

THE COLUMBIA SPY.

SAMUEL WRIGHT, Editor and Proprietor.

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

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Poetry.

Dulce Domini!

The face old fragment sufficed as a college chant
With the touching refrain of "Dulce, dulce domini,"
"Home, to which he was passionately attached, im-
guished and died from the effects of the bereavement."
The writer of the following lines has attempted a fuller
interpretation of the spirit which pervades the old and
almost forgotten lyric.

Ah! racked pine, on the granite steep,
Shadows from each blowing wind,
And dashed with dusk from yonder cloud
With fires of fading sunset light,
Within my brain your image lies,
Transformed; and looms upon mine eyes
A castle black against the skies.
Dulce, dulce domini.

Up many a terrace, gleaming white,
With fronts that glitter to the north,
High over leagues of veiled sea,
And purple cliffs and towering firth,
It stretches like a house of gold,
One clot stain on the burning west;
Sun, moon, and mist its changing hues,
Dulce, dulce domini.

Within the circling garden walls,
The cedars brood above the flowers;
Across them shadows from the roof
Slide blackly in the lighted hours.
I see my sister, cold and fair,
Shake in the sun her flaxen hair;
Would unto God that I were there.
Dulce, dulce domini.

Night and west: I hear a step,
Come ghostlike, in the corridors;
I see the slender taper stream,
The cheeks across the floor;
Oh mother mine, why larn away?
Foot to sit dreaming in the day?
Great God, her hair was what it is!
Dulce, dulce domini.

Where fleeth thou, gaunt-planned and swift,
Strong eagle, stirring up the stars?
Rush on and tell them that my heart
Is torn from beating in its breast,
I think the terrace, or the flow'rs,
Their laughter sucked through vine and rose;
Sudden, the terrace upward grows.
Dulce, dulce domini.

And, beaten down from steep to steep,
I see the dizzy walls leap higher;
The tender voices sink below
The first breath of an Easter choir.
Quick, startled by the midnight tramp,
Upwards strike the brackets and lamps;
They throw the brackets of my lamp.
Dulce, dulce domini.

Fetch me a leaf of a-pholed,
I long to feel it in my palm;
And dying, tearful, hear without
The mournful Babylonian psalm.
I think the terrace, or the flow'rs,
Their laughter sucked through vine and rose;
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away, it should be verging towards the small
hours of the morning. In truth, it was on
the point of striking one when I left the
house, and before I had well got clear of the
broad "Place" the hour had struck.

At any other time, I should not have cared
a straw about this, but have walked on
quietly to my lodging in the Rue Richelieu,
but now I knew that would be of no use.—
That old concentrated essence of verjuice,
Ganache, the porter, to save himself a little
trouble, had detained my letters of a morn-
ing till I came down, instead of sending
them by the garcon to my room on the fourth
floor, and I had quarreled with him in con-
sequence, and given notice to quit at the
end of the month. Since our quarrel he had
used me savagely, and I know he was no
more likely to let me in after one o'clock
than he was to pay my tailor's bill.

This reflection brought me to a stand-still.
What should I do? Where should I go?—
To increase my chagrin, it began to rain in
a rather sharp shower. Instinctively I faced
about, ran across the Place, and got under
the shelter of the piazza in the Rue de Cas-
tiglione, just in time to save myself from a
drizzling torrent which burst on the streets
like a waterspout. I was walking up and
down in the dark, taking counsel of myself,
until the storm should cease, when I stum-
bled and tripped over somebody lying
crouched up at the foot of a pillar.

"Is that you, Janin?" said a rather whin-
ing voice, which seemed to proceed from
some one in the act of waking from sleep.
"No," said I, "it isn't Janin; who are
you? and why are you lying here at this
time of night?"

"Up pauvre aveugle!" said he; "I am
waiting here for my comrade, who is gone
to the spectacle. You see, M'sieu, Janin is
fond of the spectacle, and, while he is get-
ting his fill of it, I take my pastime on the
cell-stones."

I thought it but a grim sort of joke, and
told him I should think better of Janin if he
were more considerate for his friend.

The poor blind wretch did not agree with
me, and, to my surprise, began to inveigh
against the character of Janin. "You see, M'sieu,"
he said, "if I am not mistaken, you are a
young man, and why should he be so unjust?
He may as well be blind as I, if he is to see
nothing. One should not be self-ill-although
one is unfortunate."

of my companion, I did not feel the
slightest alarm. His evidently had no hos-
tile purpose; he had no weapon of any kind,
not even a stick, and I felt assured that in
a personal encounter I could easily master
him. Still, there was something in his
wandering eye, which never rested for a
moment on a single spot, that I did not like,
and I felt a little annoyed with myself that
I had not placed my garments nearer my
hand, instead of spreading them on chairs
in the middle of the room, in order to get
them dry. These thoughts, however, were
but momentary, and in a very brief space
I had forgotten everything in a quiet slum-
ber.

I suppose I may have slept about two
hours, and the dawn was just breaking,
when I was awake by a slight noise like
something falling on the tiled floor of the
apartment. Luckily I did not start or make
the least movement, but half opening my
eyes, in the full consciousness of the situa-
tion, I saw that my companion was in the
act of getting out of bed. His movements
were slow and cautious, and so noiselessly
made, that they roused my suspicion, and I
watched him narrowly through my see-
ingly closed lids. With the stealthiness of
a prowling cat he got upon his feet, and,
with his eyes fixed on me, advanced slowly
to the foot of my bed. His object plainly
was to be sure that I slept; and I took care
to betray no sign of wakefulness that might
undecieve him. After a stare-like watch
of a few moments, he seemed to have as-
sured himself of my slumbers, and, turning
softly round, thrust his hand into one of
the pockets of his pantaloons, and, withdraw-
ing the contents, retreated to his bed, carry-
ing the plunder with him. Here he lay motion-
less for several minutes, watching me atten-
tively the while. At length he raised him-
self, and, drawing a canvas bag from be-
neath his pillow, deposited within it the
booty he had seized, replaced it, and lay
down, as if to compose himself to sleep.

My blood was boiling in my veins at the
fellow's impudent robbery, and I felt half-
inclined to rise and pummel him as he lay,
and recover my property. There was no
use, however, for any hurry; and, re-
flecting that second thoughts are sometimes
best, I lay still, endeavoring to form some
plan for doing myself justice, if it might be,
without a scene of violence, which might be
attended with unpleasant consequences, but
fully determined to do battle for my own, if
no other alternative presented itself. The
contents of the pocket which the fellow had
rifled amounted to about three pounds Eng-
lish, all in five franc pieces, which I had re-
ceived of my friend of the night before, in
full discharge of an accommodation account
between us. This was no great sum, to be
sure, but it was more than I could then af-
ford to lose; and indeed the idea of resign-
ing it without a struggle was the last I
should have thought of entertaining.

While puzzling my brains for some prac-
ticable expedient, which, however, did not
present itself, I could not help admiring the
calm placidity of the countenance of the
villain who had robbed me, who, from his
satisfied expression, seemed to be enjoying
the consciousness of some good action; but
in this I was much deceived. The rascal
was no more asleep than I was. If my anxi-
ety and indignation were perplexing me, his
apprehensions were at the same moment
troubling him; and just as I was abandon-
ing all hope of connecting a plan for the
recovery of my money without fighting for
it, a movement on his part put me in pos-
session of one which had at least the pro-
mise of success. I saw him open his eyes
suddenly, and fix them full on me; then ris-
ing, he withdrew the canvas bag once more
from beneath his pillow, and stepped out
of bed with it in his hand. There stood upon
the window-sill a withered geranium in a
glazed earthenware pot—the plant was a
mere stick, which had dried up and died for
want of water. To my amazement the thief
lifted the plant out of the pot by the stem,
raising the earth in which it had grown,
and which was all matted together by the
roots, along with it; he then deposited the
bag in the bottom of the pot, and, replacing
the plant, got quietly into bed once more.

I saw at once that this more placed the
result of the game very much in my own
power, and I soon made up my mind how
to act. I do not suppose that either of us
since what a curious study we might have
presented to any concealed spectator who
should have been in the secret of our rela-
tive predicaments during the following two
hours or so. I knew, of course, that my
light-fingered friend would not think of ris-
ing till I was up and gone; having placed
his booty where he might reasonably deem
it beyond the possibility of discovery, he
was doubtless prepared to outface any ac-
cusation that might be made against him, and
therefore he would lie there until he had
field to himself. Accordingly, about seven
o'clock I got up, deliberately washed and
dressed, and, having finished my toilet, was
almost ready to start, being well aware all
the while that the fellow, who was feigning
sleep, had his eyes upon me, and was watch-
ing for the moment when I should discover
my loss. Of course I did not discover it,
but when I had drawn on my boots, and
was ready to go, I became suddenly aware
that the atmosphere of the room was in-
fernal, and began to puff and blow, and
to generate insupportable complaints. I
went out of air at the next moment. I ran
to the window, threw it wide with one hand,
and leaning forward, as if to catch the morn-

ing breeze, awkwardly swept off the flower-
pot down into the little court seventy feet
below.

In an instant the seeming sleeper was
standing in his shirt in the middle of the
floor, and demanding with an angry oath
what I had done.

"Nothing," said I, "beyond breaking a
flower-pot—the plant was withered and good
for nothing. Excuse my awkwardness; I
will indemnify the landlady. Good morn-
ing."

My nonchalance deceived the scoundrel,
and stood aside to let me pass, looking
rather black, however, as I walked out.—
These seemed to be no one astir in the
house, save the garcon, who was roasting
coffee at the open front door, and I was
only made aware of him by the agreeable
fumes which assailed my nostrils, as I sped
like a greyhound down the stairs. In half
a minute I was in the little back court,
where lay the smashed remains of the pot,
and the withered flower. Feeling generally
certain that the shock-head and scowling
visage of the thief were protruding from the
window, I drew the canvas bag from the
crumpled dry mould, and held it up to his
gaze. There he was, sure enough, growling
and grinding his teeth with rage and mortifi-
cation.

"Why don't you cry 'Stop thief!'" I bawled
out to him. "Did you think to catch the
Englishman asleep? *Ar recour, Coquin!*"

I waited no reply, but making for the
street, jumped into the first fiacre that came
in view, and in half an hour had alighted
at my own lodging. As I was mounting to
my apartment, *au quatrieme*, I met on the
stairs my friend and chum Ollendorf, who
was saluting forth to meet his morning
pupils.

"Hallo!" said he, "you've been out all
night!"

"Yes," said I, "and I've had an advent-
ure."

"Good! let me hear all about it!"

I told him how I had passed the night,
and all that had happened.

"Capital! he cried; 'and have you exam-
ined the thief's bag?'"

"No," I have not done that yet; but of
course it contains nothing but what is my
own."

"Do not be too sure of that. Come, we
will examine it together."

I followed me into my room, and I
lugged forth the bag, feeling confident that
the fertile imagination of my philological
friend had misled him, as it was apt to do.
To my astonishment there were in the bag,
in addition to the money rifled from my
pockets, a gold napoleon, a five-franc piece,
and a pair of enormously large circular ear-
rings of alloyed gold, such as one often sees
in the ears of the provincial immigrants who
crowd the wharves, the markets, and ware-
houses of Paris.

"There!" said my friend, "you see that
the rascal had more strings to his bow than
you gave him credit for. If you had made
an uproar and a charge of theft, he could
have restored the charge upon you—would
have shown his own empty pockets, and
might have stood as good a chance of crim-
inating you as you of criminating him.—
However, you may forgive him since he has
paid you for the trouble of defeating his
purpose; and really, I think he has treated
you handsomely."

"Against his will; but, seriously, what
ought I to do? Had I not better put the af-
fair into the hands of the police?"

"Do you know the rule in such cases
here? If not, I must tell you that if you
put the thief's money into the hands of the
police, you will also be compelled to hand
over the whole contents of the bag; and how
much of it you will get back, and when you
will get any, you must be cleverer than I
am if you can guess."

I finally decided not to trouble the police
with the business; but as I could not have
made use of the scoundrel's money, any
more than I could have worn the huge ear-
rings, I wrapped both up in paper together,
and placed them in my pocket-book until
time and circumstances should present some
fit and proper mode of disposing of them.

It was about a year after the above ad-
venture, and when the details of it had almost
faded from my memory, that I was invited
by a friend from England to accompany him
on a visit to one of the Parisian prisons.—
I recollect right it was the New Bicetre,
which after a deal of solicitation and trouble,
he had obtained permission to inspect.

While we were wandering through the work-
shops, in which the prisoners labor together
in silence for so many hours a day, as my
friend was committing his notes to paper, I
amused myself by scanning the demoralized
physiognomies around me, little suspecting
that I was destined to find an acquaintance
among them. Close to my elbow there
stood a man of a bench, bending over his
work, which was that of carving snobs
from unsightly blocks of willow wood. I
was admiring the rapidity and boldness of
his execution, when he suddenly lifted his
head and exposed to view the face, which I
had formerly studied with such deliberation
of the Rue d'Odéon. I knew him at once
and saw that the recognition was mutual,
for he lowered his head instantly, and plain-
ly sought to elude my gaze. I could not
of course, look to him thus without con-
sideration, and he began to puff and blow,
and to generate insupportable complaints.

I went out of air at the next moment. I ran
to the window, threw it wide with one hand,
and leaning forward, as if to catch the morn-

INTERESTING PARTICULARS OF
THE FIGHT.
The Surrender of the Fort—Five Thou-
sand Rebel Infantry Cut and Run,
Leaving Everything behind them in
their Flight.
CINCINNATI, Feb. 7.—The Gazette and
Commercial's Cairo correspondents give the
following interesting account of the bom-
bardment and capture of Fort Henry.

Yesterday at 12 o'clock 30 minutes P. M.,
the gunboats Cincinnati, St. Louis, Caronde-
let, and Essex—the Tyler, Conestoga and
Lexington bringing up the rear, advanced
boldly against the rebel works, going to the
right of Painter Creek Island, immediately
above which on the east shore of the river
stood the fortifications. Keeping out of
range till at the head of the island, and
within a mile of the enemy, and then pass-
ing the island in full view of the rebel guns,
we steadily advanced, every man being at
quarters.

Every ear was strained to catch the Flag
Officer's signal gun for the commencement
of the action.

Our line of battle was on the left, the St.
Louis next, Carondelet next, the Cincinnati
(for the time being the flag-ship, and having
on board Flag-Officer Foote), and next the
Essex.

We advanced in line—the Cincinnati at
a boat's length ahead, when, at 12:30 the
Cincinnati opened the ball, and immediately
the three accompanying boats followed the
example, and the enemy, no ways backward,
gave an admirable response.

The fight raged furiously for half an hour,
but we steadily advanced towards the enemy,
receiving the returning shots of shot and
shell, when, getting within three hundred
yards of the enemy's works, we came to a
stand and poured into their right and left.

In the meantime the Essex had been dis-
abled, and drifted away from the scene of
action, leaving the Cincinnati, Carondelet
and St. Louis alone engaged.

Selections.

A Night Adventure.

THE WAR IN TENNESSEE.

FORT HENRY CAPTURED.

THE BATTLE BETWEEN THE FORTS
AND THE U. S. GUNBOATS.

INTERESTING DETAILS OF THE FIGHT.

LATEST FROM FORT HENRY.