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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November 28, 1857.

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Columbia, Pa.

Columbia, September 0, 1850 ll

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May 7 1859.

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WHICH is a superior article, permanently black and not corroding the pen, can be had in any country, at the Family Medicine Store, and blacker et is old English Boot Polish.

Columbia, June 9, 1859

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DR. CUTTER'S Improved Chest Expanding Suspender and Shoulder Brace for Gentlemen and Patent Skirt Supporter and Bosom Improver, just the article that is wanted at this time. Come and see them at Family Medicine Store Odd Fellows' Hall. [April 9, 1859

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WE have the New England Soap for those who do not obtain it from the Soap man, it is pleasant to the skin, and will take grease spots from Wool. Goods, it is therefore no humbug, for you get the worth of your money at the Family Medicine Store

Columbia, June 11, 1859.

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.

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 prove it at the

ta ooms! FAMILY MEDICINE STORE.

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THE Subscribers have received a New and Large Stock of all kinds and sizes of

BAR IRON AND STEEL!

They are constantly supplied with stock in this branch at his business, and can furnish it to customers in large or small quantities, at the lowest rates

J. RUMPLE & SON,

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April 29, 1860.

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AYER'S Compound Concentrated Extract Sarsaparilla for the cure of Scrofula, King's Evil, and all scrofulous affections, a fresh and elegant article received and for sale by

R. WILLIAMS, Front st, Columbia,

Sept 24, 1859.

FOR SALE.

200 GROSS Friction Matches, very low for cash.

June 25, '59. R. WILLIAMS.

Dutch Herring!

ANY one fond of a good Herring can be supplied at

S. F. EBERLEIN'S

Nov. 19, 1859. Grocery Store, No 71 Locust st

LYON'S PURE OHIO CATAWBA BRANDY and PURE WINES, especially for Medicinal Sacramental purposes, at the

Jan. 28 FAMILY MEDICINE STORE.

NICE RAISINS for 8 cts. per pound, are to be had only at

EBERLEIN'S Grocery Store.

March 10, 1860. No. 71 Locust street.

GARDEN SEEDS.--Fresh Garden Seeds, warranted pure, of all kinds, just received at

EBERLEIN'S Grocery Store,

March 10, 1860. No 71 Locust street.

POCKET BOOKS AND PURSES.

A LARGE lot of Fine and Common Pocket Books and Purses, at from 15 cents to two dollars each

Headquarters and News Depot.

Columbia, April 14, 1860.

A NEW more of those beautiful Prints left, which will be sold cheap, at

SAYLOR & McDONALD'S

April 14. Columbia, Pa.

Just Received and For Sale.

1500 SACKS Ground Alum Salt, in large or small quantities, at

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COLD CREAM OF GLYCERINE.--For the cure and prevention of chapped hands, &c. For sale at the GOLDEN MORTAR DRUG STORE.

Dec 3, 1859. Front street, Columbia

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FOR a first rate article of Prunes you must go to

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Nov 10, 1859. Grocery Store, No 71 Locust st

GOLD PENS, GOLD PENS.

JUST received a large and fine assortment of Gold Pens, of Newton and Griswold's manufacture, at

SAYLOR & McDONALD'S Book Store.

April 14 Front street, above Locust.

FRESH GROCERIES.

WE continue to sell the best "Levy" Syrup, White and Brown Sugars, good Coffees and choice Teas, to be had in Columbia at the New Corner Store, opposite Odd Fellows' Hall, and at the old stand adjoining the bank. H. C. FONDERSMITH.

Segars, Tobacco, &c.

A LOT of first-rate Segars, Tobacco and Snuff will be found at the store of the subscriber. He keeps only a first rate article. Call in.

Oct 6, '59 S. F. EBERLEIN'S Grocery Store, Locust st., Columbia, Pa.

CRANBERRIES,

NEW Crop Prunes, New Citron at

Oct 20, 1860. A. M. RAMBO'S.

SARDINES,

Worcester-fire Sauce, Refined Cocoa, &c., just received and for sale by S. F. EBERLEIN.

Oct. 20, 1860, No. 71 Locust St.

CRANBERRIES.

JUST received a fresh lot of Cranberries and New Currants, at No. 71 Locust Street

Oct 21, 1860. S. F. EBERLEIN.

Selections.

A Dreadful Story.

BY EDWARD DRAPER.

"Bless me!" cried an elderly gentleman in a railway carriage on the Great Northern line, as he looked up from the perusal of the *Globe* just purchased at King's Cross station; "bless me, so they've found out the great Waterloo Bridge Mystery at last!"

"Indeed!" ejaculated a quiet-looking, well-dressed individual, seated opposite to the speaker. "As that, sir, happens to be a matter in which I have always been specially, not to say personally interested, will you favor me with the details?"

"Certainly, sir, with much pleasure;" and the old gentleman, with due emphasis, read aloud a glorious *canard* of an imaginative "penny-a-liner," touching an old Irish apple-woman, who was reported to have been overheard confessing her complicity in that dire marvel of modern crime.

"Thank you, sir," returned the quiet man. "I happen, however, to be in a position to prove that story to be an utter fabrication, as will probably be know to the world before many days. In the first place—"

"Now, my good sir, pray don't talk of that matter now. It is really very unfortunate, besides being, as one may say, a strange coincidence, that this subject should turn up—just at this time too. Pray don't. Let it drop for the present." These words proceeded from a sturdy individual seated next to the quiet gentleman. At a first glance, one would have set him down as a detective policeman.

"I cannot refrain from speaking of it.—The misery of that secret—innocent depositary of it as I may be—has weighed upon me already far too long."

His fellow passengers, all save the sturdy man, started; as well they might. The quiet gentleman proceeded to take advantage of the interest thus awakened—

"Yes, unhapily indeed, that secret is, and always has been, none to me. Would it were! Oh, would it were!"

"Pray, sir," said the old gentleman, laying down the *Globe* on his knees, "do you really mean to tell us that you can and will solve this horrible mystery?"

"*I can and will!*"

The sturdy man resigned himself with a gasp, and folded his arms, the very impersonation of listlessness. The quiet gentleman proceeded:

"Well, in the first place, to relieve all anxiety, I tell you that no murder has been committed; secondly, that the unfortunate individual whose bones were discovered never breathed; thirdly, that he died and was subsequently dissected by his own act; and fourthly, that he was—myself. You may probably receive my statements with some slight degree—I will not say of incredulty, but with just a shade of doubt.—Such, nevertheless, are the facts as I am about to explain."

The elderly gentleman rubbed his nose with a puzzled air. The quiet gentleman's manner was so calm, and so full of confidence, as in itself to assist conviction. So the old gentleman replied, that, without in the slightest way wishing to impugn the veracity of any mortal whatever, either in a bag or out of a bag, he thought it just possible that some little error had led the quiet gentleman into a mere turn of expression not altogether correct in a strict logical sense.

The quiet gentleman smiled, and proceeded—"The case is in less a strange one; and its solution is no less strange than its mystery. The fact is, that for many years I have suffered under a most extraordinary affliction. I have been troubled with a superfluous body!"

"A—a—*what?*" exclaimed the listners in amaze.

"I repeat, a superfluous body. I need not argue on the possibility of such a calamity, having experienced it. Unnatural growths, which I have been led to study, have been common, to some extent, in all ages and climes. From the wart on the schoolboy's thumb to the horn which sprouted from the Frenchwoman's forehead, we see continual instances of the eccentricity of nature.—Think of the Siamese twins. Their case, or rather *his*, was similar mine. But, instead of simply a superfluous body, he—for he was actually only one—had both body and mind in duplicate. True—they were conjoined. I was separate. Yet, what was our first mother but a separate and redundant growth from the rib of Adam? But to my story:

"My father died soon after my birth.—My mother, poor woman, broken more with sorrow than years, died on my thirty-fifth birthday. Her last gift to me was the key of an old armoire, or tall closet. A slip of parchment attached to the key informed me that I was not to use it till after her funeral. She was then lying speechless. After the appointed time I hastened to the armoire, and there, to my horror, I found—myself! A horrid figure, dressed in a cheap slop suit, was there in an erect position, with his life like eyes horribly fixed on me I recognised my own pale cheeks, my fair moustache which I then wore, my peaked beard, my curling hair with a single gray streak, this very distortion of my left little finger. I stood awhile in speechless terror. At length I touched the Thing's hand. It was deadly cold. I laid my hand on its heart. There was no pulsation. The object could not stand, I found, without support. It did not breathe. It showed no life but in those horrid eyes, which were always open, and fixed only on me. I next perceived, lying at the feet of this strange *Alter Ego*, this counterfeit Me, a letter addressed to myself. It was from my mother, and briefly narrated her trials and sufferings endured in consequence of this frightful monster—how silent and nerveless it had grown with my growth, always keeping its eyes turned to the point where I happened to be, unconscious of its existence—how the secret had hitherto been rigidly concealed from every eye and ear, in the hope either that my life would end before its revelation should be necessary, or that the horrid Thing should perish and decay—that if it ever became necessary that I should learn the secret, that I should consider whether it should be avowed, or whether means should be taken for the destruction of the Object. I need not tell of the days and weeks of agony I endured while retaining this secret, and debating in my own mind as to the course to pursue. At length I decided. I called in Dr. McCracker, the eminent physician; also, Mr. Phibbs, the scarcely less eminent surgeon. I discharged every servant except my mother's aged and faithful housekeeper. And these three, by prayers and urgent entreaties, I persuaded, nay almost compelled, to take a fearful oath of secrecy. The terms allowed no loophole of escape. Under every circumstance this secret was to be kept inviolate. On this oath being administered, I gave them my confidence, and introduced to their view that ghastly monster.

"We held a long consultation. The doctors and I. They both agreed that it was no human Thing, and that its destruction would be lawful—that that scintilla of vitality which was exhibited in the constant glare of its eyes on me, could not strictly be regarded as an evidence of natural life—that, in short, this horror ought to be cut off, by surgery, like any other excrescence. I requested them to perform the operation at once; but they informed me that the case was so peculiar that I must give them time for deliberation. During the consultation the Thing kept its eyes still, as ever, fixed upon me.

"I could bear it no longer: 'Fiend, monster, curse, or what you may be;' I shrieked, 'this must end!' I snatched a knife from Mr. Poibbs' case, and, springing upon the figure, struck at it wildly till my arm wearied; and then again and again stabbed it through the breast where the heart ought to have been, but was not. The two doctors stood aghast at my fury, and the housekeeper sunk into a swoon. The blows were effective, for the monster's hideous eyes began slowly to be overspread with a film.—There was no struggle, no sound; but those glazed eye-balls, when I moved, followed me now no more.

"It was then I found that the difficulty had, in fact, only commenced. The two doctors could give no certificate as to death—firstly, because the Thing had no name; secondly, because its dissolution was not natural; and thirdly, because It was not human. Moreover, even dispensing with all these, a burial must inevitably have exposed the affair, in which event all human kind would look upon me as a being scarcely less monstrous than that which I had destroyed. The doctors left me in my perplexity. The fearful It must be concealed; and after the doctor's departure I dismembered it and placed it in pickle, intending to remove it piecemeal. My housekeeper knew of my outgoings day after day—now with the head, now with a hand or foot, dropping one into a lime-pit, another into the sea from a Ramsgate packet. Poor woman! The secret weighed heavily upon her. Worried by continual agitation—dreading lest every shock should be the prelude to the entrance of a constable, she, one night, precipitated matters by the disposal of the residue at the bridge, in the way everybody knows.

"When, after the lapse of time, my mind became capable of calm reflection, I began to see how small had actually been my crime, if any. The public agitation was still continuing, and I therefore determined, at all risks, to declare the truth. But I spoke in vain. In vain I wrote to inspectors of police or to newspaper editors. They treated my asseverations with contemptuous neglect. I appealed to Dr. McCracker and Mr. Phibbs, but they, either dreading the connexion of their names with the affair, or in strict regardance of their oath, absolutely denied to my very face, all knowledge of the matter. My housekeeper, who left me the day after the disposal of the remains, was evidently in league with them in their denial. The doctors, accompanied by the housekeeper, called upon me only yesterday. They introduced this gentleman" (the sturdy man), "and in his presence, at my urgent repuest, they admitted, or at least ceased to deny the facts. Nay, more: they furnished me, through him, with a letter of introduction to a physician who, they tell me, can easily prove my case not so exceptional as it had appeared at first. I hear that he has under his charge several cases somewhat analogous to mine. I go to discover them, and then, in the face of all the world, to disclose, irrefutably, the true solution of the fearful mystery. I feel it can no longer be kept a secret. The effort to keep it so has produced upon my mind such an effect that already the results are—"

"Colonel Hatch! Colonel Hatch!" shouted the guard, as the train at this instant stopped. The sturdy man took the quiet gentleman's arm as they both alighted, wishing their fellow-travellers hastily good morning.

"Ah! poor soul!" ejaculated the elderly passenger, with a deep sigh, "there's the Lunatic Asylum. He will indeed find there a good many afflicted with his disorder.—Bodies beside themselves!" And thus ends——a Dreadful Story.

How Sir Philip Sydney Died.

Motley's "United Netherlands" affords a graphic account of the chivalric death of Sir Phillip Sydney, which we do not remember, in the various relations we have met with, to have seen related with any approach to the same force and distinctness. The action, it will be remembered, was in intercepting a convoy of provisions sent by the Spaniards to the relief of Zutphen, which was besieged by the Dutch and English.—The affair on the part of the young English Knight was an anticipation of the courage and bravado of the famous cherge of 600 at Balaklava. Sidney, it will be seen, owed his death to a piece of trancendental chivalric refinement:

It was 5 o'clock of a chill autumn morning, October 2, 1588. It was time for day to break, but the fog was so thick that a man at the distance of five yards was quite invisible. The creaking of wagon wheels and the measured tramp of soldiers soon became faintly audible, however, to Sir John Norris and his five hundred, as they sat there in the mist. Presently came galloping forward in hot haste those nobles and gentlemen, with their esquires, fifty men in all—Sidney, Willoughby, and the rest—whom Leicester had no longer been able to restrain from taking part in the adventure.

A force of infantry, the amount of which cannot be satisfactorily ascertained, had been ordered by the Earl to cross the bridge at a later moment. Sidney's cornet of horse was then in Deventer, to which place it had been sent in order to assist in quelling an anticipated revolt, so that he came, like most of his companions, as a private soldier and knight-errant.

The arrival of the expected convoy was soon more distinctly heard, but no scouts or outposts had been stationed to give timely notice of the enemy's movements. Suddenly the fog, which had shrouded the scene so closely, rolled away like a curtain, and in the full light of an October morning the Englishmen found themselves face to face with a compact body of more than three thousand men. The Marquis del Vasto rode at the head of the force, surrounded by a band of arquebus men. The cavalry, under the famous Epirote Chief, George Crescia, Hannibal Gonzango, Bentivoglio, Sesa, Conti, and other distinguished commanders, followed; the columns of pikemen and musketeers lined the hedge-rows on both sides the causeway; while between them the long train of wagons came slowly along under their protection. The whole force had got in motion after having sent notice of their arrival to Verdugo, who, with one or two thousand men, was expected to sally forth almost immediately from the city gate.

There was but brief time for deliberation. Notwithstanding the tremendous odds, there was no thought of retreat. Black Norris called to Sir William Stanley, with whom he had been at variance so lately, at Doesburg.

"There has been ill blood between us," he said. "Let us be friends together this day, and die, side by side, if need be, in her Majesty's cause."

"If you see me not serve my Prince with faithful courage now," replied Stanley, "account me forever a coward. Living or dying, I will stand or lie by you in friendship."

As they were speaking these words, the young Earl of Essex, General of the horse, cried to his handful of troops:

"Follow me, good fellows, for the honor of England and of England's Queen!"

As he spoke he dashed, lance in rest, upon the enemy's cavalry, overthrew the foremost man, horse and rider, shivered his own spear to splinters, and then, swinging his curtel axe, rode merrily forward. His whole little troop, compact as an arrow-head, flew with an irresistible shock against the opposing columns, pierced clear through them, and scattered them in all directions. At the very first charge one hundred English horsemen drove the Spanish and Albanian cavalry back upon the musketeers and pikemen. Wheeling with rapidity, they retired before a volley of musket shot, by which many horses and a few riders were killed, and then formed again to renew the attack. Sir Philip Sidney, on coming to the field, having met Sir William Pelham, the veteran Lord Marshal, lightly armed, had with chivalrous extravagance thrown off his own cuishes, and now rode to the battle with no armor but his cuirass. At the second charge his horse was shot under him, but, mounting another, he was seen everywhere in the thick of the fight, behaving himself with a gallantry which extorted admiration even from the enemy.

For the battle was a series of personal encounters in which high officers were doing the work of private soldiers. Lord North who had been lying "bed rid" with a musket shot in the leg, had got himself put on horseback, and "with one boot on and one boot off," bore himself "most lustily" through the whole affair. "I desire that her Majesty may know," he said, "that I live but to serve her. A better barony than I have could not hire the Lord North to live on meaner terms" Sir William Russel laid about him with his curtel-axe to such purpose that the Spaniards pronounced him a devil and not a man. "Wherever," said an eye witness, "he saw five or six of the enemy together, thither would he; and his hard knocks soon separated their friendship." Lord Willoughby encountered George Crescia, General of the famed Albanian cavalry, unhorsed him at the first shock, and rolled him into the ditch. "I yield me thy prisoner," called out the Epirote in French, "for thou art a *preux chevalier;*" while Willoughby, trusting to his captive's word, galloped onward, and with him the rest of the little troop, till they seemed swallowed up by the superior numbers of the enemy. His horse was shot under him, his bases were torn from his legs, and he was nearly taken a prisoner, but fought his way back with incredible strength and good fortune. Sir William Stanley's horse had seven bullets in him, but bore his rider unhurt to the end of the battle. Leicester declared Sir William and "old Reade" to be "worth their weight in pearl."

Hannibal Gonzaga, leader of the Spanish cavalry, fell mortally wounded. The Marquis del Vasto, commander of the expedition, nearly met the same fate. An Englishman was just cleaving his head with a battle axe, when a Spaniard transfixed the soldier with his pike. The most obstinate struggle took place about the train of wagons. The teamsters had fled in the beginning of the action, but the English and Spanish soldiers, struggling with the horses, and pulling them forward and backward, tried in vain to get exclusive possession of the convoy which was the cause of the action. The carts at last forced their way slowly nearer and nearer to the town, while the combat still went on warm as ever, between the hostile squadrons. The action lasted an hour and a half, and again and again the Spanish horsemen wavered and broke before the handful of English, and fell back upon their musketeers. Sir Philip Sidney, in the last charge, rode quite through the enemy's ranks till he came upon their entrenchments, when a musket ball from the camp struck him upon the thigh, three inches above the knee. Although desperately wounded in a part which should have been protected by the cuishes which he had thrown aside, he was not inclined to leave the field; but his own horse had been shot under him at the beginning of the action, and the one upon which he was now mounted became too restive for him, thus crippled to control. He turned reluctantly away, and rode a mile and a half back to the entrenchments, suffering extreme pain, for his leg was dreadfully shattered. As he passed along the edge of the battle field, his attendants brought him a bottle of water to quench his raging thirst. At that moment a wounded English soldier, "who had eaten his last at the same feast," looked up wistfully in his face, when Sidney instantly handed him the flask, exclaiming, "Thy necessity is even greater than mine" He then pledged his dying comrade in a draught, and was soon afterwards met by his uncle. "Oh, Philip," cried Leicester, in despair, "I am truly grieved to see thee in this plight." But Sidney comforted him with manful words, and assured him that death was sweet in the cause of his Queen and country. Sir William Russell, too, all blood-stained from the fight, threw his arms around his friend, wept like a child, and kissing his hand exclaimed, "Oh! noble Sir Philip, never did man attain hurt so honorably or serve so valiantly as you." Sir William Pelham declared "that Sidney's noble courage in the face of our enemies had won him a name of continuing honor."

The Lady of Shalott.

Though many thousands have admired the fine heroic rhythm, quaint imagery, and delicate mystification of Tennyson's poem, "The Lady of Shalott," few, comparatively speaking, are familiar with the striking legend on which it is founded:

"On either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rie,
That clothe the world and meet the sky;
And through the fields the stream runs by
To many towered Camelot;
And up and down the people go,
Gazing where the lilies blow
Round an island there below—
The island of Shalott."

A few days ago we chanced upon a volume containing this romantic legend, among other reminiscences of "The Age of Chivalry," and believe that we shall gratify a majority of our readers by copying it here in full:

THE LADY OF SHALOTT.

King Arthur proclaimed a solemn tournament to be held at Winchester. The king, not less impatient than his knights for this festival, set off some days before to superintend the preparations, leaving the queen, with her court at Camelot. Sir Launcelot, under pretence of indisposition, remained behind also. His intention was to attend the tournament in disguise; and, having communicated his project to Guenever, he mounted his horse, set off without any attendant, and, counterfeiting the feebleness of age, took the most unfrequented road to Winchester, and passed, unnoticed, as an old knight who was going to be a spectator of the sports.

Even Arthur and Sir Gawain, who happened to behold him from the windows of a castle under which he passed, where dupes of his disguise. But an accident betrayed him. His horse happened to stumble, and the hero forgetting for a moment his assumed character, recovered the animal with a strength and agility so peculiar to himself, that they instantly recognized the inimitable Launcelot. They suffered him, however, to proceed on his journey without interruption, convinced that his extraordinary feats of arms must discover him at the approaching festival.

In the evening, Launcelot was magnificently entertained as a stranger knight at the neighboring Castle of Shalott The lord of this castle had a daughter of exquisite beauty, and two sons lately received into the order of the knighthood, one of whom was at the time ill in bed, and thereby prevented from attending the tournament, for which both brothers had long made preparations. Launcelot offered to attend the other if he were permitted to borrow the armor of the invalid; and the Lord of Shalott, without knowing the name of his guest—being satisfied from his appearance that his son could not have a better companion-in-arms—most thankfully accepted the offer. In the meantime, the young lady, who had been much struck by the first appearance of the stranger-knight, continued to survey him with increased attention, and, before the conclusion of supper, became so deeply enamored of him, that, after frequent changes of color, and other symptoms which Sir Launcelot could not possibly mistake, she was obliged to retire to her chamber, and seek relief in tears. Sir Launcelot hastened to convey to her, by means of her brother, the information that his heart was already disposed of, but that it would be his pride and pleasure to act as her knight at the approaching tournament. The lady, obliged to be satisfied with that courtesy, presented him her scarf, to be worn at the tournament.

Launcelot set off in the morning with the young knight, who, on their approaching Winchester, carried him to the castle of a lady, sister to the Lord of Shalott, by whom they were hospitably entertained.

The next day they put on their armor, which was perfectly plain, and without any device, as was usual to youths during the first year of knighthood, their shields being only painted red, as some color was necessary to enable them to be recognized by their attendants. Launcelot wore on his crest the scarf of the Lady of Shalott, and, thus equipped, proceeded to the tournament, where the knights were divided into two companies, the one commanded by King Arthur, the other by Sir Gaelhaut. Having surveyed the combat for a short time from without the lists, and observed that Sir Galehaut's party began to give way, they joined the press and attacked the royal knights, the young man choosing such adversaries as were suited to his strength, while his companion selected the principal champions of the Round Table, and successively overthrew Gawain, Bohort, and Lionel, The astonishment of the spectators was extreme, for it was thought that no one but Launcelot could possess such invincible power; yet the favor on his crest seemed to preclude the possibility of his being thus disguised, for Launcelot had never been known to wear the badge of any but his sovereign lady.

At length Sir Hector, Launcelot's brother, engaged him, and, after a dreadful combat, wounded him dangerously in the head, but was himself completely stunned by a blow on the helmet, and felled to the ground; after which the conqeror rode off at full speed, attended by his young companion. They returned to the Castle of Shalott, where Sir Launcelot was attended with the greatest care by the good earl, by his two sons, and, above all, by his fair daughter, whose medical skill probably much hastened the period of his recovery. His health was almost restored, when Sir Hector, Sir Bohort, and Sir Lionel, who, after the return of the court to Camelot, had undertaken the quest of their relation, discovered him walking on the walls of the castle. Their meeting was very joyful; they passed three days in the castle amidst constant festivities, and bantered each other on the events of the tournament. Launcelot, though he began by vowing vengeance against the author of his wound, yet ended by declaring that he felt rewarded for the pain by the pride he took in witnessing his brother's extraordinary prowess. He then dismissed them with a message to the queen, promising to follow immediately—it being necessary that he should first take a formal leave of his kind hosts, as well as of the fair maid of Shalott.

The young lady, after vainly attempting to detain him by her tears and solicitations, saw him depart without leaving her any ground for hope.

It was early summer when the tournament took place; but some months had passed since Launcelot's departure, and winter was now near hand. The health and strength of the Lady of Shalott had gradually sunk; and she felt that she could not live apart from the object of her affections. She left the castle, and, descending to the river's brink, placed herself in a boat, which she loosed from its moorings, and suffered to bear her down the current toward Camelot.

One morning as Arthur and Sir Lionel looked from the window of the tower, the walls of which were washed by the river, they descried a boat, richly ornamented, and covered with an awning of cloth and gold, which appeared to be floating down the stream without any human guidance. It struck the shore while they watched it, and they hastened down to see what it contained. Beneath the awning they discovered the dead body of a beautiful woman, in whose features Sir Lionel easily recognized the lovely maid of Shalott. Pursuing their search, they discovered a purse richly embroidered with gold and jewels, and within the purse a letter, which Arthur opened, and found addressed to himself and all the Knights of the Round Table, stating that Sir Launcelot of the Lake, the most accomplished of knights and most beautiful of men, but at the same time the most cruel and inflexible, had, by his rigor, produced the death of the wretched maiden, whose love was no less invincible than his cruelty.

The king immediately gave orders for the interment of the lady, with all the honors suited to her rank, at the same time explaining to the knights the history of her affection for Sir Launcelot, which moved the compassion and regret of all.

Such is the very beautiful little Arthurian romance on which Tennyson's celebrated poem of 1832 is founded. How fine is his description of the last scene of all:

"Under tower and balcony,
By garden wall and gallery,
A gleaming shape, she floated by,
A corse between the houses high,
Silent into Camelot
Out upon the wharfs they came,
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,
And round the prow they read her name,
'The Lady of Shalott.'

"Who is this? and what is here?
And in lighted palace near
Died the sound of royal cheer;
And they crossed themselves for fear,
All the Knights at Camelot.
But Launcelot mused a little space;
He said: 'She has a lovely face;
God in his mercy lend her grace!'
The Lady of Shalott.'"

Giving the Sack.

Some eighty or a hundred years ago the body of a man was found in the Tiber at Rome. It was recognized as that of a porter well known about the city, but a stranger thing was that a second body (also that of a man) was found at the same time tied up in a sack which was strongly stitched on to the collar of the coat of the porter. This body was not so easily recognized, but the strangeness of the circumstances set all the authorities immediately to work in the greatest earnest, and excited much interest in the city. Before long suspicion arose which attached itself to a woman of doubtful character, who lived in the outskirts, and whose husband had all at once disappeared. All, however, that was known was this, that she had lived unhappilly with him. Nothing could be discovered or brought home to her, beyond the fact that he was gone, and of course she maintained that he had left her, and that she was a much injured person. And thus, as there was no proof, after awile the talk of the affair was dying out, when all at once it was fanned into a flame again, the suspected house was revisited, and the woman actualy brought to confess the truth that she had murdered her husband, and caused likewise the death of the porter. Upon this, without further ado, she was apprehended and had to undergo her trial. The obtaining of this confession, and the discovery of what had baffled the wisest heads in Rome, caused a very great sensation, but nobody seemed to know how it had been brought about. Upon her trial she said she had murdered her husband out of jealousy, and with no help from any human creature.—The great difficulty she found was in disposing of the body. At last she hit upon this contrivance. She crammed it into a sack and sent for a porter with whom she was acquainted. It was then the dusk of the evening. On his arrival she represented that she had been cleaning out her house, and had collected a great mass of rubbish, which she did not know what to do with, or how to get rid of; she thought it a good plan to stuff it all into a sack and have it thrown into the river. It was heavy, she said, but she would pay him well for his job, and give him refreshment before he started with his load. The matter was thus arranged, they supped and caroused together, and she so plied him with drink that he was well nigh overcome. She then brought out the sack, and pretending to adjust it to his shoulders, stitched it strongly to the collar of his coat, telling him all he had to do when he got to the middle of the bridge was to lean it toward the edge, and chuck the sack as far as he could over the parapet, so as to get it clear out of the way into the current, and she would give him his money when he came back; which of course he never did. She could not tell, she said, how it had been found out, but she supposed God and the Virgin Mother had brought it to light; that was the whole truth, she added, and all she had to tell.—When the trial had arrived at this point, a young lawyer stepped forward and asked her, "if she ever told anybody what she had done, or had any accomplice who could divulge it?"

"No," she said, "nobody had helped her, and they might well suppose she would not be such a fool as to tell it to any living creature."

"What, nobody?" the young lawyer asked.

"No," said she, "only my confessor."

Here was a solution of the whole business, and the lawyer soon discovered that the confessor had a brother in the galleys, and calling to mind an old custom that if a galley-slave can be the means of bringing a worse criminal to justice than himself, he received his freedom, he arrived at the conclusion that the galley-slave had furnished the clue which turned out to be the fact. The woman escaped punishment, as the discovery had been made through a breach of the confessional. The father confessor absconded as soon as possible. The lawyer rose to eminence rapidly.