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 42.] COLUMBIA, PENNSYLVNIA, SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 19, 1860. [WHOLE NUMBER 1,552.

PUSBLIHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING

Office in Carpet Hall, North-west corner of Front and Locust streets:

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" " " if not paid within three months from commencement of the year, 2 00

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DR. HOFFER,

DENTIST.—OFFICE, Front Street 4th door from Locust, over Saylor & McDonald's Book store Columbia, Pa. ☞Entrance, between the Book and Dr. Herr's Drug Store. [August 21, 1858

THOMAS WELSH,

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Columbia, Pa. OFFICE, in Whipper's New Building, below Black's Hotel, Front street. ☞Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to his care. November 23, 1857.

H. M. NORTH,

ATTORNEY ND COUNSEOR AT LAW. Columbia, Pa. Collections promptly made, in Lancaster and York Counties. Columbia, May 4, 1850.

J. W. FISHER,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

Columbia, Pa.

Columbia, September 6, 1856-tf

S. Atlee Bockius, D. D. S.

PRACTICES the Operative, Surgical and Mechanical Departments of Dentistry. OFFICE—Locust street, between the Franklin House and Post Office, Columbia, Pa May 7 1859.

TOMATO PILLS.—Extract of Tomatoes; a cathartic and Tonic. For sale at J. S. DELLETT & CO'S Dec 3,'59. Golden Mortar Drug Store.

IMPORTED Lubin's, also, Glenn's Double Extracts, for the handkerchief, at HARRY GREEN'S, Feb. 19, '59. Opposite Colu. Bridge, Front St.

BROOMS.—100 Doz. Brooms, at Wholesale or Retail, at H. PFAHLER'S, Dec. 12, 1857. Locust street.

SINE'S Compound of Syrup of Tar, Wild Cherry and Hoarhound, for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, Croup, &c. For sale at McCORKLE & DELLETT'S Family Medicine Store, Odd Fellows' Hall October 23, 1858.

Patent Steam Wash Boilers.

THESE well known Boilers are kept constantly on hand at HENRY PFAHLER'S, Locust street, opposite the Franklin House. Columbia, July 18, 1857.

Oats for sale by the bushel or larger quantity by B. F. APPOLD, Columbia Dec 25, 1859. Canal Basin.

TOBACCO and Segars of the best brands, wholesale and retail, at BRUNER'S Ja 29.

JUST in store, a fresh lot of Brenig & Frembold's celebrated Vegetable Cattle Powder, and for sale by R. WILLIAMS, Sept. 17, 1859. Front street, Columbia

Soap.

25 Boxes of Duffey Brown Soap on hand and for sale low at the corner of Third and Union Sts. August 6, 1859.

Suffer no longer with Corns.

AT the Golden Mortar Drug Store you can procure an article which is warranted to remove Corns in 48 hours, without pain or soreness.

Fly Pape .

A SUPERIOR article of Fly Paper, for the destruction of Flies, &c., has just been received at the Drug Store of R WILLIAMS, Front street. Columbia, July 30, 1859.

Harrison's Columbian Ink.

WHICH is a superior article, permanently black, and not corroding the pen, can be had in any quantity, at the *Family Medicine Store, and blacker* yet is that English Boot Polish. Columbia, June 9, 1859

On Hand.

MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup, which will greatly facilitate the process of teething by reducing inflamation, allaying pain, spasmodic action, &c., in very short time. For sale by R. WILLIAMS, Sept. 17, 1859. Front street, Columbia.

REDDING & CO'S Russia Salve! This extremely popular remedy for the cure of external ailments is now for sale by R. WILLIAMS, Front st., Columbia. Sept. 24, 1859.

SALT by the Sack or Bushel, and Potatoes in large or small quantities, for sale at the Corner of Third and Union streets. [Jun. 8, '59

FRANGIPANNI Extracts and Soaps, an everlasting perfume, at HARRY GREEN'S, Feb. 19, '59. Opposite Colu. Bridge, Front St.

CISTERN PUMPS.

THE subscriber has a large stock of Cistern Pumps and Rams, to which he calls the attention of the public. He is prepared to put them up for use in a substantial and enduring manner. H. PFAHLER, December 12, 1857. Locust street.

FANCY TOILET SOAPS.

THE finest assortment of Fancy Toilet Soaps, ever offered to Columbians, at HARRY GREEN'S, Feb 19, '59. Opposite Colu. Bridge, Front St.

COLOGNE WATER by the pint, quart or gallon Glenn's Extracts for the handkerchief by the ounce or pound, or in any quantity to suit purchaser's taste. HARRY GREEN'S, Feb. 19, '59. Opposite Colu. Bridge, Front St.

Just Received and For Sale,

200 Bbls. Ground Plaster; 50 bbls. Extra Family Flour; 25 bbls. No. 1 Lard Oil of best quality; 300 bus. Ground Alum Salt, by B. F. APPOLD, March 26, '59. No 1 and 2 Canal Basin.

JENKIN'S Celebrated Black and Green Teas, Baker's Cocoa and Chocolate, at Corner of Third and Union streets. [Nov. 20,'59.

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

NEW CROP SEEDLESS RAISINS.

THE best for Pies, Pudding, &c.—a fresh supply at H SUYDAM'S Grocery Store, Corner Front and Union sts. Nov. 19, 1859.

Seedless Raisins!

A LOT of very choice Seedless Raisins, just received, at S. F. EMERLEIN'S Nov. 19, '59. Grocery Store, No. 71, Locust st.

SHAKER CORN.

JUST received, a first rate lot of Shaker Corn. H. SUYDAM'S Grocery Store, corner Front and Union st. Nov. 26, 1859.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE.—The want of such an article is felt in every family, and now it can be supplied; for mending furniture, china-ware, ornamental work, toys, &c., there is nothing superior. We have found it useful in repairing many articles which have been useless for months. You can try it at the FAMILY MEDICINE STORE. Jan 28m.it

Poetry.

Love's Young Dream—Nowadays.

Oh tell me not that distant seas
Roll wide between me and my lover;
For he, I'm sure, is at his ease—
And I'm in clover.

And don't tell me that foreign parts
Will ever make me, dear, forget him;
Nor will he take to breaking hearts,
Unless I let him.

He writes to me by every post.
And every post takes back my answer;
He writes of muffins, sleighs, and frost—
I of my dancer.

So don't tell me that I must mope,
While he's in Canada recruiting;
He's neither Bishop, Saint, nor Pope,
And fond of shooting.

I wish you'd write to him some day,
How very badly I'm behaving.
He'd send back word at once to say
He thought you raving.

He likes my going to a ball,
And talking German with Lord Rowan.
D'you think that, out at Montreal,
He flirts with no one?

Ah! you don't know him. I must own
I've seen you flirt, my pretty cousin,
But Willy soon would flirt you down,
And several dozen.

Don't talk such sentimental stuff;
You breath as if I were a baby;
As Willy says, "I'm not a muff,"
Nor he "a gaby."

I know he's very fond of me—
I know I'm very fond of Willy;
And as to doubts and jealousy,
We're not so silly.

We both intend to have our fun,
And then to marry one another;
And, as the music is begun,
Pray no more bother.

[*Blackwood's Magazine.*

To Goldenhair.

FROM HORACE.

Ah! Pyrrha—tell me, whose the happy lot
Too woo thee on a couch of lavish rose—
Who, bath'd in odorous dews, in his fond arms encloses
Thee, in some happy grot?

For whom those nets of golden-gloried hair
Dost thou entwine in cunning carelessness?
Alas, poor boy! Who thee, in fond belief, caresses,
Deeming thee wholly fair!

How oft shall he thy fickleness bemoan,
When fair to you shall change—and he, unskillful
In pilotage, behold s—with tempests wildly wilful—
The happy calm o'erflown!

He, who now hopes that thou wilt ever prove
All void of *care*, and full of fond endearing,
Knows not that vanes more than zephyrs ever-veering
The fickle breath of love.

Ah! hapless he, to whom, like seas untried,
Thou seemest fair! That my sea-going's ended
My votive tablet proves, to those dark gods suspended
Who o'er the waves pre-side.

[*Cornhill Magazine.*

Rose Elmer;

OR, A DIVIDED HEART AND A DIVIDED LIFE.

BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH.

It was early on the morning of a lovely day in June, A. D. 1800, that a rather large *group of idlers* gathered in front of the Etheridge Arms, a quaint old tavern, in the ancient little town of Swinburne, in the west of England.

By their looks and conversation it was evident that some event of unusual importance was expected to come off.

They were, in fact, awaiting the arrival of the mail coach, which was to bring down Colonel Hastings, and his son Albert, who was the bridegroom elect of Lady Etheridge, Baroness of Swinburne, the last of her race, and sole heiress of the immense wealth and vast estates of her lordly ancestors.

The nuptials were to be celebrated on the following day; and the retainers and neighbors of the noble bride, who almost worshipped her for her goodness of heart, were anxious to see the man who was to be their beloved "lady's" husband.

They had not long to wait. The coach soon came thundering up to the door; and as soon as the steps were let down by the obsequious landlord, Colonel Hastings, issued forth. He was an elderly gentleman, tall, spare, and stooping; was clothed in a suit of clerical black; and his pale, thin, long face was surrounded by hair and whiskers prematurely gray. He was closely attended by his secretary—Ferdinand Cassinove—an Italian, of such graceful mien and dignified bearing, that he might have been taken for a prince of the blood attended by an old gentleman in waiting.

Next came forth a young gentleman, whose handsome person and haughty manner at once attracted general attention.—His form was tall, and finely proportioned, crowned by a haughty head and face, with high aquiline features, fair and fresh complexion, light blue eyes, and very light, flaxen hair. His expression of countenance, in keeping with his whole manner, was stern almost to repellant severity. Great beauty of person, with great dignity of manner, forms a combination very attractive to most young women, and perhaps it was this that fascinated the young heiress of Swinburne Castle, for this was Albert Hastings, the bridegroom elect. He was followed into the house by his valet, bearing his dressing-case.

After a slight repast, Colonel Hastings, attended by Cassinove, drove off to the castle to have a preliminary interview with Lady Etheridge, (who was his ward.) and arrange the marriage settlements. On arriving at the lordly castle, Cassinove was shown into a sitting-room, while the colonel proceeded to the library, whither his ward was requested to come to meet him.

As the young Italian paced up and down the room, occasionally pausing before a full length mirror, which reflected the spacious window (reaching from ceiling to floor) and the picturesque landscape beyond, suddenly, among the roses outside, glided a purple-draped female figure, that immediately rivetted his attention. It was a woman in the earliest bloom of youth. As young Cassinove gazed upon her reflected image, as he never gazed upon *her*, he felt as though a goddess had suddenly descended among the flowers. Her form was above the medium hight, and well rounded. Her head was finely formed, and covered with a profusion of jet black, glittering hair, that was plainly parted over her broad, expansive forehead, and swept around the temples, and wound into a rich and massive knot at the back of the head. *Her eyes were large, luminous,* dark gray orbs, that seemed, whenever the long veil of lashes was lifted, to throw a light wherever they glanced. Her nose was straight and well formed, her lips rounded, and, like all the rest, full of character. In the carriage of her head and neck, and in her stately footsteps, there was a certain natural majesty that, even in a peasant's *dress, would* have proved her one of Nature's queens.

The impression made upon the enthusiastic heart of Ferdinand Cassinove was at once vivid, deep, and strong—quick as sun-painting, permanent as sculpture. *He* saw this goddess of the intellectual brow and stately step open the window and advance into the room, and as she approached him he felt his whole frame thrill with a strange emotion of blended pain and delight. He dreaded to move, yet, as the needle turns to the magnet, he felt himself turning from the reflected image to face the original.—He stood before that queenly form, and met *those large, luminous, dark eyes* fixed upon him in royal graciousness, as she said—

"You are Colonel Hasting's secretary, I believe, sir. Pray sit down. You will find the London papers on that table."—And with a graceful bow, the lady passed him, and seated herself on a sofa at the extremity of the room, took up a portfolio, and was soon deeply engaged with its contents.

After the profound bow with which he had returned her courtesy, Ferdinand Cassinove remained motionless where she had left him. But ten minutes had elapsed *since she had glided in among the flowers,* and passed him like a vision seen in some beautiful dream. But ten minutes, and life, the world, himself, were all changed for Ferdinand Cassinove. *He fell, from that moment, that his fate must take its character for good or evil from the will of that royal-looking woman.*

In the midst of the pleasing pain of his dream the door opened, and a gray-haired servant entered softly, and stepping across the room to where the lady sat, and speaking in the low, subdued tone in which royal personages are addressed said—

"My lady, Colonel Hasting's respects, and he awaits your ladyship in the library."

"Very well, Williams; go and say to Colonel Hastings that I will attend him immediately," answered the lady, rising.

This queenly woman, then, was Laura, Baroness Etheridge of Swinburne! For ever and for ever unattainable by him! Oh, despair! His castle in the air tumbled all about him, and buried all his hopes and aspirations in its fall.

"After greeting Colonel Hastings, on her entering the library, Lady Etheridge took a parchment from a drawer in the centre *table, and handed it to her gaurdian.* On examining the document, the colonel found it to be a deed of gift, absolute, of her entire magnificent estate, to Albert Hastings, her intended husband. The colonel pretended much surprise, and refused to accept the deed, alleging that such an act might give rise to unpleasant criticism.

"Oh, colonel Hastings! there can be no question of mine and thine between me and Albert. The deed of gift that transfers all my possessions to my future husband is made out; let it be executed. He shall then never be jealous of his wife's riches, *for she will come to him as poor as a cottage girl,"* exclaimed Lady Etheridge, with a pure devotion of love flushing her cheek and lighting her eyes.

After protesting somewhat farther against such *noble* generosity, the colonel allowed himself to be persuaded to accept the deed, and called in Cassinove to witness its execution in due form. The poor secretary could scarcely hold the pen which the colonel handed him, so great was his agitation. His employer could not help remarking upon the unusually poor signature which the Italian affixed, as witness, to the deed; *but little did the colonel or baroness know the terrible passions that were seething in the secretary's soul, or the important results that they were destined to bring about.*

We will now return to the bridegroom elect, whom we left at the Swinburne Arms.

Colonel Hastings had scarcely left the room ere Mr. Albert Hastings arose, stretched himself with a weary yawn, and began to pace thoughtfully up and down the floor, murmuring—

"Men think me a very fortunate and happy man; and, doubtless, an unusual number of good gifts have been showered upon me by the favor of the *blind goddess*—not the least among them would be esteemed the hand of this wealthy young baroness, my bride expectant. Well, we cannot have everything we want in this world, else, sweet Rose Elmer only should be the wife of Albert Hastings. Poor girl! she little dreams that the man who has wooed her, under the name of William Lovel, is really Albert Hastings, the envied bridegroom, of the high-born Lady Etheridge of Swinburne. It cannot be helped. I cannot pause for lady's right, or maiden's honor. Here, then, for a divided life; my hand to the lady of Swinburne—my heart to the lovely cottage girl; only Lady Etheridge must never know of Rose Elmer and William Lovel, nor must Rose Elmer know Lady Etheridge and Albert Hastings. And now to persuade Rose to go before me into Wales, where myself and my lady-bride are to spend our honey-moon."

And so saying, he took his hat, and strolled out into the street.

Taking a course opposite to that which led to Swinburne Castle, Albert Hastings soon came to a cross-country road, which he followed for some two miles, and then turning into a by-path, he went *on until he* came to a secluded and lovely cottage.—Opening the door of this elegant retreat with a latch-key, he passed in. It was a lovely abode, fit for the home of a fairy. And for a fairy Albert Hastings had had it furnished. The fairy's name was Rose Elmer, and she was the daughter of the village laundress.—Albert had accidentally met her on one of his visits to the castle, and, as his soliloquy, given above, shows, had fallen desperately in love with her; and, under the assumed name of William Lovel, had won the beautiful and innocent maiden's heart.

He had had the cottage furnished, and was that morning to meet Rose there, where they had so often met, by appointment.—Rose came at last; and as soon as the first joyous greetings were over, the intriguing lover set to work to persuade her to consent to a secret marriage, as he well knew, by a thousand tests of character, that he could never gain his purpose unless Rose believed herself to be his wife. His task was a hard one; but he finally succeeded, by promising that she should stay with her mother just the same, as long as she lived.

This was not at all that Mr. Hastings wished, but neither logic nor eloquence could convince or persuade Rose Elmer to desert her ailing mother; and upon no other condition than that of being allowed to remain with her would she consent to the secret marriage.

And, finally, he obtained a promise from Rose that she would meet him at the cottage that same night, where, by a previous arrangement, his confidential servant, disguised as a clergyman, was to be in attendance to preform the marriage ceremony. After which Rose should return to her mother, to remain during the few weeks of his absence in Wales, whither, he said, important business forced him. This agreed upon, they took leave of each other for a few hours, and returned to the village by different routes. Mr. Hastings went to his inn, and summoned his confidential servant to his presence. And Rose Elmer, full of hope and joy, turned down the street leading to her mother's cottage.

When Rose entered the house, there was a smoldering fire in the grate, and beside this fire, in an old arm chair, sat a female, whom no one would have passed without a second look. She was a woman of commanding presence. Her form was tall, and must once have been finely rounded; but now it was worn thin, almost to skeleton meagreness. Her features were nobly chiselled, and might once have been grandly beautiful, but now they were sunken and emaciated as those of death. Under her broad and prominent forehead, and heavy black eyebrows, shone a pair of large, dark-gray eyes, that burned fiercely with the fires of fever or *of frenzy. Her jet black hair, slightly* streaked with silver, was half covered with a red handkerchief, tied beneath her chin, and partly fallen in elf locks down one side of her face. A rusty black gown and shawl completed her dress.

As the door opened, admitting Rose, she turned quickly in her chair, fixing her eyes with a look of fierce inquiry upon the intruder.

"How are you now, mother dear? I hope you feel in better spirits?" said Rose laying off her bonnet, and coming to the woman's side.

"Better. Where have you been? I have wanted you.

"I have been—taking a walk through the woods, dear mother; and see, here are some wild strawberries I picked for you on my return. Will you eat them?" said Rose, offering her little basket.

"No; I want none of them. You care little for me."

"Mother, don't say that. You do not know how much I love you."

"Hush, girl, you have little cause—oh!

And the woman suddenly struck her hand upon her heart, dropped her head upon her breast, *and seemed convulsed by some great* agony. Her features worked frightfully, her frame shuddered.

"Mother! mother! what is the matter?" exclaimed Rose, throwing her arms around the woman in great alarm.

"It is—past," grasped the woman, breathing with great difficulty.

"What was it, dear?"

"A spasm. It is gone."

"Oh, mother, will it return?"

"Perhaps."

"Let me run for a neighbor, or the doctor."

"Nay, you must run *somewhere else!*—To-morrow, Laura—Lady Etheridge of Swinburne, weds with Albert Hastings, of Hastings Hall. It is so, is it not.

"Surely, dear mother, the village is full of the wedding, and talks of nothing else.—The village children have been employed all day in bearing flowers to decorate the castle church, and to strew in the path of the bride as she comes—they love her so well."

"Yes, she is a high and mighty lady; yet, sweet and gracious as becomes one so exalted. Come hither, girl, kneel down before me, so that I may take your face between my hands!" said the woman, growing more strange in her talk.

Rose obeyed, and her mother, bowing her own stern, dark face, shut that of the girl between her hands, and gazed upon it wistfully, critically, murmuring—

"Fair face, delicate features, complexion pure as the inside of a conch-shell, white, and flushed with red; hair like fine yellow silk, and eyes blue and clear as those of infancy; hands, small and elegant. I have not let poverty spoil your beauty, have I my child?"

"No, dear mother, you have let kindness *more likely spoil me,"* said Rose, in simple wonder, at her words.

"I have not let your person grow coarse with hard work, have I dear?"

"No, mother; notwithstanding that I ought to have worked with you, and for you."

"Your hands have never been roughened by helping me in the laundry?"

"No, mother; though they ought to have been."

"Nor have your sweet eyes been spoiled by needle-work?"

"No, good mother; I have been as useless as a fine lady, to my shame."

"And I have worked hard to save you from work, and to pay for your schooling, have I not?"

"Dear mother, you have! You have been *the best mother in the world, and only* too good to me. But I will try to repay you."

"Think of all that to-morrow, child; *and when all the country around shudders at my crime, when all the people call down imprecations upon my name,* do not *you* curse one who has nourished you at her bosom, when that bosom is cold in death," said the woman, solemnly.

"Oh! she is mad! mad!" exclaimed Rose, in dismay, at hearing these words; then lowering her voice, she said, "Mother! mother! try to collect yourself! It is I your poor daughter Rose, that kneels before you. Do you not know me?"

"Ay, I know you well, and I know what I say," repeated the woman, solemnly.

"Mother! oh, why do you talk so wildly? It is very dreadful! But you are not well! —let me go for some one."

"Yes, you must go for some one. You must go to the castle this afternoon," said the woman *in the same tone of deep gravity.*

"To the castle! I, mother!" exclaimed Rose, in surprise.

"Yes, you must go to the castle; and when you get their, ask to see her who calls herself Lady Etheridge."

"The baroness! Dear mother, why does your thoughts so run upon the baroness?—What is she to us? Besides, is it likely that she will see me, a poor girl, a perfect stranger, this day of all others, when she sees on one?"

"Hush, Rose! and for once obey one *whom you have so long looked upon* as your mother. It will be the last time I will ask you to do so. Demand to be admitted to the presence of the baroness. Say that you have come upon a matter of life and death, that nearly concerns her ladyship; insist, and she will not venture to refuse you.—When you stand before Lady Etheridge, say that her old nurse, Magdalene Elmer——"

"Her nurse, mother! You Lady Etheridge's nurse! I never knew that before!" interrupted Rose, in surprise.

"There are many things that you never knew, my child. But attend! Say to the baroness that Magdalene Elmer is dying!"

"Dying! Oh, mother, do not say so! it is very cruel! You are not sick in bed—you are sitting up! You are not old either, but have many years of life before you!"

"Child, hear my words, but do not judge them! Say to Lady Etheridge that Magdalene Elmer, her dying nurse, prays—nay, demands—to see her this night! Tell her that *I have a confession to make that she must hear to-night or never!* Conjure her by all she holds dear on earth! by all her hopes of Heaven! by all her fears of hell! to come to me to-night! Tell her *if she would escape the heaviest curse that could darken a woman's life,* to come to me to-night! to come to me at once! There; get on your bonnet, and go!"

The above is all of this story that will be published in our columns. The continuation of it from where it leaves off here can be found only in the New York Ledger, the great family paper, which is for sale at all the stores throughout the city and country, where papers are sold. Remember and ask *for the New York Ledger of May 26,* and in it you will find the continuation of the story from where it leaves off here.

The Ledger is mailed to subscribers at $2 a year, or two copies for $3. Address your letters to Robert Bonner, publisher, 40 Park Row, New York. It is the handsomest and best family paper in the country, elegantly illustrated, and characterized by a high moral tone.

Selections.

Seventeen-Year Locust.

Dr. Asa Fitch, of New York, who has made Entomology a profession, *gives the following description of the seventeen-year locust in the Country Gentleman:*

It is already circulating in the newspapers that this is the year for the appearance of the seventeen year locusts. And the terms in *which this announcement is currently made,* designating it as "unpleasant news," "the locust plague," "this curse of the *farmer,"* &c., forcibly illustrate the misapprehensions which inevitably result from having a thing *incorrectly named.*

Most intelligent persons are aware that the locust proper is an insect which in this country would be termed a grasshopper. The two names, locust and grasshopper, are perfectly *synonymous. And the most common kinds of* these insects, in various parts of the world, are liable to become *excessively multiplied* in particular years, whereby their food in their native districts is so much consumed that they are in danger of perishing *from starvation.*—To avoid this, as soon as their wings are grown, they are accustomed to gather themselves together in flocks or swarms, and after exercising themselves in short flights for a few days, *they take wing in a body, and migrate to dis*tant countries. When thus on the wing, a swarm of locusts appears like a cloud passing over the face of the sky; and their numbers have sometimes been so immense as to darken *the sun at noon-day so totally that trees or* buildings at the distance of a stone's throw could not be discerned. And wo to the spot where they alight! Every vestige of vegetation there is speedily devoured, insomuch that *a landscape which one day is arrayed in all* the rich verdure of summer, is the next day a *blackened,* dismal waste, appearing as though fire had passed over it. History records instances in which whole provinces have been *suddenly depopulated from* this cause, the only alternative of the inhabitants to escape perishing from famine, having been to instantly forsake their homes, and scatter themselves into the surrounding countries. In all ages of *the world, the invasion of a swarm of locusts* has justly been regarded as one of the most direful calamities which could possibly befall a country.

It is easy to perceive how this terrific name *locust came to be given* these comparatively innocent and innocuous insects which are now to revisit us within a few weeks. The first European settlers of this country, some years after they arrived there, were no doubt greatly *surprised and alarmed on discovering* that the woods all around them were of a sudden thronged with these insects, the din of their notes resounding on every side so loud and discordant as to drown the human voice. As *no such insects* had been seen, and no such song had been heard in any previous year, it might well be inferred that they had never been in the neighborhood before, consequently that they were a swarm of locusts, of a kind *peculiar, perhaps,* to this country, which had come from some other part of the continent and alighted there, was the most intelligent and plausible opinion which could be formed in the premises. And in further confirmation of this opinion was the fact that these insects were edible, the Indians gathering and slightly roasting them for this purpose. Thus, in the first account of them which is extant, written in 1715, by Rev. Andrew Sandel, of Philadelphia, we are told: "The Indians also did eat them after a previous slight roasting. From this it is probable that they are of the same kind with those eaten by John the Baptist."

Now that we know they are not locusts, but belong to a wholly different order of insects, it is certainly desirable that this name should be discarded as it will always continue to give the erroneous idea which we see it occasioning at the present time. As we have *no English word for designating insects of this* kind, their latin and scientific term, *cicada,* is the most suitable and convenient term we can give them. That name definitely distinguishes insects of this kind; hence there can be no *mistake as to what is meant when we use it,* as there always will be if we continue to call them locusts. But though its introduction would obviously be an improvement in our language, we can have no confidence it will be adopted and become current, we in this country are so perfectly capricious in *matters* of this kind, sometimes pertinaciously clinging to a name which is universally known to be erroneous, and at other times exchanging a *most appropriate name for one less suitable.*—Thus, in common conversation, we continue to hear the wheat midge called the weevil, whilst another insect, which was formerly and most appropriately designated the plum weevil, is now called the curculio.

Of these insects there are several generations annually, whilst of others there are only a spring and a fall brood. Most species, however, come forth but once each year. Some *of the borers in our fruit and forest trees,* on the other hand are two or three years in getting their growth, they being the longest lived of any insects we customarily meet with. Our American cicada, therefore, is most remarkable in the class of animals to which it belongs, in that it requires seventeen years to complete its growth. To one who is conversant with insects, and is thus familiarized to the fact that they almost invariably mature and perish within a *twelvemonth or less,* it appears passing strange that one of these creatures should have its life prolonged to nearly a score of years. The thought appears almost incredible, that the infant born this *present year* will grow up to the verge of manhood before one of the insects that is coeval with him in its birth, will mature and come abroad for him to behold it. The genius of Lionæus was assuredly under a cloud when *this species first came before him,* else, in his accustomed *felicitous vein, we should have* had, it termed the *Cicada Methuselah.*

The perfect regularity, too, is wonderful, with which these insects all reach maturity at the end of such a long period, whereby the whole brood, numbering many millions of individuals, issue from the ground simultaneously when a particular day arrives, very few of them varying more than twenty-four hours from this time. Thus the woodlands of the whole country side suddenly become vocal, as though the gongs of a company of Chinese musicians were being played in concert therein. It is the males only in this group of insects, that sing—as most readers are aware from the oft-quoted couplet of an ancient poet—the unfortunate husband of a lady, it would appear, from whom the Mrs. Caudle of our own day is a descendant.

Happy are the cicidæ! I ween,
Because they all have voiceless wives.

The northernmost limit to which these insects extend, as I ascertained when they last visited us, in 1834, is at Schuylerville and the vicinity of Fort Miller bridge. From thence, they occur south along the whole valley of the Hudson to its mouth. Along the sea coast, east, they reach to New Haven and ten miles or *more* beyond that city. West, they extend over New Jersey and the southeastern section of Pennsylvania, and from thence they are reported to reach onward, chiefly along the eastern side of the Blue Ridge mountains, through Maryland, Virginia, and the northern part of North Carolina. And what appears to be two detached colonies of this same brood, are said to come abroad, the one at Kalamazoo, in Michigan, the other in Dearborn, the southeastern county of Indianana.

Our information respecting the exact boundaries and extent of the geographical range of these insects is by no means so definite and authentic as is desirable. Wherever they appear this year they will doubtless continue to reappear regularly for centuries to come; hence any statement specifying the localities where they will appear and defining the line to which they reach, will hereafter be recurred to with deep interest by those who come after us.—And as the opportunity will now soon occur for acquiring full information on this subject, I earnestly hope that additions or corrections, which the preceding paragraph may require, will be communicated to the Country Gentleman, or to me by letter. Especially am I desirous of information as to the extent of these insects in our own State, and how far they reach from the Hudson river at different points. They are reported to occur at Amsterdam in Fulton county. But in the year 1826 Prof. Eaton's Rensselaer Institute expedition, returning from Lake Erie, did not meet with these insects anywhere along the Mohawk, untill it reached Cohoes and West Troy, June 10th. There the groves had been thronged with them for some days. Notwithstanding this, they might have been present farther west, in some of the woodlands not adjacent to the city.

Other broods of these insects come out in other years in different parts of the United States. Thus they will occur in 1863 along the Ohio and Mississippi rivers; in 1864 in Western New York and Pennsylvania, and Eastern Ohio; in 1868 from Pennsylvania to Georgia, in 1872 on Long Island and the adjacent coast, and along the Ohio and Mississippi rivers.

I have only space to add briefly that the seventeen-year cicada (*Cicada septendicum* of Linnæus), is a stout, thick-bodied, black *kind* of fly, an inch and a half long, or more, with red eyes, and four transparent or glass-like wings, the veins and rib of which are bright orange yellow. It must not be confounded with the Dogday cicada, (*C. Tipicen,* Linn.—*pruinosa,* Say—*canicularis,* Harris), which appears every year in Harvest time, and has green ribs to its wings.

The cicada makes a slit lengthwise in the small limbs of the oak, apple, and other trees, into which it crowds its eggs. They complete their work and all die and disappear in about a fortnight. The twigs which are wounded by them also perish. The young larvæ which hatch from the eggs in those twigs, drop themselves to the ground, in which they penetrate, and for their food puncture and suck the juices of the roots, probably of grasses and herbaceous plants as well as of trees, hereby injuring and perhaps destroying them, when the true cause of their decline remains wholly unsuspected, from being concealed as it is from view.

Should the reader desire further information respecting these insects, he is *referred to the* account of them which I have given in the Transactions of our State Agricultural Society for the year 1854, page 742.

ASA FITCH.

A Modern Vendetta.

Within the last six months a strange tale has come to the ears of the authorities of Cadiz, in Spain, which if true, is replete with all the gloomy *horrors of* "the Three Spaniards," and proves conclusively that what is sometimes *considered* an evil passion, is often in reality a second, if not a primary nature. "The Vendetta, or revenge to the Death," is a peculiarly Corsican phrase. It is the war which frequently rages between two, or even a larger number of families, often growing out of distorted notions of honor, and sometimes the revival of old family feuds, which for a time have been extinguished by the almost total extermination of the one; or even both factions, and which, after slumbering perhaps for a century, breaks out with redoubled fury and unrelaxing intensity. It is the same Vendetta which, between the years 1359 and 1729, caused 665,000 Corsicans to fall by the assasin's hand; and of these, a moiety absolutely slain—the whole number being over twice that of the present inhabitants, which is computed at about 250, 000. These statistics, which are well vouched for by Filippini and other Corsican historians, are only given that some idea may be formed of what the Vendetta really is in its primal birth-place.

In the year 1832, in the city of Cadiz, a Corsican goatherd, who fled his country, (a charge of insurrectionary and seditions cabal having been lodged in the Perfecture against him,) kept a little shop, from which he peddled the cheaper kinds of laces and ladies' trinkets.—Giacomo was poor, but, it seems, from what little was known of him, strictly honest. He had a son, then some ten years of age, who tended the store, while his father hawked his wares about the city streets. Matters seem to have gone on swimmingly, when rumor intimated that Giacomo—who, it may be added, was still young and handsome—*sold too many* of his gewgaws at the house of the Don Vel S——; and, moreover, consumed more time than is generally necessary in these financial operations. In other words, the Don Vel S—— had the *fortune,* or *misfortune,* as it may be, to own a wife who had been the pride of her native city, in a physiological way, when the Don first saw and wooed her. Of course Vel S—— was as jealous as the old Estramadurian who had done the same thing before him, as Miguel Cervantes tells us; and this inexorable rumor as plainly intimated that Giacomo was no especial friend between man and wife. But whether Giacomo was *proud and stern in his own virtue,* or whether he possessed the requisite amount of impudence, he sold his trinkets as freely and prolonged his visits at the senora's house just as he had always done, and notwithstanding that his neighbors bade him beware of the Don, *if his suspicions should happen* to culminate to any positive conclusion. Still the Corsican only shook his head, with perhaps a smile on his handsome features, and still sold his trinkets, and took his time in so doing.

At length, *one morning* when his little son was tending the store, a lady walked hastily in, and closing the door behind her, dropped a note *before him,* and then passed as hastily out again. It was addressed to the Senor Giacomo *Benventiglo; and bore the rampnant griffin of* the Vel S—— house on the seal. When the hawker of gewgaws returned, he found an invitation to the evening *festatia,* which was to be celebrated on the housetop, as is the usual *custom. He hesitated, however, before* accepting; yet when he remembered that the senora was really the most lovely woman in all *Cadiz,* he locked his doors and taking his boy by the hand, was soon in the presence of the *company. To be sure their garments were* coarse and well-worn; but there is a certain bold, wild pencilling about the Corsican face, which needs none of the more delicate adornments to render it pleasing to the general eye. Why *he should be an invited guest to a family* gathering, hitherto conservative, he did not wait to conjecture, and so, when the Don in person bade them sit, he did so expecting nothing else than an immediate order for all the *trinkets he possessed, with, perhaps, a few* doubloons for his trouble.

The sequel, however, probably disappointed him.

The wife of Vel S—— commenced with a *rather ornate account of the various rumors* with which Cadiz had been lately rife, which she requested him to disprove in the presence of her nearest kin, who were there assembled. With this Giacomo complied to the best of his *ability. The lady looked with a smile toward* her husband; but Vel S——frowned. It was a dull writhing of the black, busy brows—a feverish closing of the eyes beneath, but he neither moved nor spoke.

"*You see," said the donna, gloomily, "you* see, Signor Giacomo, that your trinkets, and my charity, have wrought my ruin!"

"How," asked the Corsican; "does your husband disbelieve us both? What further can I *say or do?"*

"Take your boy to the room beneath and I will tell you."

Giacomo did as requested, and when he returned, the donna had drawn a stool to the *very eaves, and bade him seat himself upon it.*

"My husband insists that I love you more than he," she says, slowly, with her dark eyes fixed on his own; "but I shall satisfy him."

The boy in the room below was startled by the *sound of a struggle, and a quick stamping* of feet. His mind drank in the instantaneous thought that his father was in peril; and with true Corsican spirit, he wrenched open the door and sped up to the roof.

He was *in time to witness all! The Pythoness* had fixed her fingers with a giant clutch on his father's throat, and hurled him headlong to a certain and fearful death upon the tessellated pavement of the court below.

It was *truly a Spanish mode of regaining* the love of a husband, who, throughout the entire struggle, which had lasted for moments, had stood by, with folded arms, a witness of the deed which was to heal his wounded honor.

The *young Giacomo fled, with the groans* of the crushed and broken man still ringing in his ears.

One week from that night, the Carnival was celebrated in Cadiz. Among the group of ogres and harlequins thronging the broad Alamanda, a man, in rich, melodramatic costume, stood pelting the balconied ladies with egg shells, filled with fragrant waters. In the height of feverish excitement and pleasure, a shot is heard; the caballero falls shot through the brain, and just beyond the market place, with a smoking carbine nearly of his own size clasped in his tiny hands, a boy is seen stealing away towards the city gates.

They raise the fallen man, and tear off the mask. It is the Don Vel S——. He is dead.

Through the following six and twenty years, the same red hand appears to have slain no less than fourteen of the immediate kin of the Don; and the assassin, notwithstanding the efforts of the authorities, still eludes their vigilance. The Donna seems to have entertained frequent fears for her own safety, and offered an almost fabulous reward for his detection and punishment. The authorities seem to have gone so far as to pronounce the civil ban of outlawry upon the murderer, giving all men authority to slay him at sight; but until within some six months since, their efforts seem to have been unavailing.

During all this period, the unhappy Donna gave way to paroxsyms, of fury described as of the