

# THE COLUMBIA SPY.

SMUEL WRIGHT, Editor and Proprietor.

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

\$1.50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE; \$2.00 IF NOT IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME XXXIV, NUMBER 46.]

COLUMBIA, PENNSYLVANIA, SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 12, 1863.

[WHOLE NUMBER 1,741.]

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.  
Office in Carpet Hall, North-west corner of  
Front and Locust streets.

Terms of Subscription.  
Copies furnished to subscribers free of charge.  
Copies sent by mail in advance.  
Copies sent by mail in arrears.  
Copies sent by mail on receipt of the money.

Rates of Advertising.  
Per line for one week.  
Per line for one month.  
Per line for three months.  
Per line for six months.  
Per line for one year.

## Selections.

### A Candidate for Church Membership.

"Old Steve," or "lying Stevens," as he was familiarly called, by virtue of a strong original genius, and an indefatigable perseverance and application, had acquired the reputation of being the greatest liar that ever existed in the State of —— . Wherever he made his appearance, therefore, at muster or training, he was sure to be surrounded by a host of listeners. He greatly excelled the renowned Munchausen, who simply told extravagant stories, and sometimes blundered on the truth. Steve, on the other hand, never told a word of truth, even by mistake, in all his life, and his circumstantiality and in every particular. In short it came to him as naturally as eating and drinking, or rather, as breathing, for he not only lied to his listeners, but when he had no other person to talk to, he would tell lies to himself, just to keep his hand in. This fact was ascertained beyond any doubt by his denying it in the most solemn manner when some body accused him of the practice. It was Mr. Stevens' misfortune, one time to lose a good deal of money on a horse race. This made him feel uncommonly serious, so he went to a camp meeting, which was held about five miles from his residence, to see if he couldn't make up a little by "shaking props" with the boys. They happened, however, to be too much for him that time, and he was completely cleaned out. This made him feel more serious than ever, and as there happened to be a powerful preacher there, who could make himself heard at the distance of a mile, he thought he would turn over a new leaf at once. When he got home therefore the first thing he did was to send for the minister. The worthy man came, and to his extreme amazement, found that Stevens wanted to join the church.

"I have no hesitation in laying your proposition before the brethren," said the good old man, trying to soothe a laugh. "Of course you have!" responded Steve with great confidence.

"And if you could give satisfactory evidences of amendment, Mr. Stevens," continued the minister, emphasizing the word, "they might take you on probation; at any rate we have a meeting to-night, and I can let you know to-morrow."

"Probation be d—dded!" ejaculated Steve, as the minister hastily retreated; "why can't they let me join at once, while I feel like it?"

The proposition, as might have been expected, created a sensation. There was hardly a member of the church, male or female, who had not, at some time or other, been victimized by Stevens' slanderous tongue, and they could hardly hear his name with patience. Some of them went so far as to say if he joined they would leave, and that settled the matter, for they were among the "four-handed members," who could afford to speak out because the church could not afford to lose them.

However, to avoid any trouble with an unscrupulous fellow like Steve, it was resolved to break the matter to him as gently as possible. Two of the most respectable men in the church were appointed to call upon him, and it was generally understood that such was their known mildness of disposition, that every possible excuse consistent with truth would be made for not receiving him.

The rest of the story must be told in Steve's own words.

When old Deacon Peabody came along, I sat in the back door whittin' a huckleberry, and I hope to suffer if I wasn't mad enough to rare right up. A cousin of my wife's whose sister was a member, had come over airily and told us all about it.

"Good mornin', Mr. Stevens," says the old hypocrite, with a face as long as a yard of pump water.

"I said nothin', but kept on whittin'."

"I came down to see you this mornin'," says he.

"Well," says I, "how do you like my looks?"

"Oh," says he, "what I mean is, that I come down to labor with you."

"Work away, then, why don't you?" was all that he got out of me.

"But, Mr. Stevens," said he, very solemnly, "the church sent me down here to talk with you a minute."

"Well, you've been talkin' for more'n five minutes, Deacon Peabody," says I, "and you've said nothin' yet; now, when are you goin' to begin?"

"The old Israelite looked mad enuff to bite my head off at a snap, but he thought it

best to keep cool, so he drew a long breath and went on:

"Nobody wants to hurt your feelings or make any trouble, Mr. Stevens, but the church have come to the conclusion, that perhaps, on the whole, under the circumstances, and in view of everything it might possibly be best all around, and taking all things into consideration, for you not to be hasty in applyin' just at present. They think on mature reflection, that it might be as well, if you'd conclude to postpone it a little while, say for a year or eighteen months."

"They dew! Well, now, Deacon, what makes 'em think so? The church ain't full, is it?"

"This was a hard question. The old sarpint knew very well that it wouldn't answer to say he didn't know, for he knew fast enuff—and knew that I knew he did. So he says—

"Mr. Stevens, I'm sorry you're so riled about it—you've no occasion—I didn't come to offend you, but you know as well as I do why the church don't accept you."

"If I knew I wouldn't ask you to tell me Deacon Peabody."

"Well," says he, "don't you know what large stories you're in the habit of tellin'?"

"Who says I tell large stories?" says I, "it ain't untruth, and you can't prove it ain't. Now ain't it a shame, Deacon, for a man like you to go round scandalizin' a neighbor that way? What story did you ever hear of mine that wasn't true? Come, lay your finger on the first story, and I won't say another word."

"Why, there's so many on 'em," answered the Deacon, "that it's almost impossible to specify any one in particular. But now I think on it; don't you remember that story you told about your father's bein' killed by a bear?"

"My father's bein' killed by a bear?" says I, "there it is now! That is just the way folks lie about me! It's an untruth, like the rest on 'em, and you ought to be ashamed, Deacon Peabody, to be rummin' round town, telling things that ain't so!"

"Well," said he pretty short, "you've made that an observation about often enough; if you didn't say your father was killed by a bear, what was it you did say?"

"I'll tell you," I said, "that father was one of the first men to bring sheep into this era town, and that is no story, is it?"

"No," said he, "it ain't."

"And one day I said that he lost one of them 'ere sheep in the woods; and that is likely if it ain't true—and when he was lookin' for it, I said he came across a bear. The bear growled at dad, and dad llopped at the bear, and finally the best came at him, and tore all his insides out, and then your father, Deacon Peabody, who was a respectable man, sir, and never would agnone about town scandalizin' his neighbors—your father heard my father holler, and came up, seeing how matters stood, ran for the doctor."

"When the doctor came, the first thing that he did was to catch a sheep and cut its insides out, and put them in the place of dad's, and I never said dad was killed by a bear! No, sir! I told the naked truth—I said he grew as well as ever he was, except that he hawkered after hay all the winter, and had worked enough grow to make him an overcoat in the spring. You don't call that a large story, I hope. If you won't let a fellow jine the church because he tells the truth, you won't find many decent members, I guess."

The old man riz riz straight up, and walked away without sayin' another word. What he thought, I never could learn, for the old christian haint opened his head to me since.

### The Good-Natured Man with One Eye.

About half way between two small towns, whose names are unimportant, there is a way-side inn, called the Traveler's Delight. It was probably a mistake, or it might have been a satire, since the Traveler's Delight presented an aspect by no means delightful; indeed, a timid traveler would have been apt to turn from it with a shudder, as intolerably desolate and gloomy, and prefer pressing on at all risks, to making trial of it.

One evening, however, at dusk, a horse laboring under the weight of two persons, a man-servant, and a lady on a pillion—your man-remember that it is a long time since this happened—stopped before the door of the Traveler's Delight.

"We must be wrong, I know," said the servant. "I don't remember any inn on the road." Whereupon he proceeded to make some inquiries of a surly-looking host, and then turned to the lady. "We have missed the turning, and are some miles from the right way. What is to be done?"

"The lady—who will call her Mrs. Benson—looked at the darkening night, and shivered as a blast of wind went howling by.

"Is there accommodation for us here?"

"But I think we had better go on."

The servant, however, was not inclined to go on. There was plenty of accommodation for his mistress, he said, and the horse was dead beat. As for himself, the landlord said there was an out-house he could sleep in; and he was sure his master would not like Mrs. Danson to peril her health and safety by going on in the cold, dark night.

The lady suffered herself to be persuaded, and entered the house. A woman with an unpleasant face came to meet her. When Mrs. Benson saw this woman, she looked

again at the dark road hesitatingly, but the horse had been taken to the stable, and the servant was not to be seen.

"Can I have a private room?" inquired the lady.

"A bed-room, of course. But there's no sitting-room, except the house-place. You'll find it warm and comfortable, and can have the best seat."

By this time the outer door was shut and fastened, and Mrs. Benson, taking courage in the thought that at least her servant was somewhere within call, made a virtue of necessity, and accepted the offered best seat with seeming satisfaction.

Supper was placed before her, which the landlord and his wife shared, at her request.

During the meal there was a violent knocking at the outer door, and when it was opened there was a tall, broad-shouldered man, with one eye, and a shock head of red hair.

"Can I have a bed?" was the query.

"Well, I suppose you can, if the misses and me gives up our room. It won't be the first time we've had to camp in the house place, that's no shame."

"Sory to put you out. Thank you, I think I will take a mouthful."

No one had invited the new comer to take a mouthful, and as he helped himself his one eye turned on the strange lady. Mrs. Benson could not help returning the look with interest, the man had such a comical face; and then his hair was the reddest she had ever seen, and the whole man seemed to be jolly with an expression of grotesque good nature. At some early remark of the landlord's, this queer one eye looked at the lady again quickly; his own gave a comical side nod towards the host, and then the eye twinkled, as much as to say, "He's a queer tempered chap, you know; but don't be frightened, I'll protect you."

In fact, Mrs. Benson felt quite a sense of security in the presence of the good-natured man, and was sorry when his huge supper came to an end.

"Well, then, I'll turn in," he said, pushing his plate away. "If the master here will be good enough to show me the room, for I'm tired. Good-night, missis—servant m'am."

### The Magic Ring.

In olden times there lived a most beautiful, pious and amiable Frau von Alvensleben, who was respected and beloved by her friends and the high and mighty of the land, and looked up to and adored by her dependants and the poor, who for many miles around felt the benefit of her loving charities. This favorite of fortune and nature had, however, one drop of gall mixed in her cup of happiness, which had well nigh embittered the whole of her precious life. She was childless, and it was no small grief to her beloved lord as well as herself to be denied an heir to their noble name and vast possessions. Frequently when more than usually oppressed by sad thoughts, she would wander forth and seek in assuaging the sorrows of others a relief to her own painful reflections.

On one occasion, as in pensive mood she was returning from one of these charitable visits to the sick and poor of her village, her way led through an avenue of well grown trees bordering the banks of the Elbe. Slowly she walked with eyes cast on the ground, when her steps were suddenly arrested by a little dwarf, who stood respectfully before her. She was startled at first, but seeing him looking smilingly at her, she soon regained her composure, and in a kind manner asked him what he wanted.

"Most gracious lady," quoth the dwarf, "all I wish is to give you brighter hopes, and to foretell that your future will be as happy as you deserve. Within a year from this time you will be blessed with three sons at a birth (drilling). I pray you to accept this ring," continued he, handing her a large gold ring most curiously wrought; "have it divided into three equal parts, and when your sons are of age to understand the trust, give one piece to each of them to keep as a talisman against evil. As long as it remains in the family, the Alvenslebens will prosper."

With these words the kind little man disappeared; but his prophecy was realized, and his injunctions were carefully obeyed. The three little sons lived to form the source of three distinct lines of the Alvensleben family, and are distinguished by the Black, White, and the Red line.

Years—any, centuries—rolled by, but the three pieces of ring were carefully preserved by the descendants of the three brothers. The age of superstition had now passed away. Frederick the Great was mighty, and he scoffed at all things; Voltaire, his friend and teacher, sneered at every species of belief, and the courtiers thought it becoming to imitate their master and his favorite.

A gay party was seated on the balcony of the castle of Randan, which overlooks the muddy-colored, shallow, and sometimes treacherous, river Elbe. Amongst the company were several gay young officers of the royal hussars, then stationed at Magdeburg, who had ridden over to pay their devoirs to the fair lady of the manor, the Frau von Alvensleben of the red line, a famous beauty at Frederick's court. Although the mother of three fine boys, her beauty was at its zenith, and her sharp, ready wit and satirical, skeptical turn of mind had won for her as many admirers as her rare personal attractions.

"I never believe in anything that I do not see or feel," said the lady, with a bright

laugh, continuing an animated conversation about second sight ghost-seers; "nor do I care just now to believe in anything but that these strawberries are delicious," added she, holding up a ruddy berry; "that the air is pure and balmy, my companions most agreeable, and life altogether very charming and enjoyable."

"Would that life were made up of such moments," sighed her nearest neighbor, with an ardent glance! "but alas! we must bend to so many influences beyond our own control."

"Not a whit," retorted the lively lady, Joderist seines Gluckes Schmach! (every one forgets his own happiness), saith the proverb.

"How can you say that, fairest of chancelaines, when you know that the happiness of each of us is dependent upon your good will?" responded one of the gallants.

"And," added the Major van Eulenber, a somewhat more sedate admirer, "you yourself, madame, must not forget that you are living under the spell of the famous Alvensleben ring; if you were to lose it, who knows what might happen?"

"Alter schutz von Thurbet nicht" (age is no preservative against folly) "I see," answered the beauty, pertly teasing her head. "Do you think I am such an idiot, as really to believe in this silly story of the ring? I thought my sentiments were better known, and to prove to you how free from superstition I am, \* \* \* she ran into the room through the open folding doors, hastily unlocked a casket with a small golden key which hung from her neck chain, and swiftly returning, made a comical low courtesy to the circle of gentlemen, and, with a graceful movement, flung what she had in her hand down into the rushing river at her feet: "There," she cried, exultingly, "there goes the token of old superstition, which has too long been treasured in our family; here goes the famous ring, and may the Alvenslebens ever more depend upon themselves for their good luck and prosperity."

The act was greeted with bravos, and warm expressions of admiration at the strength of mind she had exhibited, by the young officers, whose only wish was to flatter and please the star of the day; yet some in their hearts disapproved, others felt as if a blank had fallen on their spirits, and though outwardly merry, the party separated with far less jovial feelings than they had ever before experienced within the walls of Randan.

### An Infant Baboon.

Six weeks afterwards, this laughing scoffing beauty was bent low in sadness and sorrow. She had in that short period lost her husband and her three sons, all of whom were suddenly carried off by a virulent fever. It is not known whether she connected in this sad bereavement with her imprudent act, but probably her haughty skepticism received a shock, for she renounced the world, and ever after led a life of sorrow and seclusion. Thus ended the Red line of the Alvenslebens.

The members of the Black line, shocked by the sad occurrence, and fearful lest some accident might cause the loss of so small an object as the third part of a ring, had it melted among other gold and moulded into a goblet or Pokal, which the sole survivor of that line still possesses. Their star, however, has fallen, and from the prosperous and numerous family which then flourish- ed, and was in possession of nearly half the province of Magdeburg, but two descendants in middling circumstances now exist.

The last member of importance of that line was the highly esteemed minister of state under Frederick Wilhelm III., Count Albert Alvensleben, who died at so late a period as 1858.

The members of the White line have been the wisest of the three; they still carefully preserve among the family archives in their Castle at Erlleben, near Magdeburg, their precious share of the little dwarf's present. This family is amongst the most highly esteemed and beloved of all the old nobles of Prussia; highly favored and truly loved by their monarch, many of them still hold important offices in the army and state, and the White line still counts thirty or forty members.

### A Thrilling Incident of the War.

Nine or ten years ago a citizen of one of the towns in the eastern part of Massachusetts, was unjustly suspected of a crime which the statute could not easily reach, but deservedly brings upon him guilty of the indignation of upright men. There were circumstances which gave color to the suspicion, and the unfortunate gentleman suffered the misery of loss of friends, business and reputation. His sensitive nature could not face these trials; and he fell into such a condition of mind and body that alarmed his family. At last, having invested his property so that it could be easily managed by his wife, he suddenly disappeared, leaving her comfortable with the care of two boys, of ten and twelve years. The first fear that he had sought violent death, was partly dispelled by the orderly arrangement of his affairs, and after the discovery that a dagger-receptacle of the family group was missing from the parlor table, not much effort was made to trace the fugitive. When, afterwards, facts were developed which established his innocence of the crime charged, it was found impossible to communicate with him; and as the publication of the story in the columns of several widely circulated journals failed to recall him, he was generally supposed to be dead.

At the outbreak of the present civil war his eldest son, now a young man, was induced by a friend, a Captain in a Western regiment, to

enlist in his company. He behaved well all through the campaign in Missouri and Tennessee, and after the capture of Fort Donelson, was awarded a First Lieutenant's commission. At the battle of Murfreesboro, he was wounded in the left arm so slightly that he was still able to take charge of a squad of wounded prisoners. While performing this duty he became aware that one of them, a middle aged man, with a full heavy beard, was looking at him with fixed attention. The day after the fight, as the officer was passing, the soldier gave the military salute, and said:

"A word with you, sir, if you please. You remind me of an old friend. Are you from New England?"

"I am."

"From Massachusetts?"

"Yes."

"And your name?"

The young Lieutenant told his name, and why he came to serve in a Western regiment.

"I thought so," said the other, and turning away he was silent.

Although his curiosity was much excited by the soldier's manner, the officer forbore to question him, and withdrew. But in the afternoon he took occasion to renew the conversation and expressed the interest awakened in him by the incident of the morning.

"I knew your father," said the prisoner. "Is he well?"

"We have not seen him for years. We think he is dead."

Then followed such an explanation of the circumstances of his disappearance as the young man could give. He had never known the precise nature of the charges against his father, but was able to make it quite clear that his innocence had been established.

"I knew your mother, also," continued the soldier. "I was in love with her when she married your father."

"I have a letter from her dated ten days ago. My brother is a nine months' man in New Orleans."

After a little desolatory conversation, the soldier took from under his coat a leathern wallet, and disclosed a dagguer-type case. The clasp was gone, and the corners were rounded by wear.

"Will you oblige me," he said, by looking at this, alone, in your tent?"

Agitated almost beyond control, the young officer took the case and hurried away. He had seen the picture before! It represented a man and woman, sitting side by side, with a boy at the knee of each. The romantic story moved the commander of the division to grant the young man a furlough, and both father and son reached home last week.—The Worcester Spy.

### Female "Fainting" as a Profession.

One day, in a trial for petty larceny before the Tribunal Correctional of Paris, a handsome young lady, smartly and stylishly dressed, was called upon to appear as a witness. The presiding judge asked her name, and then put the usual question concerning her profession. "I faint," answered madam, in her weakest though most silly tone. The gallant rotary of Thiers laid on officer of the court to bring her a chair, and allowed her sufficient time for recovering. Then, "Be not afraid, madam," said he, "and please to tell me before you are sworn, what is your profession?" "I faint," again bashfully whispered the pretty witness in a scarce audible voice. This time, the Vice-President sent for a glass of water; the interesting dame sipped it slowly; then, bowing gracefully to the judge, she looked at him, seemingly waiting for further questions. And again she was required to state her profession. Wondering and thoroughly amazed, she replied, "But, Monsieur le President, I had already the honor to tell you that my profession is to faint." "To faint?" exclaimed the bench, with one voice, "can there be such a profession?" Madam answered in the affirmative, and explained that she carried a chair, and sat a despicable one, either by sitting every evening, in a most fashionable dress, in a prominent balcony stall at the Theatre de la Porte Saint Martin, and appropriately fainting away, out of sheer emotion, at the tragic moment pointed out before her by the audience; or by sitting in a room, and fainting away, in the most valuable, and that the manager never had to complain of the impressive manner in which she, for one, performed her part. Unhappily, by thus publicly exposing the pete- culousness, her profession was gone; but we trust that the Imperial Court has offered her a wider and more dignified scope for the display of her useful talent.

Mrs. FUBBS AND MR. FUBBS.—Correct I'vek of the former.—Fubbs, I want to talk to you a while, and I want you to listen while I do it. You've got to be straight, but I don't; I'm not one of the sleepy kind. It's a good thing for you, Mr. Fubbs, that you have a wife who imparts information by lectures, else you would be a perfect ignoramus. Not a thing about the house to read, except a little bible that the Christian Association gave you, and a tract which a fellow-called Porter left one day, entitled "Light to the Heathen." Fubbs, you may feel thankful you ain't a Mormon! Yes, I understand that insinuation, too, you profane wretch! You mean you're glad you haven't but one wife. You never would have known there was a Mormon. Mr. Fubbs, if I hadn't told you, cause you're too stinky to take a paper! Now, Fubbs, I declare your name ought to be Fibs, you tell so many of 'em. It's only last week I lost a dollar and a half on butter. I sold to a pedlar, because I didn't know the market price. This would have paid for the paper the whole year. And then you are so ignorant, Fubbs. Don't you recollect when you took the gun and walked down to the big marsh a hunting, because some one said that the Turkey were marching into Rushey? Yes, I do, I do, I do, you needn't deny it, Fubbs. Didn't I call any, did you? It was a bad day for turkeys, wasn't it, Fubbs? Hal-hal-hal!

THE LATEST TRICK IN SHOPKEEPING.—In Paris, one day not long since, says the correspondent of the London Spectator, an alluring, though modest-looking, fashionably attired lady, sweeps in full crinolines into a rich magazin, at dinner time, when a solitary young clerk sits behind the counter.— She tells him, in most dulcet tones, smiling and blushing, that she has by some unlucky accident she has lost her garter, and feels so uncomfortable; would he not have the kindness to give her a tiny little tassel, as it would never do to appear on the boulevards with her stockings hanging down over her balmoral. The gallant youth offers her, of course, his finest silk brush, installs her into his mercantile throne, and modestly looks away whilst the fair creature is busy with her toilet. "At least she leaves, but not without rewarding the obliging adolescent with her sweetest, most provoking smile. He finally follows her out of the door, and then she goes off with her boots and her stockings, and never stopping, as if that pretty tape has been made use of for tying a costly piece of silk to an amble and strong crinoline. Another time he will—and—how—well—your—

### The Polish Scythemen.

A letter from Oracrov thus describes the dreaded scythemen of the Polish Army:

I believe the soldiers of Russia have the credit of being able to stand a bayonet charge as well or better than those of any other nation except our own, which need not be particularly for the benefit of English readers.— But at close quarters the Russian shrieks from the Polish scythemen as from death itself,