

# THE COLUMBIA SPY.

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Selections. A Soldier's Story. BY MARY KYLE DALLES.

## Selections.

### A Soldier's Story.

BY MARY KYLE DALLES.

My college days were over. Alma Mater had done with me, and the strong arms of the law were open to embrace a new neophyte. I should occupy a desk in a certain dingy office, and enter at last into the profession of which I expected (as what young man does not?) to become a distinguished member.

My grand-aunt, Briggs, writing to her friends, informed them that "Albert knew enough, and had left college." I did not exactly coincide in Aunt Briggs' opinion; but, nevertheless, I certainly considered myself a miracle of erudition, and felt a strong disposition to explode mines of learning at the feet of anxious listeners.

When I caught a friend nudging his neighbor with his elbow, as I designed to enlighten them as to the remarks of those learned ancients whose names were forever on my lips, I believed it to be in admiration or astonishment, and never guessed that they were laughing at me.

In this mood, I took my seat upon the cushions of the railroad car one fine spring morning, attired in a span new traveling costume, bearing a glossy portmanteau in my hand, and bound for a new home and a new life.

I felt a sort of contemptuous pity for the poor ignorant souls around me: the fat man opposite, in his great coat, with a launch-box sticking out of the breast pocket, the young dandy sitting near him, with the eye-glass, and the plain, blunt-featured mechanic, spelling out the contents of a newspaper, who sat near me.

At twilight the train stopped at the New York depot. I had not moved my eyes from her face since I first saw it, and I sighted as she vanished in the recess of a cab. If she ever remembered me, it would be as that insolent, dissembling fellow who made such rude speeches and would not shut the window.

"But if you had heard him! Description will never do him justice. Oh, Mrs. Briggs, if you could have heard him! There are other seats where you will not feel the air, I wish to have this window open." And she was shivering with cold all the while, I assure you.

fore me, and said, in a tone more suitable to a command than a request.

"Will you please to move your feet, sir, and let me sit down." I had a good mind to say, "No!" but, somehow, I had not the courage, therefore I slowly put down one foot after the other, folded my arms and turned to look out the window, while the lady squeezed herself in, spread out her crinoline, and proceeded to make herself comfortable.

It was in love with Kitty. No one could have helped loving her; and it was terrible to feel as I did, and never be able to approach her freely and frankly, with a friendly outstretched hand and a friendly interchange of sentiment.

When we had been under the same roof three long months, matters had not changed. With others, she was as merry as a child; with me, stiff and cold as an icicle. My approach was the signal for the discharge of a thousand unmerciful little arrows, all reminiscences of our first meeting.

"There are other seats, madam, where you will not feel the air; I prefer having the window open." The blue veil fluttered, as though the lady beneath it was tossed indignantly, and the head gathered up her poodle, reticule, and parasol, and crossed to a seat beyond the reach of the draught at which I rejoiced.

This time I slept. I awoke with a start, and sat bolt upright, wondering who I was, where I was, and what had happened to me. My first distinct impression was, that I had somehow taken a terrible cold. Then I remembered the window, and knew how I took it.

In a week we were to leave the city, and I was very busy, so that I saw her but once in all that time. The night previous to our departure I went home to bid them all a formal farewell for the last time perhaps. It was a solemn thought and I walked anxiously, so absorbed in my own meditations that I did not even notice a lady who crossed my path just beside the fountain in Madison Square, and she uttered my name, and touched me on the arm. It was Kitty Earle.

"Albert," she said—and there was not one touch of the old mockery in her voice—"Albert, is this you? I am so glad that I have met you." Her beautiful face had never seemed so lovely as it did now, with that softened light upon it, and when I offered my arm, she took it frankly, and we walked on together. Twilight had fallen—the children and nurse maids were all gone home, and the place was very quiet.

"I leave to-morrow," I said. "I wonder when I shall return?" I thought she drew a little closer to me as she answered—"Soon, I hope."

"You say that as if you meant it," I said bending down to look into her face. "Have you really forgiven me so far? I should be glad to know it." Her left hand lay within my own, and her right one came softly up and met it. "Yet still she did not speak."

summons of the dinner bell and descended. "Miss Earle, my nephew, Mr. Albert Bonnycastle." I bowed—she curtsied—and I read my fate in the first gleam of her black eye. She knew me, and she meant to punish me.

I took the soft hand which had crept up to meet its fellow in my own. She did not draw it back. I pressed my lips upon it, and she was not angry.

"I sit beside the camp fire now, and think of that sweet night. A little blue veil lies folded against my heart, beneath my soldier's uniform, and when Kitty gave it to me she whispered such sweet words that I cannot write them here, but can only think of the happy day which is to come, if life is spared to me until this war is over.—N. J. Sunday Times.

At last, amongst her admirers—and she had many—appeared one who seemed, in my jealous eyes, more favored than the rest. He was a fair, light whiskered, smooth spoken young gentleman, who might have been described as the pink of politeness and propriety. Miss Kitty used him as a foil to set off my supposed rudeness and want of amiability; she praised his manner, his face and his voice, until I was well nigh distracted.

Well, there was in old times wonderful pearls found in the Slaney, and the reason, above all others, that the people believed Barney Regan was a fairy man, was that for every pearl any one else fished, Barney fished up ten. "One said, 'It won't last,' Barney," and another, "It can't last, Barney,"—but it did last; though the luck neither did good to Barney nor his friends, for he wouldn't sell the pearls, and he wouldn't show the pearls. He always had the ugly suspicion that if he sold them he'd be cheated—he was such a miser, and pearls were as plenty in Barney's cabin as blackberries about it.

Time went at a hand canter; and if Barney wasn't rich, why, it was his own fault. Some said it was only the kelpies, the bad-water fairies, that took any notice of him. Anyhow, he was sitting very quiet and contented in his little room one midsummer eve, dressed in his best, out of compliment to the day—as if it was a saint's day, the old sinner!—and wondering, when the moon rose, if he should see the fairies dance on the beautiful beams that spread their silver threads over the waters of the lovely river—mid-summer eve being the fairies' delight. And he was also, in his mind, counting the number of pearls he had, and what he should get for them, when a poor, broken-down fellow creature asked him for a bit of food.

"I have nothin' to give you in the house," said Barney. "I had only the praytoon that did my own dinner."

"Then give me a spiny bit," he says. "In those days the spiny bit was our sixpence. 'Give me a spiny bit,' he says, 'for luck!'"

"Oh, murder, where would I find it!" exclaimed Barney. "Do you think it is exorcism like you that have the right to take the shine out of a poor laboring man like me? A spiny bit!—get out of this with you!"

"Get out of this with me, is it?" says the beggar, "and no welcome—no rest—no taste of meal or milk—not even a cup of cold water, which, given in the name of Him who gives all things, is a blessing to him that gives and him that takes. You're an unfeeling man, Mr. Barney Regan. You're not a bad looking odd fellow—your legs and arms and head are all sound enough—but you've no heart in your body, Barney Regan, it's a wet potato that keeps bubbling about there, instead of a heart of flesh." The man was face spoken, and Barney felt as he had never felt before. "You're an unfeeling man," he says again; "Barney, Heaven help you! and indeed you're not worth the finishing nail; but, for fear you shouldn't understand the little good there is in an unfinished thing, look to your face box of pearls lying by, Barney—look at your fine pearls, meast!"

wered. "I have used you shamefully.—Listen to me, Albert. All along I have known you better than I seemed to. I have pleased myself with tormenting you, I have acted an unwomanly part. Yours was a slight offence, and I punished it as though it were a great one. If—" and here her voice broke down, and her eyes filled with tears.—"If you should never return, I cannot forgive myself."

"I am your friend," she answered—"your true and earnest friend."

I could not see her face, but I needed no answer save the drooping of her head upon my shoulder. My Aunt Briggs nearly went into hysterics again from sheer delight, when I led Kitty up to her chair an hour afterwards, and said—"This is my treasure, now, Aunt. Take good care of it until I claim it of you."

I sat beside the camp fire now, and think of that sweet night. A little blue veil lies folded against my heart, beneath my soldier's uniform, and when Kitty gave it to me she whispered such sweet words that I cannot write them here, but can only think of the happy day which is to come, if life is spared to me until this war is over.—N. J. Sunday Times.

### The Unfinished Man.

But first let me explain that a fairy man is a man that is hand and glove with the fairies; their friend, you see—not a fairy himself, but a sort of a kind of agent, an Irish agent, who stands betwixt the Christians and the fairies, fetching and carrying, doing a hand's turn for one, and a hand's turn for another, now and again, but taking his own share from one or the other, and that not the smallest. No one ever went for advice to a fairy man empty-handed; they expect something, be it what it will.

Barney kept diving into his box, but he brought out nothing but caterpillars without teeth; moths wanting wings; and fish without fins—slimy, useless things—and all fell to pitying Barney because of his want of a heart. "To think of one of the lords of creation being worse finished than ourselves," says one, "and we are all able to pity him," says another; "and I not a pearl fisher!" says a swaggering cockshaffer.

"Oh, my! oh, my!" exclaimed Barney. "If I knew how to do better I'd do it!" "Are you in earnest?" said the bright star, putting a step on the pot-hook.

"And would you get mee back me pearl?" "I'll give you one more trial, Barney." And as she spoke Barney gave a start, and rubbed his eyes hard with the back of his hand, and jumped to his feet, and there went the moonbeams dancing in the May-bush, and under it stood the lezgar he had told of "get out of that;" and Barney found he had slept and dreamed.

"Come in, mee poor man," he says to the lezgar, "and take an air of the fire, and I draw at the pipe; and though I'm as poor—(oh, such a grip as came to his throat as he said that)—I mean, though I'm not as poor as you, yet I'm not rich." (Another grip.) "Anyway, you shall have a share of what I have, and good luck to you!"

That was Barney's first step on the right ladder; and he made the poor man welcome; and he (the lezgar) was a knowledgeable man, and told him much he never knew before, and taught him the value of pearls; and Barney found his box all right, and whenever he felt the wet praytoon feel in his bosom he knew things was going wrong, and he'd pray against it, and that would put it all right again, and then his head would set beating.

And he called to the stranger to come back, begging and praying him to turn, and he'd give him all he had in the house; but it was too late. Whatever the stranger was, he faded and faded—fainter and fainter—and fairly melted away into the moonbeams.

"No heart," thought Barney, "I've heard that before; but I don't believe it. I'm sure I take great care of myself, and I pay my rent, and I call myself a careful man;" and then he bethought himself of the pearls, and off he started to look after them. Now, the pearls were in a box, and the box was in one of Barney's old night-caps, and that was in another box, and that box was in a hole under Barney's bed. So he took it out of the night-cap, and laid it in the moonlight of the sweet mid-summer eve; and he put in his great red finger and thumb to take it a pearl, and instead of the pearl he felt something cold and slimy—and what should come out but a bite of a frog.

"Bad luck to ye!" said Barney; "be off with yourself—there, hop over the wet grass." "I can't," answered the frog, "I can't. I've only three legs—I'm not finished. What use am I to man or mortal—a poor unfinished frog? But I've a heart in my body, Master Barney, and so, maybe, I might be a help or a comfort to your next pearl—ah, ah!"

"Away with you," said Barney to the snail; "away with you up the window." "Ah, sir," says the snail, "I'm like yer honor—unfished; I've no eyes. We all feel for you, sir, because your worse than none of us."

Barney began crying and tearing his hair, and roaring—"Oh, what will I do for my pearls! What will I do without my pearls!" "They were no more to you than haw-stones," said a blink of a fairy, looking down on him from the crook in the chimney, where she glittered like a star in the darkness of night—"not a bit more good to you than so many junk-straws; such hours are sure to turn into slime and snails. Stagnant water grows bad, and so does unimproved wealth. Do you understand me? If not, the lazy pond at your door will tell you what stagnant water is."

"Oh, my! oh, my!" exclaimed Barney. "If I knew how to do better I'd do it!" "Are you in earnest?" said the bright star, putting a step on the pot-hook.

"No, I can't; but you pray for it, and I pray for it, and there's no knowing what you may come to. Every prayer is a pearl of more value than I can tell."

"Come in, mee poor man," he says to the lezgar, "and take an air of the fire, and I draw at the pipe; and though I'm as poor—(oh, such a grip as came to his throat as he said that)—I mean, though I'm not as poor as you, yet I'm not rich." (Another grip.) "Anyway, you shall have a share of what I have, and good luck to you!"

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A Curious Chapter on Food. The diversity prevailing in different nations in reference to articles of food seems to confirm in its literal sense the proverbial saying that "One man's meat is another man's poison." Many an article of food which is in high esteem in one country is regarded in others with abhorrence, which even famine can hardly surmount.

used to be thrown away as unfit for food.—There seems to be some superstition connected with this, as it is said that a Devonshire cook flung refuses to dress it.

The hedgehog no one thinks of eating in England except the gypsies, and some who have joined them, report that it is better than rabbit.

The cuttle-fish (that kind which produces the inky fluid), although found on our coasts, is not eaten by us. But at Naples, it is highly esteemed, and travelers report that it tastes like veal.

By almost all the lower classes in England, venison and game of all kinds are held in abhorrence, and so are fresh figs.

Those last, as is well known, are often eaten by the Chinese, who also eat salt earth-worms, and a kind of sea-slug, which most Europeans will turn from with disgust.

"Horseflesh, which most Europeans would refuse to eat, except in great extremity, is preferred by the Tartars to all other; and the flesh of a wild ass's colt was greatly esteemed by the Romans.

Small land crabs are eaten alive in China. The iguana, a large species of lizard, is reckoned a great dainty in some of the West India Islands.

Maize (the Indian corn of America) has been introduced into New Zealand by the missionaries, and the people cultivate and highly esteem it. But their mode of preparing it for food is to Europeans most disgusting. They steep it into water until it is putrid, and then make it into a kind of porridge, which cautions a most intolerable stench.

Human flesh has been, and still is, eaten in many parts of the world, and that by people considerably above the lowest rank of savages—such as the Fiji Islanders and an Indian people called the Batta, who are said to have a written language. And even in cannibalism there are great diversities—some nations eat their enemies, and some their friends.

Herodotus relates that a Persian king asked the Indian soldiers that were in his service what reward would induce them to burn the dead bodies of their friends instead of eating them. They replied by entreating him not to mention anything so shocking.

## Gems and Precious Stones.

Notwithstanding the edicts by which he endeavored to curb the follies of others, Caesar was himself an indefatigable collector of precious stones, chiseled vases, statues, pictures, etc., especially when they had been the work of famous ancient masters. The quantity of gems the Caesars had at their command must have been enormous. Caligula by ships entirely of cedar, with sterns inlaid with gems. These were probably fine stones such as the onyx. The emperor's mantle was heavy with precious stones and gold embroidery; and Incitatus, his favorite horse, was covered with purple housings, and wore a pearl collar.

In the golden house of Nero, the panels were of mother-of-pearl, enriched with gold and gems. At the Great Games instituted by this emperor, as many as a thousand lottery tickets were daily thrown to the people; the prizes consisted of quantities of rare birds of various kinds, corn, gold, silver, robes pearl, precious stones, and pictures; during the last days, even ships, houses, and lands.

Men and women vied with each other in their fondness of jewels. Pliny indignantly relates that women, not content with wearing gold on their heads, arms, tresses and fingers; in their ears, and around the corsage of their tunics, yet wore pearls on their bosom, in the dead of the night, that even in their sleep they might be conscious of the possession of inestimable gems.

He complains, moreover, that they wore gold on their feet, thus establishing, between the stola of the matron and the plebeian tunic, a sort of feminine equestrian order. This was but a trifling piece of extravagance, however, when compared with the whim of the Empress Hloppa, who caused her maids to be shod with gold.

Indeed moderation could scarcely be expected from wives of the patricians who had subdued empires, made kings their tributaries, and reigned as sovereigns over the wide domains wrested from surrounding nations to be provinces of Rome. "I have seen," says Pliny, "Lollia Paulina, who was the wife of the Emperor Caligula, and this not on the occasion of a solemn festival, or ceremony, but merely at the supper of ordinary betrothals, I have seen Lollia Paulina covered with emeralds and pearls arranged alternately, so as to give each other additional brilliancy on her head, neck, arms, hands, and girdle, to the amount of 40,000 sesterces (£236,000 sterling), the wick value was prepared to prove on the instant by producing the receipts; and these pearls came, not from the prodigal generosity of an imperial husband, but from treasures which had been the spoils of provinces. Marcus Lullius, her grandfather, was dishonored in all the East on account of the gifts he had extorted from kings, disgraced by Tiberius, and obliged to poison himself by the light of the Lucernæ blazing with jewels."

The Greek and Roman jewelers have varied the form and style of ornaments to such a degree that, according to archeologists, only most skillful modern artists are merely copyists or imitators. The works that treat of the jewelry of the ancients furnish inexhaustible repositories to those who explore their scientific depths. Diadems, necklaces, earrings, bracelets, rings, pings, brooches, clasps of all shapes and dimensions, surrounded with busts, statues, animals, birds, insects, flowers, etc., were indispensable to the Roman ladies, and were frequently prized far more for their artistic merit than for the substance of which they were composed. Hairpins constituted a very important article of the toilet, and were elaborately finished; the head usually represented figures delicately wrought. Mention is made of a hair-pin that cost £16,900.

Among the relics of Pompeii and Herculaneum now in the Royal Museum of Naples, is a pin that had belonged to the Empress of Sabinia; it represents the Goddess of Plenty, bearing in one hand the horn of Archaean, and caressing a dolphin with the other. This pin is described by Winkelmann in his letter on the antiquities of Herculaneum.

The necklaces usually wound several times round the neck, the last circle falling on the bosom; the clasp was a magnificent cameo. We may judge of the delicacy of the workmanship, and of the beauty of the design, by the antique gems preserved in European collections.

The very garters of the Roman ladies were splendid trinkets, on which gold, silver, and precious stones were prodigally employed. Sabinia, the younger, possessed a pair of garter valued at nearly £40,000, on account of the rich cameos that clasped them. The patrician dames, in their mad endeavor to rival each other in this species of ornament spent a large part of their fortunes. The garters of those days were not used to fasten stockings with the Romans wore no stockings—but a kind of drawers of fine linen. Sometimes the garter was worn on the naked leg, as bracelets were worn on the arms.

Nero offered to Jupiter Capitolinus the first cuttings of his beard in a golden vase enriched with very costly pearls. Reliquaries were sandals adorned with precious stones of inestimable price, and worn by the same pair twice.