

THE COLUMBIA SPY.

SAMUEL WRIGHT, Editor and Proprietor.

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

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DR. HOFFER,
DENTIST—OFFICE, Front Street 4th door
from Locust, over Taylor & McLean's
Columbia, Pa. Entrance, same as Jolly's,
Photograph Gallery. August 27, 1859.

THOMAS WELSH,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Columbia, Pa.
Office, in Wallace'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 AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
Collections promptly made in Lancaster and York
counties, Pa.
Columbia, Pa. August 1, 1859.

J. W. FISHER,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
Columbia, Pa.
Columbia, September 10, 1859.

R. ALLEN BOKHUS, D. D. S.
PRACTICES the Operative, Surgical and Mechan-
ical Departments of Dentistry.
Office, Locust street, between the Franklin House
and Post Office, Columbia, Pa.
May 7, 1859.

Harrison's Columbian Ink.
A superior article, permanent black,
and of a coloring the pen can be had in any
quantity in the United States, and is the best
that England has ever produced.
Columbia, Pa. August 1, 1859.

DR. CUTLER'S Improved Chest Expanding
Pump—rescues the sufferer from the
fatal effects of the most violent
croup, whooping cough, and
all other diseases of the
throat and lungs.
Columbia, Pa. August 1, 1859.

Prof. Gardner's Soap.
We have the New England Soap for those who
did not obtain it from the "soap plant" in its
natural state, and who take pleasure in
washing their faces with it, for it is
the most perfect soap for the face, and
the most perfect for the family.
Columbia, Pa. August 1, 1859.

CRANHAM, or Bond's Boston Crackers,
for sale by
J. W. FISHER, Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
Columbia, Pa.
Columbia, Pa. August 1, 1859.

SPALDIN'S PREPARED GLUE—The want of
such a valuable article is felt in every family,
and it can be supplied for a very small
sum. It is the best for mending
furniture, clothing, and
all other articles of wood,
and is the most perfect for
the purpose.
Columbia, Pa. August 1, 1859.

IRON AND STEEL!
The Subscriber has received a New and Large
Stock of all kinds of
BAR IRON AND STEEL!
They are constantly supplied with stock in his branch
of the business, and will be sold at the lowest
rates, and in the most prompt manner.
Columbia, Pa. August 1, 1859.

ARTIST'S COLORS. A general ass
ortment of colors in
various shades, and
of the most perfect
quality.
Columbia, Pa. August 1, 1859.

DR. CUTLER'S Compound Syrup of Iodine
and
Wild Cherry, for
the cure of
Croup, Whooping
Cough, and
all other
diseases of the
throat and
lungs.
Columbia, Pa. August 1, 1859.

YER'S Compound Concentrated Extract
Sarsaparilla for the cure of
Scrofula, King's
Evil, and all
other diseases
of the blood.
Columbia, Pa. August 1, 1859.

Poetry.

Gone.
A silent, odor-taken air,
From heavy branches dripping rain;
A crowd of daisies, with fair
That upward turn their faces calm,
So ripe, a bird alone may dare
To stir their rapture with its psalm.
So falls the perfect day of June,
To moan the eve from dewy dawn;
With light winds rustling through the noon,
And concessions to the west-ward
In blinding light, the sun goes down,
And faintly their hearts cry every lawn.

The wide content of summer's bloom,
The peaceful glory of its prime,
Yet over all a brooding gloom,
A desolation born of time,
An distant storm-caps tower and loom
And 'round the sun with heights sublime.
For they are vanished from the trees,
And vanished from the throbbing leaves,
Whose tender tones thrilled every breeze,
And sped with wings the flying hours;
No form nor shape my eye sees,
No faithful spirit haunts these bowers.

Alone, alone, in sun or dew,
One fled to heaven of earth's afraid,
And one to earth, with eyes afloat,
And lips of faltering passion, stray,
Nor shall these things leaves that fade,
On any bough these leaves that fade.

Long summer-days shall come and go,
No summer brings the dead again,
I listen for that voice's dew,
And ache at heart with deepening pain;
And one fair face no more I know,
Still living sweet, but sweet in vain.

[Atlantic Monthly.]

Selections.

The Broken Cup.

All the large cities of Europe possess some samples of the products of the rich manufactory of Sevres. One of the most precious of these specimens was to be found some years ago, at Venice, in the palace of the Countess Erminia D. This was a breakfast service of old Sevres, of soft, pale color, composed of eight pieces; a salver, a coffee-pot, a cream pitcher, a sugar-dish, and two cups and saucers, adapted to what is called a breakfast tete-a-tete.

This breakfast service was a marvel of taste and elegance—a masterpiece, admissible at once for its elegance of shape, for its richness of ornament, and for the exquisite charm and incomparable merit of its paintings. Each piece bore the marks of its origin, the date of its fabrication, and the signatures of its makers. The origin was indicated by blue on the reverse of the pieces. A double J, placed between the two S's, indicated the date of 1797. Lastly, certain well-known signs proved that the celebrated artists of the time had executed the divers paintings which contribute in ornamenting works of Ceramic, and which were all united in the specimen. The models of the pieces had been designed by Lagrange; Larocche had painted the arabesque; Sioux the flowers; Castel the birds. The land, seaports of the medallions were Evans', and the figures Asselin's and Pithou's.

The Countess Erminia had received this set of porcelain as a legacy from one of her uncles, who had bought it at Paris during the Revolution—proceeds of the pillages that took place at that disastrous epoch, of the houses of the upper classes. Among the artistic treasures which the fair Venetian possessed, this one was the object of her predilection.

piece, so that the loss could not be concealed. "I will arrange that," said the Count, "and I will find the match to the cup I destroyed, if I have to go search for it myself at the manufactory at Sevres!" "That is the best thing you can do," dryly answered the Countess. "Go, then, right away."

"I have a better project to propose. We shall go together. We will make a voyage to Paris immediately after our marriage." "Don't talk to me of marriage!" cried the Countess, whose irritation was at its height; "I will not marry you until you shall have brought me my cup!"

The Count tried to have this too severe sentence revoked, but his prayers were vain. The fair Venetian was absolute in her will, especially when it was whimsical and exorbitant. Submission was inevitable; and the young Count, disappointed as are all Italian lovers, undertook the voyage which had been imposed upon him.

He took the surviving cup for comparison, carefully surrounding it with many folds of wadding, and solidly enclosing the whole in an iron-bound box, that it might have nothing to fear from a jolt or fall.

The Count had no idea of having a cup made at Sevres to match the one he had destroyed. He well knew that was impossible, and that neither the ancient marks, the dates, nor the signatures of the artists could be reproduced. Neither was it a counterfeit he wished, nor an imitation, good or bad; but he hoped that the manufactory might have formerly fabricated several pieces similar to the one he desired, that these might still remain some in their possession which he could easily obtain, and, at all events, he was provided with warm recommendations to smooth all difficulties.

So he arrived at Paris, full of hope, and proceeded immediately to Sevres and showed his cup.

They did not have the match to sell him, but they informed him that two similar sets had been made by order of Queen Marie Antoinette, who had given them to two of her favorites, Madame the Princess de Lamballe, and Madame the Countess de Polignac.

The Countess Erminia possessed the latter set.

To accomplish the end of his mission, the Count had no further chance left but to find the set which had belonged to the Princess de Lamballe.

He went bravely to work, visiting all the curiosity dealers so numerous in Paris, showing each one his cup, asking him if in his traffic, he might not have seen the match. At length one of them said:

"Yes, a breakfast service, absolutely similar to your cup, was bought about thirty years ago, by a rich amateur for a thousand crowns."

"Do you think he would be willing to part with it, if he were paid double, triple, or anything he would ask?" inquired the Count.

"Amateurs, like him of whom I speak, never, at any price, part with a precious acquisition. But this one is dead. The sale of his effects took place five years ago, and the object of your desire, I recollect perfectly well, was bought by an Englishman for six thousand francs."

"The name of the Englishman?" "I do not know."

"If you can ascertain it and let me know, there are twenty louis for you."

The dealer took care not to say that it was very easy. He hunted up the auctioneer who had conducted the sale in question, and the next morning he announced to the Count that the name of the purchaser was Lord Herbert W.

The Count instantly set out for London, and waited on Lord Herbert, who lived in one of the handsomest residences of Portland Place.

"My lord," said he, "I am informed that you possess a very curious collection of old china."

"Do you not possess, madame, some pieces of old Sevres porcelain?" "Yes, monsieur. Yes; my husband—the husband for whom I weep, and for whom I shall weep eternally, (Madame de L., emphasized the last words)—having made a voyage to Paris one year before his death, brought me these porcelain—a breakfast service which had belonged to the Princess de Lamballe."

"Precisely; and a match to this, is it not?" said the Count Adriano exhibiting his cup.

"Ah, monsieur, how good you are, and what pleasure you give me. I understand; and instead of being angry, I should thank you. You have learned the misfortune that befel me, and you have come to bring me that cup. I shall never be able to pay you too much for it!"

"What do you mean, madame?" "Look here!" replied the Countess, opening a rosewood case. "Look at that breakfast service, to which a cup is wanting, which I had the misfortune to break."

"What you have an odd one also?" "It will be no longer so, thanks to you."

"But, madame, you are mistaken. I do not wish to part with my cup. On the contrary, I come to ask you to cede me your porcelain."

"Never, monsieur, never!" "It was the finality of Madame de L. for that first visit. But the Count asked permission to return, and it was granted."

He hoped to find Madame de L. more tractable, and the young widow had the same hope. Each expected to obtain the contested cup, and the visits multiplied.

"Reflect, madame," said the Count, "that my marriage is at stake in this affair. The Countess Erminia, whom I love, will not marry me unless I bring back that cup."

"Reflect, monsieur," replied Madame de L., "that it is a present from the husband whom I loved so dearly! To part with it would be a wrong done to his memory."

To move the lady, the Count told her of the long tedious voyages he had made in search of the cup, which had so often changed owners. In this story he unveiled the episode of Madrid—the history of that danseuse who knew Monsieur de L. only by the name of Anatole, and who had received of him two cashmere before exchanging her porcelain for a third one.

This revelation shook deeply the regrets of the beautiful widow, and she ceased to proclaim eternal fidelity.

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