamond-cut-diamonds—who having listened to the specious tale of Tommy Tick, and paid one solitary instalment of 1s. 6d. in consideration of goods received from Tommy and valued at £2, immediately change their residence, "leaving not a wreck behind!"

The Tommy Tick tribe at present perambulating London and its environs are, according to the most accurate statistics, computed at 15,972 able-bodied men, all ready to warrant anything—to stick at nothing—to bully anybody—to cheat everybody, and to leave no means untried to obtain 50 per cent. commission, and free admission to the home of the mechanic after his dinner-hour has expired, and he is again gone to exercise his thumbs and sinews—while his wife is employed in devising how to "raise the wind" to procure a stand-all-alone-satin.

Tommy Tick may be found daily in the neighborhood of large factories and densely-populated districts, "seeking whom he may devour," and hunting for the silly wives of men enjoying permanent situations. He looks at the rent-book—he inquires at the public house—he asks at the chandler's shop—or he is recommended to Mrs. Green by Mrs. White, and pronounces himself perfectly satisfied. "To be sure, it would be as well for the master to put his name down upon that card, but that don't particular signify; and now, Mrs. Green, is there anything here to suit you?—or what do you require?"

He is never polite after the first visit. He peeps at the keyhole, tries parlor windows, lifts latches, "knocks at the door, kicks with his toe"—cross-examines the shoeless brats, who essay, according to order, to impede his progress in ascending the stairs; but Tommy is not to be done (if he can help it), and having gained the summit of the stairs, and the door of the back room on the fourth story, he finds the door locked, and, oh, sad mischance! the key inside, visible from without! Then Tommy Tick, the Tallyman, having discovered the ruse, and being "enid without," proceeds at once to deliver a lecture, loud, long, and blasphemous, talking much of transportation, policemen, county court, swindlers, robbers, &c., after which, having threatened to burst open the room door, and inflict summary punishment on the trembling feminine occupant within, he thinketh that he had better

not. So the voice within having exclaimed, "Go on, you have done nothing," he descends the stairs slowly, his innate perception informing him that he has been "done."

"Now after Tommy Tick has retired, the bedstead is removed from the door, the poker is again replaced by the fire-side, Mrs. Smith emerges cautiously, and informs her fellow-lodgers "what a fool she must ha' been to ha' left the key inside the door, and wondering wherever the p'lesemen could ha' been, whose aid she had been imploring dizzakely twenty minutes from the four pair back window, which looks out into the garden."

The very first lie of any importance taught to the children of the poor is, "Mother is not at home." Tommy Tick, however, requires ocular demonstration of this important fact. Indeed, Tommy Tick before now has been known to lift up the hangings of a bed, to pull open cupboard doors and coal closets, to search the interior of press bedsteads, &c. On some of those occasions, Tommy Tick succeeds in finding the defaulter, generally a female, in a very unenviable position. The husband occasionally arrives home to dinner just at this crisis, when a scene ensues more amusing to the other lodgers than profitable to Tommy Tick, who is expelled *tri et armis* from the house, his bale or pack being cast upon his head from an upstairs window.

The tribe of Tommy Tick is Legion, for they are many. There is Tommy Tick, the Tally Coal Man; Tommy Tick, the Tally Tea Man; Tommy Tick, the Tally Furniture Man; Tommy Tick, the Tally Draper; Tommy Tick, the Haberdasher, Hosiery, Draper, Tailor, Clothier, General Outfitter, and Dealer in British Lace; and last, though not least, the really honest, polite, abstemious, and good-natured, and too frequently swindled Myhrer Von Tommy Tick, the Musical Dutch Clarck Man.—Do not wrong the latter, pray, by classing him with any of the swindling true born English Tommy Ticks above described.

The Cockney Tommy Tick is a small dapper man, aged 40; hair cut short; he always walks as though he were engaged in a pedestrian match, or impelled by the impulse of being ubiquitous, and endowed with the faculty of calling upon all his customers at one and the same moment.

The Scotch Tommy Tick is swift to hear and slow to speak.

The Yorkshire Tommy Tick is built to carry the globe on his shoulders. He walks heavily with a sort of Peeler's plod, and a confirmed stoop, ruminating as he does, ever and anon raising his eyes, and gazing at the passers-by, in the hopes of finding some crasy defaulter out of the 99 who are annually too cunning for Tommy Tick.

The Irish Tommy Tick is neither wanting in blarney or brass.

Tommy Tick often receives advice gratis at the county court, at all and each of which printed directions are affixed for his special use. Indeed, two-thirds of the summonses issued at these places are paid for by Tommy Tick, and during their hearing the natural history and bloodthirsty demeanor of that gentleman affords ample amusement to the spectators, and gives a fine opportunity for lecture practice to the incipient Lord Denmans of the day, each and all of whom, truth to say, regard Tommy Tick as a superior scoundrel, and a travelling trickster—a man to whom 'tis a pity the law should afford protection.

METALS.—The following table comprises a list of the metals generally known, with their relative weight, as compared with that of water, which is allowed to weigh 1,000 ounces per cubic foot—

Platina,	22,000
Gold,	19,000
Mercury,	13,000
Lead,	11,000
Silver,	10,474
Copper,	8,788
Brass,	8,396
Wrought Iron,	7,778
Cast Iron,	7,208
Zinc,	7,190
Tin,	7,091
Antimony,	6,700

Experiments.—melt any quantity of lead in the open air, and keep it melted until it becomes red lead, and it will be found to have increased in weight ten per cent.

Expose a small quantity of mercury in a moderate heat, in contact with atmospheric air, and it will slowly combine with oxygen, and become red oxide; but by an increase of heat, the oxygen will be driven off, and the metal will be restored.

Place together, on a shovel, a little sulphur and mercury, and make the whole red hot over a strong fire, and the beautiful paint, called vermilion, will be produced.

Melt on a shovel, or in a ladle, a small quantity of zinc, and when it becomes red hot, it will burn with a full flame, and become apparently consumed; but the smoke will descend in flakes of a beautiful fine oxide of zinc.

To a little diluted sulphuric acid, add as many filings of copper as the acid will dissolve; afterwards evaporate the solution by a moderate heat, when beautiful blue crystals of sulphate of copper will be formed.

Into a mixture of nitric and muriatic acid, put a few leaves of gold; they will almost instantly disappear, showing a perfect specimen of metallic solution.—Sci. Am.

AN AMOROUS POX.—"Who is that lovely girl!" exclaimed the waggish Lord Norbury, riding in company with his friend, "Miss Glass," replied the barrister. "Glass!" reiterated the facetious judge, "by the love which man bears to woman, I should often be intoxicated could I place such a Glass to my lips."

DEFINITION.—The height of patience may be considered to be a deaf man listening for the ticking of a sun-dial.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

In the Democratic Review for November, 1849, there was an account of the trial of Harry Blake, for murder, who was convicted upon circumstantial evidence and hung. About three months after his death, the judge who presided at the trial, received a note from a prisoner under sentence of death, requesting to see him without delay, as his sentence was to be carried into effect the day following.—On his way thither he overtook an old man walking slowly, who accosted him and recognized him to be Caleb Grayson, who had been a witness at Blake's trial, and had a similar note of his own, but equally at a loss to know the meaning of the summons. They both entered the cell together. The prisoner did not move, but only raised his head, when Grayson recognized having seen him at a tavern the night before Blake's execution, and at the gallows.

"Well, Judge," said he, "I sent for you to see if you can't get me out of this scrape. Must I hang to-morrow?"

The Judge shook his head; "It's idle to hope, nothing can prevent your execution."

"An application might be made to the highest authorities," said the prisoner. "Pardons have come sometimes on the scaffold."

"None will come in your case replied the judge, it is needless for me to dwell on your offence now, but it was one that had no palliation, and you may rest assured, that whatever may have occurred in other cases no pardon will come in yours." In fact, I understand that an application has been made for one by your counsel, and has been refused."

The features of the prisoner underwent no change; nor did the expression of his face alter in the least. But after a few moments' pause, he said: "Is this true, judge—upon your honor?"

"It is," replied the judge.

"Then I know the worst," replied the criminal coldly, "and will now tell what I have to communicate, which I would not have done, while there was a hope of escape. "You," said he, turning to the Judge, "presided at the trial of young Harry Blake, accused of murder, and sentenced him to death."

"I did."

"And you," said he, turning to Grayson, "were one of the witnesses against him. You swore that you saw him stab Wickliffe. On your testimony, principally, he was hung."

"I was," replied the old man; "I saw him with my own eyes."

"And you," said he, turning to the other, "swore to a falsehood. Harry Blake did not kill Wickliffe. He was as innocent of the sin of murder as you were—more innocent than you are now."

The old man staggered as if he had been struck, and leaned against the table to support himself, whilst the condemned felon stood opposite him, looking at him with a cold, indifferent air.

"Yes, old man," said he sternly, "you have blood and perjury on your soul, for I, I," said he stepping forward, so that the light of the lamp fell strongly upon his savage features, "I murdered William Wickliffe; I did it! Thank God I did it, for I had a long score to settle with him. But Blake had no hand in it. I met Wickliffe on that afternoon, alone—with none to interfere between us. I told him of the injuries he had done me, and I told him that the time was come for redress. He endeavored to escape; but I followed him up; I grappled with him, and stabbed him. As I did so, I heard the clatter of horse's hoofs, and I leaped into a clump of bushes which grew at the roadside. At that moment Blake came up, and found Wickliffe lying dead in the road. You know the rest. The tale he told was as true as the gospel. He was only attempting to draw the knife from the man's breast, when you came up and charged him with the murder!"

"Good God! Can this be possible!" Villain, you are a liar!"

"Pshaw!" muttered the man. What could I gain by a lie? To-morrow I die."

"I don't believe it; I don't believe it!" exclaimed Grayson, pacing the cell, and wringing his hands. "God in mercy grant that it may be false! that this dreadful sin may not be upon me!"

The prisoner sat down, and looked at the judge and the witness with a calmness which had something almost fenshish in it, when contrasted with the extreme agitation of the one, and the mental agony of the other.

At last the old man stopped in front of him; and with a calmness so suddenly assumed in the midst of his paroxysm of remorse, that it even overawed the criminal, said: "You are one whose life has been a tissue of falsehood and crime. You must prove what you have said, or I'll not believe it."

"Be it so," replied the prisoner. "I saw the whole transaction, and heard all your testimony at the trial; for I was there too. I'll now tell you what occurred at the spot of the murder, which you did not mention, but which I saw. When you rode up, the man with you jumped off his horse and seized Blake by the collar; your hat fell off on the pommel of your saddle, but you caught it before it reached the ground. You then sprang off your horse, and whilst Walton held Blake, you examined the body. You attempted to pull the knife from his breast, but it was covered with blood, and slipped from your fingers. You rubbed your hand on the ground, and, going to a bush on the road-side, broke off some leaves and wiped your hands upon them, and afterwards the handle of the knife. You then drew it out, and washed it in a small puddle of water at the foot of a sumach bush. As you did so, you looked round at Blake, who was standing with his arms folded, and who said, 'Don't be uneasy about me Caleb; I didn't kill Wickliffe and don't intend to escape.'" At one time you were within six feet of where I was. It's lucky you did not find me, for I was ready at that moment to send you to keep company with Wickliffe; but I saw all

even when you stumbled and dropped your gloves, as you mounted your horse."

"God have mercy on me!" ejaculated Grayson. "This is all true! But one word more. I heard Wickliffe as we rode up, shriek out, 'Mercy, mercy Harry!'"

"He was begging for his life—my first name is Harry!"

The old man clasped his hands across his face, and fell senseless on the floor.

It is needless to go into the details of the prisoner's confession, which was so full and clear, that it left no doubt on the mind of the judge that he was guilty of Wickliffe's murder, and that Harry Blake was another of those who had gone to swell the list of victims to Circumstantial Evidence.

A LAW STUDENT'S DIARY.

FOR TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.
Nine o'clock, A. M.—Was called by the servant to breakfast; demurred to it—found it wouldn't do, though—must fill up the blanks in abdomen.

Ten o'clock—Felt a little squeamish—intemperance had taken away the tone of my stomach—took a drop of stimulus, by way of *replevin*, to get it back again.

Eleven o'clock—Peeped into Coke—what a big book it is—took up a music-book, and humm'd over 'The Last Rose of Summer,' walked out to a neighbor's and swallowed another *replevin* stimulant.

Twelve o'clock—One of the 'fancy' looked daggers at me—I swore I'd prosecute him for an assault, when he commenced a most tremendous battery upon my poor carcass—I gave him a rejoinder—I then darted my head into his stomach by way of a *rebuter*, when he fell to the ground and I won the cause.

One o'clock—Took a little more of the usual *replevin*—sat down to dinner, and ate a slice of ham—made five resolutions to live more temperately—took a glass of half-and-half by way of practising on my good resolves.

Two o'clock—In prime order—went to see Miss G.—a fine looking girl she is, and sings divinely, too—whispered a little nonsense in her ear. The old woman don't like me—she popp'd in all of a sudden, and caught me kissing her daughter; I made issue per front door, and was off in a tangent!

Three o'clock—Saw a creditor—he dunned me hard, but I nonsuited him for the present.

Four o'clock—Time to study—got a headache—read about *petty larceny*—an old cake-woman came by, and I made *forcible entry* into her basket, and detainor upon her gingerbread. The old dame made prodigious loud and strong declarations against it. My plea was fun! She vowed she would sue me—I gave her the price of the cakes to compromise and so the affair ended.

Five o'clock—Went to see an acquaintance—tried to be witty—out of five attempts three were abortions—one joke was laughed at, and I shrewdly suspect I was laughed at myself. Sick to common sense and let wit alone.

Six o'clock—Took a little more *replevin*—found my stomach in prime order—got among the girls—talked nonsense—laughed aloud and endeavored to be amusing—the girls snickered—I looked silly and became totally dumb-founded.

Seven o'clock—Shall I go to bed? Too early yet—whistled 'we won't go home till morning'—capered about the house, and swigged another *replevin*—felt quite lively—sallied out, and broke a negro's head. The fellow made more noise than our city crier—I rammed instantly.

Eight o'clock—Took another *replevin*.
Ten—Another!
Ten—Another!!

Eleven—Two more in quick succession!
Nine o'clock, next morning—Found myself in bed with coat, pants, hat and spectacles on!!!

THE MAN WHO FORGOT HIS OWN NAME.—It is a fact known to many persons in this city, that some years since, a high and respectable citizen of a Southern city called at our post office and said, "Have you got any letters for me?" "What is your name sir," said the clerk. The gentleman raised his left finger to his nose, looked grave and said, "I will tell you directly," and turned on his heel out of the office. A few yards from the post office he met a friend, who said, "How do you do, Mr. —?" "That's it," said the gentleman; and returned to the office, told his name, and obtained his letters.

A FRENCH CLERGYMAN'S OPINION OF DANCING.—The cure of Guadian, in the Meurthe, has been ordered by the magistrates to pay, with other expenses, 25 francs to a musician, who fiddled as the parishioners danced on St. Medard's Day, and whose instrument the reverend gentleman smashed in consequence. The cure, however, was not to be intimidated; he announced from the pulpit, that if there should be another dance he will not attack the paltry fiddler, but, like another Samson, break the windows of the houses, tear down the roof, and send his profane flock dancing to another world?—*Populaire*.

A FEARFUL RESPONSIBILITY.—*Bothing Machine Proprietor*—"Did you get 'ere gent's" sixpence afore he went into the machine?"
Assistant, (a notice)—"No, Sir—thought as the coves paid when they comed out."

Proprietor—"Pay when they comes out! Why, s'pose that gent gets out of his depth and goes and drowns himself, I may whistle for my sixpence. Ain't you ashamed of yourself?"—*Liverpool Lion*.

"I can't bear children," said Miss Prim, disdainfully. Mrs. Partington looked at her over her spectacles mildly before she replied, "Perhaps if you could you would like them better," she at last said.

THE STORY OF A SONG.

The Marsellaise retains the echo of a song of victory, and also of a cry of death; it is glorious as one, dismal as the other. Here is its origin:

There was at that time (1792) a young artillery officer in garrison at Strasbourg. His name was Roujet de Lisle. He was born at Louis-le-Saulnier, in the Jura, a country of meditation and energy, as are all mountain districts. This young man loved war as a soldier, and the Revolution as a thinker; he beguiled by verses and music the weary impatience of the garrison.—Much sought after for his double talent of musician and poet, he frequented familiarly the house of Dietrech, the mayor of Strasbourg and a patriot Alsatian. Dietrech's wife and daughter partook in his enthusiasm for patriotism and the Revolution. They loved the young officer; they gave inspiration to his heart, his poetry, his music.

They were the first who performed his scarcely unfolded thoughts, full of confidence in the early days of his genius.

It was the winter of 1792. Famine raged at Strasbourg. Dietrech's house was poor and his table frugal, but hospitably open to Roujet de Lisle. The young officer seated himself there night and morning, like a son or brother of the family. One night there was only garrison bread and a few slices of smoked ham on the table: Dietrech looking at De Lisle with a melancholy serenity, said, "There is a lack of abundance at our meals; but what matters it if there be no lack of enthusiasm at our civic festivals, or of courage in the hearts of our soldiers! I have still a last bottle of wine in my cellar. Let it be brought, and let me to one of his daughters, and let us drink it to liberty and our country. Strasbourg will soon have to celebrate a patriotic ceremony, and De Lisle must find in its last drops one of those hymns which carry into the souls of the people that intoxication from which it has sprung!"

The young girls applauded his words, brought the wine, and filled the glasses of their old father and the young officer until the liquor was exhausted. It was midnight! the night was cold. De Lisle was a dreamer; his heart was affected; his head was heated. The cold seized upon him; with unsteady steps he entered his solitary chamber. He slowly sought inspiration, now in the beating of his citizen's heart, now on the keys of his piano; now composing the air before the words, now the words before the air; and in such a manner associating them in thought, that he could not himself say which was created first, music or verse, and until it was impossible to separate the poetry from the music, and the sentiment from the expression. He sang all, wrote nothing. Overpowered by the sublime inspiration, he fell asleep with his head on the piano, and did not awake till day. The song of the night returned to his memory with difficulty, like the impression of some dream. He wrote down words and music, and hastened to Dietrech. He found him in his garden digging up winter lettuce. The old patriot's wife and daughters had not yet risen. Dietrech awoke them, and sent for some friends like himself passionately fond of music, and capable of performing it. Roujet sang Dietrech's eldest daughter accompanied him. At the first stanza, all their countenances grew pale; at the second, tears flowed; at the last stanza, the wildness of enthusiasm burst forth.—Dietrech's wife and daughter, the old man himself his friends, the young officer, threw themselves weeping into each other's arms. The hymn of the country was found! But alas; it was also destined to be the hymn of terror. Unfortunate Dietrech a few months later, walked to the scaffold to the sound of these very notes which had sprung forth at his heart from the heart of his friend and the voices of his daughters. The new song, performed several days afterwards at Strasbourg, flew from town to town to all the principal orchestras. Marsellaise adopted it to be sung at the commencement and close of the sittings of its clubs. The Marsellaise spread it through France by singing it on their way to Paris. From this came the name of *Marsellaise*.

The old mother De Lisle, a royalist, terrified at the echo of her son's voice, wrote to him,— "What is this revolutionary hymn which is sung by a horde of brigands traversing France, and with which your name is associated?" De Lisle himself, proscribed as a royalist, shuddered as he heard it resound in his ears like a menace of death, when flying along the path-ways of the high Alps.

"What do they call this hymn?" demanded he of his guide.

"The Marsellaise," replied the peasant.

It was thus that he learnt the name of his own work. He was pursued by the enthusiasm which he had sown behind him. He escaped death with difficulty. The weapon turns against the hand which has forged it. The Revolution in its madness no longer recognized her own voice!—*Lamar-tine*.

MAN.—The ancient philosopher defined man to be a cooking animal. A more modern one says he is a book-making animal; but we think the *Cleveland Herald* has hit it, which says:—"Man is a reasoning animal who points with the sun-beams, travels by steam, talks by lightning, speculates in breadstuffs and swaps hand-saws and jackknives."

Schoolmaster—"Bill Tomkins, what is a widow?"
Bill—"A widder, sir, is a married woman, what aint got any husband, cause he's dead." Master—"Very well. What is a widower?" Bill—"A widderer is a man what runs arbor the widder's."
Master—"Well Bill, that is not exactly according to Johnson, but it will do."—*Boston Post*.

THE STORY OF THE WOMAN LIVING WITH TEN HUSBANDS, in New Hampshire, without molestation, is explained in the following way:—The woman's name is Husband, and she has nine children; of course she lives with ten Husbands, and it is proper and right she should.