

THE COLUMBIA SPY.

SAMUEL WRIGHT, Editor and Proprietor.

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

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Gold Cream of Glycerine, For the Cure and Prevention of Chapped Hands.

CARPETINGS, OIL CLOTHS, AND LOOKING GLASSES always on hand.

COSTAR'S Bed Bug Extirminator! Never known to fail.

COSTAR'S Rat Extirminator. An infallible destroyer of Rats, Nices and Cockroaches.

WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY, For Coughs, Colds, &c.

WOLLEY'S All Healing and Strengthening Salve, for sale at McCORKLE & DELLETT'S.

CORN Starch, Farina, Rice Flour, Tapioca, Sage, Oat Meal, Arrow Root, &c.

JUST received, three dozen Dr. Brunton's Vegetable Bitters.

SOLUTION OF CITRATE OF MAGNESIA, or Purgative Mineral Water.

LAMPS, LAMPS, LAMPS. Just received at Herr's Drug Store.

A SUPERIOR article of burning Fluid just received and for sale by H. SUYDAM & SON.

A LARGE lot of City cured Beef, just received at H. SUYDAM & SON'S.

HOOPLAND'S German Bitters. For sale at McCORKLE & DELLETT'S.

COUNTRY Produce constantly on hand and for sale by H. SUYDAM & SON.

HOMINY, Cranberries, Raisins, Figs, Almonds, Walnuts, Cream Nuts, &c.

A SUPERIOR lot of Black and Green Teas, Coffee and Chocolate.

JUST RECEIVED, a beautiful assortment of Glass Ink Stands.

ETNA Family and Superfine Flour of the best brand, for sale by H. SUYDAM & SON.

JUST received 1000 lbs. extra double bolted Buckwheat Meal.

WIKER'S Instantaneous Yeast or Baking Powder, for sale by H. SUYDAM & SON.

GERMINE Imported Harlem Oil, for sale at Dr. E. B. HERR'S Golden Morning Drug Store.

TABLE AND FLOOR OIL, CLOTHS, all widths, and Carpetings, for sale by I. O. BRUNER & CO.

HATS AND CAPS, suitable for the season, and at low prices.

LOOKING GLASSES, all sizes, by I. O. BRUNER & CO.

CHEAP White, Red and Yellow Wool Flannels in all brands, wholesale and retail.

SALT by the sack or bushel, and Mackerel by the barrel or retail.

PRIME SEGARS and TOBACCO, of different brands, wholesale and retail.

TABLE and Rock Salt, by the sack or bushel, for sale low by I. O. BRUNER CO.

A LARGE assortment of Ropes, all sizes and lengths, on hand and for sale at THOS. WELSH'S.

Poetry.

La Cantatrice.

By day, at a high oak desk I stand,
And trace in a ledger line by line;
But at five o'clock my hand
Opens the cage wherein I pine;
And as faintly the stroke from the bellify peals
Down through the thunder of hoofs and wheels,
I wonder if ever a monarch feels
Such royal joy as mine.

Beatrice is dressed and her carriage waits;
I know she has heard that signal-chime;
And my strong heart leaps and palpitates,
As lightly the winding stair I climb
To her fragrant room, where the winter's storm
Is changed by the hallooing perfume
And the continued sun's crimson glow,
To love's own summer prime.

She meets me thus so strangely fair,
That my soul aches with a happy pain—
A pressure, a touch of her pure lips, such
As a seraph might give and take again;
A hurried whisper, "Adieu! adieu!"
They wait for me while I stay for you!
And a parting smile of blue eyes through
The glimmering carriage-pane.

Then thoughts of the past come crowding fast
On a blissful track of love and sighs—
Oh, well I recall, and those poor hands soiled,
That her song might bloom in Italian skies!
The pains and fears of those lonely years;
The nights of longing and hope and tears—
Her heart's sweet debt, and the long arrears
Of love in those faithful eyes!

O night! be friendly to her and me!
To lox and pit and gallery swarm
The expectant throng—I am there to see—
And now she is bending her radiant form,
To the clapping crowd—I am thrilled and proud;
My dim eyes look through a misty cloud,
And my joy mounts up on the staid's loud,
Like a sea-bird on a storm!

She has waved her hand; the noisy rush
Of applause sinks down; and aliverly
Her white glides forth on the quivering stage,
Like the white-robed moon on a tremulous sea!
And wherever her shining influence casts
I swing on the blissful that swells and falls—
I know no more—till the very walls
Seem about for jubilee!

Oh, little she cares for the fog who sits
His glass and glass, or the gay array
Of fans and perfumes, of jewels and plumes,
Where wealth and pleasure have met to pay
Their nightly homage to her sweet song;
But over the brazen clear and strong,
Over all the humming and fluttering throng,
She smiles my soul away!

Why am I happy? Why am I proud?
Oh, can it be true she is all my own?
I make my way through the ignorant crowd,
I know, I know where my love hath flown.
Again we meet; I am at her feet,
And with kindling kisses and promises sweet,
Her glowing, victorious lips repeat
That they sing for me alone!

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Selections.

A Packet Ship's Company.

We had been a fortnight on board the mail packet on our way home from the west coast of Africa, and had exhausted nearly every amusement it provided under those circumstances and within those limits. We had on board the usual complement of strange looking captains and traders from the river Bonny, and, after passing Accra, had watched the canoes come off through the surf at Cape Coast Castle, and landed and walked up to the governor's house at Sterra Leone. We had played at whist and the game of the race at all unoccupied times, and had displayed our various vocal powers and musical acquisitions—which, I must confess, were not of a nature to have enlightened any circle—and as we were homeward bound, we had no newspapers and very few books.

The passengers consisted mainly of officers going home on sick leave, one of whom—whose father held a civil appointment of importance on the Gold Coast—was accompanied by his sister. Then there were five or six bronzed captains, and copper-colored merchants of gold dust and ivory, so that altogether our number amounted to fourteen. We were by no means a lively company, and as I have said before, at the expiration of a fortnight we seemed to have exhausted all our amusements, and consequently to have annihilated every possible subject of mutual interest.

Under these circumstances we had, for two of three evenings running, sat on the quarter-deck beneath an awning, looking listlessly from one to the other, watching young Wilson, of the Gold Coast Corps, who was going home on sick leave; envying him his power of unlimited sleep; or lazily following with our eyes the one-armed captain who paced the deck in any unquiet, restless manner from morning to night. He had not been home for fourteen years, and had now left his ship, a stationary merchant vessel, up the river Bonny, "to have a look at the old country."

A more uncomfortable, unsatisfactory companion it would be impossible to imagine; and young Wilson, who shared a double cabin with him, was loud in his complaints, and pathetic in his appeals for sympathy. "Sleep," said Wilson; "I can't sleep—that fellow won't let me sleep, and it's all very well to talk, but you can't get any sleep worth having in the day-time. You know his berth is fixed just over mine, and no sooner have I turned in and fallen into a doze, than rat-tat-tat goes that iron hook fastened to the stump of his arm.

"The first night I thought he wanted something, so I called out, 'What's the matter, skipper?' but he only growled at me in reply, and I declare that every hour of every night since then, or whenever he thinks I am asleep, rat-tat-tat comes that hook on the frame of the berth just above my head. I don't bear it meekly, I assure you, and I have used more bad language to that man than I

ever used in my life. But, upon my honor, I believe he would rather hear me swear at him than say nothing at all; for he'll often give a kind of a sighing after it, as though some one had lifted a heavy weight from his chest."

"You may depend upon it he has got a bad conscience," said our onelady. By the by, she was treated with as much deference as if she had been Queen of England; and she was a queen in her own small way, and not a bad queen either—Queen of Beauty—Wilson said, and one or two more who were inclined to be spooney.

So of course when she suggested "conscience" we all echoed the "depend upon it," and every one offered laughingly a possible explanation of the cause. And thus we fell into a talk about this same conscience and its torments, and began to tell stories illustrative of it. Most of them were, I must confess, neither very amusing nor very instructive; and pretty Miss Graham began to yawn, and her brother, Captain Graham, had followed the example of young Wilson, and was fast asleep.

Then, after two old sea-captains had spun a long yarn, there was a pause, which Miss Graham broke by exclaiming: "Oh, Mr. Barkum, you have been to all kinds of places, seen such strange things, do tell us a true story."

The Mr. Barkum thus addressed—a jolly old trader—replied with a grin: "What shall I tell you, miss?" "I don't know. As we are on these, tell us a story of shipwreck—but not a melancholy one."

"Never told one in my life, miss!" "But you have been shipwrecked, have you not?" "Oh, yes," said Mr. Barkum, "sure-ly yes, miss, surely. Why, I was shipwrecked here," with a broad wave of the arm which included the whole Atlantic.

"You don't say so, Mr. Barkum! I do tell you all about it. What did you do?" "Well," said that gentleman, "we were tossed here and we were tossed there for three days and three nights, and then we took to the boats. And after we took to the boats we were tossed here and tossed there for three days and three nights more; and very cold and very wet we were. Then the victuals fell short; and for three days and three nights we had nothing to eat and nothing to drink, and very hungry and very thirsty we were."

Here Mr. Barkum made a very long pause. Miss Graham said: "And was there no vessel to pick you up, Mr. Barkum? How did you manage?" "Well, miss, we burnt priming, and made a fire in the dripping pan that the black cook would not have believed. Then we cast lots, and the lot fell on the steward; and so then we stowed—"

"Good Heaven, Mr. Barkum!" "Yes, miss, we did, indeed. We stowed his boots—Wellingtons. The tops was the tenderest. Then we cast lots again, and the lot fell on the black cook; so we stowed his pumps; but they were unseatable, though the soup kept us alive ten days. After that we cast lots again, and the lot fell on the captain, and we stowed his water-boots; but they were tremendous tough, surely."

At this point Mr. Barkum was interrupted by a general shout of remonstrance. "Well," says he, "when a lady tells a man she wants a story of a shipwreck what's he to do? I told the very best I could."—And with another grin, Mr. Barkum, who seemed not so much to have told his story as to have had it jerked out of him, leaned back and looked around him, apparently well satisfied with the effect produced.

"Humph!" was uttered in a hoarse growl behind him, at which we all started—for it came from no other than the "silent man"—an old sea-captain, who had been picked up nobody knew where or how, and had not uttered a syllable since he had been on board. He would stand all day long looking over the stern of the vessel, gloomy and intent—giving no answer to whomsoever addressed him. But now he stooped over Miss Graham, and laying one rough hand on her shoulder, while with the other he pointed out beyond the stern of the vessel:

"She'll do it," he said, in a hoarse whisper—"She'll do it—she's bound to do it." And he walked rather unsteadily to his old position.

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But his sister was all astonishment—"Who is she, and what is she bound to do? It can't be this ship, for he pointed out to sea."

"Never mind, miss," said Mr. Minchin—a lean, yellow-faced man, who looked like an American, though he called himself English. "Perhaps he's got somebody after him; who knows? and he winked mysteriously, not so much at any one person as at the whole ship's crew. "Though, when I'm after a man myself, I take good care he shan't know much about it."

"You after a man, Mr. Minchin! Why, what do you go after him for?" "Well, ma'am, for various reasons; sometimes for one thing, and sometimes for another. Now, there was the captain of the Golden Fleece. I followed that man for four years, and I'll tell you how it happened.

"The Golden Fleece was bound from California to Liverpool, and besides a very valuable cargo of furs and such, she had on

board a quarter of a million in gold-dust and nuggets. Pretty pickings among that, I can tell you; and so thought the captain—Jones, his name was. Now, I dare say, Captain Jones didn't like the risks of a voyage home, so after he had been at sea about ten days, he ran the Golden Fleece on a rock about a mile from the shore, and then he and the crew took to the boats.

Well, of course he wrote home to the owners how the Golden Fleece was wrecked off the coast of California, and how he and the crew only just escaped with their lives. And of course the owners didn't like it; for the underwriters didn't like it; for they were left in for a quarter of million besides the worth of the vessel, and the fifty thousand pounds sterling that the cargo was valued at; and that's no joke. So after a few months they sends for me.

"Mr. Minchin, they says, 'this is a very lame story.' "It is," says I, "very lame." "Captain Jones don't come home," says they.

"No," says I; "nor I don't suppose he's very likely to come home." "Mr. Minchin, will you go and see after the Golden Fleece?" "I will," says I.

"And will you," says they, "learn something about Captain Jones? Never mind the time, and never mind the expenses; but don't come back to England without Captain Jones."

"If Captain Jones is to be found," says I, "I'll find him, dead or alive." "Well, ma'am, of course this was not the first time, by many, that I'd been sent on some such errand; and for one course or another, I've been sent out from Lloyd's to places all over the world, almost, where vessels have been wrecked.

"But, not to weary you, ma'am and the company, with an account of the voyage and adventures—and, indeed, we had none of the latter, except that in crossing the Isthmus of Panama, which was not so quiet then as it is now, we wiped out a small party of Indians—"

"Wiped them out, Mr. Minchin?" "Well, Miss, if we hadn't wiped them out, they would have wiped us out; I'll tell you the whole story some day. But to go back to the Golden Fleece. I went along the coast—and I found her. There she was, just in as good condition as on the day when the crew deserted her. I went on board at low water, and found that Captain Jones had run her on a sharp-pointed rock, which fitted into her just like a wedge; the water couldn't get in, and she couldn't get off, or be got off, without considerable trouble. I went over her, and found the cargo all right enough; nothing touched there, and very little damaged. But all the gold was gone, ma'am, which I had expected from the first. Well, I first of all got out the cargo, and sent that home, and then did the best I could about the ship.

"After that, thinks I to myself, 'Now, Captain Jones, it's your turn; and a pretty stiff turn it'll be for you, or my name ain't Minchin.' I wasn't in no manner of hurry, you must remember, for I knew he couldn't spend the money, and I knew he darn't invest it; for make much stir about it in any way. So my object was to find him, and to find him quietly, and make him give it up."

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Well, of course he wrote home to the owners how the Golden Fleece was wrecked off the coast of California, and how he and the crew only just escaped with their lives. And of course the owners didn't like it; for the underwriters didn't like it; for they were left in for a quarter of million besides the worth of the vessel, and the fifty thousand pounds sterling that the cargo was valued at; and that's no joke. So after a few months they sends for me.

"Mr. Minchin, they says, 'this is a very lame story.' "It is," says I, "very lame." "Captain Jones don't come home," says they.

"No," says I; "nor I don't suppose he's very likely to come home." "Mr. Minchin, will you go and see after the Golden Fleece?" "I will," says I.

"And will you," says they, "learn something about Captain Jones? Never mind the time, and never mind the expenses; but don't come back to England without Captain Jones."

"If Captain Jones is to be found," says I, "I'll find him, dead or alive." "Well, ma'am, of course this was not the first time, by many, that I'd been sent on some such errand; and for one course or another, I've been sent out from Lloyd's to places all over the world, almost, where vessels have been wrecked.

"But, not to weary you, ma'am and the company, with an account of the voyage and adventures—and, indeed, we had none of the latter, except that in crossing the Isthmus of Panama, which was not so quiet then