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Poetry.

The Horseman and the Bodesse.

A BALLAD.
FROM THE ORNAMENT OF DONATY SCHWAB.
TRANSLATED BY HOWARD WORCESTER GILBERT.

The horseman rides through the valley bright,
On the snow-field shimmering the clear sunlight.
Through the snow so cold in sweet sides he,
Yet to-day he must reach the Bodesse.

The maiden "round the rider eyes,"
"The mere with the horse, behind thee lies."
"And covered the ice not in waters from,
I had said the wave thou hadst ferried over."

Selections.

The Mystery of a Tenor.

Few men have had a finer entrance into social life than M. de B. To other great and attractive qualities, he joined that of being a fine musician. Endowed with a delicious tenor voice, he had well eclipsed the singers of the opera, if his rank and fortune had not restricted him to the place of an amateur. Sought by society, feted, applauded in the saloons of fashion, he owed to his peculiar talent the most cherished triumphs and the more gracious compliments. He owed to his gifts the position he held, above that of young men who are only rich and handsome. Like them he alone shone by his luxury and his elegance. Thirty thousand lives a year justified him in a princely style, and he used his means lavishly. Nothing lacked to adorn and make pleasant the success of his early years.

name was purely Italian, required but little to place him in the front rank of the most celebrated artists, and to become one of the great ornaments of Italian music. This prediction was speedily realized. The success of the new tenor rapidly increased. Venice, Rome, and Naples consecrated his renown. All the capitals of Europe competed for his favors. He honored solicitations from London, St. Petersburg, Madrid, Berlin, Vienna, but it was in Paris that the directors of the Theatre-Italian of Paris offered him a magnificent engagement; he rejected all their proposals. Like Jenny Lind, he condemned Paris not to hear him. It was the oddity of an artist, and this was not a single instance of the eccentricity of the tenor. X— had a like obstinacy against appearing in concerts, or singing in saloons. More, he never showed himself in the City, repelling all advances, and shunning all society. This roughness was attributed to that originality always inseparable from a prodigious talent.

At the end of ten years in his profession the celebrated singer declared his career terminated, and definitely renounced the stage. It was a premature retreat; the artist was still in all his vigor and all his power; but they essayed in vain to restrain him. "I am rich enough," said he, "I have thirty thousand lives annual income from my investments; I desire to repose and enjoy my fortune." His resolution was irrevocable, and the world of song lost this precious tenor, that Paris had never known.

At the same time the singer X—, who had just quitted the stage, the Parisian world beheld the reappearance of M. de B. There were only vague remembrances of him. No many events, so many adventures mark the passage of ten years! So many brilliant personages come to occupy public attention and in all this interval the personnel of society undergo many modifications. M. de B. notwithstanding, more than any other, had a title to be remembered. He was little changed. By a special favor of nature, he preserved, at the age of thirty-six, all the graces of his younger age. Also, apparitions were revived little by little, and so much the more rapidly as M. de B. reappeared with his former luxury; he was also— "as rich as formerly. A legacy, he said had returned to him his former fortune.

Honore. A reunion, always charming, was to have a new attraction, by the presence of a young Russian lady, a short time arrived in Paris, Madame the Countess of —, a marvel of grace and intelligence, rumor declared. But the countess did not appear. The persons who were to present her said that, in reading a journal, she had been seized by a violent attack of the nerves, and that her condition gave rise to much inquietude.

Some days afterwards M. de B. was riding on horseback alone, in the forest of Bologno, when he encountered a caliche. A lady occupied the carriage, and when the cavalier glanced at her in passing, she started up, uttered a cry, and fell fainting upon the cushions. Surprised at the effect he had produced, and much interested by the adventure, for the lady was young and beautiful, M. de B. whom the gallop of his horse had carried for some distance, returned towards the caliche; but a crowd of cavaliers and many equipages had accumulated, a doctor was bestowing his cares, and by his direction the caliche was put in motion before M. de B. had reached it. He was forced to content himself with following it at a distance. "I am rich enough," said he, "I have thirty thousand lives annual income from my investments; I desire to repose and enjoy my fortune." His resolution was irrevocable, and the world of song lost this precious tenor, that Paris had never known.

The next day he presented himself, sent up his card, by the valet, and was not received. The second day he sent up his card again with some words in pencil, which announced him as the fatal cavalier of the wood of Bologno. He was admitted. The beautiful countess, pale and languishing, fixed upon him looks that carried agitation into his breast. She addressed him and listened to him with a sort of avidity. "You cannot imagine," she said, "the emotion I experienced at seeing and hearing you. Promise me to come every day." The happy M. de B. was delighted to meet such an engagement, and for nothing would he have missed it. He was already profoundly enamored.

Switzerland. They have never seen or heard of the singer X—. The story of his death is a fable. "And you recommence your search?" "Do you reproach me?" "No; but only make me one promise." "What?" "It is that if your researches are vain, if you are forced to renounce all hope of finding him, you will accept for your husband one who recalls his image to you, and who alone is able to replace him." "No; I will not promise that, because I cannot give my hand without my heart, and because then I can love nothing but his memory. You have his features, his looks, his smile, his height, his manners—but what I loved above all in him, was his voice, so mild, so divine, whose accents, entered my soul, as I cannot describe, and took it captive—that voice that overcame all my senses for the first time in the air of Don Giovanni: *Il mio tesoro*."

As an only response to these ardent words, M. de B. went to the piano, opened it, ran his fingers over the keys, and with that "sympathetic, mild, divine" voice, that had carried the glory and the triumphs of the artist, he sang the cavatina of *Don Giovanni: Il mio tesoro*. "It is the same!" cried the countess, falling in a fit of raving joy. The countess did not leave Paris by the government conveyance.

Issuing from the wrist is that wonderful organ, the human hand. "In a French book, intended," says Sir Charles Bell, "to teach young people philosophy, the pupil asks why the fingers are not of equal length. The master makes the scholar grasp a ball of ivory, to show him that the points of the fingers are then equal. It would have been better had the closed fingers upon the palm, and then have asked whether or not they corresponded. This difference in the length of the fingers serves a thousand purposes, as in holding a rod, a switch, a sword, a hammer, a pen, pencil, or engraving tool, in all which secure hold and freedom of action are admirably combined." On the length, strength, and perfectly free movements of the thumbs depends, moreover, the power of the human hand. To the thumb, indeed, has been given the special name, *Pollux*; from a Latin verb, meaning to be able, strong, mighty, because of its strength—a strength that is necessary to the power of the hand, being equal to that of all the fingers. Without the fleshy ball of the thumb, the power of the fingers would be of no avail, and accordingly the large ball formed by the muscles of the thumb is the special mark of the human hand, and particularly that of a clever workman. The loss of the thumb almost amounts to the loss of the hand.

first ding in de mornin' you hear de trum peat; vell dat ish for you get oop and haf goodall shnappe; vell, you von't git him. Den you hears de trum beat again, unt de gopporal kooms rount unt says: 'Shendlemens, please to fall in.' Vell den, if you please to fall in, you falls in, unt if you don't want to garry de musket yourself, you gits somebody to garry him. Vell den, pi-unt-pi you hear trum peat nudder times; dat's for breakfast. Vell den, for to breakfast you must call for breakfast, mooton shoop, or anything you likes; den you vait till you git him. Shoot so you does mit to dinner. In der efenin' dere ish breshy poety young kals kooms aroud, dreshed in vite, unt dey schepkas mit you; 'Shendlemens, you sooner go der berade or go to de saloon unt haf little vales mit us?' Vell, you no oblige to go mit de kals hif you no vants to. Vell den, about nine o'clock de trum be peats again; dat is gomblements of de kolonel to take glass vino mit him. You no likes to dake glass vino, you goes to schlofe. Mine grasbus, shendlemens! vy you koom not in out of de draft, unt lish in der Sigel Guards? Now koom in—put your name on de baper! The eloquent eulogist of 'der Sigel Guard' received no response to his appeals, except broad grins from the knowing ones, while we were present; but we have no doubt that his pleasant picture of camp life proved attractive to many, and that the ranks of his "kompany" were soon filled.

A CALIFORNIA MERMAID.—The account of the voyage of Hernando Grijalva to the Gulf coast of Lower California, (1523), describes a mermaid which Grijalva professed to have seen. The object when seen near by, resembled nothing more than a monkey. It leaped out of the water and jumped back again, with its hands moving very quickly, and then looked up in the face; floating in the water as in an attitude of sitting, until a bird disturbed it, when it dived down again and came up a short distance from us; we saw it for more than an hour. Its lively appearance and strange manner almost made us believe we had seen an apparition of the Blessed Virgin, (Our Lady), for we saw it on all sides. At this place we also saw in the water great numbers of live snakes of bright colors, and looking like rattlesnakes (*casabellans*).

Witnesses, "I was in the sitting room when Mary came from the kitchen; hurriedly, and Coggell after her. He caught hold of her at the sitting room door and said, 'Mary, you have been here long enough, come and go home now.' Attorney for defendant—"What did Mary say?" Attorney for the State—"Stop there; I object to the question." Here a discussion of nearly two hours took place, in which four or five lawyers participated; after which the judge held a long, serious and excited discussion on the subject, and finally, in a very formal and pompous manner, stated that it was the opinion of a majority of the court that the question should be answered. The courtroom was crowded almost to suffocation, and the most intense interest was manifested at this stage of the proceedings. The question was repeated, "What did Mary say?" and the witness answered, "She didn't say a word!"

PEDDLER versus QUAKER.—A Yankee peddler traveling in Pennsylvania, met a Quaker going to the mill with a bag of corn. "I say, mister," said the Yankee, "what do you ax for your corn?" "It isn't for sale, friend," mildly replied the Quaker. "But I'm greatly in need of corn, and my mare is nearly starved; and I've been round here 'pears willing to trade for it, but you Quaker fellers was chook, full of the milk of human kindness. Now, as I've been robbed back here of all my corn, I don't know what an uth I'm goin to do when the mare's gin out." "Well, friend," said the Yankee, "if there has anything that I can trade with you same account as my corn, I will trade with you thee at a dollar's bushel." "You're a good fellow," said the Yankee, "and I'll trade with you." "And pray what are you going to trade with me?" "Grind it, to be sure!" said the Yankee, chuckling at the thought that was present for the peddler. "Well, I'll dew it on, then, and you may empty your corn in my feed box at once," said the Yankee. "And pray friend, what am I to have in exchange for two bushels of corn, that I can turn to the same account?" "Oh, you can take your choice, I've got jack-knives at twenty five cents apiece, razors at the same price, axes at a dollar, and various other notions." "Top!" said the Yankee, "they can all be ground to great advantage." In short, you can grind 'em as often as you please, and it won't hurt 'em!" The Quaker was so tickled at the Yankee's wit that he let him have the corn without further parley, and took his pay in trade.

SHAKESPEARE'S SHYLOCK.—We find in the Jewish Record, a journal devoted to the interests of American Israelites, and published in New York, a new version of Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice." The writer, who is himself a Jew, says the play is founded on fact, with this important difference, that it was the Jew who was to forfeit the pound of flesh if he lost the wager. The circumstance took place not at Venice, but in Rome, during the pontificate of Sixtus the Fifth. The Jew lost; the noble demanded the pound of flesh; the Jew demurred and offered money, which was refused. Sixtus to whom the matter was at last submitted decided in favor of the noble, with the provision that he should cut exactly one pound of flesh—not one grain more or less, on pain of being hanged. The noble naturally declined the risk; the Pope fined both parties in heavy sums for making such a wager. Thus old Shylock's memory is vindicated at last. We fear, however, notwithstanding "the truth of his story," that Shakespeare's will continue to be the popular version of the story.

AFRICAN HUNTING.—I saw some nine or ten crocodiles high and dry, gorged with sea-weed and fast asleep. One sauntered about, twenty feet long at least, if allowed to slither, but Monies would not want it, as he hoped to get more sea-weed, and he feared a shot would frighten them, and spoil our chances. I was not half satisfied, and said, "Well, anyhow, let me have the satisfaction of giving him a kick in the ribs (I was shot with heavy English shooting boots) by way of memento, and was just in the act of raising my foot for the purpose, when Monies suddenly drew me forcibly back, saying "You fool, he'll crack your legs off like pipe-stumps with his tail," and that instant he woke up, and I had no choice but to thank for saving me a broken bone at least, for I never saw anything like the whirl he gave his tail as he dashed madly over some fifteen yards across the water, and immediately floated like a log of the water, taking a cool swim in the morning visitors.—*African Hunting*, by C. Baldwin, Esq.

A Paris paper publishes some curious statistical returns, showing the number of murders committed in the different countries in Europe. It appears from this paper that there are four murders committed in England for every million inhabitants, seventeen in Belgium, twenty in Sardinia, thirty-one in France, thirty-six in Austria, sixty-eight in Bavaria, forty-nine in Lombardy, one hundred in Rome, ninety in Sicily, two hundred in Spain, and three hundred in Portugal.