

THE COLUMBIA SPY.

SAMUEL WRIGHT, Editor and Proprietor.

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

\$1.50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE; \$2.00 IF NOT IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME XXX, NUMBER 8.]

COLUMBIA, PENNSYLVANIA, SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 17, 1859.

[WHOLE NUMBER 1,517.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING

Office in Carpet Hill, North-west corner of Front and Locust streets.

Terms of Subscription. One year in advance, \$1 50. If not paid within three months from commencement of the year, 2 00.

Advertisements. One week, 10 cents. Two weeks, 18 cents. Three weeks, 25 cents. One month, 40 cents. Three months, 1 00. Six months, 1 75. One year, 3 00. A liberal discount will be made to quarterly, half-yearly or yearly advertisers, who are strictly confined to their business.

Rates of Advertising.

One square (10 lines) one week, 50 cents. Three weeks, 75 cents. One month, 1 00. Three months, 1 50. Six months, 2 25. One year, 3 50. A liberal discount will be made to quarterly, half-yearly or yearly advertisers, who are strictly confined to their business.

Poetry.

[We have been permitted to copy the following lines from the "Crystal Fountain," a manuscript monthly produced by the members of Hope Lodge of Good Templars, of this place.]

Parting Words.

O, must we sever?
No truer friends on earth can e'er be found,
None who indeed have been more closely bound
In love together.

Our joys the same,
Each sorrow mutually we have borne;
And when the heart would sometimes feel forlorn,
The voice of comfort came.

Come when my soul
Hath but a few dim hours to linger here,
Oh, let me feel thy presence; let me near,
When I approach the goal!

Come in that day—
The one—the severest from all things—oh friend,
My soul with thine shall yet strive to blend,
Although we then have away.

Nor then, nor there alone,
I ask my heart to hold me near,
If all must fade with each endeavoring tie,
All highest feelings know.

Nay, must the answer be;
Though kindred hearts here often say farewell,
There is a place where happy spirits dwell,
A bliss Eternity.

SYLVAN PINE.

Selections.

Eleven O'Clock.

The story is about a beautiful lady that I once lived with—first, when she was a young lady, as her maid, and afterwards, when she was married and a mother, as her baby's nurse. She was always very fond of me, and I of her. She lived in a large town before she married, and her father and mother, being company-keepers' people, and she being so very pretty, there was a great many gentlemen admired her, and she might have married well, as they call it, at least a dozen times. I'm an old woman, and an old maid, but I think there is only one way of marrying well, and that is when a woman, or a lady, marries a man, or a gentleman, really suited to her, and when there is real true love on both sides. I told you, Miss Alice, the other night, that I had seen mistakes in marriage made in my time, and the marriage this young lady made was no doubt one of them.

Well, I never could tell how my young lady came to marry the gentleman she did choose after all. He was older a good deal than she. She was gay and sprightly like—he was still and grave. She liked life, and stir and change—he liked nothing but readin' and sittin' still. She was as fond of music as a bird—she couldn't tell one tune from another. Often and often I have seen her sittin', singin' and playin', song after song and piece after piece, at the piano in the drawin'-room, and him sittin' over a book by the lamp, never listenin' to a single note. She had been used to praise and company, and every one to love and listen to her, and she must have felt it a great change.

She did feel it a great change—as you shall presently hear—though she tried not to show it, or even to think about it, for a length of time.

When they first married her husband used mostly to sit in the same room with her, though he never hardly noticed what she was doin'; but after a while he took to keepin' in another, by himself, and only comin' in to meals with her; and at night he sat up hours poring over his learning and his books. Well, then was the first day of my lady's showing herself cast down and melancholy. One day, as I passed my master's study door, which was half open, I saw her, all in tears, kneelin' down by her chair, and sayin' something to him—which I could not hear. But I heard him answer in his grave, even voice, "Well, my dear, if you feel dull, send for your mother and sister, and any one else you like, to make the place gay to you."

I was nator guessin' what they had been talkin' about, I thought, then he was what was grievin' her aching heart. He was a good sort of a man, but he couldn't understand it.

In a week or two's time after that, however, the house was full of company. My lady's mother, her sister, her brother, some of her cousins, and others besides. The house seemed almost turned upside down after the still life we'd led; but lookin' at my lady's pale face—which was like a June rose once, but at this time, only flushed with excitement now and then—I didn't believe she was much the happier for all the company.

However, amongst them there was a great friend of my lady's brother, who was thought to be thinkin' of her sister, and who was

one of the cleverest, handsomest, and most accomplished gentlemen I ever saw. There didn't seem to be anything that he couldn't do, or didn't know. He was as much a favorite with all the servants in the house as he was with the ladies and gentlemen, and appeared as amiable as he was clever and handsome. Even my master would sometimes leave his books and talk to him, but not very often.

It was a beautiful rider on horseback, and broke in a horse for my lady which no body else could manage. My lady was very fond of ridin', and had gone out in a dull way with the groom, because my master didn't use himself to horses, very often, for the mere pleasure she had in the exercise. This handsome gentleman and her brother, however, rode with her now, and the handsome gentleman always helped her to her saddle. Of an evenin' he sung duets with her, or read aloud for the benefit of the whole company, except my master, who would slip away to his study and his books. When he left, the house seemed very dull, and my mistress too, but especially her sister, though that was for another reason which I didn't think of then, but she found out something long before any one else would have done. It was only natural, for she loved him very much, and had hoped he loved her. She died, poor thing! in a deep decline, two or three years afterwards.

Well, the handsome gentleman knew some of the families in the neighborhood, and from our house he went to stay with one of them, and so, occasionally, we saw him still; but at last he went away altogether, and so did all our company, and were very quiet again for some months.

One day, some time after this, something came to my mistress, which I hoped would make her happy after all; a dear little baby, and I was its nurse; but it did not. Something else had come to her, I suppose. We are all weak creatures, my dears, and the best of us cannot stand in our own strength, and if we let wrong wishes and thoughts come into our minds without strivin' against them with more than our poor might, they mostly will come, and make sure prey of us. Something of that sort had warped my poor dear lady's mind, I fear. She was very young—had been praised, petted, and almost spoiled, from her childhood—and her husband, though not unkind, neglected of her.

Not but what she loved her baby. She loved it dearly—but with a poisoned mind. I saw how it all was, when the handsome gentleman I had once liked so much, coming to stay again with that family in the neighborhood, rode over so often to call upon my master, but stayed so long with my lady in the drawin'-room.

It might have been only fancy, but I thought him not nearly so handsome as he was.

Well, he came and went in the neighborhood for some time, and my lady grew sadder and sadder, and her husband saw nothing, or said nothing all the while, but appeared to grow more busy and quiet-like every day. Except for the baby, then a year old, and able to talk a little, listlessly, her life was very lonely. Sometimes, for days, she would scarcely leave the nursery. At others, she seemed to enter it with a faltering step, and a tremble runnin' through her figure, and then, with a frightened face kissing the little innocent, she would hasten away to hide the tears in her eyes, and the aching at her heart.

Though I never saw them together—I mean my lady and the handsome gentleman—about this time, I knew by instinct, (for I loved her, and had done so from a child) that they sometimes met. At last I knew it for certain, and I never was so unhappy in my life! No, not even when I had a great sorrow of my own.

It was a beautiful autumn evening. My master was gone from home to a meeting of some society connected with what he was always reading about, and there was no soul about the house, so far as I knew, except the servants and my mistress, who was, I thought in the drawin'-room. Having a very bad headache, after I had put my babe to bed and left the household in the nursery to watch it, I went out to get a breath of air in the kitchen garden and about the back ways behind the shrubberies. Everything was very still, except that a soft breeze went southerly and whispering through the great fir plantations, and I, quite alone, and feeling my head grow lighter and better as I walked, kept listenin' to the sound thinkin', I remember, at the time, what a nice sound it would be to send a baby to sleep with. As I listened, presently I heard voices. At first they were hardly louder than the fir whispers, but, gradually, I heard my own dear lady's voice answer some low words, too low for me to catch, aloud, in a tone of agony:

"Oh, no!" she cried; "Gerald do not tempt me—for Heaven's sake do not tempt me to play with my little child!" Her voice, though not a high one, rang through the stillness with such an echo that I trembled lest any one should hear it beside myself. He seemed to hush her, and to try to soothe her, as I gathered from the few words I could overhear.

I knew it was the handsome gentleman, for Gerald was his name; and oh! what a horror I felt of him!

I had never played the listener on purpose before in my life, and now I was determined to hear all I could, and I stood as still as death almost, in my place behind the

shrubberies; for was I not her maid when she was little more than a child? Didn't she love me, and might I not try to save her? Besides, I was her own baby's nurse. Anyhow, I stopped.

I heard but very little more, except just at the last. They appeared about to part, and then, in his voice, I heard these words: "To-morrow night, then, my own, whether you come or not, at eleven o'clock I shall be here." And, after that, only the sound of stealthy footsteps carefully going over the fallen leaves, and of a low weeping that broke out between whistles when the footsteps were gone.

I waited perhaps half an hour, perhaps not quite so long. I hardly knew, I was in such a tremor. Then I went in by the kitchen passage door, and up the back staircase round to my darling's nursery, in the front of the house, next to my lady's dressin'-room. There was a door through it into the nursery, and, in about an hour or so, I heard my mistress come up there, and, as it was bed-time, I knocked, and went in to help her to undress, as I was always used to do.

She was sitting before her glass, washing her face with some rose-water, and she started as I opened the door. She didn't need to try to deceive me, poor thing, into thinking that she hadn't been crying.

"How you startled me, nurse!" she said. "I answered, 'But I knocked, ma'am—didn't you hear me knock?'"

"I suppose I was not thinking about you, Mary," she said, hurriedly.

I said, "I don't think you are in spirits this evening, ma'am. You'll find it lonesome to-night without master. Shall I leave the doors open to the nursery, so as you can hear me and the baby?"

I wanted her to think about the baby. But she said, sorrowfully: "No, thank you, Mary. I'm used to being lonely."

I still wanted her to think about the baby; and, pretending that I heard it stirring, I went back through the open door into the nursery for a moment, and, after pretending to soothe it, called her to look at it.

"O dear, ma'am," I said, "do come and look at the dear child. I don't know that I ever saw it look so pretty in its innocent sleep!"

She came in her white dressing-gown, which she had loosely put on, but her face, that had flushed to a deep red as she first looked at the child, grew almost white then; her gown, while she stood silent by its little bed.

"Dear me, ma'am," I said, "what is so innocent and beautiful to look at as a little sleeping babe! I can't think how any one can ever hurt a child through cruelty or passion, I couldn't never say my prayers again, hardly."

My lady stopped over the child until her long hair, which was all hangin' loose, fell over its face and her own, and quite hid them both from my sight, as she answered something I couldn't hear.

Looking at the nursery clock, I said: "But, dear me, ma'am, you must be tired! It is now upon the stroke of eleven."

At the mention of the hour she half started from her low posture, no doubt remembering when she had last heard a mention of eleven o'clock, and, in the start she gave, she awoke the baby from its sleep. Throwing out its little arm, the child caught at some of her bright long hair as it floated away from her, and began to cry.

I wouldn't quiet it. I left it all to her. And oh! how I hoped the child's voice might call her back to what she used to be before that dark handsome face had been seen in our house! She might not have been happy, but she was innocent then!

"The baby will always leave off crying best for you, ma'am," I said. "I will just go and put out some water for you into the basin, and unfold your night-dress ready."

She could not but take the crying baby, and I left her hushing it to rest. When I came back the child was asleep in her arms, but the tears were raining down from my lady's eyes upon its little night-dress. I thought I heard her crying.

Taking the child from her, I laid it on the bed, and then said, as my lady tried in vain to stop her tears:

"O, my dear mistress, I am sure you can't be well. What can I do for you?"

"Nothing, Mary, dear," she answered. "Nothing."

"Shall I send for my master?" I asked. "I am sure he would grieve dreadfully if you were ill."

"Mary!" she exclaimed, reproachfully. "Yes, ma'am, you may not think so, because master is so quiet like, but I know he would feel it very much, in his way, if anything happened to you. He is fond of the baby, too," I said, "though he seldom notices it, for when I took it to the study window the other day, when I was out with it in the garden, he took it in his arms and played with it a long time."

She took upon her to seem quite haughty all at once, as she rose and told me I need not say any more; but I didn't mind, I only said:

"Dear mistress, you surely won't be offended with me, who have waited on you so long?"

"I am tired, Mary," she answered, "and shall go to bed now." And she shut her dressin'-room door, saying that I need not come in again to help her in undressing, for that the baby was not quite sound.

I never went to sleep that night, and I

got out of bed several times to listen at her door, which, when I heard her go through her bed room, I had set ajar. She was always stirring, never still. And in the middle of the night I heard her crying as she had done among the fir-trees in the shrubbery. She seemed to sleep once for a short time, but awoke herself in calling out, "Gerald, do not tempt me!" in a nightmare dream.

In the morning I rose with a feeling as if a great weight were upon me which I must remove by some great endeavor before the night and eleven o'clock came. I wanted, if possible, that my dear mistress should take it off herself, without my having to show her that I knew what had passed in the shrubbery the night before. I said to myself, "Surely she will think many times before she will go out from these doors to-night. Perhaps she will think better of it. Perhaps she has never meant to go. Anyhow, I know the time appointed, and I can watch, and, at the last, I can but speak."

The day wore on. My mistress, who had breakfasted up-stairs, only went down to dinner at five o'clock, and she remained in the drawing room afterwards, instead of coming, as she most times did, to bid the baby good night, and see me undress and put it into bed. We were a very regular household, and, by ten o'clock, all the servants were settled for the night. My lady, looking into the nursery with her dressin'-gown on (for she had been in her room for some little time), told me that I might go to bed, for that she had something she wished to read, and might, perhaps, sit up late. I made answer, "Very well, ma'am," and, that was all. My lady never looked towards the little bed where the baby was sleeping. I didn't undress, but I got into bed with my clothes on, and lay waiting and listening.

My mistress, to seem quite careless like, had left the door of the dressin'-room partly open, and as she sat there I could hear the leaves of a book turned over and over for a length of time. The hour seemed forever long. Nothing to listen to but the ticking of the nursery clock, and the turning of the pages of my lady's book. Nothing to look at but the shadow of nightshade on the ceiling.

I guessed that my mistress had left her own bedroom door open to the staircase and that she would leave a light burning in the dressin'-room, and go down and out by way of the garden passage, as we called it, at the end of which was a side door, very easy to open, and almost out of hearing of any one in the house.

The nursery clock struck eleven, and still I heard my mistress in the dressing-room; but I knew she must be going soon now. Presently there was a sound as if she had risen from her chair, and I fancied she was listening to hear if all was still. Then I heard the door from the dressin'-room into the bedroom shut very gently.

That was the moment for me to get up. I did get up and taking the sleeping child in my arms, I went softly, without my shoes, out into the landing, (for I had left my door ajar as my mistress had done hers,) and down the broad staircase, along the hall, and into the garden passage before she had left her room. The baby still slept, and I stood quite still, close by the garden door. In less than ten minutes my mistress, with a candle in her hand, came down the passage, too. She was dressed completely with a bonnet on. She came so hurriedly, so fearfully, and so often looking back, and I stood so much in shadow, in a corner of the doorway, that she didn't see me until she was within a yard or two of me. But when she did see me, and saw in my face that I knew or guessed all; and when, above everything, I held the little sleeping baby towards her in my outstretched arms, as though it were the real bar, the real chain, which was to hold her back, she stopped, and, with a strong shiver, sank down powerless on the stone floor of the passage at my feet. I had seized the candle as it fell from out her trembling hand, and set it on a bracket fastened to the wall. Then I kissed her, and cried over her, and said I was sure she would not go. She would let me take a letter then, or afterwards—but she would never go and leave the dear, dear baby! Down that stone passage, in the dead of night; (for it was long past the appointed hour,) when all the house were dreaming and at rest, my dear lady and I wept and sobbed together; and all the time the tempter waited in the moonlight, among the fir-trees, for her who would never come!

My dears, I can never tell you all that passed between my lady and me that night. The whole thing has always been a secret ever since, from all the world; and even now, when the chief actors in it are dead, I have named no names.

I only tell you that, by God's mercy working on her heart, and by the unexpected sight of her little child at the last moment, before the awful step would have been taken, she was saved. She loved the tempter, and, by that bitterness, found out, too late, that she had never loved her husband. But I thank God she was saved from a bitterness greater still; known alone to a wretched mother who forsakes her innocent baby, and leaves for it only the memory of her name ruined and disgraced!

She lived, after that terrible night and the illness it cost her were passed, to be cheerful in trying to do her duty, and in time, after a sort, even happy; for she had more

children, and loved them as only a dreary, wife, with a neglectful, unsuitable husband, can. But she died young, after all—no doubt it was for the best—and no one but I ever knew what a great struggle her life had been.

That is my story, my dears. I pray that you may never have to experience what that poor lady had.

The Storming of Galera.

On the sixth of February the engineer who had charge of the mines gave notice that their work was completed. The following morning was named for the assault.—The order of the day prescribed that a general cannonade should open on the town at six in the morning. It was to continue an hour, when the mines were to be sprung.—The artillery would then play for another hour; after which the signal for the attack would be given. The signal was to be the firing of one gun from each of the batteries, to be followed by a simultaneous discharge from all. The orders directed the troops to show no quarter to man, or woman, or child.

On the seventh of February, the last day of the Carnival, the besiegers were under arms at the earliest dawn. Their young commander attracted every eye by the splendor of his person and appointments. He was armed cap-a-pie, and wore a suit of burnished steel richly inlaid with gold. His casque, overshadowed by brilliant plumes, was ornamented with a medallion displaying the image of the Virgin. In his hand he carried the baton of command; and as he rode along the lines, addressing a few words of encouragement to the soldiers, his perfect horsemanship, his princely bearing, and the courtesy of his manners, reminded the veterans of the happier days of his father, the emperor. The cavaliers by whom he was surrounded emulated their chief in the richness of their appointments; and the Murcian chronicler, present on that day, dwells with complacency on the beautiful array of Southern chivalry gathered together for the final assault upon Galera.

From six o'clock till seven, a furious cannonade was kept up from the whole circle of batteries on the devoted town. Then came the order to fire the mines. The deafening roar of ordnance was at once hushed into a silence profound as that of death, while every soldier in the trenches waited, with nervous suspense for the explosion. At length it came, overturning houses, shaking down a fragment of the castle, rending wider the breach in the perpendicular side of the rock, and throwing off the fragments with the force of a volcano. Only one mine, however, exploded. It was soon followed by the other, which, though it did less damage, spread such consternation among the garrison, that, fearing there might still be a third in reserve, the men abandoned their works, and took refuge in the town.

When the smoke and dust had cleared away, an officer with a few soldiers was sent to reconnoitre the breach. They soon returned with the tidings that the garrison had fled, and left the works wholly unprotected. On hearing this, the troops, with furious shouts, called out to be led at once to the assault. It was in vain that the officers remonstrated, enforcing their remonstrances, in some instances, by blows with the flat of their sabres. The blood of the soldiery was up; and, like an ill-disciplined rabble, they sprang from their trenches, in wild disorder, and, hurrying their officers along with them, soon scaled the perilous ascent, and crowned the heights without opposition from the enemy. Hurrying over the debris that strewed the ground, they speedily made themselves masters of the deserted fortress and its outworks—filling the air with shouts of victory.

The fugitives saw their mistake, as they beheld the enemy occupying the position they had abandoned. There was no more apprehension of mines. Eager to retrieve their error, they rushed back as by a common impulse, to dispute the possession of the ground with the Spaniards. It was too late. The guns were turned on them from their own battery. The arquebusiers who lined the ravellin showered down on their heads missiles more formidable than stones and arrows. But though their powder was nearly gone, the Moriscos could still make fight with sword and dagger, and they boldly closed, in a hand-to-hand contest with their enemy. It was a deadly struggle, calling out—as close personal contest is sure to do—the fiercest passions of the combatants. No quarter was given; none was asked. The Spaniard was nerved by the confidence of victory, the Morisco by the energy of despair. Both fought like men who knew that on the issue of this conflict depended the fate of Galera. Again the din of battle; as the one party invoked their military apostle, and the other called on Mahomet. It was the same war-cries which for more than eight centuries had sounded over hill and valley in unhappy Spain.—These were their dying notes, soon to expire with the exile or extermination of the conquered race.

The conflict was at length terminated by the arrival of a fresh body of troops on the field with Padilla. The chief had attacked the town by the same avenue as before; everywhere he had met with the same spirit of resistance. But the means of successful resistance were gone. Many of the houses on the streets had been laid in ruins by the fire of the artillery. Such as still held out were defended by men armed with no

better weapons than stones and arrows. One after another, most of them were stormed and fired by the Spaniards; and those within were put to the sword, or perished in the flames.

It fared no better with the defenders of the barricades. Galled by the volleys of the Christians, against whom their own rude missiles did comparatively little execution, they were driven from one position to another; as each redoubt was successfully carried, a shout of triumph went up from the victors, which fell cheerily on the ears of their countrymen on the heights; and when Padilla and his veterans burst on the scene of action, it decided the fortunes of the day.

There was still a detachment of Turks, whose ammunition had not been exhausted, and who were maintaining a desperate struggle with a body of Spanish infantry, in which the latter had been driven back to the very verge of the precipice. But the appearance of their friends under Padilla gave the Spaniards new heart; and Turk and Morisco, overwhelmed alike by the superiority of the numbers and of the weapons of their antagonists, gave way in all directions. Some fled down the long avenues which led from the summit of the rock. They were hotly pursued by the Spaniards. Others threw themselves into the houses, and prepared to make a last defence. The Spaniards scrambled along the terraces, letting themselves down from one level to another by means of the Moorish ladders used for that purpose. They heaved openings in the wooden roofs of the buildings, through which they fired on those within. The helpless Moriscos, driven out by the pitiless volleys, sought refuge in the street. But the fierce hunters were there; waiting for their miserable game, which they shot down without mercy—men, women children; none were spared. Yet they did not fall unavenged; and the corpse of many a Spaniard might be seen stretched on the bloody pavement, laying side by side with that of his Moslem enemy.

More than one instance is recorded of the desperate courage to which the women as well as the men were roused in their extremity. A Morisco girl, whose father had perished in the first assault in the Gardens, after firing her dwelling, is said to have dragged her two little brothers along with one hand, and wielding a scimitar with the other, to have rushed against the foe, by whom they were all speedily cut to pieces.

Another instance is told, of a man who, after killing his wife and his two daughters; sallied forth, and called out, "There is nothing more to lose; let us die together!" threw himself madly into the thick of the enemy. Some fell by their own weapons, others by those of their friends, preferring to receive death from any hands but those of the Spaniards.

Some two thousand Moriscos were huddled together in a square not far from the gate, where a strong body of the Castilian infantry, cut off the means of escape.—Spent with toil and loss of blood, without ammunition, without arms, or with such only as were too much battered or broken for service, the wretched fugitives would gladly have made some terms with their pursuers, who now closed darkly around them. But the stag at bay might as easily have made terms with his hunters and the fierce bounds that were already on his haunches. Their prayers were answered by volley after volley, until not a man was left alive.

More than four hundred women and children were gathered together without the walls, and the soldiers, mindful of the value of such a booty, were willing to spare their lives. This was remarked by Don John, and no sooner did he observe the symptoms of lenity in the troops, than the flinty-hearted chief rebuked their remissness and sternly reminded them of the order of the day. He even sent the halberdiers of his guard and the cavaliers about his person to assist the soldiers in their bloody work; while he sat, a calm spectator on his horse, as immovable as a marble statue, and as insensible to the agonizing screams of his victims and their heart-breaking prayers for mercy.

While this was going on without the town the work of death was no less active within. Every square and enclosure that had afforded a temporary refuge to the fugitives was beset with the bodies of the slain;—Blood ran down the kennels like water after a heavy shower. The dwellings were fired, some by the conquerors, others by the inmates, who threw themselves madly into the flames rather than fall into the hands of their enemies. The gathering shadows of the evening—for the fight had lasted nearly nine hours—were dispelled by the light of the conflagration, which threw an ominous glare for many a league over the country, proclaiming far and wide the downfall of Galera.

At length Don John was so far moved from his original purpose as to consent that the women, and the children under twelve years of age, should be spared. This he did, not from any feeling of compassion, but from deference to the murmurs of his followers, whose discontent at seeing their customary booty snatched from them began to show itself in a way not to be disregarded. Some fifteen hundred women and children, in consequence of this, are said to have escaped the general doom of their countrymen. All the rest, soldiers and citizens, Turks, Africans and Moriscos, were mercilessly butchered. Not one man, if we may trust

the Spaniards themselves, escaped alive!—It would not be easy, even in that age of blood, to find a parallel to so wholesale and indiscriminate a massacre.

Yet, to borrow the words of the Castilian proverb, "If Africa had cause to weep, Spain had little reason to rejoice." No success during the war was purchased at so high a price as the capture of Galera. The loss fell as heavily on the officers and men of rank as on the common file. We have seen the eagerness with which they had flocked to the standard of John of Austria. They showed the same eagerness to distinguish themselves under the eye of their leader.—The Spanish chivalry were sure to be found in the post of danger. Dearly did they pay for that prominence; and many a noble house in Spain wept bitter tears when the tidings came of the conquest of Galera.

Don John himself was so much exasperated, says the chronicler, by the thought of the grievous loss which he had sustained through the obstinate resistance of the heretics, that he resolved to carry into effect his menace of demolishing the town, so that no one stone should be left on another.—Every house was accordingly burnt or levelled to the ground, which was then strewn with salt, as an accursed spot, on which no man was to build thereafter. A royal decree to that effect was soon afterwards published; and the village of straggling houses which, undefended by a wall, still clusters around the base of the hill, in the gardens occupied by Padilla, is all that now serves to remind the traveler of the once flourishing and strongly fortified city of Galera.—Prescott's Philip II.

The Black Cat.

[Translated from the Gazette des Tribunaux for the instruction and benefit of note-sharers, money-lenders, usurers, brokers, &c.]

In the village of Carnot, in the neighborhood of Lorient, there lived a few years ago a poor widow by the name of Ruperch. She cultivated a small farm, for which she paid a yearly rent of 225 francs, and the proceeds of which afforded her a scanty living. At that time she was in want of 10 francs, and borrowed them and repaid them punctually. Some weeks later she borrowed again 60 francs, in order to purchase a cow. When those 60 francs became due she found it out of her power to repay them out of her earnings, and borrowed the money of somebody else, who charged her a very high rate of interest. The heavy obligation which she incurred by this transaction did not trouble her mind much; she took it easy, having discovered that in order to get along, and perpetuate this situation, it was sufficient to borrow larger and larger sums, and to repay capital and interest by the proceeds of new loans. She took this course with a will, and continued in it for ten years with uncommon success.

Her very neighbors, who had been her first lenders, commenced soon to build up a strange reputation for her. As they always and regularly received back the sums they had lent her, with big interest, they offered new loans on their own own accord, and spread the report that the widow Ruperch borrowed of everybody, never refused an offer of money, settled promptly, and paid large interest. It did not take long before the widow Ruperch was spared the necessity of making a step across her threshold in order to obtain money; the accommodators flocked in spontaneously, uncalled for, and brought sums, which grew larger and larger. At that time, the interest charged was 5 per cent. a month; at a later period, lenders took as much as 10 per cent. a month.

Now, you ask, how could this poor woman inspire her numerous clients with any confidence? It is really hard to tell. A part of them seem to have been seduced by a ridiculous superstition. They believed that the women were in possession of the black cat. The common people in France believe that the black cat is the money-devil, and a full cousin of the supreme devil himself, and that he who owns it can command as much money as he pleases, and has it in his power to make his friends as rich as he wishes them to be. So the few words, "She has the black cat," were a sufficient explanation of the loans she made, and the interest she paid, and quieted every misgiving. It appears that the widow carefully nursed this stupid credulity. It is true, that her cat was white and not black; but on the other hand, when interrogated, she never denied its magic powers, and did not even object to being called "the black cat" herself. Whenever she received a loan, she made it a point to pay a month's interest in advance at the rate of from 60 to 120 per cent. a year; but she always took care to take this interest-money out of a particular bag, which lay invariably under the cover at the foot of her bed, and this manoeuvre, of course, confirmed the belief that she drew money from a secret source.

Other lenders, strong-minded free-thinkers, who had no faith in the black cat story, believed firmly that the widow was connected with a powerful company, or that the money borrowed by her went to the Government, and was used in the public works. The widow never contradicted these reports; she even spoke several times of "her partners," but, on being asked what line of business she was engaged in, she constantly answered, "That is my secret." The excitement of the lenders was kept going, principally by the interest; it was natural for them not to insist upon the discovery of the secret of a borrower, who