

# 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

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COLUMBIA, PENNSYLVANIA, SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 15, 1860.

[WHOLE NUMBER-1,588.]

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A GENTS A COPY.  
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arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the pub-  
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One year, 32.00  
Larger advertisements in proportion  
All advertisements will be made to quarterly, half  
yearly or yearly, unless otherwise directed, and  
other business.

DR. HOFFER,  
DENTIST—OFFICE, Front Street 4th door  
from Locust, over Taylor & McDonald's Book store  
Columbia, Pa., 17th Entrance, same as Jolly's Pho-  
tograph Gallery. (August 21, 1859.)

THOMAS WELSH,  
JUNIOR OF THE PEACE, Columbia, Pa.  
OFFICE, in Whipple's New Building, below  
Black's Hotel, Front street.  
Prompt attention given to all business entrusted  
to his care.  
November 25, 1857.

H. M. NORTH,  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW  
Collections promptly made, in Lancaster and York  
Counties.  
Columbia, May 4, 1859.

J. W. FISHER,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
Columbia, September 6, 1859.

S. Atlee Bokius, 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.  
WHICH is a superior article, permanently black,  
and not corrected by pen, can be had in any  
quantity at the Family Medicine Store, and Blacker  
Columbia, June 11, 1859.

We Have Just Received  
DR. CUTLER'S Improved Chest Expanding  
Suspenders and Shoulder Braces for Gents,  
and Patent Skirt Supporter and Brace for Ladies,  
Just the article that is wanted at this time. Come  
and see them at Family Medicine Store, Old Fellows  
Hall. (April 9, 1859)

Prof. Gardner's Soap.  
WE have the New England Soap for those who did  
not obtain it from the Family Medicine Store. It is  
the best and most useful soap that is in use.  
It is made of the finest materials, and is  
entirely free from any impurities, and is  
entirely safe for the most delicate skin.  
Columbia, June 11, 1859.

GRAHAM, of Bond's Broken Crockers, for  
Dr. J. C. EBERLEIN'S Family Medicine Store,  
Columbia, Pa., 17th Entrance, same as Jolly's Pho-  
tograph Gallery. (April 15, 1859.)

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE.—The want of  
such an article in every family, and now  
it can be supplied for medicinal purposes, citi-  
zens, ornamental work, toys, &c., there is nothing  
superior. We have the best of the Family Medicine  
Store, and it is entirely safe for the most delicate  
skin. (April 15, 1859.)

IRON AND STEEL  
THE Subscribers have a New and Large  
Stock of all kinds and sizes of  
IRON AND STEEL  
They are constantly supplied with stock in large or  
small quantities, at the lowest rates.  
J. RUMPLE & SON,  
Locust street below Second, Columbia, Pa.  
April 25, 1859.

RITTER'S Compound Syrup of Iron and  
Wild Cherry, for Coughs, Colds, &c. For sale  
at the Golden Mortar Drug Store, Front st. (July 3,  
1859.)

AYER'S Compound Concentrated Extract  
Sarsaparilla for the cure of Scrofula, King's  
Evil, and all scrofulous affections, is the best  
preparation ever made, and is sold at the  
lowest price.  
R. WILLIAMS, Front st., Columbia,  
Pa., Sept. 24, 1859.

FOR SALE  
200 GROSS Prussian Matches, very low for cash.  
R. WILLIAMS,  
Columbia, Pa., Sept. 24, 1859.

Dutch Herring!  
Any one fond of a good Herring can be supplied at  
the lowest price.  
Nov. 19, 1859. Grocery Store, No. 71 Locust st.

YON'S PURE OHIO CATAWBA BRANDY  
and PURE WINES, especially for Medicines  
and Saccharine purposes, at the Family Medicine Store,  
Columbia, Pa., 17th Entrance, same as Jolly's Pho-  
tograph Gallery. (Jan. 25, 1859.)

NINE RAISINS for 6 cts. per pound, are to  
be had only at  
Eberlein's Grocery Store,  
No. 71 Locust street.

GARDEN SEEDS—Fresh Garden Seeds, war-  
ranted pure, all kinds, just received.  
Eberlein's Grocery Store,  
No. 71 Locust street.  
March 10, 1860.

POCKET BOOKS AND PURSES.  
A LARGE lot of Five and Common Pocket Books  
and Purses, at from 15 cents to two dollars each.  
Columbia, April 14, 1859.

A BEW more of these beautiful Prints  
left, which will be sold cheap, at  
SAYLOR & McDONALD'S,  
Columbia, Pa., April 14.

Just Received and For Sale.  
1500 SACKS Ground Alum Salt, in large  
or small quantities, at  
APOLD'S  
Warehouse, Canal Basin.

COLD CREAM OF Glycerine.—For the cure  
of and prevention of chapped hands, &c. For sale  
at the GOLDEN MORTAR Drug Store,  
Front street, Columbia.  
Dec. 2, 1859.

Turkish Prunes!  
FOR a first rate article of Prunes, you must go to  
Eberlein's Grocery Store, No. 71 Locust st.  
Nov. 19, 1859. Grocery Store, No. 71 Locust st.

GOLD PENS, GOLD PENS.  
JUST received a large and fine assortment of Gold  
Pens of New and Old Workmanship, at  
SAYLOR & McDONALD'S Book Store,  
Front street, above Locust.  
April 14.

Selections.  
The Woman with One Hand.

[The following is taken from a manuscript found in  
the office of an old surgeon.]

I do not believe in ghosts. I have no  
faith in any supernatural manifestations or  
appearances whatever. I beg any one who  
may peruse this narrative, to understand  
that I am no superstitious creature, afraid  
of my own shadow, lending an attentive ear  
to old women's stories, and "something  
white" in every corner where the shadows  
gather thickly after dusk. It is scarcely  
likely that an old surgeon, who has stood  
beside so many dying pillows, and watched  
so many spirits take flight from racked and  
wounded bodies, should tremble at the  
thought of a disembodied soul. I know too  
well the release death often is to poor,  
pain-stricken mortals, to fear their volun-  
tary return to the scenes of their unhap-  
piness and suffering. Neither am I the vic-  
tim of disordered nerves or fevered imagi-  
nation. I have performed operations in  
which one tremor of the hand would have  
been fatal—where, had my hand swerved  
but a hair's breadth to the right or left,  
I would have been a murderer. Nay, I can  
do what many able, energetic men have  
found impossible, for I have had those dear-  
est to my soul beneath my hand, and though  
each moan of anguish, each flutter of the  
heart, went through my every nerve, the  
kindly knife worked on as steadily as though  
it carried a block of senseless wood. The  
portrait of myself which hangs above the  
mantel yonder, is not that of a dreamer or a  
manic, and yet I should pronounce the  
man who told me such a tale as that I am  
about to commit to paper, a fit inmate for a  
lunatic asylum. Even now I pause before  
I write the words, and an half inclined to  
fling aside the pen, lest any who should per-  
use the story should pronounce old Dr.  
Greystock mad. And what if they should do  
so? I know that every scene I shall re-  
cord has passed before my eyes, that my  
mind is calm and clear, and my senses un-  
impaired. Shall I, who never faltered when  
I knew that one false movement would send  
the cruel steel through a dear brother's lov-  
ing heart, turn coward now, and hide the  
truth lest the world should laugh at me? I  
will not. Come on, my gray goose-quill,  
and do your task, ere I am grown so old  
that the story shall be deemed the drivel-  
ing of a childish brain.

I was born in a quiet and retired country  
village. My father mingled the professions  
of doctor and apothecary, and at times drew  
teeth, or set a fractured limb—anything for  
a living, poor man, for he had a large fam-  
ily, and neither property nor expectations  
of a legacy. His patients were distributed  
over a wide tract of country, and during an  
unhealthy season he was often upon horse-  
back from morning until night, enduring  
the scorching sun of summer, the cold blasts  
of winter, or the miasmatic vapors of the  
marshy ground over which he was called to  
travel, upon many a rainy midnight, to pre-  
scribe for some poor creature who was "very  
low with the fever." During his frequent  
absences I presided over the pills and po-  
tions, mixed washes, made up prescriptions,  
and amused myself by the perusal of several  
works upon anatomy, which graced the  
book-shelves of the room behind the shop.  
This science was my chief delight, and in a  
little while the determination to become a  
surgeon filled my mind. Much experience  
had made me doubt the power of medicine.  
The mysteries of the unseen machinery  
within us might baffle the most learned,  
but the surgeon, dealing with the outward  
man, could see his work, and really benefit  
his fellow creatures. "I knew the strength  
of my nerves, and the value they would be  
to me in the surgical profession, and I de-  
clared my intention to adopt it before I had  
reached my sixteenth year. My father was  
pleased, and gave his consent at once; but  
there were some preliminaries to be ar-  
ranged, and some funds to be accumulated,  
before I could enter upon a regular course  
of study. Meanwhile, I stayed at home,  
impatiently, and gath'ered all I could from  
books and from my father's instructions.—  
The time passed tediously enough, for I was  
anxious to commence my career, and start  
upon the high road to wealth and eminec-  
ence, and many were the anxious days and sleep-  
less nights which I spent ere the time ar-  
rived which witnessed my departure for the  
city. At last, however, all was ready. I  
bade adieu to my mother, my father, and  
my young brother, from whom I had never  
yet been separated for one night, and with  
a heart which beat with high hopes, even  
amid the grief of parting, took my place in  
the stage, and left, for the first time, the  
home of my glad childhood.

In a month I had become accustomed to  
the separation, and thought only of my pro-  
fession. Medical students are generally wild,  
reckless and dissipated. I was neither. The  
discipline of old age seemed to come sud-  
denly upon me. I shared my comrade's  
stories, but refused to mingle in their or-  
gies, for I had determined to retain my  
strong nerves and unshaking hand to the  
last. Nevertheless, I was a general favorite,  
and formed many friendships among the  
risky band, which lasted long after they  
had become gray-headed men. There was  
one among the number whose name was  
Robert Redlaw—a gay, handsome boy he  
was, full of fun and frolic, and terribly ad-  
dicted to practical jokes, but, nevertheless,

kind-hearted and generous to a fault, for he  
would have given his last penny to one who  
seemed in need of it. To the living he was  
all tenderness; to the wounded wretch at the  
hospital his hand was soft as any woman's,  
and I have seen his eyes fill with tears  
while he inflicted necessary pain; but to  
the dead he seemed heartless—a lifeless  
body being of no more value, in his eyes,  
than the trunk of a dead tree.

"Would you value your old violin-case?"  
he would say, when any one remonstrated  
with him upon the subject. "The strings  
broken—nay, the instrument destroyed—of  
what value is that which was but formed for  
its protection? For my part, when my soul  
has taken flight, I care not what you do  
with this combination of flesh and bones  
which now contains it." And upon this  
principle he seemed to act involuntarily.

One night—oh, how well I remember it!  
A cold, black evening in mid-winter—I sat  
alone beside my fire, absorbed in medita-  
tion. The book I had been reading lay  
burnt me, upon the table; and my candle  
burst low within the socket, for it was  
nearly one o'clock, although I had not yet  
retired. Suddenly I was aroused by a loud  
ringing of my door bell, and the sound of  
sand thrown against my window from with-  
out, and, lighting another taper, descended  
and opened the door.

There, upon the steps, stood Robert Red-  
law and four other fellow-students, all the  
worse for liquor, and all in boisterous  
spirits. "Let us in, old fellow!" cried Rob-  
ert; "we want to tell you of our lark. By  
George! we've made a night of it. Such  
punch as we've been having at Tom B's—  
while you have been moping over your  
musty books. You must go with us next  
time."

"How miserable the poor creature  
looked!"

And my poor friend, turning from me a  
cheek of ashy paleness, muttered between  
his teeth—"The left hand, too. Good heav-  
en's left hand!"

We breakfasted together, but throughout  
the meal Robert Redlaw was utterly unlike  
himself. No merry jests passed his lips,  
no laugh rang out upon the air, and, every  
now and then, his eyes fixed themselves upon  
vacancy, as those of one whose thoughts are  
far away are prone to do. As for myself, I  
also was strangely low-spirited and ab-  
stracted.

For a week subsequent to that day I saw  
nothing of my friend, but at the end of that  
time I went to call upon him. Bob was  
standing by the mantel when I entered his  
room, but he turned towards me, and came  
forward with both hands outstretched. "My  
dear Greystock," he said, "I am so glad to  
see you. I should have come after you to-  
day if you had not found your way here—  
Do you know I have been ill since we met  
last?"

"I am sorry to hear that," I replied.  
"Yes, extremely ill!" continued Robert.  
"I caught cold that night in the damp grave-  
yard, I have been feverish and delirious. I  
believe I would not pass such another week,  
Greystock for all the diamonds of Gol-  
conda."

He paused a moment, and then, drawing  
closer to me, placed his hand upon my  
shoulder. "Don't mention it to the other  
fellows. 'Let us in, old fellow!' cried Rob-  
ert; 'we want to tell you of our lark. By  
George! we've made a night of it. Such  
punch as we've been having at Tom B's—  
while you have been moping over your  
musty books. You must go with us next  
time.'"

"There was no use of remonstrance, and,  
one by one, my unexpected visitors mounted  
the stairs, and took their places around my  
fireside.

"I say, Bob frightened us all, awfully ago,"  
began one of them, after a temporary  
silence.

"How do you do, my dear fellow?" he  
said.

"How?" I asked.  
"How?" laughed Bob; "why, with this." And, without another word of preface, he drew a folded kerchief from his pocket, and, unfolding it, exhibited a human hand.

"Bob, where did this come from?" I asked, involuntarily drawing back a step or two.

"He took it from a grave which the rain had washed open," answered a tall young fellow, turning away with a shudder. "Cut it off with his knife as coolly as he might; 'a bit of wood, although I'll swear a sigh or groan or scream, or all of them together, came from the body when he first laid his finger upon it.'"

"Bah!" laughed Robert Redlaw, "your ventriloquist tricks can never impose upon me. I took the little hand in spite of them, and shall keep it. A pretty creature it must have belonged to! Look at the almond-shaped nails, Greystock!"

"A woman's hand," I said; "and, oh, Bob, there is a wedding-ring upon the finger!"

"So there is," said the boy, leaning across the table; "so there is. Strange that I did not notice it before. Come, gentleman, Greystock is in a serious mood—let us leave him." And, wrapping his strange prize once more in the kerchief, my wild friend and his comrades departed.

I passed the night in restless dreams, in all of which that pale little hand, which had lain before me, played a conspicu-  
ous part, and arose at daylight unrefreshed and dispirited. While I was putting the finishing touches to my toilet, some one rap-  
ped at my door, and on my calling out, "Come in," opened it and entered. It was Bob.

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